

looked worried throughout the rest of the evening, trying to think what he'd said.—Fred C. Kelly in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

AMERICA, 1912.

For The Public.

O thou that hast so long forgot
The nobler war, the peace without decay,
And sittest in thy money-mart,
Bloated too young, sleeping thy soul way,—
Turn to the West thy dream-dulled eyes!
Down on thy knees! Thence comes new life to thee,
To fire thy hybrid-blooded veins,
And make thee worthy of thine ancestry!

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD.



TRUE LITTLE TALES OF MINOR REFORMERS.

2. The Patriarch of His Tribe.

For The Public.

Many years ago a young school teacher in California decided to spend his vacation in taking orders for fruit trees. He saddled a great brown colt, and rode into the valleys of the northern Coast Range, having all sorts of good times.

One afternoon he came upon a wonderfully fair and prosperous group of farms which occupied a little crescent-shaped valley. "Everybody is related here," some one told him, "but Old Man Newson who lives at the head of the valley is the pioneer, and usually settles things. Six sons with families ranch it near him."

So the young school teacher, naming Newson in his thoughts as a biblical patriarch and father of the valley, rode up an avenue of live oaks towards the great house of the elder Newson, set on a hill-top in the midst of barns, sheds and corrals. It was growing late; the nearest village was ten miles away; he meant to invoke the never-failing mountaineer hospitality, and besides, he wanted to meet the patriarch.

Men were riding in from the broad pastures with bands of cattle, under the sunset's scarlet banners. One of the younger horsemen galloped up and greeted the school teacher cheerfully, and still with a question in his voice.

But the school teacher asked the first question: "And whose is this fine ranch?"

"B'longs to my grandfather, Jeremiah Newson. He settled here in 1852. Everybody is related. Folks say we look alike, an' act alike."

"Bully," said the school teacher, who was young

and at times slang-spoken. "I sure like that. Now I hope I can stay here tonight, and meet your grandfather."

The young cattle man looked at him in an appraising way. Others rode up, cheerful and yet somewhat aloof. "It's a tribe, sure enough, like half-reformed Doones," thought the delighted school teacher. Slowly the first young man replied, "I hope you can stay, and I hope that grandfather will like you. We have a cabin where strangers sleep, but maybe he'll want you in the house. Come in and meet him."

The massive gates of the inner yards swung open; those walls only needed loop-holes to become a fortress. The old man stood by the house door, massive and stern as one of his own storm-abiding oaks. He greeted the school teacher with the faultless but reserved courtesy of an old time Highland chieftain.

"We welcome strangers," he said, "and we have at least meals and a cabin room for them. But we always ask them a question. Tell me, if you are willing, do you, sir, belong to any secret society? Above all else, are you a Mason? If so, I can be hospitable, but I cannot have a Mason under my roof."

Surprised, the young school teacher laughed outright. "Why, no!" he replied. "I have been much too busy, and have never joined anything except debating clubs and literary societies."

Over the stern and strong old face there swept a look of relief, a flash of welcome and happiness.

"Heaven bless you," he said. "Dismount, young man, and come right in. Boys, take his horse; send word around that we have found a new friend who is free from the biggest evil of the age. Let everyone who can, come in after supper."

Some thirty men, women and children sat down to that meal in the great living room, with its immense fireplace, in which a four-foot oak log blazed, for it was now early winter. They were waited on by tall, handsome daughters and granddaughters of the family.

The old man spoke with simple pride to the school teacher: "All these are of my own household; we have never had a hired servant in house or on farm."

An hour or so later everybody in the valley who was related to the patriarch came in; the great room was full of pleasant-spoken men and women, youths and maidens. It made the school teacher think of the gatherings in the House of the Face, in William Morris's story of "The Roots of the Mountains." Such good cheer, such friendly old-fashioned greetings, even his happy life of many fellowships had seldom known. He was treated as if he were indeed a long-absent, much-loved son of the tribe, returned from many wanderings. It surprised him to find that he was telling the elders about his own father and mother and was talking

to these tall mountain girls about his own sisters in a far-off valley by the ocean.

"Stay with us," young people and elders said to him that evening. "Stay and teach our little school; we will be good to you. Help to get up our celebrations; go bear-hunting with our young men, and ride some of our wild horses. Be one of us for keeps."

At last they departed and left him with the old man alone by the fire. Then the patriarch put his hand on the school teacher's knee, and began to tell him the story of his life, leading gradually up to its crisis:

"And so," he said, "I read that old brown paper-covered book which told how the wicked Masons murdered Morgan at midnight and shoved his body through a hole in the ice. And I thought about it until I saw that all secret societies are evil, and that Masonry in particular is Anti-Christ. Therefore I have stood for that doctrine these sixty years, and most of my people have stood by the faith. But secret societies grow, and unless destroyed they will some day subvert the American Republic."

The young school teacher was too wise to attempt an argument with this old pioneer. All he said was: "Mr. Newson, the Republic of Washington and Lincoln, and of every plain, honest man and woman in this land, seems to me able to conquer every social, political and religious difficulty. If secret societies injure the nation, they must finally cease to exist. If I were you I would not try to pledge those splendid young people of yours against anything."

"And what would you do?"

"It is a hard saying, but I would only educate them to become broadly intelligent and high-minded men and women and I would leave everything else to their own future decisions."

The old man clenched his hands. "I would rather see a son of mine in his coffin than to have him join the Masons. It's enough to condemn the order that they claim George Washington as a member—as the Master of a lodge!"

He pulled himself slowly together. "I can't really expect anyone else to see these things as I do. But I hope that you will yet bear witness openly and completely against all secret societies. We like you here; we hope you will come back and stay with us."

"And I like all of you," said the school teacher, "especially do I respect *you*, though I cannot at present accept your doctrine."

The next day as he rode about the valley, and for weeks after, the school teacher thought with surprise of the old brown Anti-Mason pamphlet (which he had also seen), and of its influence upon a sturdy honorable life.

"Every good man," he said to himself, "seems to hook on to some reform, and whether it is reasonable or not, it none the less gives him force. That

forgotten old pamphlet certainly made a magnificent fighter out of the patriarch of the Newson tribe. It does seem waste. But some of his great grandchildren may get into the really big and inter-related social reforms of the future, then they will be lighting the fires of their devotion to those ideas with living coals from that stubborn pioneer's altar."

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

BOOKS

THE BOYS' BOOK OF CONSERVATION.

The Land We Live In. By Overton W. Price. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50 net, postage 30 cents.

Gifford Pinchot speaks in his "Foreword" of the eminent fitness of Mr. Price to be the author of such a book as "The Land We Live In." Besides possessing a long and "intimate knowledge of the whole country through his Forestry service," and a "scientific accuracy which is the guarantee for the accuracy of the book," he is Vice-President of the National Conservation Association.

One's enthusiasm over this book is hard to compress to the point of greatest persuasive power. For from the beautiful frontispiece through the 150 photographs illustrating 230 pages of fascinating descriptive narrative, on to the "Inventory of Natural Resources" and the index, the reader is only interrupted by the thought of all the boys and girls and men and women to whom he wishes he could give the book, and all the school libraries which should have it on their shelves. The chapters on Forests and their care and use, on Farms and the possibilities of irrigation, on Mines and the mineral supply, on Wild Life, on Rivers and water power, all together compose one wide-horizoned, inspiring view of our great country in its noble beauty and glorious wealth—a vivid picture calculated to rouse its future owners' love, and their pride in keeping it from theft and waste.

ANGELINE LOESCH GRAVES.



GLIMPSES AT LIFE.

The Great Problem. By Ivan Howland Benedict, M. A. Published by Sherman, French & Company, Boston, 1911. Price \$1, net.

Each of the twelve essays is a little side light on life. Mr. Benedict recognizes that the right solution of the land question will go far to democratize our institutions, but he insists on the great need of individual development. Speaking of the part the Church will play in the progressive move-