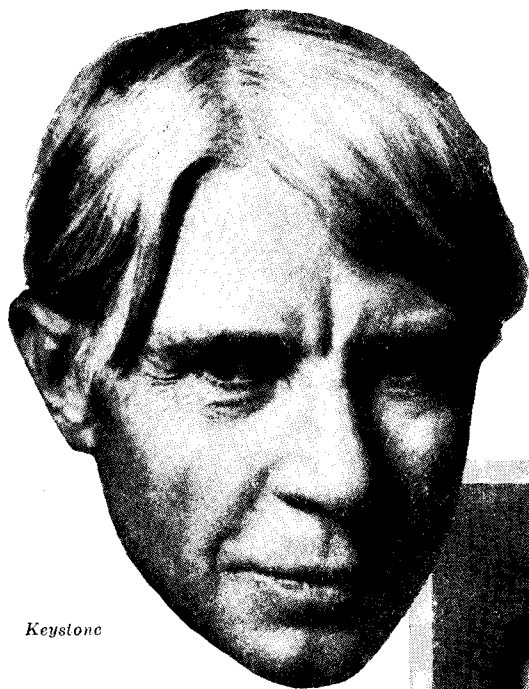


As the Poet Said



Keystone

1 (LEFT)

I speak of new cities and a new
people.
I tell you the past is a bucket of
ashes.



Keystone

2 (LEFT)

Deed I not joost explain to you
I weell no care w'at else you do
So long you don'ta send to me
No peecture-card from Napoli?

3 (RIGHT)

Romance once rode in a coat of
mail
As a cavalier blithe and bold,
Who fought for a maid with lance
and blade
On the field of the Cloth of Gold.
Today Romance wears a coat and
pants
And carries no flashing sword,
But uses his skill with a lathe or
drill
Or works at a drafting-board.



Keystone

4 (RIGHT)

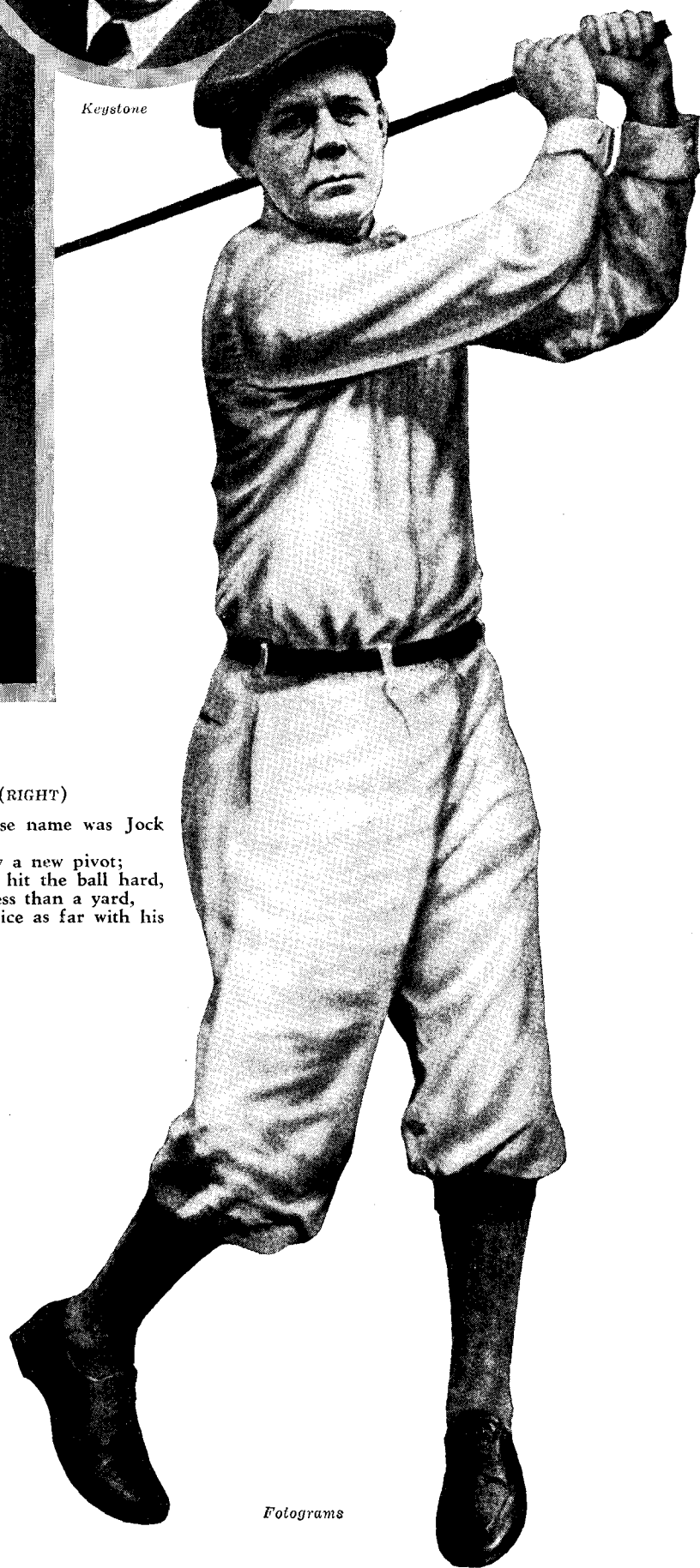
Out where the long cool winds
blow free
I fling myself on the sod;
And there in the tranquil soli-
tude
I find my soul—and God.



Wide World

5 (RIGHT)

A duffer whose name was Jock
Wivvot
Decided to try a new pivot;
Though he hit the ball hard,
He drove less than a yard,
But he got twice as far with his
divot.



Fotograms

Here are some popular poets whom you ought to recognize. If their pictures mean nothing perhaps the quotations will. And if both fail you, turn to page 48

6 (BELOW)

Give me your mirth. It bores me when you weep,
My loves you cannot touch. They're buried deep.



Keystone

10 (LEFT)

Baron of Brooksby, and of the North Sea—
That is the kind of a baron to be!

8 (BELOW)

And some may long for the song of a child and
the lullaby's fairy charm,
And others yearn for the crack of the bat and the
wind of the pitcher's arm.
Oh, some have longed for this and that, and
others have craved and yearned;
And they all may sing of whatever they like, as
far as I'm concerned.



Keystone



Nickolas Muray

9 (LEFT)

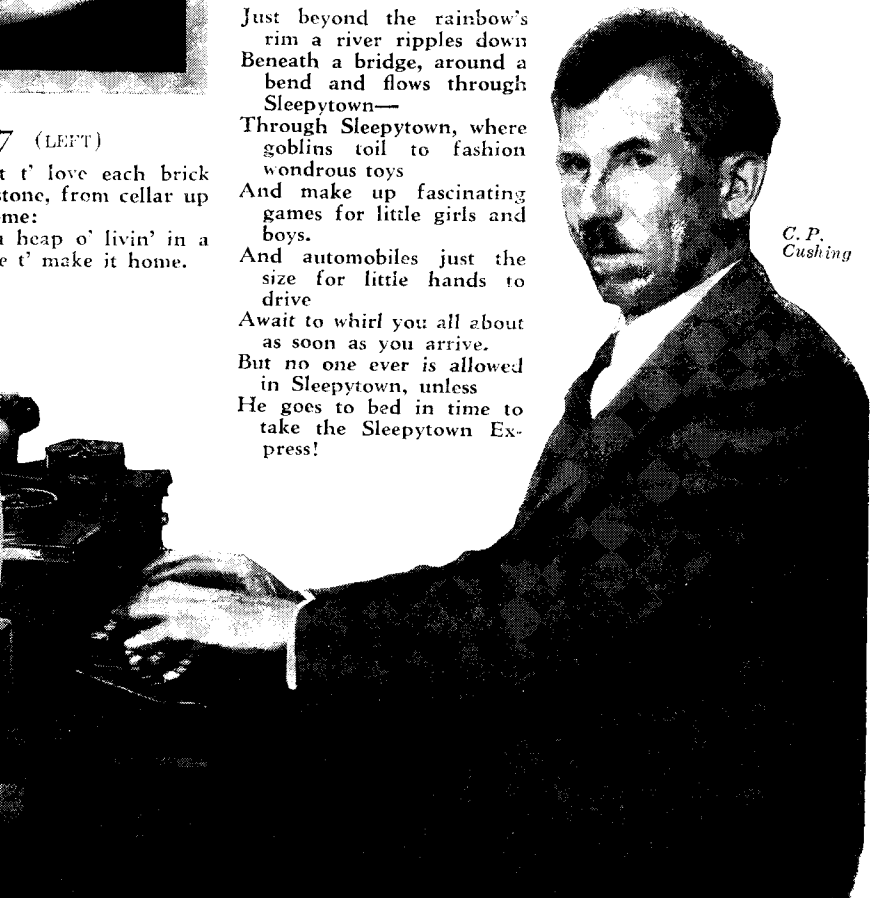
Helen of Troy had a wandering glance;
Sappho's restriction was only the sky;
Ninon was ever the chatter of France;
But oh, what a good girl am I.

11

Just beyond the rainbow's
rim a river ripples down
Beneath a bridge, around a
bend and flows through
Sleepytown—
Through Sleepytown, where
goblins toil to fashion
wondrous toys
And make up fascinating
games for little girls and
boys.
And automobiles just the
size for little hands to
drive
Await to whirl you all about
as soon as you arrive.
But no one ever is allowed
in Sleepytown, unless
He goes to bed in time to
take the Sleepytown Ex-
press!

7 (LEFT)

Ye've got t' love each brick
an' stone, from cellar up
t' dome:
It takes a heap o' livin' in a
house t' make it home.

C. P.
Cushing

Fotograms

The Shepherd of Guadalupe

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

THE Forrests and Lundeen have always been enemies. The Lundeen, formerly very poor, are now very rich, Mr. Lundeen having, by various crooked methods, succeeded in getting Mr. Forrest's wealth and home, Cottonwoods, away from him.

Young Clifton Forrest, back very ill from the war, and Virginia Lundeen, not at all in sympathy with her father, are fast falling in love with each other though Cliff will not admit it.

Clifton has been told by his doctors that he has only a month to live and he is now fighting for life against the odds of poverty and his parents' broken hearts. He is doing his best to manage a supply store for the natives around their little home in New Mexico.

Virginia's father is determined to have her marry Malpass, a half-breed, who seems to have control over Mr. Lundeen's property.

Mrs. Forrest is very fond of Virginia and willing to admit it. Mr. Forrest is bitter against her and her family. She is very kind to Cliff and tries to make the Forrests accept her income in partial payment of the money won unfairly from the Forrests by her father. Mr. Forrest refuses haughtily.

Virginia tells Cliff of her father's plans and he suggests that marrying someone else immediately would be a way out. She tells him that he is the only man she would be willing to marry. He is horrified at the idea of her throwing herself away on a shell of a man like him.

IV

BY JUNE the hideous ordeals Clifton had to invite and endure daily began appreciably to change. He discovered that by imperceptible degrees he had passed the climax of his trial for life.

June brought summer to Cottonwood Valley, and that meant it was hot in the sun, cool in the shade. He was alone one Sunday in the corner by the wall where Virginia had found him that unforgettable day, when he reached the definite conclusion that he would recover. He slipped away from the open, into a shady nook, where vines and brush grew thick under a giant cottonwood, and here he lay down hidden even from the eyes of birds.

The sunny, drowsy hours of that golden summer day passed by unnoticed. Like an Indian he communed with the visible things about him. There were intervals when the stream of his consciousness seemed suspended, and he had no thought at all. He felt, he heard, he saw, he smelled the physical objects of nature about him. The warm brown earth throbbed against his palms, the wind sang softly in the cottonwoods, the white clouds sailed across the azure sky, tipping the gray peaks, the sweet breath of sage filled the air.

That was the spell of enchantment which had transfixed him when intelligence, and not spirit, told him that he had not to bid farewell to the earth. The ghastly cold, mocking thing that had haunted him sleeping and waking folded its gray mantle and stole away. He was not to give up the sweetness of life, the beauty of nature, the strife with obstacles. The joy of nesting birds, the return of the swallows, the swoop of the eagle, the looming, calling mountains, the wind-swept range were still to be part of his experience.

But that night, in the dark little room, when the ecstasy of his soul became subdued by thought and reason, he confessed that he had thrown off his burden only to take on another. Virginia Lundeen had won him to hate hate and to love love. It had not been joy nor hope, but an unabatable fuel that had kept burning the fire of his wasted spirit.

One by one returned the Indians and

Mexicans who had visited Clifton's store during the past weeks to get the fair sale for some commodity and the small gift he never failed to hand out. There was no profit in the low price, to say nothing of an additional gift, but Clifton was gaining the confidence of the natives. He would never make a success as a trader, from the point of view of business. They had been cheated long enough. His generosity was not unmixed with the desire to prove the difference between a Forrest and a Lundeen. Every native on the range hated Lundeen for the tight rein he had held on them. Malpass, though he was employing many, was earning a harder repute. Little by little Clifton won his way into the hearts of these simple people.

It was from a vaquero who rode for Malpass that Clifton learned of the arrival of Virginia Lundeen's guests from the East. A fiesta was held to welcome them, the lights burned at Cottonwoods half the night, and strains of music floated down the valley on the soft night wind.

Clifton, thereafter going to and from his work, now happily without resting every few rods, did not want to see yet could not help seeing the visitors who regaled themselves upon Virginia's bounty.

The huge cars hummed by across the valley, down the road to Las Vegas, or back again, swiftly running from the dust they raised. Horseback riding appeared to be the chief delight, which was no wonder, considering the magnificent mounts of the Lundeen stables and the beautiful beckoning range with endless levels and vistas.

SEVERAL times each day a party of riders, never less than three couples, passed by Clifton's store, to peer curiously from their saddles. He always contrived to be inside and busy when they rode by. Once he saw Ethel, who waved a gay hand at him; and again he caught a glimpse of Virginia, superb on her shining black. And she looked straight ahead, with clear-cut, cold profile, as if the trading post of San Luis had ceased to exist.

Clifton knew intuitively that these merry visitors, keen to absorb all the West possible, would call at his store some day.

But he was wholly unprepared one morning to hear the blowing of bugles and to look out to see a tallyho rolling down the road. It appeared to be loaded with a crowd sportive in both dress and spirit.

"I'm in for it," muttered Clifton soberly. "But if they want to buy I'll slap the old prices on the goods. I'm no good Samaritan for that outfit."

He hoped the coach would pass by, but it halted opposite the store, and a gay company of young people poured out.

The first to enter was Ethel Wayne, very pleasing to the eye in her gay and colorful costume. She tripped in hurriedly, with anxious look, which changed to a bright smile of glad recognition.

"Clifton, I'm just delighted," she said. "You look, oh, so much better."

"Howdy, Ethel?" drawled Clifton, as

he took her proffered hand. "I'd sure been glad to see you—if you'd come alone."

She giggled and squeezed his hand, whispering: "Don't mind. Virginia and I framed this on our Eastern friends. So stick them good. They've got money to burn."

Then the little store became flooded with pretty girls in the latest of sport clothes and clean-faced young men in golf suits or white flannels. One of the latter said to Clifton, "We want a lot of souvenirs and a wagonload of truck to take on a camping trip."

"Help yourselves," replied Clifton, spreading his hands.

It was pleasant to watch them. Gayly they quarreled over Indian baskets, blankets, beadwork and silver ornaments. There were eight young women, not including Ethel and Virginia, who, if she had come with them, was still outside. Ethel was the only girl to notice Clifton, much to his relief; and every little while she would give him a bright look and a wink. It became manifest to Clifton that these Easterners had not been informed about him. The young men, except one, paid no attention to him; and presently this one, a rather pale, blond fellow of twenty-five, approached Clifton to offer a hand.

"How are you, Clifton Forrest?" he said. "Miss Lundeen told me to introduce myself. My name is Andrews."

CLIFTON did not need to be told that this man had been in the service, to his great detriment. Clifton greeted him. With a look and a handclasp they understood each other.

"I'm here on a visit for a few weeks," continued Andrews. "Then I'm going to Tucson. I'm not so well. The doctors want me to try a dry, warm climate."

"Gassed?" queried Clifton.

"Influenza. Then I had blood poisoning from shrapnel."

"You'll come around all right out here," said Clifton reassuringly. "The climate is wonderful."

"Do you know Arizona?"

"I used to. Same as here, only more

so. . . . Suppose you ride down alone some day and we'll have a chat."

"Thanks. I'd like to."

"Is Miss Lundeen with you?"

"Yes. She drove us down. Maybe she can't handle the reins! Say, Forrest, do you know this man Malpass? He was on the seat with her."

"Sure, I know Malpass. He used to be a vaquero here in San Luis."

"Vaquero. What's that?"

"He was a Mexican cowboy."

"Is he part Mexican?" asked Andrews, quite surprised.

"It has always been rumored."

"Well! And now he's Mr. Lundeen's partner and a very evident choice for Virginia's hand. . . . I'll tell you, Forrest, that's a funny situation up there. But I don't want to gossip about my hostess. I don't know her, except as a charming, beautiful girl who went to school with my sister. By the way, I must introduce you to Helen. She's the tall blonde there, squabbling over that junk."

