

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



Childhood

*Painted for
The Ladies' Home Journal
By Harold Copping*

*Beginning—*THE VANISHING AMERICAN
By Zane Grey

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A Matter of Aim

COLONEL WATKINS asked an old negro to get him a good Thanksgiving turkey. "And mind you, Sam, I don't want a wild turkey." "Deed, boss, I'll bring you a tame turkey," said Sam. The turkey arrived and Sam received his money. But when the colonel began to carve the fowl on Thanksgiving Day the knife struck something hard, which, on investigation, proved to be a pocket of bird shot. The colonel was wrathful. The next day he found Sam and began to read the riot act to him. "Didn't I tell you not to bring me wild turkey?" "Dat was tame turkey, boss." "But I found the shot in him with which you killed him." "Doan' worry, colonel, dem shot was 'tended fer me."

So Anxious to Study!

THE two college juniors stretched and yawned. "What shall we do tonight?" said one. "I'll toss up a coin for it," his chum replied. "If it's heads we'll go to the movies; if it's tails we'll call on Nan and Bess; and if it stands on edge we'll study."

Guess Who Was Boss in This House

DOTTIE—four years old—was out driving with her father and several other men. Seeing a coyote at some distance from them, they each in turn tried to shoot it. At each failure she became more excited. Finally turning to her father she exclaimed excitedly, "Oh, daddy! couldn't we drive it home and let mamma shoot it?"

What are Essentials?

THE trouble with the woman of today," growled the aviation lieutenant at headquarters, "is that they fuss away too much time on nonessential things. Only this morning I thought my wife was looking for my spurs and I found her fussing around with a lot of fool summer furs."

The Vital Question

A WEALTHY business man of Los Angeles, with many relatives, some of whom were well-to-do but grasping, recently sought the services of his lawyer to draw up his will. When after much labor the document was completed the client asked:

"Davis, have you fixed this thing as I wished it, tight and strong?"

"I have done my best," said the lawyer earnestly.

"Well," continued the client, "I want to ask you another thing—not professionally, however. As a friend, and man to man, who do you think stands the best chance of getting the property when I am gone?"

True to His Breeding

LAY down, pup; lay down!" ordered the man. "Good doggie—lay down, I say." "You'll have to say 'Lie down,' mister," declared a small bystander; "that's a Boston terrier."

A Perfectly Lovable Cook

BRIDGET, I wish you wouldn't have so much company. Why, you have more callers in a day than I have in a week." "Well, mum, if you tried to be a little more agreeable, perhaps you'd have as many friends as I've got."

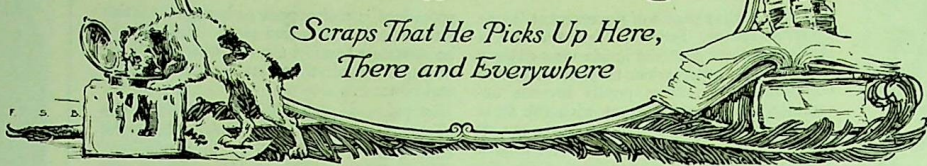
A Slight Misunderstanding

THE sweet-faced elderly woman, who was shopping in a large popular-priced store, was peering nearsightedly at a small cup which she had picked up from a pile on the counter. Presently she remarked: "I can't see very well without my glasses. Are these tin?"

"No," said the salesgirl, "they're fifteen."

The Office Dog

Scraps That He Picks Up Here,
There and Everywhere



The Consistent Factory

"HELLO, Bob," said Jim; "I hear you're working in the shirt factory now." "Yes," Bob answered shortly; "I am." "Why aren't you working today?" his friend wished to know. "Oh," Bob explained, "we're making nightshirts this week."

Were There No Laundries Then?

UNCLE REUBEN had been asked if he thought Solomon had shown wisdom in having seven hundred wives. "No, suh," he answered emphatically, "specially of Solomon hissef had ter call for and deliver all the washing dat bunch er wimmen could take in."

A Unanimous Vote

IN A CITY subject to occasional earthquakes, the city council, after weathering two or three slight "quakes" during one of its sessions, adjourned during a specially severe shock.

At the next meeting the clerk concluded the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting in the customary form: "On motion of Mr. Barnard the council adjourned."

"If there are no objections or changes to be made in the minutes," the presiding official said monotonously, "they will stand approved as read."

A lanky member with a humorous mouth arose. "Mister Chairman," he said, "I move that the concluding minute be amended to read: 'On motion of the city hall the council adjourned.'"

Trying for Both

A VERY homely Irishman had lost his job and was having a hard time finding another when an acquaintance met him one day.

"Hello, Pat! How are ye?" he said. "Mighty bad," was Pat's reply. "Sure 'tis starvation that's starin' me in the face."

"Is that so?" the other rejoined. "Sure it can't be very pleasant for ayther av yez."

Which Should Have Whistled?

A SCOTSMAN, attended by his collie, was walking through a fishmarket when he stopped to inquire the price of some fine-looking fish. While he was conversing with the fishmonger the collie's tail drooped for a moment over a basketful of live lobsters, and one of the largest of them instantly clamped claws on it, causing the collie to go dashing off through the market homeward, yelping with pain while the crustacean hung on grimly.

"Mon, mon!" the fishmonger appealed after one speechless moment of tense indignation, "whistle to yer dog!"

"Hoot, mon," the other retorted complacently, "whistle to yer lobster!"

Not a Vacation

MARY: I'm going to get married next month if Bob can get a week off from his job.

MARIE: Do you think he'll be able to? MARY: I think so. You see, it isn't the same as if he was asking for a vacation to have a good time.

Grandma, Model 1922

OH, WE went to spend Thanksgiving—glad Thanksgiving—at the farm! For around the dear old homestead hovers memory's tender charm; But we found things rather different and surprises quite a few— Chief of these, it was our Grandma, Model 1922.

Yes; she met us at the station, as we traveled from afar;

Gone the day of docile Dobbin; Grandma had a "streamline" car, And along the country highway, goodness' sakes, we fairly flew—

At the steering wheel was Grandma, Model 1922.

Oh, the merry, gay reunion! How we sang and how we danced!

And our Grandma "trod a measure"—not the minuet it chanced; For she was "up" in fashion; she was versed in dances new.

Oh, you ought to see our Grandma, Model 1922.

But she cooked a toothsome turkey and concocted luscious pies, And in lore of cake and cookies she forsooth was wondrous wise.

She has all the "good old features," with the "late improvements" too; And we're mighty proud of Grandma, Model 1922.

—ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

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AT SUNRISE Nophaie drove his flock of sheep and goats out upon the sage slopes of the desert. The April air was cold and keen, fragrant with the dry tang of the uplands. Taddy and Tinny, his shepherd dogs, had wary eye and warning bark for the careless stragglers of the flock. Gray, gaunt forms of wolves and tawny shapes of wildcats moved like shadows through the sage.

Nophaie faced the east where, over a great rugged wall of stone, the sky grew from rose to gold, and a splendor of light seemed about to break upon the world. Nophaie's instinct was to stand a moment, watching and waiting without thought. The door of each hogan—or hut—of his people opened to the rising sun. They worshiped the sun, the elements, all in nature.

Motionless he stood, an Indian lad of seven years, slim and tall, with his dark face turned to the east, his dark eyes fixed solemnly upon that quarter whence the light and warmth always came. One thin brown hand held a blanket round his shoulders and the other clasped his bow and arrows.

WHILE he gazed a wondrous change came over the desert. The upstanding gloomy wall of rock far to the fore suddenly burned with a line of flame; and from that height down upon the gray lowlands shone the light of the risen sun. For Nophaie sunrise was a beginning, a fulfillment of promise, an answer to prayer.

When that blazing circle of liquid gold had cleared the rampart of the desert, too fiery and intense for the gaze of man, Nophaie looked no more, and passed on down the aisles of sage behind his flock. Every day this task was his. For two years he had been the trusted shepherd of his father's sheep. At five years of age Nophaie had won his first distinction. With other children he was out in charge of the accumulated flocks of the tribe. A sandstorm suddenly swooped down upon the desert, enveloping them in a thick, yellow pall. Except Nophaie, all the little shepherds grew frightened and fled back to find their hogans. But Nophaie stayed with the sheep. They could not be driven in the face of the storm. They wandered on and on, and became lost. Nophaie became lost with them. Three days later Nophaie's father found him, hungry

and fearful, but true to his charge. He was praised. He was taught. He was trusted. Legend and lore seldom told to so young a boy were his to ponder and dream over.

Nophaie's shepherding task was lonely and leisurely. He had but to drive the flock from grassy flat to sage slope, slowly on and on, and back again by sunset to the home corral, always alert for the prowling beasts of prey.

NOPHAIE WANDERED ON WITH HIS SHEEP, UNDER THE LOFTY TOWERS OF ROCK. HE HAD NO CARES, NO NEEDS, NO SELFISHNESS

He seemed a part of that red and purple desert land. It was home. He had been born under the shadow of the wonderful mountain wall which zigzagged from east to west across the wasteland. The niches were cañons. Its broken segments were pinnacles and monuments, shafts of red stone lifted to the skies, bold, stark and mighty, chiseled by wind and sand and frost. Between these walls and monuments spread the sandy floor of the desert, always gray-spotted with sage, always gray green with patches of grass and weed, purple in the distance.

THAT spring the lambs had come early—too early, considering the frosty breath of the dawns. A few had succumbed to the cold. Many a pink-and-white little lamb had been tenderly folded in Nophaie's blanket, and warmed, and cared for until the heat of the sun made safe its return to its mother. The lambs and kids were all several days old now, fleecy and woolly, grown sturdy enough to gambol in the sage. A few were solid black, and many were all white, and some had beautiful markings, spots of black on white, and four black feet, and two black ears. One was pure white with a black face; another was all black except for a white tail. The dead stillness of the desert dawn was often pierced by the sweet, high-pitched bleat of these lambs and kids. Nophaie wandered on with them, finding a stone seat from time to time, always watching, listening, feeling. He loved the flock, but did not know that. His task was lonely, but he did

not realize it. The flock leisurely traveled on, a white-dotted moving mass against the background of gray, tearing at the sage, nipping the weeds. Taddy and Tinny trotted to and fro and around, important and morose, Indian dogs that knew their work; and they seldom had to bark a warning. Nophaie leisurely plodded along behind, intent and absorbed. An eagle pitched from his lofty perch on one of the red towers and shot like a thunderbolt down and over the flock, until he saw the Indian boy on guard, and then he swooped up and up, wide-winged and free, to soar away across the skies, a dark bowed shape against the blue. A coyote wailed his desolate note of hunger. From the cliff a cañon swift trilled his strange wild song



The Vanishing American

By ZANE GREY

Illustrations by Pruett Carter

The sun rose higher. The golden belt of sunlight along the tops of walls and mesas and monuments widened downward, encroaching upon the shadow and shade. Dawn with its icy edge paled and melted before the warming day. And the desert changed again. Shadow and color and freshness seemed swallowed by an intense and all-absorbing light.

Nophaie was no different from other Indian lads, except that the dominant traits of his tribe and his race seemed to be intensified in him. His was the heritage of a chieftain. His mother had died at his birth, whispering strange and mystic prophecies. The old medicine men, the sages of the tribe, had gathered round him during the one illness of his infancy, and had spread their sand paintings on a flat rock, and had marveled at his quick recovery, predicting for him unknown and great feats. He was named Nophaie, the Warrior.

THROUGH song and story and dance the traditions of his tribe were forever impressed upon his sensitive mind. The valor of Indian braves in war was a memory of the past, but the spirit lived. The boy was taught to understand the nature of a warrior, and to revere his father, and the long line of chiefs from which he had descended. Before Nophaie could walk he had begun to learn the secrets of the life of the birds, lizards, snakes, horned toads, scorpions, pack rats, kangaroo rats, prairie dogs and rabbits—these, and all the wild creatures of the desert, were brought to him to tame, to play with, to study and learn to love. Thus the brilliant and intense colors of desert life were early stamped upon his brain.

The love of natural beauty, born in him, had early opportunity for evolution. The habits and ways of all desert creatures became a part of his childhood training.

Next in order Nophaie learned the need and thrill and love of the hunt. By his own prowess as a hunter he must some day survive. The tracks and signs and sounds and smells of all denizens of his desert environment became as familiar to him as those of his hogan.

Nophaie wandered on with his sheep, over the sage and sand, under the silent lofty towers of rock. He had no cares, no needs, no selfishness. Only vaguely had he heard of the menace of the white race encroaching upon the lands of the Indian. Only a few white men had he ever seen.

The soft, sweet air he breathed was rich with the whispers of spirits. Above the red wall to the west loomed up a black and white dome—a mountain height, pure with snow, fringed by pine—and this was Nothis Ahn, the home of Utsay, the God of the Indians. He dwelt there with Utsay Asthon, his woman, and together they had made the sun out of fire; they had made all. Utsay was the Great Spirit, and sometimes he communed with the medicine men through their sand paintings. Nophaie that morning, as he turned from the sunrise to the looming mountain, had breathed a prayer to his Great Spirit.

"High chief of the mountain, the beautiful mountain,
To me tell your secrets that it may be well before me as I go;
Behind me tell me it may be well;
Beneath me tell me it may be well;
Above me tell me it may be well;
Tell me, let all that I see be well;
Tell me that the Everlasting will be merciful toward me;
Like the Chief of the Good, tell me that it is well with me,
That the God of the medicine will let me talk well; tell me—
Now all is well,
now all is well,
Now all is well,
now all is well,
well."

AND Nophaie believed all was well with him, that his prayer had been answered. The rustling of the sage was a voice; the cool touch of the breeze on his cheek was a kiss of an invisible and kindly spirit, watching over him; the rock he leaned a hand upon left a clinging response, from the soul therein. The all-enveloping sunlight was the smile of Utsay, satisfied with his people. Nophaie stepped aside to avoid crushing the desert primroses, thriving in the shade of the sage. Through those wide white blossoms looked the eyes of departed relatives who watched him from the Happy Hunting Grounds below.

So Nophaie wandered on and on over the sage trails, proud and fierce as a young eagle, aloof and strange, dreaming the dreams conjured up by the wise men of his tribe. At seven years of age he had begun to realize the meaning of a chief, and that a chief must some day save his people. What he loved most was to be alone, out in the desert, listening to the real sounds of the open and to the silent whisperings of his soul. In the shadow of the hogans, among the boys and girls there, he was only Nophaie. They were jealous. They resented his importance. But out on the desert, in the cold rosy dawns and the solemn hot noontides and the golden sunsets, when the twilight stole down softly and white stars smiled at him from the velvet blue—then Nophaie could be himself. He did not walk alone. Innumerable spirits kept pace with his light steps. The gleams of melted frost, sparkling and pure, were the teardrops of his mother, who forever hovered near him, wandered with him along the sage trails, in spirit with his steps. The sun, the moon, the crag with its human face, the black raven croaking his dismal note, the basking rattlesnake, the spider that shut his little door above him, the mocking bird, singer of all songs—these held communion with him, were his messengers.

Towards sunset Nophaie was far out on the open desert, with many of the monuments and mesas and masses of rim-rock between him and the golden-purple glory of the west. Homeward bound with his flock Nophaie had intent eyes for the colorful panorama of sinking sun and transfigured clouds. Against the effulgence of the western sky stood up the monuments, silhouetted on that burnished brightness of sunset, black and clear-cut, weird and colossal, motionless and speaking gods of stone.

A WARNING bark from one of the shepherd dogs drew Nophaie's attention from the sunset. A band of white men had ridden down upon him. Several of them galloped ahead, and came round between the Indian lad and his home. The others rode up. They had extra horses, wild and dusty and caked with froth, and pack mules heavily loaded. Both men and beasts were jaded.

Nophaie had seen but few white men. None had ever tendered violence. But here he instinctively recognized danger.

"We gotta hev meat," one dark-visaged man called out.

"Wal, we'd better find the squaw who owns this bunch an' buy our meat," suggested another.

"Moze, you know it all," growled another. "Why squaw?"

"Because squaws always own the sheep," replied the other.

These men of the desert were tired and hungry, perhaps not honestly so, judging from the extra saddle horses they were driving. More than one furtive glance roved across the sage to the east. Sullen heat and impatience manifested their signs in the red faces.

"We hev'n't time fer thet," spoke up the dark-faced one.

"Wal, we don't want Indians trailin' us. I say take time an' buy meat."

"Aw! You'll say next lets eat hoss meat," returned the man called Moze. "Knock the kid on the head, grab some sheep, and ride on. Thet's me!"

Moze's idea seemed to find favor with some of the band. The dominating spirit was to hurry on.

Nophaie could not understand their language, but he sensed peril to himself. Suddenly he darted out between the horses, and swift as a deer flashed away through the sage.

"Ketch that kid, somebody," called out the voice of authority.

One of the riders touched spurs to his horse and, running Nophaie down, reached a strong hand to haul him across in front of the saddle. Nophaie hung there limp.

"Bill," called the leader, "thar ain't no sense in hurtin' the kid; now you-all wait."

This man was tall, gaunt, gray-haired and lean, with the eyes of a hawk. He scanned the sage flats clear to the pillars of stone. Neither Indian nor hogan was in sight. Presently he spoke: "Bill, hang on to the kid. An' some of you drive the sheep ahead of us. Thar's water over hyar somewehers. We'll find it an' make camp."

"Huh!" ejaculated the man Bill in disgust. "Talkin' about sense, what's the idee, cap, packin' this heavy kid along?"

"Wal, it ain't decent to kill him, jest fer nothin', an' it is sense to keep him from gettin' back home tonight."

"All right, you're the boss. But I'll eat sage if them Indians don't track us, jest the same."

"Bill, you're a bright feller," retorted the other. "Mebbe this kid's family will find our tracks by tomorrow, but I'm gamblin' they won't."

NOPHAIE hung limp over that horse for several miles before he was tumbled off like an empty sack. The band had come to a halt for the night. Nophaie's hands and feet were bound with a lasso. He heard the bleating of the sheep, and then the trampling, low roar of their hoofs as they were driven off into the desert. One of the men gave him food and drink; another covered him with a blanket. Nophaie's fear eased, but there was birth of a dark heritage of hate in his heart. He did not sleep.

At daylight the band was off, riding hard to the southward, and Nophaie had no choice but to go with them. Towards nightfall of that long day the spirits of the men appeared to rise. They ceased to look back over the rolling ridges of purple sage, or down the leagues of cedar aisles. They avoided the Indian hogans and sheered off well-trodden trails.

Next day some of the band were in favor of letting Nophaie go free. But again the leader ruled against them. "Reckon it's tolerable lonely along hyar. We don't want the kid to be lost an' starve."

About noontime one day later they let Nophaie go free, and pointed down a road towards an Indian encampment. Then in a cloud of dust they trotted on. Roughly, but kindly, they had used him, unconscious of their hand in his destiny. But Nophaie never reached the Indian hogans. Another party of white people, of different look and voice, happened upon him. They were travelers of leisure, seeing the West, riding across the reservation. They had wagons, and saddle horses, and Western men to care for them. Again Nophaie ran, only to be caught by one of the riders and hauled before the women of the party.

"What a handsome Indian lad!" exclaimed one.

"Let us take him along," said another.

An older woman of the group, with something more than curiosity in her face, studied Nophaie for a moment. She too was kind. She imagined she was about to do a noble thing.

"Indian boy, I will take you and put you in a school."

There was no delay. They took Nophaie with them by force. They took him out of the desert and far to the east.

And Nophaie lived and studied in the white man's school and college for eighteen years.

II

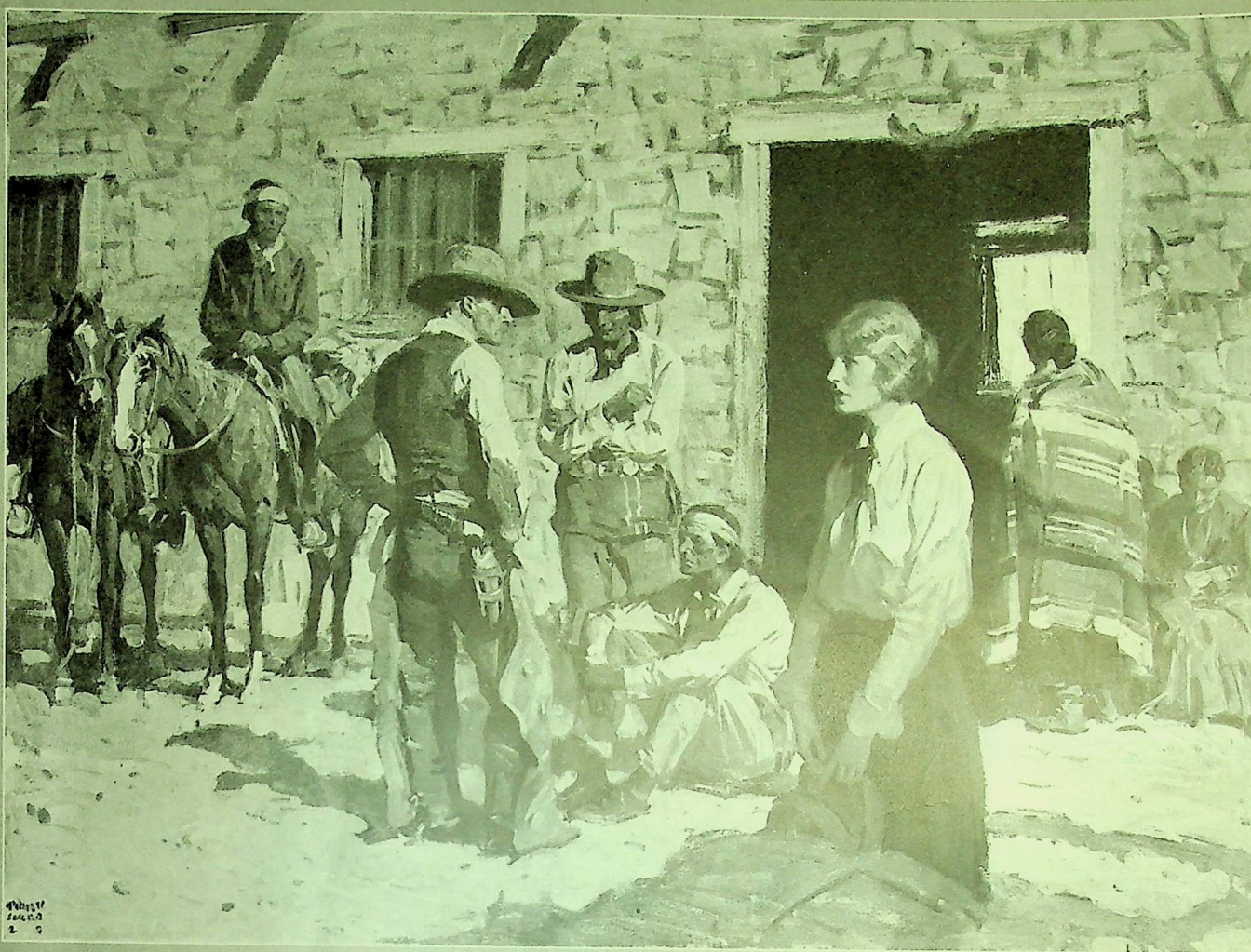
AS THE train neared the western town which was her destination Marian Warner realized that this ride was not a dream, but the first act of the freedom she had yearned for, the first step in her one great adventure.

All the excitement and audacity and emotion that had been her undoing now seemed to swell into a thrilling panic.

Long days of travel had passed since she had boarded the train at Philadelphia. The faces of friends, of her aunt—the few who loved her—had grown dim, as if every revolution of the wheels had deadened memory as well as



MARIAN BRIEFLY TOLD MRS. WITHERS OF HER ROMANCE WITH NOPHAIE



SHE MANAGED TO WALK AMONG THEM WITHOUT BETRAYING HER TRUE SENSATIONS

lengthened miles. Little had she guessed how she had cut herself adrift. But to the last she had kept her secret.

Somewhere back along the way, where she had crossed the line into this desert state, she had become conscious of a quickening of her long apathetic feelings. Had her first glimpses of the bleached gray of the desert stirred her heart? What of that strange line of red and yellow cliffs—bold rock fronts almost incredible to her? Deep and vague was the emotion they roused. It was April, and the clouds were gray, the weeds tumbling over the land before the wind, the dust puffs whipping up and circling into yellow columns. Bold and raw and inhospitable indeed this desert land! Its bigness began to amaze and frighten her. Miles and miles of barrenness—rocks, flats of gray, black mountains in the distance—and again those strange façades of red cliff! Few and far between were the ranches. And the occasional herd of cattle appeared lost in immensity. Marian strained her tired eyes searching for horses and riders, for the flashes of red blankets of Indians, but these were denied her.

THEN, as many times during this long ride, she had recourse to the letter that had influenced her to come west.

OLJATO (Moonlight on the Water)
Feb. 10, 1916.

Dear Marian: Your letters and gifts were welcome as May flowers. I did not get them at Christmastime because I did not ride into Kaidab. The weather then was cold, and I had my one living relative to look after. He was ill. He is better now.

I rode the ninety-odd miles to the post between sunrise and sunset, over a trail known only to Indians. And all the way I thought of you, of the love for you that only strengthens with distance and time. Remembering your fondness for horses and how you used to long for wild and lonely places, I wanted you to be with me.

But in spite of the joy that came with your remembrances my ride back from the post was full of bitterness. I was again brought into contact with the growing troubles of my tribe, and with the world of white men which I have given up.

Marian, my people now are very prosperous. The war has brought false values. Wool is fifty cents a pound. Horses and sheep bring higher prices than Indians ever dreamed of. They think this will last always. They will not save. They live from day to day, and spend their money foolishly. And when the reaction comes they will be suddenly poor, with the trader's prices for food and clothing higher than ever.

More than this, the work of other white men distresses me. Whenever I come in contact with it I grow sick. I could not tell you in few words the wrong they are doing to my people. You would be shocked. They are slowly grasping the richer pieces of land from the Indians, forcing them off. Some day these outsiders will possess all the really good land of the reservation. Powers of evil, Marian! White men are preying upon the Indians. Believe me, dear loved one of a race alien to mine, I tell the truth.

Come out here to the reservation and work for a year or two among my people. It could not hurt you. And you might do much for them. You could be a teacher at Mesa or one of the other schools. None would ever know that you came for my sake.

Your letters heaped upon me terms of reproach. Marian, I have not forgotten one moment of our summer at Cape May. I live over every meeting with you. I love you more than I did then. It seems I am old now. Wisdom came to me here in my desert home, under the shadow of old Nothis Ahn. I was born under this great mountain. When a boy I was stolen from my home under its red walls. And after eighteen years I have come back. I burned my white man's clothes and books—even the records of my football games—all except your picture. I put on buckskin and corduroy and silver. I never speak English, and I am again an Indian. No more Lo Blandly, but Nophaie!

I was young and full of fire that summer at Cape May. I was praised, fêted, sought because I had become a famous Carlisle star, the football and baseball player, winner of so many points against the great colleges. I danced and played the same as white college men.

Then I met you, Marian. You were different from most of the white girls. I loved you at sight and respected you when I knew you. I called you Benow di Cleash, the white girl with blue eyes. And I'm sure your influence kept me from the fate of more than one famous Indian athlete.

But when I returned to my people the great change came—not in my love for you, but in my youth. I am a man now, old as these sage hills, and I've learned from them. It was selfish and wrong for me to run after you, to love you, to take your kisses—wrong for me it was the best influence of my life. I am an Indian.

Then, once here, whatever wild dreams I may have had were forgotten. I see the life of my tribe as a tragedy. The injustice to them is the blackest of white men's baseness. The compulsory school system for the Indian boys and girls has more bad points than good. I am an educated Indian, a chief in my tribe. I see their misery. I see them vanishing. I cannot marry an Indian girl because I love you. When an Indian loves he loves forever. It is infinitely easier for an Indian to love a white woman than for her to love him. I don't know why.

So, Marian, I am here—no longer Lo Blandly, but Nophaie. My name means Warrior. The red sand I tread is partly the bones and flesh of my ancestors. I will live my life here and mingle my bones with theirs. I will do all I can for them. But alas! The eighteen years of education forced upon me by the whites enable me only to see the pitiful state and the doom of the Indians.

Come, Marian, to Oljato; come to help me a while or just to see the wildness and beauty of my home, so that always afterwards your memory will be full of the color and music and grandeur and fragrance of the Indian land.

NOPHAIE.

MARIAN put the letter away, conscious only at that moment of her emotions. Every perusal of it seemed to glean new sensations of pain and regret, sweetness and love and awe.

"Nophaie, the Warrior," she soliloquized dreamily. "Somehow it suits him." She recalled the first time she had

ever seen him. It was at Cape May, where a group of college men maintained baseball games with visiting teams, professional and otherwise. Her aunt, with whom she lived, and most of her Philadelphia friends always spent some weeks at the seashore. And Marian enjoyed games and bathing and dancing as well as anyone. One summer afternoon a friend took her to the athletic field and pointed out the famous Carlisle Indian star.

HOW curious she had felt! There was a strange pain in recalling that first sensation. Her eyes had fallen upon a tall, bareheaded athlete, slenderly yet powerfully built, his supple form broadening at the shoulders. His face was dark, his hair black as coal. Striking and handsome as he was, it was not his appearance alone that thrilled her so. She was a thoroughly modern young woman and had seen her share of college games. In action the Indian was simply beautiful. He had earned his great fame as a football star, and had been picked by experts for the All-American team three successive years. But he did not need to be so great a baseball player to be good to look at. He played an outfield position, and the chances of the game fell so that he had little to do except run. And his running grew more and more thrilling to Marian. How easily he moved—what a stride he had! Marian found she was not alone in her admiration. This Indian athlete did not need her applause.

Toward the end of the game, at a critical time for the home team, he hit a ball far beyond reach of the opposing fielders. The crowd roared its delight. The Indian dashed down towards first base, and turning appeared to gather speed as he ran. Marian felt the pound of her heart, the sudden shock of delight and pride in the Indian's sheer physical prowess. He ran as the Greek runners must have run, garlanded for their victories. How fleet! How incredibly faster and faster! Then he was making the turn for home base, and the crowd was yelling wildly. He seemed to be facing Marian as he sped on, magnificent in his action. He beat the throw and scored his home run, a feat the audience applauded with prodigious abandon. Marian then became aware that she, too, had been rather undignified.

That night at a dance one of Marian's friends had asked her, "Have you met Lo?"

"Lo? And who's he or she?" queried Marian.

"He's the Carlisle crack. You saw him play today. The Indian—Lo Blandly."

And so it came about presently that Marian found herself facing the Indian athlete she had admired. Not just then

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had she realized it, but the truth was she had fallen in love with him at first sight. Something in her nature, never dreamed of before, went out to the Indian. He had a fine face, dark and strong, with eyes of piercing blackness. There was something noble in his stature, or the poise of his head, or the eagle look of him.

"Will you dance with me?" he had asked, and appeared as much at his ease as any of the college men.

Marian found herself dancing with an Indian, a very strange and momentous circumstance, it seemed. He did not dance with the ease of modern sophistication. But he was light and strong; he carried her on without the bold contact so prevalent among most dancing men; and so Marian enjoyed that dance.

They met again by accident on the beach, and because no one else came and they were interesting to each other, they talked for long. After that day Marian went to all the baseball games. And Lo Blandy became one of her numerous admirers, to the amusement of her aunt and friends.

But these meetings had been dead earnest for Marian. She loved the Indian. She fought against herself, then surrendered and fought no more. He had more principle and better habits than any white boy she knew. So that summer, in the cool amber-lighted mornings by the seashore and on the moonlit nights when dance and music held their sway, Marian quaffed the spiced magic draught of love.

SHE wondered if she had as true and steadfast a nature as the Indian? Would she love once and once only? Vain queries. She loved now and that was all of pain.

Marian gazed out of the train window at the scenery flashing by. The topography of the country had changed. Dark, bushy green trees, very beautiful, had appeared on the slowly rising desert land, and the spaces between them were white with bleached grass. No more cliffs of stone passed under her sight. There were wooded hills in the background. And presently these low green trees gave place to larger ones, growing wide apart, brown trunked, with spreading branches and thin green foliage at the tops. Pines! She welcomed them. She greeted every little gain of pleasure or knowledge, somehow trying to persuade herself that there were to be education and broadening of sympathy in this wild trip to the West.

SHE had not been ashamed of her love for Lo Blandy. She felt that she might reach a point where she would glory in it. But she had shrunk from making confidants of her aunt and her friends. No one guessed the truth of that summer at Cape May. And now she was on a train, far out in the West, soon to take whatever means offered to reach the Indian Reservation. The farther she traveled the more untrue her situation seemed. Yet she was glad. She strove to justify her action in her own eyes. Surely one flight of freedom need not be denied her.

"I have no close family ties," she said to herself in sincere defense. "I am twenty-three. I am my own master. I've always dreamed of love with honor, of marriage with children. Perhaps in vain! My aunt, my friends would call me mad. They do not understand me. I am not throwing my life away. I can do good out here. I can help him—Nophaie; what a strange, beautiful name! I am not rich. But I have some

money, and that I will gladly use now. Let the future take care of itself."

So she settled the matter of perplexity and of conscience, and gave up to the singular appeal of the prospect before her. Always, Marian had yearned to do something different, unusual, big. She had traveled a little, taught school, tried journalistic work, and had one short weakness for dramatics. And she knew she had accomplished nothing. Here indeed was the bright face of adventure, mysterious and alluring, coupled with a work she might make uplifting and all-satisfying.

Flagerstown, the first Western town Marian had ever been in, was not at all like what she had imagined it would be. Her impressions of the West had come from books and motion pictures, which mediums, she was to learn, did not always ring true to life.

IT WAS a thriving little city, bustling with motor cars, and active over its lumber, railroad and cattle interests. It bore no signs of the typical frontier town. What surprised Marian a little was the fact that neither hotel proprietor nor banker, post-office official nor clerk in the store, nor a cattleman she chanced to address, showed any curiosity concerning her. When she made inquiry about the Indian Reservation she simply stated that she was interested in Indians and might do some journalistic work out there.

She ascertained that a mail carrier left Flagerstown twice a week for the places on the reservation—Mesa, Red Sandy and Kaidab. And the post-office man was kind enough to engage passage for her. Next morning the hotel porter called to take her baggage. Marian saw the most dilapidated motor car that had ever come into her vision. What there was of it appeared to be wired and roped together. And it was loaded heavily with mail bags, boxes and sacks. There was a coop containing some chickens going by parcel post. Next to the driver's seat had been left a small space, evidently for Marian.

"Goodness!" ejaculated Marian as she surveyed this doubtful contraption. "Will it hold together? Is it safe to ride in?"

"Why, miss, sho thet Injun will get you thar," replied the porter.

"Indian! Is the driver an Indian?"

"Yessum. An' sho blowin' snow er sand makes no difference to him."

MARIAN could have laughed in spite of her uneasiness. But all she could do was to gaze helplessly at that machine. Then appeared a young man in ragged dark suit. His small feet were incased in brown buckskin moccasins with silver but-

tons. His dark face appeared to be half hidden by a black sombrero. She could see that he was young. She noted his hands as they slipped over the wheel, dark, thin, nervous, sinewy hands, well formed and mobile. Then he got into the driver's seat and looked up at her. He was only a youth. His face was keen, smooth as silk, without a line, dark as bronze. He had a level brow and eyes black as night. Suddenly they gleamed with intelligence and humor. This Indian sensed her consternation. "You ready go?" he queried in intelligible English.

The tone of it gave Marian a little shock. Something about it, the low pitch or timbre, recalled the voice of Lo Blandy. "Y-yes, I guess so," faltered Marian.

Dare she trust this frightful junk heap of a car and its Indian driver on a long desert

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IF YOU shrink from the thought of crowded shops and long lines at the parcel-post window, send your Christmas list and \$1.50 for each name on it to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. We'll delight your friends with the twelve wonderful big numbers of the JOURNAL for 1923, rich in the fact and fiction most suited to the woman of today.

An unusually lovely announcement of your gift will be mailed by us in your name to arrive in the Christmas mail.

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journey? Marian's Eastern compunctions did not die easily.

"You go Kaidab?" asked the driver.

"Yes," replied Marian.

"I get you there seven o'clock," he returned with a smile.

IT SEEMED a flash of understanding. He read her mind and wished to reassure her. Marian's new spirit revived with a rush. She had burned her bridges behind her.

"Will it be cold?" she asked as she was about to climb into the car.

"You need blanket for while," he said.

Marian had no blanket, but she had brought a heavy coat which would serve as well. This she put on. She squeezed into the space beside the driver. The grinning porter called "Good night!" which dubious farewell in no wise diminished Marian's concern.

The Indian driver moved something that made the rickety car crack like a pistol and lurch forward. Marian could not stifle a gasp. The square-fronted buildings with their queer, high board signs began to speed back out of her sight. Ahead the white asphalt road merged into one of dark earth, and there appeared a long slope of pine trees.

Cold, keen, biting wind fanned Marian's cheeks. It nipped with its frosty breath. And it brought a strange, dry fragrance. The car passed the line of buildings; and to the left loomed a mighty green-and-white mountain mass that hid its summit in gloomy rolling clouds.

"Storm," said the Indian. "We hurry so get way from snow."

If anything more were needed to complete Marian's demoralization she had it in the gathering speed of that car. It belied its appearance. "Oh, if they could see me now!" she murmured as she snuggled down into the warm coat and peeped out at the wonderful green slope of the forest.

She thought of those at home who would have looked aghast at her boldness. Perhaps this was the moment of severance. Whatever it was, above all Marian's misgivings and defiance there pealed a subtle voice of joy.

III

THE road upon which the Indian was driving led out into a pine forest, between the stately trees of which Marian caught glimpses of cloud-enshrouded mountains. The cold, the raw wind, the increasing gloominess of the day, with its ominous threat of storm, in no wise checked her momentary enthusiasm and awakening joy for the open country. For as long as she could remember she had been cooped up in a town, and in her heart love of nature had been stultified. At last! She breathed deeply of the keen air, and the strong, pitchy smell of pine began to stimulate her.

"What mountains?" she asked.

"Spanish Peaks," replied the driver.

She made other inquiries to which he gave brief and unsatisfactory replies. Perhaps it took all his attention to keep the car in the road. Besides, the car made such a rattle and clank that conversation was really not easy. Marian ceased asking questions.

The road led through a forest of pines such as she had never seen, wonderfully fragrant and exhilarating after the cities and railroads.

The grass was dead, bleached white, but the green of the pines gave relief to her eyes. Ten miles of forest the car traversed; then came an open valley—fine ranch country, Marian judged—from which the view of the mountain range was magnificent; and then they entered forest again, with the difference that the ground appeared to be all cinders. The car chugged uphill, losing much of its velocity.

From a ridge-top Marian's eyes were greeted by a strange and desolate spectacle—

a wide black valley, a slope of black cinders, and a stream of red lava crusted and jagged; and beyond these, foothills of black cinders smooth and steep, all waved and ridged like sand dunes carved by wind. A line of pines crested the first hill, and under this green stretch was a long bank of snow, its pure white contrasting markedly with the ebony cinders. A range of these foothills rose off toward the south, growing higher and smoother, weird and sinister monuments to the havoc of volcanic action in the ages past. Beyond and above this range towered a mountain of cinders, strangely barren, marvelously colored in purple, black and red.

MARIAN saw so much in this scored and devastated region that she regretted passing on so rapidly. Soon her Indian guide reached a downgrade in the forest, ran out of the cinder zone upon hard road again, and here Marian feared every flying mile would be her last.

By and by the pines began to decrease in size and grow farther apart, so that glimpses of open country came to Marian. Then from round a rocky ridge quite abruptly the

car sped out into thin forest from which stretched a vast waste of gray. The desert! Marian did not try to repress an exclamation of delight and awe.

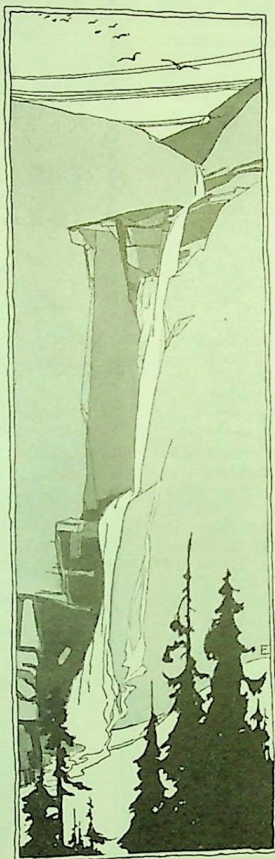
She was looking down over many leagues of desert. The pines failed, the cedars began, and beyond them rolled and waved away the white billowy miles of wasteland. Only two colors prevailed, black and white. How soft and velvety! Only the west appeared barred from limitless gaze; and there a succession of rounded hills, bare except for grass, led away down into the desert.

Marian feasted her eyes, trying to grasp what it was that she saw. Moments and miles passed, and suddenly a gray squall of rain and snow swooped down from behind, enveloping the car. It brought a piercing cold. What rain there was soon changed to sleet. It pelted Marian, many hailstones bouncing off the glass windshield to sting her face. Gloves and pockets appeared little protection against such cold. Marian suffered. Her cheeks, her nose, her ears seemed to congeal to ice.

THE world around the car was white, swept by a blizzard, with snow fleeing across the ground. The sky was obscured. When Marian opened her eyes, at intervals, she could not see far in front. This obscurity did not deter the Indian from driving fast. So that between her pangs and fears Marian had to make heroic enjoyment out of this hour.

At length the gray cloud lightened, the snow thinned out, and the blue of sky shone

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through a thin haze of white. That, too, faded or melted away, and then the storm veered, leaving clear a great open space above. Marion grew aware that she was now far down in the desert with open bare ridges all around her and the distant prospects out of view. The snow failed. The earth changed its white-and-black hue to a dull red. Once again the car sped out upon a height from which she had a second look at the leagues of desert. Here the immense reach and slope struck her more forcibly, and especially the great volume of light.

The sun came out from behind the cloud bank over the east, and the desert magnified lines and colors and suddenly unmasked an appalling beauty.

Once the Indian stopped the car to examine some of its internals. Thus Marian was enabled to get out, to stretch her cramped, cold limbs. After that, when the journey had been resumed, she soon grew comfortable under a warming sun, and at length forgot both pangs and fears in absorption of this desert land. Her driver traveled downhill for fully three hours. This brought them to what seemed an incongruity—an iron bridge spanning a rock-walled gorge through which ran a muddy stream. Here in this valley the sun was hot. Marian had to remove the heavy coat.

BEYOND the river stretched a gravelly plain, hard packed by wind, and its slow ascent at last gained another height, from which Marian confirmed her wondering expectations. Three level benches of colored desert, as high as mountains, lifted their wondrous reds and purples and grays and golds toward the blue sky, a land of painted steps, the portal of Lo Blandy's country.

What, then, would Oljato be like? Marian felt confounded in her own impressions. Once she glanced behind her, as if to make sure of the distance she had traversed, of land she knew to be solid and not a substance of dreams. The spectacle to the rear was vastly different: a gray desert slope, a red desert slope, league on league, shelving back to rise and lift to a great dark plateau from which the Spanish Peaks showed pure white snow against the sky.

The ensuing hour, during which the Indian driver crossed the bare plains of sand and gravel and climbed the successive steps of colored rock, passed by all too quickly for Marian. The sun beat down hot. To the north, in the direction the car was heading, more storm clouds were gathering.

Above the last desert step the earth appeared a place of ruin and decay, a zone of sinister red and strange drab, where rocks and clay had been weathered into fantastic shapes.

SOON it lay behind, and she found herself confronted with a wide valley between glaring walls of rock. Dark, rich, green fields of alfalfa formed the floor of this valley, and she saw clusters of trees beginning to show green, and the roofs of two flat houses.

"What's this place?" she inquired. "Copenwashie," replied the Indian.

"Are those green fields Indian farms?"

"Some are. White men got most land now."

"But isn't this a reservation for the use of Indians?" went on Marian curiously.

All the reply she received was a grunt of disgust.

The Indian drove fast up this level valley, making the dust fly from under his car.

When he came to the first house he stopped and carried packages in. Marian saw no one. In the fields, however, were picturesque laborers she took to be Indians. Upon resuming the journey her guide pointed out some low stone houses, standing back under shelving cliffs, surrounded by green trees. These were the homes of missionaries.

From that point the road ascended the side of a steep gorge. Up on top of this elevation the land was level, covered with rough low bushes, dull green in color. Gray and red buildings showed in the distance and long lines of bare trees. In a few moments the car had reached them. Marian was consumed with interest and curiosity.

"Mesa. We stop little while," said the driver, coming to a halt before one of the stone structures.

IT WAS large, with few windows, and appeared rather inhospitable looking. Little ragged, wild ponies, wearing crude square-topped saddles, stood near by with bridles down.

"Are they Indian horses?" she asked.

"Yes. Not much good. You wait," he replied with his reassuring smile. "This trading post. People friendly. You go in. I take mail."

Marian got out, glad to stretch her limbs again, and strolled to and fro. She saw a wide tree-lined avenue, with well-built gray stone houses on one side and large red stone buildings on the other. These latter she took to be the government school quarters. How out of place they seemed! The great tableland of desert seemed to encompass them, accentuating their incongruity. The avenue was long so that Marian could not see what lay at the upper end. Then her attention was attracted toward the trading post. Three men, Indians, had just come out. They wore white man's garb, even to shoes and hats, and did not rouse Marian's admiration. What swarthy faces, secretive and impassive—what sloe-black eyes, beady and sharp! These Indians watched her. Marian suffered something of disillusion and disappointment at sight of them. Then a white man appeared, tall, sandy-haired and open-faced.

"Come in. I'm Paxton, the trader," he said. "My wife is always glad to meet visitors. You must be tired and hungry. And it's a good way to Kaidab."

"Thank you, I am hungry, but not tired," replied Marian as she followed him in, wondering how he had learned where she was going.

HE LED her through a huge hall-like storeroom, in which counters and shelves were loaded with merchandise, to another part of the house, into a living room, comfortable and pleasant. There Marian met the trader's wife, a young and comely woman who was most kindly and agreeable. Neither by word nor look did she manifest any curiosity. She was merely glad to meet a strange visitor and to give her rest and refreshment.

Marian liked her. "I'm on my way to Kaidab," she volunteered.

"It's fine of you to be interested," said the woman. "Heaven knows the Indians need friends. We traders believe we are about the only friends they have."

Marian asked casual questions about the Indians, being careful not to give the impression of more than ordinary interest, and



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altogether she spent a pleasant half hour with Mrs. Paxton.

"I hope you come to Mesa again," said her hostess as they passed out through the store.

From the door Marian saw a white man standing beside the car, in conversation with the Indian driver.

"There's Friel," went on Mrs. Paxton, and evidently the recognition of the man changed her train of thought.

"Thank you for your kindness," said Marian. "I'm sure we'll meet again. Good-by."

MARIAN walked out to the car. At her step the man designated by Mrs. Paxton turned to see her. Marian was used to meeting strangers and classifying them after the manner of women. But she had not any recollection of a type like this man.

"I'm Mr. Friel," he said, touching his sombrero. "Can I do anything for you?"

"No, thank you," replied Marian.

His face had the brown of the open, but it was not one that inspired Marian to interest or liking. Quick was she to see the gleam of curiosity in his eyes, and then, as he took a good look at her, the leap of admiration.

"You're traveling alone," he said. "May I know your errand?"

Marian told him what she had told the trader's wife. Then she felt rather than saw an increased interest in her, with something of antagonism.

"Have you permission to go on the reservation?" he inquired.

"No. Is it compulsory?"

"I—well, no; hardly that. But it is always best for visitors to see Mr. Blucher."

"Who is he?"

"The agent in charge of the reservation."

"Very well. Where can I find him?"

"Unfortunately Mr. Blucher is away attending an investigation. But I can take it upon myself to—make everything all right. Wouldn't you like to see the school?"

THE man was well spoken enough. But apart from that, Mr. Friel had the look in his eyes which she hated; and she never met that look twice. Nevertheless she must accept people out here in the desert as she found them, and if possible, without suffering indignity, she must learn from them. "It would be interesting to see the Indian children. I may return here and find some kind of work with them. But I've no time."

"I can get you a position here," he said eagerly. He was too eager.

"What authority have you?" asked Marian.

"Well, no outright authority to hire government employees," he returned.

"But I hire people to work for me occasionally. And I'm hand in glove with Morgan. He's the power here."

"Morgan?"

"He's been here over twenty years. And he runs things."

"If I return here to find work, whom should I see first?"

"Come to me on the quiet. Then we'll see Morgan. If you got a job before seeing him, you'd soon lose it."

"Indeed. Well, I'll think it over," returned Marian as she stepped to the car.

Friel took hold of her arm, not to assist her but to keep her from entering.

"Let me drive you to Kaidab. I have my car here. There's no room in this filthy junk box. Besides, a handsome girl like you oughtn't be riding alone with one of these Indians."

"Why not? He's the mail carrier. I'm paying him for driving me."

"They're all alike, these Indian louts. You're not safe with any one of them."

"If that's true, Mr. Friel, it doesn't speak well for the white men. I'll take a chance on this Indian. Good day."

With that Marian resumed her seat in the car and signaled the driver to start. He did so after a fashion that presupposed he was glad to leave the vicinity. Marian sat back, just as glad as she imagined he was. The breeze was pleasant. The wide colored spaces beckoned. She was a little amazed at the heat running along and cooling out of her veins. How disgusting and irritating! That man, vain and wooden-headed and utterly lacking! Upon sober reflection Marian discerned that she resented most the insult to the Indian. She turned to him.

"Did you understand what that man said?"

"I savvy him. His head big stick with skin stretched over."

MARIAN was forced to admit that the Indian had discernment and originality. Then straightway she dismissed the irritation from her mind. The ride over the desert was all important. How far was she from Kaidab, from Oljato? Every speeding mile brought her closer to the home of Lo Blandy.

She whispered his Indian name over and over again, trying to accept it and make it familiar. She could not succeed. And every thought of him augmented a mounting consciousness of an ordeal to come, baffling and tremendous in its significance. Yet what sweetness of thrill, of strange fire and magic!

The gray clouds soon obscured the sun, and Marian again felt the chill of the wind. She bundled up once more. Her driver had turned off to the north from the Mesa road, and was following a depression of land, where Marian could not see far.

There was a stretch of sandy going, then a climb up a long slope that led to a level plateau, sparsely green with plants and monotonously gray with distance.

Here the Indian put the car to its limit of speed, too fast and too noisy for Marian's pleasure.

SOON a gray obscurity ahead turned out to be snow, a driving hard storm that put her to another test.

Burying her face in scarf and coat collar she crouched there and endured.

When the storm cleared away and the sun shone again they had reached a wide red basin, sand-sloped and walled in by low cliffs, now shining wet.

"O Little Town of Bethlehem"

By PHILLIPS BROOKS

OLITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep

The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth

The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years

Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,

While mortals sleep, the angels keep

Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together

Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,

And peace to men on earth.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;

Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.

We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;

Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

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At three o'clock the Indian brought his car to a halt before Red Sandy, a fortlike trading post located high upon an immense slope of sand. The traders, two young men, were as solicitous and kind as had been the Paxtons.

Marian was indeed glad to warm her frozen cheeks and ears and hands. The traders conducted her to a loft above their store. It was warm, and somehow peculiarly fitting and picturesque with its blankets and baskets and other Indian handiwork. The wind moaned weirdly outside. From the window of this house Marian had a wonderful view that fascinated and repelled her. How desolate and dreary! The immense basin appeared to spread to all points of the compass. Ponds of water glimmered under the lowering sky; vegetation was scanty. Following the horizon round towards the west, she suddenly beheld a dim purple-and-white dome. For long it held her gaze. It did not seem real, so deep was the purple, so ethereal the white.

"IS THAT a mountain?" she asked one of the traders.

"Shore is," he said. "That's old Nothisis Ahn. It's worshiped by the Indians."

Marian went back to the car, where the Indian sat waiting for her. Almost she resented this swift passage across the desert. It left no time for realization, let alone contemplation. One more moment she gave to Red Sandy. It had beauty, but how austere! There was no life, no movement. The silence was impressive.

On the way down across the sandy basin Marian espied dark riders approaching from around the bluff. She watched them grow until they met and passed her, two Indian men and one woman, riding shaggy ponies and packing blankets and sheepskins behind their saddles. The woman was heavy, garbed in loose, dirty garments, with dull, dark face and unkempt hair. It was only at a distance that these Indians looked picturesque.

Then there ensued an hour in which the car chugged over a sandy road, mostly uphill, with view restricted except on the eastern side. Here the long black flat mountain assumed nobler proportions. Bands of little horses dotted the gray-green rise of ground. An Indian rider appeared on the rim of a ridge, loping along, lending a touch of wildness and life to the scene.

PRESENTLY the driver called Marian's attention to a mound of earth with a dark hole leading into it. "Hogan—Indian house," he said.

How crude and primitive! Verily the wants and the comforts of the Indians must be few.

It was only from the high places, Marian came to learn, that the incredible openness and boundlessness of the desert could be grasped. And there came a ridge summit from which she could see afar, down and across a land of prairie, on to slowly rising bare waste that swept upward to purple and black heights. In another hour she learned that the black heights were forests of cedar and the purple ones were meadows of sage. Long before she reached these beautiful open patches of purple she became aware of a pervading fragrance in the air. It grew keener, stronger, sweeter. Marian recognized the odor of sage. How wild and strange, stifling almost, and wholly exhilarating!

If this long, twenty-mile upgrade of desert had not slowly grown from waste to verdure, from desolate, sinister badlands to noble heights of keen, sweet air and beautiful color, Marian would not have been prepared

for the next phase of this bewildering country. But she had been given time. She had grown with the miles, so that when the Indian driver sped his car down a steep break, round curve and corner, out of the forest into a changed world of stone, Marian was not utterly confounded.

The road stretched on through a long narrow pass, above which towered cliffs of red and gold and yellow, so lofty that she had to look almost straight up to see their rims. They seemed not to be cliffs, but stone

faces of mountains. Marian gazed upward until her eyes ached.

All too swiftly ran the car and all too short was that pass. It opened out upon ridged gray desert, with the black mesa on the right, zigzagging away to the eastward, and the red corrugated wall of stone on the left notching its bold skyline away to the north.

Ten more miles of travel removed both ramparts far to either side, and another hill-top gave Marian her first sight of Kaidab. Her letters, her gifts to Lo Blandy had been sent to this trading post. All she saw was several low, flat, stone houses. A crude and dreary habitation! Yet no splendid spectacle

of the whole long ride had given Marian the thrill that now shot over her.

IV

CLOSE at hand, Kaidab trading post showed striking aspects of life and activity. Marian looked and looked with mounting delight and wonder.

First, there were a number of the shaggy Indian ponies, unaltered, standing with uplifted heads and black rolling eyes glancing askance on the mail carrier's car. Several were without saddles, having blankets tied on their backs; one was of a cream color, almost pink, with strange light eyes and wonderful long mane and tail; most of them were a reddish bay in color; and there was a fiery little black that took Marian's eye.

Huge bags of burlap containing wool were being packed into a wagon by Indian freighters. And Indians were lounging around, leaning against the stone wall of the trading post. The look of them somehow satisfied Marian. Raven black hair, impassive faces of bronze, eyes of night, lean and erect figures clad in velvet and corduroy, with glints of silver and bead ornament—these circumstances of appearance came somewhere near fitting Marian's rather sentimental anticipations.

Before the open front of one building, evidently a storehouse, other Indians were packing wool in the long sacks, a laborious task, to judge from their efforts to hold the sack erect and stamp down the wool. The whole interior of this open house appeared hung and littered with harness, rope, piles of white sacks, piles of wool and skins. The odor of sheep struck Marian rather disagreeably.

THE sun was hot and fell glaringly upon the red blankets. Flies buzzed everywhere. And at least a dozen lean, wild-looking and inquisitive-eyed dogs sniffed around Marian. Not one of them wagged its tail. White men in shirt sleeves, with sweaty faces and hands begrimed, were working over a motor car as dilapidated as the mail carrier's.

Two Indian women, laden with bundles, came out of the open door of the trading post. The elder woman was fat and pleasant-faced. She wore loose, flowing garments, gaudy in color, and silver necklaces, and upon her back she carried a large bundle



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or box. When she passed, Marian caught a glimpse of a dark little baby face peering out of a hole in that box. The younger female was probably a daughter, and she was not uncomely in appearance. Something piquant and bright haunted her smooth dark face. She was slender. She had little feet incased in brown moccasins. She wore what Marian thought was velveteen, and her silver ornaments were studded with crude blue stones. She glanced shyly at Marian.

A sturdily built, keen-eyed man stalked out of the post, with a hand on the Indian mail carrier's shoulder. He wore a vest over a flannel shirt, but no coat or hat. His boots were rough and dusty.

"TAKE her bags in," he said to the Indian. Then, at his near approach, Marian felt herself scanned by a gaze at once piercing and kindly. "Glad to welcome you, Miss Warner," he said. "I'm John Withers."

Marian followed him into the yard beside the trading post, where somewhat in the background stood a low, squat, picturesque stone house with roof of red earth. Withers ushered her into a wonderful room that seemed to flash Indian color and design at her. Blankets on floor and couch, baskets on mantel and wall, and a strange painted frieze of Indian figures, crude, elemental, striking—these lent the room its atmosphere.

A bright fire blazed in the open stone fireplace. Books and comforts were not lacking. This room opened into a long dining room, with the same ornamental Indian effects. And from it ran a hallway remarkable for its length and the variety and color of its decorations.

Marian's quick eyes had only time for one look when a woman of slight stature and remarkable face entered. "Welcome to Kaidab, Miss Warner," she said warmly, with extended hands. "We're happy to meet you. We hope you will stay long."

"Thank you, Mrs. Withers; you're very kind. I—I am very glad to get here," replied Marian, just a little confused and nervous.

"You've had a long, cold ride. And you're red with dust. Oh, I know that ride. I took it first twenty-five years ago on horseback."

WHILE washing and changing her dusty clothes, Marian pondered over her singular impressions of Mrs. Withers. She was no ordinary woman. For some reason not apparent to Marian her hostess had a strong personal regard for her. Marian had intuitively felt this. Besides she must have been a woman used to welcoming strangers to this wild frontier. Marian sensed something of the power she had felt in women of high position, as they met their guests; only in the case of Mrs. Withers it was a simplicity of power, a strange unconscious dignity, spiritual rather than material. But Marian did not spend much time in making herself comfortable, nor in conjecturing about Mrs. Withers. She felt drawn to this woman. She divined news, strange portents, unknown possibilities, all of which hurried her back to the living room. Mrs. Withers was there waiting for her. "How sweet and fair you are!" she exclaimed, with an admiring glance at Marian's face. "We don't see your kind out here. The desert is hard on blondes."

"So I imagine," replied Marian. "I'll not long remain 'Benow di Cleash.' Is that pronounced correctly?"

Mrs. Withers laughed. "Well, I understand you. Let us sit down." She led the way to the couch. "We'll have to talk our secrets at odd moments. Somebody is always bobbing in. First, I want to tell you two things that I know will make us friends."

"I hope so—believe so," returned Marian, trying to hold her calm.

"LISTEN. All my life I've been among the Indians," said Mrs. Withers in her low voice. "I loved Indians when I was a child. I've been here in this wild country for many years. It takes years of kindness and study to understand the Indian. These Indians here have come to care for me. They have given me a name. They believe me, trust me. They call on me to settle disputes, to divide property left by their dead, to tell their troubles. I have learned their dreams, their religion, their prayers and legends and poetry, their medicine, the meaning of their dances. And the more I learn of them the more I love and respect them. Indians are not what they appear to most white people. They are children of nature. They have noble hearts and beautiful minds. They have criminals among them, but in much less proportion than have the white race. The song of Hiawatha is true—true for all Indians. They live in a mystic world of enchantment, peopled by spirits, voices, music, whisperings of God and of immortality. They

are as simple as little children. They personify everything. With them all is symbolic."

Mrs. Withers paused a moment, her eloquent eyes riveted upon Marian.

"For a good many years this remote part of the Indian country was far out of the way of white men. Thus the demoralization and degradation of the Indian were retarded, so far as this particular tribe is concerned. This Nopah tribe is the proudest, most intelligent, most numerous, and the wealthiest tribe left in the United States. So-called civilization has not yet reached Kaidab. But it is coming. I feel the next few years will go hard with the Indian, perhaps decide his fate."

"Oh, there seems no hope?" murmured Marian.

"There indeed seems none, if you look at it intelligently and mercilessly. But I look at this question as the Indian looks at everything. He begins his prayer: 'Let all be well with me,' and he ends it: 'Now all is well with me.' He feels; he trusts. There really is a God. If there were not I would be an infidel. Life on the desert magnifies all. I want you to let me help you to understand the Indian—for the sake of your happiness."

Marian could not voice her surprise. A tremor ran over her.

"NOPAHIE showed me your picture—told me about you," went on Mrs. Withers with an exquisite softness of voice. "Ah, do not be shocked! It was well for him that he confided in me. I met him the day he returned here from the East. I remembered him. I knew him as a boy, a little shepherd who refused to leave his flock in a sandstorm. I know the place where he was born."

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Harvest Song

By

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

LONG ago, in the silver spring,
Love went out sowing the seed
Over the broadest fields of earth.

Give thanks, my people!

Under the light of the widest sky
Power strove with drought and
weed.

Now is the golden autumn come.

Come to the feast, my friends.

Joy will gather the yellow corn—

Gather the crimson apples in;

Joy has gathered the purple grapes.

Give thanks, my people!

Full be the heart with harvesting,

Full as the proudest barn or bin.

Near at hand is the time of rest.

Come to the feast, my friends.

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I know the sage where he was stolen. I knew the horse thief who stole him. I knew the woman who took him east and put him in school. But Nophaie did not remember me. He went out to the sage slopes of Nothis Ahn, and when he rode back he had not his white man's clothes, or speech, or name. He was Nophaie. And he rode here now and then. The Indians told me about him. He is a chief who wants to help them in a white man's way. But the Indians want him to be a medicine man. Well, I saw his trouble, and when he came here I talked. I helped him with his own language. It returned but slowly. I saw his unhappiness. And in the end he told me about you, showed me your picture, confessed his love."

Marian covered her burning face with trembling hands.

"Marian, do not be ashamed of Nophaie's love," went on Mrs. Withers appealingly. "No one else knows. John suspects, but is not sure. I understand you, feel with you—and I know more; you'd not be here if you did not love Nophaie."

"Of—course I love—him," said Marian unsteadily as she uncovered her face. "You misunderstand. I'm not ashamed. It's just the shock of hearing—knowing—the suddenness of your disclosure."

Gathering courage, and moved by an intense and perfect assurance of sympathy, Marian briefly told Mrs. Withers of her romance with Nophaie, and then of her condition in life and her resolve to have her fling at freedom, to live a while in the West and, in helping the Indians, perhaps find something of happiness.

"AH! YOU will grieve, but you will also be wonderfully happy," replied Mrs. Withers. "As for Nophaie, you will save him. His heart was breaking; and when an Indian's heart breaks, he dies. I kept track of Nophaie. He had a remarkable career in college. He was a splendid student and a great athlete. I've heard that Nophaie's father was a marvelous runner. And he carried the Testing Stone of the braves the farthest for generations. But what good Nophaie's education and prowess will do out here is a question. He must learn to be an Indian. Eighteen years away made him more white than red. He will never go back to the white man's life. Marian, I wonder—does that worry you? Be honest with me."

"No; I would not want him to go back," replied Marian.

"And you said you had no near and dear ties?" queried Mrs. Withers, with her magnetic eyes on Marian's.

"None very near or dear."

"And you were sick of artificial life, of the modern customs, of all that —"

"Indeed I was," interrupted Marian.

"And you really have a longing to go back to simple and outdoor ways?"

"Longing!" exclaimed Marian, almost with passion, carried out of self-control by this woman's penetrating power to thrill her. "I—I don't know what it is. But I think under my fair skin—I'm a savage."

"And you have some money?"

"I'm not rich, but I'm not poor either."

"You love Nophaie, as you're sure you could never love another man, a white man?"

"I—I LOVE him terribly," whispered Marian. "How can I foretell the future—any possible love—again? But I hate the very thought. Oh, I had it put to me often enough lately. Marriage for money or convenience—for a home, for children, for anything but love? No, no; not for me!"

"And will you marry Nophaie?"

Marian uttered a little gasp. Again it was not shame that sent the prickling hot blood to her cheeks, but a liberation of emotion

she had restrained. This blunt and honest woman called to her very depths.

"Nophaie is an Indian," Mrs. Withers went on. "But he's a man. I never saw a finer man, white or red. I think you're a fortunate girl. To love and be loved, to live in this desert, to see its wildness and grandeur, to learn of it from an Indian, to devote your energies to a noble cause. I hope you see the truth."

"I don't see very clearly, but I believe you," replied Marian. "You express something vague and deep in me, that wants to come out. I ought not forget to tell you—Nophaie never asked me to—to marry him."

"WELL, it wasn't because he didn't want to, believe me," returned the older woman. "I've seen some lovelorn Indians in my day, but Nophaie had it worst. What do you think you'll do—send for him or ride out to his home?"

"I—I'd rather meet him out—away somewhere in the desert," replied Marian in thoughtful perplexity. "But would that be—be right? It's so unheard of—this thing I'm doing. I want to do it. The strongest feelings in me sanction it. But I'm sensitive; I don't want people to know. Oh, it's the cowardice and deceit of my kind."

"Certainly it'll be all right. John will take you to meet Nophaie," rejoined Mrs. Withers warmly. "And no one, except John and I, will be in the secret. We'll tell the men and everyone who happens along that you've come out to work among the Indians."

At that juncture Withers came tramping into the room. "Well, miss, a Pahute Indian just rode in. He saw Nophaie this morning and talked with him. I thought you'd be glad to hear that."

"What did he tell you?" queried Marian eagerly.

"He said Nophaie was with the sheep. It's lambing time out there. Nophaie was a great shepherd boy. This Pahute laughed and said: 'Nophaie forgets his white mind and goes back to the days of his youth.' I think all the Indians feel joy over Nophaie's renunciation of the white man's life."

"May I take a look at this Pahute?" asked Marian.

"Shore. Come on. I'll introduce you," replied Withers with a laugh.

"Yes, go out with him," interposed Mrs. Withers. "I must see about dinner."

"I DON'T want to be introduced or have this Pa—Pahute see I'm interested," said Marian to Withers as they passed out of the house. "I think it's a matter of sentiment. I just want to—to look at the Indian who saw Nophaie this very day."

"I was only joking, Miss Warner," returned Withers seriously. "This Pahute is a bad Indian. He's got a record. He's killed white men and Indians both."

He led Marian through the back of the gray stone house into the store. The center of this large room was a stone-floored square, walled off from the spacious and crowded shelves by high counters. Indians were leaning against these counters. Marian saw locks of raven black hair, straggling from under dusty crumpled black sombreros. She saw the flash of silver buckles and ornaments. She heard the clink of silver money and low voices, in which the syllable predominating sounded like "toa" and "taa." All these Indians had their backs turned to Marian and appeared to be making purchases of the white man behind the counter. Piles of Indian blankets covered the ends of the counters. Back of them on the shelves were a variety of colored dry goods and canned foods and boxes and jars. From the

Your Christmas List

should include some subscriptions for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Such a gift is highly appropriate, sure to be welcome and easy to give. Yet it costs only \$1.50. To each friend we mail cost free a beautiful gift announcement in your name.

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ceiling hung saddles, bridles, lanterns, lassos—a numberless assortment of articles salable to Indians.

"Here's your Pahute," said Withers, pointing from the doorway out into the open. "Not very pretty, is he?"

Marian peeped out from behind the trader to see a villainous looking little Indian, black almost, round-faced, big-nosed, with the boldest, hardest look she had ever seen on a human being's face. He wore a high-crowned, conical-shaped sombrero, with a wide, stiff brim. It was as black as his hair and ornamented with bright beads. His garb consisted of a soiled velvet or corduroy shirt and trousers of blue jeans. His silver-dotted belt held a heavy gun. A shiny, broad, silver bracelet circled a sinewy wrist, from which hung a leather quirt. Altogether this Indian was not a pleasant and reassuring sight for the eyes of a city girl new on the desert. Yet he fascinated Marian.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked Withers, smiling.

"I'm not especially taken with him," replied Marian with a grimace. "I prefer to see him at a distance. But he looks—like ——"

"Like the real thing. You bet he is. But to give the devil his due, this Pahute hasn't done a mean or vicious thing since Nophaie came back. The Indians tell me Nophaie has talked good medicine to him."

"What is this medicine?" asked Marian.

"The Indians make medicine out of flowers, roots, bark, herbs, and use it for ills the same as white people do. But medicine also means prayer, straight talk, mystic power of the medicine men of the tribe and their use of sand paintings."

"What are they?"

"When the medicine man comes to visit a sick Indian he makes paintings on a flat rock with different colored sands. He paints his message to the Great Spirit. These paintings are beautiful and artistic. But few

white people have ever seen them. And the wonderful thing is that the use of them nearly always cures the sick Indian."

"Then Nophaie has begun to help his people?"

"He shore has. Do you want me to send a message or letter to Nophaie by this Pahute? He'll ride out tomorrow."

"No; I'd rather go myself," replied Marian. "Mrs. Withers said you'd take me. Will you be so kind?"

"I shore'll take you," he rejoined. "I've got some sheep out that way, and other interests. It's a long ride for a tenderfoot. When would you like to start?"

"Just as soon as you can."

"Day after tomorrow then. But don't set your heart on surprising Nophaie. It can't be done."

"Why? If we tell no one?"

"Things travel ahead of you in this desert. It seems the very birds carry news. Some Indian will see us on the way, ride past us, or tell another Indian. And it'll get to Nophaie before we do."

"What will get to Nophaie?"

"Word that trader Withers is riding west with Benow di Cleash. Shore won't that make Nophaie think?"

"He'll know," said Marian tensely.

"Shore. And he'll ride to meet you. I'll take you over the Pahute trail. You'll be the first white person except myself ever to ride it. You must have nerve, girl."

"Must I? Oh, my vaunted confidence! My foolish little vanity! Mr. Withers, I'm scared of it all—the bigness, the strangeness of this desert, of what I must do."

"Shore you are; that's only natural. Begin right now. Use your eyes and sense. Don't worry. Take things as they come. Make up your mind to stand them. All will be well."

(Continued in the December Home Journal)