

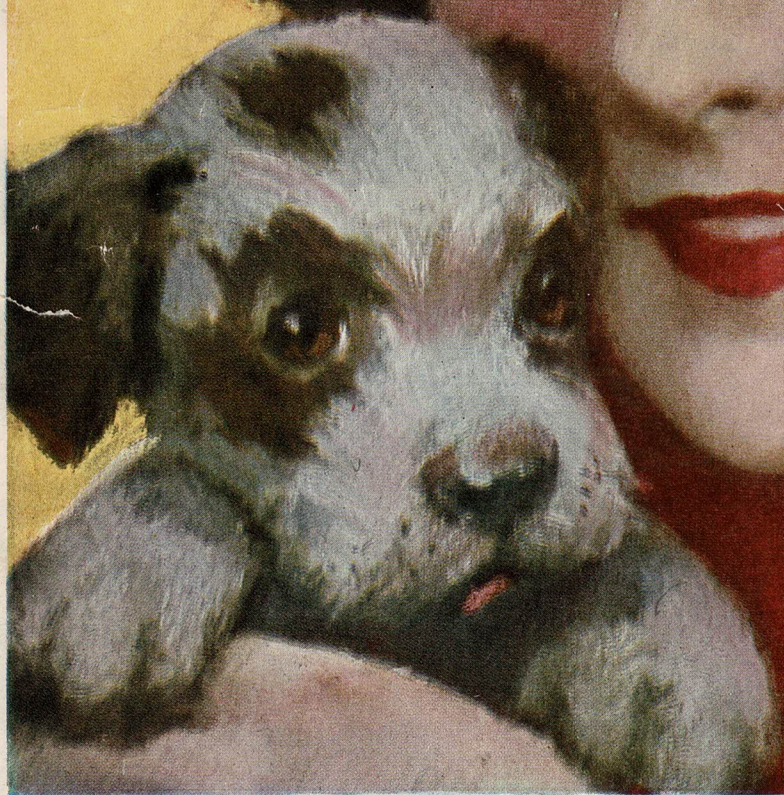
The

November

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American

Magazine



DRAWN BY J. KNOWLES HARE

What the Desert Means to Me

By
Zane Grey



The American Magazine

November, 1924

MERLE CROWELL, *Editor*
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What the Desert Means to Me

By Zane Grey

Author of "Riders of the Purple Sage," "Wanderer of the Waste Land," "The Call of the Canyon," etc.

PLACES inspire me in some sense as they did Stevenson. I love wild canyons—dry, fragrant, stone-walled, with their green-choked niches and gold-tipped ramparts. I love to get high on a promontory and gaze for hours out over a vast desert reach, lonely and grand, with its far-flung distances and its colors.

I love the great pine and the spruce forests, with their spicy tang and dreamy peace, their murmuring streams and wild creatures.

The Grand Canyon appalled and depressed, yet exalted me. Never yet have I attempted to write of it as I hope to.

The lonely, white, winding shore line of Long Key, a coral islet in Florida, always inspired me to write. I have wandered there many profitable hours.

Clemente Island in the Pacific calls and calls me to come again to its bleak black bluffs, its tawny wild-oats slopes, its bare desert heights, its white-wreathed rocks and crawling curves of surf; its haunting sound of the restless and eternal sea; its lofty crags where the eagles nest, and its almost inaccessible ledges where wild goats sleep; its canyons of silence and loneliness.

Death Valley is a place to face one's soul—aloof, terrible, desolate, the naked iron-riven earth showing its travail. The sage slopes of the Painted Desert is the place for the purple that is the most beautiful of colors. Among features of nature I love color best.

All of which is to say that my romances are simply the expression of my feeling for places.

The desert, of course, has been most compelling and most illuminating to me. The lure of the silent waste places of the earth, how inexplicable and tremendous!

Why do men sacrifice love, home, civilization for the solitude of the lonely land? How infinite the fascination of death and decay and desolation—the secret of the desert!

It took me many years of experience and meditation to make sure that I was

power of wild, lonely, desolate places.

Study of myself, in relation to the wilderness, disclosed many strange facts that took years to understand. I preferred to ride, walk, hunt, alone, when that was possible. The lonely places seemed to be mine, and I was jealous of them. Always I was watching and listening. All my life I have done this; but it was never significant until I became a writer and began to peer into my heart.

On trips to the desert, of which I have had many, there was always an hour or a moment of every day or evening when I went alone to some ridge or hill, or into the cedars or the sage, there to listen and to watch. This seemed to me to be a communion with the strange affinity of the desert.

I had contracted a habit which I followed without thinking. But when I actually did think of it the interpretation held aloof. Why did a vague happiness attend me in the solitudes?

IT BECAME an imperative thing for me to find out what took place in my mind during these idle, dreaming hours. The mystery augmented with the discovery that at such moments and hours I did nothing—nothing but gaze over the desolate desert, over the beautiful purple-sage uplands, listening to the wind in the cedars, the rustling sand along the rock, the

scream of an eagle or cry of a lonely bird. I hardly knew I was there.

This peculiar state at last became known to me, and I grew to have a strange and fleeting power to exercise it voluntarily. Practice made it possible for me to make this a thinking act, to capture it as in a flash of lightning.

At Catalina Island for several years

The Most Beautiful Place I Ever Saw

Prize Contest Announcement

IN THIS article, Zane Grey, the famous writer of Western romances, gives you a series of vivid word pictures which reveal just how deserts, canyons, forests, mountains, affect him and provide him with the colorful background which he weaves so skillfully into his books. Read his descriptions slowly, turn your imagination loose, and recall to mind the most beautiful place you ever saw. Then write a description of it.

Every one of us has an underlying love of nature. A wild stretch of winter landscape, a spring forest, a mountain range, a peaceful valley, a great marsh, a moss-draped swamp, a sweep of blue ocean—such views as these stir you in the depths of your heart. Make the rest of us see your favorite scene through your eyes, and tell us what it means to you. Don't "over-write;" be clear, simple, and definite.

For the best letter of not more than 400 words we offer the following prizes: \$20, first prize; \$10, second prize; \$5, third prize. Competition closes November 20th. Winning letters will appear in the February issue.

Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest and any enclosure cannot be returned; so you must make a copy of your contest letter, and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

not laboring under imagination or delusion. But I was not obsessed by a feeling for some unknown thing, for the desert is a reality. It casts an actual spell.

Nothing in civilized life can cast the spell of enchantment, can grip men's souls and terrify women's hearts like the desert.

It has to do, then, with the dominating



Zane Grey, the popular novelist, listening to the hounds on the track of a bear

until conscience intervened. Is not conscience the difference between savage and the civilized man—the great factor in human progress?

IN EVERY man and woman there survives the red blood of our ancestors, the primitive instincts. In these hides the secret of the eloquent and tremendous influence of the desert. The wide, open spaces, the lonely hills, the desolate, rocky wastes, the shifting sands and painted steppes, the stark-naked canyons—all these places of the desert with their loneliness and silence and solitude awake the instincts of the primitive age of man.

I realized that men toiled over the desert, some on transient journeys which were unforgettable, and others who wandered all their lives there, never for a moment understanding the fleeting trance-like transformation back to the savage.

Men take to the desert permanently: prospectors for gold, wanderers because of crime or ruined lives, seekers for the unattainable, thinking these were the

during May and June I used to climb the mountain trail that overlooks the Pacific, and here a thousand times I shut my eyes and gave myself over to sensorial perceptions. When I grasped the thing, always I felt it followed by a swift, vague joy.

Then I knew I had found the secret of the idle hours.

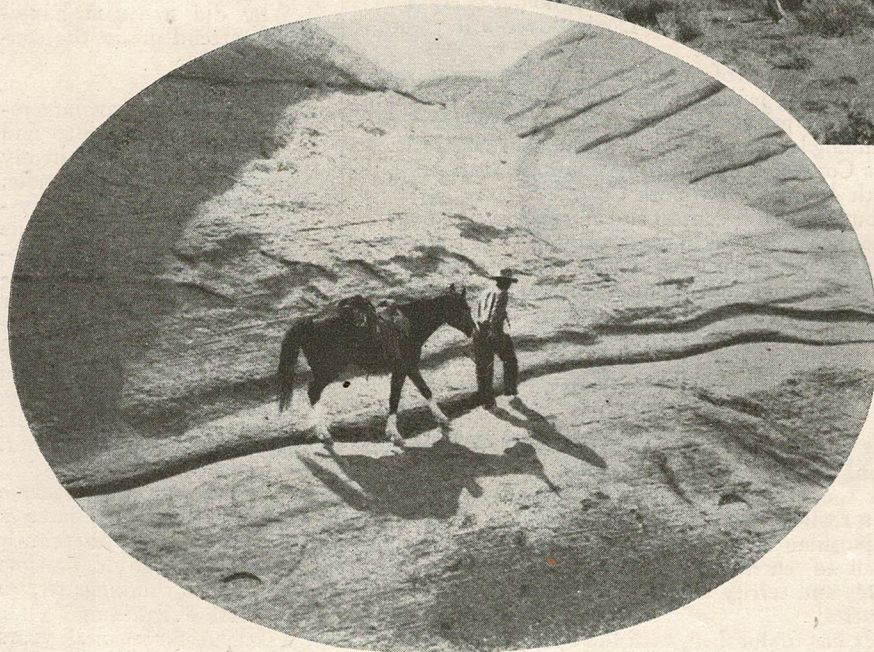
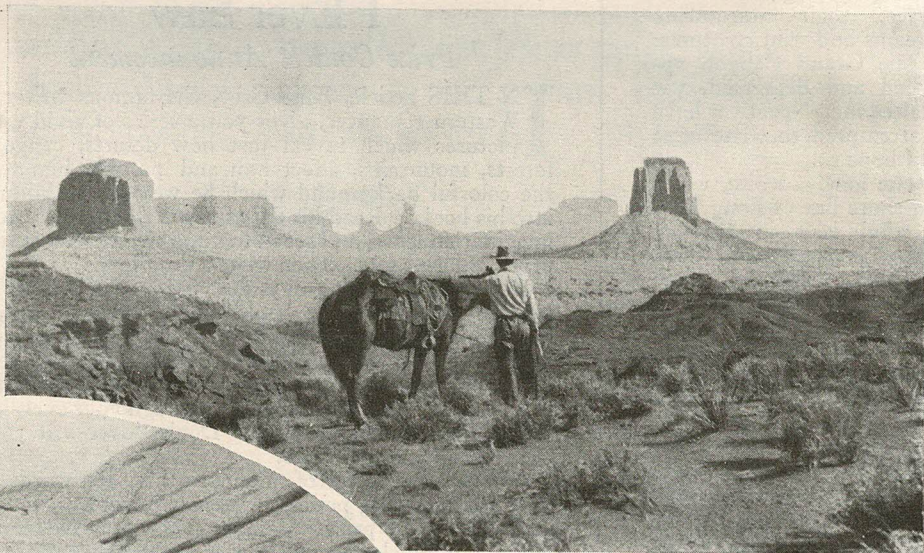
Profound thought reduced this state to a mere listening, watching, feeling, smelling of the open. It assumed staggering proportions, for I began to feel that I had got on the track of the desert influence.

Nature developed man according to the biological facts of evolution. Therefore all the instincts of the ages have been his heritage. When I had a gun in my hands and was hunting meat to eat, why was the chase so thrilling, exciting, driving the hot blood in gusts over my body?

I recalled my boyhood days, when, like all boys, I killed for the sake of killing,

DURING these lonely hours I was mostly a civilized man, but the fleeting trances belonged to the savage past. I was a savage. I could bring back for a brief instant the sensory state of the progenitors of the human race.

Thus I seemed to be able to revert to the animal. But in reality it was not that, rather the intense waiting, watchful perception of the animal.



(Above) Monument Valley, in Utah. The desert floor here is gray and purple. The shafts and walls of rock are red and gold. "On my trips to the desert, of which I have had many," says Mr. Grey, "there was always an hour or a moment of every day or evening when I went alone to some ridge of hills, or into the cedars or the sage, there to listen and to watch. This seemed to me to be a communion with the strange affinity of the desert." (Left) Mr. Grey crossing the dangerous Wetherill trail in the Glass Mountains of Utah. Many horses have been lost on this treacherous route

things that chained them to their martyrdom. But the truth lay vastly deeper, deep as the instinct of the savage. Men love the forbidding and desolate desert because of the ineradicable and unconscious wildness of savage nature in them.

No visitors to the desert can escape this influence, though but few ever will realize the meaning of the thrill of joy that returns in memory of the desert, and the vague regret. I have met women who lived along the edge of the barren lands, hating the desolate, glaring, lonely void, yet conscious of a nameless charm.

Men once lived in trees. They descended to the ground to walk upright. They took to caves, and then spread over the face of the earth. Nature is the mother of every man.

Harness the cave-man—yes! as Doctor Fosdick so eloquently preaches; but do not kill him. Something of the wild and primitive should forever remain instinctive in the human race. All the joy of the senses lives in this law. The sweetness of the childhood of the race comes back

of the North Rim drew my gaze. And then I went indoors.

Later, when I came out, all the colors had faded to a quiet, cold gray. The wind blew cold through the piñons on the rim. There was a sweet tang of sage and cedar on the air, and that indefinable fragrance peculiar to the Canyon. In the west a dull gold flare showed where the sun had

gone down, dropped below the far horizon.

Suddenly, as I looked, I remembered that Buffalo Jones was dead—the old plainsman with whom I had learned to know and love Arizona—land of canyon, of color, of cedar, and pine and piñon and spruce! No wonder that dark North Rim seemed to haunt me. Something lay indeed far beyond it—the forest where I ran with Jones, lassoing lions and chasing wild horses.

THE memories of bygone adventures, and of first intimations of my power to write, flooded over me, and a vision of the rugged face of Jones—keen, seamed, and lined, stern, with the craggy jaw and narrowed eyes. The Canyon yawned there, eternally the same as when we used to ride recklessly along its rims; and I stood there, still young, vigorous, full of pulsing blood and resurgent ambition, while the old plainsman had gone.



Zane Grey on the Mogollon Rim, looking down into the Tonto Basin of Arizona



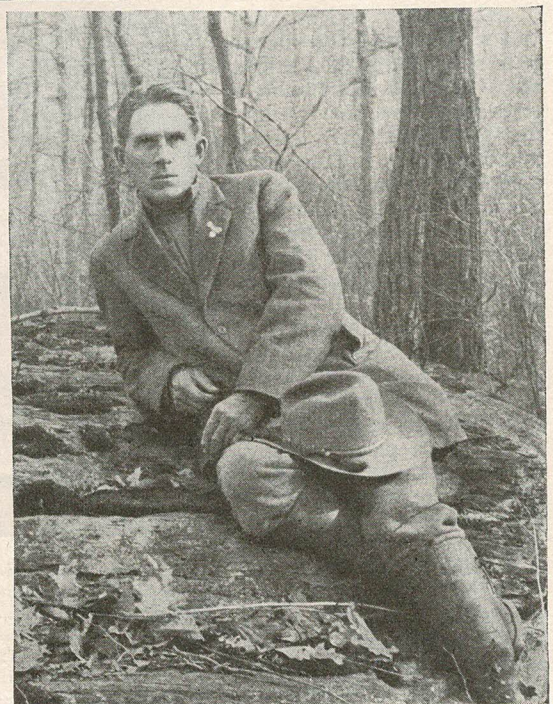
in this thoughtless watching and listening. Perhaps the spirit of this marvelous nature is in reality God.

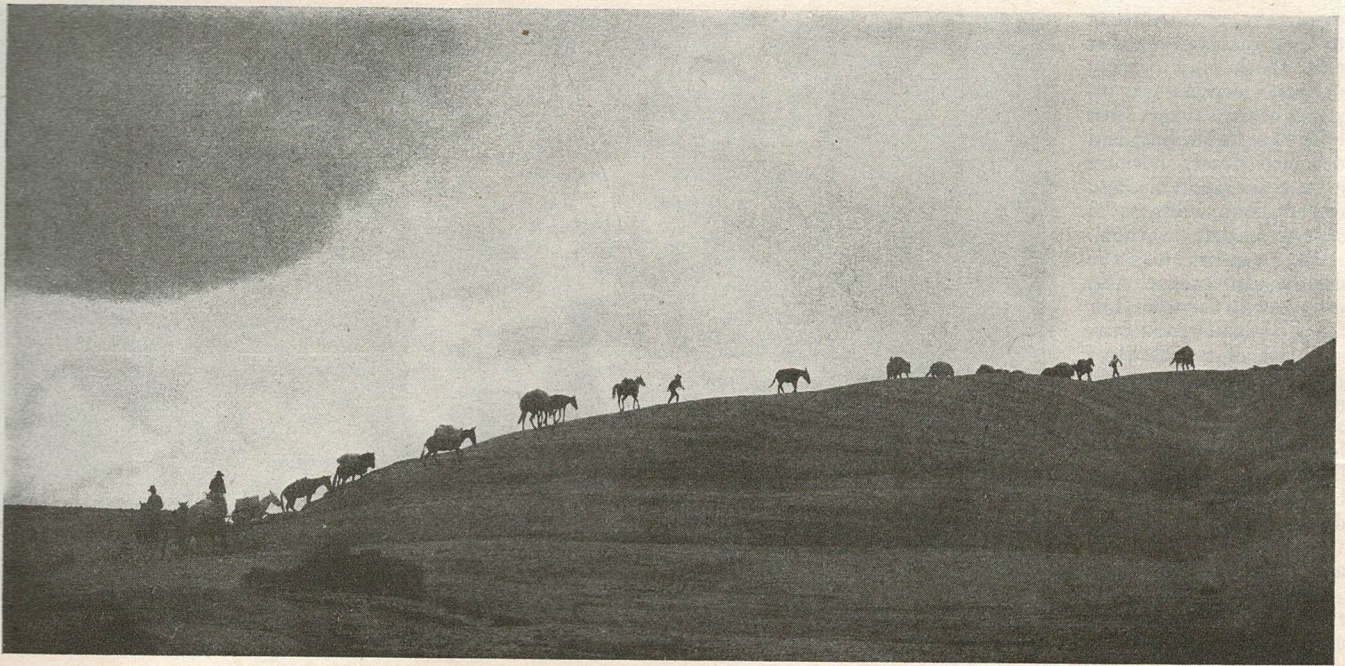
I always take voluminous notes on my outdoor trips. These are for adaptation in the working up of stories. I select a few at random from some which have not yet been converted to use:

IT WAS sunset when I first saw the Canyon this year. The old, familiar, stupendous chasm! Shadows were deep—ragged, blue, creeping shadows. And there was a brightness of red and yellow and gray on all the slopes open to the sun.

I looked, and seemed reluctant to keep on looking. I saw the old trails, the well-remembered landmarks; and they made me think how time flew by, yet the Canyon never changed. The dark fringed line

(Above) Mr. Grey looking across the colored clay ridges and ravines to the ghastly Death Valley. "In every man," he says, "there survives the red blood of our ancestors—the primitive instincts. In these hides the secret of the eloquent and tremendous influence of the desert: the wide open spaces, the lonely hills, the shifting sands and painted steppes, the stark-naked canyons—all these places of the desert awake the instincts of the primitive age of man." (Right) Mr. Grey in the woods near his home at Lackawaxen, Pennsylvania, where he spent the early days of his literary career





A pack train mounting the first slope on its way across the Glass Mountains

NOVEMBER 13TH
LATE this afternoon I watched the sun for an hour, and the sky long after the sun had set. There were deep, dark blue shadows, in wonderful contrast with the bright sunlit slopes, almost a gold color. These shadows grew toward the east, down the canyons, and up the slopes facing the west. For a while there were no real reds—just a dull bronze.

I walked a while looking down into the canyons, at the birds, and the precipitous slopes, and the dwarf spruces, and the weathered old cliffs.

When I gazed across the canyon a change had taken place. The shadows had changed and were no longer dark. They were clear—the slopes and depths and rocks could be seen through them. There were no bright contrasts. The tips of the higher domes and peaks were bright red. Far to the east I found a strange shadow, slowly turning purple. It grew vivid, and then began to fade. Soon after that all the colors darkened, and slowly the pale gray stole over all. In the west a golden glow showed where the sun had gone down.

NOVEMBER 14TH
AT SUNRISE the crown of the rim, the broad belt of bare rock, turned pale gold under its ragged line of pines, and a pale pink sky. The tips of the peaks gleamed opal. There was no red, no fire. The light in the east was a pale gold under a steely green-blue sky.

All the abyss of the Canyon was soft, gray, clear, not hazy or misty. And the line of gold broadened downward, making shadows on the west

slopes of the mesas and escarpments.

In the afternoon I rode along the rim westward. The river could be seen—yellow, turgid, gleaming in the shadows; and I heard a low, dull roar. Toward sunset the colors and shadows changed, deepened. . . . In one place I saw russet, iron, chocolate, red, green, copper, ma-

roon. I saw one colossal cliff, dark and forbidding, descend from its stepping-off point of yellow shale, down and down over red perpendicular bulges to a bottomless depth. . . . I saw gold spots of sunlight on the dark shadows, proving that somewhere the sun was shining through wind-worn holes in the sharp ridges.

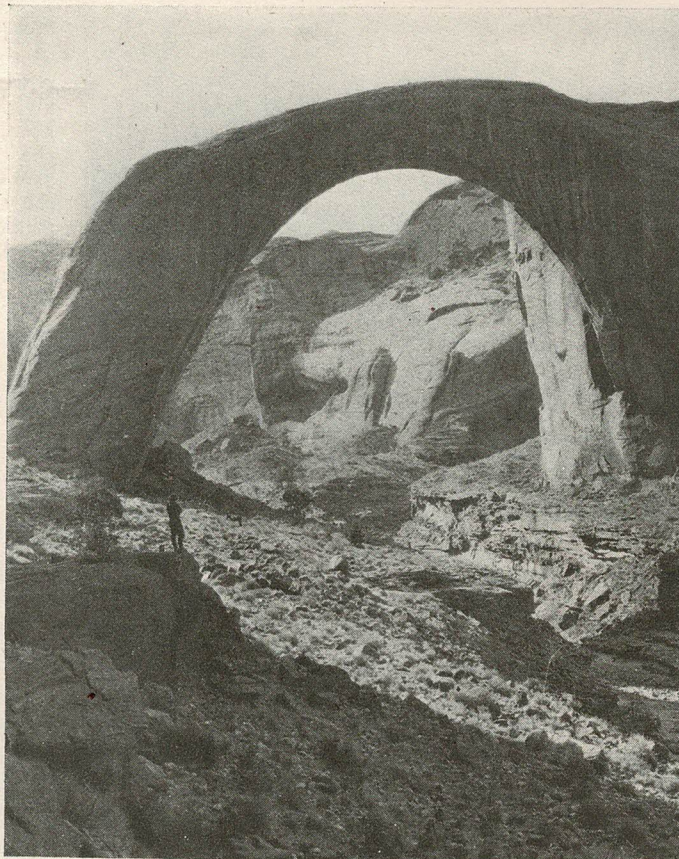
Beyond the western breaks of the Canyon showed a strip of dark forest, then a wide yellow plain of sage sloping up to a long, rugged range of mountains. Far as eye could reach!

Canyon of purple shadows! It will forever be inexplicable to all save scientists. To the dreamer and the idealist the Canyon has a soul. It is the epitome of sublimity, beauty, color. It proves the destructive force of ages, but it breathes of the inscrutable spirit of nature, the unseen power, the Creator.

ROCHESTER'S COVE
CATALINA ISLAND
JUNE 2D, 1921

A CANYON runs down to the sea, and its rugged bluffs half encircle a calm cove with a crescent beach, sandy and pebbly.

The place seems sleepy and sweet and lonely. The surf roar is low, and draws as it drags the pebbles back. There is a summer breeze that is laden with fragrant smells of sage and wild oats, as dry as straw. Birds make melody—raven, crow, song sparrow, linnet, wild canaries, mocking birds, and others I cannot name. Swallows dart through the glade between the eucalyptus trees. The sea gleams smooth and blue out (Continued on page 72)

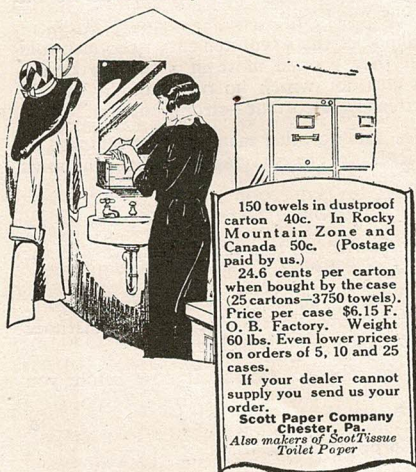


Mr. Grey at the Rainbow Natural Bridge in Utah. "This bridge," he says, "was the one great natural phenomenon, the one grand spectacle which I had ever seen that did not at first give vague disappointment, a confounding of reality, a disenchantment of contrast with what the mind had conceived. But this thing was glorious. It absolutely silenced me. My body and brain, weary and dull from the toil of travel, received a singular and revivifying freshness"



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Kitchen-Bathroom-Automobile-Office-Factory

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What the Desert Means to Me

(Continued from page 8)

beyond the giant cottonwoods. These cottonwoods are worthy of note. They are immense in size, full-foliaged and symmetrical, and spread wide branches. I never saw such small leaves or such a green color.

The floor of this canyon is carpeted with a thick mat of wild oats, straw-color. There are tobacco plants with yellow blossoms, and golden star, and some tiny red-blossomed flower. Under the eucalyptus trees the ground is brown and dry with the long dead leaves, that smell musty and woody. Up the mountain slopes, cactus and sage and holly make a colorful background. Away up the canyon the sky is hazy and the sun obscured. It is a warm summer afternoon. A raven croaks dismally.

It is an environment that means enchantment to me. Sea and mountain! Breeze and roar of surf! Music of birds! Solitude and tranquillity! A place for rest, dream, peace, sleep. I could write here and be at peace. How soft the rounded foothills with their low green shrubs and wild-oats slopes! The eucalyptus trees droop like weeping willows. And they have strange cone-shaped silver-lined berries or seed pods.

The whole glade is now full of swallows darting to and fro. These birds must live in the deserted straw-thatched shacks someone erected here long ago.

Far out to the eastward, sky and cloud meet the blue sea. The most significant feature of this place is the melody of the birds. It is beautiful.

I have recurrence of the still small voice that bids me work. Still, the feeling of languor is exquisite. Why not rest, dream, and write about that? How the surf roars, shallow and low and hollow? It is interesting to see how the long strips of bark hang from the eucalyptus trees, like twining flat vines, brown as cinnamon and dry as dead ferns. I hear a turtle dove.

And, altogether, I cannot get away from sensorial perceptions. My state is one of languor, comfort, and dreaminess. It comes to me here—what I should most heed—the very things that are here. These can never fail me. Their meaning is the secret of life. Sweet rest and dreamful ease!

The sky line to the west is a long sweeping roll of gray open slope and patches of ragged green scrub oak; and it has a singular effect as if to call me. It is quite far distant.

Time does not seem fleeting here and now. It is thought of the present, living now, that disarms the brevity of life. The wind is silent—so is the surf—only the birds break the solitude of this cove.

CLEMENTE ISLAND
AUGUST 21ST, 1921

THE morning of this day was clear and hot, indicative of wind. But about noon the wind lulled and the sea smoothed out, glassy and heaving.



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It *BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans*

We left the "Gladiator" and rowed ashore just above the east end of the island, into a deep-set little cove, where we found it possible to land. The water was green and gold. There were masses of webbed seaweed of an exquisite shade, and great streamers of dark brown kelp, all waving to and fro with the ebb and flow of the swells. Sharks were drifting around close to the huge rocks, and gold fish and blue perch glinted under the sun.

We climbed the rough cactus-covered point of rock, and worked over to the windward side, and out to the extreme end of the East End.

This was a wide, lonely, rugged point of rock, worn to ragged edges by contending tides. A few shaggy moss-covered rocks lifted their heads out of the green and white, but most of the time they were submerged. One rock rose like a tower, rugged and bold, to a height of forty feet, and upon its summit was a huge mound of sticks, most of which was cactus—an osprey's nest. The two birds were near at hand, wonderful pearl-white and dark-flecked fishhawks, with wide spread of wings. These birds have become very rare; in fact, almost extinct. They sailed over us, uttering piercing, plaintive notes, as if in protest at the invasion of the solitude of their sea home.

I saw a curlew on the rocky shore, and it too flew away with wild, sweet bird-notes.

The rocks of this East End were black and ragged, exceedingly hard to travel over, and dangerous too. The endless wearing of the water had honeycombed the rugged banks until there were caverns, holes, cracks, and every variety of irregularity. Below the bold bluff ran out the low black ledge upon which the great swells beat themselves to white ruin; and under this ledge was a subterranean cavern into which the swells rolled with hollow haunting roar. From both sides they rolled in, sometimes to meet and contend in sullen thumping contest against the rocks.

THE feature of this spot was the fact that every ten minutes or more the larger swells heaved out of the sea, and moved shoreward with a singular, mighty, lifting motion, to rise and curl and break, and then roar onto the rocks in a white, seething, boiling cauldron of angry foam. Again I saw the seals sport on the crest of these white waves, and again I saw gold fish deep in the green mass of the moving water.

It was a mystery where these grand waves came from. The sea would be smooth, glassy, gently heaving, breaking with slow, lapping splash, and then presently a more perceptible rise of water would be discernible, and this would slowly move in to rise to a breaker. Another line would show far out, and rise and move forward, and lift higher to swell and curl and burst. These were but forerunners of the grand swells that came in threes, each loftier than its predecessor.

What thundering surge and roar! How the huge green mass leaped up, and showed white, and spread into glistening foam! The sound was immense, profound, soul-disturbing. Behind these swells were eight thousand miles of the majestic Pacific. Here was the true aspect of the



Will Your Hair Stand Close Inspection

Is it soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking—full of life and lustre

YOUR hair, more than anything else, makes or spoils your whole appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

Wear your hair becomingly; always have it beautifully clean and well kept, and it will add more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it. If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear

warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

Rinse the hair thoroughly

AFTER rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

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lonely and terrible and beautiful sea! Here a man was but an atom before the mightiest force of nature. Here spread the sea—mother of life!

I could have spent the whole day there, alone and absorbed. The open space about me, the eternal moan of the sea in my ears, the loneliness and wildness and solitude so omnipresent.

RAINBOW BRIDGE
UTAH, MAY, 1923

I SAW past the vast jutting wall that had obstructed my view. A mile beyond all was bright with the colors of sunset, and spanning the canyon in the graceful shape and beautiful hues of the rainbow was a magnificent natural bridge.

"Nodzealid," said the guide simply. This rainbow bridge was the one great natural phenomenon, the one grand spectacle which I had ever seen that did not at first give vague disappointment, a confounding of reality, a disenchantment of contrast with what the mind had conceived.

But this thing was glorious. It absolutely silenced me. My body and brain, weary and dull from the toil of travel, received a singular and revivifying freshness. I had a strange mystic perception that this rosy-hued, tremendous arch of stone was a goal I had failed to reach in some former life, but had now found. Here was a rainbow magnified even beyond dreams, a thing not transparent and ethereal, but solidified, a work of ages, sweeping up majestically from the red walls, its iris-hued arch against the blue sky.

We were to camp all night under the bridge. Just before we reached it, the Indian, Nas ta Bega, halted with one of his singular motions. He was saying his prayer to this great stone god. Then he began to climb straight up the steep slope. The guide told me the Indian would not pass under the arch.

When we got to the bridge and unsaddled and unpacked the lame mustangs, twilight had fallen. The Indians turned the mustangs loose to fare for what scant grass grew on bench and slope. Firewood was even harder to find than grass. When our simple meal had been eaten, gloom was gathering in the canyon and stars had begun to blink in the pale strip of blue above the lofty walls. The place was oppressive and we were mostly silent.

Presently I moved away into the strange dark shadow cast by the bridge. It was a weird black belt, where I imagined I was invisible but out of which I could see. There was a slab of rock upon which I composed myself, to watch, to feel.

A stiffening of my neck made me aware that I had been continuously looking up at the looming arch. I found that it never seemed the same any two moments. Near at hand it was too vast a thing for immediate comprehension. I wanted to ponder on what had formed it—to reflect upon its meaning as to age and force of nature. Yet it seemed that all I could do was to see. White stars hung along the dark curved line. The rim of the arch appeared to shine. The moon was up there somewhere. The far side of the canyon was now a blank black wall. Over its towering rim showed a pale glow. It brightened. The shades in the canyon



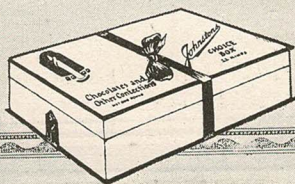
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lightened, then a white disk of moon peeped over the dark line. The bridge turned to silver.

It was then that I became aware of the presence of Nas ta Bega—dark, silent, statuesque, with inscrutable face uplifted, with all that was spiritual of the Indians suggested by a somber and tranquil knowledge of his place there. Nodzealid needed life—wild life, life of its millions of years—and here stood the dark and silent Indian.

Later I walked there alone, to and fro under the bridge. The moon had long since crossed the streak of star-fired blue above, and the canyon was black in shadow. At times a current of wind, with all the strangeness of that strange country in its moan, rushed through the great stone arch. At other times there was silence such as I imagine might have dwelt deep in the center of the earth. At still other times an owl hooted, and the sound had a mocking echo; an echo of night, silence, gloom, melancholy, death, age, eternity!

THE Indian lay asleep with his dark face upturned, and the other sleepers lay calm and white in the starlight. I seemed to see in them the meaning of life and the past—the illimitable train of faces that had shone under the stars. There was something nameless in that canyon; and whether or not it was what the Indian embodied in the great Nodzealid or the life of the present, or the death of the ages, or the nature so magnificently manifested in those silent, dreaming, waiting walls—the truth was that there was a spirit.

I did sleep a few hours under Nodzealid, and when I awoke the tip of the arch was losing its cold darkness and beginning to shine. The sun had just risen high enough over some low break in the wall to reach the bridge. I watched. Slowly, in wondrous transformation, the gold and blue and rose and pink and purple blended their hues, softly, mistily, cloudily, until once more the arch was a rainbow.

I realized that long before life had evolved upon the earth this bridge had spread its grand arch from wall to wall, black and mystic at night, transparent and rosy in the sunrise, at sunset a flaming curve limned against the heavens. When the race of men had passed it would, perhaps, stand there still. It was not for many eyes to see. The tourist, the leisurely traveler, the comfort-loving motorist would never behold it. Only by toil, sweat, endurance, and pain could any man ever look at Nodzealid. It seemed well to realize that the most magnificent and uplifting spectacles have to be earned. Nodzealid would always be alone, grand, silent, beautiful, unintelligible; and as such I bade it a mute, reverent farewell.

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