

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



*Sunshine  
After Showers*

Painted for The Ladies' Home Journal  
By Maud Tousey Fangel

Beginning A GREAT SERIES OF ARTICLES ON MODERN MORALS  
By Harry Emerson Fosdick

48  
161-3 JANUARY, 1923

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

15 CENTS By subscription \$1.50  
In the United States and in Canada



"DAUGHTER OF DO ETIN, LISTEN," HE SAID. "NOPHAIE WILL TAKE GEKIN YASHI FAR INTO THE WHITE-WALLED CAÑONS AND HIDE HER THERE"

## The Vanishing American

By ZANE GREY

Illustrations by Pruett Carter

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. Nophaie, an Indian lad, kidnaped and deserted in the desert, is found by some white excursionists who take him back East. For eighteen years he is surrounded with the white man's culture, is educated at Carlisle, achieving scholastic and athletic fame. After he returns to his native element he writes Marian Warner, whom he had met and loved, to come and help his people. Arriving at the trading post where she is to stop, the trader's wife draws from Marian the story of her love for Nophaie. She encourages her in her desire to help the Indians, but cautions her of the chasm she has to bridge. Marian persuades Withers to start with her at once for Nophaie's camp. After a long ride over beautiful mountain trails she finds Nophaie waiting; he had heard of her coming. She sees the wildness, the grandeur of the Indians' country. Nophaie shows her his hogan, tells her how he lives. They take a walk at sunset, and Nophaie 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 with intrigues by the government agents. They agree to meet clandestinely, to escape trouble with the suspicious agents.

### VIII

THAT year the summer rains came late, just in time to save the upland country from severe drought. Nophaie's people all attributed the coming of the black thunderstorms and the down-dropping veils of moisture and the rainbows curving over the desert, to the efficacy of their dancing prayers. But Nophaie could not believe this.

Up under the brow of Nothis Ahn these rains were cold even in August. Sometimes sleet fell, pattering on the sage, whitening the flat rocks and patches of red earth, and crusting the woolly backs of the sheep. Maahesenie, who tended the flock during Nophaie's frequent absences, was exposed to these cold rains. Indian as he was, he did not seek shelter. The rain was good, even if it was cold. And when Nophaie returned from Kaidab he found his only relative seriously ill of a malady that had grown with the years.

Tending the flock in the rain and sleeping in wet clothes had brought back Maahesenie's rheumatism in more severe form. Nophaie feared that he had come home too late. Maahesenie, relieved of his responsibility, went to his bed a very sick man. Nophaie divided his time between Maahesenie and the sheep.

One day nearly a month after Maahesenie had been stricken, a Pahute rode into camp with a letter for Nophaie. The Indian had ridden from Kaidab in ten hours. Nophaie took the letter, which had been typewritten, and was without address or signature. Yet, singular at first glance as this seemed, he knew who had written it and that it was important. Rewarding the Indian courier and asking him to stay, Nophaie repaired to the solitude of his favorite cedar and spread out the letter.

I have ridden three times to our meeting place, once each week on the day set, and have been disappointed and worried and distressed that you did not come.

Today I met Withers at the trading post and he told me Maahesenie was dying. I am very sorry, yet relieved in that I now know what has detained you. Withers said he would wait while I wrote this letter to you and take it to Kaidab and send it to you by special messenger. He is very kind and good. You may trust him in every way. So I am writing here in the trader's office, pretending the letter is for Mrs. Withers. Believe me, caution is imperative. I am already deeply involved in the secret underhand workings of this dreadful place.

Do not send me any letters through the mail. If you cannot come to meet me—and

I'll ride out every week on the day we set—do not send messages unless in care of Withers. It is not safe. My mail from the East has been opened. I doubt not that my letters home have been opened. Some of them were never received by my aunt and friends. At first I put this down to the idle curiosity and jealousy of the clerk in the post office. He had done me the honor to press his attentions upon me, which I didn't accept. But I know now that he is merely a tool of Blucher. No letter of importance sent East would ever get by this agent unless favorable to him and Morgan. I suspected this, and fortunately I have written nothing home except my own personal interests, mostly concerning people there.

Two weeks ago Blucher asked me to do office work for him several hours each day after my regular duty at the school. I thought it policy to oblige him, but I insisted on one afternoon for myself, which of course is the time I am to meet you. Blucher apparently thinks well of me. I heard him arguing with Morgan. He called me a tow-headed doll and laughed at Morgan's advice to watch me. He said I minded my own business and did not hobnob with the men or gossip with the women. Then he heard me set Friel right. You remember the annoyance this Friel caused me. Since I have been in the office Friel has had more opportunity to approach me. He is vile. I am afraid, my friend, that I shall have to ask you to scalp him. To my mind that is exactly what he deserves. The Indians hate him. Never in a hundred years would they believe one word he says. How can these men lie to the Indians, cheat them in money deals, steal their water and land, and expect them to believe what they say? They do worse than these things, as you knew and told me, and which I could not believe until I got the confidence of the Indian girls. I can speak Nopah fairly well now and understand even better.

This duty in Blucher's office has been prolific of much information for me. I see, hear and read a great deal more than my work calls for. I feel justified in this. I am out here in your interest. Blucher is German. He is deeply concerned over the war in Europe. He hates England and he hates America. I know how to serve him to my own interest. But Morgan is suspicious of everyone. He really is in control here. He boasts of having put the "steam roller" under eleven former superintendents of this reservation. How he has power to do this I have begun to find out.

When any new government employe comes here Morgan loses no time in his peculiar politics. By his lies and persuasions he influences the newcomer to his side, and if he is successful, which he usually is, he proceeds at once to





lay some kind of a trap for that person. A frame-up, you know, instigated by him and carried out by his henchmen. If he fails, then he at once takes violent hatred of this interloper and begins the same kind of cunning to have him or her ousted. He really has something he can use against Blucher. That would not be difficult for an intelligent person to find.

For instance, the half-breed Noki Indian, Sam Ween, is Blucher's interpreter. Blucher pays Sam twenty dollars a month, when he pays him at all. I asked Sam. And I saw in the amount appropriated by the Government for Blucher's interpreter.

But Morgan has something more on Blucher than the little matter of stealing from Uncle Sam.

All of which leads to the point of this letter. Morgan's most important emissary is Miss Herron, the matron of the Indian girls. I have won the love and trust of Gekin Yashi. She is not only the little beauty her name signifies, but she is sweet and good. I have talked much with her, and though very shy and afraid, she tells me her troubles. Miss Herron hates her. And my interest in Gekin Yashi has incurred Miss Herron's enmity towards me.

Now the situation as regards Gekin Yashi is this. Morgan speaks to us of Gekin Yashi's intelligence and says that he could teach her. But Morgan's interest in Gekin Yashi is really something far different.

Do Etin, the father of Gekin Yashi, will not allow her to go to Morgan's house. There is no rule to enforce this, and both Morgan and Blucher are angry at Do Etin. Morgan has influenced Blucher to have a rule enforced whereby Indian girls are compelled to go to Morgan's chapel. This rule, I understand, is about to go into effect. I fear it will cause trouble among the Indians.

But the rule will come and Morgan will have his way. Gekin Yashi is so afraid of Morgan that she actually shakes when I speak of him. The only way I can see to save Gekin Yashi is for you to steal her away from this school and hide her in one of those wild cañons until Morgan forgets her. This will save Gekin Yashi, but not the next little Indian girl who will be unfortunate enough to attract this man. You understand, of course, that you incur risk in attempting such a plan. Risk of your life! Risk not only of jail but of your life! Mine may be a foolish plan, for it is certain that Indians in Morgan's employ could track you wherever you hid Gekin Yashi. But I could not think of any other plan.

This is a long letter, my friend, and Withers is waiting. My personal messages must go until I see you, which I hope indeed will be soon.

**NOPHAIE** pondered over this letter and reread it only to become more somber and thoughtful. The plan suggested by Marian had occurred to him also, and now in the light of her revelation he decided he would risk stealing Gekin Yashi from the school.

But he was tied here to the bedside of his dying relative and there appeared to be every reason to hurry to Mesa. It could not be done. Maahesenie was closer to him than Gekin Yashi.

Nophaie waited, with his burdened heart growing heavier, and while shepherding the flock he revolved in mind plans to rescue Gekin Yashi and safely hide her. It would be comparatively easy to hide her from white men, but almost impossible from Indians. Yet he knew that he must try.

Maahesenie died one night while Nophaie slept. Although he had expected this, the actual fact was a shock. More of Nophaie's Indian nature came out in the presence of death.

His people were all afraid of a dead man. And from this stiff, ghastly mask of bronze the spirit had fled. Where had it gone? Where was it now? The mystery of death was as great as the mystery of life. Were not the strange beliefs

and faiths of the Indian as credible as those of the white man? But here, in this solemn stirring moment, as in all the hours past, Nophaie felt aloof from the soul of this dead Indian.

Nevertheless, Nophaie paid stern and strict observance to the burial custom of the tribe. Indians of his own tribe came to view Maahesenie, but left him for Nophaie to bury.

At dawn the morning after the burial Nophaie rode out into the sage on the trail to Mesa. A few miles from the eastern slope of Nothis Ahn he sheered off the trail to visit a Pahute camp, where he engaged a boy to tend his sheep during his absence. His route then lay through the range of the prosperous old Nopah chief whom Withers had accused of salting wool. Etenia, the Wealthy, had words of sympathy for Nophaie's loss of kin, and forgot his reason for discord. Nophaie did not tarry there long. He saw anew, however, the evidences of Etenia's wealth—a stone hogan of imposing proportions, corrals and cultivated fields, thousands of sheep and droves of horses, water in abundance, and all

in his mind by words of English. For long he had striven to conquer this. But it was impossible.

Nophaie did not easily yield the supremacy to the white man. There were many ways in which he believed an Indian superior. He thought of Maahesenie's resignation to death and how he had lain down to meet it. "My son," he had said to Nophaie, "do not stand over me to obstruct the sunlight. Go out with the sheep. My day is done. Leave me alone to die." How incalculably more selfish and ignoble the custom of the white man! Nophaie remembered a time in the East, at Cape May, when a dying man was kept alive for five days after he should have been dead. The Indian knew better than that. He had no fear of death. The mystic future held its promise. Life hereafter was a fulfillment of the present. The white man hated to let go his hold on material pleasures: the red man loved the belief of his spiritual metamorphosis.



Eight hours' steady riding across country brought Nophaie to the crest of the great plateau from which he saw the long green lines of poplar trees that marked the location of Mesa. Far removed was this country from the sage uplands surrounding Nothis Ahn. Bare yellow sandy desert, spotted with pale green, and ridged by lines of blue rock, swept and rolled away on the three sides open to his gaze. Heat veils rose waveringly from sand and smoke; and the creamy white clouds rolled low along the dark horizon line.

**SOME** wind-carved rocks of yellow marked the spot Nophaie and Marian had chosen as a rendezvous. There was cool shade, and shelter from rain or blowing sand, and a vantage point from which to watch. Marian was not there, nor did her white mustang show anywhere down the long bare slope toward the poplars. The time was about the middle of the afternoon, rather early for Marian. Therefore Nophaie composed himself to wait.

By and by his vigil was rewarded by sight of a white horse gliding out from the green and heading toward his covert. Nophaie watched Marian come. She had learned to sit a saddle like an Indian. Nophaie felt the shadows lift from his soul, the doubts from his mind. Always, sight of her uplifted him. More and more she was a living proof of many things—the truth of love and loyalty, the nobility of the white woman, the significance of life being worth while for any human creature, the strange consciousness of joy in resistance to evil, in a wholesome fight for others, in something nameless and hopeful, as deep and mystical as the springs of his nature.

How could he be a coward while this white woman loved him and worked to help his people? She was a re-

To think evil was to do evil. For the hour then Nophaie knew he would be happy. He knew, too, that he would part from her strengthened. Nothing could cheat him out of the wonder of her presence.

At last she rode into the lane between the yellow rocks, and waved a gauntleted hand to him upon the shady ledge above. Dismounting she tied the white mustang to a knob



"YES, BENOW DI CLEASH," REPLIED NOPHAIE, "BUT SOME DAY THE SAVAGE AND CIVILIZED MAN IN ME WILL COME TO STRIFE"

around the wide, cedared, rolling country hogans of his people. Etenia had all any Indian could wish for. Yet the only thing for which Nophaie envied him was that simple faith which had been handed down from his forefathers.

Nophaie loped along the sage trail, with the cool fragrance of the desert in his face, the wide, green-clumped expanse of purple open to his eye. How immeasurably far apart he felt from the people who lived there! Every day brought more bitter proof. When he conversed with Indians he used their language, but when he thought, his ideas were expressed

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## The Vanishing American

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of rock, and climbed to Nophaie's retreat. He helped her up the few steep steps, and holding her hand, he knew she would have come straight into his arms if he had held them out to her. Never before had he so yearned to infold her, to yield to a strong shuddering need of her. But he owed her proof of her ideal of the Indian. She had once called him her noble red man. Would he let any white man be more worthy of that word?

But five weeks had changed Benow di Cleash. Did the light colored blouse and divided skirt, instead of the usual mannish riding garb, constitute all the difference? As she talked on and on Nophaie listened and watched her. What had become of the fair skin, so like the pearly petal of a sago lily? Her face was now golden brown, and thinner, and older, too, except when she smiled. Only the blue eyes and hair of gold now held her claim to Benow di Cleash. Her form had lost something of its former fullness. The desert summer was working upon her; the hot winds were drying up her flesh. And in repose of face there was a sadness that added new beauty and strength to her. Nophaie could accept this devotion to him and his people only because he saw that she was growing to nobler womanhood. In years to come she would look back upon this time and Nophaie without regret. He had vision to see that, and it permitted him to be happy with her.

THEN she passed from news of her friends in the East to matters at Mesa, and naturally, as was her way, she told humorous things that had delighted her in the Indian children. The school brought out as many funny things as pathetic. Nophaie was pleased with the progress she had made in the Nopah language, and yet he had a strange and unaccountable regret at hearing her speak it. From the tales of the Indian children she shifted to an account of the intrigue at Mesa, which was now involving friends she had made there, a young Texan and his wife, who were in trouble owing to the machinations of Blucher and Morgan.

Nophaie knew the Texan, whose name was Woltersen. He was a government stockman and his duties were to ride out over the ranges to instruct the Indians in the care of sheep and horses and cattle. What little Nophaie had heard from the Indians about Woltersen was all to his credit. This heightened Nophaie's interest in what Marian had to say, and he soon gathered the truth of Woltersen's case, which held something of significance for him.

Woltersen had come to the desert in search of health. He was a cattleman and received an appointment from the Government to be inspector of Indian stock on the ranges adjacent to Mesa. Being a young man of fine Southern family and highly recommended, he at once incurred the dislike of the superintendent. When he asked Blucher what his duties would be, that individual succinctly replied "Ride around," and that comprised all the directions he ever received. He mastered the work solely by his own energies. Morgan solicited the good offices of Woltersen through Miss Herron's overtures to Mrs. Woltersen.

As soon, however, as the Woltersens discovered conditions patent to all old residents of Mesa, those overtures fell flat. Then began the insidious underhand undermining work against Woltersen.

"AFTER I've gone today," concluded Marian, "I want you to ride down and see Woltersen. Then ask the Indians about him. Soon Blucher will trump up some charge against him and call an investigation. Unless Woltersen can disprove it he will be dismissed. Then we'd lose a good friend of the Indians. Woltersen has befriended

Do Etin. That is the real cause of Morgan's enmity."

"And—Gekin Yashi?" asked Nophaie, in slow reluctance.

"Safe and well, still," replied Marian in glad eagerness. "The mills have been grinding as of old, but not so fast."

Morgan has been to Flagstaff town. Blucher has been wrangling all his time with his henchmen, Jay Smith, and Ruhr and Glendon. I don't hear much, but enough. It's mostly about Woltersen now, and something about the land and water mess stirred up by the Nokis at Copenwashie. Friel has obtained a patent to the land once owned or at least controlled by the Nokis. Blucher, of course, aided Friel in this deal, but now, true to the twist in his brain, he is sore about it."

"I HAVE had talks with Gekin Yashi. She is ready to run off. We contrived to get permission for her to visit her father. Woltersen is dipping Do Etin's sheep and this morning Gekin Yashi rode out to the hogan. She's there now and will remain over Sunday. You can go out there at night and make your plans to meet her as she rides back alone."

"Do Etin will be glad," said Nophaie. "Is Woltersen in the secret?"

"Yes, he approves. But we must not let him have a hand in it."

"I shall take Gekin Yashi to a Pahute in the Valley of Silent Walls," rejoined Nophaie thoughtfully. "But few Nopahs know this place. It is down under the west side of Nothis Ahn, deep in the cañons."

"Valley of Silent Walls," mused Marian. Then she flashed at Nophaie: "Will you take me there some day?"

"Yes, Benow di Cleash," replied Nophaie. "But you run a danger."

"Of what—whom?"

"Me!"

Marian flushed under her golden tan and her eyes searched his. Nophaie dropped his gaze, that alighting upon her brown hand, saw it tremble and then clench at her glove.

"You—you are jesting."

"No. I think I am telling the truth," responded Nophaie. "Some day the savage and civilized man in me will come to strife. My Valley of Silent Walls is the most enchanting, the wildest and most beautiful place, the loneliest in all this desert. Walls of white and red, so high you cannot see their rims, running snow water, flowers and grass and trees! If I ever got you down there I might never let you go."

"WELL, you frighten me," laughed Marian. "I see that you still retain some of your brutal football training. But if all goes well, take me there to visit Gekin Yashi, will you?"

"Could you get away from here?"

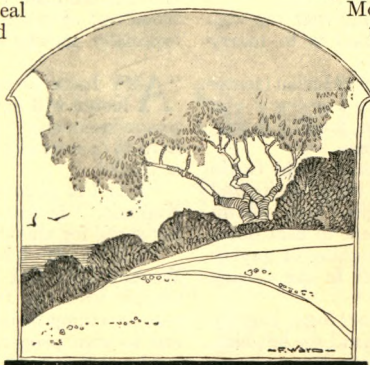
"Nophaie, I will never be permitted to work long at Mesa," replied Marian. "Some day Blucher will awake to my two-faced nature. For I have certainly used woman's wits to fool him."

"Well, then I will take you to my Valley of Silent Walls."

Marian placed her hand on Nophaie's and looked up into his face and then down, with evident restraint of emotion. "Nophaie, Gekin Yashi loves you."

"That child! Why, she has seen me but a few times," protested Nophaie, painfully reminded of Do Etin's proposal that he marry his daughter.

"No matter. She has seen you enough. These Indian girls mature early. Gekin Yashi is not yet fifteen, but she is a woman in feeling. I think she is very lovable and sweet. She is quite the best scholar in the school. I have spent all the time possible



## A Friendly Weekly for the Farm Family

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### Features on the Way

Here are just a few of the articles already planned for early issues; they will give some idea of the sort of material you can expect: Are You Yoked to a Scrubbing Brush? Why I Went in for Dairying; Wash Day at the Frahms; Small Time Savers; The Country "Literary"; The Farmer's Wife Protests; Kitchen Metals; Women on the School Board; My Pioneer Grandmother; Good Food in New Forms; What a Tenant Faces; Rice for Fat Folk; Easing the Pain; Mirror Mothers; Mother Takes Off Her Apron;

Bedtime Bogies; Better Country Homes and Schools; The Rented Farm-house.

Then there will be a wealth of splendid fiction. Zane Grey, Albert Payson Terhune, Agnes Sligh Turnbull, William MacLeod Raine, Tom P. Morgan, Margaret Deland—they will write long stories and short stories of the sort the farm folks like; full of action, bright with kindly humor and always clean and wholesome. Corra Harris, whose From Sunup to Sundown was an inspiration to so many thousands of women, has ready a new series of charming sketches, The Diary of a Country Woman.

Of course, there are articles on the care of the youngsters—and fine stories for them, too; splendid canning and cooking suggestions, offered at just the right time; gardening guidance, week by week; the Things That Help Mother page, bursting with helpfulness; poultry pointers by men and women who make the farm flocks pay.

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## The Vanishing American

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with her. Believe me, Morgan is not the only venomous reptile that threatens the girl. Gekin Yashi is Indian clear through, but she has sense. She likes the ways of good white women. I have taught her that when a white woman loves she holds herself sacred for the man who has won her."

"Marian, are you thinking that the way for me to save Gekin Yashi is to marry her?" inquired Nophaie.

"It might—be," murmured Marian tremulously, "if—if you —"

"But I do not love her, and I cannot marry her," declared Nophaie.

After that no more was said about Gekin Yashi. Nophaie felt a great throb of pity and tenderness for this white girl. How she inspired him to mastery of self, to beat down the base and bitter! Something of gayety and happiness came to her in the closing moments of that meeting.

Then the time arrived for her to go. Lightly touching his face with her hand she left him, to run down the declivity and mount her mustang. Once, as she was galloping away, she turned to look back and wave to him. Her hair flashed gold in the sun. Nophaie watched her out of sight with emotion deep and strange, half grief for the fate that was his, half exaltation that, miserable and lost Indian as he was, this woman of an alien white race made him a king.

IX

AT THE upper end of the long, poplar-lined avenue that constituted the only street in Mesa, the Woltersons occupied a little stone house built by the earliest founders of the settlement. A grove of cottonwood trees surrounded a tiny reed-bordered lake where ducks swam and swamp blackbirds and meadowlarks made melody. Here was rich, dark green verdure and cool shade and a sweet drowsy breath of summer blowing in from the hot desert.

On the other side of the Wolterson house lay a garden that bordered on the spacious playground of the Indian school.

Nophaie watered his horse at the thin, swift stream that ran down from the lake through Wolterson's garden and along the fence to the orchards. The sun was westerling low and the heat of the day was dying. Down at the other end of the long avenue Nophaie espied Indians and mustangs in front of the trading post. He went into the open gate of the Wolterson place and let his horse graze on the rich grass bordering the irrigation ditch.

"Howdy, Nophaie," drawled a voice. "Shore am glad to see you."

Nophaie returned the greeting of the Texan, speaking in his own tongue. Few white men on the reservation had ever heard him speak English. Wolterson was a young man, tall and lithe, with a fine, clean-cut face, bronzed by exposure. He did not appear to be rugged. His high-heeled horseman's boots and big sombrero were as characteristically Texan as his accent.

Nophaie dropped the bridle of his horse and took a seat near where Wolterson was damming up an intersection from the irrigating ditch. Indians rode by down the avenue. A freighter's wagon, drawn by six mustangs and loaded with firewood, lumbered along with the driver walking. Bees hummed somewhere in the foliage.

"THE Nopahs think well of you and your work," said Nophaie presently. "You're the first stockman they ever praised. If you are brought before an investigating committee I'll get Etenia, and Tohoniah bi Dony, and several more influential chiefs to testify for you."

"Shore, that's fine, Nophaie," declared Wolterson. "I'm giving you a hunch I'll need them."

Nothing was said about Gekin Yashi. Wolterson spoke of his plans for dipping

sheep over the ranges as far as Etenia's place. Nophaie and the Pahutes of that upland country must drive their flocks down there. Grass on the lowlands had begun to grow, so that the Nopahs would not have to range so far. Then Wolterson informed Nophaie that the Government was going to instigate a blood test of cattle and horses, as the latter especially showed evidence of tuberculosis.

"ANY horse or steer that has become infected will have to be shot," said Wolterson seriously. "Now isn't it going to be hard to convince the Indians of the necessity of this?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it can't be done," replied Nophaie. "Is there a real necessity of testing stock for this disease?"

"I think so. I have sent my approval to Washington. But I dislike the prospect of trouble with the Indians. Nophaie, would you be willing to help me by explaining this test to your people?"

"I will if you can convince me of its need."

"Well, when the order comes I'll ride first to your range, and you shall see me make tests. Has Etenia many cattle?"

"Not a great many. They are all healthy."

"Nophaie, they may look healthy and still have tuberculosis."

At this juncture the little Indian boys and girls began to pour out of the big red dormitory like a stream of blue gingham. Nophaie noted that only the children from three years to five or six years of age appeared to be in evidence. They were a scampering, silent little horde, playing without the noise characteristic of white children. They spread over the playground to the number of several hundred, making a scene of color and animation. Several little boys came along to peer through the wire fence at Nophaie. They looked healthy and well cared for, and certainly were cleaner than any Indian boys he had seen. How stolid they seemed! They gazed at Wolterson with blank black eyes and at Nophaie with scarcely more of interest.

Nophaie also observed that two of the school-teachers were out on the grounds with the children, but he did not recognize them. Then Mrs. Wolterson appeared, coming into the garden wearing gloves and carrying a trowel. She was a striking young woman, dark as an Indian, beginning to show the effect of desert wind and heat. She had a pleasant greeting for Nophaie. He saw her glance run over the three Indian boys and beyond to the playground as if she were looking for someone.

"Here comes Marian with Evangeline," she said as if pleased.

IT WAS then Nophaie saw Marian leading a little Indian girl towards them, and he got the impression that this meeting was not as accidental or casual as might appear to others.

The two teachers were watching Marian. And Nophaie, with his sharp eyes, caught a glimpse of a woman's face in a window of a house across the avenue. This appeared a busier thoroughfare now. Indians were riding out towards the desert. Some of the older schoolboys were playing ball. Three Indian workmen passed by carrying long shovels over their shoulders.

"Shore," drawled Wolterson with eyes on the avenue, "and here comes the champion liar of the reservation."

"Bob, don't say that," said Mrs. Wolterson quickly. "Somebody might hear you. The very trees have ears, not to speak of these Indian boys."

Nophaie saw a heavily built young man, roughly clad, typically western in corduroys and boots and sombrero, swinging with rider's gait up the avenue. Upon sighting the group in the garden he swerved, and tilting back his sombrero he lounged against the gate post. His face was brown and broad,

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## The Vanishing American

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rather coarse, with thick lips and prominent eyes, wine dark in color.

"Howdy, folks," he said with a slow grin. "You ain't really workin'?"

"Howdy, Jay," responded Wolterson. "I don't get much time except of evenings."

"Why, you seem to have all the time there is," returned the other dryly, with satire. "And look who's here—the handsome Mrs. Bob. I calculate to find me a wife like her."

This was the first time Nophaie had ever seen Jay Smith, known as a one-time trader on the reservation and now apparently employed by Blucher. Careless, easy, cool, with his air of devilish insouciance, this leering westerner did not enhance Nophaie's respect for the white man. Sight of him, so palpably other than the good-natured friend his familiarity assumed, roused something latent and dormant in Nophaie.

"Jay Smith, you're a sad flatterer," observed Mrs. Wolterson.

"SAD? I reckon not. I'm gay," he replied, and sauntered into the garden. His bold gaze fell upon Nophaie, and he addressed him in Nopah. "Say, ain't this the Carlisle Injun?" he inquired of Wolterson, seeing that Nophaie paid no attention to him.

"Carlisle? Who's that?" drawled Wolterson.

"Aw, come off," retorted Smith, in disgust. "I mean the Carlisle Indian School where this redskin went. You know as well as anybody."

"Jay, shore I don't know anything."

"Right. You spoke wisdom once. An' I reckon the less you know the safer, hey?"

Then Smith espied Marian, who had come up to the fence, leading the little Indian girl. Mrs. Wolterson went over to them, answering Marian's greeting. Smith doffed his sombrero and waved it low, crude in his assumption of a dignified salute, yet dauntless in his admiration.

"I reckon I'll hang round a while," he said, as he approached the fence and hung over it. "Why, who's this here little girl? Aren't you an Injun?"

"I'm not," piped up the little girl, in astonishingly good English. "I'm Miss Evangeline Warner."

"Ho! Ho! Listen to the little Injun girl," replied Smith, with a loud laugh.

"Jay, please don't tease Eva," said Mrs. Wolterson appealingly. "All the men tease her, just because she's so bright. But you will spoil her."

Nophaie had heard of this three-year-old prodigy. Her Indian mother had been glad to get rid of her, yet showed great pride in Eva's fame. For some strange reason the child, who was a full-blooded Indian, had taken remarkably to the white people's language and ways, and after two years hated the very name of Indian. She was a sturdy child with heavy round face and black staring eyes and straggling black hair, neither in appearance nor expression any different from the other little Indian girls. Nophaie roused to a strong interest in Eva.

"No, I'm not, I'm not," declared Eva vehemently, and she kicked at the wire fence.

"NEVER mind, Eva," said Mrs. Wolterson, as she knelt down to take the little girl's hand. "Say your go-to-bed prayer for us."

Evangeline appeared wholly devoid of the shyness characteristic of Indian children:

*"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.  
If I should die before I wake,  
I should worry!"*

Jay Smith roared his laughter and Wolterson, too, enjoyed a laugh.

"Why—why, goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Wolterson, divided between

horror and mirth. "Evangeline, where did you learn those last words?"

"From one of the men, that's sure," said Marian. "I never heard her say it that way before." Then she stooped to Evangeline and peering into the little dark face she shook her gently. "Eva, you will get spanked. Say your prayer over again, the right way. Remember—you will get spanked."

Very soberly the little Indian miss eyed her teacher:

*"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.  
If I should die before I wake,  
You will get spanked!"*

Before Marian could protest or even before the men could laugh a loud voice of peculiar timbre rang out from behind: "Shut that brat's mouth."

NOPHAIE knew before he wheeled that the speaker was Morgan. And he had closer view of this man than ever before.

"Come, Eva," said Marian hurriedly, and, rising, she led the child away.

Nophaie saw a matured man of medium height, thick-bodied, with something slack in his physical make-up. He had a smooth face, the striking features of which were pale eyes the color of ice and a long, thin-lipped, tight-shut mouth. He had a big nose, somewhat of a reddish hue, and his complexion was an olive tan, rather than the healthy bronze peculiar to the desert. Morgan seemed not to be an outdoor man. His was a strange, strong face with an intense cast of thought or will, a deeply lined face, especially in the furrowed, frowning brow. He was magnetic, but it seemed a magnetism of strife of mind, a dynamic energy of brain, a tremendous mental equipment. All about him breathed of intolerance.

"Wolterson, the agent tells me you drove Gekin Yashi home this morning," said Morgan.

"Yes, sir," replied the stockman, leaning on his shovel, and slowly lifting his gaze.

"How's come?" jerked out Morgan.

"Wal," drawled the Texan, "if you mean what did I have to do with it—Blucher gave Gekin Yashi permission to visit her father. I am dipping sheep out at Do Etin's—had to haul supplies this morning. Gekin Yashi rode on the wagon. That's all."

"Humph! When's she coming back?"

"I don't know. She said she hoped her father would keep her home."

WHEN Morgan's restless glance fell upon Nophaie it became fixed. Nophaie met that glance. One of the qualities he had not absorbed from his long association with white people was their habit of dissimulation or deceit. Something emanating from this man called to the

depths of Nophaie—not the old racial hatred of red man for white foe! It was a subtle complex instinct, born of the moment. Leisurely Nophaie rose to his tall stature, and folding his arms he gave Morgan eye for eye.

"Are you the Carlisle Indian?"

Nophaie did not feel that he was required to answer.

"Sure he's the one," put in Jay Smith. "They call him Nophay or somethin' like."

"Can't you speak English?" demanded Morgan sharply. "Let's hear some of your eastern lingo."

"I would not have to speak English very well to do it better than you," replied Nophaie in his low, level tones, perfectly enunciated.

"Wha-at?" blurted out Morgan.

Nophaie eyed him with inscrutable meaning and did not vouchsafe any more.

"Have you ever been to my church?" went on Morgan.

"No."

(Continued on Page 144)



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## The Vanishing American

(Continued from Page 143)

"Well, then I want you to come."  
"What for?" queried Nophaie.  
"To hear me preach. If you speak English as well as you brag, you can carry the word home to your heathen tribe."  
"We have no desire to hear it," returned Nophaie. "The Indian's own religion is infinitely better for him than the white man's."  
"You think you're smart, don't you?" snarled Morgan.

"Morgan, the most stupid Indian on this reservation is smart enough to see through you."

"Bah! Your tribe is too ignorant to see anything, let alone the white man's religion."

"What do you know of the Indians out there?" demanded Nophaie, pointing to the desert. "You have never been out in the desert, unless to ride in an automobile to visit one of your friends."

SLOWLY the color left Morgan's face, and there was visible a contraction that suggested a powerful effort of will to control fury and amaze. When he had himself in hand, amaze still was his predominant expression. He had encountered an Indian beyond his widest experience. That sudden check, that sudden restraint showed Morgan's depth. He could retrench. Nophaie read his craftiness. Also he received an impression that this man must be a composite of knave and fanatic, an unscrupulous usurper who had no illusions as to his honesty, yet was a visionary zealot.

"What do you think you know of me?" he demanded.

"Only what the Indians say—and what I can see," returned Nophaie in subtle scorn. "I have been missionary here for over fifteen years. The Nopahs are harsh. They are slow to appreciate my work."

"No, Mr. Morgan," retorted Nophaie. "You have it wrong. My tribe has been swift to appreciate your work. Don't try any of your talk on me. It is all bunk. You are not a missionary."

"Insolent heathen!" ejaculated Morgan, choking so that the thick folds of flesh on his fat neck worked up and down.

"A missionary is a man sent out by church or society to propagate religion in the sincere hope and faith that an alien race will be saved," continued Nophaie. "If you were a real man you might help the poor Indians. You might teach them better ways to build, cook, harvest, irrigate, shear their sheep and store their corn. You might teach them sanitary laws. You might, by example, show them how a white man works with his hands. But you do not work. Your hands, I see, are softer than Mrs. Woltersen's—if she will permit that doubtful compliment. No, Mr. Morgan, you are not a builder. You are a destroyer."

"And whatever else you are, it is certainly not a missionary."

MORGAN'S egotism was stronger than his restraint; his outraged sovereignty could not all in a moment be silenced. "I—I'll put you in jail," he said with hard expulsion of breath.

"What for? Telling the truth!" rejoined Nophaie in lofty scorn. "This is a free country. I am an American—an honest Indian."

"I'll haul you up for this," Morgan threatened, lifting a shaking hand.

Swift as light Nophaie leaped out of his statuesque posture, so suddenly that both Morgan and Smith recoiled, as if from attack. Certain it was that Morgan's face paled.

"Haul me into court," returned Nophaie piercingly. "Haul me before your investigation committee. Let me tell you I would like

nothing better. I will have Indians there, and real white men to listen. Do you get that, Mr. Morgan?"

But Morgan shirked an answer and, with somber glance sweeping away, he drew Smith with him and passed out of the gate, down the avenue. Smith's voice, low and hoarse, came back on the breeze.

Nophaie turned to Woltersen and his wife.

The Texan's habitual calm appeared to have been broken. "Shore, you gave it to him," he said, breathing deep. "You could have knocked him down with a feather—and me too. About the happiest few minutes I ever passed in Mesa!"

BUT Mrs. Woltersen appeared pale and distressed. "Oh, he was furious," she whispered.

"Shore, I never saw Mr. Morgan upset like that," returned her husband with a slow grin. "He just couldn't believe his ears. Nophaie, take a hunch from a Texan. Somehow and some way that man will injure you. He has had to suffer an unparalleled affront before other people. Besides he actually was afraid of you—amazed, furious, then afraid. I felt it. I've long studied this

man. And I can't prove much, but I feel he is capable of anything."

"Morgan is a coward and liar. I wonder that some Indian has not killed him long ago," said Nophaie. "It proves the patience and the restraint of my people."

"Nophaie, I've lived among violent men," rejoined the Texan soberly. "Don't underestimate Morgan. He's been long in power here. He's arrogant, malicious. I'd put nothing beyond him."

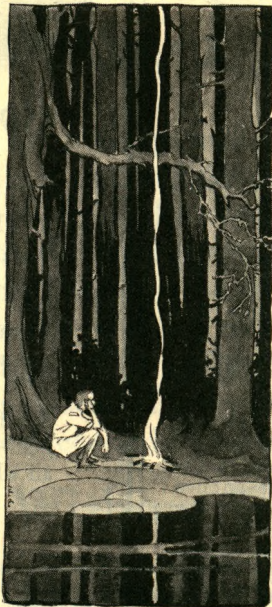
"Well, to be forearmed is half the battle," replied Nophaie as he turned to his horse. "I'll not ride to Mesa any more in daylight, or let Morgan know I'm over here."

It was long past dark when Nophaie reached the hogan of Do Etin. A fire still burned and in its flickering light sat the father of Gekin Yashi, a man little beyond middle age, stalwart, deep-chested, with massive head and great rolling eyes like those of an ox.

NOPHAIE saw that he had been expected. Bread and meat and drink were tendered him. Do Etin was not rich in horses and sheep, as were most of his neighbors, nor was he a chief. Yet he occupied a position of respect and dignity in the tribe, by reason of his intelligence. Gekin Yashi was his only child. Do Etin's range had long been a grassy flat in a shallow cañon watered by a never-failing spring. Nophaie looked round in the shadows of the hogan for Gekin Yashi and her mother, but they were not there. Perhaps Do Etin waited upon him to go into council, and had sent his women to a hogan of relatives near at hand.

By and by Do Etin gave his consent for Gekin Yashito go with Nophaie and approved of that procedure. But he doubted it would be possible to hide his daughter for long. Nophaie should not at once incur risk of government punishment by marrying Gekin Yashi or letting it be found out that he had hidden her away. Do Etin believed the white man's education good for the Indian boys and girls. It taught them to help their parents in new and better ways of living. The ruin of Indian girls by white men employed on the reservation was the basest and blackest of the many crimes the white race had perpetrated upon the red.

Do Etin went on to tell of the confessions made to him by Gekin Yashi—of Blucher's enmity toward her father, of Morgan's haranguing at her, of the matron's forcing upon



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## The Vanishing American

(Continued from Page 144)

her menial labors when she should have been in school, of brutality to the Indian children—how all the milk and fruit, which should have gone to the children, were used by Blucher and his associates.

Nophaie brought the information of Blucher's new ruling, the enforcement of which, soon to go into effect, meant that the Indian girls must go to Morgan's chapel to hear him preach.

Do Etin showed intense passion and vehemence. "Never shall Gekin Yashi go to Morgan!"

"DO ETIN, we are in the power of the white men," Nophaie said earnestly. "There are good white men who believe in justice to the Indian. But many of them are bad. We must look far ahead."

"The white race will never wholly absorb the red. If that were possible it might be well for both. But the Indian will merely be pushed back upon the barren lands and eventually swept off the earth. These things we strive against, as the Nokis fight being cheated out of their water and land, or as our efforts to save Gekin Yashi, these things are nothing but incidental to the whole doom of our people. We must resist, but the end will come just the same."

"Better to fight and die, as our forefathers," rolled out Do Etin sonorously.

"Yes, it would. But who will fight? Only one Indian here and there whose heart has not been crushed."

Do Etin bowed his massive dark head, and the somber firelight shadows played over his still form. "Nophaie, you come with the white man's vision of the future," he asserted.

"Yes. You were taught to see with your heart. The white education taught Nophaie to see with his mind."

"The sun of the Indian's day is setting," replied Do Etin mournfully.

IN THE clear, cool, gray dawn Nophaie waited out on the desert for Gekin Yashi, as had been planned. Eastward the dim light on sand and shrub lifted to the long blue wall of rock that cut the plateau, and above it flared the pale gold herald of sunrise. The desert was as still as death. Nophaie waited, at last fixing his gaze down the gradual slope at a point where Gekin Yashi must appear. She came into sight, a slim, dark figure on a gray mustang. Nophaie felt a thrill in that moment. Deep in him old Indian instincts survived. He was the Indian brave waiting for his Indian maiden. The desert stretched there vast and lonely. Mountain and mesa, vale and cañon, the long greasewood-dotted ridges, the innumerable stones, and the sands of the wastes, all seemed to cry voicelessly of the glory of Indian legends of love.

The sun rose, now shining upon Gekin Yashi's raven-black hair, upon the face that was like a dark flower. Two months had changed Gekin Yashi. And never had he beheld her in other than the blue gingham uniform of the government school. She wore now the velvet and silver and beads and buckskin common to her tribe. As she reined in the little mustang beside Nophaie her dusky eyes flashed one shy, frightened yet wondrously happy glance at him. Her bosom heaved. Gekin Yashi could not hide her love, perhaps did not want to. Nophaie mourned in his heart his unworthiness and the futility of his life.

"Daughter of Do Etin, listen," he said. "Nophaie is the Indian with the white man's mind. He has come back to help his people. He is Do Etin's friend. He loves Gekin Yashi—but as a brother. Nophaie will never marry."

"He will take Gekin Yashi far into the white-walled cañons, to the Pahutes, and hide her there. And always he will be her brother and try to make her as the white girl, Benow di Cleash, teaching her what is evil and what is good."

NOPHAIE rode away with Gekin Yashi to the northward, avoiding all trails, hiding as best he could their tracks, searching the desert with keen eyes for Indian riders he wished to avoid. As sunset came he turned to the hogan of a Nopah he could trust. Next day the black slopes of Nothis Ahn loomed on the horizon. Nophaie had opportunity to study the effect of the government school upon an Indian girl. Most of what Gekin Yashi had learned was good. Some of it was bad. When she went back to her home and married, to have children of her own, she and they must certainly be the better for her schooling. Nophaie saw that as a fact, provided she could return to Indian ways. In the long run many educated Indian girls and boys might change the squalor and improvidence then natural to their elders. It relieved Nophaie to settle this question in his mind. Education, then, for the Indian was good. The faults in the system and the terrible wrong to the Indian girls were due to the individuals who were in power. The simple-minded, worshipful Indian maiden, primitive in her instincts and unsustained by any moral law, was merely prey for beasts of white men. White race and red race could not mix. If the red man was inherently noble, a dreamer of the open, a fighter of imaginary foes, a warrior against warrior of another tribe, a creature not meant for civilization, then the white man was a step above the Indian in evolution, past the stage of barbarism, steeped in a material progress of the world, selfish and intellectual, more pagan than the Indian, on the decline to a decadence as inevitable as nature itself. For Nophaie saw clearly that

nature was the great law. The Indian, even the barbarian, was nearer the perfection for which nature worked so inscrutably. The individual must perish that the species might survive.

## Fireflies

By  
CHRISTINE HAMILTON  
WATSON

THE little ghosts of sunshine  
Come back to us at night,  
And flit around the garden  
Where they have played as light.

They take the shape of fireflies—  
The fairies know them well;  
But the fairies make a promise  
That they will never tell!

And so these bits of sunlight  
Pretend, in phantom play,  
To be the fairies' lanterns—  
These little ghosts of day.

paid for it. It was much harder to say good-by to Gekin Yashi.

"Nophaie! Nophaie!" she called as he rode away.

Her cry pierced his heart. What was it that he saw in her dusky eyes? Shadow indeed of the Indian's doom! He rode back to cheer her, to speak for once words that he could not swear were truth. Then he rode out again.

"Nophaie!" Her faint cry pealed out over the sage.

But he did not look back.

(Continued in the February Home Journal)



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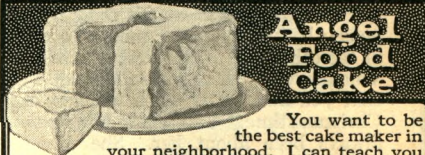
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## CASH?

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### The Actress and the Boy

SCENE—In the lobby of a hotel in New York. On one side of a double desk is a very pretty young actress who looks about eighteen, but is really thirty-five. On the other side is a handsome boy of seventeen.

THE BOY WRITES: "Dearest Mother: I'm having a corking time, Auntie has gone to bed. She took me to see Bing-Bang to-night, she said it made her head ache. I thought it was ripping. I'm writing in the Hotel Lobby."

THE ACTRESS (looking over the top of the desk): Is there any paper there? There is nothing here but telegram blanks. I'm so sorry to trouble you.

THE BOY: Oh, yes! There's lots here. (As he hands over the paper and envelopes he almost drops them when he recognizes his favorite actress.) No trouble at all, a pleasure—er—will that be enough—er—have you a pen? Won't you have some ink?

THE ACTRESS (with an amused smile): No, thank you, I have plenty. I don't usually take it so late at night!

THE BOY (sinks into his chair and writes quickly): "You'll never guess who is writing at the other side of this desk! Trixie Trent! Who played the little girl in Twinkle Twinkle that you and I saw when we were here at Christmastime. You know how crazy I've always been about her. She didn't look over twelve in the play, and I don't believe she's more than seventeen anyway."

THE ACTRESS: Can you tell me the date?

THE BOY: It's the thirteenth, but it seems to be lucky for me. (Beaming at her.)

THE ACTRESS: Thank you so much. (She writes.) "Dearest Jack: Just back from rehearsal, everything went finely tonight, so I feel on the broad grin. Be sure and tell Miss Price to get out the children's thicker flannels. The days are getting colder now. I hope Freddie's Tuxedo came all right. I simply can't believe he's that old; it seems only yesterday that his curls were cut off. I feel frightfully old, don't you, darling, to think we've a great big son like that?" (She gazes over wistfully at THE BOY.)

THE BOY (writing): "I suppose she's writing to some lucky man she's engaged to. She's the tiniest little thing you ever saw. Her hair is just as lovely off as it is on."

THE ACTRESS (writes): "I've got on my new transformation, it's a great success. I don't believe even you could tell it wasn't my own hair. Did I tell you I wear rompers for both kid songs. Dress rehearsal is called for Sunday, hope you get here; if I don't come to meet you, you'll know why. So sleepy, so no more now, darling. Lots of love and kisses for you and the children."

"Your loving, TRIXIE."

THE ACTRESS: "P. S. There's one of the usual adoring kids writing opposite me. Rather nicer than the kind from the country, I guess."

[As she seals and stamps her letter, THE BOY hurriedly finishes his and they go towards the letter box together.

THE BOY: "Can't I mail that for you?"

THE ACTRESS: Oh, thank you. (Placing a stamp on it.)

THE BOY: I can put it in the post office. There is one just round the corner; it will go quicker.

THE ACTRESS: Oh, that's awfully kind of you; my husband is so disappointed if he doesn't get his letter every day.

THE BOY (smiling bravely and not to be outdone): Oh, I know all about that. I've just been writing to my best girl.

—BEATRICE HERFORD.

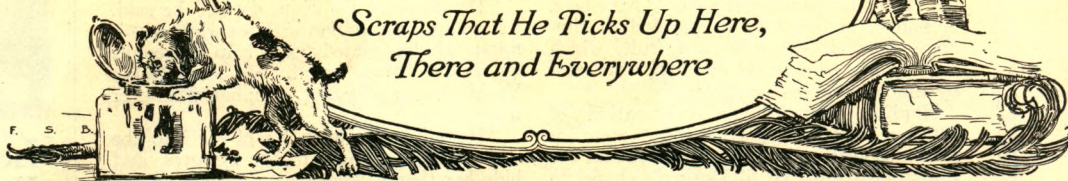
### The Bore of Today

AMAN who has much to do with automobiles recently observed to a friend that "a bore is a man who talks about his own car when you wish to talk about yours."

ERRATUM—On page 15 of the November, 1922, issue, copyright credit to Moorefield Inc., of Indianapolis, was erroneously omitted from the photograph of Booth Tarkington.

## The Office Dog

Scraps That He Picks Up Here,  
There and Everywhere



### They Call it Music

THERE was a crash, and Mr. Hopper rose and said to his vis-à-vis at the cabaret table: "Shall we dance this fox-trot, Miss Flapper?"

"Oh," she replied, "that wasn't the orchestra starting up; one of the waiters just dropped a tray of dishes."

### He Got It

A TEN-YEAR-OLD boy entered one of the banks of a thriving town and walked up to the cashier.

"Mister," he said, "I want a check book for a lady that folds in the middle."

### The Complete Parlor Elocutionist

"WHAT'S that din?"

"Gunga."

### Deserted But Not Quite Alone

"YES, your honor," the aggrieved wife explained, dabbing her eyes, "my husband neglects me shamefully; he's never at home."

"Hum!" the judge pondered. "And how about you—do you spend your evenings all by yourself, with no companionship whatever?"

"W-w-well," she sobbed, "I—I have two goldfish."

### Diary of an Infant

MY ARRIVAL: The nurse held me up and said, "It's a boy." Father shouted "Attaboy!" Everyone looked buoyant and acted boisterous.

THE DAY AFTER: I have been exhibited to five aunts, four uncles, two grandpas, two grandmas and lots of cousins. There is much division of opinion about my appearance.

Father always answers "He'll get over it" when they say I look like him. I wish he would change that joke once in a while. I am beginning to dread it.

TWO WEEKS LATER: Why do grown-ups screw up their faces and make funny sounds when they see me? It drives me to tears. One uncle put up his palms to his ears and said "Bow wow!" He looked so foolish that it made me laugh. This pleased him immensely.

TWO MONTHS LATER: I am beginning to get used to grown-ups and their ways. When I wish to fall asleep they like to pick me up; when I wish to be picked up they say "Sh-h-h!" and tell me to go to sleep. One of my grandmas is a dear. She took me up and began to rock me in her arms. It felt good. Mother snatched me away and said, "It isn't being done these days. Holt forbids it." I'd like to meet that fellow Holt some day and give him a piece of my mind.

FIVE MONTHS LATER: I wonder how big people would like to be poked under the chin continuously. There ought to be a society for the prevention of poking babies. . . . It's a stupid world.

ONE YEAR LATER: A baby hears more bad English in one day than others do in weeks. I was feeling my gums for new teeth and crying a bit to relieve my feelings when one of my aunts asked, "Does oo ittie tootsie wootsies hurt um ittie boy?" I am happy to say mother put a stop to it. She said they must not talk baby talk to me. Holt advises against it. I am beginning to think better of that fellow Holt.

ONE YEAR AND A DAY: I love rubber heels to eat and mush to play with. Mother wants it the other way. Grown-ups are funny. They take the joy out of life. I suppose I'll have to be one some day.

—ELIAS LIEBERMAN.

### A Radio Serenade

SWEETHEART, alas, I cannot sing.

My voice to song is not adjusted.

I sound—comparison to bring—

Like buzz-saw biting nail that's rusted,

If 'tis like anything.

But thanks be to the radio,

(To Friday's program I refer you.)

A proxy serenade I'll throw

Upon the evening air to stir you,

While I with passion glow.

Hook up your wave-lengths, pet, to hear

From K P X at eight precisely.

The barytone who'll thrill your ear

Will summarize my feelings nicely.

The Bedouin Love Song, dear.

And then, you'll note, I give a choice,

(Beneath your ledge in spirit straying,)

There's G K V with Heart, Rejoice,

Or A P J with Let's be Maying.

My views, if not my voice.

One word of caution let me say.

Do not, I pray thee, feel offended

If Weather Forecast for Today

Should interrupt my song extended;

It sometimes works that way.

And there's another thing, my dear,

It can't be helped, and more's the pity—

The static in the atmosphere

With shrieks may mar the sweetest

ditty.

Believe not all you hear.

Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes,

(Quartet; Y Z:) will end my rapture;

Four proxy swains as one will rise

And sing for me, thy love to capture.

Sweetheart, some enterprise!

—ARTHUR H. FOLWELL.

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