

original company; and he let us ride—for a cash consideration—in the back seat of his very comfortable buckboard.

Bowen and I slept at Reno the Saturday night of our arrival, and I remember walking about the streets, and stopping to hear the blessed music of a piano in somebody's home. Sunday I rested while Bowen took a walk up the railroad track. Sunday night we slept together, and Monday morning when I awoke, my partner was gone.

I had a two-dollar bill—the only paper money. I am convinced, there was in Reno at the time. But no one wanted it. Finally I bought some stamps at the post office, where even greenbacks were good, and wrote a letter to my Indiana home, getting sixty cents in change.

And at noon I discovered that the gold and silver coins had been taken from my buckskin pouch, and iron washers from the railroad track had been substituted.

I have never seen Bowen from that day to this. But I don't think it was he who made the transfer of base for precious metal at the San Francisco mint, because Bowen is dead. He died about twenty years ago. He had learned telegraphy, and landed at Deming, N. M., in the flourishing stages of a typhoid fever case. The telegraphers there nursed him through to convalescence, giving up one of their beds to him and paying all physician and druggist bills, doing most of the nursing themselves. And then he got up one day and walked east out of town with the clothes of one benefactor, the watch of a second, and the two-months' pay of a third. He lay down beside the track about ten miles east of Deming, burrowed his face in the sand at the base of a sagebrush, and died. And the men he had robbed gave him a decent burial.

As for me, when I found but sixty cents between myself and poverty, I walked to Virginia City, and took cases on the old Enterprise. And I still think that my translation of Judge Goodwin's editorials from the things he wrote to the things they ought to be, laid the foundation for his fame and fortune as a journalist.

DID YOU EVER GO NUTTING?

There isn't much of a chance to gather walnuts in the woods of Utah; but it is a mighty pleasant exercise back in my Indiana country at this time of year—or was when I was a boy.

Just about the time we concluded the intense heat of summer was going on forever; just when the men were drilling wheat; just when that matchless picture of Jean Ingelow's is realized in every Hoosier landscape—

Woods upon woods and fields of corn lying between them,
Not quite sere, and not in the full, thick, leafy bloom
When the winds can hardly find breathing room
Under the tassels; cattle near, biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sassafras and sasafra,
And bluebirds twittering all around—

Just about then comes a rain, and then a heavy frost, and a day or two of cold, almost a snow—and then the sultry sun again. And that is Indian summer. The oaks and maple leaves turn from deep green to gorgeous gold, to flaming scarlet, to wine, to lemon, and all the vivid colors know to sight. The woods are past description beautiful, with their masses of brilliant hues. There is an unused, mysterious stillness in the air. There is a suggestion of smoke shades, low lying and distant. The air is

wonderfully clear, and noises come from astonishingly far away.

Those times you get out the team and the lumber wagon, and go to the woods. The season's work is out of the way. Men, women and children abandon the farm for the day, and go to gather walnuts. The frost has loosed their hold on the branches of mighty trees, and they are falling all around—the noise of their striking on leaf-carpeted earth proving the accent in your poem of pleasure. The squirrels run necklessly about, chattering their impatient protest at the dividing of stores. There are grape vines in the smaller trees, and the women gather great masses of grapes. They provide a delicious jelly for winter dinner seasoning.

With their dull green coats, the walnuts are the size of oranges, and you fill half the wagon bed. Then you unhitch the horses and let them crop the thin, sweet forest grass, while you and the people eat pie and cookies and yellow rusks, and drink from the creek, and lean back against a sycamore tree and just let the autumn warmth penetrate your being.

The air grows chilly as you drive home, and the sun goes down in a blood-red west, and the cows are waiting at the pasture bars.

You don't talk much in walnut-getting time. It is the Lord's benediction on a busy season, and solemn gratitude lays finger on lip, and lights the fire of worship in the heart.

One can't be wicked in walnut time.

TO A MISTRESS.

In the world of loving, in the world of living,
I find you true, and I find you glad.
All of my faults and my sins forgiving,
And only sad when myself am sad.
The best of women, they say, are bad.

Your face has the stamp of the mold heroic—
Always unquestioning. Ah, how strange!
With a smile serene as the Spartan stoic,
However my wayward fancies range.
And death might kiss you, and find no change.

You say 'tis enough if I smiling fling you
(I quote your language) a rose some time;
More than enough if I come to bring you
What seems to you as a thought sublime—
A shred of my soul in a vagrant rhyme.

Yet, sometimes, surely I doubtless grieve you,
For women treasure the little things.
A careless look when I turn to leave you—
How deep in a woman's heart it stings.
And yet she close to her idol clings.

The love you bear with a glory folds you
As one who walks in white samite clad.
I know you good as your law upholds you
With faith like that which the prophets had.
The best of women, they say, are bad.

Whatever the world says has your scorning,
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.
Not even my own hard note of warning,
Nor ancient legend of moth and rust
Can make you listen, or shake your trust.

I tell you true, I am worlds below you
In all that is best of our nature shown.
With logic pitiless clear I show you
How woman's love to the dregs is thrown;
And my words are chaff to the breezes blown.

Is it because that you catch at the slender
And shadowy warp of the last days fled?
And dream when my mood to your mood was
tender

That Fate had knitted the broken thread!
Does it mean so much for a kind word said?

I know this much: That a man's devotion
Will ebb and flow like the fickle tides
That cross a rock in the trackless ocean—
Or here or there, as the pale moon guides—
And a woman's love like the rock abides.

In the world this side of the dim hereafter
Where friends have failed me, and life grows sad,
I crave for your love, and I crave your laughter;
And here at the last the proverb add:
The best of women, they say, are bad.

—Ernst McGaffey.

WHAT CAIN SAID TO GOD.

This is the condition of their jail:

- Cells under water from backed up sewers.
- Four to ten men lodged in one cell room.
- Children and minors placed in cells with hardened criminals.
- Dirty roller towels used by both diseased and clean prisoners.
- Boards used for beds in most of the police stations.
- Filthy mattresses filled with vermin in many of the police stations.
- Cells facing blank, solid walls with only a few bars on the front to admit light and fresh air.
- Cells used at times for the detention of stray dogs.
- Rats and vermin found in abundance.

Of course it doesn't at all apply to the Salt Lake County jail. The picture probably could not be duplicated in Utah, if in the whole mountain country. And yet it is true of prisons of the older states, and in a shocking number of instances. The category given above applies to prisons in Chicago. Fully as bad a condition has for many years existed in Pennsylvania and New York.

The theory of the penal system is that the prosecution is right; that it takes its commission and its authority from a flawless rectitude; that its very warrant for restraining or punishing a man rests on the fact that its hands are clean; that not a flaw flecks the fair face of its escutcheon—because that only perfection dare lift a hand to punish imperfection. It is an intolerable theory that the culprit can face court and custodian with the charge that they or either of them violates even the smallest of the mandates of the Most High God!

After all, the warrant for the penal system is correction—not punishment. It rests upon the purpose to save the man in the criminal; to make of him once more a useful member of that society which must consider the prisoner an economic waste and a social debit.

How shall a prisoner in surroundings like that described above respect the power that confined him there? How shall he reconcile the theory of perfection in the prosecution with that measureless horror of offenses? How shall he be taught desire to be one of the company that locks the other company behind such walls?

And the Lord said unto Cain, "where is Abel, thy brother?" And he said: "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?"

But he was. And in an infinitely deeper and more sacred sense is the present-day community a keeper of its brother in jail. No plea of poverty, no charge of criminality can defend so gross an inhumanity as that which is proven in pictures like this. And the Great Father who gave to Cain a punishment harder than he could bear, is surely no less just this day than when Asia's sun looked down on the face of the first slain.

If Queen Mary has elected herself censor of the silent drama, as a cable report says, then I discern her flash. Motion pictures have reached a point in popularity that would justify them in calling the bluff of four queens.

It now appears that a gentleman being sued for divorce sat up with his woman friend's jewels (and kimono) to keep them (the jewels) from being stolen.

It's a good thing you didn't have to wait for the completion of that comfort station at the corner of Broadway and State street.