

T H E L A D I E S ' HOME JOURNAL

Massachusetts
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Va Dec 23



*The
First Robin*

*Painted for The Ladies' Home Journal
By Maud Tousey Fangel*

Beginning **THE HAWKEYE:** A SEQUEL TO VANDEMARK'S FOLLY
By Herbert Quick

MARCH, 1923

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(Continued from Page 225)

Spring Sayings

took away my modish long skirt and substituted something that barely cleared my knees. I could have screamed because of the change—and I did.

" . . . They are still putting it on me. After I have set the style for every other woman in this house, they take advantage of my helplessness and make me wear what they won't wear themselves. I must learn to talk as soon as possible so I can tell them what I think of them."

—ARTHUR H. FOLWELL.

UNSELFISH service is not always given its due. For example, if it were not for the first worm, the first robin might have a hungry time of it.

Now comes a critical period in the life of every flapper; when it's too late for winter furs and too soon for summer ones.

March winds and April showers may with luck produce May flowers, but they never fail to bring forth the family medicine chest.

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"ALWAYS ROCKS AND WALLS OF STONE WILL HAVE SAD SIGNIFICANCE FOR ME"

The Vanishing American

By ZANE GREY

Illustrations by Frank Street

This is the story of the great American desert; of the love of a cultured girl from the East and a college-bred Indian who has gone back to his people. After he returns to his native environment, Nophaie, the Indian, writes Marian Warner, whom he had met and loved, to come and help his people. She goes, but finds Nophaie somewhat changed. He tells her he has no faith; that the religion of the white man fails and the faith of the Indian has somehow been lost to him. Marian is shocked. She tells him she will bring him back to the white man's religion. Nophaie tells her of her difficulties to come from intrigues by the government agents. They agree to meet clandestinely, to escape trouble with the suspicious agents. At one of these meetings Marian tells Nophaie of the temptations and dangers that beset Gekin Yashi, a very pretty Indian girl at the government school. She tells him that Gekin Yashi loves him. Nophaie gets the girl away from the school and hides her with an honorable Indian family in a distant cañon fastness. Immediately Blucher, the superintendent, and Morgan, the missionary, suspect Nophaie and Marian. Gekin Yashi is found by the government agents. Later one of the Indians is killed by Blucher's police. They also try to kill Nophaie, but Nophaie gets the confession of the man who tried to kill him and finding Blucher and Morgan together threatens to kill them. Marian saves them from death by telling Nophaie that she loves him; that she will marry him and help him save his people. Nophaie, however, cannot resist giving each of the men a terrible beating; then, with a word of caution to Marian, he rides away.

XIV

DEEP in the cañoned recesses of the rock-ribbed earth, far beneath the white dome of Nothis Ahn, Nophaie established his refuge in one of the almost inaccessible niches of his Cañon of Silent Walls. He had packed supplies in from Kaidab and had left the post with an arrangement whereby any letters from Marian, and more supplies, would be sent once a month by a trusted Pahute.

Nophaie held dear to heart and conscience Marian's appeal that he would not become a murderer, and, it seemed, the only way he could escape spilling blood was to hide himself in the cañons, there to spend the winter months and to wait. He had little fear of Blucher's hired policemen finding him here. Long before they could get near the only entrance to the Cañon of Silent Walls they would have lost any possible trace of him. Between his retreat and the upland plateau

of Nothis Ahn lay many miles of labyrinthine cañons, and the great western roll of the Marching Rocks. There was no trail over these hills of marble. The smooth wind-worn slopes left no trace of hoofs or of moccasins. Many were the perilous precipices along which wound the only course over this range of wind-carved mounds. The last Pahute hogan stood on the cedared brow of the upland slope, thirty miles away in an air line, three days of exceedingly toilsome travel up and ever upward out of the rocky depths.

Nophaie penetrated to the farthestmost corner of one of the cañoned wings of the valley; and here, where the foot of white man had never trodden, under gleaming white walls lifting to the sky, he pitched his camp. It was a place of all places for the lonely Indian. The upland country was now in the grip of winter. Down here the grass and moss were still green; the willow and oak leaves had thinned out—yet many were left, fluttering gold in the sunlight, and the cottonwoods tenaciously clung to their autumn hues. Flowers still bloomed on the benches where the sun lingered longest. Bees and beetles buzzed throughout the noonday hours, and from the high niches and crannies pealed down the sweet, strange, piercing twitter of the cañon swift, a bird that pitched downward like the gleam of an arrow.

Nophaie had reasoned that if there was anything to help him now in his extremity it was communion with his soul and mastery of his physical self here in the shadow of these lonely silent walls. If arrest for assault threatened him out there on the reservation he could not long have gone on working among his people. Besides, more than arrest surely threatened him. The wound from Noki's treacherous bullet had scarcely healed. Thus there were several reasons why it was well for him to hide, to be alone, to await some mystic

issue that was written. He would escape his enemies; he would be free of the cold winter that bound all Indians to their hogans; he could live in utter freedom here in this beautiful valley; he could dream and think the hours away, facing his soul, finding himself, growing away from that fierce hatred, realizing some melancholy happiness in the sweetness of love for Benow di Cleash.

Nophaie's valley resembled somewhat the shape of an octopus, except that the main body was narrow and crooked, and the arms extended far and winding. Innumerable ramifications on a lesser scale cut into the cliff walls everywhere. The great carved arm that cut deep into the bulk of Nothis Ahn was a tremendous cañon in itself, lofty walled at its head, opening wide at its juncture with the main body, margined by wondrous shining smooth walls waved like billows, red and yellow in hue. Through this cañon ran the stream of water, and its course was one of ruggedness. That stream in flood, swollen by suddenly melting snows on the mountain, had cut a deep and devious gorge, and had carried a million boulders on its way. It had dug a dry river bed of rocks. Gravel bars, sand bars hid their white surfaces amid the boulders, and cottonwood trees stood up among them, and willows shaded them. Thickets of reeds and matted brush and long coarse-bladed grass made impenetrable barriers to the wilder recesses. This cañon showed most the forces of the elements, and it was a wilderness.

NOPHAIE seemed driven to explore, to seek, to search, to climb, especially to climb for a height that was unattainable, but to which he must aspire. All Indians love lofty places, and Nophaie was like an eagle in his love of the lonely crag and the wide outlook. Rest and calm returned to him, and then the days seemed to merge into one another, to glide on and on toward a nameless and wished-for end, an unveiling of the future.

The day had been unusually warm for that time of year. At sunset, when Nophaie climbed the high, cone-shaped knoll in the amphitheater of the valley, there was still heat on the smooth rock. He felt it through his moccasins, and

when in climbing he touched it with his bare hand the contact was pleasant. A partially overcast sky and an absence of wind had kept out the cool air from off the mountain. He reached the round summit and there he reclined. Bees or beetles went humming past him, evidently on a line toward the higher cedared part of the valley.

The overcast sky broke but slightly in the west, and that only enough to send a faint rose color to the tips of the great white towers. Through the gap to the north Nophaie saw the dim purple rim of a distant mesa. The long slow twilight was one of the strange and beautiful features of this Cañon of Silent Walls. Sunset came early because the insulation walls stood up so loftily that before the day was done they hid the westering sun. So the waning light lingered long.

BEFORE darkness enveloped the valley he descended from the knoll, walking on a long slant, sure-footed as a sheep, sliding here and there, down and down into the boulder-strewn ravine, where indeed night had fallen. There beside the stream he was halted by sounds he had not heard before, the strange croaking of cañon frogs. The unusually warm day had brought summer again to the denizens of the cañon. With the cool night wind these songs of belated summer ceased, and Nophaie heard them no more.

But that little he had heard was good for him. While he sat there on a huge boulder the night fell black. He felt the sadness and tranquillity of the hour, and realized that many such hours must be his, out of which might come some alleviation of his sorrow.

Above him the rounded wavy lines of the knolls loomed dark, and beyond them towered the cañon walls with crags against the sky. No blaze of stars illumined the heavens. There was no blue. From the shadow under him there rose a sweet music—tinkle and babble and murmur and splashing and gurgling of swift water over stones. It accentuated the loneliness and silence of this isolated rent in the earth. Nophaie's people and the world of white men seemed far away and not necessary for him at that hour.

His emotions gradually grew deep and full. That bitter and hateful mood of the past slowly lost its hold on him. Noble thoughts began to form in his mind. His work left undone, his duty to his people, his responsibility to a white woman who had blessed him with love must be taken up again as the only rewards of his life. Emotion uplifted Nophaie and intelligence combated selfishness. Yet always sadness dominated, an ineradicable sadness now because there had come to him a tremendous realization of the mastery and tragedy of Nature.

BUT strangely a hope seemed gestating in his soul, trying to be born. More and more he felt its stirring deep within him. It was like that fleeting conception of aboriginal man he sometimes caught when he narrowed his eyelids and looked at Nature as if he were the first human to evolve. It was as ephemeral as the moment in which he felt but did not think. It had to do altogether with the physical. In Nature then was not only the secret, but also salvation for him, if any were possible.

He was sitting up high in the center of the amphitheater, and the hour of sunset was nigh. An intense hue of gold crowned all the rounded rims and domes that faced the west, out of which poured a glory of sunset light. High on the white towers of rock the gold was red; higher still on the snow of Nothis Ahn it was rose. Away across the gap of the valley, northward, loomed up the great mesa, veiled in lilac haze.

The beauty and the glory might have existed only in Nophaie's mind, but they were tangible things. The light fell golden upon his hand. All the valley was full of luminous glow, moving, changing, rays and shadows. An eagle, bow winged and black against the luminosity of the sky, swept flashing like a streak of darkened light,

to plunge into the purple depths beyond the walls. Nophaie knew not the prayer to say there upon his rounded altar of rock, but he breathed one of his own:

*"Glory of sun at dying day,
Beauty of cloud in the sky,
Splendor of light on the crag,
Passionless god of nature,
Make me as thou.
Lend me thy gift.
Teach me thy secret,
Give me thy spirit."*

*"Eagle of the marvelous flight,
Shade of the purple height,
Ray and veil and mystic glow,
Blue of heaven and rose of snow,
Come to Nophaie."*

*"Come all things of heaven and earth,
Come out of west and north and east,
Come from the blowing wind,
Come from without the silent walls
To the lost and lonely soul,
And call me thine."*

Nophaie turned to face the east, the sacred direction of the sun worshiper. Grandeur of the west must be reflected in the east. Rounded rocks, waved on high, billowing higher to the rims, in velvet tones of crimson and lavender, heaved to the loftier walls. Where the setting sun struck the wall faces in full light it painted them a vivid orange red. Deep shadows made sharp contrast. Crevices and lines of cleavage hid their purple mystery from the blaze of the sun. They lifted the golden surfaces, contoured them with edge of violet. The Cañon of Silent Walls had been flooded with transforming hues. It shone upon a thousand surfaces of gold and red, with undertones of steps, leading up and up, stairway of the gods, to the castellated towers above. Gray towers, white towers, tinged with gold, rugged and spired, crowned this horizon wall of rock, and led Nophaie's gaze onward to the south where the grand north wall of Nothis Ahn was emblazoned with the cataclysmic scars of ages.

WALL columnar as the rolling lofty cloud of the sky! Nophaie gazed upward, lost in contemplation. And while he gazed the sun went on with its miracle of transfiguration—life of color, spirit of glory, symbol of eternal change! This enchantment of a moment was the smile of Nature.

Nophaie pictured the wondrous scene from above; he imagined he had the eye of the soaring eagle. Underneath that strong vision lay the dark cañons, the red knolls, the golden walls, a broken world of waved bare stone. High on one of the rounded hills of rock stood a lonely, statuesque figure of man, the Indian, Nophaie, strange, pitifully little, a quivering atom among the colossal monuments of inanimate nature. He was the mystery of life thrown against that stark background of the age-old earth. Like a shipwrecked mariner on his spar-strewn, sinking deck the Indian gazed up at the solid and enduring mountain. Bright stone face of light! Silent wall with a thousand walls!

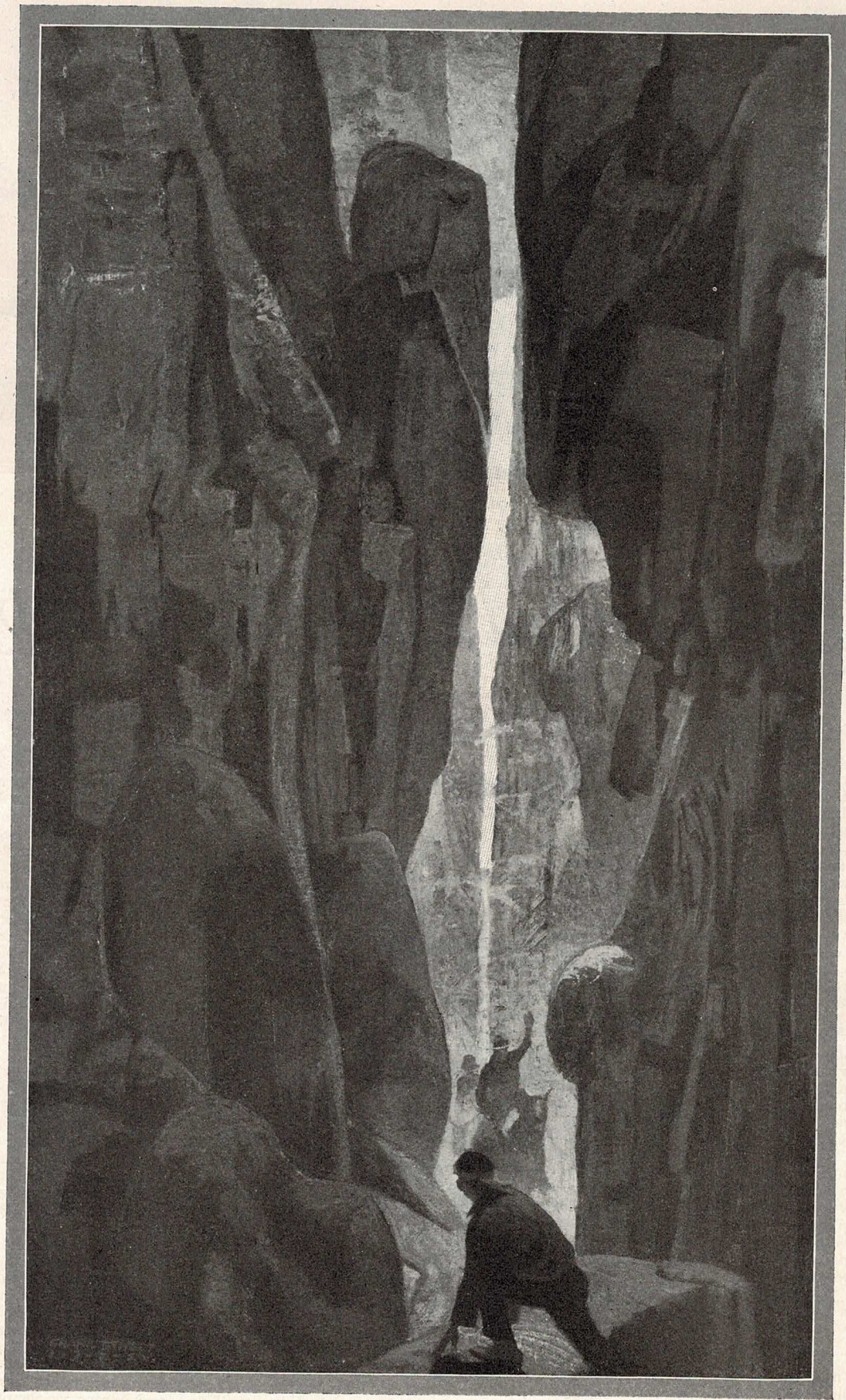
Days passed into weeks, and time was naught. The north wind roared on Nothis Ahn and storm clouds lodged there, black, with dropping gray veils. But down in the Cañon of Silent Walls there was neither winter cold nor wind. Nophaie sought the sunny walls and dreamed in their reflected heat. Only one arm of the cañon still remained unexplored, and he had left that for some task of energy and action to fall back upon when his spirit ebbed low.

ONE day, from far down the cañon, pealed and echoed the call of an Indian. It startled Nophaie. He had forgotten the Pahute whom Withers was to send with supplies. He had forgotten that and more. Surely there would be news of the world beyond these silent walls, of the reservation and of the affairs at Mesa; last and most desired, word from Benow di Cleash.

Nophaie ran. It was with the fleetness of an Indian, but the gladness of a white man. Almost he scorned that eagerness, that strange knocking at his heart. The solitude he had sought seemed to stand out clearer now, an enemy to his intelligence. Lonely cañons were abodes for barbarians, savages, Indians, not for men with developed thought. The work of white men should ever be to help the increasing progress of the world toward better life. But he was not a white man. As he ran his thoughts multiplied.

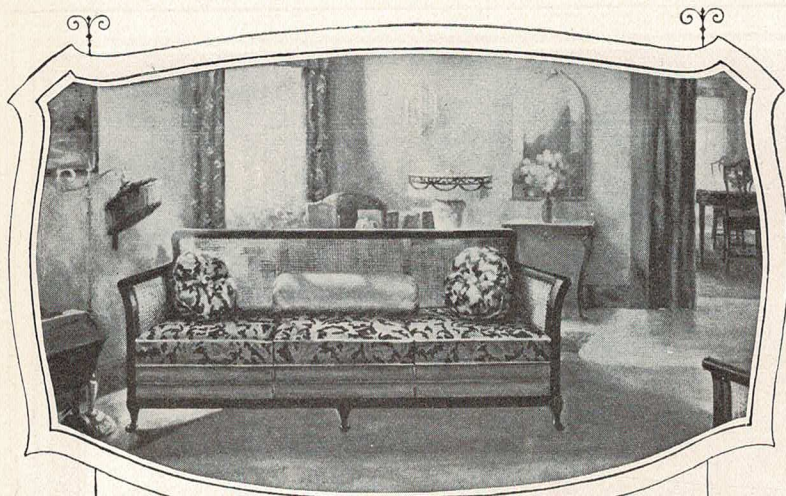
He found the Pahute in the main arm of the cañon. He had brought a pack mule heavily laden. Nophaie led him to his camp, and there unpacked the mule and cooked a meal for the Indian, and learned from him that white policemen had sought him all over the reservation and had returned to Mesa. No other news had the Pahute.

The Pahute left early in the afternoon, saying he wanted to get over the Marching Rocks before nightfall. Nophaie was again alone. Yet how different the loneliness now! There were



A LOUD CALL AWOKE THE DROWSY ECHOES OF THE SILENT CAÑON. NOPHAIE RAN TO THE GATEWAY BETWEEN THE WALLS. HE SAW HORSES, MULES WITH PACKS, AN INDIAN

(Continued on Page 94)



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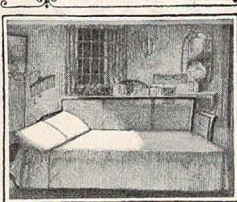
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The Vanishing American

(Continued from Page 25)

packets and packages in that pile of supplies which, despite their outside wrappings of burlap and paper, did not bear the hall mark of an Indian trader. Nophaie felt rich. It struck him significantly that he was unutterably glad. But was it not a certainty of messages from Marian? That assuredly, yet he could not be sure it was all. Unpacking the heavier parcels first, Nophaie found that the trader had added considerable to the monthly order. Then there was a bundle of lighter weight, more carefully packed, and inside was a tag upon which was written in English, "Merry Christmas from Withers' outfit." It was Christmas Day. Nophaie tried to be annoyed at this, but he could not, and he found that what irritated him was the happy greeting in English.

"I am an Indian," muttered Nophaie. Yet he did not speak that in the Indian language. "Christmas gifts and greetings," he added, "and I am glad." Indian or not, he could not help his feelings. It was kind of the Withers family to remember the educated Indian in his lonely solitude.

HE FOUND tobacco, matches, chocolate, raisins, chewing gum, a clasp knife, a little hand ax, a large piece of tanned buckskin with needles and thread, and woolen socks and a flannel shirt. Withers had guessed his needs and had added luxuries.

Then with hasty fingers Nophaie opened the smallest packet, that he somehow knew was from Marian. Inside the heavy paper was more paper, and inside that waterproof cloth, and inside this a silken scarf all neatly folded round a soft, flat object.

Nophaie unfolded the scarf to behold a large, clean, thick white envelope upon which had been written one word: "Nophaie."

Marian's handwriting! A thrill went over him. There were illusions, but also there were realities. No moment of life that did not bring happiness to some mortal!

He put the letter aside and opened the second packet, larger, flatter, more strongly wrapped, incased in pasteboard. He expected to find a photograph and was not disappointed. But before he opened the cover, out dropped an envelope containing snapshot pictures of Marian taken at Mesa with her own camera. The best picture was one of her riding the white mustang he had given her. They were all good, yet not one of them seemed like the image he had in memory. The desert was hard on Marian. But when Nophaie opened the large envelope he saw a beautiful likeness of the fair face he loved and remembered so well. This was a fine photograph, taken in Philadelphia, probably some time after he had left the East.

"Benow di Cleash!" he murmured, and all the white flowerlike fairness seemed to flash in a beautiful light from that pictured face. Gazing, he forgot everything for a while.

WHEN he went back to his packages he found books, magazines, late newspapers, pads and pencils and envelopes, a small hunter's sewing kit, a box of medicines, bandages, candy, nuts and cakes and, last of all, a watch with radium numerals, and a buckskin fob decorated with Nopah buttons. She had not forgotten to include in all this loving munificence some token of the Indian. That thrilled him as nothing else had.

One by one he handled these gifts and pondered over the effect they had upon him. Beyond peradventure of doubt these established the connection between him and the world of white people. Eighteen years of his life, the forming and fixing period, had

developed to such things as these, and not to those of the red man. He might starve naked in a cave of the cañons, with nothing representative of the white race near him, but that could not change facts. He loved Marian Warner. Her gifts made him happy. The isolated solitudes of the desert were good for his soul and body, but they could never wholly satisfy. He carried her letter to his favorite resting place before he read it.

XV

AS SOON as Nophaie had reached his favorite resting and dreaming place, he opened the last package from Marian and started to read her message. Then, moved by an unaccountable impulse, he raised his eyes and looked about him. This place was a strange one, a narrow section of cañon where the west wall leaned to meet the cavernous eastern wall, the lofty red rims of which showed a blue ribbon of sky above. Here the cañon turned sharply to the left and then to the right, giving a strange impression of stupendous leaning walls.

At the base of the cavernous cliff ran the murmuring stream of clear green water. Banks of moss and grass stood out from the wall, dry, odorous and gray. The leaves of the cottonwoods were not yet devoid of their autumn hue. Nophaie gazed on the familiar scene from his accustomed seat and then with mounting beat of heart once more turned to Marian's letter. Was he really there, a lonely, outcast Nopah in the solitude of a silent cañon, holding in his hands the letter of a noble and loving woman of a hated race?

Dearest Nophaie: Greetings on your Christmas Day! I could not be happy without sending to you my greeting, and love, and my gifts. May these find you well. May they assure you at least of the constancy of Benow di Cleash. I shall not be able, even on Christmas Day, to believe wholly in the spirit, "Peace on earth—good will to men." Not when the one I love, who I know is worthy, lies hidden in the wilds, persecuted by men of my color!

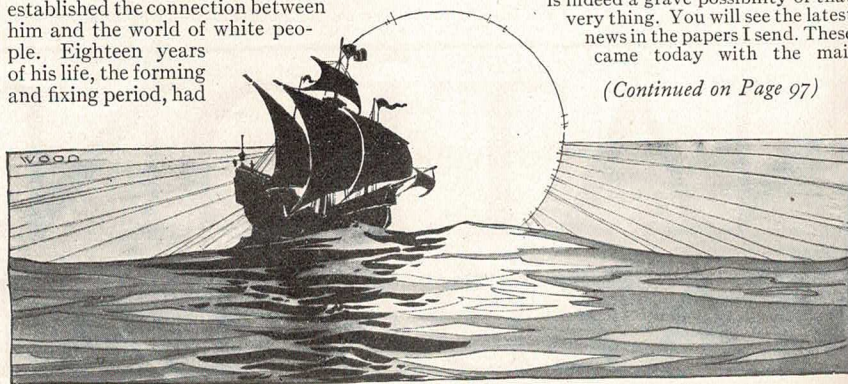
If I could write you a whole volume I would never be able to crowd in all. My dismissal came quite some time after your visit. In fact, I ran the office until Blucher and Morgan came out of seclusion. Then I got the "steam roller" all right, and without my month's pay! I'm grateful for that, because it gives me an excuse to go back to the office, which I have done regularly since I came here to stay with the Paxtons. They are very kind to me and allow me to pay my board. I help in the trading store sometimes, and thus I keep up my study of the Indians. Here I get another angle on the reservation.

As far as I am able to tell, nothing has yet leaked out in Mesa about that football match you had with Blucher and Morgan. I will never get over that day. Never will I trust myself again. If you were an Indian, I was a savage. I just swelled and tingled and burned with fiendish glee every time you kicked one of the—footballs. My only regret rises from the fact that I never saw you play real football in the college games that made you famous.

My last interview with Blucher and Morgan was a nightmare. Blucher was poison. Morgan tried to intimidate me and drive me off the reservation. He said—but never mind what he said. The Indian police have returned from their search for you, I imagine. You will do well to lie low for a while. There is a seething volcano under this particular part of the reservation. The Woltersons expect dismissal any day. All communication to Woltersson comes through the superintendent.

I suspect that Blucher is greatly concerned about the possibility of the United States being drawn into war with Germany. There is indeed a grave possibility of that very thing. You will see the latest news in the papers I send. These came today with the mail

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The Vanishing American

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carrier from Flagerstown. Read them carefully. You may be a Nopah, but you are also an American, one of the truest of Americans, the red-blooded species! German militarism threatens not only the peace of the world, but also the freedom. If war is declared I trust you will tell the truth to every Nopah on this reservation. For I absolutely know that Blucher will oppose any Indian help to the United States Army. I read a letter he wrote to a German in New York. He was typing it himself, and when someone called him I read it. If I could only have secured a copy of it or have remembered it. But I was excited, shocked. Blucher is all German. If war is declared the situation here on this reservation will be a terrible one. Think how to meet that Nophaie.

I have seen Gekin Yashi but once. She was in the schoolyard near the fence as I passed on my way here from Woltersen's. I got close to her before she saw me. Her face has altered strangely. It gave me a pang. For a second I felt that I could tear and rend. When she espied me she ran. I called, but she paid no heed.

I have no plans. I am waiting. You may be sure I'll not leave the reservation. I might be taken off, but they'll have to carry me. This winter is no great problem. I need rest and I want to write some. Later, if nothing comes up here, I might go out to Kaidab. In the spring I hope to see you, I want you to know that I meant what I said in Blucher's office the day you confronted him and Morgan there. I would be happy to marry you, and share what I have with you and your life and work among your people. I have the means for a start. And we can work. I ask only that we spend some part of each year in California or the East. I have vanity enough not to let myself dry up in this desert air and blow away.

Time and trouble change character, do they not? I am the stronger for what has come to me out here. The desert is terrible. It destroys and then builds. I never knew what light was—the wonderful sun, and wind and dust and heat, stars and night and silence, the great emptiness—until I came to the desert. Perhaps so with love!

Somewhat I will endure the long silence for you must not risk writing to me yet. I will dream of you, see you among the rocks. Always, as long as I live, rocks and walls of stone will have thrilling and sad significance for me.

BENOW DI CLEASH.

NOPHAIE gazed in seeming terror at the stupendous wall of stone opposite. He could not see either of its corners or its base. Solid rock, impenetrable and immovable and insurmountable! The temptation that confronted him now was just as much a wall, a barrier, an overpowering weight. Benow di Cleash loved him. She would marry him. She would share all she had as she would share his life. Live with him! Belong to him alone!

The fact was a staggering blow. Here under the accusing eyes of his silent walls he had feelings that no other place could inspire. Loneliness had augmented his hunger for a mate. Nature importuned him for her right. And suddenly Nophaie found himself stripped bare of all ideals, chivalries, duties, of the false sophistries of his education, of the useless fetters of his unbelief.

While he lay motionless on that mossy bank it seemed the elemental, the natural, the mindless automaton of living flesh must win. There was nothing else in life. One terrible moment he lay there under the walls that seemed to thunder the meaning of Nature. Then he sprang up to force himself into violent and sustained effort that must bring subjugation of the instincts which threatened his downfall. He ran. He leaped the brook. From boulder to boulder he bounded. Along the grassy benches, under the looming ledges, over the washes, through the thickets, up the cañon he sped with that incomparable stride of the Indian runner trained under the great masters of college athletics.

OUT he ran, straight for the notch of the cañon, with wild eyes on the white-towered wall of Nothis Ahn. No Indian had ever surmounted that wall. But Nophaie would surmount it or perish in the attempt.

Down the waved knoll Nophaie ran, light and sure as a wildcat, and over the wide area of bare rock to the main base of the wall.

There he began to climb in a long slant, up the brown smooth incline, veined and striped, and around the headed corners, and back to a long slant in the other direction, up and up by these zigzag courses, to the curved and rolling rim of red, where began the vast slow heave of the white amphitheater.

Nophaie pulled himself up, he let himself down, he leaped fissures, crept along abysmal chasms blue in depth, he rimmed the base of crags, climbed around and between them

Out of the zone of white pillars and turrets at last! Level with the nests of eagles! Nophaie stood at the base of the weathered slope of Nothis Ahn, the track of the avalanches, the tilted level of loose rocks; and he looked almost straight up to the green band of timber and the glistening dome of snow. If climbing had been difficult and hazardous before, now it was approaching the impossible. Nophaie sent the rocks sliding below him; he started the slides into avalanches. He loosened the slopes above him. He performed miracles of agility, speed and endurance. Like the Indian masters of the legends he consorted with eagles, bounded with the feet of the wind, swung on the edges of the clouds.

Snow and spruce halted Nophaie, a forest of evergreens, matted and webbed into impenetrable windfalls, buried deep in the white ice of the heights. He could not go higher. At the edge of the snow line, on a gray brow of rock, he built a monument, so that it would be visible to eye of Indian from below.

What Nophaie had climbed so desperately for seemed never to have been. He had spent the forces of his nature. For that hour, perhaps forever, he had conquered. On the heights came a regurgitation of emotion, a flashing back of thought. There was blood on the worn edges of his moccasins; his finger nails were worn to the quick. The ache in his bones, the pang in his lungs, the deadness of his muscles attested to the nature of that climb. Hours could be measured as years.

Long after dark that night Nophaie dragged his bruised and weary body into camp, there to crawl into his bed and stretch his limbs, as if never to move them again. Sleep and rest—for days and nights—restored his strength. And as the days and nights multiplied in the shadow of the silent walls, Nophaie learned that the noble proof of his love for Marian was not in surrender to it. He would not drag her down to his level. Utterly impossible for him was a life among white men. He was the Vanishing American.

Days passed into weeks and weeks into months. Three times the Pahute came, and three times a white, thick letter stormed Nophaie's soul, yet left him stronger.

Not until a late day of his sojourn there did he explore the one remaining arm of the cañon. What was his amaze and regret to find it beyond comparison with any of the others.

Three miles or more of exceedingly rough travel brought Nophaie to a point where this cañon changed its color, its height and width, its bed, its sky line, its every feature. Nophaie named it "Cañon of Gleams." Its hue was the strange one of pale marble in the moonlight; its height sheerly perpendicular and incredible; its width six feet at the base, gradually widening in V shape to perhaps fifty feet at the top; its bed was solid, smooth, grayish rock, hard as iron, worn into deep smooth ruts by the rushing stream; and its sky line was a long even straight lane of blue as far as Nophaie could see. No bird, no lizard, no beetle or bee, no frog or insect, no living creature or sprig of vegetation crossed Nophaie's vision. The hollow, reverberating, mocking voice of the stream was the only sound that could be heard. There was no wind. The uneven stream-bed gleamed, the water gleamed, the walls gleamed, the band of sky gleamed.

This Cañon of Gleams grew to have an insatiable fascination for Nophaie. He wandered there often, never to find it altogether the same.

SPRING! Nophaie grew restless. The hold of the silent walls lessened. In him were contending tides. Silence and solitude had dragged him to the verge. Forgetfulness and the thoughtlessness of the Indian had closely infringed upon his memory. Nature had importuned with all her insidious and supreme mastery over the senses. Hate and unbelief had trampled in vain on his soul. He was still free.

The day came when a loud call awoke the drowsy echoes of the silent cañon. It startled Nophaie. That had not been the voice of an Indian. Had the long solitude worked upon his mind? He ran to the wide gateway between the red walls. He saw horses, mules with packs, an Indian; and then out from the shade of a cedar strode Withers, mopping his heated face.

"Howdy, Nophaie," he said, with smile and earnest gaze. "You look fine."

Nophaie stirred to the warmth of the trader's close handclasp. He returned it and that was all his response. Utterance seemed difficult. Long had his voice been silent. Besides, Withers bore a look of intense strain. He was thinner, older. A suppressed passion seemed rampant in him.

"Come out of the sun," said Withers, turning. "It's hot and I've ridden hard."

Nophaie followed him to a seat on a flat rock in the shade. The moment seemed to hinge on strange events. The trader's presence might mean that which must add to Nophaie's burden.

"Throw saddles and packs right here," said Withers to the Indian who had come with him. "Nophaie, where is your horse?"

"Gone," replied Nophaie. "I have not seen him for a long time."

"I figured on that and I fetched one for you."

"Withers, why did you bring me a horse?" queried Nophaie, conscious of an inward tremor.

"Because I think you'll hit the trail back with me," replied the trader significantly.

"Has anything happened to Marian?"

"Sure; a lot's happened. But she's O. K., well and fine."

"WITHERS, it's a long, rough ride here. You have a strong reason for coming yourself. Tell me."

"Strong! Wal, it sure is strong," retorted the trader grimly.

"Why did you come?" demanded Nophaie. "War!" flashed Withers.

In one bound Nophaie was on his feet, transfixed and thrilling.

"No!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," returned the other, and he too rose from his seat. A steel-gray flinty light shone from his eyes.

"Germany—and the United States?"

"Nophaie, you've said it!"

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The Woodcutter

By ALFRED NOYES

AS I WALKED through a fir wood
Where wild pigeons croon
I found a deep glen
That was old as the moon;
And, deep in its midnight
Of gorse and thick fern,
I beheld a low lantern
Like a harvest moon burn.

Then for leagues I groped down
By wild rocks and dark streams,
Over fir roots and tree ferns,
Led straight by its gleams,
Till at last, by that lantern,
And still as a stone,
I discerned an old woodcutter
Standing alone.

And I crept nigh and saw
From the edge of that glow
That his face was like wisdom,
His elf locks like snow;
And his eyes like black magic
That sleeps in deep wells,
With a deeper night under
Where mystery dwells.

And his mouth had the strength
That has conquered desire;
And the ax on his shoulder
Was whiter than fire;
And he breathed very softly,
Like a deep sea at rest,
A tune from the lost woods
That Merlin loved best:

*I hear the grass growing;
I hear the leaves fall;
I hear the years flowing
And heed not at all;
I hear the far changes
Of seasons and tides;
I am waiting, still waiting,
For hope still abides.*

Then he lifted his lantern;
He swung it on high,
And I saw a great tree
Looming up through the sky,
With its opal-skinned clusters
In darkness imperaled,
A bright fruitage of stars
On the tree of the world.

He lowered his lantern;
And now I could see
A deep gash like a cave
At the roots of the tree,

So deep that I trembled
Lest even a breath
Should send that proud Igdrasil
Crashing to death.

And the woodman breathed low:
*Does the judgment draw nigh?
I am waiting, still waiting
One word from on high.
Are they eaten with cankers?
Is it poisonous fruit?
It will need but one stroke
Of mine ax at the root.*

*Have they trampled all beauty
And truth into dust?
Have they choked their own souls
With their greed and their lust?
One stroke, and my Master
Were freed of this pain;
Since His worlds of free-will
Will His work to be vain.*

Then I saw the gaunt woodman
Like Azrael arise,
As he heaved the great heft
Of his ax to the skies;
It was moved by sure laws.
Every lie in the night,
Every wrong in the sun,
Swung the ax to its height.

By the laws in whose service
All creatures are free
Its might was upraised
As the moon lifts the sea.
Then the night held its breath,
And above the world oak
The blade—ah, how slowly—
Swung back for the stroke.

There was only one whisper
Of time dying out,
Yet the doomsman still waited,
Still paused, as in doubt;
A sigh of great ages
That ebbd with the tides.
He is waiting, still waiting,
For hope still abides.

*No mercy can stay him.
He listens. He waits
Not the judgment of Heaven
Or the whim of the Fates.
No strength can delay him;
No godhead controls,
But the strength of the victims,
The choice of their souls.*



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The Vanishing American

(Continued from Page 97)

"Blucher—and the Indians?" Nophaie's voice was quick and ringing.

"I haven't a word to say about Blucher," burst out Withers passionately. "But I'll tell you a few facts outside the reservation. For weeks Germany torpedoed American trading vessels, threatened and bullied President Wilson, insulted the American flag. Then she sank the Lusitania with American men, women and children aboard. Then she sent submarines to our very shores. The President and Congress have declared war."

Nophaie recalled Marian's letters. Certain passages now seemed limned on his memory in letters of fire! German militarism! Downfall of civilization! Death of freedom! Slavery of Americans! By every right and law and heritage he, Nophaie, was the first and best blood of America. The depths of his whole soul roused to strange, fierce passion.

Withers held out a shaking hand. "My son has gone," he said thickly. "Already! He did not wait for the draft."

"What's a draft?"

"A new law. A war law. Every young man between twenty-one and thirty-one is called to Army or Navy, to fight for his country."

"Will this draft affect the Indians?" queried Nophaie sharply.

"No. They can't be drafted. But the Government has appealed to all Indians to register. That means, as I understand it, an enrolling of the names and numbers of Indians, their horses and stock, so that the Government can have this information for reference. We're all drawn into the war, whites and Indians. But no Indian can be compelled to go to war."

"Can they go if they want?"

"Yes. And the call is strong for Indians to enlist."

"I will go!"

WITHERS forced that shaking hand down on Nophaie's shoulder, where it gripped hard. For an instant speech was beyond him. How strange the agitation of his rugged face! The unplumbed passions of the man had been upheaved. "Nophaie, you don't have to enlist."

"I am an American," replied Nophaie.

"I didn't come to ask you to go to war," responded Withers in earnest passion. "But I came to tell you this: The Nopahs are being lied to. They did not understand the idea of registering. They are being made to believe it's a ruse, a trick to get their names, their thumb marks on paper. They are being deceived into believing that this register is only another white-man lie, that if they sign they can be drafted. Old Etenia met me on the way here. He said: 'If the Big Chief at Washington wants my young braves for war, why did he not ask them to go? The Nopahs have been warriors. But never have they been forced to fight.' Another old Indian said: 'Let the Germans kill all the Americans. Then we can get our land back and live in peace.' Nophaie, this tribe of yours numbers over twenty thousand. They must not be made to believe they can be unjustly driven to war. The truth must be told them. This false rumor of government treachery, this propaganda must not spread further."

Nophaie understood why the trader's lips were sealed as to what he knew. Marian had prepared Nophaie for understanding of this fostering of hostility among the Indians.

"I will tell the Nopahs the truth," he said.

"I will take Indians with me to war."

XVI

NOPHAIE bade farewell to his Cañon of Silent Walls. He and Withers made a record ride to the camp of the Pahutes, where they stayed overnight. Nophaie began his

work there. None of the few Pahute men present, however, came within the prescribed limits of the war demands.

Another day brought Nophaie and the trader across the upland sage to the range of Etenia. The old Nopah had sons and relatives, and more horses and cattle than any other Indian in this quarter of the reservation. It was important that he be persuaded to accede to the act Withers had called registration.

Nophaie found himself received with respect and deference. It augured well for the success of his new work among the Indians. Nophaie sought council with Etenia, which was granted; and the old Indian asked the honor of the trader's presence. Nophaie had gone over in mind an exhortation he believed to be honest, eloquent and persuasive, and which he believed would appeal to the Indians. This he delivered to Etenia with all the force he could muster.

The old Nopah smoked in silence. He had been deeply impressed and could not at once reply to such a strong discourse.

At last he spoke:

"Nophaie sees with the mind of the white man, far and wide. He should sit in the councils of the Nopahs. Etenia believes and will register his name. He will sell cattle and horses to the Government. He will say to his sons: 'One of you shall go fight for America, for the white people, for the land where they keep us.' Etenia will say his sons shall draw lots for him who is to go to war."

WHEN lots were drawn among the sons of Etenia it turned out that the youngest, the favorite of the old Nopah, the joy of his declining years, must be the one to go with Nophaie.

"Etenia says it is well," declared the father with lofty pride.

At Kaidab there was a crowd of Indians, and an unrest and excitement totally new and strange to the trading post.

Nophaie found the white people stirred and upset under the stress of an emotion that none could control. Nophaie talked with all of them. The trader's wife showed the strain of worry and a mother's fear for her son, and a suppressed anger and concern over the Indian situation. The Indians were excited. They collected in little groups and talked. Every hour saw more Nopahs ride into the trading post and Nophaie found them sullen, distrustful and hard to approach. But for his late rise to the dignity of one worth listening to, he could not have got their ear at all. A subtle and powerful influence had been at work among them. Nophaie had guessed its origin, and he discovered how and by whom it was being propagated. He realized at once that he had been too late to influence the Indians in a body, and would have a difficult task to persuade them to register, let alone go to war. Nevertheless he did not allow this unfortunate circumstance to deter him from his great task.

AT THE outset of his activities he encountered Shoie, the binder of evil spells on Indian women. Nophaie was about to pass him in contempt. But suddenly he halted. This Indian was young, strong, a keen scout, a wonderful breaker and tracker of horses. His mentality might be one to adapt itself readily to war. Nophaie meant to leave no stone unturned.

"Shoie, I am going to fight for the Americans," he said in the Nopah tongue. "You are a warrior. Will you go with me?"

"Shoie will fight for Nophaie," replied the Indian with a gleam in his dark eyes.

For days Nophaie haunted the trading post and importuned the visiting Indians. His dogged efforts earned success, but nothing that satisfied him. Always he gained the

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The Vanishing American

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attention and the respect now due him; only he encountered the wall of doubt that once raised in an Indian's mind was almost impossible to break down. One old Nopah said: "All white men are liars!" Another Indian said: "No white man can lie to me twice."

The idea of registration met with a subtle and powerful check. Nophaie could not learn from any Indian just what was the content of the hostile propaganda. He guessed, however, that the idea of registering had been falsely represented to the Indians, and it was just such an idea that would stick in their minds.

Nophaie decided that it would be wise for him to ride out over the reservation and head off this German propaganda. He had intended that, in any event; but now he saw he must make haste. Yet he was loath to abandon Kaidah with only seventeen Indian names promised for registration and but three for service.

Withers' comment on this was significant: "Nophaie, you've done well."

NOPHAIE rode out into the desert on his mission, and few were the hogans he missed. One afternoon near sunset he reached a small trading post kept by a squaw man. The last Indian Nophaie had interrogated had bidden him ride in haste to this post. Mustangs exceeding a score in number were standing haltered and loose before the squat red stone house. But no Indians were in sight. Dismounting, Nophaie went to the door and looked in. He saw the backs and black-banded sombreros of a crowd of Indians, all attentive to the presence of a white man sitting on the high counter. That white man was Jay Smith.

"Indians, listen," began Smith in fluent Nopah: "Blucher has sent me out all over the reservation to tell you not to register. Don't put your names or thumb marks on any paper. If you do your horses and cattle will be taken and you will have to go to war. There's no law to compel Indians to fight. You can't be forced to go. But if you sign papers, if you register, the Government will have you bound. Then you've got to go. This register order is not what it seems. It's an old trick to fool you. You've been fooled before. Listen to your real friends and don't register."

When he concluded his harangue there followed an impressive silence. Then an old Nopah, lean and wrinkled and somber, addressed the speaker:

"Let the white man tell why Blucher sends him. If the Government lies to the Indians—to make warriors of them—then Blucher lies, too, for he is the Government."

"Blucher is a friend of the Nopahs," replied Smith. "He does not think the registration is honest. The Government has made a law to drive young white men to war. It does not hesitate to cheat the Indians for the same reason."

The ensuing silence of a moment seemed pregnant with the conviction of the Indians. Presently another of them moved forward. He leaped on the counter. He too was old, a scar-faced Indian, with fierce dark mien. He shook a sinewy hand at the young men before him.

"Hagoie will kill any Nopah here who registers!" he thundered.

THAT appeared to end the speech-making, for all the Indians began to jabber excitedly. Nophaie took advantage of the moment to slip outdoors. Twilight had fallen. He walked to a corral near the house and sat down out of sight to wait for darkness and to think. He did not intend to let Smith get away from that post without being confronted. He had noticed that he was packing a gun. Therefore it would be policy to surprise him. Nophaie argued dispassionately that he had good cause to kill Smith, aside from the possibility of self-defense.

When Smith came out and strode toward his horse Nophaie glided after him. Then just as Smith reached for his bridle he must have heard something, for he stiffened. Nophaie pressed his gun against Smith's side and said low and sharp: "Don't move your hands. If you do I'll kill you."

"Nophay?" ejaculated Smith hoarsely.

"Yes; Nophaie."

"Wal, what you want?"

"Listen. I heard your talk to the Indians. I know now what has influenced them all over the reservation. It's German propaganda, and you're Blucher's mouthpiece. You're no better than a German yourself. You're a traitor. Do you hear me?"

"I ain't deaf," growled Smith, straining to hold himself stiff. His face now made a pale blotch in the gloom.

"SMITH, this talk of yours is treason," went on Nophaie. "Do you have to be told that by an Indian? If I had time I could get Nopahs and white men too who'd help me prove your guilt. But I want all my time left to undo your dirty work. I'm going to war to fight for your country. Now here, if you don't quit spreading these propaganda lies for Blucher I'll ride to Flagerstown and enlist. Then I'll come back on the reservation. I'll be an American soldier, outside the law. Blucher can't touch me or hold me. And I'll kill you, Smith; I swear I will. Do you believe me?"

"Wal, I reckon I do," replied Smith. "An' if you want to know, I'll give you a hunch I'm glad to be scared off this job."

"Just the same, get on that horse and keep your back to me," ordered Nophaie. In another moment Smith, cursing under his breath, was in the saddle. A hard leathery thud and jangle attested to his use of spurs. The horse plunged away, to be enveloped by the darkness.

Nophaie stayed at the squaw man's house for two days, and all his earnest talks to the Indians who visited the post failed signally to overcome the insidious poison spread by Jay Smith. To Nophaie's dismay he found that the farther he penetrated into this part of the reservation, the colder the Nopahs were to his solicitations.

Hot weather came and Nophaie's passionate dream of leading thousands of Indians to war had to be dispelled. His tireless labors resulted in upwards of two score of Nopahs signing their thumb marks to his paper. Word came to him from various sources that Indians were enlisting in the Army, but he could not verify this until he got out of the desert.

NOPHAIE'S heart burned with hatred for the German who had ruined the noblest opportunity that had ever confronted his people. "I should have killed Blucher," he muttered. "No service I can render now will ever be one-thousandth as great as that would have been."

Nophaie rode into Mesa, there to take farewell of Marian. Long he had dreaded this and thrust it from his mind. But now with his work ended, and the near approach of the date set for him and his Nopahs to enlist, he had to think of her.

Much as he yearned to see Marian he was greatly relieved to learn from Paxton that she was in Flagerstown, and would expect him there. She had left Nophaie a short note telling him where to find her, and she entreated him not to tarry long at Mesa.

Nophaie had need of that entreaty. Never in his life before had he been victim of the dark and terrible mood now fastened upon him. The wrath roused in him by the murder of Do Etin and his ambushment by the Noki, and the tragedy of poor little Gekin Yashi had not been the same as this, now so murky and hot in his soul. The idea of war had liberated something deep and latent in Nophaie. The menace to the fair seaboard of the United States, which he remembered so well; the encroachment of an utterly unscrupulous enemy had stung and roused in him the instinctive savageness of his nature.

It was in this mood that Nophaie reached Mesa, and the pathos of Marian's letter and the proximity of Blucher and Morgan only added fuel to the smoldering fire.

Nophaie made no effort to hide. He was in reality an American soldier. He had ridden thousands of miles in the service of the Army. No reservation jail, no jail at Flagerstown, could hold him now. Freely he mingled with

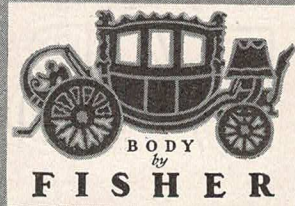
(Continued on Page 104)

FISHER BODIES



We believe it is more than ordinarily significant that the greater number of exhibits which attracted most favorable comment at the National Automobile Shows were cars whose body equipment bears the emblem—Body by Fisher.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION
DETROIT CLEVELAND ST. LOUIS
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO





Babes in the Wools

All through the winter, babes play out-of-doors wrapped snug and warm in furs and wools. Caps, coats and leggings go forth each day as clean and comfortable as the mothers' loving care can make them.

To help mothers keep warm winter wraps clean, Colgate & Co. have made FAB—cocoanut-oil soap flakes.

The cocoanut-oil in Fab makes the tiny flakes dissolve like snowflakes in warm water. No bits of soap can stay in Fab-suds to stick to woolly threads and shrink or mat them.

Fab-suds bring back the snowy white to mittens, leggings and sweaters. Fab-suds wash softly the little frock and flannels beneath.

Over 115 years' experience in making fine soaps has gone into the production of FAB. No effort was spared to make these cocoanut-oil flakes safe for children's clothes.

COLGATE & CO.
Est. 1806
NEW YORK



A color print, for framing, of this Saida (H. Willebeek Le Mair) painting for six cents in stamps, Dept. F. H.

The Vanishing American

(Continued from Page 103)

the Indians at the trading post. An unusual number were there, all excited, and a few were bound for Flagerstown, on the same errand as Nophaie. The mail carrier had two of them engaged as passengers, and readily agreed to take Nophaie.

An automobile thrummed up the road from Copenwashie and stopped before the trading post. Two white men beside the driver occupied it. One of them was Blucher. Had that round bullet face thinned out? Nophaie felt the leap of his blood. Blucher and his companion got out of the car and climbed the stone steps in earnest conversation not distinguishable to Nophaie. But as the superintendent passed to enter the trading post Nophaie could have reached out a long arm to touch him.

Kill him now! The whisper ran through Nophaie's being. It was a flame. Almost it precluded thought. But the face of Benow di Cleash rose in Nophaie's reddening sight, and he was again master of himself.

Before sunset that day Nophaie was in Flagerstown and had dispatched a note to Marian. Before he started to meet her he had enlisted at the recruiting station and was a soldier of the United States Army.

At the end of a street near the outskirts of town Nophaie found the number he was looking for. And as he mounted the porch of the little cottage Marian opened the door. Fair golden flash of face and hair! He did not see clearly, stumbling as he went in. Her voice sounded strange. Then they were alone in a little room with vague walls. Dread he had felt at prospect of this meeting, but he had not understood. He wanted only to spare her pain. This woman now, holding his hands, gazing with strained, dark eyes of agony up at him, was remembered by her beloved fair face, but something in it was strange to him.

"Benow di Cleash!" he said unsteadily. "Nophaie—lover—my Indian! You are going to war," she whispered, and threw her arms round his neck.

EVEN as Nophaie bent to her white face and to her lips, he grasped at the meaning of her singular abandon. One word had been enough. War! And he pitied and loved her as never before, and understood her, and clasped her close, and kissed her until she sank against him, pale and spent. To him her kisses, with all their sweetness of fire, called to his own lips only an austerity of farewell. Long ago, in his Cañon of Silent Walls, he had fought his battle against love. Here he was as strong, tranquil, grave as she was weak and passionate.

"Nophaie, when do you—go away?" "Tonight at ten."

"Oh! So soon? But you go first to training camp?" she queried breathlessly.

"Yes."

"You might not be sent abroad."

"Benow di Cleash, do not have false hopes. You want me to go to France. I'm fit now to fight. And it will not take long to make soldiers of my Nopahs."

"That means the—the front line, the trenches, scout and sharpshooter duty, the most dangerous posts," she cried, with a hand going to her mouth.

"Indians would not court the safe places, Benow di Cleash. We are going—sixty-four Nopahs, most of whom I enlisted."

Then he told her of his long rides, of his importunities to beat Blucher's influence, and of his failure. She warmed to that, and in her anger at the treachery of the agent and her pride in Nophaie she passed by the more poignant moment of this meeting.

"I KNEW he was pro-German," she said, with flashing eyes. "Yet strange to say he has strong friends here. Oh, this little town is out of its head! What must Philadelphia or New York be now?"

"If the Indians are excited what must white men be?" replied Nophaie. "All this

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"Let you follow me! Why, Benow di Cleash, I couldn't prevent you, but I implore against it."

"Let me go. I can become a nurse—do Red Cross work—anything."

"No. If you want to give me happiness, stay here and go on helping my people until I come back or —"

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