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v. 13, no. 11
Nov. 1932
THE

NOVEMBER, 1932

14
FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST



THE WEST—A LOST CHAPTER
CAREY McWILLIAMS

THE SIXES RUNS TO THE SEA
Story by HOWARD McKINLEY CORNING

SCOUTING WITH THE U. S. ARMY, 1876-77
J. W. REDINGTON

THE RESERVATION
JOHN M. KLINE

Poems by Jason Bolles, Mary B. Clapp, A. E. Clements, Ethel R. Fuller, G. Frank Goodpasture, Raymond Kresensky, Queene B. Lister, Lydia Littell, Catherine Macleod, Charles Olsen, Lawrence Pratt, Lucy Robinson, Claire A. Thomson, Harold Vinal, Elizabeth Waters, W. A. Ward, Gale Wilhelm, Anne Zuker.

OTHER STORIES by Brassil Fitzgerald and Harry Huse.

OTHER ARTICLES by June Clark and J. F. Overholser.

Volume XIII

NOVEMBER, 1932

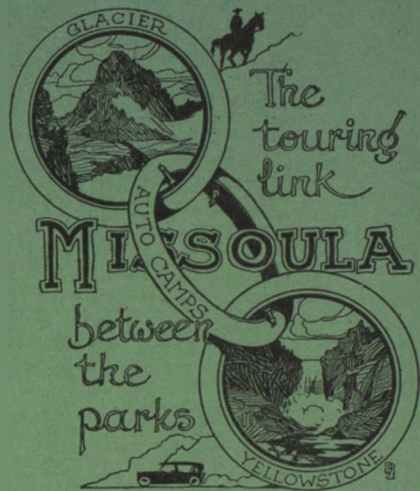
Number 1

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

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Volume Thirteen

NOVEMBER, 1932

Number 1

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Copyright 1932, by H. G. Merriam. Published in November, January, March and May.

Entered as second-class matter May 4, 1928, at the postoffice at Missoula, Montana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON



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Howard M. Corning (Portland, Oregon) has written a number of stories of the Sixes country, in southwest coastal Oregon. His story, *Candle Glow* (*Frontier*, Nov., 1931), was placed on E. J. O'Brien's Honor Roll for 1932. Harry G. Huse is in the advertising game in St. Paul. Brassil Fitzgerald, professor of English at the University of Montana, is an assistant editor of *The Frontier*. Commercial editors wished this story of the Jewish boy could be left out!

Of the poets newcomers to *The Frontier* are Anne Zuker (Los Angeles), Gale Wilhelm (Berkeley), Lydia Littell (Portland), and W. A. Ward (Dallas). California also is the residence of Claire Thomson, who has recently returned from a trip into the South Seas. From Iowa comes the writing of Raymond Kresensky, and from Alabama that of Catherine Macleod. Montana, Washington and New York are represented by several poets—Elizabeth Waters (Helena), Jason Bolles (Bozeman), and Mary B. Clapp (Missoula); G. Frank Goodpasture (South Bend, on Wilapa Harbor), and Lucy Robinson (Spokane); Harold Vinal (New York City) and A. E. Clements (New York); while Oregon is represented by four, all living in Portland—Queene B. Lister, L. L. Pratt, Ethel R. Fuller, Charles Oluf Olsen.

Carey McWilliams (Los Angeles), author of *Ambrose Bierce* and *The New Regionalism in Literature*, calls attention to a period of development in western life that has been neglected by historians.

John M. Kline (Glasgow, Montana) was in the Indian Service in Montana in 1905 and 1906, in Nebraska in 1907, in Washington, D. C., until the autumn of 1911. He writes, "The material is perfectly authentic; simply the way a reservation looked to a certain boy of twenty, as nearly correct as the man of middle age can remember." J. F. Overholser is a newspaper man of Fort Benton, Montana. June Clark sends her material from Carthage, Illinois.

Col. J. W. Redington writes from the National Military Home, California. He wrote this account of a scouting experience some years ago and the article has been in the archives of the Montana Historical Society, through the kind permission of whose director, David Hilger, it is now published. Col. Redington had much Indian experience in Montana and with the Modocs in Oregon.

With this issue Pat V. Morrisette, professor of English at the University of Oregon and poet, takes over the editing of *The Frontier's* book review section. We hope that this department, which will receive more emphasis than heretofore, will develop into recognized and authoritative criticism on western books.

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LITERARY NEWS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF GRACE
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Martha Edgerton Plassman, daughter of Montana's first governor, has released a book-length historical manuscript for serial publication in *The Tribune*, Great Falls. Mrs. Plassman's father, Sidney Edgerton (1818-1900), was born in New York; went to Akron, Ohio, in 1844; became county prosecutor on the Free-soiler ticket; in 1856, sat in the convention where the Republican party was born; became its representative from the 18th Ohio district; in 1863, was appointed by President Lincoln chief justice of the newly created Territory of Idaho; and soon after became governor of Montana. Mrs. Plassman's historical material seems inexhaustible, and her knowledge is intimate.

Glendolin Damon Wagner, whose *Blankets and Moccasins* has been accepted for publication by **Caxton Printers, Ltd.**, Caldwell, Idaho, is a born regionalist. She lives in Billings, Montana. Mrs. Wagner found her spiritual home on a Montana homestead, which at first thought had seemed to her a no-man's-land of isolation. She says: "The prairie taught me much. It taught me that people have drifted too far from the earth, and have builded their lives on false values. The Indians—my Crows—understand that, also.

"This is the sort of thing I have tried to bring out in *Blankets and Moccasins*. Have we, who in our racial arrogance look down on them as savages, really advanced one step beyond them? Or have they clung to something of value, something spiritual, which we materialists in our greed have lost? It is an old theme, I know, and much written; but it came to me as something new . . . and in my title I have epitomized their splendid racial aloofness. Down-trodden, cheated, dependent on white man's capricious generosity, they have remained through the centuries an unconquered people, too proud to mimic, in dress or manner or tribal habits, the civilization that has uprooted them and flung them to its farthest edge. There is something fine and strong about a people who can so hold out, cling to their racial identity, and refuse to be absorbed. They walk our streets, calmly indifferent to curious stares, in their blankets and moccasins . . . To understand them is to see something of beauty which we, in the rush and clatter of our busy lives, are likely to pass unheeded." Mrs. Wagner, a magazine writer, was the winner of the first (\$500) prize in a mystery story contest broadcast over the radio last winter by the General Electric company. The concluding chapter was left open to competition.

The **Metropolitan Press**, Portland, reports: "We confidently publish *Before the Covered Wagon* as the most interesting and readable

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book so far written in unified presentation of the period from 1543 to 1830 in Pacific Northwest history." Mr. Parrish is a Portland newspaper man, formerly on the news staff of the *Oregon Journal*, and now news and editorial writer for the *Oregonian*. This is his first book. He spent hundreds of hours in the Albert Hawkins Library of Northwest Americana and in the Oregon Historical society gathering material for this narrative, to which he has given what no library can give a historian—a rare charm of style, a mastery in the telling. Recently they have issued Minerva Teichert's *A Romance of Old Fort Hall*.

Trade with Russia as one of the best ways to end our industrial depression is advocated by **Thomas D. Campbell**, mass production farmer. Mr. Campbell's 95,000-acre powdered wheat farm in Montana has been exploited internationally. It has lain idle for three years, but this season yielded a volunteer wheat crop worth cutting. Mr. Campbell is no exception to the rule that prophets are most subject to criticism in their own country.

Esther Kaleik gives spirited advice to amateur writers in *The Editor Council*, September 30, and cites the advantages of appearing in the non-commercial literary magazines. She concludes: "You who read *Harper's* must have seen the name of Roland English Hartley (that name alone is worth the price) and enjoyed stories so perfect in execution, so sensitive and artistic, and yet so realistic, that your breath was suspended in a deep breath of satisfaction at its finish. Mr. Hartley had almost no success until *The Frontier* discovered his genius . . . Thereafter he began to appear in the best magazines of the country. And he should. His stories enrich these magazines forever. Incidentally his stories draw big checks now, where, commercially speaking, they were worth nothing before. Does it pay? You tell me!"

New poetry magazines soliciting contributions are *The Poet*, University Press, Maple at Arcade, St. Louis, Mo.; *Better Verse*, 2169 Selby Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; *Trail*, a literary magazine of the outdoors, Esperance, N. Y.; *The Verse-maker*, Laurenceville, Ill. A. G. Kingsland, 2200 Locust street, St. Louis, and Joseph B. Thoburn, 1527 West 23d street, Oklahoma City, Okla., are compiling anthologies, the latter being interested in Plains verse.

Non-political, non-militant, non-sectarian, and non-profit-making, a Press Clipping Bureau, the **Action Membership Corporation**, 26 Cortland street, N. Y. C., was formed in 1927 for the rehabilitation of competent unemployed middle-aged men and women. *Editor and Publisher* commends them as giving the most intelligent service they have yet received.

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Edmond Du Perrier is outmanaging present-day editorial reluctance with a series of prizefighting yarns for the pulps.

Competent critics say **Verne Bright's** long narrative poem, *Jefferson Boone*, is the finest work he has so far done.

The New York Association for the Blind has asked **Mrs. Gertrude Smith Coyne** of Whitefish, Montana, to permit the republication in Braille (*The Searchlight*) of one of her stories from the *St. Nicholas* magazine.

Mrs. Florence Alshey Beeler, Tacoma, Wash., was awarded the \$100 cash prize presented by *Expression*, a poetry weekly, 76 Heights Road, Ridgewood, N. J., for her poem, "Dregs." Margaret E. Bruner, Newcastle, Ind., won the \$25 award. The awards and many smaller prizes were made by Joseph Auslander for the best poems appearing in the magazine during 1931.

James Rorty, 673 Broadway, New York City, is interested in unhackneyed verse suitable for radio programs. WEVD aims to be "a station with originality and personality and some sense of the responsibility inherent in the privilege of broadcasting."

Mrs. Ada Hastings Hedges has done much toward making known the work of Oregon poets by her series of radio programs over KOAC, Corvallis, every Monday evening. Poets included between October 24 and December 19 are: Queene B. Lister, Borghild Lee, Charles Oluf Olsen, Eleanor Allen, Courtland Matthews, Eleanor Hammond Davis, Francis Gill, Ben Hur Lampman, Edwin T. Reed.

The Seattle Branch of the *League of American Penwomen* will sponsor a Book Fair of Northwest books from October 29 to November 10, inclusive. The work is a labor of love, and all services are donated, as is the use of the Frederick and Nelson auditorium, where the fair is to be held.

Nard Jones is writing consistently for the pulp magazines, bringing a regional setting to his stories, while waiting publishers' convenience for the appearance of his more significant novels of the wheat country of Eastern Oregon. Two book-length manuscripts are now in the hands of publishers.

Even the birds have gone regional in the bird-list supplement to **Frances Staver Twining's** *Bird Watching in the West*, published by the Metropolitan Press. The book has been a best seller on Portland non-fiction lists.

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The Horn, a short story originally published in *The Frontier*, and included in the collection, *Black Cherries*, (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.), will be reprinted in Sylvia Chatfield Bates *Twentieth Century Short Stories* to be issued by Houghton, Mifflin Co. Mrs. Bates says, "This collection of short stories has a distinguished list of American, British, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian stories." (Page Dick Wetjen.)

Significant among Caxton Printers' forthcoming books is a third novel by **Vardis Fisher** of Ririe, Idaho, titled *In Tragic Life*. It will appear December 1. His earlier novels, *Toilers of the Hills* and *Dark Bridwell*, are outstanding in vigor of treatment and tragic intensity.

Amy Martin, who conducts a department in the *Montana Farmer*, Great Falls, is preparing to conduct a state-wide poetry contest.

The second annual **Conference of Writers** was held at the State University of Montana, Missoula, July 18, 19, 20. The keynote subject of discussion at the Conference was *Regionalism*. Mary Austin of Santa Fe, New Mexico, long a worker in regionalism; **Ben Botkin** of Norman, Oklahoma, editor of *Folk-Say*; **Frank B. Linderman**, Flathead Lake, Montana, author of *American* and, just recently of *Red Mother* (John Day Co.); **Vardis Fisher** of Idaho, author of that astoundingly beautiful and tragic book, *Dark Bridwell*; **H. B. Chadbourne**, formerly an editor of the *Youth's Companion*; **Grace Stone Coates**, author of *Mead and Mangel-Wurzel*; **Esther Shephard** of Seattle, poet and playwright; **Rufus Coleman**, editor of *Western Prose and Poetry* (Harpers); and **H. G. Merriam**, editor of *Northwest Verse* (Caxton Printers), spoke on this subject. **James Ashe** of the Ashe Literary Service, Seattle, discussed the marketing of manuscripts, a topic also discussed by several others. **Struthers Burt** was victim of an accident which prevented him and **Katherine Newlin Burt** from being present.

The American Fiction Guild, New York City) has been busily organizing itself for several months. Its "aids and aims" are given as "1. a nation-wide campaign to exploit the sale of magazines. . . .; 2. a very definite 'tip' service originating with the publishers. . . .; 3. a publicity service. . . ."; 4. publication of *The Author and Journalist* as the guild's "official organ." "Save the Pulps" was the rallying cry for organization. A. R. Wetjen (Portland) is president of the Oregon chapter. The guild's services, of course, are for its members. If interested, write Mr. Wetjen.

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BY FRANK L. OWSLEY

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CHRONICLES

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SHORT STORIES

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.....
The Summer Issue contains work by James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Allen Tate, William Carlos Williams, Etienne Gilson, Henry Bamford Parkes, etc.
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F-F32



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WE hope this little rumor was greatly exaggerated. But we heard that a certain young thing whispered to another—in strictest confidence of course—that she was afraid our store was a little “high hat” for her modest income.

Shocking, if true! Maybe its partly our own fault. Perhaps we have been so centered in spreading the endless story of our intriguing fashions and fine qualities that we haven't made it perfectly clear to a few people that this is an inclusive store rather than an exclusive store.

Our individual fashions may be really priceless in the esteem of their wearers, but they are priced within easy reach of every woman.

“No, little lady, we are neither ‘high hat’ nor high-priced.”

MISSOULA MERCANTILE
COMPANY

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.

THE SIXES RUNS TO THE SEA

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

TO THE sturdy lad plunging down through the tracery of cedar branches, with their weird festoons of moss, the song of the river came up like a multitude of faint voices. Soon now the dark flow of the waters would wash about his restless body, as its sonorous tones already pressed about his senses. The day that spilled through the centuries of trees was as old as and larger than the sun. Gary Dole raced to spend it in the river.

Years after he remembered this day and saw, he thought, very clearly the wild nearly-grown man he was, yet a boy still, with a boy's eager awkwardness, running . . . running. The very dark unruly hair above the immature, weather-browned features, the bared legs and arms wind-milling the air, knitting the sun-shafts and shadow-voids into instants of unapprehendable motion. And, years after, he fancied he heard still what as a racing boy he had heard . . . and had never found.

Pushing his way through the intricate growth of alders and laurel brush that was the green hem of the Oregon wilderness, Gary Dole leaned to look at the quenchless Sixes, struck to a twinkling glitter. Holding to a willowy alder like a wild tree-thing he was about to drop over the precipitous bank and risk a twelve-foot gravelly glide to the water's edge, when a splashing occurred in the shadows near the opposite bank. The river, less shallow here and for that

reason less turbulent and rocky, was likewise narrowed from its usual width to little more than seven rods across. Here it made an angle in its downstream course, throwing a fortress of rock above it for a sentinel-like shadow. Now, in this shadow, swam the light form of a girl.

After tramping down-stream for a mile more than was his usual custom, Gary had happened upon another of his kind, one who like him had come to give over to the river and its fearless tides the energy of youth. Even as he looked the brown stroking arms urged the swimmer forward, the nebulous body cleared the rock's gloom, and tossing her loose half-length hair back from her face, the girl flashed through the glittering waters toward him.

But once the swimmer had reached mid-stream she veered, applying her strokes against the current. After strenuous exertion, during which little progress was made—a game she must have attempted many times—the girl gave herself nimbly over to the natural flow of the stream. She drifted now away from the shadow into which she had plunged, carried down current . . . away . . . leaving the arrested lad in a labored breathing of wonder.

To the beholder, this, that to the vulgarly uncouth of his mountain kind might have been a bawdy instant, became an occurrence that amounted to a revaluation of the river. Hardly had

the slim figure, its golden hair drenched and bright in the sun, emerged on the far lower bank to pass dryad-like into the forest's hands, than Gary Dole realized that a new and necessary consciousness had awakened in his being, that in some way the river must always mean more to him now. He realized this . . . and was puzzled. . .

Less vigorously he clambered back through the heavy brush and along the length of mile he had come. A new strange perception was in the sun flashing at him through the branches. His way back to the home clearing led across Boulder Creek, a turbulent rivulet easily crossed on a spanning log. Up this stream a short distance a beaver had erected a log estuary. To this Gary had beaten a frequented trail. He went to it now. Its top surface, well out of the water and dry, lay open to the sun. Mounting to it, he flung himself down, free of all leering of sun-and-shadow play, giving himself over to the large cleanness of a clear sky. Here he could think.

Marial Newlin, bare-legged as Gary Dole had come from the opposite side of the Sixes on an earlier day, came pushing her way through the dewy freshness of morning. This fore-cool of the promised hot day refreshed her, the low branches catching at her blue gown, the bodice half open over the already-mature breasts.

But arrived at the foot of the trail in the fortunate shadow she beheld the river greeting her with an earlier arrival who was swimming leisurely about in its flow. The discovery brought a clouding to the girl's blue eyes, the sting of wrath to her throat. How dare another usurp her favorite pool?

Pioneer wilderness existence offers

little privacy. The secrets of life, birth, and death are open stories in every cabin. Children are grown in knowledge long before the maturity of their capabilities. Marial Newlin, with a girl's miniature wrath, seated herself upon the gravelly beach, deep in shadow, to watch the disporting swimmer. She took care to keep concealed, scarcely knowing whether or not she should be frightened at her boldness. Twenty minutes . . . The weather-bronzed youth plied through the sun-sprayed waters, now up stream, now down. He was joyously given over to a friendly struggle with the sweeping current.

When eventually he clambered out on the opposite shore, it seemed a mere moment until he was dressed in his homespun and stood again on the bank of the stream.

Here he stood, briefly paused. "Hello!" he called across to the crouching girl. "Hello! I'm comin' over."

At once he plunged into the stream, this time with his clothes on. Marial Newlin knew he had seen her.

The girl's first impulse was to rush back up the trail she had come, but fleet as she was she knew the other would overtake her. Besides, she was puzzled by a strangeness of feeling the man had awakened within her, something that was expanding out of her instant of wrath, like the sun mounting out of the first fever-flush of dawn. She knew she wanted to wait. . .

Gary Dole emerged from the shadowy margin of water, garments clinging to the clean lines of his sturdy body. Chagrined, he nonetheless managed a faint smile through his deadly earnestness.

"Reckon yuh know me," he ventured as he came toward the seated girl, who now picked nervously at her blouse,

finding it difficult to look full at the large youth. "We seen each other a-fore."

"Yes . . . down below . . . once," she commenced, nervously.

He completed the words for her. "Yeah, Emmett Dole's boy . . . up the river a piece." And he dropped his awkward body on a nearby rock surface, clumsily adjusting his still-dripping garments. And then because the overtaken girl remained speechless he continued, by way of question: "You swim here, don't yuh?"

She nodded her unkempt head.

"Thought I'd get my swim out a-fore you come. Guess you must of caught me at it." His eyes rested on her in question.

The girl tried uncomfortably to avert her face. Again she was on the instant of fleeing. Again she controlled her impulse with that strange weakness that had so newly overcome her. At last her blue eyes faced squarely into Gary's steady hazel ones. Their vision held: a dreamy mountain girl gazing upon the stubborn hair and rugged features of a strapping youth.

"Mostly come here—swimmin'—every day, but I ain't ever seed you here a-fore."

"Nope," the other shook his dark head, more at ease now. "Been swimmin' up the river a stretch."

A hazy look came over his eyes, as though he held knowledge in restraint. He clutched a handful of pebbles and commenced shunting them into the stream. From time to time, between the tossing of the stones, their eyes met nervously, whereupon she would resort to the plucking of her coarse blue gown.

"You're Garce Newlin's girl, ain't yuh?" Gary asked presently, as if not

too sure, as though he dared not be too sure.

Marial nodded.

"Yeah, live down a piece . . ." He indicated with a gesture.

Marial looked away. "Your Pa and my Pa is s'posed to be at outs, ain't they?" she ventured, uncomfortably moving about on the tree trunk to whose leaning base she had half hoisted herself.

With this question Gary Dole sprang to his feet. "Now say, we ain't a-goin' to bring that up, air we. Haven't I crossed this stream 'cause I ain't feared?"

Under this startling upheaval, the girl at first cowered. In panic she rose as if to run from him, but seeing that the boy's momentary anger was by way of delivery into her hands, she hesitated. He came up closer.

"I ain't feared. I was . . . when I fust saw you a-swimmin' . . . t'other day. I was almost scared, fact. But I ain't now. I ain't feared o' nothin'. Our Pas can do their own fightin' and swearin' . . . Oh, I didn't mean to scare yuh none . . ." He stepped back.

But the storm was over. Gary bit his lip and sank back on the rock. Very gently the mountain girl reseated herself. In the pause that followed, the river flowed back into the consciousness of the two listeners. A pair of water ouzels descended a sun slant to flit from ripple to ripple.

"D'jah hear it?" the boy questioned.

"Hear what?"

"That."

"What?—the river?"

"Yeah. Them voices in the water—like. They're talkin'. Hear 'em?"

The girl assumed a manner of intent listening, as to something fancied and

not real. "It's the river," she responded presently. But there was an amused twinkle in her disturbing eyes.

The youth flashed back. "'O' course it's the river; can't I hear! But you ain't meanin' that's all, air you?" An expression of injury began to show on his face, so apparent that the girl softened her own dubious attitude. Then he began to gesticulate. "Yuh ain't meanin' to say all yuh hear's the river! Can't yuh hear them voices, like? Plain as punishment, they is. Listen!"

However, with all her attentive silence Marial seemed still unable to catch the scope of his ear's pride. She sat wordless.

"Can't fig'ger a woman to, I guess. Can't somehow—" He halted. "Say! ever been to Port Orford? Sure!"

To this she nodded, her bright hair tossed and ruffled.

"... cause if yuh hadn't yuh wouldn't know what the voices sound like, ever. But I guess yuh wasn't down to the wharves like I was, an' all over... or yuh'd know." His sturdy voice, more reconciled in tone, trailed off into his listening mind.

Quickly he roused himself, moving his still wet limbs. "I ben thinkin' this here river's talkin' to me... sort of beggin' me away, like. Ever feel's how yuh want to git out... away?" His listener nodded. He continued. "Nope, I hadn't ought a stay here, an' the river keeps remindin' of it. Port Orford!... there's a place. An' the ships!—there's places an' places to go to. Up to Coos Bay, an' Portlan'. Maybe that big town o' Frisco. Don't seem as how I ought a stay here... now." He broke off vaguely.

It was the girl who spoke next, out of her growing concern over Gary's

earnestness of wonder. "How yuh figger on makin' it out? Us hill folks... we don't have such a heap." Her clear tones were not unlike the water song of the river before them.

The youth knit his brows. Here was a problem. But not too great a problem. "I can walk it out, can't I? Git a job at the Port... on the rocks, maybe." His fists were clenched in resolution, while the girl, scrutinizing the ample muscular development of his body, finally admitted such a plan possible.

But Gary Dole had more in his mind than was apparent in these brief statements. He rose and commenced squeezing the moisture out of his trousers, by rubbing tightly down first one leg then the other. He rose erect.

"Well—" he commenced. And then more successfully: "I ben thinkin' maybe I wouldn't go by m'self. I ain't just wild, like, 'bout goin' by m'self." He looked suddenly, clearly, into her face where she shrank against the tree. If the river sound was still in his ears, his eyes, for the moment, gained supremacy over them. But stronger than his eyes, his body urged, his lips spoke on. "Yuh know yuh wouldn't care to go alone... not by yoreself, now would yuh?" And as the girl's yellow head shook negation: "No. Well, I don't nuther," he laconically concluded. "An' I ain't, see."

Weeks passed. Returning Marial Newlin to the edge of her home clearing, less darkened than the forest in the powdering twilight, Gary Dole reswam the Sixes, running all the long distance to his own cabin-lighted clearing. A cougar that had sniffed along his trail, halted, slunk back in the darkness.

"Yo're plumb useless comin' home at this hour, hell blame yuh!" his father

bellowed at him as he reached the sheds. "Yore brothers work. Yuh ain't worth the hidin' I ought a give yuh." The man's swarthy, stocky person lunged toward a fork as though to hurl it at the tardy arrival. "Now grab a-holt an' fetch some hay in ter them critters." In gusty fury the elder Dole stamped off to the rear of the sheds, leaving his son in a mood of primitive vengefulness.

Then out of a moment of pause, that gathered the stars over his head, came the persistent and remote song of the Sixes. The youth leaned on his fork, listening. With an irate and conclusive moment he lifted the implement in his hands and hurled it with all his force into the gloom of the forest behind him . . .

The ranch of the Doles stood five miles up the Sixes from its mouth. It crouched in an open space on the north bank. Seven miles down beach from the river's gates—and the beach sands served as road—was Port Orford, gateway to the world.

Once when Gary—there were six children—was a lanky, inquisitive lad of twelve, his stolid and taciturn father had taken the lad with him on one of his infrequent journeys to the great blue-water port. Here he had glimpsed his first vision of those slim-sparred wanderers of the deep; a vision to match the stories so often related by his hard-handed parent, who had "seen the world." Here the boy, in his belated wonderment, had wandered down to the docks with their white-washed buildings jutting out into the calm bay, situated between great fortresses of rock wall that arched away to north and south beyond the frontier town. For hours he

had wandered alone amidst the clamor and shout of the riotous waterfront. Vessels from San Francisco unloading their false ballast of rocks, for cargoes of rough cedar lumber; miners lounging before smelly rooming houses discussing gold in crude terms emphatic with gusto; saloons with their doors opening and closing to slouching patrons; gulls on graceful wings wheeling out into the pride of the sky—all these he saw.

And all this vital, primitive beauty had captured the heart of the dreamy lad out from the secluding forests. So that when his father at last overtook his delinquency, now hours prolonged, he measured upon Gary a burst of wrath that the boy could not justify. The elder Dole concluded his business in a whirlwind of sullen silence, and drove back into his valley fastness.

It was three years before the lanky growing boy was again permitted a journey to Port Orford. In that interval of waiting the blue bay and the ships with their cloud-like sails were an eternal experience in Gary's mind. The water washing in to whisper among the wharf piles repeated perpetually in his memory; a sound like voices . . . that became many voices . . . that became all the voices in the world.

So that in lacking frequent and actual visit upon the Port, it was to the river that he turned, to the Sixes with its low sound. A voice certainly of less knowing than the sea's . . . yet a voice. More and more he came for companionship to the turgid stream, meanwhile sorting less and less with his brothers and sisters. This . . . until the river became his consciousness . . . the Sixes that ran to the sea. . .

The streets of Port Orford, on that late afternoon of August, 1889, teemed with uncouth frontier life. Men in ill-fitting homespun swayed singly and in groups along the plank sidewalks. Overhead a hot sun beat. Spans of unruly mules and odd-matched horses labored forward by cursing or indolent drivers, crossed and recrossed the dusty streets. In and out of business houses, important with false fronts, pedestrians passed in jaunty leisure. By far the greater number were men, but sprinkled among them here and there was a woman.

One of these couples, less sure of their movements than most and evidently scarcely familiar with the town, was a sturdy youth and the slighter figure of a grown girl.

The two walked in the general direction of the docks, the girl clinging to the youth's arm with the agitated peace of a wild thing whose manner was hardly more apparent than the desperately executed determination on the face of her companion and marked in his resolute stride, which he found difficult to adjust to her shorter steps. Avarice-eyed roustabouts, lounging before store fronts, indulged coarse remarks and vulgar laughter. All stared.

But once the two had reached the waterfront and stated their inquiry to a passerby, they were directed to the dusty, ill-smelling wharf office, near at hand. Untidy men crowded them as they entered—Gary Dole and Marial Newlin, out from the hills.

"Naw, thar ain't no ship t' Portland—not fer nigh on t' a week," the spectacled watery-eyed agent informed them. "Yuh can hang about, tho; sometimes a tramp brig comes wallern' by," he encouraged, blinking in the strong sun that

spilled through the dirty westward windows.

At once, an obstacle. Gary coughed in the smoke-reeking room; Marial clutched at his elbow, half-fearful of the staring eyes of lounging occupants. Both now stood puzzled. Delay might mean detention.

The agent was speaking again. "I'll tell yuh—thar's the *Blue Seal* agoin' up t' Empire—t' Coos Bay in a couple a hours. Yuh might take that; it's a all-night boat. But day after termorrer yuh can git the *Beaver* from thar to Portlan'. Course, I dunno bout the Missus—she might not— Still, if yuh wantta git the *Beaver*— Good ship, the *Beaver*. Yuh can do that, you two." He arched his brows expectantly over his ruddy, knob-like nose. "Want ter do that?" he urged. "Or yuh can stay up t' the Knapp Hotel and wait fer the *Bear* from Frisco."

With this news, Marial's expression of pleasure quickly erased the heavy doubt from Gary's face. He acceded, without further hesitation, drawing a small gold pouch from secrecy under his woolsey shirt.

Methodically the nervous, wiry agent scaled out the necessary expenditure for the dual passage, and returned the bag. "Yuh'll have 't set up back o' the stowage, I cal'late. They's runnin' a full crew an' it ain't 'xactly a passenger boat. Still, I guess yuh can git along; others has."

Gary Dole clutched the certified papers handed him and grabbing hold of the girl struggled out to clear air and self-removal. So many eyes, so many voices, so much giving of directions . . . explantions . . . his head was whirling.

But if he were fuddled within doors

the blue leagues of the bay with its crescent of harbor buildings, white in the sun that mounted behind the riding ships, soundly restored him. Before him the burnished swell of waters gulped in with the tide that in turn sucked and whispered among the wharf-piles. The awkward youth, with his girl companion on his arm, leveled his rapt gaze now at the sea, now at the gold head at his shoulder.

"Can yuh beat it!" he exclaimed, with that lack of words common to the wisest under severe emotion.

"It's—it's lovely," she managed, a child's fright still evident in her pleasure and over his delight.

They located the *Blue Sea*. She was a slight, coastwise craft wallowing heavily under a maximum cargo of lumber that sprawled along her decks, giving her the appearance of a glorified sea creature, inert and bulging toward the sky. She lay docked at the far end of the white town, at a mill site that boasted the name of Hub City Lumber Mill. The raucous crew were belaying the last of the creaking cordage that bound the stowed lumber aboard decks.

The craft, however, was not to weigh out before eight that night, the two were informed by a stout grinning seaman. Yes, they would, weather permitting, arrive at Empire at five the following morning. The two passengers turned away, assured, breathing the first clear atmosphere of escape. Now that the world was assuredly about to open its arms to them, they had a complete three hours in which to accomplish the act they had come intent upon performing. Furthermore, they were hungry. They were indulgently weary with their long jaunt out of the hills that morning, a

trek that had carried them through noon up to this prospect.

The two stood on the wharf and looked at the sun, still well up. It would not set before they were at sea, after eight.

"Guess we better find the parson now," Gary commenced. "Better, I guess."

Then, as they sauntered uncertainly on their errand of locating the justice of the peace, they idled past an unpainted structure of shakes that posed for a home beside the plank street. Three grimy children rolled in the yard, exchanging a varied jargon. Presently one of them began to cry and ran indoors, leaving the remaining two in sheepish silence.

Gary felt a quickened pressure on his arm where Marial's small tanned fingers clung about it. Her beseeching blue eyes were turned upon his. "Air we goin' to find the parson?" she ventured.

After some wandering indirection the office of the Justice of the Peace was found, and through question and hastily secured but vaguely known witnesses, and by purchase of the further dwindling gold dust from the leather pouch, a license was secured.

"Might as well let me do the hull job—the two of you," the sodden but humorously-eyed dignitary suggested. "That's my business—according to law."

But Marial drew back from sight of his tobacco-stained lips.

"Well, no. We'll find the parson. There is a parson, ain't they?" Gary admonished, almost willing to halt here and have the whole undertaking completed before their plans should go amiss.

"Right down the street—three doors. Yes, sir, right through that white gate."

He lifted his thick arm as he showed them to the door. "That's where you'll find him . . . and no different from what I could do." And he ejected a stream of tobacco juice to fall like a knife between two planks of the walk behind them.

Standing in awkward silence in the lowering six-o'clock sun that poured through the open door of the small parsonage, Gary Dole and Marial Newlin heard their vows read, exchanged the sealing kiss. They were united in marriage under the seal of Oregon and in the name of a God that allows frontier towns where a man might be a preacher on one day and on the next a stamper after gold.

With the noise of the village charging in upon them, the swart, bearded patriarch affixed his harsh lips on the very pink soft ones of the bride, while the sleek, subdued matron of the plain household admonished happiness upon the groom, who did not know how to receive his good fortune with other than speechlessness.

Finally, and once again, the two, not different from many another couple at one time, issued to the peopled Port Orford streets . . . and to the world.

However, if previously they had appeared self-conscious, now they were doubly so. Instead of clinging to his arms as before, Marial fastened her small shy fingers in his large rough ones, occasionally joining the two with her other moist palm.

Husband and wife ate their wedding supper in the back room of a waterfront bar. Their primitively shy sensitivity gradually abated, but they scarcely touched their grease-laden meal, so filled were they with one another and with the immediacy of departure. Even

the gawking, reiterative roustabouts discomfited them less.

At last, fearful lest in their self-pre-occupation they be late in reaching the vessel, they hurried, arm in arm in its direction. They were, however, too early even to board, so they idled the time, seated on a tarnished copper drum that had been hauled out of some dismantled derelict. The girl, leaning with desperate resignation into her husband's arms, was wordless as the two sat watching the bay sweep out to its line with the sky. Here the noise of the town that had greeted and so disturbed their afternoon arrival was quieted in the beating of their hearts. The world, an enchanting fearful reality, waited enormously before them.

The *Blue Seal*, her sails colored like unearthly crimson clouds in the wallowing sun, hove out to sea at that hour just before twilight divides the real from the ephemeral. Wedged among the excess of stowage above decks the two coast-mountain youths beheld the sprawled town, like nothing so much as a handful of white blocks some giant had hurled in disorder at the earth, merge into the shore line, that became in turn the ominous immensity of forested mountains behind it. To the two, watching, it seemed as if the world were receding instead of their moving toward the luminous prospect of their dream. Then suddenly the sun had submerged and was drunk away by the sea, its color draining out of the sky.

After a time the stars came out, imminent, radiant orbs that tingled in the gathering, infinite darkness. With these came a soft healing for the agitation the couple felt, now less and less. So that the waters that gulped out and raced away astern became a restless mon-

otony of peace beating in their pulses. They would rise and look back at the smoky cream of their wake, only to sink again into each other's arms. And the stars always . . . They were being swept into the elaborate night of the north.

They sat, crouched behind a huge stock of raw lumber that afforded a wind-break against the ship's driving, the fresh pine smell heavy and constant in their nostrils. From this position they watched the ogling beacon that was Cape Blanco lighthouse, that blazed abroad into the clear August night, a revolving funnel of light and safety. Over-awed, they surveyed it, each wanting very much to speak but each fearful lest any word betray the pang of isolation encountered in all this immensity that lacked the friendliness of mountains—fearful, even in each other's arms, lest their puniness of spirit stand naked by a word or a gesture.

Meanwhile, in the roar of passage, they presented to the busied crew an outward placidity, an apparent contentment. Hirelings of the sea who could not know what the land could mean to two whose journey was bearing them past the mouth of the Sixes, the river of their youth, the river they had loved as they loved each other, as they still clung desperately to something enchanting and lovely in the waning significance of youth, something that was passing back in the magic of the night.

Several times as the hours advanced, drifting into half-sleep the two wakened with panic in their throats. North! North! . . . Always something was being borne backward in the lapping, distancing waters. Youth, the jest of irresponsibility—the sweet melancholy of

youth. Fugitives from a dream toward a dream. Into the night . . .

They drew the harsh folds of canvas about them, kissing and trembling again into slumber.

It was nearer seven than five when the *Blue Seal* put into the docks at Empire the following morning. Already men in the garb of laborers came lumbering along the strange plank street. The awakening confusions of day rose over the town and its dark buildings. For if the structures of Port Orford had blossomed whitely in the sun of that blue water bay, here the narrower streets were lined with drab impertinence of stoicism, its false-front buildings were unpainted and weather-worn and the street planking wound away into the dank reaches of swampy cut-over behind the town.

Alighting from their cramped passage, chilly for all of the summer night, the wilderness couple, first walking the length of town to restore life to limb, entered a cheap eating-house. Here the two attracted little attention, the room being emptied somewhat of its quota of breakfasters. The meal eaten, bride and groom issued to the sidewalks.

Puzzled as to what to do they wandered along the wharves and by loading vessels—brigs, come in chiefly for lumber. The noisy mills distracted them. Empire, the foremost town on the crooked arms of Coos Bay, was three miles in from breakwater, so that there was no more than the tide swell and the constant patient wash of untroubled waters among the piles. No sea voice, no incessant song.

Gary and Marial turned and walked to the out-reaches of town where the swampy cut-over began. The forest had drawn back, its voice of winds too re-

mote even to be heard deceptively. Only the raucous purring of the town was about them, its mill smoke lifting in the wide air.

Turning, the two dragged back to the drab austerity of buildings. Here was life, at least. Here were voices.

"Awful big place, ain't it?" Gary remarked. "Didn't know places could be so big, like. Maybe Portlan'—'" But the speculation died on his dry lips and the wonder of his eyes met the wonder in his wife's, and in the union of the two the spirit of isolation approached tragedy. They clung to one another and kept walking.

Since the Portland-bound brigantine, the *Beaver*, would not arrive until the next day, Gary and Marial found themselves under necessity of taking a room at the Empire House, a transient quarters not far from the waterfront, a damp, inhospitable place, given over largely to drifters, many of them "old hopefuls" from the abandoned mines. The two accepted it because of its convenience for departure. In this structure they spent their first actual wedding night.

With a delicate and awkward timidity they entered the shadowy room accorded them, leaving the kerosene lamp on the box-like dresser unlighted. But now within doors they seemed unable to talk. Once in the bright warm sun of the afternoon, on a remote stack of lumber with the timbery smell suffusing their senses, the young husband and wife had recaptured a brief period of carefree conversation. But with the twilight the heavy mood of nostalgia had overcome them. In this room a strange terror was borne in upon them. They clung together with startled joy and in the end

took refuge in surrender. The mountain girl, on the verge of womanhood, clung tearfully to her groping, trembling husband. Rapture of youth! . . .

Gary Dole awakened sometime in the hush of the late August night. Beside him, in the timid abandon of the lover, her curls disordered over one bare arm, Marial lay sleeping. An expression of peace rested on her lips and her closed eyes; her cheek lay softly tanned. Peace was in the room; a great hush on the night.

Without disturbing the sleeper, Gary Dole—a man now—crept out of the tufty bed and over to the low window. There he leaned out into the cool flow of air, feeling it press against his temples. The sky and the darkness were vast in their hush. Imperceptibly the flood moved in the bay. Along the silent streets, on little stems of blackness, erect lit lamps thrust a puny defiance toward the remote stars. A far bird passed overhead, trailing a piercing song. A dog barked. Silence.

The listener at the windowsill trembled. No sound—no river sound, no forest sound. Only an all-imminent silence, an infinite isolation. Where there had been clatter and noise and smoke by day was hush and mockery of lights by night; the air heavy with the smell of the mills. Youth, the enchantment, the song in the dream, the far elaborate prospect of the world—where were they? What was life?—a stifled music in the pulse, a roar and clamor without, a giving up of youth, the crushing of the dream. Love . . . Love only was real and remained . . . and life, life that persisted. Life, conflict and leave-taking. Gone youth! the sweet and furious ignorance. Gone the romance of the forest and the river . . . the Sixes of their

youth; the river that coursed desperately to the ocean, bearing their youth and their dream with it . . . themselves, into life, beautiful, demanding, exorbitant. The river of youth!

With abrupt assertion he stiffened himself against over-sweeping nostalgia. He felt his way back in the gloom to the side of his sleeping bride, unstirred

as he had left her. He would be strong! He was a man! Youth was gone. Life was before him. Portland. The world. Before them both.

"It's gotta be," he whispered; "it's gotta be."

Very gently he kissed Marial on her closed eyes, now on one, now on the other. Her lashes were wet.

DRUMS OF THE WIND

ANNE ZUKER

It is better that you never come
Through colored, waving grass on the hill;
Better that the turning grass
Has overrun and covered the path,
The clear path that led over the hill.
This is a high, a windy place,
Where wind makes a long and drumming sound;
Nowhere else in the hills about
Will you hear, will you find,
Drums of the wind.

Better that you never come
On the path the grasses have overgrown,
Grasses that grew
The swift summer through
From scattered seed the wind has sown.
Better to listen alone,
Listen alone to drums of the wind.

In long undulations of color, of line,
Red and yellow grasses bend before wind
Before the wind's drone
They bend, they yield:
I do not bend . . . I stand here alone,
While wind beats the drum,
The slow drum of courage,
The long drum of courage
That now is my own.

THE SEA—FIVE POEMS

G. FRANK GOODPASTURE

I. DUAL

Times come when I grow tired of breathing
The tainted atmosphere that drifts at night
From seaweed flats; grow tired of hearing
The croak of spawning frogs along the marsh.

Moods come wherein I watch, half-envious,
Yon blue crane fishing on his bar of mud—
He stands effaced within the river shadows
And dreams, calm-eyed, or shakes a doubtful head.

That old gray whale I met but yesterday
Spouting among the tide-rips leagues from shore
Seemed happier than I, from having found
Something of nature's peace that I have missed,

A self-sufficiency of soul that makes
Years pass unregretted, content to grow
Old in the stormy seas. For I am twin,
Seeking my truant self among the throngs.

II. NECESSITY

I stood beneath the North Head light and gazed,
In silent wonder, down upon the sea.
The long, slow waves were dark with sea-pigeons
Whirling in maelstroms, or madly plunging
Into the tide-rips where milling fishes
Fled from the gleam of their prying eyes.

A million wings, all of a common color;
One raucous shriek, as from one common throat;
Helpless beneath the sway of a group-spirit—
A world without volition—their ordered fate
To glut and doze upon an ocean waste!

III. THE SHIPWRECK

A quavering moan from the fog-banked sea,
Weird as the cry of a beast in dread!
The fisherman's boy asleep in the cove
Roused at the sound, then covered his head.

He dreamed again of primordial nights
When, deep in his lair, he heard the roar
Of saurian shapes that fought in the mist
And left their blood on the lagoon shore.

Out on the shoals of the bar at dawn,
Where the gray, ghost-breakers wave their hands,
A sea lion stared with wondering eyes
At a vast, steam hulk trapped by the sands!

IV. SALMON EGGS

*Bail them out and scatter them wide
Over the gunwale's slippery side!*

Bail out visions of waterfalls,
Lonely canyons and eagle-calls;
Bail out trystings on gravel bars
With hook-nosed males covered with scars;
Bail out cruisings to unknown shores,
Shadowy glimpses of ocean floors,
Chasing of herring from wave to sky,
Wrecks to explore with curious eye,
Killer-whales with scimitar jaws,
Seabirds flapping with swollen maws—

*Bail them out and scatter them wide
Over the gunwale's slippery side!*

V. NIGHT CLOUDS

That huge, gray cloud out in the west
The summer trades so near have flung
It seems the tern might build her nest
Among its crags and rear her young.

Behind the drift of that broad dome
A grove might wave, a brook might wind
Where men, care free, might build a home
Cliff-locked from storms; might even find—

No, see, they change to totem poles,
Rain-seared and vast, that shade the sky
Where Titans carved the growth of souls
On mammoth tusks and raised them high!

So shift the sunset lights at sea
To men who fish their nets; their gaze,
Tired of the glare, turns restfully
Into the depths of ocean haze.

THAD

QUEENE B. LISTER

For twenty years
Thad's land stood waiting
. . . To sell . . . or rent . . .
His mind debating.

Too old to work it,
Yet all of his dreams
Saw cribs and barns,
Machines—and teams.

In later years
He took a bride
To share his mind,
The lass called "Pride."

Thad's eyes grew soft,
What matter now . . . ?
If barn lacked
Cow, and sow, and plow . . . ?

Neighbors whispered
About his hoarde,
Laughed because
He ate from a gourde . . .
But a timid child
Thought he looked like the Lord.

"He looks like Jesus
Honestly might
If he'd a lived
Till his hair turned white."

The timid child
Was the only one
Who used to stop
When school was done.

* * *

The shades were drawn,
The latch was tight—
High winds whispered
Thoughts to the night.

Cupboard and gourde
Had long been bare . . .
But a toy lay
On a broken chair—:
Whittled soldier
With corn-silk hair.

And a scribbled note,
Beside the toy—:
"For the child who looks
Like Christ—when a boy."

THE BLIND, THE SLEEPER, AND THE DUMB

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN

Along the Street there seeps a dim unrest,
As if a creed had come to naught at last,
And the new emptiness within its breast
Had doors against the gospels of the past—

As if the blind, the sleeper, and the dumb
Had borne a thought apiece and wearily
Awaited the interpreter to come
And lay on hands—perhaps to set them free . . .

THE WEST: A LOST CHAPTER

CAREY McWILLIAMS

I.

FROM 1893, when an address by Professor Frederick Turner opened new paths of enquiry, until the present time, historians, diligently re-examining the sources long neglected, have been constructing a magnificent record of the westward movement in America. It would seem incredible, at least to those familiar with this literary and historical re-discovery of the frontier, that a single crevice had been overlooked in the process of elaborate exhumation. But there are, strangely enough, phases of the settlement of the west that remain unchronicled. This situation is partially explained by the fact that the foremost historians of the frontier have been eastern and middle-western academicians having only a slight familiarity with the west and no personal recollection of the frontier.

One chapter in the history of the west that has been lost beyond hope of reconstruction, since time has obliterated so many sources and dimmed so many memories, is the story of the society that existed during the decades following the period of exploration and discovery. Historians have over-emphasized the period of exploration, since their chief concern, following Professor Turner, has been to trace the influence of the frontier on American institutions rather than to discover what the west was like or what possibilities of growth it possessed. It remains for the critic and historian to go back over these decades and to pick up those threads of the story that retain some vitality. To evoke this era and to reconstruct its society is

a dangerous undertaking, if only for the reason that one must necessarily rely to a large extent upon personal experience and recollection. At this late date, then, about all that can be expected from such an enquiry is a rough outline of a cultural pattern.

Historians have been confused by the absorbing character of the drama of exploration. It is indeed difficult to write soberly of this gorgeous epoch. It is a story that has been retold countless times and from the recitation of which will ultimately come an epic. But there was another west coming into being side by side with this literary west of legend and myth. Historians have assumed a frontier and a post-frontier period and have arbitrarily conducted the reader from one to the other with scarcely a word for the intervening decades. Documentary evidence pertaining to the period of exploration is much more complete and exhaustive than the slight record that exists of the middle period. This transitional period was one of adjustment to a new environment, an adjustment that was imaginative and spiritual as well as physical. It was a more difficult task for the settler to become habituated to this rather terrifying western world than it was to explore it—and then leave. Settlers from the eastern seaboard were prepared for the Ohio Valley by their native landscape, and, knowing the Ohio Valley, they felt at home in the plains that stretched from the Mississippi to the Rockies. But of the Rockies, and its innumerable hidden valleys, and of the great Intermountain West, reaching from the Rockies to the Sierras, for this region they had no prep-

aration. It is not, therefore, surprising to discover in the period of its settlement interesting variations in the cultural pattern of the times.

II.

During this middle period, Indians occasionally cavorted in the west, trains were unquestionably robbed, and men in saloons were frequently, and by habit, ungracious to the deity. Most of these celebrated historical obscenities, so carefully preserved and boastfully exhibited in a later age, did exist. It is possible to obtain nowadays a first-rate account of Leadville, Deadwood, or Tombstone, merely because these gems of western naivete, being news in their day, were carefully reported. But the very hilarity of such focal points should have warned historians that life elsewhere in the west was not so boisterous. An eruption implies some accumulation. The life of Leadville and Tombstone was the leaven that the west fermented; a frothy excitement that soon evaporated. It was really somewhat extraneous and foreign to the real processes at work in the west.

Certainly it would be a mistake to ignore the picturesque, for it did have a formative influence. The gaudier elements of western life entered into the common mold, coloring its expression, in much the same way that Hollywood tinctures the flat surfaces of Los Angeles. Legend reacts on its subject. And so the west did not forget its riotous past; in fact this tradition was carefully embalmed and was exhibited long after it had ceased to be animated by a genuine impulse. Easterners and other visitors, coming into the west at a later date, were insensibly tricked into thinking that the west was much more "romantic" and "picturesque" than it was

in fact. Revolvers were carried decades after the necessity for their use had vanished. It took years to make a farmhand of the cowboy. There is an element of play-acting in most of the mannerisms, of speech and otherwise, that still masquerade under the caption of "western."

In the typically western region in which I was born, formed of the corner of Northwestern Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming, the only Indian disturbance recorded was the so-called Meeker Massacre of 1879. Two youngsters once terrorized the entire community by lighting signal fires on adjacent hilltops. The region could not boast of a single "badman," in the western manner, and its one "killer" was a visitor from the State of Washington. The expression "Indian scare" has become proverbial. The only sheriff of stock company variety that it ever deputized was Tom Horn, selected by an association of cattle men to drive out a nest of rustlers. After breaking up this mildly notorious gang, Horn went to Wyoming, and there, as was his wont and profession, killed a rustler. But times had changed and Horn, being without warrant or authority, was tried for murder, convicted, and hanged. His memoirs, written in jail, are the memoirs of a pious and righteous man. Adventure in the west was not of the variety, needless to say, that has been celebrated in a thousand dime-novels and visualized for eternity by William S. Hart, Bronco Billy, and the lesser heroes of the "westerns."

It becomes, however, increasingly difficult to dissipate this legend of extravagant adventure and high daring. I know that many westerners will denounce any repudiation of the legend as downright heresy. Yet it remains a fact

that, aside from the difficulties inherent in a more rigorous climate and environment, western life was no more adventuresome than life elsewhere in America at the same time; in fact, distinctly less so. Kansas, for instance, has a well-merited distinction for blood and bravado. The western attitude is aptly illustrated by the history of the rodeo. This type of celebration, whether called "rodeo," "fiesta," or "celebration," was unquestionably born on the ranch itself. Neighbors were invited to witness a show staged by the ranch itself; they in turn extended similar invitations, and soon an institution had been established and a profession founded. Today the business is monopolized by the Bronco Busters Association. There is evidence, however, that of late years, the legend has suffered in popularity. The proprietors of news-stands inform me that the demand for "western" magazines has abated, in fact has almost subsided, since the advent of the "gangster" journals.

III.

As the outlines of a society began to emerge in the west, strange variations became apparent. The west was, for instance, never provincial. It was too new to become provincial. It requires a background, some long habituated mode of existence, to produce a really provincial society. And this the west never acquired. It was without traditions and it manufactured its own folkways spontaneously. Towns were being constructed and torn down, new peoples were infiltrating, society was kept in a turmoil by the eruptions caused by the discovery of new mines and the commencement of new land booms, to such an extent that the west did not settle down to an even round of

events until about 1910. It never had a chance to become provincial. Some consequences of this situation are reflected in the west today, for the new generation is almost as restless and volatile as the old.

Another factor that contributed to this same end was the circumstance that people did not come to a final location in the west for several generations. There was scarcely a western family of any consequence that did not make its annual, or less frequent, pilgrimage to the east. Christmas holidays usually saw the trains crowded with expatriate easterners "returning home." They had not learned to regard the west as "home." Western men had to make frequent visits east; their mining and other occupational interests kept them in transit between the east and the west. Mr. Thomas Beer pictures the professional westerners, "men in big hats, standing on corners of Wall Street or Broadway, amused and defiant." The picture was, in fact, quite common. Families when they first settled in the west, if they could possibly find the means to do so, would send their children east to school. This oscillation between the old and the new, which alone illustrates the difficulties inherent in the process of adjustment, continued for several generations. It should be noted once again, however, that I refer to the period following that of exploration, when the west was invaded by the second wave of emigration made up of professional men, merchants, promoters, clerks, and those engaged in secondary industrial occupations.

However, much the same observation can be made of the earlier western society. In fact, Clarence King thought that the unsettled condition of western

life had exerted a degenerative influence on its settlers. "That brave spirit of Westward Ho! often degenerates into mere weak-minded restlessness, killing the power of growth, the ideal of home, the faculty of repose. It results in that race of perpetual emigrants who roam as dreary waifs over the west, losing possessions, love of life, love of God, slowly dragging from valley to valley, till they fall by the wayside, happy if some chance stranger performs for them the last rites, often less fortunate, as blanched bones and fluttering rags upon too many hillsides plainly tell." King's slightly too-morose observation has been confirmed by others. Mr. Bernard De Voto in "The Crooked Mile" (1924) states the theory that "There was no frontier. There was no marginal province of freedom, opportunity, and virtue, but only an advancing fringe of dubious civilization where men repeated the unchanging cycle of their race. They were inheritors of fear and frustration."

IV.

Western cities sprang into existence with a rapidity the consequences of which are not generally appreciated. The settlement of the middle west was distinctly an agricultural settlement: the frontier advanced from farm to farm. But in the west new elements changed the pattern. A "strike" would be made and forthwith a camp sprang into being; this camp soon became a town; and, if the strike was substantial, the town blossomed forth as a city. This process of transformation would often occur before there had been any substantial settlement of the land itself. So that many western cities, such as Denver, were centers around which settle-

ment developed and not, as was more commonly the case, the outgrowth of settlement.

The significance of this growth of western cities is that contemporaneously with the settlement of certain regions, centers of urban life arose. To be sure, these cities were rude and inelegant imitations of eastern models, but they evinced surprising aptitude for growth and soon became fair specimens of American urban life. Toward these cities of mushroom growth, western life gravitated. No great period of time passed before westerners of the mildly prosperous variety took up residence "in the city." Many western families soon came to spend their winter months in the city and their summers on the ranch, or at the mine. The rapid growth of these cities was, of course, largely caused by the sudden acquisition of vast fortunes.

But the character of the camp survived in the city. When the great fortunes were acquired in Leadville and Cripple Creek, the gold came first to Denver. The town boomed. Several fortunes were lured east and soon dissipated, as witness the career of Horace Tabor. For the most part, however, the miner turned capitalist and, after a year or so in New York, and possibly Europe, returned to Denver and made it his home. He had discovered to his sorrow and almost mortal embarrassment that being a millionaire was no particular distinction in the east. Moreover, the east tended to curb his eccentricities and to inhibit his grandiose ambitions. Instinctively he returned to Denver, a young city that had no traditional inhibitions and that imposed no restrictions or criticisms upon the most wayward taste if it were local born,

or, as they said, "had come from the mines." The capitalist built a horrible mansion on Capitol Hill, patronized the Brown Palace Hotel, and purchased a seat in the United States Senate, an honor that was commonly sold at auction to the highest bidder in the state legislature. Something of this crude extravagance, this naive grandeur, was reflected in the early architectural marvels of Denver.

The same forces were apparent in the society that sprang into being in these western cities. There is no pride so imperial as that which has been severely snubbed, nor is there an exclusiveness so rigid as that which has once known exclusion. Consequently, when Mr. and Mrs. Miner found that they were merely curiosities in the urban centers of the east, they returned to the new-born city from which they had departed when it was hardly more than a camp and there, with former camp mates, formed their own society. And it was indeed amusing. In Denver such a society, recruited from the mines and the timberlands and the cattle ranches, was headed for many years by a very remarkable woman, Mrs. Crawford Hill, who gave at least the glitter of magnificence to the assemblies of her Four Hundred. I have known elderly ladies in Denver, occupying high and unassailable social positions, who could curse like pirates and who had been, in the not too distant past, all manner of things to all men. What made this society so amusing, just as the homes of its grandees were so outlandish, was this strange combination of the uncouth masquerading as the genteel. Not that its leaders were all illiterate; some of them were very intelligent; but the rank and file, despite their diamonds, fur coats, and unmatched

elegance, were the common stuff of western humanity.

Even in the rural western community the same spirit was abroad. Most of these communities were tributary to a neighboring city. For this reason the city, being at a distance, never lost its fascination. If the visit was only a matter of annual occurrence, it gained in intensity by this very fact. It was savored all the more keenly because of its infrequency. Housewives vied with one another in their ambition to mimic city manners and fashions. Long and specific lists of purchases were made in the intervals between visits to the city, and the color of the city was reflected in the dusty roads of western towns. Fashionable dress was not uncommon. I have seen ladies and gentlemen alight from sleighs, the bottoms of which were packed with straw and warmed by heated bricks wrapped in blankets, attired in modish costumes beneath sheepskin coats, to attend parties at which "punch" was served, card games played, poems read, and prizes awarded.

V.

It has been accepted as a commonplace for years that social distinctions were lost or hopelessly obscured in the west. Here, again, the facts make a new pattern. There was social pretense in Leadville, the most celebrated mining camp in America. In "The Last Assembly Ball," Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote tells a story that today would be dismissed as absurd and incredible. To support herself in Leadville, an eminently respectable widow starts a boarding-house. She boards only the minority of well-mannered bachelors. Impeccable order is maintained at her table, and all the conventions are scrupu-

lously observed. Bad table manners or uncouth utterances bring a frown of discouragement from the lady. Her establishment prospers and she employs a hired girl. Complications immediately arise. One of the boarders begins to look with favor upon the hired girl. The proprietress is horrified at the spectacle of a "gentleman" falling in love with a "servant." And this occurred in Leadville in the seventies! The climax to the affair occurs when the servant girl appears at the Assembly Ball, that famous Leadville soiree. I am told on good authority that Mrs. Foote did not imagine this sentimental yarn. I might add that, in a western town scarcely a decade after it had ceased to be a frontier outpost, I have witnessed social quarrels as full of intrigue, as involved and complex, as any that Mrs. Wharton ever delineated.

Several easily discernible elements contributed to this strange spectacle of gentility flourishing in the wild west. There was, for instance, the "tenderfoot" element, an element that, as Mrs. Foote observed, "was always self-conscious, new to surrounding standards, warped by disappointment or excited by success, torn, femininely speaking, between a past not yet abandoned and a present reluctantly accepted." This tenderfoot element cherished former habits and conventions with a vigor that did not abate even in the shadow of Mt. Massive. Settlers who had become habituated to the new life resented the tenderfoot's squeamishness; they looked with scorn on any person who did not abandon the manners, social practices, and conventions of a lifetime in a fortnight. The newness of the society was responsible for conditions that elsewhere might have been regarded as quite complex.

Add to these elements the fact that the settlers were recruited from the ends of the earth, representing every imaginable breed and type, and one has sufficient explanation for the ludicrous social situations that, at the hands of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, became the subject of broad burlesque. I even venture the somewhat extravagant statement that social distinctions were actually intensified in being transplanted to the west, at least during the initial period after their arrival.

The history of religion in the west is similarly paradoxical. One would imagine that, in the process of moving westward, settlers would discard their more pious practices. But it would seem that the further the devout traveled from the familiar church and parson, the more they hungered for religion. They did not forget to pray while en route to their new homes. In fact, they prayed all the more fervently for being exposed to new hazards. In the early settlements, it was some time before enough settlers congregated in one place to sponsor a church, and, during this unregenerate period, only one church was maintained. But in such communities it was not long before the religious battles of the Reformation were being waged anew. In western towns of but a few thousand population it is not surprising to find most of the protestant denominations represented by chapels badly in need of a coat of paint, but lifting their steeples in proud defiance of amiability.

Several of the diaries kept by western emigrants report "trials" that were held while the caravans moved westward. At these trials offenders against the moral code were reprimanded for their sins even as wolves snarled beyond the camp-

fire and Indians hovered in the distance. One journal records an instance of a woman who, having given birth to an infant out of wedlock, was expelled from the party. In the community in which I was born, a prodigal son was "churched" by the community for the offense of having an affair with a married woman. The trial was held much in the Athenian manner: the entire adult population acting as judge and jury.

Evangelism was not slow to get a foothold in the west. My father told me of numerous occasions when he had witnessed revival meetings being conducted in the saloons of newly established western towns. Signs on the rocks, calling the sinners to Jesus, were painted on the conspicuous monuments along the emigrant trail, in some cases appearing side by side with Indian inscriptions. One of the men who came west with my father was converted in an evangelical meeting held in a saloon. He later won fame as a cowboy evangelist, his methods adumbrating those of the Rev. Sunday by several decades. Indeed, the spectacle of the "converted cowboy" was quite common and forms the subject of many a risqué ballad.

A stern moral code prevailed and was enforced in most western communities during the period that I have indicated. When my father arrived in the frontier settlement of Steamboat Springs, Colorado, there were four saloons impartially distributed along the trail that later became Main Street. But within a year the townspeople had driven the saloons across the river that flowed along one side of the village, and there the pariahs set up a colony of their own, called "Brooklyn." When a prostitute died in one of these brothels, the village

doctor had to smuggle her body across the river at night and bribe a negress (who did the washing for the village) to accept it so that he might announce, as he did, that the sister of the negress, who had been visiting her, had died. In this way he was able to secure a decent burial in the cemetery, the usual church ceremony with a minister officiating, for a girl who although a white was charitably buried as a black.

VI.

A generation of critics has dismissed the fiction of Bret Harte, Mark Hallock Foote, and other writers of the early west, with a curt reference to its "sentimentality." Both Harte and Mrs. Foote were often sentimental, but in any sharp clash between the old and the new sentimentality is likely to appear as a by-product of the transition. Settlers in the west were lonely; they were full of nostalgic longings for the places from which they had come. It was quite fitting that Mr. Lynn Riggs should have called one of his early plays "The Lonesome West."

Sentimentality such as Harte depicted is not necessarily inconsistent with harsh qualities, as, in fact, he often demonstrated. I knew a pioneer cattleman in Colorado who had married an eastern woman. They had three daughters, all born while that portion of the west was still "frontier." These girls lived in one of the wildest regions of the far west, punched cows with the hard-riding cowboys of their father's "outfit," and were excellent shots with revolvers. Yet one of these girls, when deserted by a lover, composed a novel to commemorate her broken heart. She induced her father to finance its publication and it appeared between paper covers. It

was an honest document and revealed mawkish sentimentality. Yet this girl would have sent a bullet through the heart of her unfaithful lover if she could have found him!

No one ever visited the west with more preconceived ideas about the region or its inhabitants than Walt Whitman. Had he not written glowing tributes to the "masculinity" of the land? Yet he wrote in his journal:

I am not so well satisfied with what I see of the women of the prairie cities. I am writing this where I sit leisurely in a store in Main Street, Kansas City, a streaming crowd on the sidewalks flowing by. The ladies (and the same in Denver) are all fashionably drest, and have the look of "gentility" in fact, manner and action. They are "intellectual" and fashionable, but dyspeptic-looking and generally doll-like; their ambition evidently is to copy their eastern sisters.

It would require no great searching in the archives to produce similar testimony.

I fancy that one factor which contributed to the non-provincial character of western settlements was the presence of the tourist element. Kansas and Nebraska attracted few parties of sightseers, but Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, and Colorado were invaded by tourists from the opening of the frontier. The invasion continues into the present, with elaborate provisions being made for the sightseers. It was not unusual to find in the west, even during the period of its early settlement, splendid hunting lodges maintained by eastern families. In the community in which I lived, a wealthy Chicago family, shortly after the railroad had pen-

etrated the land, had erected a huge hotel which, for that day, would have done credit to any fashionable resort in the east. And today a school for aesthetic dancing and a fashionable dude ranch adorn a region through which I have helped drive thousands of cattle to the railroad. There is nothing unusual about the dude ranch to the westerner; it has merely made a profession of what was formerly a matter of hospitality. The west was always full of "dudes."

When James Fullarton Muirhead gave the title "The Land of Contrasts" to his volume of impressions of America, formed during a visit in 1898, he must have been thinking of the west. His picture of Colorado Springs, while probably somewhat exaggerated, is not an inaccurate summarization of the gentility of life in western summer resorts:

Colorado Springs may be summed up as an oasis of Eastern civilization and finish in an environment of Western rawness and enterprise. It has been described as a "charming big village, like the well-laid-out suburb of some large Eastern city." Its wide, tree-shaded streets are kept in excellent order. There is a refreshing absence of those "loose ends" of a new civilization which even the largest of western cities are apt to show. No manufactures are carried on, and no "saloons" are permitted. The inhabitants consist very largely of educated and refined people from the Eastern States and England, whose health does not allow them to live in their damper native climes. The tone of the place is a refreshing blend of the civilization of the East and the unconventionalism of the West.

The "scenic wonders" and "miracle climate" of the west attracted thousands of extraordinary "settlers." English gentlemen, well educated easterners, people of refinement and culture, were often lured west on one pretext or another and remained, either from necessity or choice. This genteel element was not assimilated without traces of its influence becoming apparent. While the experience was still new and before he had come to feel at home in the west, the easterner of refinement was only too apt to feel his gentility the more acutely for its isolation in the sunburnt west.

VII.

Turner, a masterly phrase-maker, convinced a generation of American historians that "democracy came out of the American forest." If he had qualified his statement by describing the democracy he had in mind as social democracy, democracy of manner, he would have been nearer the truth. For, in a political sense, the west was never democratic. Surely the homesteader, when he first came west, was not impressed with the "democracy" of the cattle barons. The cattle ranch itself was a feudal institution, from the "boss" down to the "foreman." For a generation these cattlemen ruled their thousands of acres with an autocracy only the more remarkable since it was seldom questioned and rarely described. The so-called "boss-ridden east" could never hope to equal the west in the matter of political corruption and the control of the agencies of government by private interests. And it was out of this far forest of the west that Mr. Turner's democracy was to come! For, according to his theory, the quality of democracy would increase in purity as

it marched toward the Pacific. Turner should have known the gentlemen who invented barbed wire, the colt revolver, and the Vigilante committees.

Many of the sharp contrasts and paradoxical qualities of western life may be traced to the influence of a conscious mimicry. Early settlers knew only the land and culture from which they came, and this they gallantly endeavored to reproduce in the west. I am familiar with a small town on the eastern slope of the Rockies in Colorado that is built on the same principle as the towns of New England. The village common is faithfully reproduced and, were it not for the towering mountains in the distance, one would take it for a Massachusetts village. The west can boast of innumerable villages each having a house as grand as that owned by Dick Spindler in Bret Harte's story with "a large wooden structure in the pseudo-classic style affected by Westerners, with an incongruous cupola, a still more incongruous veranda extending around its four sides, upheld by wooden Doric columns." One does not expect to find a New England village in the Rockies nor such a house as Dick Spindler's in *Rough and Ready*. But they exist. Such incongruities were taken as a matter of course in a land where, by hard usage, the faculty of surprise was exhausted at an early date. Westerners have seen too many contrasts; they have come to take contrast as a matter of course.

It requires an active imagination to visualize the west that existed during this moment of arrested development, when it had ceased to be frontier and had not become the mediocrity of today. The curtain was lifted on this strange

scene when the last map was drawn and the highest peak scaled. The west was thinly populated, dotted with sprawling towns, broken up into magnificent ranches, and enlivened by preposterous cities. Its people had been thrown broadly across the land and had taken root in the less formidable recesses of its arid wastes and inaccessible mountains. During this moment in its development it existed in a nondescript and fortuitous informality, in a state of undress. It had not become reconciled to the new nor had it abandoned the old. The quaint impinged on the crude and sentimentality was inseparable from coarseness. Western humor, celebrated in

London in the 'seventies, was born of this ludicrous society where nothing was quite as it should be. It was a land that defied easy classification or criticism. You might feel that you were in the west, but you were powerless to define its boundaries or characterize its inhabitants. Possibly it had no boundaries and its inhabitants were characterless. It represented a handful of America, horribly mixed and jumbled, in exile. So abounding was the confusion that it came to seem a natural element and all sense of formality was dissolved by scenes of unparalleled comicality. "Our continent drained prismatically through Omaha once."

WINTER SABBATH

HAROLD VINAL

Chilly the aspen and the birch
 In everlasting cold,
 And such a chill was on the church,
 We all felt old.

A psalm it was the preacher read
 About the flowing waters;
 I think he prayed unto the dead
 And not to sons and daughters.

The wine we drank was frozen wine,
 The bread we broke was snow,
 The cold that ate us was a sign
 Of how our sleep would go.

A row of corpses there we sat
 Our meek arms bent across
 Our chilly breasts, and wondered at
 The Lord upon the cross.

TWO AGAINST THE SKY

HARRY G. HUSE

WHEN together they first faced Lonesome Prairie John Farrel and Ed Lenker had known each other twenty-four hours.

They had met the day before, coming out in the chair car from Saint Paul. They sat side by side on the dusty green plush, two young fellows in rumpled blue suits. They looked, now at their fellow passengers, now out the window at the interminable monotony of North Dakota. Ed Lenker was big and red, solid and slow-spoken. He hadn't found much to say, getting acquainted. Born and raised on a farm in Wisconsin, he said. Hard work as far back as he could remember. Left when he was twenty-one for a city teaming job where he never really felt at home. John Farrel, lean, quick, enthusiastic, mentioned his drudging clerkship in a railway general office. But about the adventure ahead of them he talked and talked while Ed Lenker listened and nodded and listened.

"I tell you it means something to young fellows like you and me to have this come along!"

John Farrel was full of the lore of the colonization pamphlets.

"You and me. Just nobodies working with our heads down in cities. Then along comes this last call for pioneers. Pioneers, Ed! Think of what that means! The last frontier!"

He brought his hand down on his companion's sturdy knee. The friendliness of the blow, of being called "Ed" by this educated fellow who was headed west like himself to take up a dry-land homestead, warmed the big, lonely

teamster. Heads down! Driving back and forth in the dirty city streets, a nobody!

"That's right, all right," said Ed Lenker. He never could have thought of it by himself.

They looked out the windows at the Dakota wheat fields, the Dakota grain elevators, the little Dakota towns.

"Ed! That's what we're going to do out there in Montana—what those fellows have done here. Ed! That's the kind of a country we're going to make out there with this new dry farming. Going to make the desert blossom like the rose!"

Ed Lenker nodded.

"It ain't really a desert, Ed. Not where you and I are going. I talked with fellows in the Immigration Department. Big, empty country, and windy. But grows good grass. It's just dry and you have to save all the moisture with this new summer fallow. Break it out and break it up and keep it pulverized."

"That's right," said Ed Lenker.

The train stopped just after sundown to take on water. The two of them got out to walk up and down a tiny station platform. The country was changing. The big wheat fields and the little houses and towns were gone. Here was a region of desolate flats and barren, fantastic hills, gashed and gullied with dry watercourses. Crimson flamed in the west. Against its glory a distant butte loomed black and strange, far off and lonely. John Farrel straightened his shoulders and faced it. He shivered in the chill evening breeze.

"Going to be a man-sized job, Ed," he said.

Ed Lenker nodded.

They awoke next morning before dawn to stretch cramped necks and brush off the night's dust and cinders. Outside the windows lay a new country, born overnight, a country of impossible distances—grey prairie rimmed at its utter, incredible horizon by snow-capped mountains pink with the sun. Presently that vast desolation came alive with mellow, warming light. They had to be content with that one glimpse of their new kingdom. The train slipped into a hidden coulee and thence into a valley where ash-grey bluffs stood up narrowly above the banks of a grey river. The sudden, stifling darkness of a tunnel, and then an old town, asleep under seraggly cottonwoods at one end of a gaunt red bridge.

Culbertson! The end of the trail and the beginning!

Here was the Montana of the past, this lazy, dusty, sundrenched little village sprawling on a flat between the bluffs of a barren valley. Dashboard fronted saloons and stores, Chinese restaurants, windows of chaps and wide-brimmed hats, vivid shirts and boots and saddles. It was all interesting. But off there beyond the bluffs, grassy mile upon grassy mile, lay the Montana of the future—their joint future they had already decided, with the sudden decision of lonely men. John Farrel wanted to set off on foot for another sight of their kingdom as they waited for the claim locator. Ed Lenker said it was farther than you'd think. He guessed they'd see enough of the benchland before they were through.

The locator proved to be more eloquent than the colonization pamphlets.

When they emerged at last from the valley he waved his whip widely over the backs of the livery team, and his talk peopled the empty expanse of First Bench with a hundred families.

"She'll be settled right into the river breaks!" he boasted, "with folks that come later and have to take what's left. Best soil's way out on Lonesome Prairie."

They stood at last on their own free acres. The locator had driven on to look up surveyed corners. They stood there, a little spent with the day's emotions, facing the emptiness and desolation of the great high plain. Lonesome Prairie!

"Have to dig a well first," said Ed Lenker.

It helped, Ed found, to hang onto the thought of the slow, steady steps by which a job was to be accomplished.

"Get water first. One well for the two places. Build a couple of shacks. Buy horses and set to breaking, if it ain't too dry already. Too dry, we build fence."

John Farrel wasn't listening. The immensity of all that grass and all that sky pressed upon him.

"She's a big country," he said, groping for something.

Then Ed Lenker felt it.

"Big all right," he said, "Bigger'n Wisconsin. Bigger'n I thought."

"Big!" said John Farrel, "And empty—and kind of awful, Ed— — — Ed! We ain't anybody! She's got along all these years without us— — — She don't even know we're here—don't give a whoop about us!"

Ed Lenker nodded. She didn't give a whoop. That was it.

"But we'll make her sit up and take notice, Ed! You and me!"

Again Ed Lenker nodded.

"Have to dig a well first," he said.

They dug their well in a low spot at the edge of Ed Lenker's three hundred and twenty. After that they built their shacks, twin shacks side by side with only the surveyed boundary of their two claims between them. Lonesome Prairie, busy with her immemorial routine of drying up under blistering winds and sun did not sit up and take notice. Folks did.

The zealous locator waved his whip like a scepter of empire toward a raw ring of yellow earth, two knotty little buildings and a lengthening row of post holes where two men straightened from their labors to answer his hail.

"Two young fellows that come in together early," he said to claim seekers from Nebraska, from Iowa, from Washington or Kansas or Idaho or Missouri, "Hit it off together. Done all that in just a month, Mister!"

Watching the buggy disappear within its dust, John Farrel wiped his forehead. He was digging hole for hole with Ed now, but it kept him sweating.

"More dry-landers, Ed," he said, "Going to have plenty of neighbors."

Ed Lenker spat on his hands.

"Coming fast now they got started," he said.

"Going to change the looks of things a lot, Ed, somebody on every half section."

He gazed at the twin shacks, tiny in that vast desolation. Somehow they hadn't changed the look of things as much as he had expected. Lonesome still—a little. But get some other building around them—maybe a row of trees—some of that grass turned under—

They got a stable. It helped, for all it stood so low and squatty against the sky. The fall rains came, and before the

ground froze they had two narrow strips of breaking. The row of trees had to wait.

They meant to plant them the second summer. But the sod stayed moist and mellow under incredible rains. No time to spare from the breaking! At the end of that gracious year they planned upon more than a row of tree. Nothing less than a grove! All Lonesome Prairie planned big things that winter. Neighbors visited from shack to shack and gathered to dance 'til morning in a gaunt new schoolhouse. The women chattered of the inconveniences of dry-land housekeeping. The men, gathered about the stove, matched each other's stories of unbelievable wheat yields from the little soddy patches they had managed to get in.

John and Ed had their trees the next summer, and managed somehow to keep the row of spindling box elder saplings alive during that ruinous year and the drier ones that followed. They stood in their lee, facing a Lonesome Prairie grown emptier somehow than on that other day clear back at the beginning. That day there had been no skimpy, sagging fences to divide immensity into desolate rectangles, no scabby grey shacks to stare with vacant doors and windows out over abandoned fields. There had been no thought of neighbors, weaker than themselves, or wiser, gone back down the road to Culbertson.

"Here five years, Ed. Poorer than when we came!"

Ed Lenker, heavier with the work that had made John Farrel leaner and more intense, nodded.

They faced their withered wheat.

"Burnt up again, Ed!"

Ed Lenker nodded. He turned his

back on ruin to study a barren, cloddy field. John Farrel turned too.

"This cussed summer fallow, Ed!" he said, "A perfect come-on game for dry-land suckers!"

He kicked at the stubborn clods about his feet. Licked all right! He might as well admit it. Ed Lenker was different. John couldn't think of Ed Lenker's ever being licked. He thought of him as he had been that first fall when they had set to breaking—a heavy, tireless figure behind heavy, plodding horses, laying over the mile-long brown ribbons of sod. Twelve hours a day, seven days a week—"Nice steady work," he'd say as they sat at their late supper, "breaking sod."

He saw Ed as he was in the chill early mornings, moving from horse to horse in the gloom of their common stable, throwing on harness and fastening buckles, ignoring the great grey desolation that pressed in on John Farrel through the open windows. He saw him hunched on the seat of a weed-skinner in the heat haze of mid-afternoon, a silent driving force enthroned in a cloud of dust. He saw him luminous evenings, serene against the purple emptiness of the east or the crimson fury of the west—"Going to start breaking that last forty tomorrow."

Evening after evening, sprawled on the parched grass, tallying departed neighbors, the two of them had worked out a catechism—

"This country'll raise wheat, Ed."

"That's right."

"Got to learn by experience the right way to handle the soil, Ed."

"That's it, the way you say."

"Half these folks weren't farmers, Ed. Fellows like me. The ones that were farmers wanted to do like they'd

done where they came from. Got something they haven't, Ed, you and me."

John Farrel turned back toward the twin shacks. Had they something? Those two little warped and weathered houses. The flimsy stable racked by vicious winds. A chicken house, a shed, this row of half-dead saplings.

Had they anything? He hadn't, but Ed had, John told himself. Had to face it somehow and tell Ed he was licked.

He turned to his companion, standing so solidly there in the blasted wheat, facing the challenge of Lonesome Prairie.

Ed Lenker struggled to meet John's eyes. He couldn't make it.

"Time to quit, I guess," Ed said.

John Farrel stared. This wasn't right. This wasn't at all the thing he had expected.

He straightened.

"Nonsense, Ed. Quit your kidding. This country'll raise wheat!"

Ed Lenker failed to nod.

"Got something they haven't, Ed, you and me!"

"Right, all right," said Ed Lenker.

Heartening, that catechism!

They didn't quit. They went that winter into the coal mines at Belt. There in the chilly murk of the stopes, awkward and alien among the Finn miners, they worked out a new faith against the impassivity of Lonesome Prairie.

"Law of averages is bound to work, Ed. Fifteen inches of moisture a year will raise a crop."

Ed Lenker's silent nod as he swung his pick.

"Got to keep on putting her in every year now, regardless. Be ready for the good ones, Ed. Get in every acre we can manage and fallow every acre we

can plow. Work out for wages again if we have to, the hard winters."

That was it, agreed Ed Lenker.

"Get all the land we want now on our own terms. Big teams, Ed. Twelve horses ain't any harder to drive than six. Big fields. All the horses we want in the spring for the catching."

"Right, all right," said Ed.

Now there was no longer any talk of quitting on a Lonesome Prairie where Ed Lenker and John Farrell urged their lumbering teams over the cheap acres, fighting the weeds of a wet spring. No evening catechism now on the parched grass in the lee of the box elders. Instead they prowled about the edges of two lusty wheat fields. They pulled off heads and gloated over the weight and plumpness of the milky kernels.

"Thirty bushels, Ed, or I'm a liar!"

"That's what she'll make all right," said Ed, "Work out a hitch for sixteen horses."

That harvest changed things. The tide of flinty, high protein wheat pouring down the road past empty shacks and thistle choked fields to Culbertson brought back a straggling second wave of the seeking and hopeful. Not so many this time, not so blindly hopeful.

It brought Bernadine Foster to teach in a Lonesome Prairie schoolhouse. She came fresh from Normal School in Minnesota, with her easy city ways, her gay city clothes, her clever, quick way of talking.

It changed things. There before the twin shacks Ed Lenker blushed to the ear tips.

"Good looking, kind of, John, the new school teacher," he said.

"Think so, Ed?"

"Kind of lively like, and smart and

—well, lively. Different from the girls out here we used to meet at dances."

"What folks are saying, Ed."

"All the single fellows on the bench hanging 'round her up there at the schoolhouse 'cept you and—you and me."

"That's what I hear folks telling, Ed."

"Guess you'll be hanging around up there too after the work slacks up a little? Seems like you're more her kind than any other of the fellows on Lonesome Prairie. Smart and—well, lively."

"Not me! Anybody from here hangs around the new teacher it'll have to be you, eh Ed?"

It had to be Ed, awkward and constrained in his blue suit. It had to be Ed, patient in the face of Bernadine's indecision.

"But he ain't stuck-up," he rallied to John Farrel's defense against Bernadine's sudden, disquieting attacks. "You'd like him. No ma'am! He ain't unfriendly. He's the warmest hearted fellow you ever knew. And quick and lively! Lots of ways he's just like you. Just wait 'til you get to know him!"

Bernadine waited almost the whole year without getting to know John Farrel. But it wasn't her fault, said Lonesome Prairie women folks, the way she'd tried. At the end of the spring term she married Ed Lenker. John Farrel stood up with them in the Culbertson minister's front parlor. Already Ed's shack had been moved a hundred yards south of the boundary and with two rooms added was a twin no longer.

They stood together, John and Ed, by the newly painted house that last uneasy evening before the wedding trip to town.

"Guess we've got over the hardest bumps already, Ed," said John Farrel.

"That's right," said Ed, "that's what I was thinking."

They stood there, silent.

"Things," said Ed Lenker, "Things'll be just the same as ever."

"You bet, Ed!"

"You'll always be at home here, John."

"You bet, Ed."

But they hadn't been quite the same. He didn't feel quite at home in that other house with its curious tension. His own shack now was grey and lonely.

He did feel at home somehow at a dance at the schoolhouse, talking to Otto Schultz's pretty daughter, Edna. He felt at home lounging in Otto's kitchen watching Edna Schultz move so silently and surely about her work. Edna's cheeks were flushed and her steady grey eyes came alive when John Farrel talked of the new tractors and combines.

Bernadine Lenker watched from her window.

"He's going over there almost every other night now," she told Ed.

Ed Lenker moved over and put an awkward arm about his wife. Together they stood looking out into the dusk at a figure moving eagerly down a grey road.

"He was over there all day Sunday," said Bernadine Lenker.

"That's fine!" said Ed, "Kind of lonesome, him over there by himself."

"Curious," said Bernadine, "what he sees in her."

Ed Lenker looked down at his wife.

"It ain't everyone," he said, "can get a girl like you."

John Farrel's shack took on extra rooms and a coat of paint. Ed and

Bernadine went in town with Edna and John when it came time for the second marriage. In her shiny kitchen Bernadine cooked and served the wedding supper.

"Four of us here together now on Lonesome Prairie!" Ed Lenker beamed on the other three from his place at the festive table, "Good crops ahead, looks like. Good times too, I guess, the four of us here together."

"That's right," said John Farrel.

Bernadine bit her lip.

The four of them there together? Ed and John harnessed their horses mornings in the common stable on John's side of the line. They watered them at the common well on Ed's side. From their backyards Bernadine and Edna took care to wave to one another.

Bernadine's house was larger, better furnished. Edna's was tidier. Bernadine had a little plot of flowers struggling to grow in the lee of the box elders. Edna had a kitchen garden. Bernadine's clothes and linens were prettier and smarter than Edna's. Edna's were two hours earlier on the drying line.

"Seems like it's hard to be friendly," Edna told John Farrel, "I can't find anything to say. Seems like I try to be neighbors, take something I've baked over and she doesn't hardly like it."

Lonesome Prairie yielded a grudging twenty bushel crop. Ed Lenker and John Farrel harvested it together. But Bernadine and Edna, each in her own kitchen, took turns feeding the heading and threshing crews.

John Farrel hauled his wheat to town and sold it. He needed the money to make a payment on another half-section. Ed Lenker was buying more land too. He and John had talked over the

wheat market. But talking it over later with Bernadine who kept up with things in the papers, Ed decided to hold his wheat.

The four of them there together!! They faced a long winter. Day after day, week after week, shut up in houses so close together, so far apart on a blizzard-lashed Lonesome Prairie.

Ed Lenker and John Farrel met mornings and evenings in the stable.

"Toughest winter yet, Ed."

"That's right."

"Wheat's down another two cents. Kind of glad I sold."

"Guess maybe you are all right," said Ed.

They stood by their common well, hunting for things to say.

"Wheat's still on the toboggan, Ed. Down four cents by day before yesterday's papers."

"Not worrying about the price now," said Ed Lenker, "Thing that counts is the price in the spring when I'm ready to sell."

They failed to meet each other's eyes as they turned away.

It lasted a long time, that winter.

"I won't have her smiling to herself at me!" Bernadine had it out finally with Ed Lenker, "Of course she's smiling. Coming over here with things to criticize my cooking and housekeeping. Oh, I can see it all right in her eyes. Now she's got him smiling to himself at you about the wheat. Laughing up his sleeve! Laughed up his sleeve probably all the time you were living there together. You so dumb and good natured! Taught him everything he's ever learned about farming, and him laughing at you all the time!"

Ed waited now in the house until John should have finished his chores in

the stable. He tried to miss John at the well.

"You're right, I guess," John told his wife bleakly, "Hard now to be friendly."

There at her window, while the first chinook gnawed the snow, Bernadine Lenker watched with eyes suddenly apprehensive and guilty.

Ed Lenker and John Farrel, faced each other in the dirty slush by the well they had dug together.

"You should have sold your wheat after we'd talked it over, Ed."

"I guess you think you're the brains of this combination," said Ed Lenker, "Me, I'm just the dumb muscle."

Ed's face was red with something more than the sting of the chinook, John Farrel's grey-white like the snow.

"Why Ed!"

"We'll manage," said Ed Lenker, "to get along all right without any help from you!"

Loyalty! Bernadine had taught him! John Farrel bit his lip.

"All right, Ed."

"I'll thank you from now on to stay off my place!"

"What?"

"Stay off my place!"

"The well's on your side, Ed. I've got to come here for water."

"Dig your own well! I'll thank you to stay off!"

John Farrel's face was red now too without the bite of the chinook.

"Then stay off my place. Get your cows and hay out of the stable!"

"Nothing'll suit me better," said Ed.

John Farrel didn't dig a new well. He didn't need to. There was a well on his new half-section a mile to the north. There was a house there too that would

serve with a little fixing. There was a barn.

The Farrel household goods, piled high on a hayrack, moved down the road. Ed Lenker tried to keep away from the window, tried not to meet Bernadine's sobered, self-reproachful eyes. Within a week the Farrel house, broken again into the three shacks that composed it, went off across the snow-splotched field on skids.

Lonesome Prairie! High and wide and windy. Big and empty still, so little changed by what men did under that vast, vacant sky. Here and there the vivid green rectangles of struggling wheat, the dusty brown fields of fallow.

A gracious yield this year. A crop barely worth the cutting the next. The big teams were going, the new light tractors coming in. Lone men, dwarfed by the machines they drove and the machines they drew, crept round their mile-long fields, solitary save for the roar of an exhaust, the drone of gears, the wind-tattered dust clouds of their own raising.

The houses pulled more widely apart with each tractor's need of a thousand acres. A mile apart, two miles, three sometimes, sprawled the low buildings, seeking vainly to loom important and dominating. A single telephone wire strung from house to house and into town along the fence posts.

Winter again, and a sudden, untimely blizzard choked the roads. Edna Farrel, for all the distance between those houses, stood at her window, gazing south through the thinning snow. Bernadine over there, she knew, with her time coming, if it wasn't here already. Bernadine alone with Ed when by now she should have been in the hospital in town.

The telephone bell beside her set up a steady ringing, calling the Culbertson operator. She hesitated, then took down the party line receiver and listened, unashamed now, to Ed Lenker's worried voice.

She heard the doctor's answer. Twenty miles through the drifts? No sir! He couldn't make it. Not even half way with a team of horses. What could Ed do? Why, get some neighbor woman. Have her call him up if she didn't know what to do. He'd tell her.

Edna reddened, and spoke into the transmitter.

"I've been listening. This is Edna Farrel. I live nearest. You tell me."

John broke the trail for Edna south across the fields. At the fence he stopped and held down the wire. Edna went on, hurrying into the house. John stood there, then turned back along his broken trail.

Inside the house Ed Lenker was already shaken and useless with the first whimperings of Bernadine's struggle. Giving over responsibility into Edna's quiet hands he fled outdoors to prowl up and down in the last of the storm between his huddled buildings. He moved to the fence and stood there, studying the tracks that came and halted and waited and then turned back across the snow.

The bite of the dying wind drove him to the lee of the barn. He stood there, thankful for the gusts that muffled the sounds from inside the house. Edna had said if she needed him she'd call him. Women's business inside there, he comforted himself.

He thrust his hands into the pockets of his sheepskin coat, stamping his feet against the creeping cold. Lonesome

Prairie stretched before him, white and empty, bleak and cruel.

Women's business! The words ran in his head. He stamped the snow with a curious, slow resentment. The two of them there together inside the house—Bernadine and Edna. Bringing forth new life on Lonesome Prairie. Himself alone out here and useless. John Farrel alone over there, useless too. Well, he and John had brought forth new life together—wheat, and the scraggly row of box elders.

He and John Farrel there together. A couple of young fellows that met on the train. Had something the others hadn't, John and him. Something you needed here. They'd lost it. Lost it on a Lonesome Prairie suddenly gone more empty and lonesome than on that day clear back at the beginning.

Women's business! The words kept running in his head. Women's business. Well, no need now to blame them.

He roused at Edna's hail. The snow about his feet, he saw, was widely trampled. The western sky had cleared and

the sun was almost down. He ventured into the kitchen, warm and clean and steamy. He shied away from the swaddled bundle on the table, and tiptoed to the bedroom. Bernadine's face was ravaged, but the eyes that greeted his were quiet and happy. Her hand was in Edna's. There was a bond between them. Ed tried to say something and couldn't.

He went back to the kitchen and stood looking down at the wrinkled red face of his son. Edna followed him. She pushed him gently to one side.

"He's got to go in now, to his mother."

Women's business. Well, time enough later for the pride and wonderment of the little fellow's coming. Something else now needing to be done. Something to be got back. Something he'd thought he could get along without, but couldn't.

He quitted the house and moved to the fence where the trail was already broken, waiting. He set out along it, an eager figure tiny against the snow beneath that vast arch of sky.

Lonesome Prairie?

BY THE SEA

LYDIA B. LITTELL

The advancing sun upon the sea
Breaks mighty lances; the low-toned thunder
Of that great heart forever stirred
Fills and subdues the soul with wonder;

And thought like a baffled bird turns back,
And speculation's pride is rended;
Language seems but a foolish thing;
Here there alone are apprehended

Immortal music that grandly speaks,
Yet leaves the final Word unspoken;
Light that cleaves veil after veil,
Yet leaves the ultimate veil unbroken.

THRESHING

LUCY M. C. ROBINSON

I. THE CREW ARRIVES

It's cool on our back porch. I swing my feet
 While wagons creek on the Vandyeken hill
 And through the barbed wire gate.
 My mother comes out from the kitchen heat
 And makes a stiff salute to husky appetite
 Coming up from the wheat,
 Hand over eyes to guard against the sun.
 Twenty-six big Dutch threshers riding there . . .
 (To eat us out of house and home, she said.)
 The room behind us smelled of fresh-baked bread,
 Baked ham, and pumpkin pies.
 My mother's eyes look tired. At supper time
 It's been a good long while since daylight came.
 She only fed ten men
 For breakfast, but we children take
 A little time. And Wilbur found
 A button off his coat. She baked ten loaves
 Of white and graham bread; some big dark cake;
 Had dinner ready promptly. Wilbur always said
 It made men mad to wait for meals. The dishes washed,
 She sent the younger kids to take a nap, and then
 Filled all the lamps, and lanterns for the men;
 Went out and busted up a setting hen;
 Hunted the eggs; opened the oven door
 Sometimes, and turned the ham a little more.
 She cleaned the chickens for tomorrow noon,
 Then set the tables just a mite too soon
 And dressed the kids. They cry an awful lot.
 I buttoned shoes for them and I just thought
 When I get big I'll put a stop to that!
 I am too small to help much yet;
 I'm ten.
 But I run errands, and I scrub
 Stacks of potatoes; and today you bet
 When I shelled peas they flew into the pan!
 My mother lets me bake, some days, a little frosty cake
 For my own self. If I could reach the shelf
 I'd look at what I baked today.
 It's fun to bake, but it's a lot more fun
 To steal through thickets with my dog and gun!

The wagons sound so cranky in the lane;
They grumble like a tired old man in pain.
I think they're tired, too. The yellow wheat
Is gold, and gold is heavy, Wilbur says.
Vandycken's crop was good; they say it ran
Sixty-three bushels to the acre. Ours will be
As good as theirs, I guess. I swing my feet
A minute more. My mother turns away.
The men are here! Let's eat!

II. TWELVE O'CLOCK

The horses stamp beside the water trough
And harness jingles. That big shiny bay
Is Rose, and Rose is mine. It makes me cough
When she shakes wheat-dust as she turns away
Toward the barn. We're late today,
And all the men are ready by the door.
It's time to pound the gong in just a minute more.
That gong is cracked. I'll get another disk
From the old plow, tonight when they are home
And have a little time to tinker round.
A larger disk will make a bigger sound
When I reach up a wagon bolt and pound
Three ringing strokes. That's "come and eat," you know;
When I hit twice it means that company's come.
And one is quitting time. I pound a noisy tune
In early morning, ding dong, ding ding ding;
And then if they don't start I go right out and sing
A sassy song outside the bunk-house door!
It makes my father just so awful sore
When they are slow. (Wilbur's my step-dad now;
My mother married him. She says he'd like it more
If I would speak to him respectfully.
Oh, well, I will.) Wilbur's all right, but I
Remember my own daddy who is dead.
Wilbur gets mad sometimes, and makes my mother cry.
Just yesterday that big Jim Norman said
When Wilbur got a nickle in his eye
He couldn't see a dollar on the fence.
These Dutchmen haven't got a bit of sense
About the way they eat. Old Frank sits there
And grabs a plate of meat,
And gobbles half of it. I carry in

Three platters loaded down with chicken pie,
 Platters of ham, cold beef and slabs of cheese.
 I mashed those spuds until they look like snow
 And put in gobs of butter. Don't tell Wilbur, please!
 He always catches me at that and says, "Go slow!"
 My mother made the pickles out of rinds
 Of watermelon, and of orange peel.
 I giggled when I saw that Black Swede steal
 Four helpings. Watch him gnaw a chicken bone!
 Our kitchen range is old. Once on a time
 It was the army range at old Fort Yellowstone.
 It has twelve holes, and we sure need them all
 My mother says, at this time in the Fall.
 The coffee boiler takes a lot of space.
 The warming oven's full of hot mince pie.
 The loaves of bread are rising in proud rows
 Along the oven top.

I cast a cheerful eye along the table.
 Men can hardly say a word
 Until they're full; there is no time to waste
 When this crew eats. They don't take time to taste!
 That table looks just like the breaking up
 Of a hard winter. Here's another cup
 Of coffee, piping hot. Just help yourself
 To anything you see. Oh, no you don't!
 You big sheep-herder! No. You can't eat me!
 There are a million dishes in the sink,
 And maybe more. I'll wipe them carefully,
 Put them away, and then, perhaps, I think
 Wilbur will let me ride to town
 To get the mail. Down in the small corral
 My pony's waiting with his saddle on
 Since I took out the lunch at ten o'clock.
 I couldn't turn him loose with other stock
 Because he's hard to catch. He is so ornery,
 Sometimes, and tries to buck
 Me higher than a kite. Another piece of pie?
 The first men out are hooking up their teams.
 The lazy sunshine could be full of dreams
 But there's no time for dreams today.
 They'll thresh the lower eighty next, the silver oats . . .
 The prettiest field of all. My gosh! They threw their coats
 Right down here in the way!

III. OVER SUNDAY

Down by the ditch there is a clump of trees
That whisper quietly all afternoon.
This morning it was cold, with a strong breeze
Out of the north. Winter will be here soon,
But we were lucky and the threshers came
Lots earlier than usual. I sneaked away
To read a book. If Wilbur caught me now
He'd say that it was wicked on the Sabbath Day
To read my tattered old "White Company!"
I got in trouble just this morning, too;
The men were shooting at a bright tin can
Behind the log corral; they yelled to me
To bring my Savage out, so they could see
If Jim could beat me. Our new hired man
Thinks he can shoot. He said no little girl
Or big one either could beat him. They stood me up beside
The snubbing post. And then old Andy tried
To bet Jim money that the gal could shoot
The pipe out of his mouth. It made me laugh inside
Because Jim was afraid they'd think him scared.
He looked at me a minute, then he stared
At my big gun. The whole crew stood around
And grinned at him. He didn't know right then
What I can do with that old gun! It's funny when
They kid a stranger. Just then Wilbur came.
"Go in the house;" he said. "It's just a shame
For little girls to hang around the men."
We had the crew for dinner. Most of them
Could just as well go home, but then they want to play
At horseshoe pitching in the branding pen.
I know a bunch plays poker in the hay
Above the stable. Wilbur'd have a fit! He takes it hard
When men do that. His moral principles
Sure do work overtime, as Andy said.
My mother's having just a little nap
Before it's supper time. The tiny lap
Of water in the ditch makes lazy tunes
And makes me drowsy, too. I mustn't go to sleep
Here on the bank; that big old ditch is deep!

FRATERNITY

BRASSIL FITZGERALD

THE johnapples who don't get into fraternities do a lot of crying about snobbishness. Nobody listens to them. If fellers are going to be brothers, wear the same pin and everything, they've got to have the right background and that sort of thing. You got to draw the line.

Us Sigmas learned our lesson. Before we pledge a lad now we look him up. Athlete or not, or no matter what prep he comes from, we investigate.

Take Jay Levon. He wore his clothes right, knew his forks and all that. A handsome johnny, sort of dark and romantic looking. He came down from Groby with the blue ribbon for studies and a couple of football letters. So we rushed him.

Of course the Sigmas are a bit choosy. Most of the lads belong because their Dads did and that sore of thing. But the Dekes were after Jay, so we grabbed him. Vic Yardley proposed him. Vic had known him at Groby Academy. He said the Sigmas could use Levon. So we took him in.

Vic usually gets what he wants. He's one of *the* Yardleys. The Yardley Mills, you know. He's got personality and a Caddy roadster. Good feller, too. The best boxer in college and a good spender. The girls fall for him.

Well—getting back to Jay. We made him a brother Sig and he was o. k. He made the freshman eleven and the Lit Society that first year. No swelled head either. He was always pretty quiet around the house, sort of anxious to please. And very handy for Yardley. Vic never had time to do his math problems and he'd turn them over to Jay.

Jay liked it. He was grateful to Yardley. Vic took him around a lot, but sometimes he'd freeze him. Vic is like that. I guess it comes natural for a Yardley, bossing around a lot of servants and all that. If you go to a dance with him and he doesn't like his girl, pretty soon she's your girl. He's a smooth worker.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not paning Vic Yardley. He's got his points. His sister is married to an English johnny with a title, but he don't talk family. A lot of guys would, but Vic just takes it for granted. And if he likes you, nothin's too good for you. Anyhow he's a brother Sig.

Vic was out for the boxing cup that winter. He used Jay for a sparring partner. Jay could step, himself. But he wasn't in Vic's class. The two of them looked good in the ring just the same. Jay, dark and black, and Vic, just the opposite, regular Nordie, blonde and tall and slim. They'd box pretty for three or four rounds and then Vic would warm up. Vic would sock pretty hard, but Jay never got sore. He'd just cover up and take it.

That summer Vic took Jay and me up to the Yardley place on the north shore. His people were abroad, all but an uncle who played the piano and raised peonies. All by himself with a couple of gardeners. Vic and Jay had a session in the library every morning reviewing math. Vic had a condition to get off in the fall. Outside of that we just played around. Tennis and riding and that sort of thing. Jay loved it. I had a kind of narrow escape that summer. I fell hard for a little jane I met at a castle

down the road. I got so I'd take one of the Yardley cars and just drive around her estate, thinking about her. But it turned out she was there to teach the kids French or something. And anyhow I had to go home. Jay was scared of girls.

That fall Jay made the Varsity and the freshmen started following him around. He was getting to be a big shot himself.

The Sigs all liked Jay, although, looking back on it now, I can see things. Somehow or other he never quite belonged. He was a little too polite. Kind of uneasy. When the brothers had a beer bust or a New York week-end, Jay would be missing. He wasn't hard up either. He was always getting clothes, good English tweeds. He had them made in New York and sent up to him. From Smith's on Fifth Avenue—and tweeds from Smith's run into money.

Jay made his mistake when he fell in love. It's always a mistake. The trouble with Jay was he took it serious. Prof. Douglas took a shine to him and asked him over to his house three or four times. I guess the prof talked Latin to him. I don't know. He's never asked me over. Friendly but not familiar, that's my motto.

So Jay met the prof's daughter, Alison, a little blonde. He showed up with her at the Kappa formal. Vic hadn't bothered to bring a jane and he was playing the stag line, cutting in where he saw a good dancer. Up till that night Alison hadn't been in the picture. But seeing her with Jay, Vic got interested. He gave her a lot of attention that night. Jay didn't get peeved and neither did Alison, but she stuck to Jay. That sort of puzzled Vic and he started slipping.

I guess that next week Vic called her

up a couple of times and she happened to be dated with Jay. It seemed to irritate him. The lads started to kid him, but he didn't like it. He thought Jay would ease out of the picture. But Jay didn't; he was nuts about Alison.

I didn't pay any attention to this at the time, but I remembered it later. They put on the gloves one night up at the house, just fooling. And Vic was rough. He slammed into Jay like nobody's business. Jay took one on the chin and dropped his hands. He said, "Wait a minute. Are we boxing or fighting?" Vic came back quick, "Just boxing, old man. You wouldn't fight. It isn't in your blood. Is it?" Jay got red. "Maybe not," he said and started pulling off his gloves. Vic gave him the laugh. That started it.

Jay sort of avoided Vic after that, but he didn't avoid Alison. The brothers stopped jollyng Vic. Sometimes Vic would take kidding and sometimes he wouldn't.

It was getting along in October and there was the usual ballyhoo about football. And the Hamilton game. The loyal sons of old Carlton were getting all worked up. Pep rallies and red fire and that sort of thing—and two dollar bets. Hamilton had a good team. The newspaper johnnies picked them to lick us. They were calling Jay our stellar threat. They meant he played full-back.

Jay went around stepping high. Chin up and a big foolish smile. Love is wonderful. He had a picture of Alison looking dreamy on his bureau. He'd sit on the edge of the bed, like a sap, and stare at it. And Vic was no better. Spending good jack on flowers and borrowing books from the prof. Love is a disease. The two of them didn't

box any more. They said hello and let it go at that.

And then Alison helped out. It breaks a girl's heart to have the boys scrapping about her. Don't laugh.

I was with Vic when it happened. We'd picked Alison up, breezing off the campus, and ran her home. When he stopped the bus, Vic said, "Busy tonight, sweetheart?" She took a minute to think it over, working on him with the big brown Douglas eyes. Alison does that—a kind of sideways look. No she wasn't busy. "Good," says Vic. "Wash up and wait for me. 'Bout eight. We'll run out to the Blue Moon." "I'd love it," says Alison. And then—"Let's make it a foursome. I'll bring along a sister and you get Jay."

Vic just stared at her. "You're not taking Jay serious, are you?" he says. The girl smiled. "You'd be surprised," she told him. "Not I," says Vic, "but you might be. Some other night." And with that we rolled along. Vic didn't say a word. He was wild. We went up the avenue about sixty. A cop flagged us and gave Vic a ticket. Then we went sixty-five. It was allright with me. Fun is fun.

I didn't see him until Thursday and then he came around with an idea. We'd run down to New York and go places and come back Friday night for the Hamilton game Saturday. It didn't sound good to me. I couldn't afford to cut any more classes, and anyhow I was broke. In a moment of weakness I had put up my last ten spot on the game. Vic overruled my better judgment. He said it was his party. That was different.

They hadn't moved Broadway. We saw a show and then went over to Harlem. The Cotton Club.

I woke up Friday about noon, feeling melancholy and depressed. We were at the St. Regis. I didn't care. Vic was talking about something and I went back to sleep. About four he rang up from somewhere and told me to pack the bags and wait for him in the lobby. He said he had a friend with him—a quaint old boy who wanted to see the game Saturday. Well—why not?

I was in the lobby brooding about the classes I had missed, when Vic came along. Just a big smile and a raccoon coat. The quaint old lad was out in the car. "Charlie," said Vic, "shake hands with Mr. Levon." I did. Mr. Levon had a derby and an umbrella and a paper parcel. "Mr. Levon," says Vic, giving me the wink, "is the head cutter at Smith's on Fifth avenue. I was telling him how the boys rave about Jay's clothes. I had a hard time convincing Mr. Levon Jay sent us down for him. We had orders from Jay not to come back without his Dad. Right, Charlie?"

I said something. "Get in front, Charlie," said Vic. "There's plenty of room." "I prefer the rumble," I said. "I need air."

When we got over the state line we stopped for nourishment. The old man wouldn't come in with us. He had sandwiches in the parcel and coffee in a thermos bottle. When we got in a booth I talked to Vic. I told him he had a bum sense of humor. A thing like this would probably ruin Jay's game. There was a lot of money on that game.

"Don't worry," says Vic. "Jay will be safe in training quarters until after the game. We'll entertain Hiram and Jay won't see him till afterwards." He had it all planned. Alison was going

to the game with him. So was I and our house guest. Vic is a bright boy. He'll be helping Mr. Hoover when he grows up. A commission all by himself.

"You'll make trouble," I said. Vic laughed at me. "Jay will take it and like it," he promised. "He's got it coming to him."

Well, what could I do? Taxi back to New York with the old boy on my lap? When in doubt, do nothing. I always do.

It was after nine when we drew up at the Sig house. The lads were down in the village looking for excitement and Hamilton money, or selling their pasteboards to visiting gentry. But they kept drifting in and Vic entertained them. Whiskers was a bit nervous at first. But Vic got him thawed out, telling him what a nice son he had and how we all loved him and looked up to him. The old gentleman ate it up. And then he added a little. The life story of a young hero with anecdotes of his pantie days. First signs of genius noted by an aunt named Rachel; wondering comments by awestruck teachers. I thought the boys would choke, taking it in with a straight face. Fat Dillon had to go out. I heard him braying on the porch.

By all the laws of decency, Jay should have been over in training quarters with the coach smoothing his pillow, but he had to take a walk. I looked up and saw him standing in the doorway, taking it all in, his face pretty white and queer. I eased out quietly. Things were going to happen. But not to me.

I might have known better. When I drifted in again Jay was putting up a front, standing with his hand on the old man's shoulder, pretending he was delighted to see him and had planned it

all himself. He had been surprised, he said, but only because he hadn't expected his dad until the morning.

"It's mighty decent of you, Vic, and I appreciate it," he said.

"Not at all," Vic told him. "Toddle along and don't worry about your father. We're taking him to the game. Charlie and I—and Alison."

Jay didn't bat an eye. "That's fine," he said. "Dad, the boys will show you my room any time. I've got to beat it."

The old man didn't get wise. He was having the time of his life. "You should be proud, Jay—the fine friends you have."

Jay patted his shoulder. "I sure am, Dad," he said. "Good night, fellers."

He was smiling, but his eyes were ashamed. He was taking a licking all right.

I went to bed feeling low. I had a feeling tomorrow would be one of those days. The old boy would probably want a stick with a pennant on the end. I was picked for the innocent bystander. I could see that.

Well, we went to the game. Just a happy family group on the twenty-yard line. It was a bum day, windy and trying to rain. There are things in a man's life he'd like to forget. Jay's old man had his umbrella. He talked with his hands and he had the umbrella in one hand. When the teams trotted out and he saw our hero, he got so excited he put one end of it in a chap's ribs in back of us. And when he turned around to apologize for that, he knocked a laddie's hat off with the other end. I thought he'd kill somebody. Alison was on the other side of him, having a swell time, being polite to the old man

and pouting at Vic. It was a good game—what I saw of it.

Hamilton had a big team and the boys were rough. They sat Jay down hard three or four times, but he seemed to like it.

In the second quarter he took the ball on a fake kick and nipped around end. Gregg of Carlton spilled the Hamilton guard and Jay went right along. Ten yards before he was tackled. He twisted free. Everybody was up. And the old man, too. I yelled like a good one but he was louder. "Run, Jake, run!" he shouted. They spilled the boy on the twenty yard line. The band thumped and the cheer leaders did calisthenics. Mr. Levon was telling the neighbors his son, Jake, did that, and he'd be running yet if that feller hadn't tripped him. We were attracting a good deal of attention. A couple of stiffs, two seats back, had an argument about us. One of them claimed we were an initiation. Alison was a lovely red.

The game was so and so. The Hamilton lads would buck up the field and then they'd get discouraged and Carlton would buck down the field. And then they'd swap kicks. Our cheer leaders won the high jumps but the Hamilton band was the loudest. I began to feel better about my ten dollars. It was the third quarter and no one had scored and my feet were getting cold.

Then in the last three minutes it happened. The Hamilton quarter fell back to kick from his own forty yard line. He lifted a sweet one. A swell punt—high over the line with the wind behind it. It settled down the field and Jay went back and back, waiting for it. A Hamilton end was through and racing down on him. Jay had the ball and leaped into his stride. And then

they nailed him. A groan went up all around us. Ten minutes later the ball was Hamilton's under our goal post. The teams lined up. Our cheering section stood up and roared, "Hold 'em, Carlton, hold 'em!" I was praying for the whistle. A moment later it was all over. A guard dumped Jay. Hamilton jammed it across. Ten dollars gone forever! I knew it. The old man didn't say a thing. We sat listening to the Hamilton stands. The whistle blew.

We stuck around for Jay outside the lockerhouse. After a while he came out with his hat over his eyes and a strip of court plaster on his jaw. We made the usual remarks. "Tough luck, old man," and all that. He stood looking kind of humble at Alison.

"I'm going to take Dad to supper," he said. "How about you, Alison?"

The old man cheered up at that. "The boys, too, Jake," he said. "The best in town. I pay for everything."

Alison wasn't looking at Jay. Her voice was awfully sweet. "I'm sorry, Jay," she said. "Not tonight. I can't, really."

Vic said, "Thanks. Some other time. Coming Charlie? Give you a lift, Jay?"

The old man was puzzled. Jay put his arm around him and laughed. "Come on, Poppa, we'll walk."

Vic said, "See you later then."

Jay gave him a funny look. "Yes," he said, "you will."

I got out up town. I was feeling low. Alison was telling Vic how mean he was and he could take her straight home. I said to myself—Yeah! You'll be wearing his pin in a week. And she was.

That night when the boys got in, the Sigmas had a session. Jay was up in his room. You know what a frat meeting is. A lot of bellyaching same as

usual. Ham Turner pounding the gavel and Fat Dillon bobbing up and down with points of order and things. And the gang booing him. Finally we heard from Vic, every inch a Yardley in his soup and fish, like an ad in the New Yorker.

"This thing had to happen," he said. "You can fool all of the people some of the time, but not your fraternity brothers. The question is what are we going to do? He isn't our kind."

When he sat down the boys gave him a hand. Just to be different I made a vulgar noise myself.

Ham Turner kept banging the gavel. "You've got to do this parliamentary," he says. "Will somebody make a motion?"

Fat Dillon hops up and moves that Jay Levon be asked for his pin. A couple of fellers seconded it.

Ham bangs the gavel. "You heard the motion," he said. "All those in favor will signify in the usual manner."

I made an ass of myself. "Wait a minute," I said, getting up.

"Sit down," yells Ham. "You're out of order."

"That's too bad," I said. "I'm going to speak a piece just the same."

"It ain't parliamentary," declared Ham, banging the gavel. A couple of loyal supporters were yelling, "You tell 'em, Charlie." And the rest of the boys were shouting, "Put him out!"

When they got out of breath I said, "You'll break that gavel, Ham. I'm moving an amendment. That's parliamentary ain't it?"

The chair stopped hammering and while he was trying to figure whether it was or not, I spoke my piece. "Brothers," I said, "men of Carlton! No one

has a deeper feeling than I for the time-hallowed traditions of Sigma, but this is a question that calls for serious deliberation, and—and—high ideals . . . What I want to know is where does Vic Yardley get off? The big egg! He knew about Jay's people. As long as Jay did his math for him and didn't talk back it was o. k. Until they both wanted the same jane. Now he's made a sap out of all of us and we've lost the Hamilton game. If we don't want the Dekes giving us the razz we'd better shut up. But if you want action, I'll amend your motion. I move we jerk Vic Yardley's pin, too. How do you like that? I lost ten bucks on that game myself."

When I sat down the boys gave me the anvil chorus.

Vic Yardley got up smiling and said he'd like to answer the brother. He never did.

Jay walked in. When they stopped booing, he said, "I want to apologize to you fellows. I got what was coming to me."

Vic was still standing. "Where's papa?" he said.

Jay took a good look at him. "He's gone home, thinking you're a gentleman," he said. Everybody was quiet. "That apology doesn't include you, Yardley. You're a so and so." I'll bet it was the first time a Yardley was called that.

"Meeting's adjourned," I yelled. "It ain't parliamentary," Ham yelled. Hack Wilson gave him a shove and he went over the sofa.

I don't like fights myself. Not without gloves—they're too messy. Vic cracked Jay's mouth open in the first round and Jay landed on his nose. A moment later Vic dropped him. He

spat a mouthful of blood and came up for more. It was fun in a madhouse. Everybody yelling. The brothers for Vic—and me, just to be different, yelling, “Sock him, Jakey, sock him!” Vic was having all the best of it, but he was beginning to breathe hard and step flat-footed and Jake was asking for more.

Hack Wilson was leaping up and down and begging Vic to finish him off. “Ten bucks he don’t,” I told him. “Bet!” he roared. They were standing up now, just slugging. It couldn’t last. Jay took a beaut in the mouth and came in under Vic’s guard. Smack! Right under the ear. And his left to the stomach. Vic closed up like a jackknife. He went down and stayed down, with his

mouth open, listening to the birds sing. Fat Dillon went running for water. The rest of us just looked.

Jay stood there, his knees weaving. “That’s that!” he said, panting. He drew a deep breath. “Ever since I was a kid,” he said, “on Bleeker street—I wanted to be like you guys. Like Yardley—a gentleman.” He was fumbling at his vest. Trying to grin, but he couldn’t the way his lips were. He tossed something on the table. It was his pin. The seed pearls caught the light and glittered. “My mistake,” he said, and walked out.

When the door shut, I said, “Hack—give me that ten. And we’ll put the brother to bed.”

SEASON

ELIZABETH WATERS

October’s gold lies scattered on the grass,
 Susurrant carpet, splashed with rust and wine.
 The tender haze of noon succeeds the fine
 Sharp clearness of the morn. The birch-tree’s mass
 Burns with a flame no chance wind may harrass;
 And where the dreaming, smoke-blue hills define
 Against skies’ end their shouldering slopes of pine,
 Clouds cast a tenuous shadow as they pass.
 Within the muted brightness of this hour
 The earth lies tranced in sunny quietude,
 Too rich in ripening harvests, grain and flower,
 To fear the threat of autumn’s harsher mood.
 Bleak winds to come, dark weeping skies that lour,
 Cannot destroy this day’s beatitude.

TWO POEMS

CLAIRE AVEN THOMSON

VIGIL

Wind is a fool tonight . . . fierce . . . unfed . . .
Better you boys take to your bed;
(A stormy night and a stormy day)
Egan and Lars . . . be off, I say!

Wind is a fool tonight. What goes there
Beyond the lantern's fretting care?
For one long moment I thought a boat
Bewitched on the rocks of Dead Man's Throat!

Wind is a fool tonight. Egan and Lars,
To bed, I say! Nor moon . . . nor stars
To mark the eve of your father's going . . .
A lonely heart and a fool wind blowing!

I shall keep watch the night and through;
No telling what a fool will do!

TO ONE STRICKEN AT THE ROOTS

Tear at sun. Shred it to golden bits.
Say: O never sun the metal
Of elderberry or the ravishing arrogance
Of foxglove petal,
The shy and intricate curving of dogwood,
Maple flame on the breeze,
O never sun the lover,
Lover of these.

Say any number of things. Let the marrow
Of your back run a thin white chill.
Lean on the sickly pallor of moon
To your ultimate fill . . .
Sun will be waiting . . . mellow mad to keep
Tryst. Wild plum or mignonette,
A flower once cupped to the sunlight
Does not forget.

MONTANA MOUNTAIN

LAWRENCE PRATT

In the star-gray darkness
 Of a Montana night
 I saw Hellroaring Mountain
 Scrape its rocks
 Sharply against the tall, proud metal
 Of black heaven.
 God frowned
 And closed the curtains of his windows.

GLACIAL STREAM

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

Milky-jade from lava silt,
 Ripples, feather-edged with gilt.
 Suavely-smooth, save where it shoulders
 From its path logs and boulders.
 Save where suddenly it churns
 Itself to froth on tortuous turns.
 (To its green pools comes a fawn;
 Comes a silverside to spawn—
 Pools the greener for the blurs
 Of cedar shadows and of firs.)
 Born by chance where sun-rays dice
 With the wind for Alpine ice,
 It pours seaward, an insurgent,
 Yoked to forces wild and urgent,
 Without hesitance or halt
 Till snow water meets with salt.

QUAKING ASPEN

CATHERINE MACLEOD

A tinge of autumn
 Has sifted through frail aspens
 And left
 A memory for the sun
 In yellow leaves.

COAHUILA

WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

Sunburnt
Land of eagles . . .
panthers and rattlesnakes . . .
Coahuila . . . Mexican giant . . .
Dreamer . . .

Awake!
Cast aside your
Red Indian blanket,
Throw away your bloody dagger
And live

Beside
The clear river
Near the big nude mountain . . .
Listen to the puma and the
Eagle!

Forget
The little things . . .
Remember the silent buttes
with strong shoulders . . . and strongly be
Like them.

GOOD YEAR

JASON BOLLES

He stooped beside a stone and struck a match
And lit his pipe in the wind with heedless skill,
And walked across his greening garden patch.
He said, "The spuds all came up, every hill."
High overhead an eagle swung and wheeled.
He plodded onward, stopping once or twice
To scan the pasturage. Up at his field
He spat and said, "The barley's looking nice."
And then, "The winter wheat is all stooled out."
Thereafter, "The alfalfa sprouted good."

He lit his pipe again and turned about
Where long shadows slanted from a wood.
Beside a tiny spring that chirruped clear
He said, "The violets are fine this year."

QUEST

GALE WILHELM

Night passes over,
 a brushing silence deepens,
 and all that happened in the afternoon,
 the swift waking,
 the swift unbelievable dream,
 that too whispers away

with only a thin sound of grief.
 You lie sleeping here
 and yet not sleeping
 against my heart
 that is heavy and still
 with answered questions.

LOST IN AIR

ALBERT EDWARD CLEMENTS

I climbed the last fence and I stood at ease
 And watched the wind explore the hills ahead.
 Against the sky I saw the lonely trees,
 Gloomy and cold as stones above their dead.
 Why was the wind so set, so curious
 To tap its fingers on some unknown door?
 Why were the trees so dark, so ominous,
 So lost in pain I had not felt before?

Ahead lay many things that I must see
 Before day dropped its banners. Yet standing there
 I trembled lest I wake Infinity
 And find myself a lover lost in air.
 I trembled lest the sky descend on me
 And make me, not my own, but her affair!

PARALYTIC

MARY BRENNAN CLAPP

Her slender, dancing feet are forever stilled.
 There is no cure for this, the doctors say.
 And now her heart, self-burdened and self-willed,
 Must find for its restlessness another way.

Soon her lovely hands will grow heavy and numb,
 No more to make music on wind or fretted strings;
 Ebon and ivory for them will be dumb,
 Paper and pen will be waste, unfruitful things.

Only her heart will storm as in the past.
 There is no cure for this, the doctors say.
 Her heart will storm till storm be spent at last.
 Desperate and brave! There is no other way.

THE OPEN RANGE

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

THE RESERVATION

JOHN M. KLINE

Note: In the following narrative I have avoided mentioning the names of men and places. The narrative is true.

IN August, 1905, a train stopped at a little station in Montana. The platform of the sleeper was opened to permit a descent, and I emerged. Before me lay a station; behind the station a bluff, and at the top of the bluff a few wooden houses. For two years I lived in one of those houses.

The entire village was shaped like a capital T with a crazy foot. The crazy foot overlooked the station. In the regular end of the foot were the buildings of a few Indian traders; in the depressed heel a warehouse, a water tank, and some squawmen's homes; on the right of the stem, the agency headquarters, the church and the doctor's office; on the left living quarters for employes, terminating in the sumptuous residence of the agent; in the head of the T were the school buildings, including classrooms, dining halls, dormitories, hospital, work-shops and stables.

Three hundred miles from a daily paper, seven hundred from an electric light or a street car; population, with school children, two hundred, perhaps; the capital of a domain of three thousand square miles and two thousand two hundred inhabitants. Along the south line of the domain ran the railroad; within a few miles of the railroad dwelt the inhabitants. For the rest, there stretched a prairie empire, treeless and houseless, swelling and receding like the waves of the ocean.

This empire was ruled by a despot. That despot was the United States of America. Its head office was in the city of Washington. From that city there ran two ganglions, the railway and the telegraph. These ganglions connected with the second seat of empire, the Agency Headquarters. From the Agency

Headquarters innumerable ganglions reached out over the empire.

Let us describe this second seat of empire, as it existed seven and twenty years ago. Before it was a flagpole; on the flagpole, flying bravely, a flag; about the flagpole and the building a wooden fence, painted white. The building itself was squat, wide and low-celled, and contained four rooms, three with stoves and office furniture, the fourth bare. The empty room was the Indian court; before it was the room occupied by the issue clerk and the stenographer; a wing contained the office of the chief clerk; the main apartment was devoted to the Agent.

To find the heart from which all these arteries branched we must enter the main apartment. It had no carpet, no pictures, no ornaments. There was a solid roll-top desk near the front window; a great swinging-back chair behind it; and two or three hard, straight-backed chairs scattered about the room.

The Agent himself was a ponderous man of forty, once an athlete, and even now standing erect, six feet and more, on great square-toed shoes. He was fat, slow, methodical and tidy; his voice half-querulous and a little weak for his frame. He smoked thick black cigars, and when he spoke spluttered forth in barroom oaths and vulgar indecencies.

Observe him at work. He had the awkwardness of a man who had not been raised in an office, and a childish pride in what he was able to accomplish. Sometimes he would put a typewriter on his desk and write slowly, using only the first finger of his right hand. Look in his waste-basket. It is half-filled with sheets of scratch paper,

on which appear over and over the same unreadable words. This is his signature. Hour after hour he practiced writing, to make it undecipherable. At other times he poured over a pocket dictionary, looking up long and unusual words. These he would embody, with Rabelaisian gusto, in long proclamations to his subjects. He wrote his letters in long-hand, address and all, and read them laboriously to his stenographer, whom he eyed all the time, half-afraid. With the Indians he was judicial, paternal, royal, emitting clouds of black smoke to mingle with the thin, pale emanations of native "kinnikinnick."

This is what is known of his history. A boy in the Middle West, he had run away from school and enlisted in the army. For five years a private, for two a corporal, for three a sergeant, his first campaign had been against Geronimo, his last ended with the battle of Wounded Knee and the death of Sitting Bull. The veteran kept a gate at the World's Fair, in Chicago in 1893. From warfare and glitter he was summoned to keep the keys of a warehouse. His captain was appointed Indian agent; who but the first sergeant should guard his property? The sergeant became issue clerk; the warrior made figures in a ledger. At night he remained the personal servant of the captain. The captain's failing was whiskey; his extravagance drinking-glasses. He would never drink twice out of the same glass. Often the clerk counted as many as twenty empty glasses on his sideboard at dawn. By and by the captain was transferred, to blow his brains out in the Philippines. The clerk remained through the time of his successor, a devotee of gin and cattle-raising. Upon his business and his pleasures descended an investigator; the investigator peered into the issue clerk's room, and there beheld the old soldier, honest, punctilious and experienced. By a ukase of the secretary, office-holding no longer embarrassed the gin-drinker, and the horny-handed son of the West, the demon pursuer of Red Cloud and Spotted Hawk, reigned in his stead.

Having met the despot, we must now meet the despot's cabinet, his chief clerk, his issue clerk, and his stenographer. The chief clerk kept the books, in the neatest of school hands, in the most unimaginative of systems.

The chief clerk's features were small, his laugh buttoned in, and his name, among the Indians, the Duck. His i's were dotted, his t's were crossed, his columns added, and his beliefs unalterable. In a loose and changing world he preserved the dress, the manners, the soul of the Perfect Clerk.

The issue clerk was never to be found when wanted, and was always present, in full bloom, upon all unnecessary occasions. In the item of work, he varied a habit of never finishing anything by never beginning it. In the item of person, he was short, middle-aged, gray, hard-faced, wiry, quick-moving, disheveled, disjointed, energetic at doing nothing, and immune to weather, in shirt sleeves and suspenders whistling gaily down the village street, white with snow, and the thermometer forty degrees below zero. The stenographer I know, I admire, but I may not speak of. I was the stenographer. The cabinet actually worked about two weeks out of every nine; for the rest, one-third preserved its immaculateness, one-third read, and one-third kept running here and there.

A permanent attache was the Interpreter, at ten or fifteen dollars a month. Indian agents came and went: this ugly, wizened little man ran on forever. He was the envy of underclerks; he had been to Washington and called great men, like the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Secretary of the Interior, by their first names, and gone unrebuked. His method of interpretation may be recommended as concise and business-like. A delegation called. The delegates squatted on their hams. Amid dark, impassive faces and long black queues, or pig-tails, amid the smell of unwashed bodies and the odor of bad tobacco, the spokesman stepped forward. With gesture, with modulation, with fervor, to the approving grunts of his fellows, he spoke for an hour. When he concluded, the Agent woke up, and inquired:

"What the hell does he say?"

Interpreter: "He say you good man. He say he like you. He say you give him beans, quick."

This teaches us that things may be said in much fewer words in English than in Sioux.

Of the Indian judges I remember two; the police must have been six, at least. Medicine Hat was a judge, venerable, sagacious of countenance, slow in speech, mild, courteous and considerate. His colleague, Charging Bull, a gigantic old man, had a most fearsome and savage aspect. To behold him, as I did once, at an Indian dance, nearly naked, in paint and feathers, hideous and fantastic, was to call to mind, with a shudder, all the old tales of Indian atrocity. Whether he had ever actually been on the warpath I do not know. The meetings of the judges were infrequent, the causes trivial, their sentences subject to the veto of the Agent. It was the merest shadow of self-government. The police, I believe, performed some actual duties. Beyond running errands I am not certain what they were. Ordinarily the force lounged about the office, in uniform and six-shooter, smoking cigarettes, silent, immovable, inert.

We will leave the governors for the governed. And first, the Indian traders. Here a storekeeper was not a storekeeper, but a trader. He existed only by special license from the Agent. There were half-a-dozen or more posts, as the stores were called, on the reservation. The largest was in a long, squat, old log building, in the regular foot of the T. Grass grew on the roof; the walls bulged and had to be propped up. On the wall outside, by the door, were posted a proclamation and a price list, the work of the Agent. Under the law, he prescribed the prices at which goods should be sold. The proclamation began: "To All Traders, Peddlers, Merchants, Vendors, Storekeepers, Drummers, and all others who sell, barter or trade in goods, wares and merchandise, vagrant or sedentary, by whatsoever name called, and wherever situate," and so on, in pompous and windy declamation. As to what would happen to the luckless trader who violated this proclamation there were two opinions: that of the non-traders who believed in the inevitability of condign punishment, and that of the traders themselves, who never bothered to read the proclamation, but went about their business and sold their goods for all they could get.

Within, in perpetual dusk, were walls packed high; solid counters groaning with

merchandise; and a great community stove, around which Indian braves and squaws soaked up heat in silence, squawmen loafed moodily, and carefree government employes smoked and gossiped. The little red-haired clerk was the village cut-up, calling all the ladies by their first names, kissing the married women, and chucking the little girls under the chin. He played poker, drank his Scotch without water, was the local political agent, supported a family of step-children, took the tenderest care of his old mother and his wife's, and in church circles was mentioned with a shudder. The trader himself had poise. Cool, genteel, low-voiced, who would suspect him of a bottle and a lady friend? His greatest vice was, he could refuse credit to no one. Like most of his kind, the reservation being thrown open to white settlement, he went bankrupt in the depression of '20.

Opposite T's, and at the crest of the bluff, where the road led down to the depot, was the hotel, two little buildings, close together, and connected by a board walk. The buildings were originally log; over the logs, however, there had been nailed a tin or sheet-iron exterior, lined and painted to represent brick. There, too, were the inevitable proclamation, the inevitable price list. The one building was the office; the other the sleeping rooms. In the office the front room contained a rickety pool table, two or three dilapidated chairs, and a home-made counter. On the counter were a register and a bell for summoning the clerk. These latter were for show only; no one ever signed the register; the bell would not ring; and there was no clerk. The sole attendant and chambermaid was the landlord himself, to-wit: the Interpreter aforesaid. That a Cree breed should be a business man, however poor, was a gaudy distinction. It raised him far above that succession of fat old shapeless squaws whom he married, one after the other, it is to be feared without tarrying for either death or divorce. They lived far out of town; there, unseen, he might relax and lie stretched out in humble overalls, there indulge his fondness for a family dish of boiled dog; here he wore a white collar, a pressed shirt, gold-rimmed eyeglasses (he could not read), and a hard, shiny old hat, and ate

at the white man's table. How happy was he, presiding at that table, the agency stenographer at his right, a drummer at his left, opposite a deputy sheriff from the county seat, a deputy sheriff who had actually killed three men! They were served by an unctuous old slave darky; greasy smells came from the kitchen; flies settled everywhere. What the bedrooms were I can only judge by a common phenomenon, i. e., the sight, on fine mornings, of a traveling man, in his underclothes, sleeping in the haystack behind, to avoid the bedbugs.

The water tank served as the only water system in all that country. Beneath, and a little to one side, was the pumping-plant. One day the weak, loose-mouthed engineer brought home a wife—an Indian with the face of an Asiatic, a dainty little study in Chinese porcelain. I shall never forget the last time I saw her—murdered, a gaping hole in her forehead, that face, almost spiritual, a clotted mass of blood and hair. The engineer killed himself, too.

Here I touch upon the outcasts of the reservation, the squawmen and the breeds, upon degradation, drunkenness, poverty and vice. I must wander no further, or this sketch will expand into a volume.

Instead of continuing, considering each house on the T, I will try to set forth, briefly and clearly, the purpose and the agencies of the despotism. The purpose was to civilize the Indians; the agencies were rations of food, clothing and tools, and teaching, agricultural, mechanical, and out of books.

The rations were purchased in great lots, in the East, or Middle West, and distributed among the Indians in fulfillment, I think, of some old treaty. This distribution was the job of the issue clerk; from it he took his title. So much beef, bacon, flour, beans, every fortnight, to every man, woman and child. A picturesque scene of lumbering old wagons, mongrel dogs, large, fat, shapeless women, dirty children, and harsh, wild faces, cracked and dry as leather. Axes were given, picks, harnesses, sometimes even threshing machines and binders. Far up in the dark, dirty old warehouse were several hundred ox-bows, shipped here nobody knew when or why. There was not an ox in the country trained to the plow, and, had there

been, there was no one to plow with it. There were forty or fifty milk pails and not a milch cow. There were even a few wigs and a gross or two of false mustaches. It sometimes looked as though the government had bought at sales of old rubbish, and then palmed off its purchases on the Indians.

It must not be suspected that any Indian farmed. None did. None worked in any sense that a white man would recognize. None steadily followed any gainful occupation. Race, heritage, the being thrust into an alien and advanced civilization, had their part in this. May not the issue clerk and the warehouse have had theirs, also? Indeed, the system of rationing was baneful to every one—it pauperized the Indian; it tempted the employes to steal; it gave birth to the "reservation lawyer," the smart, vicious, tonguey, "coffee-cooler" or plain loafer, who made lying accusations against the agent, collected money for useless trips to Washington, and agitated for increased treaty payments.

These "doles"—we had not learned the word then—were not all property; every three months, in addition, if I remember rightly, there was a distribution of money. The agent sat at his desk, great piles of silver dollars before him—it was not the day or the country of many checks—while a long line of Indians filed through the room. Besides the agent sat the issue clerk, reading the names of the Indians, with the amounts, and to the right and left the Indian traders. When a name was called the agent asked of the traders, "Does he owe you anything?" Then he slowly counted out the money in separate piles, one for the Indian, the others for his creditors.

I have heard many tales of graft in connection with these payments. Some may be true. I never knew of any. It was easy, if any one wanted to graft. No receipt was taken. It is true, there was a line for a receipt, and if you would look at one of those old payrolls, or property accounts, you would see a crossmark and an Indian's name after every payment. These were not made by the Indians, however, but by the clerks, afterwards. This had been going along for years when somebody in Washington had a bright idea. He said a crossmark could be made

by anybody; there was no way of checking up on it; so an order came out that hereafter the Indian's thumb print should be taken. Our issue clerk simply impressed his own thumb on every receipt, and the Indian office never knew the difference. If he omitted the thumb print the Indian office would send the receipt back; but it never occurred to anybody in Washington that all the thumb prints were the same. In my experience this is typical of the intelligence of a government department.

All the school people I know nowadays speak of "industrial" or "vocational" education. I am told it is much better that a child should be taught to drive a nail straight than to write; that a teacher of any trade which is primarily of the hands should have a larger salary than a teacher of English; and that all the great scholars of the future are to be turned out by our bright young professors of carpentry. Devotees of this latest and most golden discovery of education will be happy to learn that the industrial education of our Indians was not neglected. It was placed in the competent hands of a bachelor, an old river cook, and a murderer.

The murderer was an Indian. Long ago, in the old wild days, he had treacherously killed a poor, harmless, young depot agent. At the penitentiary he learned a little of carpentry and blacksmithing. He was now the industrial teacher at the school. He was very silent. He was intimate with no one. Looking at his lonely figure, his poor, half-blind eyes, his deeply cut, repressed face, his face that patently kept something back, and kept it with difficulty, one pitied while one avoided him, and suspected wild depths of passion.

In the twilight of the blacksmith shop there flashed the light of the furnace. A lean Indian apprentice, his face wan with an incurable consumption, heated the irons. The blacksmith bent over; his thin body trembled; his hand shook; a very old and wicked face, but with a fierce fire of anger in the eyes more terrible than the fire in the furnace. Old Porcupine was his wife; old sin his handmaid; a relict of the stews, the gambling dives, the boozing kens, cast up by the river.

Across the creek there was an irrigated garden, the working ground of the individual known to the agent as "that damned farmer:" a figure, a pathetic figure, of comedy. This entire business of educating the Indian to be a farmer was comic, and pathetic, too. A stooping walk, a rusty black suit, a rubicund nose, a derby hat worn far back on a head almost destitute of hair, an odor of the stables, announced the farmer. Regularly every morning, at eight o'clock, he received his orders from the office. The agent revelled in these orders: he rolled, roared and thundered at the humble figure before him; he envisioned himself as an agricultural missionary, destined to uplift the Indian into work, peace, and plenty. Dismissed, as long as he could be seen from the office the farmer went busily down the street; once out of sight he sneaked down an alley and into his house by the back way, and, with a sigh of relief, sank into a chair, to spell through the weekly edition of the *New York World*, to doze over the kitchen fire, and, at noon, to fry a bit of steak on the stove. This warfare between words and habits was never ending. The more vociferous the despot, the more meek and the more unyielding the farmer. Pulling a few weeds in the summer, putting up a few blocks of ice in the winter were the extent of his work. All the majesty of the agent and all the authority of the United States were helpless before this little man with the broad Pennsylvania drawl. Unlike the Indians, employes in the Civil Service were paid by checks on a distant bank. The farmer did not cash his check. The agent insisted. The farmer let the checks accumulate about his room, on the floor, in the closet. He would not even take money upon command.

Yet he had a kind and sentimental heart. We lived together. He yearned over me, as he would have yearned over his own child. He avoided women, but I must have a sweet-heart. I invented one for him; her name was Bonnbell, and she lived in the sunny forests of Louisiana. He pronounced the name "Boney," as though it were a part of her anatomy. Often we sat late of a winter's night over her imaginary letters, while he relished my imaginary love and grieved over my imaginary worries. Years

afterwards he visited me. Boney and I had never married; and I had another sweet-heart. How ludicrous he looked and how sad, so gaunt and old, stretched out in my bed, his legs wide apart, his great feet hanging over the footboard, a tear on his weather-beaten cheek, as he heard the last of poor Boney! He never forgave me for jilting her.

What shall I say of the school itself, that heap of yellow brick buildings, those scattered groups of decaying log houses, facing a military square, those marching lines of silent, sober-faced children, those quiet nun-like old women, that placid atmosphere, equally remote from the Indian of the camp and the raw men of the agency? The agent was in a perpetual surprise at being the head of a school. He was perpetually afraid, too, that people would doubt his qualifications; that they were laughing at him up their sleeves. It was a part of his defense to deprecate what he did not possess; to harp loudly upon the virtues of practical men (who, it seems, need only common sense to administer systems of education, that virtue being notoriously lacking in all school teachers whatsoever); to sneer at people who went to college; to call teachers "old hens" and school buildings "old maids' factories," and to visit upon them all the felicities of a vocabulary not untrained in the slang and the expletive of the barroom and the barracks. I am sorry to say that the cabinet and the farmer, the blacksmith and the Indian traders, felt far superior to mere teachers. I have since found this spirit not entirely absent in a much larger world.

In short, work was the lot of the teacher, poor pay and good-natured contempt her reward. May not wiser eyes discern in the school the one useful institution, in the teacher the one useful, self-sacrificing servant of the old reservation? If some of the prejudices of that old time did not yet cling to me, would I simply ask the question?

The reservation had its society, too. It was an exclusive, aristocratic society. Not a teacher, not a squawman, not a person with a taint of Indian blood, belonged to it. It was composed of the agent, the chief clerk, the stenographer, the Indian traders, the depot agent, and their wives. We played

cards, first at one house and then at another. I knew a reservation once where the agent and the doctor and their wives played whist every night, an interminable game that had already lasted for five years. Our game was five hundred, then newly imported by a retired army captain on a tour of inspection, a very old man who barely stopped playing to eat his meals. When there was no one to play with he studied the cards alone. Did he play so persistently to escape thinking about death, or about life? I can see our card party now, in the big unfashionable room, in the agent's house, all those unfashionable people, mostly stout and middle-aged, relaxed, joyous, and happy. The wife of the Perfect Clerk is speaking. She is not Perfect herself; a plump, merry-hearted Irish girl, raised in the cow camps, and with all the cow camp heartiness and social imperfections. As she rattles on there slips out of her unconsciously a good, round cow camp oath, and the ladies try to hold back their smiles and the gentlemen burst into great guffaws. We laugh all the more because the Perfect Clerk is annoyed. I do not know that we would ever stop, if perfection were extinguished altogether.

Today all these people are dead, or very old. There is another scene that I suppose is not enacted anywhere today, but which was a common thing within a mile of that gentle card party, the butchering of the agency beef. This was done in a long empty barn, with a gutter in the middle for the blood to run off. On butchering day the Indians gathered early. The cattle were driven into the barn and the doors closed. In the twilight, the killers, with their guns, stood above the floor on ladders nailed to the wall. Their eyes were like cats'. They never missed. A shot, and a cow falls. Another. Another. A hum rises outside. The men descend from their ladders and with drawn knives run to cut the throats of their victims. The doors are thrown open. The Indians rush in. They cut up the beasts; they fight over the stomachs; they drink the gall; they devour the raw entrails. A wild and haggard figure, stretched on the ground, at the mouth of the gutter, laps up the warm and flowing blood.

HISTORICAL SECTION

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

SCOUTING IN MONTANA IN THE 1870's

J. W. REDINGTON

Editor's Note: Col. J. W. Redington, a Montana volunteer, was U. S. Scout and Courier in Nez Perce and Bannack Indian wars, and Assistant Adjutant General of Oregon, 1879-83. In *The New Northwest* (Deer Lodge, Montana) for August 24, 1877, appeared this note:

J. W. Redington, formerly of Portland, Oregon, more recently special correspondent of the Salt Lake Tribune, has had a lively experience—perhaps a fatal one. He accompanied the relief party going to Gibbon, pushed on when Gibbon's courier was met, reached the battle field, started on Howard's trail, got lost and swamped, traded off his horse for an abandoned Indian pony, reached a deserted cabin which he described, found some flour scattered around which he ate, left a letter for the editor of this paper in the cabin dated August 16th—lost and not knowing where he should go to next. The letter was mailed to us from Bannack August 23rd. What has become of Redington?

THE time to get thrills, real frontier thrills, was in the Territorial days of Montana, along through the 1870's.

Of course the Indians saw it first, but in the many times 99 years they had had the vast domain they had never raised a grain crop to help carry out the country's supply of flapjacks, had never built a skyscraper or taken out a ton of gold to swell the wealth of the world, bought an auto, or a share of oil stock. So of course it was decreed that the white race should come along and take it away from the red race and set it to work producing.

My awakening to the real size of Montana was when I covered 800 miles getting to the front during the Nez Perce Indian war in 1877, and I made it in ten days by swapping saddle horses three times.

Patriotic People

And my first scouting thrills were received when I met Billie Woodward, advanced scout of the Montana Volunteers, near Silver Bow, in 1877, while the brilliant northern stars were scintillating, and together we scouted ahead of the command through Deer Lodge Valley and its vast surroundings the rest of the night.

The battalion was under command of Major W. A. Clark, with Gen. C. S. Warren, adjutant, and was composed of men who had dropped the tools of their industries and patriotically volunteered to take the field in defense of the country against the foes of civilization. They were a fine body of men,

and the present generation has much to thank them for. Major Clark had made a record ride on his wiry warhorse from Deer Lodge to Butte to recruit a company there.

When I left the Montana Volunteers on Big Hole River Sergt. Wilson told me he thought I could strike the trail of the regular army in about 15 miles, but they turned out to be the longest miles I ever measured. I was supposed to be alone, and it was a vast and lonely country to be alone in, but every hour or so a hostile Indian scout would show up on some sightly butte, and we would warily watch each other just out of range.

Winning the West

The Big Hole battlefield was a sight to see, and was the scene of one of the fiercest little battles in all frontier history. The burning horseflesh still smouldering in the Indian campfires where the animals had fallen when shot, gave out such an awful odor that it is easy to imagine that I can scent it yet.

The pretty pines along the mountainside were sadly singing their requiems for the 21 regulars and six volunteers whose lives had just been snuffed out in their prime, 31 had been wounded in the early-morning battle, and 80 dead Indians told the tale of the winning of the west and its great cost in human toll.

There was no stuttering about picking up trails along there, for the main big trail of the hostiles, Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Percés, led right off to the south—horse

tracks and mule tracks, and the tracks of 200 troopers and doughboys following them up.

Mountain Magnificence

It was a magnificent mountain country along there on the backbone of the Bitter Roots with the soaring summits that mark the dividing line between Montana and Idaho, with lush grass on the mountain meadows up to your horse's knees, and the best water in the world. It was all I had to fill up on for a few days, and it was certainly nourishing and satisfying.

The still-smoky droppings in the trails, made by Indian ponies who had not been house-broke, showed that the hostiles had their scouts out watching for any approaching army.

My sticking to the trail and admiration of the country were rudely broken in upon by a bunch of about seven Indians dashing at me across a meadow. As an act of courtesy I also dashed off, into a wooded swamp, and their bullets hit high on the trees close by. They might have been soft-nosed bullets, but they sounded like hot tamales or scalded snowballs the way they spattered out when they struck and mussed up the woodland.

By changing my course and coming to another edge of the swamp I could look out and see the Indians sitting on their horses and firing a few shots into the swamp at the point where I entered it. It was rather tough traveling through the swamp, but after a horse had sunk halfway to his knees he found firm bottom, so I took a southerly course, aiming to again strike the trail further on.

As a Swamp Angel

Being a swamp-angel in a miry morass was a strange and sloppy stunt, but if the swamp cover had not been there the hostiles would soon have made some other kind of an angel of me and sent me climbing the golden stair, which might have its compensations. The two hours' delay was a lucky strike for me, and kept me from rushing up on the hostile camp without a letter of introduction.

It was very kind of the beavers who had dammed a creek and flooded that piece of timber, for it certainly gave me the cover

that saved my scalp. They must have known I was coming.

Late in the day I got out of the swamp and again struck the trail and followed it on through the night. Next morning my horse petered out just as I reached the last camping-ground of the hostiles. I abandoned my horse and captured another among a small bunch that had escaped from the Indians. I saddled and mounted him, but he balked and would not budge an inch. I caught another, and he was perfectly willing to co-operate and carry me on.

Old Indian

At the next Indian camp I came to, the still-warm ashes showed that the Indians were not far ahead. I was pretty hungry, and was lucky enough to find a piece of Indian bread about as big as your hand that had been overlooked in the ashes. It was made of straight flour and water, but just then it was a sweeter morsel than any angel-cake that ever happened.

The saddest sight at this camp was an old, helpless Indian lying on a few old buffalo robes, with only a bottle of water alongside. He looked as though the snows of a hundred winters had fallen on his head, but still there was not a trace of baldness. He volunteered a wan smile at the sight of a human being, and made a feeble motion with one arm, pointing to his forehead, making a mumble with his poor toothless mouth. My compulsory schooling had not embraced his language, but I could understand that he was inviting me to shoot him in the forehead and end his misery. Instead of accommodating him I fed him half of the piece of bread I had found, which he ate ravenously. He seemed quite disappointed when I made a motion of flapping my wings to indicate that I must skiddoo and be on my way.

This old Indian had doubtless carried sons and daughters through mumps and measles, cramps, colic, pains in the stomach and all the ailments that kids are heir to, and brought them up to the scalping and voting age, and now they had abandoned him in the lone mountains because he could no longer ride a horse and was an incumbrance.

Such inhumanity gave me a new angle on Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking noble red

men, and made me think of them as fiends of the forest.

My new horse had evidently not had much of a rest from hard riding by some other Indian, but I pushed him along while the pushing was good, and neither of us retarded our gait by filling up on food, for there was none to fill up on.

I thought that the small advance force of the regular army was on the trail ahead of me, but found out afterwards that it had turned off so as to take a shortcut via Rattlesnake Creek and Bannack City, and that during the night I had missed the turning-off point.

Bloody Dick's Gulch

History may prove that I never crossed the Alps with Napoleon as I thought I had, but it can never deny that I was the first white person who went through the Bloody Dick Gulch country after the hostile Nez Percés. Some pioneer afterwards told me that the only blood ever spilled there was from the mouth of an old English miner who was eternally talking about "blasting 'is bloody heyas," and "bloody" this and "bloody" that, so that the title of Bloody Dick stuck to him and his gulch.

But how I ever got through that region swarming with hostiles in those wild days, without an armored car, and live to sit at a hammerless typewriter and tell about it, is one of those great mysteries of fools riding in where angels fear to fly. The logical thing would have been for me to be taken in at that stage of the game. So I must have been born under a 13th lucky star or a 23rd skiddoo moon.

Saved by Played-Out Horse

Lucky for me my horse began to peter, for if he hadn't, I would have rode right on into the hostile camp, a few miles ahead. I had been reading in "Our Dumb Animals" that a merciful man is merciful to his horse, so in the interest of humanity I picketed him on good grass below the Farnsworth mine, at the head of Horse Prairie, and staked myself out on the brushy benchland above, intending to resume the stern chase at the first streak of daylight, with no delay about cooking breakfast, as there was nothing to cook, and no dishes to wash.

But hard riding had brought the sounder kind of sleep, so there were several streaks of daylight chasing each other around when I woke up next morning. And down on the bottom a bunch of Indians were dashing away to the south, driving a bunch of horses, among which was mine. They even took my picket-pin.

This was the war-party of the hostiles which had raided the Horse Prairie country and murdered several men, including William Farnsworth, whose body, covered with a quilt, lay on the meadow where the hostiles had shot him. A few more days and he was to have been on his way back to the New York home, where a bride awaited him.

As I hiked on down Horse Prairie the first ranch I struck was John Clark's, and that pioneer was waiting and watching for any more hostiles that might be coming along, although he had no more horses for them to steal. When I saw the size of his rifle I was glad that he had not mistaken me for a hostile, for one of his bullets was enough to muss up an elephant.

The Which of the Why

The next ranch I came to looked like a total wreck, as the hostiles had played tag with most everything they could smash, although they did not burn the buildings. They must have known that I was coming and would need it, for they overlooked a keg of old-fashioned soggy brown sugar, and the way I filled up on it made up for lost time and missing meals.

The heel-blisters I raised as big as four-year-old watermelons were the result of the long hike I had to make before I consolidated with the army, but very soon Colonel Rube Robbins made me a Christmas present of a horse captured from the hostiles, and I was no longer afoot.

Tragic Touring

Scouting into the Yellowstone Park we were welcomed by several members of the Cowan party as they straggled out after being shot up by the hostiles. They had scattered, each for himself, and each thought that all the others were dead, and they were mighty glad to again see a white face.

Mr. Cowan had shown wonderful vitality by crawling along down the river for quite a way after being left for dead. He had been badly wounded in head and hip, and his ghastly paleness made a strong contrast with his ink-black hair. The fine carriage that his party had taken into the park was badly wrecked by the hostiles, and they had taken most of the brightly-varnished spokes to make handles for their riding-whips.

In camp on the Yellowstone at the mud geysers General Howard had a bunch of Bannacks under guard for stealing government horses. They had been advance scouts under Captain S. G. Fisher, and told mysterious stories about his outfit being wiped out by the hostiles, etc.

Finding Fisher

Captain Fisher had not been definitely heard from for a week, so I volunteered to go out and try to find him. Captain R. H. Fletcher, in charge of scouts, called for two volunteers among the Bannacks to go with me, and they all wanted to go, so as to get out from under guard. They finally selected two lucky ones, and we started off. But before going several soldiers warned me that the Bannacks would shoot me before we had gone a mile from camp.

We forded the Yellowstone and rode up the river to the lake, and then took the trail of the hostiles up Pelican creek, and were soon traveling through a steady rain and the deep darkness of night. The Bannacks were certainly good trailers, or else we never would have gotten through the awful stretch of down timber that we encountered. Twice the Bannacks tried to get behind me, but Colonel C. E. S. Wood, chief of staff, had warned me against such possible treachery, and as one of the Bannacks rode a white horse which was visible in the dark, I insisted that they keep in the front.

We kept plugging away all night, and just before daylight found Captain Fisher and his little outfit of seven scouts. The rest of his fifty Bannacks had gone back on him when he started to charge the hostile camp, but he stayed with the job with only seven.

Captain Fisher took me up to the top of a ridge, from which we could look across a deep canyon and see the Nez Perce camp on the next ridge, and it looked as though they

were putting up log fortifications to give the soldiers another battle.

Captain Fisher made a rough sketch of the surrounding landmarks, and with this and a brief report of his movements, started back for the command, taking along one of the Bannacks. But he went under protest, not having any desire to be again put under guard.

Returning through the down timber, my horse gave out, and we captured a mule, on which I made another ten miles, and then he gave out, and we captured another horse, and when we had reforded the Yellowstone and reached the old camp, the soldiers were gone and ashes were cold and darkness was again with us.

Hunting Howard

We followed the soldiers' trail down the river, crossing the treacherous crust of the sulphur basin between the Sulphur Buttes, with big bunches of sulphurous steam belching out of the darkness and puncturing the night air. It was a ticklish place to ride over in the night, and when your horse sank in several inches it seemed as though you would not have very far to fall before entering the infernal regions. All night we rode, passing within earshot of the roar of Yellowstone Falls, on over Mt. Washburn, overtaking the command the next afternoon. On the information furnished by a veteran soldier named Irving, who had been a prisoner of the hostiles and had escaped, the command was taking this shortcut, which certainly saved it many a weary mile.

The soldiers fixed up the Baronet bridge, burned by a war-party, and marched on up Soda Butte creek and passed Cooke City, where several pioneer miners volunteered to serve against the Indians. Along here Captain Fisher and his little bunch of Bannacks rejoined the command and again rode out far in the advance, on the heels of the enemy. I went with them, and we rode through the lofty region of Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone, following down that stream after dropping through one of the steepest canyons on earth.

Custer's Old Regiment

Up there the Seventh Cavalry joined the command, and with fresher horses made a forced march down Clark's Fork. The rain

came down in torrents, and we had to ford the river many times where the bluffs would come down to the water's edge and make travel impossible without crossing over, which had to be repeated a few miles further on.

Scouting three to five miles ahead of the soldiers, we had a chance to see it first when there was anything to be seen. One thing we saw was where the hostiles had cleaned out a prospector's camp, and one of the dead men there had a miner's pick driven through his neck into the ground. We rescued one of this party from the brush, wounded further down stream, and he told us all about it.

We were a pretty hungry outfit when we found the carcass of a fine, fat, dressed antelope lying right in the trail, but it looked too suspicious of poison, so no one dared to think of eating the meat.

Planned Next War

Buffalo Horn was one of our Bannack scouts, and he was a wonder to get more out of a horse than a white man could out of half a dozen. He had an eye like an eagle, and nothing escaped it. He noted how the hostiles' horses could out-travel the cavalry horses, and mapped out in his head a war that would sweep over Idaho and Eastern Oregon and capture heap of horses. He told me all about it as we rode along. The following March I made a pretty readable column-and-a-half story of it in the *San Francisco Sunday Chronicle*. A few months later Buffalo Horn started his war just as outlined, and with warriors from the Bannacks and Malheurs raided Idaho and Oregon, and had horses to burn. After the battle on the Bear Fork of Birch Creek that year of 1878 our scouting outfit captured a Snake hostile who told me that in the battle with Harper's Volunteers near South Mountain, Buffalo Horn was badly wounded, and three days after was abandoned along the Owyhee river. Having become an incumbrance unable to travel, and of no further use to the other hostiles, he was cached in the brush and left for the wolves. Such was the philosophy of the noble red man.

The Nez Percés made a hurry-up march down Clark's Fork, but left nothing behind in the camps we came to just after they had

gone. Every move from camp was a complete one, and not a single mirror, dresser, Morris chair, music box or electric chandelier was overlooked or left behind.

The Boss Horse-Thieves

Fifty well-mounted Mountain Crow Indians joined us along Clark's Fork when we were five miles ahead of the command, and they were proud of the Spanish brands on their prancing horses, which they said had been stolen away down in Mexico and brought back by their war-parties. They said it was no trick to swipe horses from the Mexicans, but they often had a tough time getting them through the tribes between Mexico and Montana.

We forded the Yellowstone just above the mouth of Clark's Fork, and it was such a swift stream that my horse was washed off, but Captain Fisher skillfully threw his lariat over the horn of my saddle, and his muscular mule pulled us out.

Although the main hostile trail led down the Yellowstone, we saw Indian scouts watching us from the bluffs to the north; they charged down, but our outfit sent them charging backward. When we had driven them over the bluffs we caught a sight of what was on the other side, and there was the whole hostile outfit right under us, strung along the benches and bottoms of Canyon Creek.

Battle of Canyon Creek

At the sight of 2500 head of hostile horses the Crows went wild, charged one corner of the rear of the herd, and cut out 300 horses, which they stampeded over the hill and rushed back to their reservation. Horses were all they were after, so they did not stop to help the whites in the impending battle.

It was quite a joke to see our little scouting outfit make a charge against another flank of the hostiles. The charge was promptly repulsed. When the cavalry finally appeared above us on the bluffs we all thought there would be a charge of the 600 right there that would wind up the Nez Perce war. That seemed the proper procedure. But there was no charge. General Sturgis dismounted and deployed the troopers, and they followed up the Indians in

skirmish line. The impression was that the commander was too cautious on account of losing a son by Custer's intrepidity the year before. So the battle of Canyon creek lasted the rest of the day, the hostiles contesting every foot of the ground while gradually drawing off up a box canyon.

Scouts Were All Over

The scouts bushwhacked around all over the battlefield, getting in many cross-fires on the enemy. One Indian behind a point of rocks held them back for ten minutes, and when the point was taken I counted forty empty shells on the ground where he had been crouching.

At one spot we rode up on a knoll, and had just reached the top when a shower of bullets came right at us. They spattered all around us, before and behind, but not a man or horse was hit. Strange how such things happen.

Captain Fisher led the scouts up a coulee and into a connecting pocket, where we got in a fine flank fire on the enemy, but the bullets soon began buzzing so briskly there that we had to get out, and consider it a sort of miracle that we ever did get out.

Some one of those cruel hostiles took a pot shot at me, but aimed too low, so that the bullet went through my horse and lodged in my knee. One of my fellow Boy Scouts took his mouthful of tobacco and slapped it onto the wound, making it stay put with a strip of his shirt. It smarted some, but caused hurry-up healing, and the few days' stiffness did not hinder horse-riding.

After the battle was over and darkness had come on we had to cut steaks from the horses and mules shot during the day. The meat was tough and stringy, for the poor animals had been ridden and packed for months, with only what grass they could pick up at night. But it was all the food we had.

By charging the Indian scouts over the bluffs we had saved twelve miles, for the main hostile outfit had gone down the Yellowstone six miles and back up Canyon creek six miles to where the battle occurred. They had captured a Concord stage coach, and were hauling it up Canyon creek, but dropped it when they saw us coming over the bluffs.

It took a great deal of the forceful energy of troopers and troop-horses to overhaul those hostiles at Canyon Creek, but at the last it was all a forceful failure because of the lack of old-time dash and charge in the Seventh Cavalry, Custer's old regiment.

A Fine Frontiersman

Some of us scouted back to the Yellowstone to see if anyone had been killed where we had seen a big smoke ascending.

We rescued from the willows a bold frontiersman named Ed Forrest, who had that year started a ranch and stage station on the river, and had been attacked by the hostiles. They had also attacked the McAdoo sawmill further down. The stage had just arrived at Forrest's when the attack was made, but the passengers all escaped to the thick willows on the river. Among them was a lady named Fannie Clark, who insisted on cooking a square meal for us scouts, soon filling us up with fried ham and flapjax. The hostiles had captured everything Forrest had in his new cabin, but as he had been jumped before, he wisely kept an extra outfit of food cached in the brush. The smoke we saw was from Forrest's two haystacks, which the Indians burned up.

Mr. Forrest was certainly a booster, and told us that right there was the best growing-country in all Montana. He invited us to help ourselves to a small patch of string beans he was raising, and they were so good, and we were so hungry for the vegetables, that we ate up the whole business raw, stems and all. Some day when my prairie-schooner comes in without minding the moaning of the bar, and I again have a home garden, I shall plant a whole acre of baked beans and invite Ed Forrest to come and help himself to them all.

Martyred Dogs

Forrest had a hound dog and Miss Clark had a little black-and-tan and they kept barking at the Indians and defying them to come and get them in the brush, but instead of doing so they shot in the direction of the barking. So as the barking had to be stopped, Forrest had to sever the wind-pipe of the small dog; but when he started to do the same with his own bigger dog

he only got the hide cut through when he broke away. But nursing the cut kept the dog too busy to bark any more. The other stage passengers had started up river afoot during the night, and finally reached a settlement. The kit of dentists' tools and false teeth left by one of them in the stage was scattered all along the ground by the Indians, who then drove the stage in great style down the river to the mouth of Canyon creek, turning up that stream, with half a dozen hostile war-horses tolling along behind the coach. This we saw from the bluffs over which we made the short-cut.

The water of Canyon creek was villainous stuff. When we gave it to wounded men the painful expression on their faces increased a thousandfold. At that time of year there was no running water there; it stood stagnant in pools.

There was rough country up Canyon creek and beyond, and the cavalry horses were out very fast. There was scout-skirmishing and a running battle, but the hostiles outran the troop horses and skipped along on their way to Sitting Bull's camp.

Buffalo Berries of the Musselshell

The Musselshell where we struck it was certainly a lovely stream, with grassy meadows, shady trees and good running water. And there were millions of buffalo berries, which we broke off in great clusters as we rode under the trees that bore them. The acid taste was very welcome after a long fast on fruit, and not a codling moth was in sight.

And those berries are certainly the best puckerers on earth. They put on a pucker that never comes off. It is a long time between drinks of the Nez Perce war and World War, but this kind of pucker lasted all the way through. While being recently rebuilt by Major Harden, skillful surgeon at an army hospital, he turned me over to the Letterman dentist for finishing. That gentleman had great trouble stretching my mouth enough to get in his diamond drills, and had to stand on the outside during the entire operation. He pronounced it the most complete puckering that ever came within his practice. And right there I put in a good boost for the Musselshell buffalo ber-

ries, for they made the pucker that kept puckering for 43 years.

No Pay That Year

There was no appropriation for the army in 1877, so when the Nez Perce war was over and the scouts were discharged they received yellow vouchers showing that they had certain amounts coming to them, payment being subject to future appropriations by congress. These vouchers only brought 30 cents on the dollar at frontier trading-posts where scouts had to buy things they badly needed. They were all pretty ragged from hard service, and were nicely nicknamed Sternouts.

Night Scouting

The surviving warriors of Chief Joseph's army will be surprised when they read here of how the darkness of night helped our scouts to ride up so close to their camp that we could count their fires, hear the yelping of their dogs and the squabbling of squaws. We would go into camp in early evening many miles ahead of the army, make big fires with wood if there was any, otherwise with buffalo chips, cook supper if there was anything to cook, and stick around in the open until after dark. Then, leaving our fires burning, and our horses having partly filled up on good grass such as Montana was plentifully supplied with, we saddled up and rode a few miles and made another camp without fires.

Then about half our force would scatter out in ones and twos and scout the country most of the night. Sometimes we had forty-five scouts in the bunch, sometimes only ten, and it seems now the greatest luck in the world that our little outfit was not wiped out. We kept close track of the hostiles, and every night one of us as a lone courier would make his way by the stars back to the army to report on how the enemy was heading and any indications of his being reinforced by other hostiles.

Seeing Stars

It was wonderful how those scouts could tell you how to find your way by the *Milky Way* and *big* and *little dipper* and the old stand-by the *north star*. Most of them had never studied Latin or Greek, or much of anything else, but they certainly studied

stars. And in regions swarming with hostile Indians most small parties did their traveling at night and hid as well as possible during daytime.

The genial George Huston figured out that the Nez Perce hostiles were heading for the Judith Basin, and thought we could locate them there and arrange for a battle and wind-up. Knowing that the enemy would be looking backward for us to come up on his main trail, we waited until after dark, made a detour to get under cover of the timbered mountains, and rode all night. At the first streak of daylight we had reached a point on the mountain where we could look right into Judith Basin where we saw a stirring movement that seemed like the hostiles getting their big band of horses in motion for another day's march.

Black With Buffalo

But as daylight increased we saw that what we saw was a little bunch of 3000 buffalo grazing around, and the smoke from a few fires curled up into the ambient air. We zigzagged down from the mountains, and in one canyon Horn Miller showed us the charred ruins of a cabin where he and two others used to trap two years before. The Sioux besieged them there for three days, and then they escaped in the night, but one of the partners was killed, and the Indians burned up the cabin. No insurance.

We found the Judith Basin the best grass country on earth and our hungry horses soon filled up when we halted at the smoldering fires where the Indian camp had been the night before. It was easy to figure out that the Indians had cooked supper there and then gone on during the night. They had an abundance of buffalo meat, and on part of the big pile they had left lying around we cooked a big breakfast.

Dumb Bull's Outfit

There were fully 3000 buffalo grazing in the Judith Basin, and they were only just wild enough to move out of our way as we rode alongside of them. Among themselves the scouts agreed that some day white people would make a productive proposition out of that rich region.

In one part of the Judith we found the

remains of a wrecked Indian camp, and wondered how it happened. From the way things were torn up around there, there had certainly been quite a little battle. George Huston figured out that the camp had been occupied by Dumb Bull's outfit of River Crow Indians, who were drying buffalo meat and were attacked by the Nez Perces. There were tons of dried and partly dried meat lying around, and a flock of Poe's ravens rose gracefully from where they had been holding inquests on the rigid remains of several Indians who no more minded people knocking on their chamber doors, nevermore. We found by moccasin tracks that several Indians had skipped out afoot, and when we passed Reed's Fort later in the day we found that the scout's conclusions were correct. Dumb Bull was there, and was feeling pretty sore about the way the hostiles had cleaned him out of all his horses. But still he declined the invitation to come along with the scouts and get some sweet revenge.

A Successful Plan

When we reported back to the army that the Nez Perces had not made a stand in Judith Basin, General Howard concluded that a stern chase with worn-out cavalry horses and footsore infantry after well-mounted Indians could not be made a success. So he really planned the plan that resulted in the final capture of the hostiles. He sent an all-day-and-all-night courier to General N. A. Miles, away down the Yellowstone, asking him to take every man he could muster and angle in ahead of the hostiles, cutting them off from Sitting Bull, while he would change his course, quit the direct pursuit, strike the Missouri at Carroll, and give the enemy the idea that they were no longer pursued, so that they would let up on their forced marches and give the two little armies a chance to bottle them up between them.

The plan worked out all right. Orders came out to our scouting outfit to continue on the direct trail of the hostiles, and play tag with them, and make them assure themselves that we had no supports, and that the army had turned back and gone home. They knew that when we were only a few miles ahead of the army the scouts were pretty saucy.

Skirmishing and Skipping Out

Our outfit carried out the program to perfection. We always had a few extra horses, which we hastily abandoned when the hostiles' rear-guard turned on us and chased us out of the country after we had exchanged a few shots with them. After this had occurred several times the Nez Percés became assured that the army had turned back, and that they had won a great victory by out-traveling the soldiers. So they quit pressing the accelerator, slowed down, and finally went into camp and began drying buffalo meat for the coming winter. And they must have thought that winter was going to last about 99 years, judging by the amount of meat they had piled up at their last camp near the Bear Paw mountains.

Everybody knows how General Miles' gallant little army headed off the hostiles and wound up their war, but most people do not know that it never would have been possible but for General Howard's plan, and they way our scouts fooled the hostiles.

A Rich Haul

When we crossed the Missouri, Cow Island certainly looked sick. Tons and tons of winter supplies had been landed there by steamboats, as it was head of navigation in the fall. The larger part of these supplies belonged to the Canadian police, and were to be hauled by bull-trains to Fort Walsh, across the border.

After defeating the small guard at Cow Island, the Nez Percés had a picnic helping themselves to all the stores. They loaded every pack-horse they had with the best of groceries and canned goods, and for many miles up Cow Creek and Bull Creek we could trail them by the packages of finecut tobacco, beans and coffee that had trickled and dropped off their packs. But they refused to take this big stack of long barrack-stoves that were going to steam-heat Fort Walsh, so they set fire to the big pile they could not take along, and the stoves were warped and twisted most artistically.

The Whoop-up Country

While scouting through the Whoop-up country north of the Missouri we bumped into the old pioneer Liver-Eating Johnson, who jogged along with us for awhile. He

said he was just sort of pi-uting around, and he certainly had room to do so, for there was not another soul in sight, and it was a notoriously bad region, where everybody got whooped up, both red men and white.

One of our scouts told me that Johnson was safe anywhere, for the Indians were superstitious about him, and let him alone, and kept out of range of the big telescope rifle he carried. It was also said that he really did not eat the Indian's liver, but had merely drawn it across his mouth, so that the other Sioux could see and think he had eaten it after shooting the Indian and jumping over the breastworks at Fort Pease and cutting out the liver.

The Colored Courier Was Dead

In one section we wound among many small lakes, on the edge of one of which we found the stiffening body of a colored courier who had been carrying dispatches from one command to the other. He had been shot through the head, perhaps about two hours before, and his .50-calibre needle-gun lay alongside him, with an empty shell in the chamber. His buffalo moccasins lay close by, and his dispatches had been torn up into little bits and scattered around. A box of cigars had also been broken into short bits, but not too short to use for filling in the scouts' pipes. His horse was gone, and it was a great mystery why his murderers did not also take his gun and belt of ammunition.

Scouting Other Frontiers Now

It is difficult to recall the names of the reckless rough-riders who made up our scouting outfit in Montana, but Captain S. G. Fisher was one of the best, and so was George Huston. Horn Miller was one of the best old souls that ever lived, and his partner Pike Moore was a close second. There was Potter and Nutting, and John T. Lilly, and Stoner, and Gird, and the always genial Hank Flannagan, and Captain Wilbur, a civil war veteran, and there was a good-natured youth whose name I have forgotten, but I have not forgotten how he swiped my horse, even taking the picket-plot, the dark night he was discharged. St. Peter will never let him in and show him where to find wood, water and grass, or even buffalo

chips that are dry enough to cook with.

Colonel Rube Robbins was chief of the Idaho scouts, and had with him Cal Morton, Jack Campbell, Colonel Frank Parker and others, and they were relieved from further duty and started home from Judith Basin with the First Cavalry.

Fierce Forays

Charley Rainey and Baptiste were the main daredevils of Fisher's Scouts, and how they ever came out alive they or nobody else will ever know. They certainly tempted death on many fierce forays.

The life of a scout was surely an odd one, and he was in a class by himself. One reason why he preferred to go alone, especially on long courier trips, was that when two scouts separated to reconnoiter their horses nickered at each other, and sent vibrations through the air to enemy's ears. When there was only one horse there was no nickering. Being out alone in the great solitudes gave a scout a chance to practice the closed mouth, and his horse learned the noiseless, rubber-tired tread.

Imagine A Scout A Non-Combatant

Although the scouts rendered the most valuable kind of military duty in the field during actual war, and their job was to be in advance preventing the soldiers from running into murderous ambushes, through some war department red tape they have been given no standing as soldiers, and are classed as mere civilian employees of the quartermaster department. This puts them in the non-combatant class, as though they were clerks back at department headquarters a thousand miles from the front, while really they were notoriously combat units. They were subject to army regulations and the articles of war the same as soldiers, and if the formality of mustering them in was overlooked through no fault of theirs, they rendered just as good military service as though they had been mustered in a dozen times over.

Our scouts never took orders from quartermasters, for they volunteered their services to the General in command, and took orders only from him or his staff officer, Lieut. S. C. E. S. Wood and R. H. Fletcher, in charge of scouts. The quartermaster

had charge of the packers and men in the rear, but not of the scouts, and the only excuse for classifying the scouts as non-combatants is that while there were no paymasters out with the army in the field, the quartermaster did the paying when there was any done. The paying with yellow vouchers at the close of the Nez Perce war was a joke on the scouts when they came to raising any cash on them.

Rank Injustice

And merely because the quartermasters kept track of the list of scouts and the pay they got and didn't get, the war department turned the whole scouting outfit over to the quartermaster general's department, thus robbing the scouts of their hard-earned standing as soldiers, although there is no act of congress or law to justify such injustice.

In 1917 Congress granted a pension to all survivors of Indian wars, and Congressman Keating of Colorado, author of the bill, says that of course he intended it to include men who had served as scouts and couriers in Indian wars. But with rank injustice the pension department has refused to pay pensions to such scouts and couriers, and claims that they were civilian employees of the quartermaster department and not entitled to pensions.

Well, as most of the old scouts are dead, it will make no difference to them. As Herbert Bashford or some other poet wrote, their guns are rust, their bones are dust, their souls are with the Lord, we trust. But it is pretty tough to have official high-salaried swivel-chair-warmers smirch their war-records and make non-combatants of them at this stage of the game.

An Awful Waste

Scouts traveled light, and providing for tomorrow was not near so important as making it easier for your horse. Along late in the afternoon the scouts would spot a little bunch of buffalo and two scouts would scout up a coulee and get as near the game as possible without being seen. Then they would come up the bank and make a dash for the buffalo and shoot half-a-dozen. Two long strips from each hump would be cut and tied on behind the saddles, and the rest would be left for the wolves watching around

to come to the feast. These humps would furnish enough meat for the outfit for supper and for breakfast next morning. The practice had daily repetition. It was most excellent meat, and that cut from yearlings of young dry cow buffalo was tender enough to absorb through a straw if there had been any straws there, which there were not.

Women In War

Some misguided humanitarian wrote up Chief Joseph's account of his war, in which he denounced the soldiers for shooting women during the Big Hole battle, forgetting to mention that the lady Indians there fought as fiercely as did the gentleman Indians, and that just as one officer yelled out, "Don't shoot the squaws, boys!" a squaw raised the flap of a wicke-up and took a pot shot at him, sending a bullet through his hat. Joe also forgot to mention how his noble red men murdered poor Mrs. Manuel at her little home on White Bird, beat out on the cookstove the brains of her little baby and cut off the tongue of her little girl, after leaving Jack Manuel for dead on the outside, and then burned up the house. He also omitted to mention how his kindly Indians shot Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Chamberlin on Camas Prairie.

Halo Tobacco, Hi-Yu Fish

On the Yellowstone the army ran out of tobacco and most everything else, and filled up on trout without salt. These fat fish were lazily lolling around in the river, and luckily it was no trick to catch them. Most of them were wormy, but in those hungry days everything went. After Colonel Parker and I had filled up on them and were scouting around an outpost he said to the officer commanding it, who was just then eating a stand-up lunch, "Say, Lieutenant, don't you know that those trout are full of worms?" The lieutenant finished swallowing a big mouthful and replied, "Well, if the worms can stand it, I can," and started in on another fish.

The soldiers seemed to miss their tobacco more than they did their hardtack. They cut out the pockets where they had been carrying tobacco, and chewed the rag, and burned out their pipes trying to get smokes from dead leaves and grass.

One trooper rolled out of his saddle blanket and into the river, and when he swam out he said he had dreamed that big plugs of army tobacco were hanging from the trees over his head, and as he was reaching up for them he rolled into the river. He said that as soon as he felt the chill of the mountain water he realized that it was all a pipe-dream. A sad feature about it was when a courier would come to the command and have a dozen soldiers flock around him and beg him for a morsel of tobacco, and when he told them he had none they showed every symptom of wanting to tell him he was lying about it, although he was sticking to the frozen truth.

There was a very big rifle among the hostiles that had been taken from a murdered cattleman in Idaho. The Indian carrying it generally selected a safe spot at long distance, and almost always hit somebody when he fired, and the report sounded like hitting the air with a pile-driver. This gun was looked for after the surrender, but was never found.

Service of Scouts

In General Howard's account of the Nez Perce war he wrote, "A thrill of joy ran through our weary and almost discouraged command when we were reinforced by a bunch of scouts under Captain S. G. Fisher. Night and day, with force and without, Fisher fearlessly hung upon the skirts of the enemy. The accuracy and fullness of his reports were a delight to those engaged in chasing hostile Indians across a vast wilderness."

In her thrilling book, "Boots and Saddles," Mrs. Custer wrote, "After the Seventh Cavalry reached Dakota frontier, General Custer accepted the volunteer services of a scout named Charlie Reynolds, who remained with him until they both fell in the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Year after year Scout Reynolds braved the awful winters of Dakota alone. I have known him to start out from Fort Lincoln when our officers, accustomed to hardships as they were, were forbidden to go.

"When I watched the scouts starting away on their lonely trips I invariably thanked heaven that I was born a woman, and con-

sequently no deed of valor would ever be expected of me. But I felt, though, were I compelled to be brave, I would far rather go into battle with the inspiration of the trumpet-call and the clash of arms, than go away alone and take my life in my hands, as did the scouts.

"When I think of how gloriously Scout Reynolds fell, fighting for his country, with all the valor and fidelity of one of her soldiers, my eyes fill with tears. For he lies there on that battlefield unwept, unhonored and unsung. Had he worn all the insignia of the high rank and the decorations of an adoring country, he could not have led a braver life or died a more heroic death. And yet he is chronicled as 'only a scout!'"

Winter Warpaths

Describing some of the incidents of a hard winter campaign made by the gallant Seventh Cavalry against hostiles who were out on the warpath raiding ranches and murdering settlers, General Custer wrote: "We hurried along since four o'clock in the morning, and now it was nearly night, and still the snow seemed unbroken as far as the eye could reach. Our scouts kept far out in the front, and when one of them gave the signal that the trail of the hostiles had been discovered, the command moved along with less anxious hearts.

"At ten o'clock at night the regiment stretched out its long length, with the troopers four abreast. First came two scouts who were to pick out in the darkness the trail of the hostiles, and to keep 400 yards in advance of all others, to prevent the command coming precipitately on the enemy. Then came the rest of the scouts, with whom I rode, that I might be as near the advance as possible. The cavalry followed in the rear half-a-mile."

Wasted Tears

Dick Shovelhead was an Indian or sort of a near-Indian, a mixture of Shoshone and something else, but he had a smattering of civilization, and as he and I were making a sort of side-scout near the Yellowstone we came to another one of the camps that the hostiles had left a few hours before. Following up a sort of human sound we heard, we found a very old squaw, a real pale-

pink peony, helpless on a bunch of brush, and she began telling us in broken English that there were bad Indians near by, and that white people had better *Kalatawa*, skid-doo, get out. Then she told us that her Nez Perce people had abandoned her, and that we were welcome to shoot her, and began singing the Indian death-song. She could sing about as well as I could, but her poor old cracked voice could carry the chant, wild and weird. Dick proposed to shake dice to see whether or not we would put her out of her misery, as requested, but I sidestepped and showed him that the ethics of civilization frowned on such murder.

The old squaw was wasted to parchment, and when the poor old umbra saw her chant was bringing her no nearer to the golden stair, she made a pathetic effort to sing *Nearer My God to Thee*. This pretty nearly brought Dick to tears, and he said something about once having a poor old mother himself, which all the other scouts had doubted, he was such an awful, although artistic, swearer.

But he brushed away the tears and said "A-w-e-e, that old son-of-a-gun! If she had you helpless on the battlefield she would cut off and make you chew your own ears. Don't I know? Haven't I seen it done? Come on, let's go!"

Dick also said that this Jersey Lily's Indian name meant "the graceful gazelle," although she looked as much like a gazelle as I did.

Game and No Game

From the Musselshell on north it was almost impossible to look anywhere without seeing bunches of buffalo, and along the bottoms of the upper Missouri there were lots of bear, deer and elk. Near the mouth of Rock Creek we passed a herd of at least 3000 antelope, so fearless that they would hardly move out of the scouts' way. But through the Yellowstone Park, where meat was most needed, the Indians had scattered the game ahead of us, after shooting what they themselves needed.

While we were scouting through the magnificent Montana mountains, up to and over 10,000 feet, we took off our hats to Senator Ashley of Ohio, who first applied the terri-

torial name meaning mountainous, for nothing could be more appropriate and distinctive. There were mountains to burn.

Abandoned Horses and Mules

The Nez Perce war was tough on horses and pack-mules, and many had to be abandoned along the trail, completely played out. Those that were left in the high mountains, after resting up a couple of weeks, always worked their way down to some settlement, as the horse's instinct told him to follow down some stream and get to lower levels before deep snows came.

When the scouts had a skirmish with the hostiles they would sometimes capture enough horses to get a remount all around. A courier generally got out every inch of speed there was in a horse, taking chances on getting another after he had delivered his dispatches.

Very often we would find at an Indian camp a little bunch of tired horses that had been left by the hostiles when they moved, only a few hours before, and they would be all dead lame. The Indians had abandoned them because they could not keep up with their big herd, but had cut one foot on each so that the scouts or soldiers could get no work out of them.

Raided Ranches

By having war-parties out ahead on both flanks, the Indians raided ranches and captured many horses, so that they could ride a near-fresh one every hour. But the troopers had to get along with the horses they started out with on the long chase, and many of them were horses too heavy for mountain work and all of them had to live on what grass they would pick up at night, after being ridden all day. This is where the hostiles had a big advantage in a stern chase. They picked out the roughest regions they could, so as to wear out the cavalry horses that had to follow them.

Suffering Soldiers

The infantry soldiers in the Nez Perce war certainly went through trials that tried men's soles. The soles of the government shoes they wore were fastened on with brass screws, and when the soles warped and

twisted, those screws would wiggle up into the feet and cause all kinds of agony. Many a miry meadow these soldiers had to march across, many a creek they had to wade. And when their shoes were thus thoroughly soaked they often marched across a keen edged lava-bed for a few miles, so that their shoes soon became total wrecks, with no chance to get any more. So they had to make moccasins from the coarse burlap that came on army bacon. But this was not lasting, and sometimes there was blood from bleeding feet along the trail. They were allowed ten minute's rest every hour while on the march, and certainly needed it. These men marched anywhere from 1400 to 2000 miles on that campaign, and if the crooked zigzags had been ironed out the figures might be double that. Such hard, patriotic work was not well rewarded in those days, as soldiers received only \$13 a month, and had an assessment of two bits stopped every pay day for the support of the Soldiers' Home at Washington. And there were no pay days for eight months in 1877. And if one of those hard-worked soldiers should go to the Washington Soldiers' Home he would be barred out unless he had served 20 years in the regular army. The Indian used to call these soldiers the "heap-o'-walks," and the title was certainly appropriate. But that 20 year feature has now been abolished.

Left to Die, and Died

Right in the center of an Indian camp I rode up to a poor helpless squaw who when 80 years younger might have done the Pocahontas act for some of the Captain John Smiths. She laid on a few ragged robes, and suddenly closed her eyes as if expecting a bullet but not wanting to see it come. She seemed rather disappointed when instead of shooting her I refilled her water bottle. She made signs that she had been forsaken by her people, and wanted to die, and judging from a couple of shots I heard ten minutes later as I followed the trail down the creek, one of our wild Bannack scouts acceded to her wishes and put her out of her misery. Her grown offsprings knew what would happen to her when the Bannaacks discovered her. Such barbarism was surprising among the Nez Percés, who made loud claims of humanity.

End of the War

When the last battle had been battled at the Bear Paw mountains by Miles' men, the infantry marched back to the Missouri river, but could not march back home to the Pacific coast because early snows had already filled up the mountain passes. So they took the steamer *Benton* and went down the river 2500 miles to Omaha, thence by rail to San Francisco, and up north by steamship to

Portland. It took 25 days to go down the river, the soldiers camping on shore every night. The boat did not dare to run down stream at night on account of snags and changing channels. A few times every day the boat would run onto sandbars and be walked over them on stout stilts. In those days those upper Missouri boats were shot full of holes by the playful Sioux as they went on their way up river or down.

LIVESTOCK GROWERS THREATENED BY INDIANS

J. F. OVERHOLSER

A chief threat to the livestock industry of northern Montana came from roving bands of Canadian Indians, driven from their country by shortage of game, who came down to kill cattle for meat, and, when possible, steal horses.

Settlers in northern Montana were expecting and preparing for a general shifting of Indian hunting grounds in 1881. Game was exceedingly scarce, buffalo and deer were practically extinct on the prairies, and everyone was dreading Indian depredations in the autumn.

Protests to the Secretary of the Interior at Washington, Samuel J. Kirkwood, went in by means of a general petition in the Milk River valley, Sun River and Fort Benton districts, from the stockmen. The following letters were made public in the *River Press* of May, 1881:

Fort Maginnis, Mont., April 18, 1881.

J. D. Waxweather, Esq.,

Fort Benton, Montana.

Dear Sir:

Herewith enclosed find petition to Secretary of Interior which please have signed as soon as possible by all the stockmen of your vicinity and send to Sun River with request for all there to sign it as soon as possible, by sending a messenger around with it if necessary, and then have them send it to First National Bank of Helena, and I will in the meantime instruct them to obtain the signatures of stockmen there and then forward it to Hon. Kirkwood at once, for we have no time to lose; for if something is not done, these cursed Indians will all be back among our cat-

tle by September 1st, and we don't want any more of that if we can avoid it. Those damned Blackfeet and Crees are now back somewhere between Box Elder and Musselshell and don't intend to go north at all, but we will see that they do, by some means.

Respectfully yours,

Granville Stuart.

The petition that Granville Stuart was so eager to send to Washington was as follows:

PETITION

To Hon. Samuel J. Kirkwood,
Sec. of the Interior, Washington, D. C.:

We, the undersigned citizens, who are residents, and engaged in the business of stock-growing, in the counties of Meagher and Choteau, in Montana Territory, would respectfully represent, that since last August these two counties have been overrun with hordes of alien (British) Indians, principally Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans and Crees, to the number of about 350 lodges. That these Indians, ostensibly here for the purpose of hunting buffalo, have killed and eaten many of our cattle, and this, too, in instances where there was an abundance of buffalo within ten miles of their camps. They keep dogs without number, which are of a wild, half-wolf breed, uncontrollable by the Indians or others, and these dogs chase our cattle incessantly, killing many calves, reducing the cattle in flesh, and rendering them wild and uncontrollable, to our great loss and damage.

This state of affairs being rendered more unsupportable by the fact that this is not a reservation, but land that has been, to a great extent, surveyed by the government and is now open for settlement. And none of these Indians have

a shadow of a right to be camping at all upon it, to the great injury of peaceable, law-abiding citizens. And as if this were not enough, upon the approach of spring, they have raided all the region between the Yellowstone and the British line, stealing horses indiscriminately from the whites and the American Indians, and running the same across the boundary.

Their presence here compels us to keep an armed guard with our horses while grazing in day time, and to keep them in Indian-proof corrals at night, to the great injury of the horses and at great expense to ourselves.

Our experience during the last nine months has demonstrated that stock raising can not be successfully carried on if Indians are allowed to roam over the ranges, and our ruin must speedily follow.

They have been known in numerous cases to kill large beef steers and only take the tongue, and at other times take also a few of the choicest parts, leaving the remainder lying upon the range.

The rapid extinction of all the large game renders it, as a general thing, difficult for the Indians to live by the chase, and the inevitable result will be that they will prey upon our herds in a constantly increasing ratio, although our losses are now too great to be borne.

There is also a crying evil which passes unnoticed by the U. S. Marshals: it is that all this region swarms with whiskey traders, who follow the Indians from place to place, trading to them vast quantities of the worst liquor that is to be found on earth, the quantity traded being only limited by the ability of the Indians to purchase, and as it is a well known fact that they will give away all they possess for whiskey, they are being rapidly reduced to a condition of poverty and demoralization that is painful to witness, and which is liable to light the flames of war at any moment.

Some weeks ago these Indians began moving north, and we thought we would have at least a temporary respite from their depredations, but we now hear that Crow Foot's band of 140 lodges of Blackfeet, and some forty or fifty lodges of Crees have turned back from Carroll on the Missouri river, saying that they will not return to their own country but will remain here.

As the buffalo have mostly gone S. E. to the Porcupine Creeks, and north across the Missouri, these Indians, if suffered to remain, will subsist largely upon our cattle as heretofore; we therefore earnestly petition that you will take the proper steps to have them all es-

corted across the boundary line without delay, and that they, as well as those already gone, be officially notified to remain there under penalty of being treated as hostiles.

And in this connection we remonstrate most strongly against the Crow tribe being allowed to leave their immense reservation and roam at will the settlements and over the stock ranges, for they, too, kill our cattle wherever they go, and are besides the most insolent and overbearing of all the tribes. By the terms of the treaty with them in 1868 they were allowed to hunt off their reservation until the country was occupied by the whites. It is now so occupied, and to the extent, that their rambling about among us is an evil too great to be quietly borne; as is also the semi-annual irruption of the Flatheads, and Pend d'Oreilles, and allied tribes, from their reservations in the western part of the territory, across and through the settlements of the eastern portion, where they, too, kill cattle, obtain whiskey, and sometimes steal horses.

All these Indians have large reservations set apart for their sole use and benefit, and it is a rank injustice to the whites, and a positive injury to the Indians, to allow them to roam uncontrolled over this territory.

At about the time this petition was being prepared, the United States troops at Fort Benton were ordered moved to Fort Shaw. A wild outburst of rage and disgust immediately came from the citizens of Fort Benton. *The River Press*, in expressing this feeling, said that this removal would lay the whole of Choteau county open to the marauders. The situation of the Indians themselves was stated as being deplorable. Whole tribes were next door to starvation, even then, and with the coming of winter it was expected that war would break out because of their need for food. The supply of large game was nearly extinct, the Indians were eating horses and dogs, and cracking the bones and chewing the hides of the animals they killed.

Stock growers were waiting the approach of winter with dread, and the citizens of Fort Benton were seriously considering the formation of a force of militia for their own protection. *The River Press* stated: "If the troops be removed, it is necessary that our citizens organize a militia force for defense

or attack upon the marauding Indians. We are strongly in favor of severe offensive measures. *If the government has forgotten us, let us wake the government with an Indian war which will be justified by every instinct of the preservation of our lives and property.*"

Enough complaints were heard in the Territory of Montana to make the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Interior realize that the condition was serious, and the mat-

ter of protection was arranged without serious trouble. The troops at Fort Assiniboine were ordered to look into the matter. The British Indians were gradually sent back across the line. No blood was spilled, although threatening affairs came up every little while to keep the northern part of the territory in constant apprehension as to what might happen. United States troops were kept busy, however, heading off parties trying to cross the boundary.

PRAIRIE DWELLER

RAYMOND KRESENSKY

One wrapped his arms around the trees
 And lay his hot body in water.
 One cupped his hands with cool waters.
 He feared no wind nor drought.
 I dug my furrow in virgin prairie.
 I built my house of the prairie.

One slept where beaches whispered,
 Where elk and deer wandered.
 I heard the lonesome cottonwood,
 The sound of dry brush crackling
 And the coyotes' cry.

I am not afraid of glaring day.
 I am not self-conscious before horizons
 And humble before sky.

I fear the forests
 Where dark things creep
 But love
 The prairie, open and free.

Death is a deep valley
 Where a soul is hid.
 Death is a soul stretched to the prairie.

I shall sleep comfortably beneath sod.

NORTHWEST FOLKLORE

OLD BLUE

A "TALL TALE" CONTRIBUTED BY JUNE CLARK

OLD BLUE, the fish that made the Little Missouri famous, was hooked on a line, four miles below Iona long ago; but his fame lingers in the mind of tale tellers of the northwest. Originally he was a Missouri river fish, but in his later days he drifted into the Poncar river.

The first that was heard of him, the cat-fish was sleeping in the mud of Oak creek, near where some cowboys of Bar B were having a roundup. Old Bill Stallins and another cowboy were digging a water-logged timber from the bluff as a backlog to heat their branding irons, when they found a slippery customer. Old Blue lay still till they carried him to the fire and tried a branding iron on him. Then the fun began. The log squirmed and wriggled, throwing mud all over the cowboys till it flopped over the edge of the bluff back into the creek. Bill 'lowed he was going to try to catch that cat-fish sure.

"What are you going to use as bait?" asked the range boss. "Old Blue is the largest fish I ever saw. He's too big to haul in a boat; why I bet he weighs 100 pounds."

"I 'low to bring some watermelons from town, as soon as I can get off. Cat-fish have notions about eating. I've tried all kinds of bait, but they're too smart. Just put a little watermelon rind in front of their snout and they'll purr," said Old Bill.

"Good luck to you, can we have a steak when you catch him?" asked the boys.

"Sure, we'll have a big time," said Old Bill.

So the boys went back to their branding while Bill caught a bronc and rode for town. After noon he came back with a melon as big as a barrel, and a rope as thick as your arm for a line. Bill was six feet tall, and he intended to catch that fish. Next he cut down a cotton wood for a pole. The old boat

needed a little patch before he was ready to go out after that fish.

Next day as he floated down the Missouri he saw a dejected looking farmer out examining his corn field.

"Wat's the matter, have the grasshoppers et up your crop?" asked Bill.

"Naw," he answered. "I had a good show for corn, but the cat-fish came up last night and didn't leave me an ear. It 'pears like we can't catch Old Blue. Last summer he and his tribe cleaned up a melon patch for me."

"That's good," says Bill, "I've got a watermelon in this boat that will get him sure. Where is he now?"

The farmer sorter scratched his head afore he answered. "Listen, stranger, I've lived on this river for nigh onto 70 years, and I know every fish by its maiden name. They can't hide secrets from me. Every fisherman from here to Greenwoods has left a hook in that critter. Most generally he lies in dead water below the reef. Blue jingles like Santa Claus when he gits mad. If I didn't have the misery, I'd help you ketch him."

Bill thanked the farmer and hid his boat along the shore. Then he carried his rope, log and melon down to the reef and set up his line afore stretching out in his blanket for sleep. Near morning there was an almighty threshing in the water. Old Bill caught hold of his log just in time and held on for dear life. Under his breath he sung:

*Cat-fish, cat-fish going up stream
Cat-fish, cat-fish what do you mean?
Catch that cat-fish by the snout
And turn that cat-fish wrong side out.*

Down the river swam Old Blue, hooks jingling, with poor Bill trailing along behind. The fish didn't get tired till near Iona. Then he gave his tail a flop and was done. The farmer helped Bill pull the fish

to shore and skin him. Bill cut off a couple of steaks for pay and put the rest in his boat to take back home to the ranch. The range boss weighed what was left of Old

Blue, and he tipped the scale at 140 pounds.

Bill Stallins was quite a hero after that and never tired of telling how he caught the blue-tailed fish.

BOOK SHELF

Under the Editorship of Pat V. Morrisette

Jason Lee: Prophet of the New Oregon. By Cornelius J. Brosnan. Macmillan, New York, 1932. x-348 pp.

Jason Lee has long awaited a biographer. Few missionaries exercised the influence that Lee did and it is some what surprising that the work was not long ago undertaken. The general theme of the book is the conflict between the missionary ideals of the board of missions of the Methodist church and the ideals of Jason Lee as apostle of the "new Oregon."

Starting with the story of the deputation of the Flathead Indians to St. Louis, the author describes briefly Lee's early life and the events leading to Lee's selection as superintendent of the Oregon mission. In the description of Lee's trip to Oregon and the founding of the Willamette valley mission, the reader is continually asking the question as to why Lee went to the Willamette valley and established the mission where there were few Indians and passed up the Flatheads and many tribes more numerous than those in the Willamette Valley.

Although little is given on the growth of the mission, the author indicates the difficulties entailed in its early operation. Lee's efforts in raising funds in 1838-1839 are given especial attention as influencing interest in Oregon. The author attaches great importance to the reinforcements taken to Oregon in 1839.

The most valuable feature of the book is the discussion of Lee's attempt to justify himself before the mission board. Here the climax is reached, the board insisting upon converts and Lee upon the "new Oregon."

Two chapters are given upon expansion and progress. One can scarcely see why the chapters should be so labeled in view of the fact the book itself reveals that as a missionary undertaking the work was negligible but as influencing westward migration Lee's activities were of considerable significance. Certainly one feels, from the narrative, the utter futility of Lee's missionary activities and although the author does not so state, one cannot help but feel the insincerity of Lee pleading for funds for mission activities when by that time he was firmly convinced

that the all important aspect of the work was the formation of the "new Oregon."

The author has undertaken to weave into the book (altogether too frequently) quotations from the sources, and the book as a consequence very often suffers for want of continuity. Professor Brosnan has uncovered abundant new material for which the historical craft will truly be thankful. One cannot help wishing, however, that he had taken the material, had woven it into his own narrative, and then had given an historical interpretation. The new material will no doubt lead to the writing of a definite account of Lee's life and work, sometime in the future.

John T. Ganoe

Sitting Bull, Champion of the Sioux. Stanley Vestal. Houghton, Mifflin, 1932. \$3.5.

Asking in his preface what great man born on American soil has been most misrepresented, the writer of this biography makes out a very good case for the colorful personage he chooses as his candidate. Not that the book is dominantly controversial. It is too filled with rapid movement, with the rich pigments of early frontier life in America, to be polemic. It is at the same time too authentic, too sincere to flatten itself into that vast undistinguished mass of vapid "westerns" now so freely ground out to represent that stirring period. The writer, deeply rooted in his background, attacks his problem with critical persistence, and, not content with easy generalities, unearths some truths, albeit some hard ones. But even his problem is a human one. Like a craftsman restoring an historic portrait, with a care warmly partisan (and quite evidently justifiable) Stanley Vestal removes from the image of "the most famous of American Indians" the smudges left by hands careless or greedy. And this by the scientist's method of carefully proved statement; often by mere inclusion of facts somehow suppressed or neglected till this moment. It is by the light shed in his sub-title, *Champion of the Sioux*, as advocate of a proud and completely-worsted people, that the author sees the character of his subject, about whom controversy has

raged as fiercely as his own plains battles. And, following the really amazing career of this border monarch through the designated stages, Warrior, Chief, and Captive, it is not difficult to see how so single-minded a person, incapable of the evasions and compromises demanded by our "civilization," would become enmeshed in the web of events which crushed him with his people, and which distorted even his memory, after his mistreated body had found a final quiet grave.

The imaginative reader, able to remove himself from his white skin for a space, as the writer has throughout his book, may see, instead of the sorry chromo of "horsethief, fraud and schemer" once current, a cleaner and clearer drawing of a patriot and prophet, even if not the "saint" some of his own people esteem him. The experience will do him no harm. Just as it is probably good for us to gaze unblinkingly at the verified record of our treatment of these native Americans, even though, in the words of the Indian commission, "our cheeks blush with shame" at uncomfortable contrasts from widely-different human results by neighboring countries with these same childish "primitives."

But controversy quite aside, there is good scouting for the dispassionate reader in the stirring narrative of this greatest of early-American border chiefs, fraud or martyr though he may be, or only gentleman and horsethief—the latter possibly only from our own one-sided slant at a devoted monarch responsible for the existence of a nomad people; the former in full appraisal of recorded chivalry and valor. Here is not only Warrior, but Maker of Songs, eloquent seer and wise man—not always seconded by wisdom from his followers. And through study of this key-figure, deeper knowledge and understanding of the tribal customs and psychology of a now-submerged primitive culture, well worth the time of a Guggenheim survey to gather, more especially since important periods of our own national history are bound up in the record.

Fortunate for the reader it is set down by one who has mastered his material, with fine dramatic insight, with humor, in vigorous prose that marches. And if the swift narrative becomes pedestrian in its later stretches, it is so with the subject: The Indian must lay aside swift horse and flying arrow. Panoply of smoking tipis is bygone; the undertone of laughter becomes ironic.

Now that the white man's hatred has fallen from the impassive chief who so staunchly fought the American, whether or not we value him for himself we may at least, with the writer (whimsically perhaps) acclaim him as a "moulder of our national

character"—since it is foes, not friends, who do us this hard service.

. . . As it was, thank God, we had a Frontier, and, as historians are forever reminding us, that Frontier shaped America, moulded a nation unlike any other. That Frontier formed these states, made us what we are—and the Indian made the Frontier.

Sitting Bull, leader of the largest Indian nation on the continent, the strongest, boldest, most stubborn opponent of European influence, was the very heart and soul of that Frontier. When the true history of the New World is written, he will receive his chapter. For Sitting Bull was one of the Makers of America.

Alice Henson Ernst

Joaquin Miller, Frontier Poet. Merritt Parmelee Allen. Harper. 1932. \$1.00.

In this latest of the Long Rifle Series, Mr. Allen presents in simple language the early adventures of the boy Cincinnatus Miller. The work is more a picture of frontier life than of Joaquin Miller, the poet. It is Cincinnatus, not Joaquin, that comes to life in the pages.

The poet's *Autobiography* and his *Life Among the Modocs* are here retold for juvenile readers. Fully five-eighths of the book is concerned with Joaquin's life up to his eighteenth year. It makes adventurous reading, which should attract any boy, and *Life Among the Modocs* being out of print Mr. Allen has done Millerology a real service.

Perhaps because it is a retelling of the poet's own story, there is lacking the enthusiasm and vim of *Life Among the Modocs*. But there is adventure on every page, sufficient conversation to lend reality to the characters of the narrative, and adequate story element to entertain any young person. Mr. Allen's book might well be used in the schools to picture frontier life and to serve as an intimate introduction to the man who made the West famous throughout the world.

Beatrice B. Beebe

Fighting Men of the West. Dane Coolidge. Dutton. 1932. \$3.75.

These portraits are part of the notes of Dane Coolidge, who collected them to write forty western novels. The notes include accurate and authentic portraits of "Cattle Kings, and Cattle Thieves, Mexican Bandits, Border Outlaws, Man Killers, Longhaired Sheriffs, Desert Prospectors and Mining Millionaires." Coolidge, apparently, has reacted from the school of western thrillers which is perverting western history into a series of bloody fights for romantic purposes, but

has no use, on the other hand, for the modern skeptic who has already forgotten that men "once wore two guns and let their hair grow long." Too many people, he finds, look upon the common incidents of range wars in the West as incredulous. He blames this lack of faith on the "Say Pardner" school of "westerns." In his own book he has avoided the creation of western sagas, and tried to present the common, unvarnished characters. He succeeds in illustrating that no matter how truthfully the Old West is presented, the presentation is always romantic, for romance lies in that period of American history. His trailmaker is Colonel Goodnight who blazed the Goodnight trail across the Staked Plains for the first outlet for Texas cattle; his cattle king is John Chisholm, who was so good-natured that no one could shoot him although he stole cattle by the herd. "He was the law west of the Pecos." His man killer is Clay Allison, whose specialty was killing sheriffs and town marshals around Cimarron; his man hunter is Tom Horn, who killed rustlers for \$600 a head. His outlaw is Burt Alvord, who wrote his name with a little "b" but turned Cochise county upside down for twenty years. His gambler is Colonel Bill Green, who, with his pockets full of ten thousand dollar bills, was the biggest man in Arizona as long as he lasted. These plain narratives are as full of fighting, intrigues and dastardly deeds as a movie thriller, and the more authentic the pictures become the more heightened are the romantic features of the old frontier. The book adds dignity to the usual vulgarity of the western thriller.

Men of the Last Frontiers. Grey Owl. Scribners. 1932. \$3.50.

Grey Owl is a halfbreed Indian, and in his book he pictures the Indian still "fleeing in the face of doom that has threatened them for the past three hundred years." The last frontiers are of Northern Canada, where now the tide of civilization is creeping "as a rising flood eats into the walls of sand." There is a spirit of melancholy and defeat which pervades the book, dominated by the thought that "We, today, of this generation are seeing the last of the free trappers." And the last frontiersman "will leave behind him only his deserted, empty trails, and the ashes of his dead camp fires." There is a brooding hatred of civilization, and a Byronic conception of the terrible power and beauty of nature. "In the fastness of this rapidly fading frontier, the last of this continent, reigns the Spirit of the Northland . . . brooding over the length and breadth of this land, seeking whom he may destroy." When the author is not overcome by the idea of the passing of the frontier, his description of game, of forests, of trails, assume the clarity and charm of personal and

familiar exposition. The style of the book is individual, and in many places it reflects the dignity and picturesqueness of Indian speech. His sharpness and minuteness of observation, and his clear, accurate studies of wild life emphasize the kinship of man to the web of nature. His keen awareness of life, and his competent education allow him to translate the alert and athletic enthusiasms of the hunters, Indians, and the men of the trail. His sympathy for the Indian has led him to relate with clarity and sincerity many of the Indian tales, and to describe with adequacy the Indian villages of the north.

Trails Through the Golden West. Robert M. McBride. 1932. \$2.50.

Robert Frothingham of the Explorers Club has moved forward pioneer scenes into our own day, and made the understanding of the West easier both for the traveler to the western parks, and for those who may never see any of the natural beauties of this section. The trails of Mr. Frothingham lead to old Tuscon, The Cactus Forests of New Mexico, Rainbow bridge, the Grand Canyon of Colorado, the petrified forests of Arizona, Death valley, Yosemite valley, Crater lake, Glacier National park, the Painted Desert—and all points of interest along the trail. The book is an excellent guide to the "greatest natural wonders of the world" and is enlivened by anecdotes and narratives. The style is marked by the concreteness of the practical guide. "Ubehebe," he writes, "is 800 feet deep by 800 feet in diameter at the bottom, over a mile in diameter at the top, and exceeding three miles in circumference." Yet confronted by Glacier National park he says, "The beauty spots of this gem of the wilderness are so numerous and varied as to render a detailed description out of the question." He is, therefore, not entirely given to detail. The book is excellently calculated, however, to open the eyes of many to the beauties of the Far West, and to instruct those who want to know "what to see."

Westward to the Pacific. Marian G. Clark. Charles Scribners. 1932.

This is a child's history of the expansion of the United States westward to the Pacific. The topical divisions have the charm and naivete fascinating to the child mind that still has the power to view history as fabulous. "The Old West and what happened there." "Westward to the Rockies," "How old Spanish lands became a part of the United States, and what happened there," "How the Oregon lands became a part of the United States." In a short introductory prologue the children wonder at this vast movement of peoples westward. "Three thousand miles, and no railroad!" exclaimed Sarah. "Why did they do it?"

Whispering Range. Ernest Haycox. A. L. Burt. 1932. \$.75.

This is another story of the cattlemen's fight against the rustlers in which hard fighting, hard riding, and the romance of the Old West are united to make what the popular audience calls "the Six Gun Tale." In its fresh imagery, in its careful characterization, however, Haycox has surpassed the limited artistic range of the usual "western." Some of the rural scenes and minor characters, such as Mrs. Jim Clodfoot, give an authentic touch often lacking in the western romantic fiction. In *Whispering Range* the glamour of gun fighting does not keep the author from giving a dramatic and interesting portrait of the life of the early settlers. Haycox is another western writer writing of the west. He makes his home in Portland, Oregon.

Vermont Folk Songs and Ballads. Helen Holmes Flanders. George Brown. \$1.50.

Vermonters. Walter H. Crockett. \$1.50.

Vermont Prose. Arthur Wallace Peach, Harold G. Rugg. \$1.50.

Vermont Verse. Walter John Coates, Frederick Tupper. Stephen Day Press, Brattleboro, Vt. 1932. \$1.50.

These books are the first four titles in the Green Mountain Series undertaken as the first major project of the Committee on Traditions and Ideals, organized in 1929 under the Vermont Commission on Country Life. This committee hopes to define "those traditional characteristics so generally associated with the state and its peoples" by throwing definite light, "as reflected from verse and prose, and the lives of notable Vermont men and women, on the attitudes of mind and heart, faiths, beliefs, and loyalties that woven together" have formed traditions. Here is a definite project in what is coming to be known as the "new regionalism." The selections, the editing, the various forewords, notes and careful introductions unite to give the series a unique flavor and personality that amply illustrate and describe that feeling for the locale of Vermont which is the spiritual value of regionalism. It would be hard to find in the contemporary effort to inject real values into contemporary literature a more well planned sally. This series, although its popularity may be only local, should enrich the lives of all Vermonters and promote that contentment in home which is the basis of deep-rooted living. The folk songs gathered are those that have been sung by Vermont people for years; many of these songs, of course, are not original to Vermont. The prose selections are short, representative and various. The anthology of verse succeeds in representing the local poets as well as the locality. The biographies have been written with point, although they are necessarily

very brief. Arthur Wallace Peach of Norwich University is the general editor of the series.

American Outposts. Upton Sinclair. Division A., Pasadena, California. \$2.50.

The title is a bit deceiving, as the book resembles an apologia. Sinclair undertakes to relate the experiences of his first thirty years, but pieces the narrative together with self-criticism and self-defence. He crams the pages full of spicy literary gossip, much of it as revealing of his friends as of himself. He talks in an anecdotal fashion of his youth, his education, his literary career, his marriages and divorce, his socialistic crusades, his travel. Through all, the personalities paraded in each chapter remain the point of interest. Typical of his acerbity is his opinion of his own youth: "Any psychiatrist would have diagnosed me as an advanced case of delusion of grandeur, messianic complex, paranoia, narcissism, and so to the end of the list." The book reveals more of his personality than may have been intended.

The Growth of Political Thought in the West. Charles H. McIlwain. The Macmillan Company. 1932.

McIlwain is Eaton professor of the science of government at Harvard University, and in his book he has concerned himself "with the development of our ideas about the state and about government, beginning about the fifth century B. C. in Greece and extending as far as the end of the middle ages." He keeps his history of political ideas in close touch with the actual political development. In regard to the period he considers, he concludes with an aphorism from Seneca: "To kings belongs authority over all; to private persons, property." The book is heavily documented and has an excellent index. It is not, however, concerned with the growth of modern political thought.

The Ranch and the Ring. Florence Cran- nel Means. Houghton-Mifflin. 1932. \$2.00.

Janey Grant goes west to teach school, while Haakon Haakonson goes west to build up a cattle herd through the importation of blooded stock. He borrows money for this venture with the understanding that he will be able to pay it back when he inherits an estate from the old country. He is forced, however, to establish his identity before he comes into his fortune. The only legal evidence of his identity rests in a ring which he has given Janey Grant, and which has disappeared. The fate of the ranch lies in the recovery of the ring, and the mystery and suspense of the narrative develops from this quest. The description of the life on the range with stampeding cattle, storms, Indians, bad men and frontier towns, supplies the background of the story. While Florence Means has used all the western material,

her method of treatment and the character of her style remove the novel from the field of the "western." It is a wholesome, entertaining book advertised as being attractive to boys and girls eleven to sixteen. The story illustrates plainly the richness and attractiveness of pioneer days as a source for romantic juvenile fiction. This volume is the second of two dealing with the same characters.

The Fantastic City. Amelia Ransome Neville. Houghton-Mifflin. 1932. \$5.

Mrs. Neville, who died in Helena, Montana, in 1927, left behind her these memoirs of her experiences of San Francisco, and they have been ably edited by Virginia Brastow. On a visit to England in 1851 Amelia Ransome was presented to Queen Victoria, married Captain Thomas J. Neville of the British army, and emigrated with the Ransome family to San Francisco in 1856. Most of the pictures of the West have been left by men, by curious travelers and explorers; Mrs. Neville saw San Francisco with the vivid impressions of a young bride who made it her home. She set down her memoirs of Long Wharf built up with derelict ships as hotels and restaurants, of Barbary Coast, "mild enough as slums go in seaport cities," of Chinese peddlers in "blue cotton blouse and trousers, padded slippers, and a hat like an inverted tray of woven bamboo," of Mammy Pleasaunce "who sold love charms to beautiful young women," of Spanish Dons who "lived like feudal barons in the South." She met the many literary figures of her day. Bret Harte was a good-looking man, "who would have been handsome except for the scars of smallpox." Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson was a "stocky little person indifferently dressed" who wore bobbed hair, smoked cigarettes and kept open house on Russian Hill. Fond of the theater and society, Mrs. Neville has much gossip to relate about the best of both. These are distinctly the memoirs of a woman and add a new flavor to the fascinating pictures of old San Francisco. The organization of the book is entirely casual and anecdotal; there is no strong central narrative, no eloquent descriptions, but it illustrates well the power memories have to enrich the history of a city. The book has an index and contains many pictures of the personalities of the times.

From Hunters to Herdsmen. Elizabeth Forbes O'Hara. Macmillan. 1932. \$60.

This is the story of primitive life adapted for the use of elementary schools. Mij, "who did not know he was nine years old," is the hero of the exposition, which deals largely with the development of the use of animals for food. The illustrations in red and black by Kate Seredy are well done, and the book is attractively printed.

Squawberry Canyon. A. Rutherford. Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. 1932. \$2.

This is a boys' adventure story concerning the vigorous doings of stockily built Tom Benson, sandy-haired Bill Thurston and sun-tanned Cliff Wiley, who start out with fresh boyish enthusiasm to explore the country for cliff houses and Indian relics with Professor Quigley, and who find gold mines and ruffians as well. They run the gamut of boyish escapes and display all the heroism and courage youth is supposed to have. The simplicity of the story and the direction of the action are garnished with enough mystery and suspense to keep the restless attention of youth. The book, which is well printed and neatly bound, is another "book of the west by a western writer." Rutherford is from Huiley, Idaho.

Notawkah, Friend of the Miamis. Arthur Homer Hays. Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. \$2.

Virginia Carson and Elizabeth Manning are taken captives by the Shawanees through the villainy of a French agent and spy, St. Aivre. John Corrington, a friend of the Miamis (Notawkah) believes St. Aivre has killed Major Carson, Virginia's father, and undertakes the role of messenger, rescuer, and avenger. In attempting to rescue Miss Manning, Notawkah rescues Miss Carson, with whom he falls in love. His exploits and adventures carry him through a series of Indian fights, narrow escapes, and finally into matrimony. The mystery of the plot is heightened by the fact that Major Carson has not been killed but has been disguised as a Pottowattomie Indian who assists Notawkah in his many conflicts and difficulties. The events of the story take place "on the River Wabash of our Old Northwest, within the present sovereign state of Indiana, in 1761 and 1762, when that fertile land was on the fringe of the trans-Allegheny frontier." This is the first novel of Mr. Hays, who is in the history department of Boise high school. He is attempting to vivify and make more clear the hardships of the pioneers who had to brave scalping knives and tomahawks to raise their lone cabins and clear their lands of forests. He has appended some excellent notes to the volume, which is printed and bound in a neat format.

Pat V. Morrissette

Black Elk Speaks. John G. Neihardt. William Morrow & Co. 1932. \$3.00.

This "Life story of a holy man of the Ogalala Sioux," although not very holy and fairly well Americanized, is an appealing and pathetic tale. A great dream came to Black Elk at the age of nine. It became the inward passion of his life, although he made little of its endowment. In young

manhood he joined Buffalo Bill's show and toured with it two years and more, even to London and Paris. Upon his return he was for years a clerk. These details of activity, however, have not interested Neihardt: the spiritual quality active in Indian life has. He finds himself awed by the seemingly inexplicable cures that medicine men effect and puzzled by Indian prophecy. He recognizes belief in supernaturalism operative in the Indian and he implies contrast with it inoperative in the white man. He admires, and rightly, such customs as that of the young men killing buffalo to feed the feeble and the helpless—"This was a great honor for young men."

The symbolism, animism, and mysticism of the old-time Indian always appeals to the poetic and the religious minded. "It is hard to follow one great vision in this world of darkness and of many shadows. Among those shadows men get lost." It is good to dig out and preserve all of the Indian's spiritual belief that can be found, for it is fast being lost. Even so old a man as Black Elk cannot reveal it in its purity, having experienced too much the white man's influence. It is stirring to recognize spiritual greatness anywhere and in any person. Mr. Neihardt has found it in this life experience and this person.

Fort Hall on the Oregon Trail. Jennie B. Brown. Caxton Printers. 1932. \$2.50.

This book recounts, in general outline, the explorations of the West before Fort Hall was founded, the founding and operation of the Fort, and the establishing of what seems to be a model Indian school; and for good measure it includes an account of Ferry Butte and a dull chapter on "Local and national interest." The history and life of Fort Hall are in the book if the reader cares to dig them out; but when he does excavate them he finds neither imaginative recreation of the life of the Fort nor penetrative evaluation of its history. The writing of the book is as waveringly handled as the material: at times it seems to be directed at children, at times at historians, again at the popular reader, and still again at patriotic Idahoans. The style is also uncertain and undistinguished.

Silver Strike. As told by William T. Stoll to H. W. Whicker. Little, Brown & Co. 1932. \$2.50.

Stoll was no hero and no story-teller, but he experienced miners' troubles in the Coeur d'Alene country, acting as counsel for the mine owners in the famous Bunker Hill and Sullivan trails. The exciting and courageous pages of the book concern the activity of Charles A. Siringo, Pinkerton detective, acting for the mine owners and serving as secretary of the miners' union—until discovered. The reader of the book learns something of the mining history of this rich district and something of the personalities of



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the men who lived, mined and fought there. Mr. Whicker in a journalistic effort to popularize the book has submerged the real values of the material.

The Robin Hood of Eldorado. Walter N. Burns. Coward-McCann. 1932. \$2.50.

For three years, 1850-53, Joaquin Murrieta terrorized California. Mr. Burns, with admirable industry and care, details his career from a simple, quiet youth, whose "interest centered in his wife and his home," to a cruel, picturesque bandit—who never forgot a kindness or an affront. The terrible deeds of Murrieta, of Three-Fingered Jack, Valenzuela, and other members of the band are realistically and excitingly portrayed; as is each effort on the part of law and order to stop the thefts and killings. Incidentally, anecdotal history of the California of those days entertainingly creeps into the story. Murrieta was killed in Arroya Cantova in May, 1853, by Harry Love and some of his California rangers. The tale is a series of very similar brutal and often courageous outlaw acts.

Bobolinks. Lewis Flint. Poetry Publishers. 1932. \$2.00.

Riders from the West. George Charles Kastner. Metropolitan Press. 1932. \$1.50.

All My Youth. Fredericka Blankner. Brentano's. 1932. \$2.00.

Mr. Flint reveals in *Bobolinks* homely and simple and human virtues in whimsical, conventional, delightful verse. The poems are "about birds and flowers and other folk of the woods and waters." Since the author is by profession a naturalist he writes with knowledge and understanding. He also possesses a chuckling sense of humor. The poems are good to read and many of them good to memorize.

Mr. Kastner in his "epic of the four Indians who in 1831 went from the Nez Perce country to St. Louis" in search of instruction about the White Man's God has undertaken a task beyond his powers. He himself states that he is one who "holds it duty to sing of things of beauty;" the reader is more aware of the duty than of the beauty. The author does not see his material freshly nor does he express it freshly or with stimulation.

Miss Blankner's *All My Youth* harbors much lyric loveliness, many poignant expressions of ideas. She has a genuine singing gift; also, a mind that thrusts sharply, though momentarily, into its material, experience of life. The longer poems are not so successful, the power of sustaining thought and emotion not being a strength of the author's. Two brief poems reveal a successful vein:

FIAT

*There is no travail when God makes a sun:
He simply thinks, and thought and star is
one.*

CYPRESS

*The cypress is a silent cry
Of earth that wants to be the sky.*

In the lyric that follows, as in several in the volume, is magic of sound and rhythm and, save possibly for the two last lines, lovely wedding of idea and poignant emotion:

PRAYER

*O my Beloved!
Once more to be at Domodossola
In sunshnie—*

*Once more to let my feet caress
Your stones
Your light my vision—*

*Once more to wait for sunset behind Venice,
Ecstatic as a rose, and delicate
as glass—*

*Once more to stand
In Rome, or in Assisi—
Once more, ah,
Once more!*

The Pathbreakers from River to Ocean.
Grace R. Hebard. Arthur H. Clark Co. 1932.

This is the sixth edition, revised and enlarged, with four maps and ninety-three illustrations, of a book that has proved very useful. It is the work of a careful and indefatigable historian of the West, the story of the Great West from the time of Coronado to the present. New material concerns Verendryes, Bridger and Whitman, the ride of John Phillips, the Wagon-box Fight, Shoshone Indians, the Pony Express, and many other persons and events. The book is suitable for historical and supplementary reading in the schools of Montana, the two Da-

kotas, Wyoming, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, California, Washington, and Oregon.
H. G. Merriam

Red Mother. Frank B. Linderman. John Day Company. 1932. \$3.00.

How did he do it, we wonder? How did he write a story so clear and real that it holds the interest of a child, and yet so rich with implication and significance that the wisest elder will find himself moved to wonder and meditate on the strange answers humanity makes to the great question, Life?

Red Mother's name was Pretty-Shield. She lived in Montana. She knew its hills and mountains and loved its land. She was a gay-high-spirited, alert-minded girl. She went through troublous times, and saw her race sink before the poison gas of a civilization that it had not had time to accommodate its life to. She tells her story simply, yet with great impressiveness. She is an old woman now, a grandmother. There is much for all readers in her words.

The book is beautifully illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops, who illustrated Mr. Linderman's other great Indian book, *American*. One cannot help wishing that he will some day draw Pretty-Shield's picture of Custer's last fight. She is very certain that her version of it is the true one.

Generations hence Red Mother will still be vital and stimulating. It is made out of real life, touched to glory by the faithful artistry of one whose love for this people is not an imagined thing but an honest, actual, spontaneous emotion growing out of his study and thorough understanding of their lives. Read it. There will never be another book like it, for the time it tells of is vanishing.

Mary Brennan Clapp

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, Frank Gallagher, State University, Missoula, Montana.

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H. G. MERRIAM, Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1932.

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