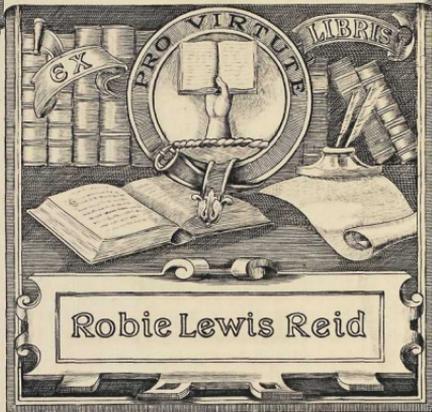


COAST TO COAST IN A  
PUDDLE JUMPER  
And OTHER STORIES

MELITA L. O'HARA

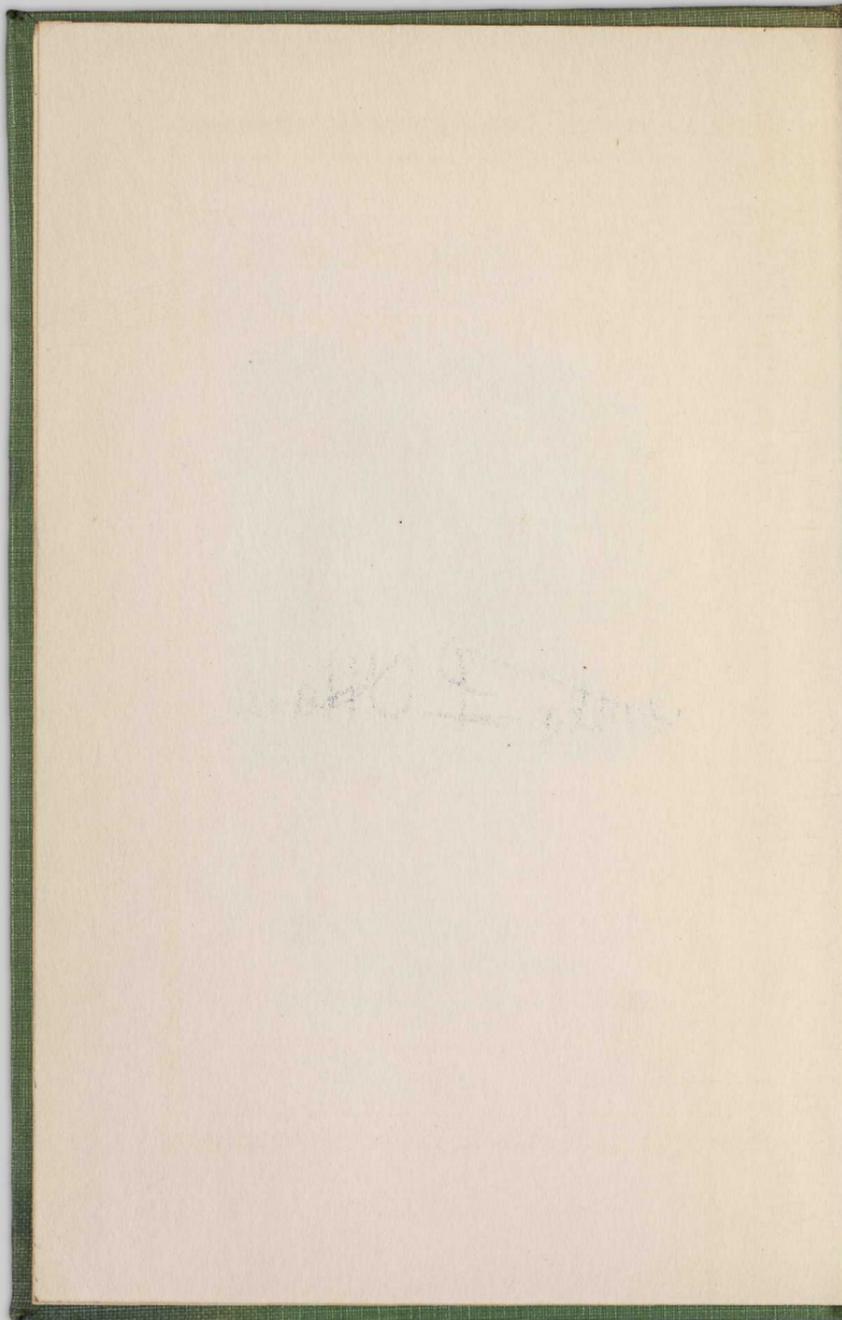
For him was lever have at hys beddes heed  
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,  
Of Aristotle and hys philosophye,  
Than robes riche, or fithel, or gay gautrye.



*The F. W. Howay and R. L. Reid  
Collection of Canadiana  
The University of British Columbia*

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Coast to Coast in a  
Puddle Jumper  
AND  
OTHER STORIES

BY

MELITA L. O'HARA

*Melita L. O'Hara*

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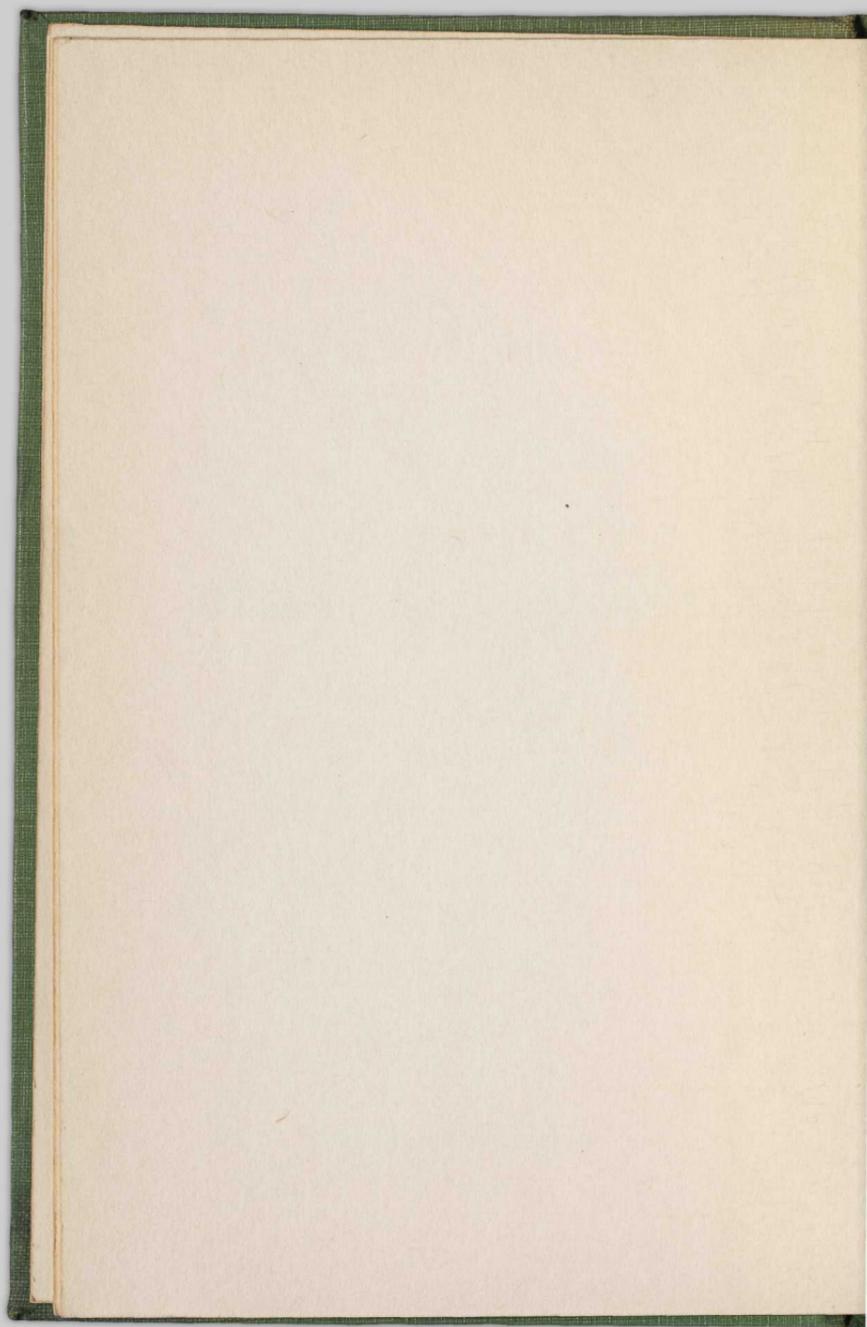
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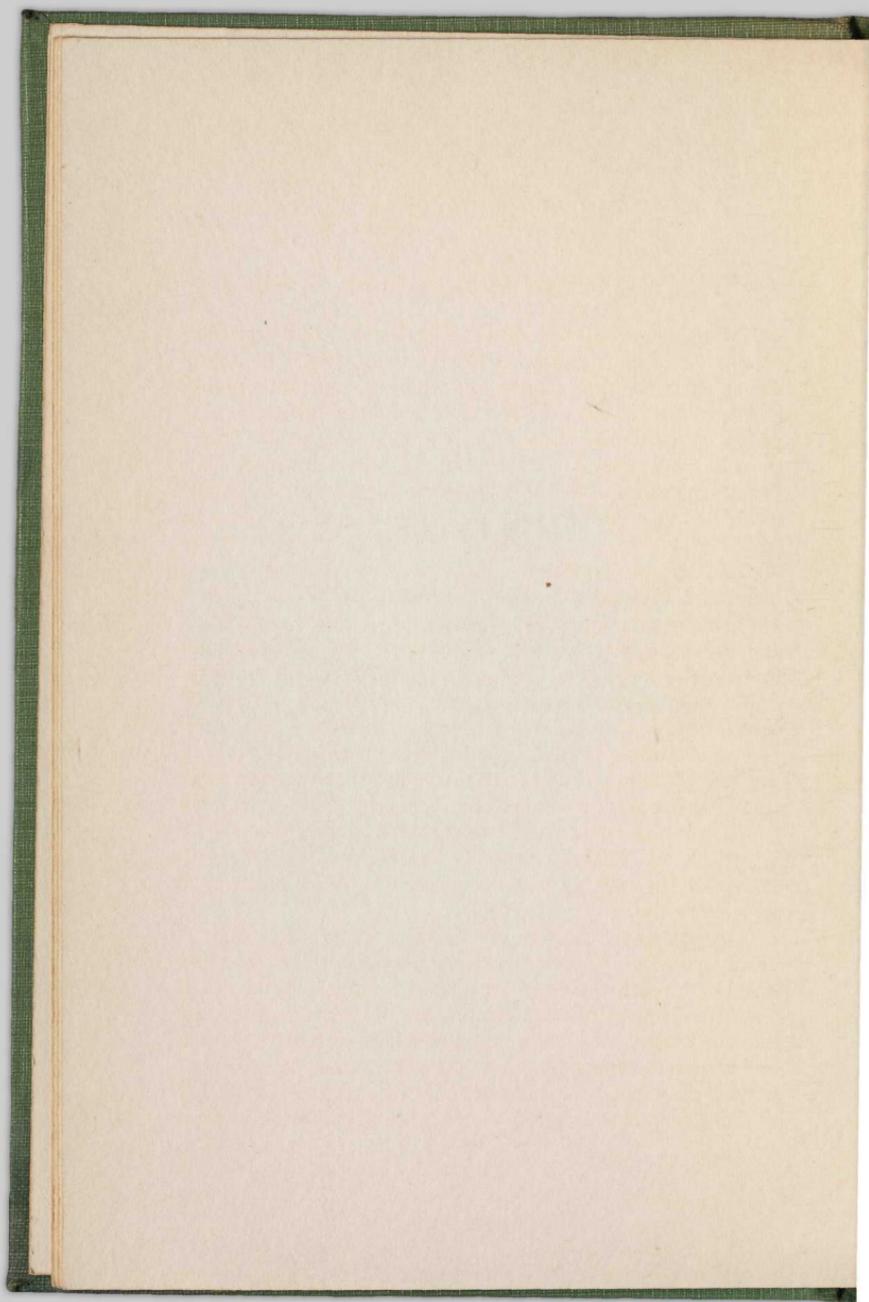
MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To  
THE TRAVEL BUMPERS OF THE WORLD



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## COAST TO COAST IN A PUDDLE JUMPER

Phrenologists say of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh that among other characteristics his bump of travel is highly developed. Its significance is an almost constant craving to explore new territories, and when linked with motive power it generally brings its victims to ultimate fame, or—the poorhouse. Of course, of super-humans, like "Lindy," there are few; the majority of victims end their well-filled lives unheard of and unsung in the poorhouse over the hill, or very near it. I am a humble victim without any of the strong points necessary to this characteristic; the poorhouse lies just over the hill, but—first I must impart to those who have no such bumps to contend with, the wonder of the road on the way, and to those who have, a few routes new, perhaps, to them.

I bought a new car last Spring, which, on account of certain leaping qualities, I named "Puddle Jumper"—If you are thinking of exploring, a car is essential; if you are not thinking of exploring, refrain from buying anything with wings or on wheels; it might prove too much for you. I wondered what this Puddle Jumper would do if given its head. Now I know, and if you will read this through without skipping too many pages, you will know also.

Old Orchard Beach, in the State of Maine, is mainly a beach on which a dozen or more hotelkeepers exploit the summer tourist, their season of two months only being so short they have to store up for the Winter months, just like the bear. Of course, it takes water to make a beach, and the water there happens to be the great, big Atlantic Ocean, of which you have heard. It stretches out as far as the eye can see, and its waves break against the pier,

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with its shops, wheels of fortune, house of nonsense, and casino, where one dances every evening above the lapping waters. One is never lonely in Old Orchard—there is a multitude of things to do. Just to lie about in the warm sand—and such sand—in one's bathing suit is a delight, if not always to the eye! And to bathe in the breakers and have one's picture taken at the coast—ah, what joy! Yes, this is the coast where my tale begins, where, acting upon that travel urge, I started early in June on the first lap of my trip, which was to end with the Continent, at the other ocean. I must say that Old Orchard was not all I have said about it early in June, but I have visited the place during hotelkeepers' season. In June it was a wee bit chilly, though the air was pure and one could drive a golf ball on the beach, as long as one kept within the ten-mile limit! I have been up in the air over things several times since, but it was at Old Orchard Beach that I first went up in a plane. It belonged to Captain Jones, who has a hangar there and takes passengers up daily. However, to return to earth again, on this trip of mine I had eleven intermittent companions (I do not know whether this word conveys all it should, but I borrowed it from a fever I had once which "came and went") . . . These same friends accompanied me in sections, some came a few hundred miles, others thousands and here is a word of praise for these eleven sturdies: by their thoughtfulness, cheerfulness and push they rendered this trip possible. It is my firm belief that there would not be so many quarrelsome married couples if these couples would but take a long motor trip together before the fatal step, for it is the best test imaginable. Dorie was my first companion, and we left Old Orchard Beach at nine one fine morning; somehow all through the trip departures were never as scheduled; if I said eight, it meant nine and so into the day. Portland lies eighteen miles northeast of Old Orchard over the paved Boston Highway, which, going in the opposite direction, runs south-

west through Kennebunk Beach and Biddeford and into the city of Boston. As a starter, we were almost arrested in Portland when I ignored the traffic dignitary in his lair on Congress Square:

"Where the D—— do YOU come from?" he fairly shrieked, having come down to our level.

"From Quebec," I found enough breath to answer; you know I was born in Quebec.

"Have they no cops in Quebec?" he was still shouting.

By that time I was recovering, however, so I tried the usual line in such cases: "Yes they have, but not as nice-looking ones as Portland. I *am* sorry I did not see you at first, and I promise not to break the law again."

"You will, I'm sure, next chance you get," but his tone and manner were thawing perceptibly. "Keep moving, you're congesting the traffic." Needless to say I heard him the first time and so along through Fryeburg and Conway where we stopped for lunch. Conway is in New Hampshire and the beautiful ranges of White Mountains, and in Vermont Green Mountains lie between it and St. Johnsbury. We had our first flat tire in the White Mountains near the Crawford House; there are two ways of getting to the same place, the Crawford Notch and the Franconia Notch, the latter route passes under the Man of the Mountains, which is a perfect Indian Head carved by Dame Nature out of a peak . . . both roads have much to offer but we chose the former because it is shorter. After changing our tire and having it repaired at the Crawford House Garage, seeing a few mules and goats, we carried on, past Mount Washington Hotel, a palatial place built in the shadow of the highest peak from which it derives its name. Of all the high peaks, Mount Washington, I imagine, would be the easiest to climb; a trolley car brings you to the very top! We then continued past the Twins, which are two mountains exactly alike—in the Rockies they would have been called Sisters or Brothers—and into Bethlehem, an exclusive summer resort, and

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after covering 120 miles we stopped at Littleton on the Vermont State line. It must have been somebody's birthday for the place was packed and the only rooms available were in a huge Community Hall which, however, was recommended by the Automobile Club; we slept well, despite the fact that upon ringing for the chambermaid the porter advised us that he was the chambermaid! The next day we dressed with due care as to detail, in view of passing Customs, and we traveled through St. Johnsbury, Charleston, Newport, which, by the way, is a lovely place (so much water and such good gasoline). Lake Memphramagog looked very pretty in the distance, and with mixed sentiments we approached the Derby line. The roads were in state of construction near the line, which somewhat took our minds off the customs officials. Well, having crossed at Blaine, I recall the Derby line as a very pleasant holdup . . . of course we weren't concealing anything, but the innocent invariably pays, we had been told. From there on to Lennoxville we felt a great deal more at home. Our speedometer registering 125 miles, we stopped at a farm called The Pines and knew the delights of a bath and good home cooking. The beds were so comfy that we did not get started until ten the next morning, passing up Sherbrooke, twelve miles away, going by the famous buildings of the more famous Bishop's College and Bishop's College School on the other side of the river St. Francois, and via Thetford Mines, which are mostly asbestos, Thetford is a typical mining town with its foreign element and languages. Here we lunched, then on through Robertson, to Valley Junction and the different Saints of Beauce, George, Joseph and Marie, on the Jackman Highway, which is a good dirt road, ending on the heights of Levis; then onto the ferry running between Levis and Quebec across the St. Lawrence, which is a mile wide at that point; from this ferry one gets a good view of the beautiful Château Frontenac, built high upon a rock called Cape Diamond. This, by

## COAST TO COAST IN A PUDDLE JUMPER 11

the way, was Dorie's destination, so I had to search for another "intermittent" companion.

Ah, the romance and adventure lurking in the ways and byways of Old Quebec! Nearly every stone is historical, if one but knew it, and many pages of Canada's history were written within the walls of its old homes. It is unique in its architecture, in its old world grandeur and in its situation, teeming with stories of brave knights and fair damsels during the French regime when Intendant Bigot made of Quebec a beehive of intrigue and conspiracy. Monuments of Generals Wolfe and Montcalm testify to the now established *bonne entente* of the two nationalities, and to the bravery of both soldiers, and recall the notable battle of the Plains of Abraham, which lie not far from Spencer Wood, the Colonial home of the Lieutenant-Governors of the Province for these many, many years. Six miles away to the northeast are Montmorency Falls and Kent House, once the property of the Duke of Kent, and farther, twenty-one miles to be exact, is Ste. Anne de Beaupré, its shrine, a lure every year to thousands of people from everywhere.

Within easy access to the city are several lakes situated in the Laurentian Mountains, such as Lake St. Charles, Beauport and St. Joseph which is near Valcartier Camp where so many boys were in training before embarking for the World War. I love Quebec, I shall always love it and sometime, somewhere, I will endeavor to write up some of its romance, but now I must pass on. Years and years ago there was on St. Louis Street a livery stable called Campbell's, noted for its thoroughbreds, and when motor cars supplanted man's best friend, the owner of this establishment, in keeping with the times, made room for the automobile and now runs one of the best garages in town. It was there I stored my Puddle Jumper at night, and there that I eventually got a passenger for my next hop, a boy of fourteen summers, named Scotty, whose

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main desire was to leave Quebec and get to Vancouver somehow or other.

I thought it would be well worth my while to take him along as far as Regina, Saskatchewan, to do the dirty work. As it turned out there was plenty of it! He was pathetic in his eagerness to come and assured me he would not eat much and could sleep in the car . . . !

I should have picked my very dearest friends for similarity of character but I did not, and my enthusiasm about the trip failed to move Marge except to ridicule . . . then I thought of Agnes, in Ottawa, and everything was arranged. Agnes and Juliette would furnish the wit in case the gas ran out, as far as Regina, anyway.

It was a blue moment leaving Quebec and Marge on June 5th. . . . Frances accompanied me as far as Montreal and Scotty, of course, whom I called my choo-feur; his duties were those of a footman and his appearance that of a lumberjack, due mostly to a hideous sweater which he seemed to prize very much. I made a vow to have him looking more presentable before the trip was much older.

There are two ways of reaching Montreal from Quebec, but the North Shore Highway No. 2 is the best. It goes out St. Foye Road through Champigny, near where my dad was born, and is paved all of the hundred and eighty miles separating Quebec and Montreal, runing through little French-Canadian villages situated only a few miles apart. Three Rivers, which is an industrial centre, is almost half-way and boasts of the well-known Château DeBlois, but we carried on to Louiseville and lunched at Lafleur's Hotel, Frances proving to be a most entertaining and thoughtful comrade.

At Charlemagne one crosses onto the Island of Montreal and eighteen miles later one is in the metropolis, entering on Notre Dame Street.

It was then 6.30 P. M. and we had left Quebec at 10.45 A. M. My sister Jose being in Montreal, I remained

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over, leaving for Ottawa next morning, June 6th. Montreal is a miniature New York. Its citizens are wide awake; its shows are *risqué*; its life fascinating. Its business is transacted on the flat, but the tired business man can repair to his comfortable home on Mount Royal after office hours.

Have you ever read a travelogue which started each day with all the gruesome details of the journey and jogged along until night when you found yourself just as tired as the personages in the story? In sharing my impressions I shall try and spare you this fatigue, for after this perusal you will be looking the old bus over and figuring out how she would act on a trip like that, and you might just as well be tired in that manner.

Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada, is just what you would expect a capital to be; we traveled there over the best route, No. 17, via Pointe Fortune, where a man named Lepine, owner of a restaurant, asked me to drop him a card when I had covered the Continent, as he was thinking of buying a car like mine, and wished to profit by my experience. It was strange and it was funny to me then, but since, having been pulled out of Saskatchewan gumbo and offered turkey dinners by strange farmers, the Pointe Fortune episode seems quite tame.

After revisiting the stately House of Parliament with its new tower, having driven on the old and new driveway through Rockcliffe Park, dined at the Château Laurier, seen for the last time minus its new wing, with the two wits in the back seat we left Ottawa one terribly rainy morning and, despite the Puddle Jumper's numerous ties, our flapper cousin's idea of a good joke, we managed to get to Toronto the same evening over route 16 to Prescott and onto our No. 2 again from there on. This road skirts the magnificent St. Lawrence through Brockville, Grananoque, where one enjoys a wonderful view of the Thousand Islands without the dread of sea-

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sickness, and runs parallel to the river as far as Kingston, where we lunched.

Quebecers have cousins everywhere, and one of mine was at Tête-du-Pont Barracks. Kingston is essentially a garrison city, its Royal Military College meaning to Canada what West Point does to the United States. . . . From there the road leads to Napanee and Belleville on the shores of the Bay of Quinte, then along that broad expanse of water, on the other side of which lies Rochester, N. Y., which is called Lake Ontario, one of the Great Lakes. Eventually after seeing more of Lake Ontario than I dreamed existed, Oshawa, the home of General Motors, was reached, then Toronto and Russell Hill Road where some kind friends of ours had the good taste to pick a house next to Al Plunkett's, and to invite us over the week-end. Having covered two hundred and seventy-five miles the invitation was welcome.

As informed by Juliette from the rear: "Really, my dear, one does not need a speedometer with your temperament; one can always tell when one has covered two hundred miles; it seems that is your limit for after that you become 'difficult!'" I endeavored throughout the trip to live up to her expectations; therefore, when we covered three hundred and fifty miles, you can imagine atmospheric conditions.

When I look back upon that second lap of my journey I feel confident that it was wit that brought the car through and not gas alone, I mean wit—from the back seat, of course. There was just one disgraceful incident, such as running out of gas and wit all at once between Toronto and Detroit, which I will not dwell on, however.

The hugest hotel in our imagination was in course of construction in Toronto. Just outside of Toronto is Mimico Beach, Oakville, Hamilton, St. Catherines and then we saw Niagara Falls—not being on our honeymoon; and after a trip on the *Maid of the Mist* under Niagara, where the American and the Canadian falls compete to

## COAST TO COAST IN A PUDDLE JUMPER 15

make the scene a perfect setting for the lovelorn, and dinner at the Clifton House, the journey was resumed.

Eight miles out of Hamilton is the Terrace, where one can leave one's money and incidentally get something to eat . . . ; the all-paved route, still No. 2, runs through Brantford, Woodstock, London, Chatham and straight for the Customs men again at the ferry landing in Windsor. After speaking to them and boarding the ferry in Canada we landed in Detroit, Michigan. Viewed from Detroit River, the skyline of the city with its tall buildings is most impressive. The officials, having proved that they were *connaisseurs* of nice people, let us loose in the roar and din of Woodward and Michigan Avenues; we passed a lot of Funeral Homes, reminders of where we would be if the clutch slipped or the steering locked; and then, right on Washington Boulevard, too, it happened! I have often heard of people putting their foot in it, but Agnes, the wit, put her finger in it, and *it* was the door; fortunately, however, the door wasn't hurt.

To me Detroit means *motors*; it even has a square named Cadillac. There are motor factories, not omitting Henry Ford's immense plant, which is open to visitors daily, motor sales and motor shows and a few on the streets, too.

For the racket weary there is Belle-Isle in Detroit River, which pours itself into Lake Erie; Belle-Isle is a picturesque island park with its zoo, swimming pool, boat houses and all sorts of amusements. It is on the way to Belle-Isle that one sees the largest advertised stove in the world. Detroit has a huge Negro population and several of its departmental stores have Negro departments. Upon visiting there, a lady I know, a brunette, who had been summering in the Rockies and boasted of a lovely tan, was shopping in one of these establishments one day when she asked for some article or other of the floorwalker. Imagine her amazement when, upon following his directions, she found herself in the Negro department!

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The easiest way out of Detroit when heading for Chicago, if from Cadillac Square, is out Fort Street, thus avoiding the traffic of Jefferson Avenue. Auto clubs and information bureaus are a godsend to the motorist; they advise of detours and shortcuts omitted on maps, and furnish free post cards for those left behind.

Juliette, with her usual *joie de vivre*, was thoroughly enjoying herself and in one of her exuberant moods exclaimed: "Had I but known of this wonderful trip we would take together sometime, instead of those measley little ash trays, I would have given you one huge wedding present!"

By the time Detroit was a memory I was beginning to think that this world was a pretty large place, and, due mostly to the courtesy and kindness encountered en route, that the good people of the world were not all in Quebec. From Detroit the cemented route 112 leads through Kalamazoo, Sturgis, Mottville, into Elkhart, Indiana, then onto No. 20, which is the East Lincoln Highway through South Bend, Michigan City, where one comes upon the shores of Lake Michigan and No. 12 leading into Chicago, Illinois, via Jackson Boulevard. Three hundred and fifteen on the speedometer marked the day's mileage.

Chicago is a victim of the Press. Having read about its murders, holdups, and its pork, I found Chicago altogether other than I expected. It is a very wonderful city, fully alive to its situation and possibilities. Its boulevards are immense, its parks most artistic and its buildings monuments to the architects who designed them. Chicago's traffic maze is very well regulated and in the shopping and theatre district is a loop where no left turns are tolerated. Dazed, at first, it took me several turns and several miles before I could come alongside our hotel, the Morrison, which stands forty-eight stories high with a bungalow and garden on its roof. Its Terrace Garden in the basement is also an attraction, and provides a cabaret with luncheon and dinner. In Chicago, as in Detroit, the

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foreign element is well represented and there are Italian, Jewish, German and Negro quarters.

The *Chicago Tribune* kindly informed us that by going via Madison and LaCrosse, instead of through Milwaukee, as routed, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles would be saved, and directed us out Sheridan Road and onto No. 12 again. Getting out of any large city is always a tedious affair, so we left in the early evening and reached Crystal Lake for the night, having covered about sixty miles.

Crystal Lake in midseason must be very popular. Agnes, the wit, took an early stroll next morning and decided upon the spot where she would like to bury, I mean to build. I did not take an early stroll, as I had spent a hectic night. . . . I forgot to tell you that the other wit snored!

The same paved road continues through a series of small towns and passes several small lakes, running into Elkhorn (not the Manitoba one) through Whitewater, Fort Atkinson and into Madison, the capital of the State of Wisconsin, built on the shores of Lake Mendota and renowned among other things for its beautiful university. We stopped long enough to see the place, which is very picturesque, then carried on to Sauk City, passed Devil's Lake rather hurriedly and came to Baraboo, where we lunched. The name recalls itself easily to my mind because of two incidents, cashing a cheque there, which, by the way, *was* good, and being accosted by a homesick Prairie Girl who, upon spying my license, obtained via the mail from Saskatchewan, derived a great deal of pleasure in discussing a Province of which I then knew nothing. This license caused more irrelevant conversations, the first in Quebec when a Manitoba Ford stopped dead at sight of it and the last in Vancouver only yesterday when a lad coming out of the post office waved a letter at me bearing the Regina postmark.

After leaving Baraboo one soon reaches the Dells of

Wisconsin of which the poets have sung. They are pretty, these Dells; the Wisconsin River runs through them; a launch conveys one to the lower Dells and the Falls. It was here we met a man who had the courage of his convictions. The falls are beautifully situated, but small as compared with Niagara; this man assured us that they were of the same size! From Mauston on, the road is graveled and ten miles past Clifton, which is a tiny place, we forsook No. 12 for No. 16, which turned out to be a paved road and brought us to LaCrosse, a beautiful city on the shores of the divine Mississippi. This day's scenery was marvelous and as we crossed the bridge at LaCrosse into Minnesota, the sunset on "Old Man River" recalled the romantic days of the Show Boat, when men and women had time for love.

As we progressed towards the West the distances between the large cities increased. From LaCrosse on No. 61, we followed the Mississippi, the scenery affording many delightful surprises. At Winona Lake we called a halt, as I had driven three hundred and thirty miles and was becoming a bit "difficult" for the wits. It may surprise you that I did not relinquish the wheel at any time, but I had a wager that I would take the Puddle Jumper from the Atlantic to the Pacific and drive every mile myself.

Winona is in the Romany district and the only available place to put up at the Lake was in one of the gypsy homes; as a result we slept fitfully, long-forgotten tales of gypsy robberies crowding our dreams. Scotty proved his loyalty here by demanding to be allowed to sleep in the car to protect our only means of transportation. Isn't it strange how one's fears of the night before always seem silly and puny in the light of the next day? We found these gypsies very kind people, even if the man did use perfume and had entered the car to get the grips! It was a case of the night is ended but the smellody lingers on, and it certainly took us a long time to forget that man.

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The next day we had our first flat tire, or our second, counting the one in the White Mountains, but I am running ahead of my story. Still on route No. 61 we followed the Mississippi to Wabasha, then to Lake City on the shores of Lake Pepin and to Red Wing and Hastings and onto Route 3, which brought us into St. Paul on 6th Street, and it is here that I should have mentioned the flat tire. . . . Fortunately, for us, Agnes the wit, had some very delightful friends in St. Paul, a Judge and his wife and family, who invited us to tea, and it was during this ceremony that our choo-feur noticed the flat, changed it and by the time we were ready to start had everything in shape. . . . That really is the way to travel . . . but it does not always work out that way, eh?

We found that our friends there considered that they were living in the West, and we certainly thought that it was the West, but I have found since that one must not talk to the Coast people of St. Paul, Winnipeg or even Saskatoon as the West, so again I guess everything is comparative.

St. Paul, one of the Twin Cities, is full of airways; in fact, you could be up in the air all the time if you only would pay the price! It is the capital of Minnesota; all roads lead to its State capital and, because of certain elevations, which are really fine residential districts commanding a magnificent view of the Mississippi River, flowing southward to the sea, St. Paul is called the City of Seven Hills, as also the gateway to the northwest and to the 10,000 lakes, over five hundred of which are within a fifty-mile radius, and thousands of which lie within an hour's run. To us it was the meeting-place of the northwest, and we could easily imagine it, way back in its frontier trading-post days, as being the transportation centre of this vast territory. We crossed, still on No. 3, onto Robert and University Streets, over the bridge into Minneapolis, the other Twin, which is like and yet not like St. Paul—if you know what I mean—the fact is, I am afraid of

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offending either city! All I can say is that Minneapolis is not the capital of Minnesota. We entered at 6th onto Nicolet Avenue, turned onto 113th to Hawthorne Avenue, then left on Lyndale and right on 7th Avenue, turning left again on Broadway—just repeat that after me, it is quite simple, so simple, in fact, that I hardly saw anything of Minneapolis at all!

We were routed through Fargo, North Dakota. But being in a contrary mood I went via Little Falls, and if you decide to motor out that way, I think that it would shorten your mileage, too, to be in a contrary mood. Therefore we only caught up with our schedule and the Red River at Emerson, but again I am letting the engine race, which is really not done these days.

The farther west we went the higher the gasoline became, but I will be racing again if I do not proceed as we did on No. 3 to Anoka and Elk River, branching onto No. 10 there, going through Sauk Rapids—with the good old speedometer registering three hundred and thirty miles just as we entered Little Falls.

This place is an agreeable surprise to the visitor. Apart from the fact that Lindy really did live there sometime in his life, it boasts of a very comfortable hotel.

Imagine the two wits' relief when, upon returning to the car after inquiring about rooms, I assured them that these even had telephones! Agnes, the wit, was not backward in coming forward with: "How delightful; let's take the rooms at once, and I'll call up all my friends in Little Falls." This might sound funnier to you when you realize that we did not even know the sheriff there! Scotty was supplied with a hose and the Puddle Jumper had its first ba-ath. . . . Had I but known what we were coming to I might have spared my choo-feur. I found it a good scheme and that it paid in car-efficiency to change the oil often and have the engine diagnosed occasionally by an expert mechanic.

We left Little Falls with regret, not being allowed

## COAST TO COAST IN A PUDDLE JUMPER 21

to bring the telephones along! However, soon we saw nothing but poles, and upon inspection found out that they were telephone poles, which made us feel a bit better. Still on No. 10 we went as far as Wadena then onto 71 through Park Rapids, forty-eight miles west of which lie Detroit Lakes, to Bemidji where we changed to route No. 2 and soon came to a detour of over four miles near Crookston, which constituted the first poor road of the trip; then No. 75 took us onward to Warren, Hallock, and this is where the telephone poles were mostly in evidence—at least that was all there was to see—and this, incidentally, was also my first impression of the West, the land of gold and romance. Like the kid who sings in the dark because it's afraid, I tried to pick out a contented-looking cow, but, failing to do so, pretended to see beauty in the horses grazing amid a landscape that was all bleak, and as a result I stepped on it, being the only thing I could do, and we traveled more that day than ever before, covering three hundred and fifty-one miles by the time we came upon Emerson and the border. Somehow on the prairie one feels that one is not making any headway, because of the sameness of the surroundings. . . . The wits, lacking soul, could not discover any beauty at all in telephone poles and even they at the close of this day were becoming a bit "difficult"!

We put up at the Gateway Hotel after the Customary inspection. There were no phones there but there was a beautiful big Persian cat; in fact, the Gateway Hotel would never have harbored Agnes the wit, but for that cat. If St. Paul is the gateway to 10,000 lakes, Emerson is the gateway to the Golden West, so hospitably advertised in the immigration sheds of Halifax, St. John and Quebec.

Emerson being a typical border town, there was the usual bunch of rowdies and especially freshies who evidently did not often see a crew like ours . . . their antics during our supper amused us thoroughly and if the dirty

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faces, pecking in at the windows now and again, gave us the creeps we remembered the little "32" and calmly ate our meal. I have learned since that dirt does not necessarily mean wickedness, or there would be a tremendous amount of it in this world, but in the movies before the era of talkies the bad man of the West had to have a dirty face and that is, I think, where we acquired the idea.

It was without regret that we got into the little bus the next day and onto the nice wide gravel road which is No. 14 and which goes through St. Norbert on its way to Winnipeg; we covered the intervening seventy miles in a little less than two hours, and what a relief to get to the Fort Garry! The Fort Garry is almost a twin sister to the Château Laurier, its differences seeming those of its environment. Beneath the prairie skies it appears to have taken on the tan of the sons of the West, and its roofs are more severe, with fewer Old World battlements and towers, but the warm breath of welcome is accorded the stranger just the same as in any tiny inn where his coming is the event of the day.

At the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, Winnipeg is on the ancient trade route of the savage and the trapper, and has been immortalized in more modern times by the Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier:

The voyageur smiles as he listens  
To the sound that grows apace,  
Well he knows the vesper ringing  
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

Even so in our mortal journey,  
The bitter north winds blow;  
And thus upon life's Red River  
Our hearts like oarsmen row.

Then happy is he that heareth  
The signal of his release,  
The bells of the Holy City,  
The chimes of eternal peace.

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The bells of the Roman mission  
That call from the turrets twain  
To the boatsman on the river,  
To the hunter on the plain.

And when the Angel of Shadow  
Shall stand on the wane and shore  
And swear by him that liveth  
That time shall be no more.

Situated on the opposite sides of the Red River, St. Boniface and Winnipeg have thus become immortalized in verse. Sixty years ago Winnipeg was but a fortification and a trading-post and now it ranks as the leading western city. Kipling with regard to this metamorphosis said: "The visions that your old men saw years ago I saw translated today into stone and brick and concrete. Dreams that your young men have dreamed I saw accepted as the ordinary facts of everyday life and they will in turn give place to vaster and more far-reaching imaginations," and I can safely say that the Peg has established a precedent that every western city is fast following. I can never quote Kipling without thinking of a certain girl I once knew who on account of a sudden inheritance was for the first time spending a few months at a fashionable resort, when to her secret gratification the "lion" of the season asked her to go canoeing. After questioning her on her tastes for tennis and hearing that she played six sets daily, he asked: "And golf, what?" Oh! she assured him that thirty-six holes a day was child's play to her, and she swam and rode and danced and he was beginning to think she was quite a good sort when he thought he would try her out on literature:

"How about Kipling, my dear?"

"Kipling," she retorted, "why I Kipple every morning before breakfast!"

Now that our early morning exercise is over, let us proceed to where our troubles began. I must say that I

have since grown to love the bigness and grandeur that even a city built on the prairies never outlives, but I did not love it at first, as the temperature and conditions had connived to make us feel that we had left the world of cemented highways and gasoline for the world of mud and carbon-monoxide. But just as no stay-at-home landsman may ever know the full majesty of the sea, so those who have not crossed and recrossed the prairies in all kinds of weather, especially fine, will never fall prey to their lure. Had I listened to the dictates of my own judgment I would have turned the Puddle Jumper east again at Winnipeg; it would never have had the opportunity of earning its name, and I would have missed the most wonderful experience of my life. Apart from one rainy day in Ottawa, the weather had been wonderful when we were traveling on all paved or graveled roads, but by some most annoying coincidence the "Rain-Maker" was abroad on the prairies when we reached the Peg, and we discovered that out there rain means something more than closing up the windows and turning on the windshield cleaner. After waiting two days in Winnipeg for the rain to cease, presumptuously confident, in our ignorance, we set forth on route No. 1 leading through Portage La Prairie which once was the home of our ex-leader of the Opposition—that is before he left politics and started making money! Agnes, the wit, derived a great deal of pleasure at the pained condescension with which I treated the warnings of our kind friends in Winnipeg, warnings which I soon found were not exaggerated, for after a couple of good skids I had our choo-feur put the chains on, and I began to think that I really didn't know so very much about driving a car after all.

When we reached Brandon, my husband's birthplace, one hundred and fifty miles away, I was "all in" and here we enjoyed another taste of Western hospitality "for Auld Lang Syne." After looking over the Prince Edward Hotel, and the main streets of Brandon, we

forged ahead as far as Virden, that same night, where we missed the beautiful view of the Assiniboine Valley on account of the dark and other misfortunes. Like many others I have often been told that I was crazy, but never so forcefully as the next morning when I informed the garage owner that I intended carrying on to Regina. He swore that the Fort Qu'Appelle road on which I was routed was all washed away at Broadview but finally upon seeing my determination to go on advised me that our only chance would be by going down to Weyburn, over a hundred miles out of our way. To me it was all rather vague as I could not in my wildest imaginings picture any road bad enough to stop the Puddle Jumper—but one lives and learns! . . . Just as the two sturdies, game as ever, and Scottie were getting ready to leave, my eyes rested on something coming down the street which looked strangely like a motor car with a mud-pack all over its anatomy. Its appearance was a source of gratification to the garage owner who made me examine it thoroughly. There was not a spot on the whole car where one could tell its color and, apart from a small portion of the windshield which had been wiped away, it was caked with mud—in some places four inches thick. The owner refused to have it cleaned at all as he was already one week late getting home to his wife and, as he explained: "She'll have to believe me when she sees this."

We drove south from Virden as far as Pipestone and then we were on the old highway No. 2. Pipestone is only twenty miles north of Melita, my namesake, but not being in a joy-riding mood we passed it up and continued on old route 2 through Carlyle, where we went out of our way eight miles by mistake into Lake Carlyle. We almost stuck in the mud there also, but it was between Stoughton and Forget that we really did stick, and stick so hard that it took a team of horses to pull us out. However, they are so accustomed to that sort of thing that as soon as the farmers see a car stopped they automatically

unhitch their horses and come to the rescue. We crawled along and a few miles farther were stuck again, when a farmer from Estevan, who had just been pulled out himself, offered to help. Can you imagine anything funnier than all of us sitting prettily in the Puddle Jumper caked in a mud hole and slanting very much to one side, even sinking gradually, than to be told by this farmer, while scratching his head: "Yes, and the worst part about this mud is that there is no bottom to it!" After hauling us out, he invited us to partake of a turkey dinner anytime we went through Estevan. We did not stick again that day though we jumped in and out of mud puddles never knowing their depth and the two wits' riding lessons were of some use, as they enabled them to post when we came to these puddles. I often think that if anyone harbors revenge for anyone the best punishment he could mete out would be to drive that one out West in the back seat during the rainy season. Personally I think that the best way of getting over these roads in rainy weather is to fly over them! When we got to Weyburn, one hundred and ninety miles farther, we were all gumbo-ed and very tired, Scottie had pushed the car most of the way and was a pretty sight. Agnes, the wit, says that she lost her rubbers when out West, as she could not part them from their brother gumbo and also rebuked me severely for dragging my friends down in the mud with me.

After sleeping at the Royal Hotel we left Weyburn reluctantly, but not before having visited another of hubby's friends and obtained a post-dated job as dish-washer for our choo-feur. The gumbo did not cling so affectionately until we got to Lang and then it stuck to us or we to it six times within two hours; we were advancing at a speed of a mile an hour. Every farmer we met that day it seemed had just had all his teeth out, and we were beginning to think that the foot-and-mouth disease went with gumbo and all the other ills, in fact I was fully prepared to find my husband toothless, when someone

informed us that the dentist only calls at those small places at rare intervals—and this was the result!

Thirty miles out of Regina, past Milestone, exhausted and famished, we had lunch at a farmer's whose hospitality we will not readily forget; then at about seven in the evening, having taken all day to cover ninety miles, we arrived in Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, which, with its wide paved streets, crescents and parks, looked pretty good to us; and the comforts of the lovely Saskatchewan Hotel also appealed to our sense of taste. A little discomfort makes one appreciate things so much more. My husband met us in Regina and it was good to see him; not having seen each other for some time we were on very polite terms! By this time the two wits had more or less lost their taste for motoring and decided to take the train to Jasper Park, before returning home; so with regret we parted and hubby and I proceeded to Saskatoon.

The roads were drying up and, via Lumsden on route No. 6 then 11, it is very picturesque, as it is rolling country with the river flowing through and not very far away lies Regina Beach on Lost Mountain Lake.

At Findlater the route changes to No. 2 which runs into Watrous, the well-known resort famed for the wonderful lake with its mineral qualities and curative powers. The lake is three miles from the town, but we just had time for a swim in its pool, the waters of which are as salty as the ocean's. Refreshed, we continued on our way, via No. 14, to Saskatoon where we arrived at nine o'clock.

I have been told that anyone arriving on that spot a little more than twenty-five years ago would have found almost nothing, but it is hard to believe that this flourishing city, two hundred miles northwest of Regina, with its beautiful university, did not exist a quarter of a century ago.

Saskatoon is a rapidly growing wholesale distributing, as well as a railway division centre, with a population of

about 40,000. Its flatness is relieved by the Saskatchewan River, which runs right through the city, the banks of which are quite elevated. I remained there and got to know all the surrounding country; Wakaw and its lake up towards the Prince Albert region, which is just teeming with beautiful rivers and lakes and since last fall has its own National Park officially opened by our Prime Minister, Honorable MacKenzie King. There is also a lake called Vonda, which has certain mineral qualities, situated sixty miles northeast of Saskatoon, and another called Goose Lake, seventy-four miles southwest of the city. The latter is near Harris, which is in the vicinity of a small place called Bounty, where I camped in the back of a lumber yard with my husband, and learned a lot about the Western people, about their history, their hardships and their heroic optimism.

I learned that years ago some of these stalwarts obtained for ten dollars a quarter section of land from the Government, on the condition that they would stay on it and cultivate it six months of every year for three years, when it would belong to them to do with as they liked, which mode of living is called homesteading. Most of this land was situated miles and miles from neighbors and any medical help. Available money being utilized for horses and implements, most of the homesteaders' homes were built of earth, three layers thick, on a cheap wooden frame. The little children had to drive sometimes eight or ten miles to school and the farmers could not always spare the horses, so that school was irregularly attended. It was all work and no play except perhaps for an occasional dance, to which they would have to drive ten or fifteen miles. Then sometimes at the end of a hard year's work they might find that frost or rust had ruined their crop and that they would have to extend their credit another year and hope for better luck. That is the spirit of the West as I have found it everywhere. Today many of these homesteaders are living around Bounty and en-

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joying the fruits of their labor and many now own two and three half-sections, but if their crops are a complete loss this year they will shrug their shoulders and wish for better luck next year. And if they can keep on grinning it is due mostly to their womenfolk, these brave women, many of whom have left comfortable city homes, to share in the work, the joys and sorrows of their farmer-husbands.

When I say that there are few modern conveniences even yet in places like that, you can imagine what they must have been up against a few years ago. Not having a farmer-husband and not being one of these brave women, I left Saskatoon one fine Sunday for Edmonton, via the North Battleford Trail, crossing the Saskatchewan River at Radison, where the ferries run with the current and not by steam or gas.

I was alone and for fifty-four miles to Radison I never saw a soul, a cat or a dog; it reminded me of the enchanted land, as the orderly fields of wheat and oats spoke of magic hands; but imagine my pleasure at finding an old Englishman in charge of the first ferry. There is an island in the middle of the river and a second ferry takes one ashore within easy reach of the Jasper Highway. The second ferryman was a Russian who informed me that he lived over there on the bank in that little hamlet which he shared with his good wife and he further informed me that in winter it was very nearly as cold as Siberia.

To appreciate the prairies one must see them in the fall of the year when the fields of waving wheat, at times six feet high, lend a golden glow to the whole horizon. People who have lived there most of their lives never feel quite comfortable and at ease where there are mountains because of a feeling that they do not know what is happening on the other side of those mountains; whereas as far as the eye can reach lies the prairie and in the late fall, after the hard work of threshing is over, what a marvelous sight for those abroad after dark are the burning masses

of useless straw stacked high in the different sections, lending to the sky a blood-red tint! And the fowl suppers, what fun!—where all the people for miles and miles chip in and you can have as many helpings as you like!

When I said that I was camping in Bounty, I meant *camping*. We slept in a teeny-weeny room and cooked our meals off the office stove, with, at first, only one cup, saucer and plate each. When the inhaling of Campbell's soup was over we had to wash the cups for the tea, and sometimes there was a considerable interval between courses, especially when Hubbins forgot to add the odd lump of coke to the stove. It was one great and novel experience and this world seemed so far removed from the elbow-brushing citizens that it made one feel as though one had fallen through the crust of life itself, fallen through the layer of lies and social distinctions into the real heart of being—into a world of natural color and movement, simple eating and sleeping, mating and bearing and dying.

At Radison there is a strong foreign element, Doukhobors and Russians especially. Lashburn, where I stopped for the night, two hundred miles away, is an English settlement and is situated in the heart of the famous Barr Colonist district, and though not large is a very prosperous-looking little place. One can always trace the prosperity of a community to a certain type of citizen and all along the line one comes upon these successful little towns, sometimes beside another in the same district, whose poverty and neglect is quite apparent. Somehow this recalls a very pretty story I heard Dr. Rockwell tell during one of his highly instructive lectures on psychology:

"I have no hyacinths in my garden, and my neighbor has hyacinths, beautiful white, pink and mauve ones, white for purity, pink for life, and mauve for luxury, and at eleven o'clock at night the odor of these hyacinths is always strongest, but I must content myself with gazing enviously at my neighbor's hyacinths and when night

falls, inhaling their deferred scent, for when my neighbor was busy sowing them I thought that I could afford to wait and then the season was too far advanced."

Some people are like that man, and at the close of life when the odor from the hyacinths, fruit of their labor, should be strongest, all they will be able to say, gazing longingly at their neighbor's surroundings, will be: "I have no hyacinths." I sincerely hope this will not be *our* lot!

Twenty miles out of Lashburn is Lloydminster, so well known to the old-timers; it is on the border of two Provinces, one side of the main street being in Saskatchewan and the other in Alberta. Needless to say that the hotel on the Alberta side is the more popular as it has a beer license—the other would be liable for a fine if it dared to sell beer. Laws can be concocted into strange things; what is right in one section is beyond the pale in another just because a dividing line makes them two provinces.

Near Cooking Lake, fifty miles out of Edmonton, I had a flat tire and was in the act of changing it when two, what my husband calls, *bohunks*, came along; they were tramping to Edmonton and offered their assistance. I gleaned the fact while they worked at the tire, that one was a Ruthenian and the other a Dane. Now, I have found in the course of my travels, that it pays to trust people; that most people have a great deal of good in them which sometimes never gets a chance of being brought out, because their fellowmen won't trust them. Have you not, yourself, at times disliked someone intensely or thoroughly disapproved of somebody, and upon getting to know that person found him to be a regular fellow? There was the car, much of my earthly possessions; I was alone, and I did not know these foreigners; but, I gave them a lift, and great was my amusement upon dropping them in Edmonton, a little later, to be asked respectfully "what they owed me."

Edmonton is the capital of Alberta and it lies where the eastern leagues of prairie turn to foothills and the forests and mountains of the West creep down to join the plains. Bridges span the swift-flowing water dividing the city, which water rushes northward to join the powerful MacKenzie River on its Arctic journey; and long ago, as they say, but well within the memory of men living today, fur traders journeyed from Edmonton by canoes, to East and West and by dog-sleds to the North and South, as it was the trading centre and the headquarters for trappers, traders and voyageurs. The city is still a trading centre, but now, for the vast timber, oil and mineral wealth of the Province and as a gateway to the mighty Peace River district, where the Government is just at present encouraging development by offering homesteads.

Overlooking the broad, peaceful valley of the Saskatchewan is the MacDonald Hotel which bears the distinction of standing as a memorial to the leader of the Fathers of Confederation. Twenty-two miles away is Fort Saskatchewan where today, instead of the prisoners of war, it harbors the prisoners of the law; and hardly two hundred miles away is Jasper Park, where the motorist has not as yet been able to penetrate—the road between Obed and Solomon a distance of thirty miles, being still under construction.

The Puddle Jumper was left behind and I went by train with Alice from (not Wonderland) but Edmonton, and catching my first glimpse of the Canadian Rockies, I was absolutely plebeian in my nonconcealed enchantment. There is everything at Jasper—water, green water, scenery, comfort, ozone, golf, tennis, mule-deers, and even the odd convention, and the service from the Lodge is so perfect that it is not unusual to have a bellhop stroll from behind a nearby tree while you are enjoying your early morning dip, and greet you thus: "Good-morning, Madam, I trust you have spent a good night."

All the good-looking university boys seem to congregate

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for jobs at Jasper Lodge in summer, and it is nice to be waited upon or driven around by these young sheiks. However, as this is a motor tour, let's go back to Edmonton, pick up the Puddle Jumper, cross the High Level Bridge at 109th Street out to 104th, which will lead us onto the Black Trail to Calgary.

Again I was alone, as my dear friend, Gwen, detected a couple of squeaks in the Puddle Jumper and decided against the trip she had been contemplating. I lunched at Red Deer, which is not far from Sylvan Lake; the road had just recently been graded and the loose gravel lent an element of danger to the meeting of cars, as one couldn't tell when a flying stone might knock one out. In my case the windshield got cracked. On the way I picked up a little girl who was walking home from school and who informed me that she walked four miles every day to the schoolhouse. She certainly deserves her education, that child, and I thought how different it was with our city-bred children, and remembered so well how I myself had to be lugged to school and kept there with dire threats when I was that age.

Calgary is situated slightly over two hundred miles south of Edmonton and is the commercial metropolis of Alberta, with its rich agricultural and livestock area and is well known as the headquarters of the oil industry of the Province. It is near Calgary, just forty miles away, at High River, that the Prince of Wales erected his ranch, the E. P., where he has spent many happy, restful hours.

Calgary has many advantages, it is the gateway to the Canadian Rockies, Banff National Park, and to the oil fields of southern Alberta. The Black Trail brings one right to the steps of the gorgeous Palliser Hotel where the water is hotter, the carpets are softer and the welcome is warmer than in most places. The Golden Wheat Belt Highway, which runs through Drumheller, where the coal mines are, and Inverlake, where spooners go in the summer time, also terminates at the door of the Palliser. This

route is called the Red Trail. The Bow and Elbow Rivers run through the city and I was told that the day before my arrival a man had traveled all the way down from Banff in a canoe over the rapids and the treacherous waters of the Bow.

Having failed to persuade May to come along, I started again two days later, after a poor game of golf at the Country Club, where the people are so very nice; there is a freeness and hospitable friendliness about the people of the Middle West, which is incomparable. Out there it is not a disgrace for a man to be broke, nor is it a sign of inefficiency for him to be without a job. "It's just tough luck, old chap, today it is you, tomorrow it might be me," and that is the spirit that dates back to the booming days when a man was a millionaire one day, and a pauper the next.

The Blue Trail leads over the Louise Bridge and the Bow River towards Banff and the West, where the chain of harsh blue mountains which are the Rockies arise magically, like cauldrons of color against a friendly sky, to puzzle you as to their distance. I thought at first that they must be ten miles away, then twenty. Actually it was fifty-four miles before they wrapped themselves about me, after passing all the Ghosts—river, valley and ranch, where over the gate, one reads, "If you want a restful night, sleep at Ghost Ranch"—beside Ghost River in Ghost Valley. . . . Gee! I wish that I had had the nerve!

The Stony Indian range is just before the Park Gate where, if one's two-dollar bill is not counterfeit, one is allowed to register and pass on to a real Paradise of majestic peaks, winding rivers and emerald lakes, over a good graveled road which leads eventually, or after thirty miles of mountain driving, past the Three Sisters and Hoodoos, to the little village called Banff, built in the shadow of Cascade Mountain, through which one drives to get to that miracle of architecture, Banff Springs Hotel,

where the artistry of Nature, generously employed, has been enhanced by the craft of man. All around one wherever one looks are roaring mountains, white glaciers that never change with the seasons, whose avalanches make the mountains roar, and at the feet of which green forests audaciously spread themselves. Most of these mountains have been made famous by the ascension of some adventurous climber, or the unfortunate descension of a too-daring mortal. There is much to do at Banff, and if you are not playing golf in the friendly neighborhood of the Bow River—in fact, the first hole lies just over it—you can be riding to Devil's Cauldron, Upper Hot Sulphur Springs, or to Lake Minnewanka, that glorious sheet of steel-blue sheen where rowboats and a big motor launch tempt you to take to it, and where, if you are convincing enough as to your ability, the interesting old sea captain will allow you to steer the *Osprey*. Then there is the Basin swimming pool at the cave, and the two hot sulphur pools at the hotel, from which you emerge feeling a different person; but apart from all these added attractions, it is a delight just to sit on one of the terraces of the hotel overlooking the winding greenish Bow, with the ever changing riot of color gladdening your eye, and feel that those friendly mounts completely shut out your troubles and the noisy, rickety world beyond. I happened along just as the British Parliamentary Union reached Banff on its tour across the Dominion and it made one feel proud of it, to hear such men as Lord Peel, who has traveled all over the world, exclaim admiringly at Nature's generosity. I also had some California friends there, but the fact that there is so much beauty in California and no Liquor Commission vendors had something to do with their neglecting the scenery, I believe. The wild life at Banff is not at all like the wild life at Jasper; it is more of a half-tamed, subdued wildness, even the buffalo seem to realize their aristocratic importance there, and the bears will most decidedly not eat at the garbage patch.

In between Banff and Lake Louise, reached by way of the Black Trail, is Johnston Canyon, just sixteen miles over a well-graded road, and there one finds that a series of waterfalls, ending in a foaming cascade, have worn, and cut into, a solid rocky mountain; three miles farther stands the grim-looking fortress which is called, because of its extraordinary likeness, Castle Mountain. Then at forty miles one reaches the jewel of the Canadian Rockies, Lake Louise, an emerald in a setting of snow-capped majestic peaks, a pale jade glacier a million years old; at one end, the most charming of modern hotels, at the other, and around, purple hills where pine and spruce trees shut out the world and whisper of unknown happiness and contentment. Though happiness is not a thing that can be pursued and caught, nor is it mere enjoyment, it is my firm belief that one is certain of happiness in the period immediately following the accomplishment of some worth-while act, and the climb to Lake Louise is well worth while, for is not a thing that defies analysis attractive? Lake Louise has many moods, and will always surprise you; you will never exhaust her infinite variety, though you watch her from hour to hour, day to day, moment to moment. This lake, in whose depths is reflected sombre forests, snow-crowned mountains and the great vault of heaven, responds to every subtle change of atmosphere. You may watch her pass from the rose of dawn to the color of the purplish twilight shadows, thence to deep azure dotted with stars, or to the shimmering silver of a moonlit evening—there will always be a picture more beautiful than the last. The lake when discovered, in 1882, by Tom Wilson, a Western pioneer, was called the "Lake of Little Fishes" and the name was later changed to "Louise" in honor of Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, and wife of the then Governor-General of Canada, the late Duke of Argyll. John Barrymore and his troupe realized the extreme beauty of the site for, just a week previous to my arrival in the friendly

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neighborhood of the lake, he had filmed a picture, which has now been released, called: "The King of the Mountains." I climbed up to the lakes in the clouds, quite a hike, bringing me to the foot of the Beehive Mountain reflected in the still waters of Lake Agnes and Mirror Lake, then returned to the Château, with a healthy appetite and the memory of a different sunset on Mounts Victoria and Lefroy and then, such is the progress of man in this wilderness of solid rock, I listened to my sister's message in her own clear voice speaking to me from Montreal, nearly four thousand miles away, over the radio.

With Elizabeth from Kansas City, who had deserted her stuffy law books for this land of enchantment, I followed the Black Trail into Paradise Valley and Moraine Lake which has made its bed in the valley of the Ten Peaks, then back and on past Wapta, which has a Pony trail, into lovely Lake O'Hara, on to the Yoho Valley and Takakkaw Falls, so high that they seem but a thin streamlet of water rushing down the side of a mountain. As we journeyed along we thought how expressive Evelyn Underhill's description was:

"The Western Road goes streaming out to see the  
cleanly wild;  
It pours the city's dim desires toward the undefiled."

and fortunately my companion was of the type who could be silent when in the presence of natural beauty far beyond the realm of our vulgar vocabulary. Just a short distance off the Black Trail, on the road to the right, at the forks where the natural stone bridge is, lies Lake Emerald in the shadow and protection of Mount Burgess, whose waters have given it its name. Geologists say that the brilliant colors of this mountain lake are due to glacial silt, the color depending upon the size of the particles; if they are small they will reflect only the shorter rays of

light, which are blue, and if they are large, they will send off rays of green. There is a good stretch of road to the Emerald Lake Chalet and I had taken advantage of it, when a ranger stopped and reminded me that I was no longer on the prairie, and that the speed limit in the Rockies was twenty-five miles an hour. He had a kind heart, however, and did not impose a fine; instead we gleaned from him a real volume of information about the surroundings, as he was an old-time mountaineer; later at twenty-five miles an hour we returned to the old trail and continued on the perilous and thrilling road to Golden.

At Field we came to the Great Divide which marks the border line between Alberta and British Columbia and from there on the road etches itself up and down and around mountains, a trail of stony Indian origin, overhanging the magnificent Kicking Horse Valley from which it derives its name. This trail follows the famous Kicking Horse River as far as Golden where it merges with the Columbia River and where we were glad to find the Golden Inn—the warm glow of the log burning in its huge fireplace, a good dinner, and a comfortable bed. Golden, in the mining days, was one of the busiest and wealthiest towns of the West, but it is now a centre of active lumbering trade. Just west of it is Edelweiss, a model Swiss village erected by the Canadian Pacific for the Swiss guides employed for the benefit of mountain climbers.

At Golden there is a man who nurses the idea that he is quite a hero; every day he takes his stand near a dangerous lookout where tourists flock, and should any young lady take a step farther than he thinks is wise, on the ledge, he immediately halts her with predictions of downfall, and tells his wife very proudly that night; "Saved another girl's life today, Maggie!" From Golden to Sinclair, near Radium Hot Springs, the road affords more scenic beauty, bordering the Columbia River with the slope of the

Rockies on the left and on the right the panorama of the Selkirks, and every mile of the sixty claims a surprise in canyons and creeks. Again I was alone to enjoy this landscape, as Elizabeth was then on her way to Vancouver, in a steam-propelled vehicle. Being tired, I stopped at Radium Hot Springs, swam in their pool, which is supposed to contain more sulphur than most, met the Mounted Policeman's wife, who occupies one of the charming cottages built right on the edge of nothing, and which like the C. P. R. Bungalow Camp at night seem to those below like a lot of lighted castles in the air; after a good sleep I started the next day on route 1 towards the great sword-cut which is Sinclair Canyon, where the two sides of the canyon almost meet overhead, and whence one wheels and circles like a lazy leaf, by easy stages down to Windermere, another beautiful lake cradled in the Columbia Valley.

From there I traveled towards Cranbrook, the Yahk and the International Boundary, which is called Kingsgate on one side and Eastport in Idaho, the land of the big potato, on the other and I was nearly two hundred miles from starting point that day. I have no kick in this life, except one against time; it seemed to beat me each day, and each day I drove against time, the dark invariably overtaking me before I was prepared to stop. The gates close at eight in Kingsgate, though there is no curfew, and I remained at the Royal Hotel—being allowed to walk into Idaho for supper. It is a tiny little border town where the foothills of the Selkirks meet the Cascades and where the customs officials are gentlemen. Nothing of especial interest happened the next day except that I traveled route 95 through Bonners Ferry, Coeur D'Alene, and Rathdrum, the home of a coming celebrity, into Spokane, Washington, to verify the claims of its wonderful Davenport Hotel.

Spokane is the trading centre of a vast inland empire, and is built on both sides of the Spokane River, with

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falls of the same name within five minutes' walk; the marvelous Grand Coulee Dry Falls are west of Spokane near Coulee City, and within easy reach are Yellowstone, Glacier, Rainier and Crater National Parks.

I carried on to Colfax on 195, having covered nearly two hundred miles since Kingsgate. One night, one flat tire and one movie later, I proceeded on route 295 to Waitsburg and then 410 through Walla-walla, Pendleton to Umatilla, Oregon, where one comes upon the Columbia River again, and the famous Columbia Highway of which I had heard so much for the last two days and which is really No. 30.

If I commented upon the good condition of the roads in Idaho or Washington, the garage or gas station men would say: "But wait till you get to the Columbia Highway!" Therefore, it was with much trepidation that I climbed upon its pavement at Umatilla, which trepidation changed to gratification as I gazed around at the pretty setting on both sides; and the engine must have liked its smoothness beneath, for it purred along so nicely at sixty, past The Dalles, where the winding road, meeting the winding river under a foliage of green, is most attractive, and into Hood River in the neighborhood of Mount Hood, which however I did not see until the next morning, when after an early breakfast I started out again.

It is only sixty miles into Portland, the metropolis of Oregon, with its fine seaport deep enough for the largest ships to dock. Portland is called the "Rose City" because one finds there roses, in hedges, covering fences, houses, arbors and sometimes entwined around telegraph poles; and each year in June Portland has its Rose Festival, one of the events of the Pacific Coast. Portland lies on both sides of the Willamette River, and Mount Hood, Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens are visible in the distance. From there on one follows No. 99 through the great Appleway district, where one sees more apples than is good for one. Upon reaching Oregon City I

lunched at a barbecue place just beyond the city, the best thirty-five-cent meal I have ever had, and resumed my drive among the orchards. I can easily imagine what a sight these must be in the Spring of the year, when the apple blossoms are in bloom, for row upon row of trees were weighted down with apples, rich, luscious-looking ones, with as many more lying on the ground, rotting. At a farm where I stopped to buy some, I was told to help myself and take as many as I could carry, as they only used them for horse feed, and I realized that I was actually coming into a fruitful country. I do not remember when I have tasted such juicy apples. Salem is a nice little city en route, and so is Eugene, but I managed over three hundred miles and got to Roseburg, where by the most extraordinary coincidence I met my friends from Long Island, Mr. and Mrs. ———, or shall I call them Mary and Albert? By that time I was getting fearfully bored with my own company and very lonely, and was more than pleased when they agreed to accompany me the next day on my way down to Grant's Pass and onward.

Beyond this Pass lie the Oregon Caves or "Marble Halls of Oregon," which really are a series of immense chambers, connected by natural passages and extending hundreds of feet into the heart of Cave Mountain. They are located in the heart of the Siskiyou, fifty miles from Grant's Pass, but as we will come to them on our way back via the Redwood route, I will not dwell on the subject now, but rather on the fact that just a few miles then separated me from the California of my dreams.

Ever since I can remember I have wanted two things, with a quiet, persistent longing: to see California, and Vancouver, and it was with that awed feeling that comes over one, when one is about to have a long-cherished dream realized, that I approached the State line, still on 99, and entered the land of the eternal sun. Yreka was the first place we came to, then we passed Mount Shasta in the distance—picked up a nail somewhere, for when

we arrived at Redding we were riding only on three blown-up tires. Perhaps the fact that Mary was sitting on that side of the car may have had something to do with it! I hardly know, but I do remember that we almost froze while waiting for it to be repaired, and I realized that it was sometimes chilly even in California. I was also amazed at the size of this state. The maps do not do it justice, for California is immense! I had had a sneaking feeling that directly upon crossing the line I would be in San Francisco and that from there it was only a hop to Los Angeles, but by the time we got to Red Bluff, with three hundred and twenty-five miles as the day's run, we called a halt, and "so to bed."

The temperature became warmer as we progressed south—the next day, and the country prettier; all the way we had followed, or caught up, with the coast range, but here the landscape was more uniform and I saw trees that I had never seen before.

We did not go into Sacramento but branched off onto No. 40 at Davis, making for Berkeley, near Oakland, where we took the ferry across the San Francisco Bay, to San Francisco, city of the Golden Gate, which we saw at its best because the sun was setting as we sailed across the Bay. I learned then, that one should never say "Frisco," if one wanted to remain in the good books of its citizens.

San Francisco, linked with the adjacent populations of Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, Richmond and San Mateo, constitutes the most populous center in the West. The Bay was discovered in 1769, by Don Gaspar de Portola. The Presidio, or Spanish military post, was established in 1776, and it was during the same year that the Franciscan Fathers dedicated the Mission San Francisco (Dolores).

Apart from the Golden Gate Park, Lincoln Park, Harding Boulevard, San Francisco has many places of interest to the tourist, not least among them its world-famous

Chinatown. Groves of the famous gigantic redwood trees lie within easy motoring distance, the nearest being the Muir Woods National Monument. It was in San Francisco that I first began missing my mail and incidentally a couple of cheques, which made me look into my depleted budget with a sentiment akin to worry. I was a bit late in my schedule and the letters apparently had been returned to their point of origin, or perhaps, I hoped, were awaiting me in Los Angeles.

We left San Francisco on route 101, via the Embarcadero on Market and onto Mission Streets—and drove through the fertile and beautiful Santa Clara Valley, past San José into Gilroy where, having covered three hundred and fifty-five miles of pavement, we stopped at an awfully nice little hotel kept by two sisters from Boston—and were we tired!

From Gilroy we crossed to Los Banos and then onto 99 again through Fresno, famous for its figs; we took this inland route because of fog reported on the Coast. Here I saw oranges on the trees for the first time, also grapefruit and olives. I was thrilled with the lovely orange groves extending as far as the eye could see, with their even rows of trees, the leaves seeming greener because of the dash of color on them. Oranges are so plentiful and olives and roses and chrysanthemums, that it is not an extraordinary thing to be handed a complimentary sample of each at any wayside place one may stop at for a cup of coffee or a sandwich, but near Madera when this happened to me, my eyes nearly popped with surprise. Mary had fortunately warned me not to touch an olive off the tree and therefore I learned that they had to be cured for sixty days before they were palatable; you see, Mary and Albert had been in California before, which perhaps made them a bit more critical. While I only saw the coloring and the novelty in orange groves, Mary saw that the trees needed trimming in places; but as she commented: "I suppose that the natives are too busy trim-

ming the tourist, to bother about the trees." On through Bakersfield and the pretty San Fernando Valley we went, through Hollywood into Los Angeles, arriving there very tired and very late, with a mileage of three hundred and seventy-five to our credit.

There is only one Los Angeles. "Whoso hath not seen Seville hath not seen a marvel," is an old Spanish proverb, and the Italian proudly replies, "See Naples and die!" Still there is but one Los Angeles and both the Don and the Signore had spoken their boasts long before the birth of the "City of Life," for in all the wide world there is not another spot where all the elements have so worked in harmony to give to man a site upon which could be built so marvelous a city, and its people may well cry out in all the joy and pride of possession, "See Los Angeles and wish to live there always!" Here the mighty agencies of the sea labored with the fierce flames from Vulcan's caves, and when both had subsided, they left a land so fair, so fertile in its soil, so rich in mineral wealth, so beautiful in the rugged picturesqueness of its hills and in the wide sweep of its valleys, that the winds and sun loved to play and rest upon it, until lo, between them they crowned the grim mountain peaks with a mantle of glittering white, and there trickled down into the valleys a thousand streams as pure and sweet as heaven's choicest gift; and a garden spot more beautiful than all others was made, so that man, worth while, might find a worthy scene in which to stage his best efforts. Into this marvelous garden came man, primitive man, battling with saber-tooth tigers and mammoth and giant sloths, as revealed by the asphaltum pits at La Brea. This primitive man made up in enthusiasm what he lacked in cordiality as a greeter, and when the first tourists, under Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo made their appearance in San Pedro Bay, in 1542, they were met with the flames and smoke of burning prairies kindled by hostile Indians, and the same greeting was extended to the many other tourists seeking wealth and a life

of ease. In fact, it was not until 1769, that Portola and his escort, accompanied by Father Junipero Serra and Padres Viscaino and Perron, reached the site of Old Town in San Diego, and founded the first of the long chain of missions in California. It was not, however, until 1781, under the guidance of the Franciscan monks and Portola's men at arms, that another "pueblo," or village, was founded, when the flag of old Spain floated over the site of the Los Angeles of today, then called by the sonorous name of "La Ciudad de Nuestra Senora la Reina de los Angeles" or, in English, "The City of Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels." In most places one speaks of the climate when one has nothing else to say, but in California one cannot very well refrain from speaking of the climate, for it is unequaled anywhere on this earth.

The snow-capped mountain ranges to the north and east keep out the blistering heat of the desert, and the winter's rains of thousands of years, washing down the great hillsides, have filled the valleys with a soil so deep that it is practically inexhaustible, its fertility ever refreshed by thousands of underground streams. For nine months in the year the land is bathed in life-giving sunshine, tempered by the soft winds of the blue Pacific. Ah, the romance that lurks in the hills of California! When one thinks of its history, of the gold rush of "49," written a thousand ways on a thousand pages, one feels the grip of a strange emotion, and one realizes that it is not in mere printer's ink that one can truly depict the glory, the romance, the lure of California.

Los Angeles has grown and grown until its area is the largest of any known city in America. It is the leading commercial and tourist centre of its State and the home of the University of Southern California. Its parks comprise Brand Park, in front of the old San Fernando Mission, with its Spanish ruins and its Memory Garden with trees and shrubs gathered from every mission in California, including the "Rose of Castile" and "Seven Sis-

ters." Exposition Park, with its attractive buildings and its museum; Lincoln Park, a real playground for children, with a merry-go-round and swings; Luna Park with its trained animal exhibitions; and Westlake Park, which is highly cultivated, has boating, music on the lake in the evenings and many beautiful walks. And there is the ostrich farm near Lincoln Park where one can ride a trained ostrich; in these days of ostrich-leather shoes and bags, it is rather convenient to become acquainted with an ostrich!

Los Angeles boasts of many fine buildings, foremost of which is the new City Hall, situated near the General Post Office, where, by the way, the missing letter and cheques did not appear, as a result of which I was beginning to feel that I might be reduced to two meals a day. I had often read movie stars' pathetic tales of how they were broke in Los Angeles, and I realized then just how they felt. Of course, for me, there was always the telegraph office where a little message would bring forth the required money, but thinking each day that the lost cheques would happen along, I postponed my SOS as a last resource. However, Mary and Albert and I "dug in" and we visited all the neighboring country; first, we saw Pasadena, the Rose City, with its palm-lined streets, beautiful homes, exclusive hotels and its sunken Busch Gardens; then we visited the old San Gabriel mission near by, where the Mission Play is produced annually. This is in the orange grove belt, the groves nestling near the foothills of the Sierra Madre mountains in the San Gabriel Valley. Another day we visited Hollywood, the motion picture capital of America, the loveliest suburb of Los Angeles. Its pretty homes are of every type, from tiny rose-embowered bungalows to magnificent hillside palaces; its shops, hotels and apartments rank among the smartest. It was with stifled excitement that we approached this land of miracles, the moving-picture studios.

On account of the introduction of the movie-tone, there

wasn't much doing at Warner Brothers, whose studio is located on Sunset Boulevard, as they were installing the new machines; but we saw the sets and one scene being "shot" which was extremely interesting as it was a "love-scene"; and I am quite sure that I will forget myself and exclaim aloud when I see it in a movie. It is wonderful how they get up a set—you are in a Spanish Garden which is perfect as to detail, you walk a few steps and you are on the shores of a limpid lake; tomorrow, probably, this lake will have disappeared to make way for a sawdust ring. A few steps more, and you are in the midst of the Sahara Desert. It is marvelous and like an ever changing panorama; each set is independent and perfect in itself. The whole represents the untiring efforts of many brains and many hands. Much of the success of the motion picture of today, I am quite sure, is due to the dogged perseverance, hard work and co-operation of its directors and actors.

We also visited Universal City where the Universal Studios are situated and saw a picture in the making there, Laura LaPlante starring. Although it was Sunday, everyone was working hard and quite cheerful about it. High above the lot stands the setting used in the filming of the *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, which is being conserved as a curio and also as a memento of the well-reproduced cathedral of Nôtre Dame. On the first lot was a prop for the collegian series, which was quite familiar.

After nearly a week in Los Angeles, having put in that time sightseeing, my party, with the addition of another Mary, started one bright day for San Diego and Tia Juana; we followed the Huntington Boulevard to Long Beach where I got my first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean. After dipping a finger in it, seeing Long Beach's harbor and pleasure pier, historical Dead Man's Island, and the lighthouse, we carried on to route 101, past Signal Hill in the distance, with its huge oil fields spreading themselves far into the horizon, past the different beaches,

to Oceanside and Cardiff, where we lunched on a "lobster" which was "fresh," at a small hotel overlooking the Pacific. After this it was but a short run to La Jolla and San Diego where we left our grips and continued on to Tia Juana, in New Mexico, only twenty miles away; it was then nearly three in the afternoon and one has to get out of Tia Juana before six or else remain there all night, and as it is not the safest place in which to spend the night, we were rushing onward. We did not see the races in Tia Juana but we saw mostly everything else; dissipated-looking men, music-hall women, half-intoxicated, dancing, gambling, laughing; oily Mexicans and Spaniards indifferently drinking their "gin rickies" at the longest bar in the world, others sitting in front of a table stacked with Mexican gold, playing every form of gambling game known to man, and still others feverishly surrounding the long green tables where the black and red held sway in turn. I imagine that it must resemble Monte Carlo, only on a much cheaper, more sordid scale; one would not want to miss seeing Tia Juana, yet there is nothing pretty or elevating about it; its atmosphere is that of the underworld.

They say that most cynics are sloppy sentimentalists; a cynic knows that ugliness is not pretty and yet weeps inside because he can't convince himself it is. Well, I felt strangely like a cynic in Tia Juana, and when after tasting their Mexicali beer, having tried my luck at the tables and bought some souvenirs, we turned towards San Diego, I felt no regret, though I had thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

San Diego, the southernmost American city on the Pacific Coast, is the first in the historical interest of California. Here, in the vicinity of the Mission San Diego d'Alcala, the first palm and olive trees were planted, the first irrigation system constructed and here, too, California's civilization began. It was here that in 1846 John Fremont first raised the American flag on Californian soil.

The city is the headquarters of the 11th Naval District and presents an ever changing program of Naval activities at the Naval Training Station, Marine Barracks, and Destroyer Fleet Base, but its greatest development is in the aviation field, for San Diego is known as the "Air Capital of the West." Numerous planes circled above us as we drove to San Juan Capistrano next day, some lone flyers, and some in perfect formation.

And in these days when the modern flapper's hero is a plane man, think of the romance and the loving glances following in the wake of these scions of the air, some of them flirting perilously with the trees in an attempt to get a glimpse of girls—behind the telescopes. Telescoping is really the latest form of flirtation. We found that we were in the land of opportunity and of strange happenings. Boys and girls of today are trained to accept anything without surprise—surprise is a form of mental or moral ignorance. There came a day when a young boy I knew from Vancouver and his flapper friend decided to forfeit a swim for a trip over San Diego in a pal's plane. The sky was full of "air-pockets" and they got into a cloud and couldn't get out for several hours, emerging at last to find themselves near San Francisco! No! He didn't have to marry the girl! "Be your Century," to use some of our accumulated slang. "You bet," we picked up a lot as we "puddled along," for "we would, we were *just* the type" and "it was just *too* bad," for I am sure that "we were a lot of bad news" to some people.

To make this tale really interesting I suppose that I should depict imaginary brigands, springing from the thickets on the roadside, holding us up, dragging the women to solitary mountain cabins—an ignominious fate—and all that sort of thing; but the movies can do that so much better than the writer, and at this late hour why leave truth for fiction, when the truth is that stagecoaches and brigands belong to another day, and that the only highwaymen we encountered were gas service station ones,

who were quite amenable to reason, especially as we progressed south.

Fifteen minutes' ride from the thriving, bustling city, which I have described as San Diego, lies the sleepy little hamlet known as "Old Town," where Father Junipero Serra planted the cross in 1769 and established the first of the chain of twenty-one missions which dot "El Camino Real," or in our everyday language "The King's Highway," just a few miles north of San Diego towards Los Angeles, and here in the old church are the first mission bells, brought from Spain and in the garden one sees the first palm trees; here is the old graveyard, with crumbling walls and faded wooden headboards, the first brick house in Southern California, and Ramona's Marriage Place, where Angus Phail's daughter and the Indian Allesandro, flying from the wrath of Señora Morena, came and pleaded with Father Ubach (Gasparo in the story) to marry them. The house is quite quaint, built of adobe (a large brick made of mud, cactus juice and straw, baked in the sun), the walls being from two to four feet thick, and roofed with tile resting on huge timbers, brought from the Cuyamaca Mountains on the shoulders of the Mission Indians. These beams are bound together with rawhide thongs, no nails being used, and across these are laid the shoots of Caressa (a tule grass from the neighboring creeks), upon which is set the mission curved tile, forming gutters to drain the roof in the rainy season. A season which is so short in California that the modern builder seems to have deemed eaves unnecessary. The building surrounds a *patio*, or courtyard, where, I must admit, I committed the crime of picking an orange off a tree. This *patio* is a veritable riot of color all year round, and was covered with poinsettias and ever so many beautiful flowers I had never seen except in paintings, and at the end of the flowered pergola stands the "Wishing Well" over which, on an old weather-beaten board, is the following inscription:

## COAST TO COAST IN A PUDDLE JUMPER 51

“Quaff ye the waters of Ramona’s well;  
Good luck they bring, and secrets tell;  
Blest were they by sandaled friar;  
So drink and wish for thy desire.”

Near by is the old Spanish oven into which we peeked, after dropping our pennies in the well and wishing not to die from the effects of the water. Down there things are not old, they are “first,” such as the Mexican *carretta* or buggy, on which we had our picture taken, breathing a prayer that the thing would not collapse before the camera ticked; and the sewing-machine and piano were also “first” to come around the Horn. Oh! one could put in a day at Ramona’s Marriage Place and still discover something interesting, but we tore ourselves away as San Juan Capistrano Mission was next on our program and one hundred and sixty miles lay between us and Los Angeles.

We lunched at a place where two huge white chickens gave promise of a good menu and shortly afterwards reached the old Mission, which is slightly off the coast highway to the right—and is a lovely old ruin, the best part of which is used as a convent; its *patio* was another riot of color with its ancient sundial in the centre and the old bells overlooking the quaint graveyard—it all seemed so familiar and I remembered having seen the long arcaded walks, which one would almost call *piazas*, many times on the screen. There is such material there that I do not wonder at California being the heart of the motion picture industry; why they have material to deceive even the keenest observer, and when one begins to deceive—well who cares if Miss Pow-Wowsky, of Moscow, really originated in Seattle, and Signor Spaghetti-Macaroni was born on Catalina Island? The Mission is full of old relics and in the chapel the altar is made of 18-karat gold, and near by one views the cloistered cells of the friars of long ago.

At Santa Ana we turned towards Riverside, and soon

came to its palm-lined boulevards, magnificent residences, and Glenwood Mission Inn, located in the heart of the Orange Empire and at the base of Mount Robidoux; the Glenwood Mission Inn is really a hotel, reminiscent of the early mission period, in which is reproduced some part of each of the twenty-one missions of California. One enjoys its Spanish art gallery with its wonderful collection, its wood-carved and magnificent altar and the *campanario*; as the culmination of a thoroughly Spanish afternoon, we had tea in the *patio*, returning to Los Angeles through the Italian vineyards, Claremont, the home of Pomona College, and along the Foothill Boulevard.

Though I rode on top of a bus on Sunset Boulevard, took a trip in the subway, drove around Beverley Hills and saw several of the gorgeous homes of the stars, visited Universal City again, where just across from Universal studios one perceives a walled-in Spanish garden on the gates of which is written—"Campo-de-Cavenga, Fremont-Pico, Treaty signed 1847," giving California to the United States; I by no means had seen all there was to see when my schedule and my pocketbook agreed upon my departure. Some day I shall return, if it is only to see the much-heard-of marvels of Avalon on Catalina Island.

Leaving Mary, the cheerful, and Albert, who made such a "good Protestant job" of wiping "cheaters"; I took a chance on Lady Anna and Norma, whose qualities as traveling companions were absolutely unknown, but whose companionship, as was afterwards proven, was a real "gold mine" to me. Lady Anna, past seventy, but whom you would hardly call old, was a most cheerful little lady, association with whom was spiritually and mentally uplifting; and Norma, well, a certain "Leo" said of Norma, that she had "It, Them and Those," so what more can a mere writer say, except that the fairies had been very generous to Norma, inasmuch as they had also given her a nice character.

Our day of departure dawned, as days have a way of

doing, and when I picked up Lady Anna on Hollywood Boulevard, I remembered her boasts of the night before, about the sumptuous lunch she had in store for us, but not daring to mention same, decided that it must be in one of the numerous boxes in her possession; it was not until an hour later when we were well away on 101 towards Santa Barbara that the momentary silence was suddenly broken by an interrogatory exclamation, then a series of short hisses, and : "Oh, dear, dear, dear, I've forgotten the lunch! Hiss, hiss, hiss, oh dear, dear! and they were *such* nice sandwiches, hiss, hiss, hiss, and such luscious ripe olives, dear, dear . . . Da-*amn* . . . D-a-a-a-a-mn!" I laughed so much that I could hardly steer, and glancing in the mirror I saw that Norma had collapsed completely in the back seat; but this seemed to break the ice which is always prevalent at the beginning of a trip, and though Lady Anna may have lost her lunch, she had made in that moment two real friends, for we realized that she was "human." If I ever feel down-hearted and blue I try to recall the above scene exactly as it happened, with the little lady's powerless indignation, and it invariably brings a smile in its wake.

We traveled the Coast Highway which is beautiful and brings one through Santa Maria, then San Luis Obispo, to Paso Robles, where they have the baths, on to Salinas and from there to Gilroy and the Sisters from Boston; three hundred and seventy-five as the day's mileage and our little Lady Anna strutting along far ahead of us into the hotel! Tired? Why, of course not! The next day was also very pleasant, with 101 bringing us through San José with its beautiful trees and lovely residences, into San Francisco and straight for the Embarcadero; we lunched above the fish, on the ferry to Sausalito, where, upon enquiring which way our 101 route went, we were informed with condescension that one could go two ways on 101!

In gasoline language, a few gallons farther, what looked

to us at first like a crossword puzzle, and afterwards turned out to be a Ford, crossed our path, and had we been able to keep up with it we might have gleaned educational information—as it was, all we could make out was: “Seven days in this makes one week,” chalked across the side, and in bold letters on the back: “I may be old, but I still get hot!” A few mountains surmounted and Willits, Lady Anna’s destination, was reached, two hundred miles by the speedometer since Gilroy. We hated leaving her so, that though we had said good-bye, and everything, we turned back and surprised her, spending the night there. We knew how we would miss her joyous exclamations at the surrounding beauty, her “Isn’t Nature marvelous; Isn’t this a good old world to live in, and “Who wants to die when life is so sweet?” Yet some people at thirty cannot find any beauty in the world at all! There was another good-bye and with blessings galore, Norma and I set forth next morning, which was just another day filled with awe-inspiring loveliness, after we passed Eureka, especially, as the road joins the sea there and for miles and miles is penciled along the centre of the cliff overhanging the ocean. 101 will always recall to my mind a whole lot more than just three figures, and even though there was a patch of the road still rather rough, I forgot about it in the enjoyment of my “song-bird,” for fresh from the studios was Norma and her silvery notes broke pure and clear upon my enchanted ear, and when all my old favorites and several others had been rendered, apparently a short two hundred and fifty miles from Willits, we arrived in Crescent City.

Oh, the enthralling magnificence of the redwoods next day! Huge big trees, through which the road winds and circles; so big are they that in one place there is a bungalow built on a tree trunk! We came to some clearings where there were little log cabins surrounded by these big giants of the forest, at whose feet adventurous moss had taken root, blending its deep green into the red-hued

canopy. And into this land of dreams came the Puddle Jumper with a "songbird" as cargo, and soon, alas, the miles dissappeared and with California but a memory, we approached the Oregon Caves. They lie a little bit to the right shortly after crossing the State line. The chambers of these caves are of marble with great stalagmites which Nature's artists have been scores of centuries in forming into all sorts of fantastic shapes; each chamber has a different name. The Wigwam, Petrified Forest, Neptune's Grotto, the King's Palace, Ghost Chamber, Dante's Inferno, the Menagerie and Paradise Lost, and every step of the way leads to new wonders. These caves surpass one's greatest expectations and stand four thousand feet above the sea. A night in Dante's Inferno or Paradise Lost not appealing to us, we wandered back to the Redwood Highway—which is No. 195 from Crescent City to Grant's Pass, under whose gateway we passed after registering the car, and so onto the good old 99 which I was to follow to Vancouver.

Several songs and a few cigarettes later, having gone through Roseburg and Cottage Grove, we put up at Eugene, unable, on account of a couple of flats, to make Salem that night, being nevertheless two hundred and fifty miles to the good. Changing the flat on an incline, with Norma as prop for the car, was great sport; fortunately for us, two stalwarts, in a car, took the responsibility off our shoulders. I think that the girl who provides for flat tires with a novel to read while waiting for some kind man to come along has the right idea!

Eugene built itself on the shores of the Willamette River and, because the University of Oregon is erected there, boasts of a number of future intellectuals, many of whom had forsaken their volumes for the terpsichorean art on the night of our arrival, and had picked our hotel for their semi-formal students' dance, which of course had nothing to do with us, and only helped to make us feel *de trop*—a feeling that has, however, a beneficial

influence on the much-heard-of inferiority complex. The car, whose few complexes were "shorts" and "flats" after a good dose of "Mobil-A" and doped with Richfield, whose trade-mark, the Racer, is a winner in every respect, found the streaming white ribbon which was the road, beckoning to it again. After seventy-two miles we came to snug little Salem, which is really not so little nor so snug after all, for it is in its capitol that all the questions of the State are supposed to be settled, and the intellectuals who are not in Eugene are at the Willamette University or the Sacred Heart Academy in Salem. It did not matter to us that it is situated in the heart of the greatest fruit and berry territory in the Northwest, and that it is the greatest long-fiber flax district in the United States, for we had no use for either that day, except an occasional apple, perhaps; but Salem will always seem important to me because of some very nice friends of Norma's, and because I received a cash answer to my SOS there.

With Seattle three hundred miles away as our destination for the night, we forged ahead still on the road where the curves make of it what we sometimes call our creditors. I said, "still on the road," because for a minimum of a second's inattention, a car speeding around a curve came very close to dashing us over the bank into the turbulent waters of the Pudding River below. With a dash of heroism added to our make-up—of the same kind that the man from Golden was afflicted with—we proceeded to Portland, which we found much the same, the Willamette still running through it.

Despite a threatening sky, we rolled along towards another flat, and had our supper in Centralia where a parade, brass band and everything greeted us; we thought at first that they must have been advised of our coming, but we learned later that it was some Boy Scout's birthday, which really saved us a speech, you know! Olympia was next on our route and by that time the fog had allied itself to the elements aguring against our reaching Seattle that

night, but we finally discerned a few twinkling lights boring through the haze and realized that we were in Tacoma. Though we had coffee and spent three-quarters of an hour in the city I could not tell you what it looks like, for I did not see it. A kind Samaritan sitting in the restaurant offered to direct us through the city and we pinned our fate to the tail-light of his car, and to another, that happened to be crawling by as we reached the highway; calling a thanks to the Good Samaritan, who probably thought he was giving a couple of lunatics their freedom; in fact, the way he looked at us gave me the idea. It was like driving towards a dense black horizon with white angora wool wound around one's eyes, not knowing or seeing where one was going, blindly following the dim red lantern of the car ahead, which was our guiding star that night, and hoping that it was really going to Seattle, and not Spokane. It was hard going but fortunately we had the stimulating apple cider, that Norma was bringing home to father, and which, on account of the fog, father never got; so at ten miles an hour we moved into Seattle, in Washington, which we were told was a city of unsurpassing beauty, because of its picturesque setting and careful planning, its layer of hills appealing already to my Quebec instinct.

Charles was there when the fog lifted, and we found that Seattle is built with Lake Washington on one side and Puget Sound on the other; the Olympics are visible on the western side, across the Sound, and to the east and the south are the Cascades and the snow-capped peak of Rainier. We brought Charles on a shopping tour. No! This is not a case of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Having "done" the shopping and theatre section, we visited the Olympic, which is not least among Seattle's prominent hotels. "Us?" Oh, we were only using their notepaper! Norma, who had torn herself away from the movies to spend Thanksgiving with her parents in Rathdrum, left the next afternoon—after one false at-

tempt in the morning, which afforded us the most thrilling drive down hill upon hill, through the traffic to the station, just as the train was pulling out! Just before she left we swapped "skins" and I am now wearing a fur coat that knew the secrets of Hollywood, though I haven't been able to get much information as yet!

That night at eight I joined the rest of the population of Seattle, on Fifth Avenue, to see what Edison could do for the city by touching a button way back in Long Island, and no one was disappointed; the city was in a state of semi-darkness when, at a given moment, its new lights, old lights, signs and decorations flared up all together, transforming the night into day and making of Seattle the best lighted city in its world.

I rather dreaded the trip up to Vancouver alone, having enjoyed such wonderful companionship, but one hundred and sixty miles lie between Seattle and Vancouver, and in view of remaining there long enough to get in touch with my still elusive cheques, I started out one fine Sunday towards Everett which has a Mount, and past Vernon's, too, feeling all the while very blue and disconsolate at leaving the States—and California especially. I missed the orange groves, the palm and olive trees, the advertising statuettes, and intensely disliked the ugly billboards I saw instead, which I think all Governments should prohibit, in view of encouraging artistic and non-disfiguring advertising. In this frame of mind I arrived at Bellingham which, I had to reluctantly admit, was a very beautiful place, with the ranges of the Olympics, Selkirks and Cascades in the distance and Mount Baker only forty miles away. With the famous San Juan Islands at its doorstep and Puget Sound, stretching for miles away to the west, I imagine that Bellingham would be a great tourist centre, with its pretty parks and marine drives. From there it is just a hop of thirty miles to Blaine and the border which, in my ignorance, I approached fearlessly; having crossed so

many times at so many different points and never having had any trouble, I imagined the customs officials not as bad as they were painted, but, that was before Blaine! They went through all my grips at Blaine and made me sign testimonials that an article bought in Quebec years ago was purely Canadian, which did not improve my frame of mind, especially, as I was down to my last dollar and fifty-five cents, thirty-five of which I spent on a sandwich and a cup of coffee later at the café just across the road, run by a chap from the prairies; my license bringing forth this information. There is a Centennial Peace Arch at Blaine in commemoration of the fact that the two Governments have dwelt in harmony for more than a hundred years, I wonder, however, whether it will still be there in another hundred years if a certain woman official's manner does not improve. The dark, the lightness of my pocketbook, my recent experience, all were beginning to make me feel a very solitary, songless wayfarer, when I reminded myself that I was nearing Vancouver, the culmination of my wager and trip, as also the clearing house for my dreams of long ago; yet all this left me cold and unresponsive, for my thoughts were in California.

Strange how easily turned to ashes the realization of one's dreams are at times! I did not particularly want to see Vancouver; in fact, I felt sure that I would dislike it intensely with its fog and its damp climate; then I reached New Westminster, and the route seeming long, though I was "out" twelve miles on the speedometer, I felt sure that I must have arrived at my destination and inquired at a gas station: "Is this Vancouver?" "You flatter us, Madam," the man answered and informed me that if I kept on the Great White Way which belongs to the King, the bright lights of Vancouver would be twinkling on my windshield within fifteen minutes. That man I am sure was afflicted with a poetical disposition! With one dollar and twenty cents in my pocket, I gaily strutted up to the superb Vancouver Hotel, reserving a

room and bath at the desk, where to my great relief a clerk, fresh from Banff, deferentially recognizing me, made me feel that I had come into my own again. A couple of tubs later I treated myself to a lovely meal, in the main dining-room, signing the check and using my remaining fortune for tips. And the cheques, far larger than expected, which had chased me all over the Pacific Coast, came to hand the next day, putting an end to my being broke in a strange land, which, however, was a novel and beneficial experience added to the many others. The perfect appointments of the hotel, the attention of the management, and the luxurious comfort of it all, how good it felt! It seemed like coming home again after being weather-beaten abroad, and somehow when I opened my eyes next day and looked out through my mauve-curtained windows at the Two Lions, massive mountains resembling exactly two crouching lions, on the other side of the Burrard Inlet, I was glad, very glad to be in Vancouver, and though I approached it so reluctantly I soon got to know it; and to know it is to love it; therefore, despite the fact that the wager has been won, and my trip ended, it would not be fair to my readers, nor to the writer, if I did not tell you something about Vancouver, the largest and most important city on the Canadian Pacific Coast, with its wonderful harbor, where vessels from every country dock daily, with their cargoes of silk, pearls and other importations, sailing back to their native land laden with copper, lumber, and other riches of the Province of British Columbia. Its timber limits are the source of supply of over four countries, and its copper mines are the largest in the world, the first in rank being the Britannia Mine which lies thirty miles north of Vancouver on Britannia Beach. A few years ago an untimely explosion caused several of the homes there to be washed into Howe Sound, at a considerable death toll, and as a result, though no trace of this accident remains, the superstitious descendants of the Squamish Indian tribe will not

locate there. The people of Vancouver are born speculators; not in the fields of Calgary, nor at Signal Hill among the Wells, have I heard such "oil-y" talk as on the streets of Vancouver; at Purdy's while you lunch, at Glencoe where you live in an "Old Country" atmosphere, or on the North Vancouver Ferry, Home Oil, Calmont Dalhousie are the topics of the day, and I have even heard of one dear old lady who plunged fifty dollars into "something," so that she could say with the rest: "Well, how is my stock today?"

Vancouver Island is reached by means of a palatial steamer, which lands its passengers almost on the doorstep of the beautiful Parliament buildings in Victoria, and the lovely Empress Hotel is right there to give them a real English welcome, and at Christmas time a Yuletide festival, for here more than anywhere else in North America one finds an "Old Country" atmosphere, with traditions that in England itself are sometimes forgotten. A corner of England, on the Pacific Coast, is an apt description of Victoria, the evergreen capital of British Columbia. There are many beautiful drives on the island; one over the Malahat to Nanaimo, through Ladysmith, is a drive long to be remembered, as also the drive to the Dominion Government Astrophysical Observatory, on the top of the Little Saanich Mountain, which boasts of the second largest telescope in the world; Esquimault with its Naval Base, and then one must see the incomparable Butchart Sunken Gardens, built in an old abandoned quarry which they have transformed into a veritable "Garden of Eden." The material sold in the stores in Victoria is thoroughly English.

There is a story of a man who died and went up to heaven where St. Peter greeted him, and in the course of showing him around his heaven, came upon a chap with his hands tied and a heavy ball and chain on his leg; our friend, thinking that it might have something to do with matrimony, enquired of St. Peter the reason for this, and

was immediately enlightened: "He came from Victoria," St. Peter said, "and we must chain him to keep him from returning there!" I left before the spell took a firmer hold upon me, but not without realizing the vast possibilities of the island. Its timber limits are extensive, as well as its copper mines. I returned to Vancouver, city of beautiful beaches, marine drives and parks, and situated within easy reach of so many beautiful spots, such as Harrison Hot Springs, Grouse Mountain, Capilano Canyon and Hollyburn Ridge. Though one may play golf in the morning at Shaughnessy or Langara, an hour's run will bring one to the snow-crowned peaks where one can enjoy all the Winter sports. There is much to see in Vancouver, as it extends in every direction—from the mountains and the Fraser to the sea; over the Granville Street Bridge lie Shaughnessy Heights and Point Grey, comprising the beautiful residential quarter, then Kitsilano with its wonderful beach, and while we are on the subject of beaches, there is Jericho of the flealess sand. Out Kingsway lies Burnaby and farther New Westminster, which is a thriving city built on the banks of the Fraser River, then opposite Vancouver just across the Burrard Inlet, in the shadow of the Lions, one comes upon North and West Vancouver, with their marine drive running into Horseshoe Bay and White Cliff.

The drive to Grouse Mountain Chalet is a delight, and though the Puddle Jumper has covered over fifteen thousand miles within ten months, having taken thirty-eight days' running time to cross the Continent, it is still "rearin' to go" and I run it up to the Chalet, three thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, every week for exercise; and once there I enjoy a skii with some friends. The panorama of the myriad of lights which reveal the city, lying at our feet as we come down, is always a fresh delight to me. Between North and West Vancouver three miles inland is Capilano Canyon with its Swinging Cable Bridge two hundred feet above turbulent waters, flowing

## COAST TO COAST IN A PUDDLE JUMPER 63

between two precipices on the face of which, a little farther up towards the new Suspension Bridge, is the old Indian Pictograph which reads:

"The legend handed down from Chief Capilano to his sons is, that in 1750 a great Chief of the Squamish tribe came over the mountains to find shelter for his women from the hostile Northern tribes, and built a hunting lodge near the Salmon Pool. There he was presented with twin sons, who grew up to sturdy manhood. The younger was gifted with visions, and on seeing a rainbow predicted the spanning of this mighty canyon with a bridge, and also the coming of the White Man, to whom they were to offer every kindness. The bridge is here, and one of the tribe was of great help to Captain Vancouver in discovering what is our city today.

"The original wall paintings were made in 1792 and repainted in 1928. The bear represents plentiful game, and the fishes an abundant supply of food in the river. One son is seen pointing to the rainbow, and the other to the far distance, from whence the White People were to come."

The paintings, in bold Indian colors, stand out distinctly on the right wall of the canyon. Returning to Vancouver one visits the parks which are beautiful, Stanley, with its huge redwoods and ideal location, being foremost among them, for it is built on a piece of land that juts out into the waters of the Burrard Inlet, and is one of the finest parks I have ever seen. It covers a large area, its driveway going by the lighthouse, Prospect Point, and ending at beautiful English Bay with its lovely sandy beach. On its pier, one dances over the Pacific, just as in Old Orchard Beach one dances over the Atlantic. The dances are the same, the wavelets break against the pier in the same familiar way; but here the lapping waters are warmer, the ocean is bluer, and well—think of what lies in between!"

## LOYAL HEARTS

(Dedicated to the kindest of men—my Father)

Sorrow, grim reminder upon this earth that we are but puppets in the hands of a higher Power, not here to drink the cup of Life and happiness alone, but to dredge its bitterness also. Sorrow, destroyer of hearts, of souls, of minds, you come when we least expect you, unbidden into our happy homes, and go sometimes when it is too late; thought always glad to see you depart, at times you remain so long and wound us so deeply, that the ravages you cause are irreparable. "Elementals," once quoted a man whose opinion we all at sometime or other have honored, are *Love, Hate, Fear, and Hunger,*" now I wonder that this man did not go on to say, "and their children are *Happiness, Sorrow, Cowardice, Famine,*" but he may have had more important things to think about.

It is a well-known fact that there are no two persons alike in all this Universe, and these sentiments, naturally, have a different reaction upon each individual; sorrow, nine times out of ten, though, hardens the soil it touches; it is received by hearts in revolt and engenders bitterness, a lust for revenge, and generally leaves cynicism and cruelty in the place of faith and charity, or at all events weakens one's belief in the latter.

One out of every ten, however, may be differently affected by the grim passage of sorrow, one bigger soul perhaps, one sweeter character perchance, I know not, but it is, nevertheless, recognized that some natures are made more beautiful by suffering, and as they are but few, and as I can imagine the struggle it must mean to arise from the abyss of their misery, whatsoever it may be, with soul

whiter, chastened instead of sinking deeper into the mire of bitterness, or revolt, I feel justified in writing of one of these bigger souls, who knew how to love and be happy, yet who, when grief came, kept abreast of the storm with faith unwavering and courage sky high!

One dark night a casual passenger on a merchant marine vessel humorously remarked to his companion, as they calmly sped by one of the numerous lighthouses to be found studded here and there in Canadian waters, lighthouses erected by the Government upon miniature islands, real safeguards against the reefs that surround them and upon which they are built: "When I regard the light topping that high white pillar, looking as if it had come out of the ocean, I fail to convince myself that human hands have lighted and will snuff it, that human hearts beat within the walls of that tall white pillar, capable of having their loves, hates, joys and sorrows; I would think rather that each night this pillar of light is set by some disappointed mermaid or nymph, who may still await some long-lost love's return, to fulfill rash promises, as the legends say; for were man to exile himself upon such God-forsaken aridity, he would not be human any longer, and he would be incapable of feeling either love, hate, joy, or sorrow."

These remarks were spoken within the Straits of Belle Isle and had this same passenger returned the next day, and passed close enough, he might have judged by the pretty little garden, sown almost in the rock, clothes hung out on the line, the Marconi poles, and the Union Jack flagstaff, that no mere mermaid or nymph lighted the light to guide the ships at sea.

Marcia hummed to herself as she sat squaw-fashion and skillfully drew the bow across the strings of an old violin. It had belonged to her uncle, who now reserved to himself the task of teaching her, and who very seldom played himself, now.

She loved her violin and her old uncle, who had res-

cued her when a tot of seven, from their burning house, and had brought her here, having no other home to offer her. Her violin and a dear little bird whom summer skies brought forth to love and feed, were her only companions. If, at times the longing surged within her for the memories of seven years, of childhood days spent among loved ones, now dead, of a comfortable home, destroyed by fire, she would quickly smother this longing, fearing that her uncle would notice it, for she knew well his constant worry that she would tire of this solitude, and was mindful of his promise to send her into the world of his brothers if she ever so desired.

Otherwise, she was happy, a quiet, calm and peaceful happiness, knowing little of the intrigue, the struggle, the vain efforts of the world beyond the deep-hued horizon, yet sensing it, nevertheless, with a woman's intuition, for she soon would be sixteen and having learned, among other things from her uncle, how to operate the Marconi she possessed an inkling of what might be going on beyond the sky line and derived a certain happiness from the feeling of security that enveloped her. Oh yes, what fun she might be missing! But what else, too? . . . And then also she was in love. You are startled? Yes, in love—first with all nature, with God's ocean, with the inhabitants of the blue sky, the flowers that with her uncle she had managed to coax from the arid soil, with her uncle of course, and last but not least with Reggie.

Reggie was one of the thousands of men who lived beyond the horizon, whether he had another name, a mother, father, home, whether he was tall and dark or short and fair, she knew not; but she did know that his message came out of the great unknown to her daily, as it had come for nearly two years now, a message bringing her the knowledge that within this great Universe, from the large world that she had left at seven, one soul reached out to hers each day and of it all she loved best the sunset hour, for then it was that she sat at the wireless apparatus,

and sent forth her message to Reggie, the faithful, the unknown, the Reggie she loved.

He was wireless operator on one of the Canadian Government ships making scheduled trips in the St. Lawrence, this much, and the name of the steamer she knew—and she had always addressed her messages “Reggie, c/o his ship” . . . and he sent his, “Marcia,” but had an advantage over her, as he knew her place of residence. It had all started very harmlessly and unsuspectingly, with each exchanging messages meant for the other and wrongly directed, then the exchange of thanks for service rendered, then more such services, then personalities, then the discovery that each was lonely.

Marcia did not know just what Reggie looked like—though she knew that her heart was his—whether he was short or tall, dark or fair, but somehow she felt that she would not be disappointed in him; whether it was his daily attentions, or a certain quality in him that had reached out across the broad expanse and won her, she little knew, but it never occurred to her that Reggie could be other but the prince charming of her dreams; faith and trust and love all were there, and it really was a beautiful thing, that which Reggie had awakened.

Her clear brow puckered anxiously as she discerned a steamer leaving the ordinary course and heading for the reefs, and joyfully she recognized the *Guide*, with supplies for the lighthouse, upon which the Inspector of Lights and Buoys made a yearly tour of inspection. This steamer came every two months and brought food, clothing, and anything they desired, including mail; and the gruff old sea captain and his crew were the only outsiders in her life, and the only persons, too, to appreciate the really quizzical beauty of her young auburn type, her eyes of russet brown, in which danced thousands of mirrored illusions, her bow mouth, untouched by knowledge of sordid passion. Really, as she sat there upon an old rock gazing dreamily over the greenish waters, with the

little white-capped waves breaking against the reefs at her feet, she formed indeed a picture to gladden the eye of any artist—unfortunately this deserted place had been overlooked by our world's artists. This time the old captain was to bring her a wrist watch, she mused, so cheerily she surveyed the lifeboat come aground, and the captain and his three mates start to unload barrels of oil, and things from it—it would take them some time she judged, so there was no hurry yet to bid them welcome.

Next trip, she was letting her thoughts run on, the new inspector would come, and they would have to have everything tiptop, for one never could tell what sort of a man he would be—and by the way she wondered if the captain had thought of the new briar pipe and tobacco, for Uncle and wouldn't Uncle be surprised? Just at this point a dainty little wrist watch, gold, was dangled before her amazed gaze and with an exclamation of joy, turning abruptly, she gazed straight into the lovelit eyes of a tanned youth, who could say but "Marcia! Marcia!"

Somehow something within her assured her unbelieving eyes that this could be no other than her Reggie, and almost unconsciously she surrendered to his warm embrace, and even forgetting her maidenly shyness, returned his kisses again and again.

Reggie told her how he had arranged, months back, to get his leave of absence, and come here on the *Guide* to surprise her and with what difficulty yesterday he had surmounted the impulse to tell her that he made the wireless lie, that he was quite near, that he was coming to her and how he had dreamed and dreamed of this, holding her thus clasped in his arms . . . and of her, picturing her as some phantom beauty, some mystic girl; but how in his dreams nothing had quite come up to the reality! None of his pictures of her were ever even half so beautiful as she . . . how now that he held her to his heart, he wished he could remain forever.

He learned all about Uncle and that her whole name was Marcia Barbara Waine, though he said that to him, Reggie Cantlie, she would always be just Marcia, his Mystic Girl. He told her how alone in the world he sometimes felt himself to be, especially when all the other fellows went back to their homes or girls, on vacations, or for Christmas holidays. His only near relative, his father, had remarried when Reggie was but a youngster, and his stepmother had made it so hot for him, with her slow persecution, that after standing as much as he could, he had departed from his father's roof, after witnessing the desecration of his darling mother's memory, and her good name slurred by a most wicked and unprincipled woman. He had left with the resolution to starve, to die rather than ever return, so he had crossed the ocean, and started life anew upon another continent. Therefore, he had no relatives, and girls! Well, a few years ago he had met girls, introduced by the boys, and he had experienced several little "affairs," mere flirtations, that always seemed to end as harmlessly as they started; these girls did not seem to have it in them to call forth more than a feeling of disappointment. All they craved were dance partners, flattery, and a beau, more for the meal ticket than for the beau himself; though even now he might be doing some of them an injustice, still he got "fed up" with everything, and wanted a girl that was different, and not finding one, he stopped going around with the bunch, and earned for himself the reputation of being a woman-hater, a stiff, and well . . . that was all. . . . "I guess Marcia knows the rest, eh? my Mystic Girl . . . I will speak to your uncle," he murmured into her attentive ear, "and tell him of our love, that my intentions are *serious* . . . and dear, I shall have to go away and work for some time yet, but soon I will return and then I will come for you, my dearest darling, and we shall marry, nevermore to part, eh? Say that you will be happy, dear."

Useless to print her answer, Marcia was so happy that

she was sure this was another dream, that it was too good to be true.

Later they were interrupted by Uncle's worried taunt: "Are you people going to sit there all day? Young fellow, do you know that you are holding up the whole establishment by so cornering the cook?" Despite the humor, there lurked a glint in Uncle's eye, that Marcia had never seen there before.

So it came to pass that Uncle, the gruff old sea captain, his two mates almost as old as the hills themselves, and Reggie and Marcia, their freshness and youth forming a vivid contrast to the others' aged ruddiness, broke bread and drank at the same table, Marcia's table, whose hospitality was unmistakable.

There was a difficult talk with Uncle, then a few hours to preciousely put by in sweet memory's storeroom and a sad but hopeful farewell and Reggie was gone, and with him Marcia's heart, her whole soul seemed to go, too; if he had won it before, he now could claim its full possession; she loved him better than life itself.

Events followed in quick succession after this happy interlude, and Marcia was spared hardly a moment to dream.

A stranger's sinister shadow spread itself over the isolated lighthouse, in the guise of grim sickness. Uncle became gravely ill, too ill to leave his bed. Perfectly helpless was Marcia, as she knew little of nursing. It would be six weeks before the *Guide's* return, and the season was getting late and drear and cold, and it meant that Marcia had to get up every four hours each night to clean and replenish the light, and it was very dark and lonely up there, and sometimes Uncle's mind would wander in his sufferings, and he would talk in an aimless kind of way that frightened Marcia and made her feel that she was quite alone, indeed.

Somehow all the world seemed to have turned gray, the garden was withering, for Marcia was forced to neglect

many things these days, and it was only due to her best efforts that the flag still graced the flagstaff and the wireless was operated as usual. But Marcia was very weary and tired, and six weeks seemed very far away and what with sleepless nights and anxious days, her footsteps lagged, and the song died on her lips; yet realizing that she could not, must not fail Uncle, valiantly she urged herself on; the only bright spot in life now seemed to be Reggie's message of love, of hope, of promise, and she clung to this joy-bringer more and more each day as things grew worse.

One unforgettable day even this did not come, and in the dark days that followed, bringing nothing but the incessant sound of the breakers against her rocky home, the moanings of her uncle, and silence drearier than night itself, a heart-breaking impenetrable silence, Marcia felt that all the sunshine had forever gone out of the world.

In answer to her anxious inquiry, the Bureau promised that since Uncle was not improving, they would despatch a doctor, but the boat that would bring him had not left yet, and it would be many, many days before reaching the lighthouse.

Then yet another day, after two endless weeks had passed, after Marcia's heart seemed turned to a thing of stone, a message came saying that "Reggie Cantlie was dying, unconscious, calling incessantly for her, and that her presence might mean his one chance of living. If she were willing to come, his ship would call for her in four days." She answered: "Call and bring a doctor on board." All the time knowing the struggle just beginning between love and duty, Marcia felt herself slowly dying, as she realized that in this instance duty and devotion would have to be stronger than love, even her one great love. She knew well that she could not leave Uncle in that condition, nor could she forget all the lives that depended upon the light to guide and warn them.

The late afternoon of the third day Marcia found her

uncle terribly cold and unnatural, and no amount of heating would warm him; he did not move, did not speak and was altogether so limp, that it suddenly dawned upon Marcia that she was really all alone, that her dear, kind uncle must be dead.

That night she spent bruising her bare fists against the rugged rock overhanging the stormy sea, unconscious of the windswept night, half delirious . . . and the pillar of light for the first time in many, many years failed to give out its signal of safety.

As a result the ship which had come to get her tossed in the awful storm, lost its bearings, and met its fate on the rocks, leaving only five survivors—among them, fortunately, the doctor—these five taking refuge in the early dawn, upon the lighthouse rocks, marooned there until the arrival of the *Guide*.

Marcia was sick after this, sick from the night's exposure, from despair, from heartbreak and she wanted so to die; her beloved uncle had gone and Reggie was dying, dead perhaps, and she could not fly to his side—everybody was very sorry for her and performed all her duties. For days she lay, every moment poignant with pain, almost fearing the blessed unconsciousness of sleep, for the pangs of awakening to her sorrow again. Then the boat, a sickly voyage, and about one month from the time of the message telling her of Reggie's illness she landed in Quebec! Marcia had not the slightest hope now and the world seemed a very strange place; and she wanted to run away somewhere, into some convent or cloister and there hide her sorrow and pray and pray and commune with the two souls she had loved so well.

But the Almighty had other plans for Marcia. Today, on the eve of her birthday, she is cruising through the Pacific waters upon Reggie's very own yacht, for after his wonderful recovery; Reggie patented a little invention of his own which brought him fame and money.

Everything is prepared for the morrow, the most wonderful birthday—to cheer and give happiness to everybody . . . everybody!

Her hand in his, she interrupts the story she is reading to him, to whisper how really very, very happy she is, and wonder at Billy, little Billy, who is growing up to resemble his Daddy more and more each day.

## LOVE WILL FIND A WAY

"This is a nice state of affairs, indeed! You have had this picture of Billy Stogey, with much love across it, in your possession for all these months that you have been my wife, and now you refuse to destroy it upon my command! Well!" and the ever vigilant green-eyed monster whispered atrocious things to say, into the ever alert ear of Gustav Colter, otherwise Doc. Gus Colter of the great frozen North.

His flushed cheek, flashing eyes and excited gestures, as he faced his wife, in his dominant manner, made it impossible for her to ever "come back" on this rashly taken ultimatum, making her sense it as the deciding conflict of their personalities; for to give reason to this husband, almost caveman in his methods, would be to ever afterwards avow herself his slave . . . his thing!

Gazing past the almost too luxurious comfort of the room, her view embraced, through the extending glass porch, the long expanse of snowdrift upon snowdrift, and rested upon the surrounding mountain peaks that entirely separated the great world beyond from this great white plain and crystal lake, and an immense nausea for it all rushed over her, together with an intense longing for the elbow-brushing crowd of a thronged hotel lobby, the low, rumbling murmur of a packed tea-room, the call of New York—and Society.

But Gus, hotly indignant, surveyed his wife ironically. The trim figure she cut in her norfolk jacket and leg-ginged breeches shouted of this era, of contested rights and independence, and somehow irritated him.

"New York! A pretty notion, indeed. Why not try your marksmanship on me here? A far sweeter way of

discarding me than to pack me off to the deadly climate of 'Noo-Yawk,' in January, for you are aware, I presume, that the close and damp atmosphere of cities would give me about one month to settle my business and make a will, even though my wonderful physical fitness here seems to render the statement ridiculous. New York, indeed! We are going to remain right here, where we belong, and come to an understanding about certain matters; for I can see that you and I do not think alike."

Putting her hands to her ears, she tried to shut out his words, their tones—tried to make-believe that they were a composite part of a nightmare, that it was not true this, her husband's and her estrangement, and that verily they had *not* come to the parting of the ways. Looking back, vivid reminiscences of a year or more flooded her mind with all the added glamour of scenes irrevocably past. Then, the air was pregnant with the gleeful spirit of Christmas, resonant with temple bells, charged with crystal snowflakes, each adding its feathery substance to adorn and remind the world that this was Christmas Eve, and the birthday of mistletoe and holly.

In Lake Mistassini, P. Q., the C. N. R. Local was five minutes overdue. Those awaiting its arrival, walking to and fro to keep from freezing, were becoming slightly impatient when its coming was heralded just around the mountain and it made its appearance—taking the curb at fast speed, and furnishing to the onlookers a thrilling moment. The two last cars—including pullman—had jumped the track and among the injured was one serious case, a woman "who, by her looks, was rich." She had been immediately transported to the nearby bungalow of the resident surgeon who found her condition critical enough to prevent her from resuming her journey a few hours later.

Paule Ritz, now Paule Colter, had really only regained full consciousness the next day, which was Christmas and the day of her great awakening. How well she recalled

having opened her eyes to the realization of the country landscape peering through chintz-hung windows, and especially, how she had gulped at the English Hunters prints upon the wall; a setting, that in her subconscious mind, when tired of the racket and noise of life, she had always pictured as her haven of rest! The strong, handsome face, bent in professional solicitude over hers, proved not totally out of harmony with this impression, serving to make her temporarily forget that she, Paule Ritz, was on her way to meet her mother, on a visit north, and that her journey's end was the acceptance of her scheming mother's choice—with all his advantages and, what concerned her most, disadvantages!

Strange as it may seem, theirs, Gus' and Paule's, had been one of those romances that come but to the privileged few. From the first, each knew that nothing would ever be the same again; and each was shrouded with a love not new but old as the Pyramids of Egypt, as Jacob's Ladder, as the Stone of Bethel. Within thirty days, or hardly that, she had become queen and mistress of the luxurious bungalow amid the snows and pines, after an incidental courtship and sensational elopement.

And now, just twelve months later she stood on the threshold of this bungalow, her home, from which all harmony and peace had flown, slowly realizing that it had all been a big "mistake"; ready, nay anxious, to flee from the scathing reproaches of this husband, who, in his blind rage and despair, was encouraging her inevitable desertion.

"Ye gods!" he exclaimed, "and I thought you different! But it is food for folly to imagine that one can pluck a delicate flower from the warm South and transplant it in the northern glaciers and have it bloom—just as preposterous as to think of a society butterfly ever being any-

thing else but its frivolous winged self." But Paule absolutely refused to hear any more, and in view of joining her mother in San Diego, she left him, with the assurance that it was quite final and irrevocable.

Again it is but two days before Christmas, Quebec lies snow clothed, and icicled, its terrace invaded by devotees of its thrilling slide, its white-capped citadel towering majestically over the almost frozen Saint Lawrence. The Christmas spirit, that makes fools of many, is in the air.

Among the late arrivals one remarked Paule R. Colter, registered with a party at the Château Frontenac. In a moment of unexpected leisure, absorbed in the beauty of the slowly descending night over the terrace and the heights of Levis, viewed from a rotunda of this large hotel, Paule pondered on what unknown forces had lured her on, with this pleasure-seeking bunch, to this place, well renowned for its winter sports, and its fascination, this city of hills, stone gates, and turret houses within easy range of a certain solitary hearth, not ten hours' travel away. And mentally, a vivid picture presents itself of frozen Lake Mistassini. Its squatter shacks, their frosty chimneys, milk-white smoke ascending in straight lanes to heaven.

The healthy tang of the northern temperature; the sharp staccato language of a moose-hound to its mate; the crump-crumpp of the stiff-packed snow underfoot; the slow, easy stride of the half-breed guides and trappers following their packs. And then . . . the rich warm glow of a log fire, in a mahogany-stained living-room, the shapely head of a huge moose. . . . The big leather chairs, with their familiar crinkles, the much-used Victrola, with its annexed repeater—all were quite near and real, even to the well-worn pipe, lying across the stumped ash tray. But suddenly the vision halted and changed as the thought

of the owner of the pipe, home and everything presented itself to Paule, who could not refrain from seeing him, in his study, self-satisfied, sleek and a little fatter.

So gathering herself up from her reverie and casting a lingering glance on the now moon-illuminated scenery, she joined the party, in its cheerful mood, followed them, through an intricate visit of the Holt Renfrew show rooms; and then, with her latest victim, into the world of color, laughter, and music . . . the Empire Room. And still a little later, she enjoyed sharing the floor with the many other couples, through the vivacious steps, to the gay refrain of *On With the Dance*.

In this world of groomed men, well-dressed and beautiful women, her young Titian personality helped to enhance the note of color, and found an appreciative welcome in the masculine element's covert admiration. Though quite frankly in harmony with her surroundings, in her smart low dinner-gown; she nevertheless possessed a disturbing quality, that made you sense her "different." And yet, so inconsistent is the human mind, while thinking this, your mind's eye invariably reverted to bright and sunny Poppyland. At the table next to the one occupied by Paule and her group, two men, of the Thirties, were slowly crooning into the advancing evening bits of choice gossip; and during one of those silences that frequently herald the few remaining dances, Paule idly overheard them comment on another man's downfall, and could not refrain from smiling, as the least well-informed questioned: "A case of *Cherchez la Femme! n'est-ce-pas?* Poor devil, I ran across him last week, been hanging around here, off and on, for the last few months. A perfect wreck, career, talent, life wasted!"

Vaguely interested, Paule shamelessly strained an ear to hear the reply:

"Beastly mess, yes. Poor Gus Colter! Shipped him back to his mountains last night. Surgeons said he wouldn't hold out another week—hadn't much use for life, anyway;

wife quit him cold some months ago, so the story runs, I believe. . . . And he's the sort of chap to pin his affections to a single one, kinda primitive, don't ye know, but a prince in his way. . . . Oh, yes! (and staring Paule in the eyes) knew her once, striking sort, but not my style." This last, trying to regain steadiness to her knees, and color to her cheeks, with the full import of this God-sent message dawning upon her, had risen abruptly, and murmuring something about—"Here's where I leave you," and loud enough to reach the neighboring table, "I quit you cold, old dears! . . . good-night," she dashed away towards the door, leaving behind her an amusing medley of stupefied sentiments. And great was the discomfiture of the strongest scandalmonger, who'd—"be D——d, if it wasn't the Angel, herself; and she got that speech about her not being my style. Well confound it!"

Hurrying to the desk, she received the information that the last C. N. R. train had left thirty minutes ago. So, laden with time-tables she repaired to her room to scan them, in the hope of discovering an earlier train than the scheduled one, at 8.15 the next morning. But she was doomed to disappointment, for no amount of looking could discover a "special," and at last, she had to give up in exasperation. My, what an ironical destiny this was! The same registered hour, starting point and day—Christmas Eve—as two years ago, when she had so unconsciously turned her footsteps toward this land that harbored her fate!

But even as she thought, the minutes seemed to acquire a length that rendered them unbearable, and speculating she discovered that it would be twenty-four times sixty minutes before she would reach Lake Mistassini, and then, who knows, with her usual luck for accidents? . . . NO! decidedly, she just couldn't, really couldn't wait! So snatching up the receiver, she called long distance, telling the girl to rush it; even the few moments before "Your party on the line, Madam," seeming as centuries to her

strained imagination. Then over the wire came, "Doctor Colter speaking," in a tired voice, almost the voice of an old man, thought Paule, but she noted happily, the quick change in that voice when she said: "This is Paule, in Quebec."

"You? Dearest! Oh, forgive me, but this sounds so preposterous! Tell me something! Let me make sure that it is not the phantom-you, of my overtaxed brain."

"No, dear, it *is* Paule, very excited and very real," came back to him through the phone, so clear and assured that he interrupted: "Hold the line, dearest, till I tell you how miserable I am, and how repentant . . . vile cad that I was. Is there any hope for me? May I sue for your pardon, my own? Tell me quickly, for my heart has stopped beating."

"You big, foolish boy," and Paule discreetly wiped away a few foolish tears. "For what else did I call you, dear? . . . and, to let you know that I can hardly wait to see you again."

"Well!" and Gus' voice was exultant now—"That will be a matter of a very short time, my darling; for I'll jump onto the first freight down and be in Quebec by morning for the Christmas KISS . . . and then we will continue on and spend the holidays in the States or wherever our fancy takes us, wife of mine!"

"We'll do *nothing* of the kind, my child-husband," and Paule's tones were a degree firmer: "Not just yet, anyhow! . . . We will bury our new-found happiness in God's country, on tomorrow, His day of days, dear!"

And the wires buzzed on and on, to record their blissful castle of dreams, until Central, with a swift mental vision of the topping millinery wonder the fee of this longest long-distance call of the year could put upon her golden locks! . . . interrupted gently: "Sorry! . . . Mistassini Exchange wishes to close . . . must ring off!"

## RIPPLES

"Wire me on Richelieu boat" . . . now if Catzy had not been ignorant of what was going on in the business world during the last quarter of a century, she would have known that the Richelieu boats had been bought out and were being operated by the Canada Steamship Lines, which company had one of their steamers christened as a replica of the former company's name. But had she know this she would probably never have met Howard Dennisson, and there would have been nothing for me to write about. Upon such insignificant trifles as these history sometimes is made.

It is written somewhere that our every action in life is a small pebble thrown into the sea of our existence, creating ripple upon ripple which increase and encompass ripples from other pebbles thus engulfed, but it is not further stated that these ripples form a circle ever enclosing and imprisoning the pebble which created them.

Ted was to meet Catzy at the docking of the steamer in Montreal, and wired the SS. *Richelieu* to that effect, but Catzy happened to be on the SS. *Montreal*, and the wire went undelivered; so when in the early morning Catzy searched for Ted on the wharves of Montreal and found him not, her spirits dropped and instead of the prospect of a nice cosy breakfast *a deux* and quiet journey to Ottawa via the North Shore, she looked up the shortest connections, and made for the Windsor Station, deposited her bag in the check room, crossed the Square to St. James—The Minaret of Montreal and then still thoroughly depressed, ate a solitary breakfast on the diner as the C. P. R. Special pulled out of the metropolis. Howard Dennisson also was on the C. P. R. Special, but if

he also felt depressed the writer does not know. It might be that this depression, which occasionally takes possession of humans, accounts for the magnetic current of attraction two beings at times hold for each other, or it may be that Catzy just felt deserted and all alone, and subconsciously was meting out a challenge to Ted, but anyhow when they both found themselves on the observation platform, she answered this stranger's comment upon the dust of the road, after he had rescued her stole, and this in spite of the fact that Catzy was the kind of girl who generally did not answer strangers' queries. But this young man wasn't in the least like a masher . . . and, also, the magnetic current was in the offing.

The Governor General's footguards, a couple of regimental bands and a huge mob were at the station when their train pulled into the capital of the Dominion of Canada, and Catzy laughingly remarked to her companion that all Ottawa always turned out like this to greet her. As it was, they were awaiting the arrival of the C. N. R. with the hero of the day, the young cracksmanship who was bringing back to Canada all the laurels his marksmanship had won for him in the great World Contests overseas.

After Catzy and her companion had finally made their way through the crowd and Catzy had been met by her friends, who strangely enough happened to be friends of Howard Dennisson's also, and after they had been formally introduced, they parted, but not before Howard had obtained permission to continue their pleasant conversation some time soon. And their friendship grew, and developed into love and many were the trips that Howard took to Quebec, in view of continuing that pleasant conversation. He was always very attentive, and wrote constantly and was everything that an ordinary regular fellow is when in love, until one day came when Catzy looked in vain for a letter. Then days sped into weeks and weeks into months and Catzy looked in vain and in vain, and

her feelings changed from dismay to wonder, wonder to anxiety and anxiety to wonder again, but still only an unfathomable silence remained . . . so she put her mind to the task of forgetting him.

A couple of years later it came to pass, as they say in highbrow novels, that a certain Admiral of the British Fleet developed a latent curiosity about Quebec and Montreal, and incidentally the St. Lawrence, and arrangements were made for the reception of three huge frigates in the port of Quebec. This entailed garden parties, dances, tennis and teas, ending with a magnificent ball on the Admiral's flagship. When the night of the ball arrived it proved to be one of those calm, smooth nights entrancingly romantic; the waters shimmered under the glow of the multi-colored lights illuminating the huge vessel from bow to stern, and making a pathway of light for the numerous launches on the river, burdened with brilliantly dressed women, and men in uniform. The Admiral on deck, in full dress, graciously received his guests.

How can a mere dilettante describe the beauty of the night and the scene, the huge splendor of the frigate, the flag-draped pontoon where one landed, mounted a half-dozen steps onto a deck lined with naval men in full dress, extending the hearty hand of greeting; then the dressing room down a dizzy flight of stairs; and from there one was free to discover new wonders in the flag-enclosed decks, one of which, enhanced with an orchestra, served as a ballroom. How, again, describe the effect of the revolving searchlights upon the scene, provided by the garrison of the city to beautify the occasion—and the decks on the frigate reserved to sitting out and watching the searchlights are not to be disdained in this description! And last, but not least, one found the boat deck with its long tables laden with delicious looking sandwiches, cakes, glistening bowls of champagne and claret, for those who preferred the like to what the ward-room offered. Catzy was there with a party and was feeling in the mood to

enjoy the evening thoroughly, and as she had met a few of the officers on board, it looked as though she would not lack entertainment.

"How would you like to see the Admiral's motor cars?" one of her naval acquaintances asked her, and she assented and followed him gladly to the lower deck where this man-o'-war garaged three splendid cars—for the Admiral's convenience when on shore. Just then this young man, whose name was Robinson, was called away and Catzy, promising to wait, put in time examining the motors, and it was thus that going around one of them, she came upon two men, one in naval uniform and one in civies, carrying on a rather heated argument in subdued tones.

Not having been seen and feeling as though she were eavesdropping, Catzy was about to take herself away to another part of the deck, when something familiar in the figure of the man in uniform rooted her to the spot; then hearing their next words distinctly, she decided to stay.

"Nobody suspects you of anything but the most British sentiments, Powell, and with your fierce hatred of this Imperialism, and with your nerve, you are just the man to carry this thing through—rather a joke, too, on the old Admiral who has taken quite a fancy to you, eh?"

"Yes," and the man addressed as Powell muffled a laugh, "I am following this fancy up too, as it probably will be a trump card in this game, and believe me I will hold on to that trump until the end. By the way, I must think of speaking of you this very night, if I get a chance, an old friend of mine, obscure and unknown, but hiding in that obscurity the brains of a genius, eh? a genius of invention, invention of a gun. . . . Ha, Ha! A well thought out plan, old man." By this time Catzy was sure—the figure, the looks, the voice, all perfectly identical, impossible as it may seem . . . and yet the words, the anarchical sentiments could never have come from the man, Howard Dennisson . . . and the name Powell? . . . What did it all mean? Could it be possible that

this was Howard Dennisson's double? Well if he were she would find out, not only out of curiosity now, but from a patriotic standpoint in view of perhaps helping her country outwit a plot against it. Howard Dennisson had one peculiarity, his third finger on the left hand had been shot off by a piece of shrapnel during the war, and so it would be easy to unmask the imposter, if imposter he were. After a "See you later, Powell," the man in civies left him and Powell was directing his footsteps towards the far end of the deck, when Catzy left her cache and rushed down the farther side maneuvering to meet him, face to face. She stopped dead, while he surveyed her coldly without the faintest look of recognition in his eyes, and was about to pass on when she stopped him:

"Howard, why I thought you were dead! . . . How can you stand there and stare at me as though I were making an awful break, as though we had never met?" She was moving in step with him now.

"I am desperately sorry," and his words carried conviction to Catzy's mortified ears, "but Madam, if I have known you and loved you once, it must be in a life before this, and therefore you cannot blame me for forgetting. My name is Edgar Powell, R.N., at your service, of South Wales, England, and this is my first visit to Canada." And so saying he reached out his left arm to assist her over a step and Catzy's amazed eyes flew to the third finger on that hand, but wonder of wonders, there was no third finger there!

Catzy forced herself to control the helpless feeling that was taking possession of her, and one that made her feel like crying . . . could it be that he had repeated his new identity so often, that he had finally even convinced himself of it as the candid look in his eyes seemed to denote? . . . or was this man whom she thought she knew so well a very consummate actor, who had his own reasons for not wishing to recognize her? This thought

impelled her to leave him at once, and go and hide her mortification elsewhere, but at the same time, there was something about his eyes that held her and made her feel sorry for him . . . the candid look perhaps, or an immense sadness or strangeness that she had never seen there before. At any rate she decided to play a part and pretend she was convinced.

"I am sorry, Mr. Powell, for having been so forward," she said in her most demure manner, "but you are just the living image of a one-time friend of mine, and for a moment I was quite startled, even now I can hardly believe that you are not Howard Dennisson."

"Howard Dennisson," he repeated after her as she watched him closely, "the name seems to have something familiar about it, and yet—no, I don't remember having ever met anyone by that name." His tone, everything about him, seemed so sincere, that Catzy wondered and wondered. Then he added: "In honor of the resemblance that I bear this late friend of yours, may I have this dance?"

A little later, when they had had four or five dances, several of which Catzy had cut to give him, he remarked absently: "Do you know, Miss Carlton, all that stuff I said about having perhaps known you and loved you in another life must be true, for I have a queer feeling that you are not a stranger to me." To which Catzy replied that indeed there seemed to be something hauntingly familiar about him, too, and smiled, mentally trying to conceal her amusement. Yes, the man certainly was good at playing games, and his companion of a little while ago was not mistaken, he had nerve, all right.

They were to be in port five more days, and Catzy knew that if she wanted to obtain anything, she would have to work fast, so she invited him to her place and accepted all his invitations, and endeavored to make his interest in her become an infatuation. During a conversation with the captain, she mentioned this man Powell's name, and

the captain spoke very highly of him, told her he had been in the Navy since a boy, though he had only joined his ship ten months ago, being before that on the *H. M. S. Constance*, "And," he continued, "my friend Captain X—, recommended him as one of the best sailors he had in his service. Hard luck, too, the poor chap has had, lost a finger after leaving the *Constance*, in an accident, I understand."

That afternoon while having tea quietly, Catzy vehemently said to Edgar, "You're so nice, I wish you weren't a Britisher, and much less an Imperialist!" which phrase brought the awaited result, for her companion stooped towards her, casting a furtive glance over his shoulder, and whispered: "But I am NOT what you think, neither the one nor the other, and if it will make you like me more I will tell you that I have an awful hatred for anything British."

"But how," Catzy wished to know, "can I believe that, when you are wasting the best years of your life, in His Majesty's service. It seems controversial."

"Well, my dear lady, if you will give me your word of honor that you will not mention this, I can easily prove to you what I am doing in H.M.S., No, you won't give your word of honor? . . . why? Because you don't know what I am going to ask you? Well, all right, since you also seem to share my sentiments, this information will please you and I know I can trust you not to tell. . . . I am here on the inside to get as much information as to charts, maps and etc., as possible, and also having won the confidence of these easy English pigs, I am bringing about the purchase of a certain huge gun, which will resist the tests but will be as ineffective as cardboard in real action."

"But aren't those rather desperate measures?" and Catzy could hardly hide her dismay. "Have you ever thought of yourself in regard to this, and what position it will put you in? There will be an investigation, the discovery is

sure to follow and then you will probably be shot like a dog. . . . Oh, please, stop all this before it is too late! Weigh the price first and decide whether the cost is worth satisfying your hatred."

Of course this argument fulfilled its mission, for what impressed Edgar most was that Catzy might care so much, if he was shot down like a dog. But, he argued, even if he wanted to get out of it now, he did not see how he could, being in co-operation with the German Government which generally proves ruthless to those who do not carry out its designs and, anyhow, to destroy parasites one must take a chance of also being destroyed, one must submerge one's individuality. But why hadn't he met her before this, and realized before this that if he did lose his life in this quest of hate, somebody would care?

By this time Catzy had made up her mind that the man was *not* acting, for she had watched hour by hour for a break, a look, a movement that would betray the falseness of his position; at the same time she was positive of his identity . . . so there remained only one conclusion, and that was that he was a prey to some mental disturbance or to a total loss of memory, this seemed to account for all his actions, his sudden science and everything, though how he donned Edgar Powell's uniform and impersonated a German spy still remained a mystery for the gods. In the faint hope of effecting a cure, Catzy chose all their old familiar haunts, arranged to have certain incidents repeated, but only once, when they were having dinner in a certain corner of the Château's dining room that was always reserved for them, with the same waiter as before, was she recompensed for her trouble by a puzzled look overspreading his face:

"I wonder, Catzy, if you ever get that feeling of having done these very same things before, of having been here, gone through the same ritual and of being

familiar with all your surroundings? . . . Since I have been in Quebec this feeling has worried me a lot."

"Perhaps you have been here before, who knows," Catzy replied to this. "It seems to me that you would not feel like that, if you hadn't."

"Yet, Catzy, you know perfectly well that its preposterous, that even though I don't remember much farther back than that accident that they told me I was in nearly a year ago, I have a vague recollection of my youth and it always has a European background to it, the Continent must mean home to me, though I loathe the idea of returning to it—now. Imagine, our sailing tomorrow at dawn!"

There was a tenderer thought than patriotism in Catzy's mind as she sighed, that they must part so soon.

"Edgar, will you promise me that you will not do anything reckless, and that you will try and submerge this hatred in your love for . . . well, other things, eh? Also write." And as many men before him have done to please a woman, Edgar promised and the next day, at dawn, he sailed away.

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse." Around the huge fireplace were hung seven empty stockings, some large and some small, the fire had been extinguished and the chimney cleaned out, to give Santy a chance of getting down without ruining his beautiful red coat, and an air of expectancy pervaded the house. Not a creature *was* stirring, except Catzy, who still had some cards to write out, and parcels to address. And even after her task was completed she did not retire, for in the wake of the still barren Christmas tree, Catzy was dreaming . . . and wondering. She had hoped and longed for news, joyful news, telling of the recovery of a certain man's memory and soul, and this was the night

before Christmas, and three weeks since Powell's usual letter.

A bang, a crash and a thud brought her to earth again, and down the chimney came what appeared to be to her amazed eyes, a heap of black clothing, but what upon closer inspection proved to be a man, and not Santa Claus either. Perhaps, she thought humorously, this was his secretary, though in her opinion, he did not seem much accustomed to climbing down chimneys. However, all these banal thoughts flew away when she gazed into the eyes peering out of the grimy face, and the word "Howard" was out of her mouth before she knew it.

"Yes, dear, Howard Dennisson at last, he has been found and brought back to you, even though he has the whole of the British Navy and the German Secret Service at his heels. However, dear, I can easily prove my identity and excuse my folly, now I remember my past. My memory has been restored to me in a most miraculous fashion, and my first idea was to tell you, but I was trailed here, and my one chance of getting in was over the roof! You must forgive me for the humiliation I must have put you to, and, by the way, this fellow Powell, with whom I seemed to have been so queerly confused, was killed in the accident that crabbed my memory and made me foolish; somehow or other our identities were mixed up and I was forwarded to England on a hospital boat to join my supposed ship, with an anti-British feeling in my heart for which I owe the Empire a life of reparation.

"However, dearest, let's forget we ever heard of the German Secret Service and remember only that I'm here and that it's Christmas, and by the way, I wonder, Catzy, if they marry people on Christmas, eh?"

## FROM THE HEART OF THE FOREST

I started life in a thick forest about the Lake St. John region, near Kenogami. I was then a stately pine with no care in the world except that my branches should grow around me evenly and leave me beautiful.

Everywhere about me was beauty, Nature's beauty, it was to be found in the curve of the brooklet at my feet, in the height of the mountains around . . . each not too high to prevent another mountain from peeping through to us, in the tall spruce, maple and brother pines about me, all trees vying with each other in stature and grace.

It would have been a very beautiful life indeed, but for the ominous presentiment of destruction, the ever present fatality of surrounding trees, ever vigilant fear that my turn would be next. But when I come to think of it my career only really started after the woodsmen came trampling into the forest one bright day, the brightest I had ever seen, and with axe and saw severed my trunk. Part of the best of me went to the mill, through many processes and finally became widely known and read as a newspaper in the section of this great world called the United States, part served and is serving yet as part of one of the doors to the Senate Chambers in the House of Commons, and what was left of me went to gladden the hearth of a very unhappy home on a Christmas night in the guise of a Christmas log.

Though life in the great outdoors was the natural existence of a tree, and wonderful, I consider that my career only started after the inevitable had happened, after what I called the end, had come to pass. We trees are quite similar to humans, in that they live never thinking that beyond their existence there can be a greater,

better one; looking on death as the unquestionable end of life.

What was left of me, as I mentioned before, went to be a Christmas log, in the pretty chimney of a pretty living-room—was set afire and burned, but before going up in smoke, though, before burning to ashes, in the few hours of its glory, it witnessed a near tragedy of these humans' checkered life, and helped not a little in the climax of the moment, thus temporarily shedding glow into the room and enlightenment into the minds of a few misguided, not wicked, but merely foolish mortals.

A tired-looking man-servant, whom I afterwards heard addressed as Bates, coolly put the match to me and blew on me, until I blazed. By this time I had taken note of the appointments of the living-room, everything of the choicest taste with nothing exquisite lacking—of course, I mean this exquisiteness as a totally different beauty from Nature's work, my forest, but one almost as beautiful in its way. Even these surroundings, superb as stated, were beginning to bore me when suddenly from an adjoining room entered a very good looking, very worried and very stylish piece of femininity. Her name was Madge and this home was all hers, including grate, fire, and me. I felt very pleased to feel that I belonged to such a gorgeous creature.

A husband she also had, I could tell by her fretted expression, and seemed at this moment on this breezy Christmas Eve day very restless about it.

After awhile, ringing for the man-servant with the tired expression, she told him to bring down her club bag, after Nadine, her maid, had finished packing it, together with her fur-lined suede coat. Her hat was already on, as also her long milky white gloves that she kept tugging continually, she seemed very nervous; calling back Bates, after allowing him to almost leave the room, she ordered him to admit Mr. Van Hurst, immediately upon his arrival. It looked very much like the preparations for a

journey; nothing very surprising in that. At Christmas nearly everyone, I hear, takes a trip in one direction or the other, and everything would have been quite alright if Mr. Van Hurst had happened to be this very fretted young woman's husband, but Mr. Van Hurst was not.

So it appeared that this poor tired soul had reached the crossroads, that happen in these humans' existence, where one must choose the path to walk in, a determination from which there is no comeback.

Walking restlessly before the grate fire in a mental analysis, she reviewed the why and wherefore of her troubles and the disappointments of her married life, unconsciously speaking aloud: "Yes! it is inevitable, it had to come to this, I have known it all the time, sensed it, I might say . . . for a woman with spirit can stand *so* much, then either her spirit breaks or she breaks away, this neglect, this indifferent treatment, this eternal feeling that I am secondary, have been nothing but a toy, a doll to dress and flatter. Sometimes I believe that I would almost have preferred it to have been other women—even one other woman. I could almost have stood that, and it might have been a fair battle, because on familiar grounds, but to think of having a successful rival in *business* seems almost belittling, to have to, not share, but concede to it, the greater part of your husband's attention, thought, and affection, and to have to bow and submit to this bigger attraction would in the end drive me frantic, I know. Even just a week ago, at our delightful anniversary dinner, he failed me as usual, for a meeting of directors of his new wild gold scheme, made me appear before all this gossipy crowd, eager enough to see unhappiness where it is to be found, made me seem to them the discarded, neglected wife, that I am, which spoiled everything, for how I dread their pity, but that is not new. If he would only understand, would but want to believe that I could be other than the frivolous butterfly that he married. If he could but realize that I am wishing, longing to share his troubles, his hopes,

that all I would have asked would have been to become a real companion to him, instead of a bit of fluffiness with not a serious thought in its pretty head. If he would have only granted me the favor that he gives to his stenographer, that of considering me as an intelligent being with a mind receptive, or let me believe that I had some part in his successful rise in the world, that I am in some remote way helping him achieve. I have wanted so to help . . . if he would but understand me, without my telling him all this . . . it is strange, though, sometimes I have felt that he wishes that there was more to me than my flippancy, longs for a deeper and more serious *me*, but he wouldn't let himself believe there was, nor dare he hope, and I won't, can't make him understand. I am too proud, and have suffered too much.

In contrast to this man, who calls himself my husband, there is Brent, a promising sculptor, who performs and yet has time to dream, and who needs me, really needs me to help him attain success, and fame, just in sight, to whom I would mean inspiration, and an uplifting influence, an intelligent companion and helpmate. Brent loves me with all the ardor of his ardent nature, and he is a very lovable, dear boy. Why, oh, why couldn't Stanley love me and need me as Brent does? But I must not think, or . . . I shall weaken and foolishly hesitate, and why should I, indeed, remain here with a man who is hardly aware of my existence, whose whole life is one round of Victory Bonds, and L.L.D. stock and what-nots, who will probably not notice, or almost not notice, my departure, except to miss me as a representative of his house in society? Why should I hesitate, indeed, when my duty, it seems, lies with the man who swears he cannot live or succeed without me? Of course, oh God! there is Boy Blue, but I will not think, thought means more pain, I will not feel, or reason; for once I am going to act, and act rashly."

About this time there was a closing of doors, and

a slight commotion in the passage, and there appeared no other than Mr. Van Hurst himself who rushed forward excitedly and shamelessly and passionately kissed Madge's hand, murmuring melodramatically: "At last, at last, how you make me happy. Do you know that I have been positively walking on my head since a week, haven't been able to do a single blooming thing since receiving your gracious answer . . . just lovesick, dear."

At this stage of their highly romantic meeting, a dream in short curls and large blue eyes gamboled into the room, unmindful of the strange situation, or of the occupants of the room, but very disturbed that what was left of me as a Christmas log should be flaming brazenly up the chimney that Santy always did come down later Christmas Eve. "And Mums, won't he be all blackened up, and Mums, perhaps will he get frightened and dash away in the airship that you told me about, eh, Mums?" Of course, one would easily guess that was Boy Blue, and one would not wonder any longer that Madge had remembered Boy Blue, with a catch in her throat, and had said, "Oh God!" with such emphasis, over . . . he was a delightful little cherub with eyes like summer skies, and now he was gazing up the chimney, in perplexity, calculating just how black Santy would get, or whether it wouldn't be better to warn him, and he was dangerously near the burning Christmas log that was me, and though I was almost burnt out, an idea came to me, and I thought that I might have it in my power to make that thoughtless mother reason, think again, before I turned to ashes forever, so I spit a wicked spark or so right onto Boy Blue's Jaeger suit, and before Boy Blue's busy mother, and that still more unattentive Hurst chap, could realize it, the child was a mass of flames and screams.

Seeing him standing there in real danger, a prey to the devouring flames, her darling little Boy Blue, seemed to tear a veil of illusion from Madge's eyes, and have the effect of making her think again, and think fast. Snatch-

ing up a Persian rug from the floor, and Boy Blue, quick as a flash she rolled him in it, wildly choking the flames, heedlessly burning herself, but finally mastering the situation and saving the child, who was but the worse for a singed head and a good scare.

Hugging Boy Blue convulsively as one just escaping from a dream, a nightmare, she nodded Brent away. "No, Brent, no, I am sorry, really sorry, but I have only just now realized what a fool thing I was going to do, what a blind woman I have been. I am sorry if it hurts you, but it can never be as we thought; you will feel better after a while, and happier I know, whilst I, I love my Boy Blue, and I love my husband. It is only one of these misunderstandings that arise in every household, caused by stubborn pride, but I am too ashamed now to be proud, and I am going to speak to Stanley truthfully, make him understand, and make his home life happier . . . make it so nice that it will just call him from no matter what meeting or business deal it is, that means success. One must not look far to find it, sometimes it is at our very feet and we heed it not—for a while, for a while only—eh? Brent? Good-bye Old Man, watch well for success at your feet, be happy, but never come disturbing Stanley Wilmot's home again."

Of course, this, Brent Van Hurst did not at first take as serious and final, but eventually persuasion and entreaty failing, he was obliged, with some cussing, to see that his cause was a lost one, so trying to make the best of it, he departed with a much hurt and dignified but sorrowful air, leaving Madge, another Madge from the one he had come to meet but a few moments ago, a new Madge, happier than she had been for a long time, fondling Boy Blue and very much concerned about her child.

It is upon this pretty picture that the remnants of "what was left of me as a Christmas log" tottered under the last sparks of fire into the basket of the grate, burned out.

## WATER LILIES

"If you are not ready to go to the end of the world with the one you love, there must be something materially wrong with you."

Jean pondered upon these words as she fought out her own little battle, in her own little way. She had been brought up to look upon Steve as the one fixed and unchangeable thing in the pattern of her existence and future, good old Steve with his genial disposition and lazy manner and now, that she had to determine whether she was to cut him right out of the pattern or make him the whole pattern itself, she faced a problem, and Jean always had loathed problems; everything in life had always been decided for her, from the very first time she appeared to increase the prosperous family of Gordon-Whytes, the things she wore or ate, the friends she should have, places she should go, and like some sleeping nymph, she had always followed the path of least resistance, and now, Steve, good old Steve, was ordered away to Algiers by the Diplomatic Service for ten years and it was left entirely to her to decide whether she should go forth with her knight, as husband, and share his joys and sorrows; but most dreadful of thoughts, she had heard that the houses in Algiers were full of cockroaches!

"Whatever can be the matter with me anyway, or is that sentimental trash mere fiction? I certainly am far from enjoying the prospect of Steve and Algiers, and even Algiers isn't the end of the world." She at various times had these moods in which she tried in vain to analyze herself and from which she generally emerged a great deal more puzzled than she was before, and far more abashed. She was not a great beauty, but she belonged to the type of

prettiness that one does not forget easily, because of certain features that gave promise of character and originality. No one had ever been able to define it, and so it wasn't given a thought. She had often tried to awaken a similar mood in Steve. One bright afternoon they were drifting aimlessly upon the placid waters of a little lake in a nice new canoe. . . . "Steve dear, does it ever occur to you to wonder if life is just . . . *this* . . . if our clan, the clan of the idle rich, who spend their lives drifting, spending, carousing, are not perchance missing the real things in life, the things that count? Is this happiness? All of us, are we really happy? Sometimes I would like to experience some real emotion, fear of hunger, prison, exile, just to know the difference, to feel the wonderful relief when that fear was eliminated. It must be wonderful to share danger with somebody you love very much, eh? Look at those water lilies over there, we are just like them, drifting around in circles, on the surface of things."

When Jean had these moods, which Steve termed as "puckered brow moods," he generally was silent, first with amazement at her extraordinary ideas, and then because he hardly knew what to say, but finally after letting her have her way, until she was almost breathless he interposed: "Why dearest, you are most enervating with thoughts like those, why make that pretty head of yours work so hard, why wonder at all, the world is made up of all kinds of people, and it is ridiculous for you to envy those who aren't as fortunate as you, who probably would give anything to be in your place. As for drifting, everybody drifts, dear, only for some the process isn't so easy. Banish those silly old ideas, and think of the fun we will have at the *Fête des Fleurs* tomorrow night in France."

Jean saw it was no use, nobody ever understood her, and perhaps she was queer, with those ideas, so she vowed to studiously avoid any such discussions in future. "Well, Steve old dear, this is my latest wonder, and that is, I wonder if any of these water lilies ever get carried away,

downstream through the rapids? I hope some of them do, and get a few thrills."

Jean's great problem was solved eventually for her, as usual, by her mother who decided that they would all go on a visit to Steve, just as soon as he was settled in Algiers, and then, if Jean thought the place at all possible.

. . . "Well!"

When the party reached its destination, it was warm and dusty and I am not going to play on the reader's imaginative powers and make out that Jean was thrilled to the heart, and that the setting sun was there, setting over the burning sands, and that her gay knight rode to greet her enthusiastically on an Arabian steed, for the sun, unfortunately, had not decided to set yet and was shedding scorching rays unto the burned-up trees, and there was much dust on the road. Steve was ten minutes late, and arrived in a much blamed Ford. It was most unromantic, and most distressing even to the best of humors and Jean was calculating just how long it would take to get back to England and civilization again.

After a little while she discovered a fine horse and bought it, and as Steve didn't ride, she went out with a groom in the cooler hours of the evening. Life was very dull, even Steve seemed dull, with his same little jokes; it was almost too warm to think, and this atmosphere seemed to kill one's vitality; it was to save a particle of this that she rode each day, because for some nameless reason she feared this drowsiness, that seemed to take possession of all the inhabitants of Algiers. It must in time stifle one's mind—and soul. This nameless fear proves that she was really but a sleeping nymph, and that underlying all this torpor was a nature very intense, and that it only needed awakening to betray its existence.

One evening the groom was unable to accompany Jean, and imagining that the elements were pitted against this saving exercise of hers, she rode out alone and took a short cut over uncovered ground, unto a path that had

often fascinated her, but which the groom had always regarded with disfavor. She rode for a couple of miles; the surrounding country was as quiet as could be, not a living thing in sight, yet somehow Jean did not feel lonely. "I guess it's Old Bess," she murmured aloud to herself and patted Old Bess' mane. One of her "puckered brow moods" was upon her, she wondered if life meant to everybody just what it meant to her, if that was all it had to offer? She had never had any great, great sorrow, and her joys had been of the same caliber. Then her horse put its foot in a bog, and all the world was forever changed.

"Why," said Mrs. Gordon-Whytes, one morning over her newspaper, "George, I can't imagine what has come over Jean, I wonder if the child is getting some kind of fever or other?"

George was engrossed in a report of a political discussion, and he had to bring his thoughts back from England, and was rather annoyed at being disturbed. In any case he would never agree with his wife's statements, just for the sake of argument. "What's wrong now? I haven't noticed that Jean was at all different, dear, and she certainly looks healthy enough."

Mrs. G.-W. condescendingly retorted: "I wouldn't expect a man to notice anything, anyway, George, but I tell you there is something strange about Jean. I don't recognize her at all. Why just yesterday we had quite an encounter over a silly pair of stockings. She said she wouldn't wear silk, said that she was tired of being bossed around like an infant, not being allowed to think for herself. Just imagine that, George! And furthermore she has emphatically refused Baldy's services, for sometime past when she goes out riding, she says it makes her feel as if she were still a child."

"That certainly doesn't sound like Jean," Mr. G.-W. reluctantly admitted, "but she may be right after all; we have led her too sheltered a life, it palls after a while. Oh, look here, listen to this: Big Bank Theft in London, Disappearance of One of the Trustees, imagine, dear, Donald Travers, that well-known chap, is suspected of embezzlement and has left the country!"

Mrs. G.-W. forgot for the moment her worries about her daughter, and exclaimed in shocked indignation at the morals of some mortals. Then the maid brought her in a note from Jean, and after reading it, Mrs. G.-W. fainted away. The note was found to contain more than a surprise to her parents, it ran:

"Dearest Peeps, I hate to have to hurt you, but each one must live their own individual life, I find; you have lived yours, and now it is my turn, I am running away to marry Donald Travers whose name you will soon read about as a fugitive and a thief. To me he is neither, and I love him and will be happy to share any hardship with him, for life without him would be impossible to me now. I am sorry not to have been able to come forward and introduce him to you both, but in so doing I would have been endangering his liberty, so I was forced to choose the only way, this one; of course, I know he is innocent, have known it from the very first time we met, when he picked me up one day after I had fainted from a fall from my horse. He had been riding to his cache and had come upon me lying in a bog, where I had probably been for quite a while; how, from the time he ministered to me so gently, forgetting his own danger in my distress, I loved him, and it has changed everything somehow. Every day we met and each day it was harder to part; this, of course, is the sole reason why I refused so emphatically to have Baldy accompany me. I hope you will forgive me; as for Steve, now that I know what love really is, I realize what a grave injustice I would have done him . . . not yet, but some day, he will thank me for that, for running

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away with the other man, the day when he meets the right girl. I love you, one and all, and I always will be  
"Your Jean."

This was a terrible state of affairs, of course, and the G.-W.'s really didn't know what to do; they were torn between their desire to get their daughter back, and their fear of bringing shame, disgrace and perhaps prison upon the wife of Donald Travers. Mrs. G.-W. went around wringing her hands, and started a series of fainting spells, Steve drank more than was good for him, Mr. G.-W. lost his usual good humor, swore a lot and smoked too much, and finally he and his wife returned to England, little pleased with their visit to Algiers.

Up in her comfortable camp in the Hudson Bay region, in Canada, Jean Manners whistled softly to herself as she gave a few instructions to her squaw servant, and busied herself with making a pudding. Her sleeves were rolled up past her elbow, and showed to good advantage the tan of her arms, her face and neck also were burned to a healthy hue, and there was a muscular gracefulness about her every movement that comes from walking a lot, sleeping out under the firs, and in other words, "roughing it." Jean was whistling the tune that her heart sang, for she was very happy, it was Tad's birthday, and also yesterday he had become a full-fledged guide, at \$8.00 a day, and this baking day was in honor of both happy incidents. Tad was her husband, had been for three years; theirs was a love that grows and grows in the great outdoors, the real elemental, back-to-Mother-Earth kind of love. They had shared life with all its vagaries and dangers, fears and hopes; had faced death smilingly; the seasons had come and gone, the climate changed, but their love and they remained unchangeable. Why, she remembered the time when Tad lay delirious with fever, after his struggle with a wolf, when she never left him day or night

for a week; this was before Minnie the squaw had been considered a necessary accessory, and Jean had to do everything herself, and the nights were long and frightening, and the wolves had come and cried around the house to avenge the destruction of one of their clan, and once life and hope seemed to ebb very low, and Jean's heart had grown faint but, however, love and faith had conquered and Tad had grown well and strong again, strong enough to fight for his woman, as he had done some time after that, when they went down to an outpost to resplenish their supply of food and sundries, and where a fresh young half-breed had gazed upon Jean in unmistakable admiration and expressed himself openly in a manner familiar to his kind. Tad's right had come into quick action, and the half-breed had gone down in a heap and Jean had asked to be taken away, back to the peace and silence of their wilderness. But what was all this in comparison with love, that made everything worth while.

A tall, rugged figure appeared in the doorway and Jean ran to meet him before his keen eyes should detect the surprises yet in store for him: "Why, my dear man, you *are* early today! However here's a kiss to show that you are welcome." Tad took her in his arms and looking intently into her dear dark eyes: "I was away down past the Falls, Jeanie, prospecting, as old Tim would say, when suddenly I thought that you might have something good to eat up here and also I got a queer feeling of loneliness, dear, so I came. I will probably be able to tell you something, I think, soon now, about this prospecting of mine, Honey-Bee. I dislike talking about it in case it falls through, but I've a hunch that I'm on the trail of something jake this time." In the meantime they had seated themselves at the table, which was breakfast, dinner and supper table, and which Tad used in the evenings for his maps and to write letters, and Minnie was bringing in some of the surprises. "Hello!" exclaimed Tad, "just the kind of soup I wanted, and muffins, too. Phew! I'm

in luck, eh? My Jean who can both love and cook! Do you remember the big black bear, you called Billikins, dear? Well I saw her today, and she has the dearest little cubs, I'll show them to you the day after tomorrow, though we'll have to be discreet in our approach. Tim caught a silver fox last night, and with the trap he borrowed from me, too. It's worth, roughly speaking, about \$900.00; in a civilized country the law would grant me the animal, possession being its nine points, for the trap is mine, but around here there are no laws, thank God for that, and I hope Tim gets a good price for it."

Jean's mind was on the pudding. "Oh Tad, I don't care about money just so long as I have enough food in the house, weeklies to read, and YOU, with my papers and books and all this, my Lord, sometimes I feel far wealthier than many a millionairess, I'm sure. Oh here's Tim, let's ask him in for a bite? Hello, Tim! Go and wash your hands and you may come and taste some of my nice pudding."

Tim was a big, husky, bronzed chap, a typical guide, he had been a good friend to Tad and Jean, and had more than helped Tad to learn all the tricks of the trade; his cabin was about a couple of miles from the Dovecote, as he called Jean and Tad's home, and he was considered a neighbor. He was a bachelor and cut a solitary figure. He had never spoken very much about himself or of his past life, and the Manners hardly knew whether to put it down to innate timidity or deliberate restraint, so they had refrained from questioning him. Anyway, in this, God's country, one's past mattered little, and one lived and was judged by the present.

"Well, I'm thinking," ejaculated Tim, after the third helping of pudding, "that it's Tad who is the lucky fellow. By the way, old man, have you seen those strangers on our trails of late. Better be getting on with your prospecting, or you'll find that you aren't on the ground floor. You know that fox I caught last night with your trap

belongs to you, too, Manners. When I sell it, we'll split fifty-fifty," and as Tad started to argue, "No, I insist, and if you say a word I won't take it at all . . . this is a white man's country."

And after a hearty meal, "Well, Mrs. Manners, your dinner certainly hit the right spot, you've made a stauncher friend of old Tim. Your husband is a mighty lucky man, even if I do say so, and a fine fellow, too, but a bit too trusting, and easy. Well, I must be getting along, Good-day." And he made his exit as naturally as he had come in, and Jean, turning to Tad, said, "Dear, that man always makes me feel glad somehow, he seems to radiate cheer; he must have a beautiful soul."

"Yes, darling one," Tad was smiling at Jean's philosophy, "but I wish you'd bestow as much attention upon your hubby's beautiful face as you do on Tim's soul, and condescend to ask Minnie to get me some hot water, as I want to shave for this occasion, to wear your birthday present, my tie. Today I will devote to you dearest, tomorrow I will be away all day, prospecting, and tomorrow night I will return with good news—I hope. Now give hubby a kiss, do."

Tomorrow proved to be very fine and Tad left very early; Jean did a lot of those things that one always puts off doing, such as mending and sewing, and in the afternoon she took her gun and went downstream in search of wild duck. She caught a couple of nice ones, had one for supper, and Minnie kept the other one warm for the master.

When ten o'clock struck at the clock over the fireplace, and the master had not arrived yet, Jean took up an anxious watch at the cabin door; the moon was up, casting a bright glow over the river and everything; it was early in December and the air was brisk though as yet there was no snow on the ground. After what seemed a long while, she distinguished a canoe coming towards the cabin, and her trained ears detected the splash, splash

of a paddle, but when the canoe grounded and she saw two figures get out of it, one lurching heavily against the other, alarm and fear clutched at her heart and she tore down to meet them. Yes, Tad had been hurt . . . but, "It's nothing much, darling, nothing much, just a darn old boulder rolled over my foot," he reassured her, "only for this man, however, I'd have been a goner."

In no time they had Tad in bed, his foot dressed, and a sleeping draught administered, and then Jean, for the first time, turned to the newcomer, a tall, rather severe type in the clothes of an American, traveling for pleasure. He answered her unspoken gratitude: "Why, I'm sure it's nothing to talk about, Madam. I happened to be in these regions, for, let us say a little business matter, and as I was coming along a trail I suddenly saw a boulder cut loose and make for the very spot where your husband was standing, so I gave two leaps and pushed him aside in time to save his head, but unfortunately not quickly enough to save his foot."

Jean was all gratitude and insisted that he should remain as their guest just as long as he cared to. The name on the card he gave her was Harold Calder.

"Jean," whispered Tad, when he awakened a little later and they were alone again, "Jean, I hit it off." At first she thought he was delirious, but he went on, "I mean I've struck a vein, darling, we're rich . . . gold, gold . . . look in my pockets they're full of nuggets. Tomorrow I will get Tim to go and file my claim, and after that we're wealthy. But, by the way, don't breathe a word of this to that strange fellow. I shall never forget that he saved my life, darling, but you know I don't trust strangers easily."

Jean was happy because Tad was, but to him money meant more than to her. She wondered if they would be as happy with it as they had been without it. But knowing that time alone could solve that problem, and being sensible, she went to sleep.

The following day they moved Tad into the sitting-room, and all lunched together. It broke the monotony to have this stranger, fresh from New York, giving them news of the great world beyond those mountain peaks.

"How do you feel today, Mr. ——— er———" said Harold Calder.

"Manners, Sir," broke in Tad, "at your service, I feel almost well again and very grateful to you, indeed."

"Yes," chimed in Jean, "I was wondering how we could ever thank you."

"Tut-tut." Mr. Calder was a man of no pretensions, "You are exaggerating, my young people, I was very happy to have been of assistance, I'm sure. However, perhaps indeed, you can help me in regard to my mission in this district; it is very hard to locate anybody in this wilderness, isn't it? I've been searching in vain for a certain party for the last two months."

"Somebody lost?" asked Jean.

"Well, you might call it that, but the worst feature of the whole thing, seeing how unsuccessful I am, is that I just must not go back without him."

Jean had a premonition of evil, and his next phrase made her blood run cold, and the room swim before her eyes.

"I wonder," he went on, "if you ever ran across a chap by the name of Donald Travers, from the Old Country, married to an English girl. They were, after many difficulties, finally traced to these regions."

Tad was filling his pipe at the time, and when he lifted his face to answer, it was of ashen hue: "No," he lied glibly, "I never ran across the fellow, but I have some recollection of having heard of him a few years ago, rather a bad actor, if I remember well, and an Englishman, too, eh? Well, I'm sorry I can't help you out, Mr. Calder."

The other man's eyes were keenly upon Jean and Tad when he answered rather dejectedly: "Well, that's too bad, too jolly bad, I wish this quest was over, believe me. I would like to find him and get back to England by

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March next. There is a bouncing young brat waiting for me there, and my wife is ill; however, my orders are not to return before I have found Donald Travers." Then lighting a cigarette he said he would go for a stroll. After he had gone, Jean ran to the safety of Tad's arm, and though all they said was "My God," their expressions showed a tumult of emotions; this, after all these years, and just when they had reached the pinnacle of success, too, and this, from the one who had saved Tad's life. Oh God! Tad spent a sleepless night, his foot pained him considerably and conscience also troubled him. Was this attitude honorable? A gentleman's. This denying of his identity to the man to whom he owed his life, but what could he do? He had to think of Jean . . . and what it would mean to her. Anyway, he hoped that Calder would not remain very long, and pry him with anymore questions. Did the chap know, he wondered, and was he only playing a part? This he dismissed as preposterous, and barring that, surely the subject was closed. In her sleep Jean was murmuring about . . . Gold . . . Nuggets . . . Claims . . . and Tad's last thought was: "I guess gold isn't everything, after all."

It was nearly noon when they awakened and luncheon was served instead of breakfast. Minnie, with many gesticulations, heralded the news that the stranger man had breakfasted, waited for them one long time and finally departed, leaving them this small letter, which read:

"Dear Hostess and Host: Please pardon my abrupt departure, but yesterday, while walking, I believe I spotted a good trail and I am hastening to follow up my clue. I waited as long as I dared for you this morning. Permit me to assure you of my sincerest appreciation of your kind hospitality, and believe me to be,

"Yours very sincerely,

"HAROLD CALDER,

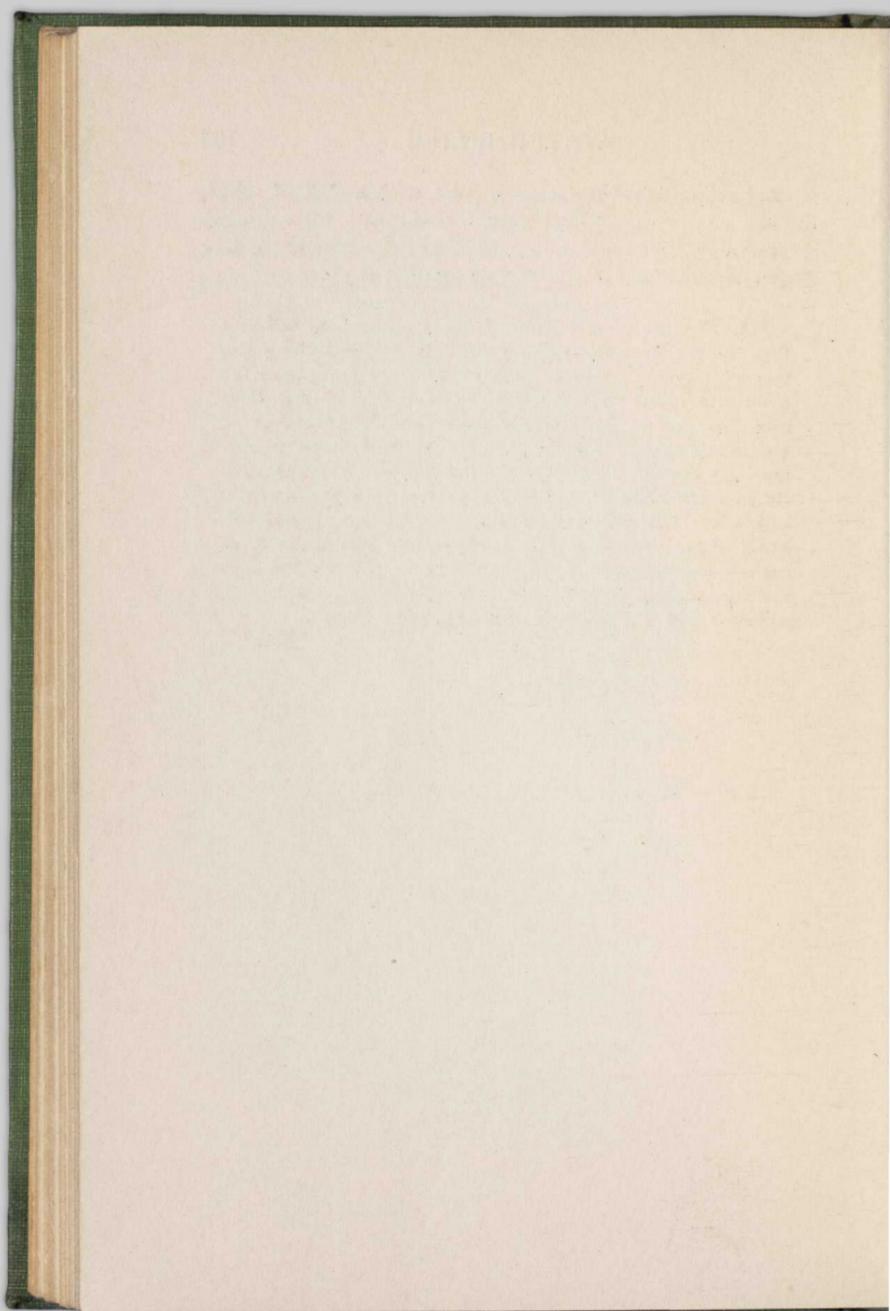
"London, England."

Tad relinquished the note to Jean, with a sigh of relief, if not of peace. "But wait!" exclaimed Jean, rather tremulously, "you did not read it all, dearest, there is a post-scriptum on the second page and it says :

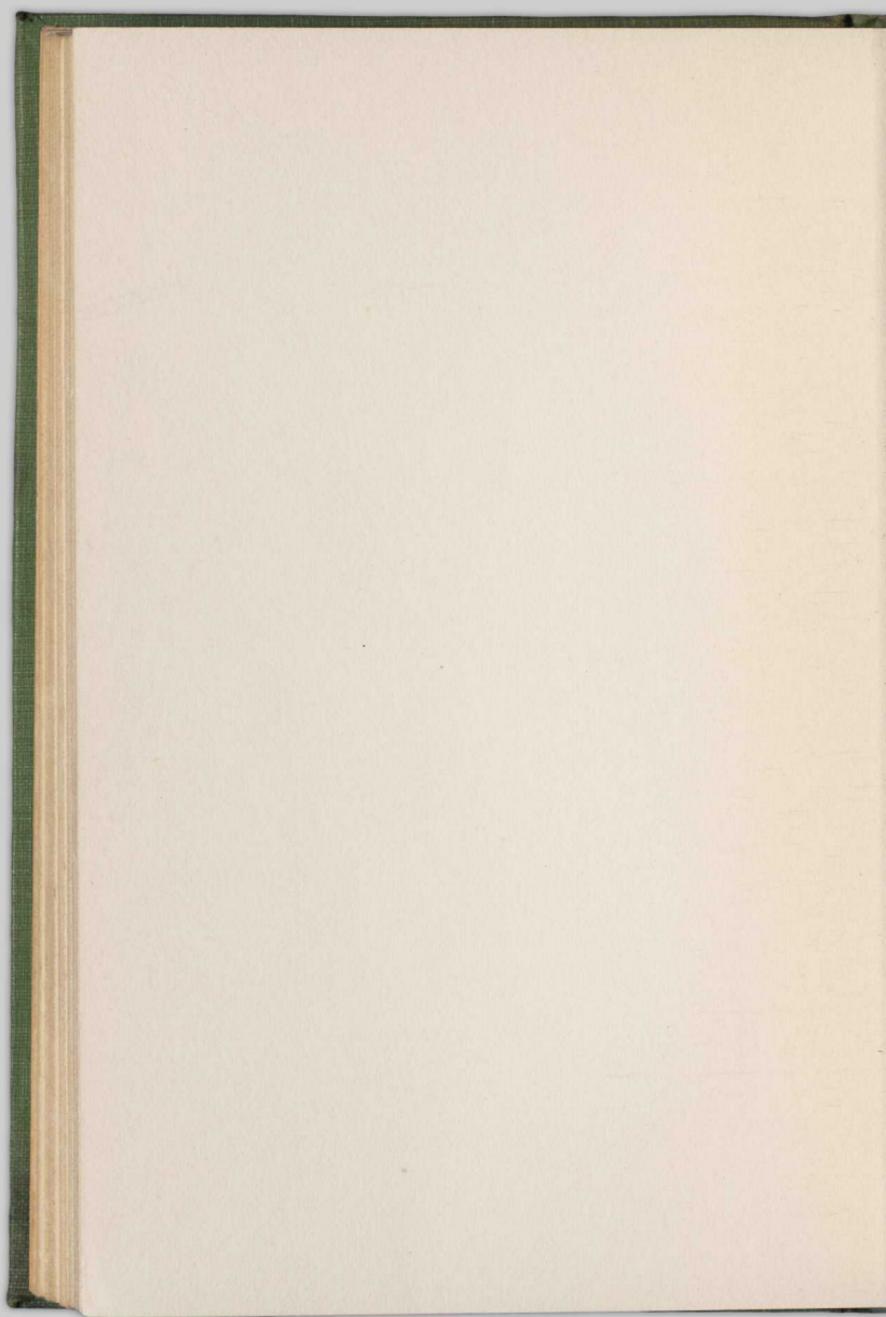
P.S.: By the way, I believe that I omitted to tell you that Donald Travers, whom I am so keenly searching for, was once mixed up in a Bank of England embezzlement case, and under this cloud left the Old Country, after marrying one of the elect, who renounced her claims to wealth, to share his exile. . . . He has now been proven innocent beyond all doubts, as the guilty party has confessed upon being caught and convicted in a similar case, and I am the emissary of the Travers family and the bank, under oath to find and bring back this Donald, to have him reinstated. I had hoped to be able to find him and his wife in time to return to England for a hearty welcome and my wedding anniversary in March.

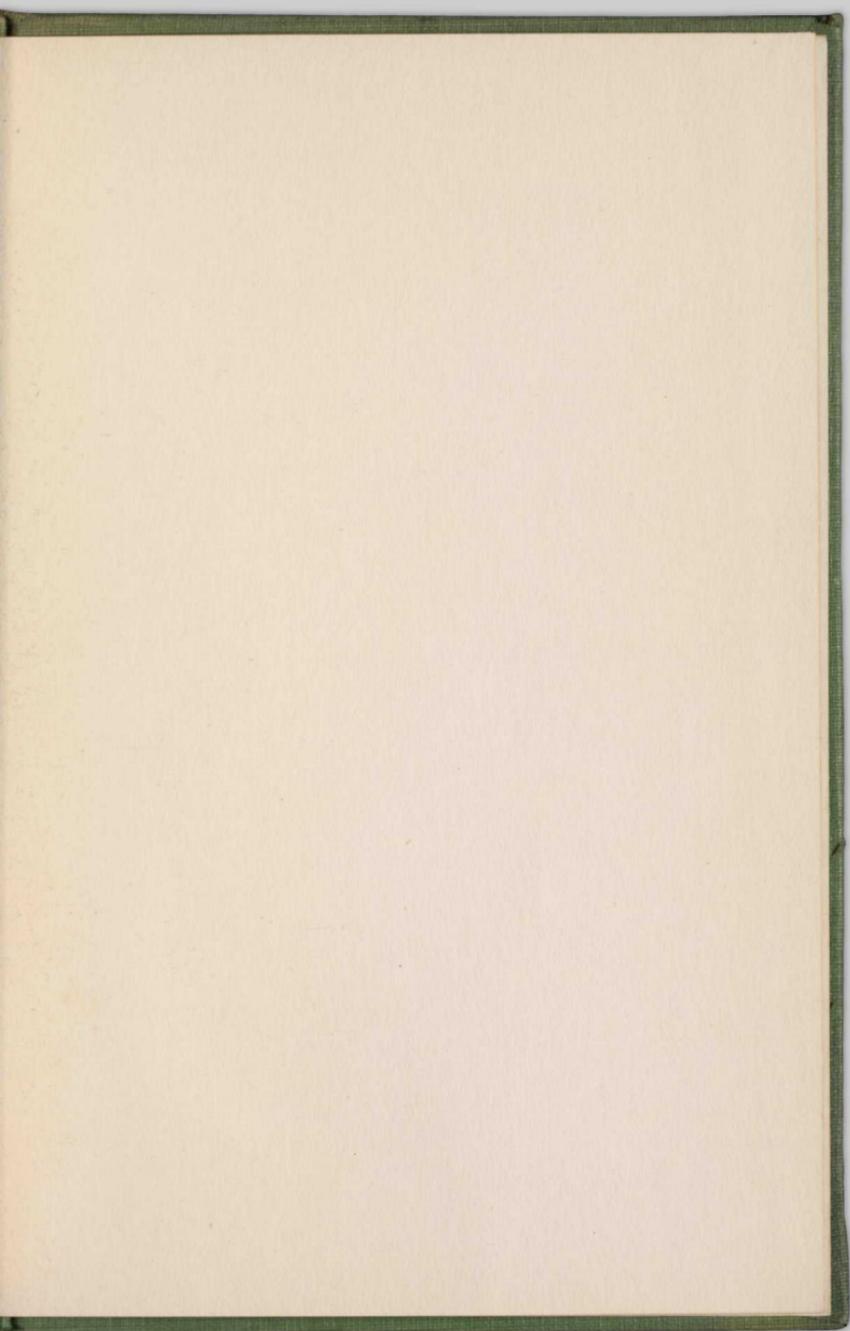
"H.C."

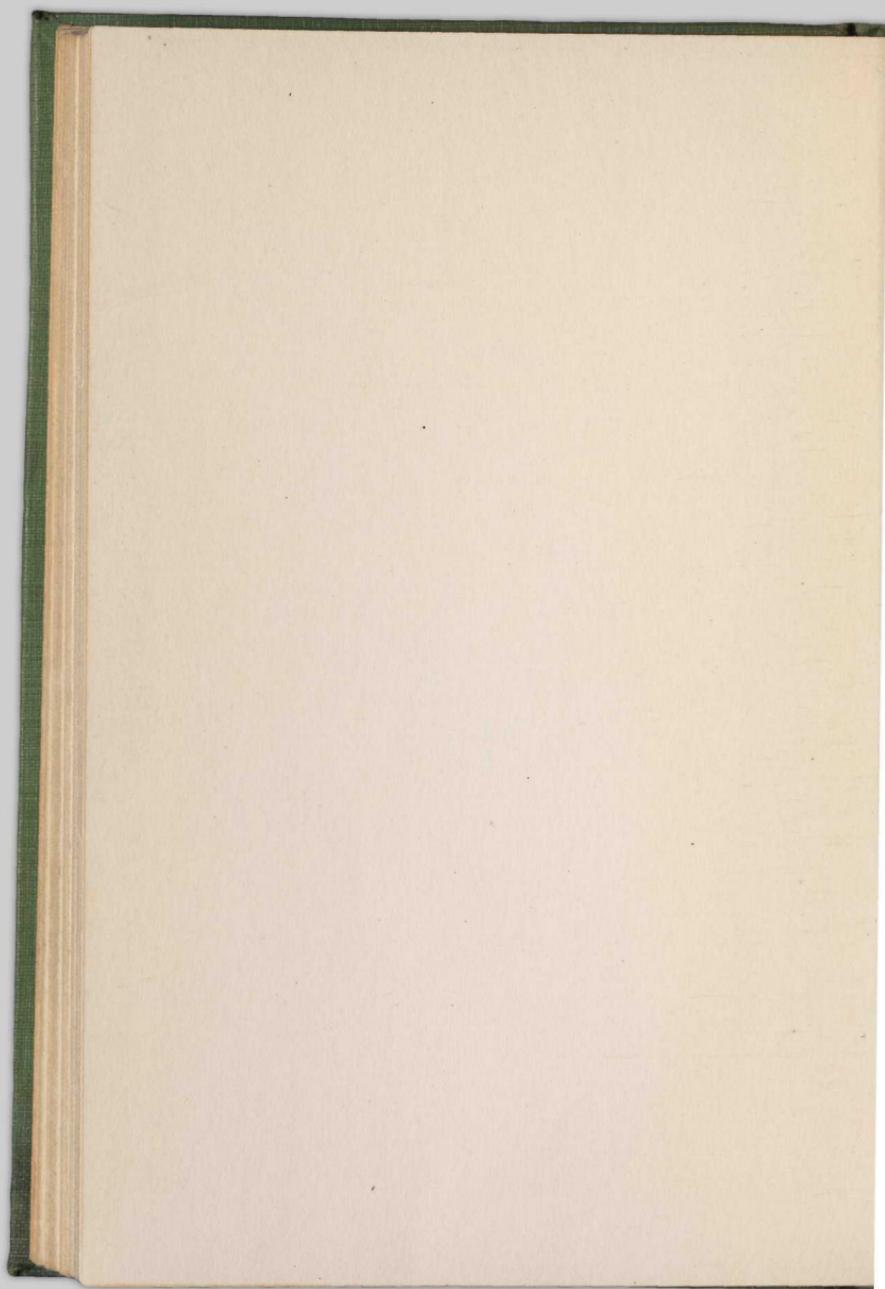
THE END











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