

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Trouble With Martha

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

IN the morning Mrs. Freem was always a little wan and worn, but the boarders at The Roses forgave that.

"No wonder, poor dear!" Mrs. Garner told Mrs. Littlepage. "She is always up when we retire, giving those little extra touches that make The Roses so charming to the refined. She is so refined herself. Her one thought is our comfort."

As a matter of fact, it was not to give "those little extra touches" that Mrs. Freem postponed until so late her bed-going. It was not until the guests were in their rooms that she dared go to Martha's room in the attic, and she was obliged to go there every night. It was to confer with the preposterously fat negro cook that Mrs. Freem remained up.

The Roses was one of those delightful small institutions, half hotel and half boarding-house, that sit so charmingly in their white-and-green spotlessness on one of the tree-bordered streets of Asbury Park. A staff of ten, including Martha, sufficed for the comfort of the guests, and ever since the place had been reopened under new management—meaning Mrs. Freem's management—The Roses had been crowded. In her neat summer gowns, with her colorless, wan face and thin, white hands, Mrs. Freem was an ideal hostess for her paying guests. She was "tone" without obtrusiveness.

"I do hope she can make it pay," Mrs. Garner had said. "One feels, if I may say so, under such good auspices in The Roses with Mrs. Freem."

So Mrs. Garner had written all her friends and The Roses had become a bit of a rage with them because of Mrs. Freem and her "tone," but, it must be said, in spite of Martha.

"My dear Mrs. Freem," Mrs.

Garner had said, "you know how I love The Roses, and that it is almost a cult with me, but don't you think the table might be improved the least bit? Not quantity, my dear Mrs. Freem, but the cuisine? If you were to secure another cook?"

Mrs. Freem seemed worried by this. She fingered the delicate cameo at her throat nervously and said, "Ah—ah—" twice. She turned quite pale and then colored. "Martha—" she said. "Martha— I will speak to Martha. I—I—"

"I know how hard it is to get good cooks, dear Mrs. Freem," said Mrs. Garner, graciously. "I am sure, if you speak to Martha—"

Late that night Mrs. Freem climbed to Martha's attic room. Martha was awaiting her, her huge form filling a creaking wicker



"ONE FEELS UNDER SUCH GOOD AUSPICES"

VOL. CXXXVI.—NO. 811.—20



DEY AIN' GWINE TO BE NO CHANGE IN DE COOKIN'

rocking-chair. Martha spoke first. She spoke as soon as Mrs. Freem entered the room.

"Look vere!" she said. "Jus' 'bout once mo' is all I's gwine tell you to have dat no-'count Mike Hennesy rake dat dribeway de fust thing ebery mo'nin'. Little mo' an' dis place gwine look lak one o' dem tumble-down shanties up yonder at Long Branch. Yunnerstan' dat? Dis de secon' time I 'minded you 'bout dat dribeway, an' I don' want to have to speak 'bout it no mo' times. Yunnerstan' dat? An' to-morrow I want you to speak to dat Lizzie girl 'bout how she waitin' on Mis' Garner's table, an' ef she can't do no better you gwine hand her her pay an' let her go. Yunnerstan' dat? Now, here's what we gwine hab fo' meals to-morrow. You gwine tell Mistah Higgins ef he can't let you hab better soft crabs you gwine buy elsewhere. Now, what you want to ask me?"

"There's a telegram from a Mrs. Remsen asking for two rooms on the fourteenth," said Mrs. Freem.

"All right! Mis' Cousins an' her gal is gwine away on de fo'teenth. Mis' Remsen, she's a frien' of Mis' Garner, so to-morrow you telegraph her she can come. What else?"

"Mrs. Garner says," said Mrs. Freem, meekly, "the cooking is not just what it should be."

"Huh!" said Martha. "Well, dey ain' gwine be no change in de cookin'. I'm cook-

in' all de ways I knows how, an' de bestes' I knows how. What else?"

"Nothing else," said Mrs. Freem.

"Well, you tell Mis' Garner," said Martha, "how as you gave me Hail Columbia an' you reckon de cookin' gwine be a lot better from now on. Say you jawed me ontill I was blubberin' like a chile. Yunnerstan' dat? Den go to bed. I's done work out."

Mrs. Freem duly reported to Mrs. Garner that she had taken Martha most severely to task and that the faithful old creature had promised, with tears in her eyes, to do better.

"I trust she may," said Mrs. Garner, graciously. "You know, dear Mrs. Freem, I have the success of The Roses close to my heart."

This kindly reply greatly relieved Mrs. Freem, for her position was a difficult one. Martha Washington Smith, having gained, during her many years' experience as cook, the idea that Asbury Park boarding-houses were a source of wealth, had leased The Roses for five years, but had had sense enough to know she could not draw the really profitable custom if it were known that The Roses was leased and run by a negress. As she said when she hired Mrs. Freem:

"You's gwine be de boss. Yunnerstan' dat? You's gwine swell aroun' an' order everybody 'roun'. You gwine order me 'roun', too, lak I was a no-'count nigger cook. You gwine git reg'lar wages to be owner of de whole place, but I ain' gwine hab

no nonsense. You ain't gwine run nuffin'. No, ma'm! I gwine pay de bills, an' I gwine say what's what, an' ebery night you gwine come up to my room an' git your orders. Yunnerstan' dat? Well, don' you fergit it, noway!"

It cannot be said that the cookery improved, as Mrs. Freem had promised it would, but perhaps Mrs. Garner imagined it was better. There were no more complaints made to dear Mrs. Freem until two weeks later, when Mrs. Remsen appeared with her daughter and her niece. Like Mrs. Garner, Mrs. Remsen was a lady of large bust and great fastidiousness, and she spoke to Mrs. Garner (as being more intimate with Mrs. Freem) on a matter that seemed to her to need immediate attention. Poor Mrs. Freem appeared before Martha with fear and trembling.

"I'm very sorry to have to bring such a message, Mrs. Smith," she said, "and I would not do so except that Mrs. Remsen and Mrs. Garner were most outspoken about it."

Martha glowered. "What dem ol' hens ruckshin' erbout now?" she demanded.

"Why, the tennis-court," faltered Mrs. Freem. "The tennis-court seems to be where the players have a full view of the back porch. They say—Mrs. Remsen says—it is, well, disgusting to see a—"

"Go on! Gimme de words she spoke!"

"She says it is disgusting to see a fat old creature sprawled out on the back porch in filthy garments," said Mrs. Freem, hurrying over the horrid words. "She says her Milly is so sensitive. It—it sickens her, she says. She—she practically orders me to order you to keep off the back porch."

"Huh!" exclaimed Martha, angrily. "An' what you say to dat? I ask you, what did you say to dat, huh?"

"Why, I told her," said poor Mrs. Freem, "that I was sorry. I told her I always wished The Roses to be a place of charm and cheer to its guests, and I said I would speak to you."

"You did! You said you would speak to me! Nice way dat was to speak to high quality ladies what ask a request! You go on dat way, Mis' Freem, an' fus' thing you know I gwine hire another owner fo' dis boardin'-house. You ain' got no mo' sense dan a rabbit. When quality ladies lak Mis' Garner an' Mis' Remsen ask a request lak dat hereafter you gwine say: 'Yassam, I gwine tend to dat right away. Ef dat greasy ol' nigger set on dat back porch once mo' I gwine break her neck. I ain' gwine hab no nigger trash disgus' my lady boarders. No, ma'm! Dat what you gwine say. Yunnerstan' dat?"

"Yes, Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Freem, in



SHE DID THE BEST SHE COULD WITH
THE COOKING

her subdued tone. "I understand. I only thought, as you were the owner—"

"Nebber you min' erbout no owner!" snapped Martha. "I'll tend to de owner business!"

With this understanding in mind Mrs. Freem found her task easier. When Mrs. Garner complained of her morning coffee Mrs. Freem declared she would send her cook packing the moment she could engage a new one.

"I would discharge her to-day, Mrs. Garner, but I cannot leave my guests foodless. I shall speak to her most severely and warn her that if the coffee is once more what it should not be I shall deduct one half her month's wages."

Martha received the tale of Mrs. Garner's complaint in a more philosophical humor than might have been expected.

"All right!" she said. "I ain' gwine rile mahself all up lak I done at first. Them wimmins gwine complain an' complain, 'cause dey ain' got nuffin' to do but sit 'roun' an' knit an' complain. Yunnerstan' how to meet up wid de complainin' now, an' dat's de great point. I's cookin' de bestes' I knows how an' I can't do no more. When de quality ladies kick up a rumpus you lambaste me good an' plenty. Dey got t' feel satisfied, so dey don't up an' quit De Roses, an' dat all I care 'bout."

To do Martha justice, she did the best she could with the cooking. If it had been possible she would have given up the kitchen

altogether, but it was necessary for her to be on the spot to manage the boarding-house, as any owner should look after his property, and she was too grossly fat to undertake any work outside the kitchen. The Roses was proving more profitable than she had hoped, and this was mainly because of Mrs. Garner, who had induced so many of her friends to locate there.

Late one night, after an unusually hot and trying day, Mrs. Freem climbed the stairs and tapped on Martha's door. When she entered the room Martha saw at once, by Mrs. Freem's worried eyes, that something was wrong.

"Huh! What now?" she asked.

Mrs. Freem fingered her cameo and looked at Martha hopelessly. "It—they—" she faltered.

"What now, huh?" demanded Martha. "I's waitin', an' I's tired. What now?"

"They"—hesitated Mrs. Freem—"they—Mrs. Garner and Mrs. Remsen—they got all the boarders together—"

"I's waitin'," Martha reminded her.

"They had a meeting, all of them," said poor Mrs. Freem, "and Mrs. Garner and Mrs. Remsen came to me. They expressed the highest regard for me; they said they appreciated the kind of boarding-house I was trying to make of The Roses, and recognized that I was a most unusual person in such a position; they said they considered me more as a friend than as a paid hostess, and were willing to put up with many small inconveniences to remain with me, but—"

"I's listenin'!" said Martha, sternly.

"But they had all joined together and come to one final conclusion," said poor Mrs.

Freem. "They said this was their ultimatum—they cannot stand the cooking. They cannot stand the thought of such an untidy cook in the kitchen. Unless I discharge you immediately they will all leave The Roses to-morrow."

"Huh!" snorted Martha, angrily. "Huh!" she said, thoughtfully. She put her fat hands on her knees and looked at nothing and said, "Huh!" slowly and softly.

"Mis' Freem," she said, presently, "I gotta go! I can't resk no business what is coinin' money fo' me hand ober fist. You got to run dis boa'din'-house de bestes' you kin widout me, an' I's gwine raise you' pay two dollar a week to pay fo' de 'sponsibility. Y'unnerstan' dat?"

"Yes, Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Freem.

"All right!" said Martha. "Dat all's settled. You gwine fire me. But—" she said, with sudden anger; "but I's de owner ob dis place, an' dey ain't no hired help gwine fire Martha Smif excep' dey's de all-firedest row whut ever was! No, ma'm! If I got to be fired lak a cook, I's gwine ack lak a cook! I's entitle' to dat much consolation."

The next noon the diners at The Roses were shocked and startled to hear Martha Smith's voice rising to shrieks and screams in the kitchen, followed by the crash of crockery. Poor Mrs. Freem came from the encounter in a state of almost utter collapse, and an hour later, Martha—gorgeously arrayed and contemptuous—rode by her own boarding-house in an open taxicab.

Every day, until cold weather ended the season, she rode by, her nose in the air. It was quite a consolation:

A Small Boy's Prayer

BY LUCIA O. BELL

DEAR God, I thought that I would pray
About the things I never say
When father, nurse, and mother dear
All stand around so close to hear.

I first would like to ask your care
Of woolly dog and Teddy-bear.
They sleep with me 'most ev'ry night;
They're very nice, they never fight.

And then my goat, he's not so good;
He doesn't do the things he should.
But still he loves You in his way,
Though I can't teach him how to pray.

And, if You please, I would be glad
If mother did not look so sad
When I climb trees and tear my clothes
In places where it mostly shows.

Some flowers, too, I meant to say
I pulled up by the roots to-day;
Perhaps if You would send some rain
It might help them to grow again.

The little bird I found to-day,
Please make it strong to fly away.
But, most of all, I wish You would
Help me to *like* to be real good.

The Terror of the Press

A NEWSPAPER correspondent was paying a visit to a former school friend whose eldest son was just at the ungainly age which consists chiefly of large hands and feet held together by an intense self-consciousness and bounded on every side by embarrassment. When the bedtime hour was called the son and heir obediently betook himself off with only a "Good night" in place of the customary kiss to his mother. When questioned by her the next morning as to the unexpected neglect, the reply was:

"Well, mother, you know I wanted to, but I was afraid Miss M— might put it in the paper. You know it would be so easy for her to say, 'While spending the week-end at the country house of a friend I was greatly impressed by the very nice way Mrs. So-and-so's little boy kissed his mother good night.' You see I wouldn't mind so much, but all the boys would know at once who she meant and they would never let up on it."

He was forgiven.

A New Word to Her

ELLEN was a strong, fine-looking young Irishwoman and thought herself possessed of more than average ability. Taking advantage of the scarcity of labor of all sorts, she decided to accept a position as a clerk in one of the local stores.

One morning she was called before the manager to explain why she was performing a certain part of the duties assigned to her in a careless manner.

"Miss Finnegan," said the manager, "for the past two weeks your work has been very perfunctory. We cannot—"

"Mr. Miller," interrupted the young woman, "I've been working here four months now, and although I've tried my best, that's the first bit of praise I have received since I've been here."



BELLE: "The acoustic properties of this opera-house are so wretched! I don't believe the performer can hear a word that we are saying about him"

Adding Insult to Injury

THE driver of a Ford car rushed headlong out of a cross-street, striking a trolley car squarely amidships.

With blustering authority the conductor got off his car to investigate and collect evidence for his official report.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Don't you know you can't run under my car with your top up?"

An Advantage

DOROTHY (who is six) has a playmate younger than herself whose parents are Christian Scientists. One day she said:

"Mother, do you know that it is better to be a Christian Scientist than anything else?"

Mother asked "Why?" and Dorothy said:

"Well, Julia has 'splained it to me; if you get cross with another little girl, and knock her down, if you are a Christian Scientist you won't have to apologize to her, because it won't hurt her any."



WIFE OF BREWER: "It says here there are two thousand cases
of mumps in the city"

BREWER (absently): "How many in a case?"

A Fable

ONCE there were two men and a lady who decided to go fishing. They took a boat and rowed quite a distance out to sea, and as the fish were not biting very well, the lady was trailing her hand in the water. Suddenly she pulled her hand into the boat and cried, "Oh, I have lost my diamond ring!"

The water was too deep for a person to dive and get the ring, so, although the lady felt very bad about it, nothing could be done. Just before they started toward the shore one of the men hooked an exceedingly big fish.

That night they had some of that fish for dinner. All of a sudden the lady who had lost the diamond ring bit on something hard, and what do you think it was? It was a fish bone.

Her Reason

"If you could only have one wish, what would it be?" she asked, coyly.

"It would be that—that— Oh, if I only dared to tell you what it would be!" he sighed.

"Well, go on. Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?"

Putting One Over

DOUGLAS, aged seven, did not like the idea of guardian angels watching over him while he slept.

One night his mother found on his pillow a big, black, false face—a souvenir of Hallowe'en—and at the foot of the bed, under the covers, the child himself, resting uncomfortably.

She asked him what was the matter—why he preferred to sleep upside down, and what was the idea of the false face?

To all of which questions he boastfully replied. "Why, I'm just playing a little joke on the Lord! I'm sick and tired of having those old guardian angels watch me the minute I get to sleep!"

A Paradox

"FOR the life of me I can't understand how the railroad company managed to smash up your furniture so badly," said the janitor.

"H'm! What I can't understand is how their cars stood it while my stuff was being knocked around so roughly."



"Gracious! That clock must be slow. I'm sure I've practised longer than that"

Useless

MRS. CROSSLEY was enjoying a shopping tour and was critically examining various articles on the counter of the dry-goods emporium.

"What is this thing used for?" she finally asked.

"I really don't know," answered the clerk. "I think it is intended for a Christmas present."

Another "Safety First"

TWO "colored gentlemen" were on their way down to the recruiting office and discussing which branch of the service they would join.

Sam was for the cavalry—so he could ride—but the other said:

"Ah reckon ah ain't gwine join no horse army. When ah's 'treatin' from them Germans ah don't want no horse holdin' me back."

A Useless Question

IMAGINATIVE YOUNG WOMAN: "If you had a million dollars what would you do the first year?"

HONEST YOUNG MAN: "I wouldn't live that long."



"Waiter, for once you brought me soup that is nice and hot"
 "Yes, sir; it scalded my thumbs something terrible, sir"

Not Needed

THE welfare worker glanced around apprehensively as she entered the humble dwelling.

"Are you not afraid to live here? I do not see any fire-escape."

"Law, no, miss. I don't need one," returned the satisfied slum-dweller. "Whenever the cops come up after me I make my getaway over the roof."



AFFECTED LADY: "I think I shall rest. I am really dawkced out"
 OLD GENT (hard of hearing): "Not so darned stout, just nice and plump, I should say"



The Spy

A Winter Afternoon

BY MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS

THAT'S Grampa—stompin' off his feet
Outside my Gramma's kitchen door,
So's he won't twack no wet, white snow
In on my Gramma's nice clean floor.
My Grampa's arms are full of wood,
An' w'en he frows a armful down,
Th' middle of his hat has got
A little high white mountain crown!

My Gramma's kitchen smells *so* good
Of things her oven—it can bake.
(I wonder w'en it will get “done,”
Th' cunning little “taster” cake!).
My Grampa takes right off his hat
To “rest a spell,” 'n'en he sits down.
Now Grampa's hat—why, it has got
A little river 'round th' crown!

I wish my Grampa'd let it be
So's I can have some fun an' play,
But Grampa knocked it out th' door—
He threw th' river all away!
My Grampa's had *two* 'lasses cakes,
An' w'en he said, “They taste like more!”

He put his hat back on again
An' went right out th' kitchen door.

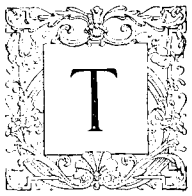
'N'en I ran fast—out after him,
'Cause *I* can reach th' latch, you see,
But Gramma—she ran faster yet
'Cause Mr. Croup he will get me.
My Grampa he must come straight back
An' play wif me, 'cause we have fun,
But Gramma says I “must be good”
An' wait till Grampa's “chores” are done.

An 'n'en my Gramma talks to me
(A Gramma talks th' nicest way)
'Bout Grampas an' big Rover-dogs,
They're made to wade in snow that way!
But Grammas, yes, an' little boys
Till they get *big*, and stronger, too,
They must stay in an' 'muse theirse'fs
When winter is, an' blizzards, too.

An' 'n'en we have th' bestest time—
We 'most forgot, Gramma an' me
To go an' put th' kettle on—
Why, Grampa'll be in for his tea!

The Apache Fairyland of Arizona

By *WARREN FENTON*



THE old world is cut off this year from the tourist in search of scenes and pastures new. The progress of civilization and inventive ingenuity has combined with all the brutal and cunning forces of warfare to segregate erstwhile peaceful valleys and mountain ranges and lakes and villages and cities beyond the Atlantic which, up to four years ago, drew hundreds of thousands of Americans to voyages afar. The submarine, the aeroplane, the modern warship, the modern army and the economic necessities imposed by bitter warfare bar the way this year to the beauties of the Rhine Valley, the inspiration of the heights of the Alps, the green and gold checker-boarded vistas of once smiling France, the beauties and discomforts of Italy and Austria and Hungary and Spain. Great Britain, in the throes of a struggle for her life, no longer reaches a welcoming hand to the American tourist. Her luscious countrysides, her quiet villages, her bustling cities are under the pressure of patriotic sacrifice and there is no room within her borders for idling strangers.

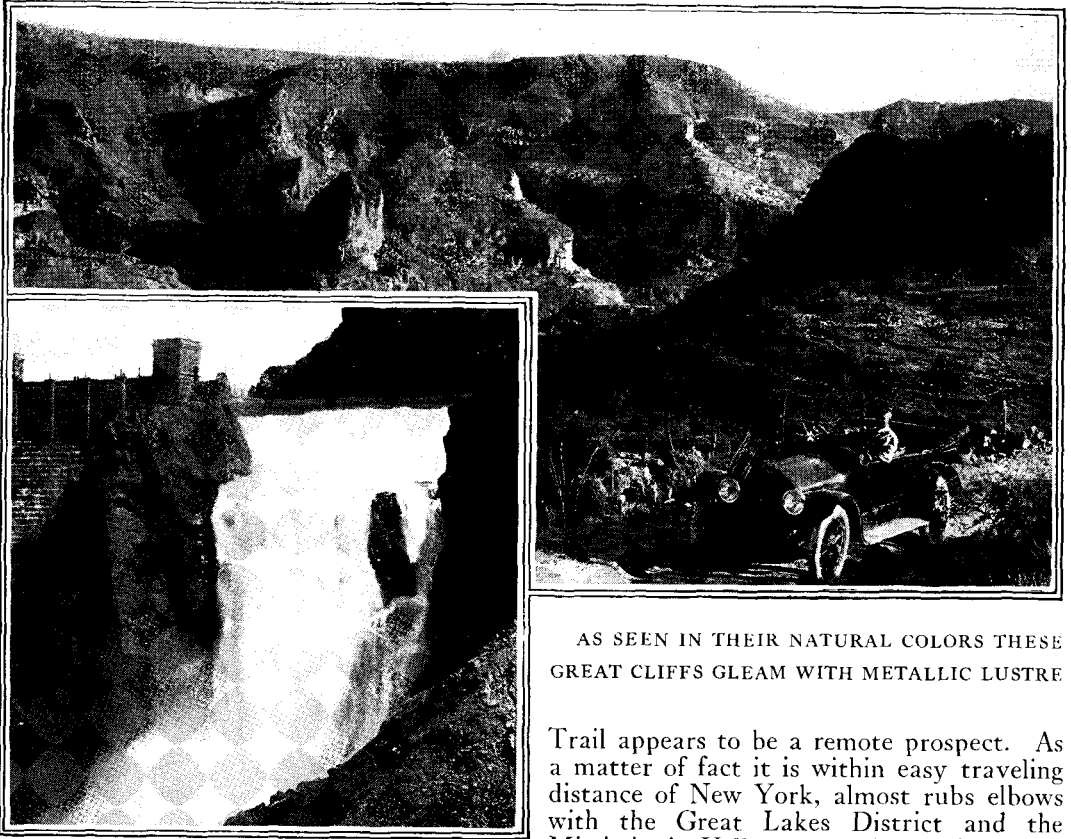
But, in our own land, we are not bereft. We have within the United States, in the Winter tourist season as well as in the Summer months, scenery, associations, surprises and opportunities for education and thought engendered by travel which are not excelled by the carefully nurtured tourist districts of Europe. And, further-

more, we are privileged to reach our own wonders of nature and progress hand in hand with the maximum of comfort and even luxury and the minimum of expense.

We have, for instance, Arizona. Regarded by the average American as a waste stretch of territory, this great state is, in reality, one of nature's art galleries. Ages before Columbus crossed the Atlantic, Arizona was the stage upon which were enacted thrilling scenes marking the development of the human race from brutal savagery to intelligent reasoning and initiative. Today Arizona presents, side by side, the chromatic mountains and shimmering deserts of the days of the cliff dwellers and some of the most momentous and epochal achievements of latter day enterprise and scientific accomplishment.

Cutting through the heart of Arizona for 120 miles is the Apache Trail, a few years ago a trail indeed—a narrow pathway winding up and down and about through the most soothing and, at the same time, awe inspiring mountain scenery in the world. It starts at the prosperous bustling city, Globe, passes into realms of nature that have been untouched for thousands of years, skirts some of the few remaining mountainside dwellings of the little cliff people of the South-west, crosses Roosevelt Dam which confines one of the greatest irrigation reservoirs in the world, descends into what was a desert within the memory of Arizona schoolboys, but is now, thanks to irrigation, a fragrant and sightly

THE APACHE FAIRYLAND OF ARIZONA



AS SEEN IN THEIR NATURAL COLORS THESE GREAT CLIFFS GLEAM WITH METALLIC LUSTRE

THERE ARE TWO SPILLWAYS TO THE ROOSEVELT DAM OVER WHICH IN TIME OF HIGH WATER THUNDER MIGHTY CATARACTS EACH SIXTY FEET HIGHER THAN NIAGARA.

garden, and winds up at another prosperous, hustling city, Phoenix, but a few hours ride from the Pacific Coast.

The Apache Trail, along which the diminutive cliff dwellers dug their prehistoric toes into the rocks when pursued to their habitations in the mountain walls by the more powerful and savage tribes of the lowlands is today a wide, smooth boulevard—an automobile speedway, if such a term may be applied to a road which climbs and crosses skyscraping peaks and skirts chasms thousands of feet deep. This road was made necessary by the construction of the Roosevelt Dam and American engineering ingenuity quickly conceived and executed the project of turning an Indian footpath into a highway.

As a matter of casual mention the Apache

Trail appears to be a remote prospect. As a matter of fact it is within easy traveling distance of New York, almost rubs elbows with the Great Lakes District and the Mississippi Valley, crowds against the Rocky Mountain section and comes close to overlapping the lower end of California. It is made accessible by the Southern Pacific Lines.

Globe is the eastern terminus of the Apache Trail. After breakfast at Globe, the tourist is escorted to one of the big seven-passenger touring cars for the trip over the Apache Trail to Phoenix.

Globe is a great copper smelting center and the tourist passes the smelters, belching forth their clouds of vari-colored smoke as he leaves the town. The road begins to climb at once and soon the smelters are a blur far below and the automobile is purring its swift way into a panorama of nature that might have been painted by a futurist god.

Colors! One used to the drab outlook from the windows of office buildings, flats or hotels in cities is overwhelmed by the sudden revelation of the rainbow effects that nature can give to rocks. Dwellers in the prairie countries of the Middle West open their mouths and sit agape as the ever

HARPER'S MAGAZINE ADVERTISER

THE APACHE FAIRYLAND OF ARIZONA

changing contrasts come into view. And over all is the turquoise sky of Arizona—a sky so clear and pure and inviting as to make one wish one might live under it to the end of time.

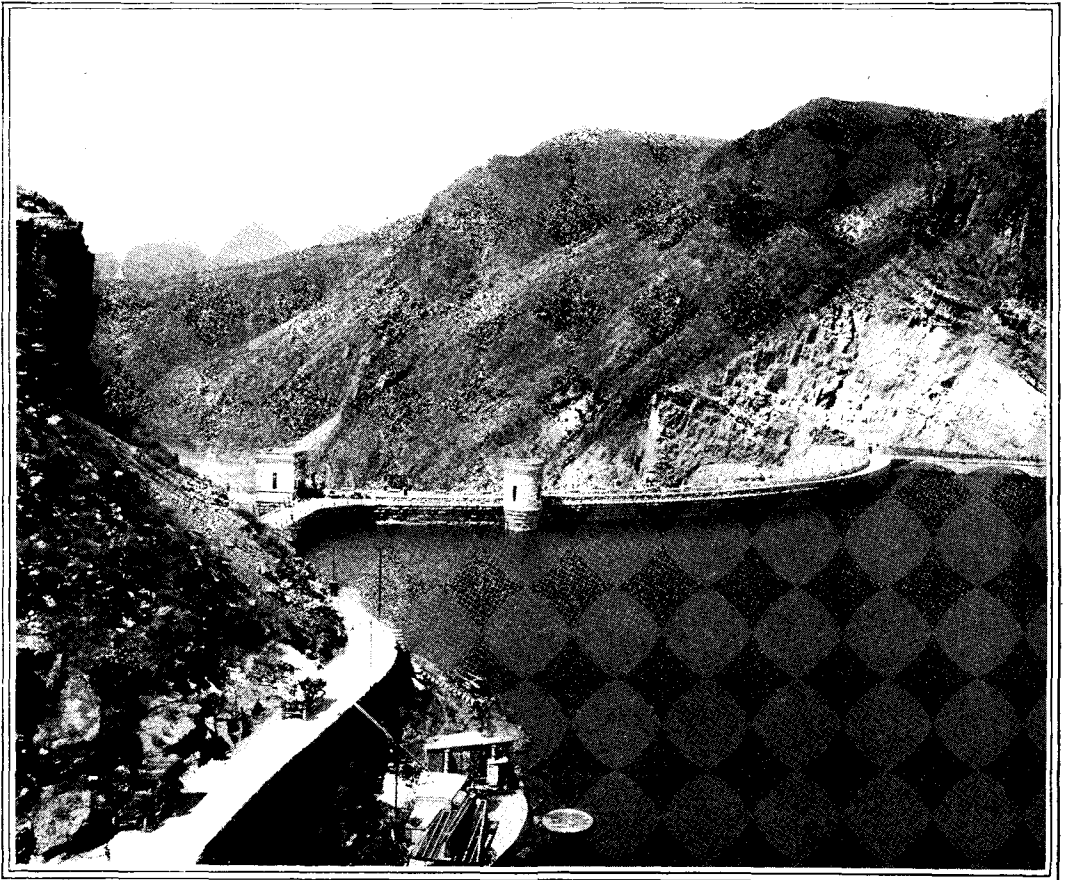
From Globe the car climbs to the crest of the Divide. Over the ridge and headed down hill the tourist faces an area of tens of thousands of acres of buttes and canyons and mesas and away beyond he makes out the bluish tinge that marks the beginning of the stretches of orchards and fields that blossom, bloom and bring forth their products under the influence of water from the icy fastenings of the mountains to the north.

Roosevelt Dam, 280 feet high and 1,125 feet across, holds back a lake that stretches for miles like a solid sheet of silver in the framework of mountain peaks. Just before reaching the dam the tourist is given the

opportunity to inspect the homes of the Cliff Dwellers of the Southwest.

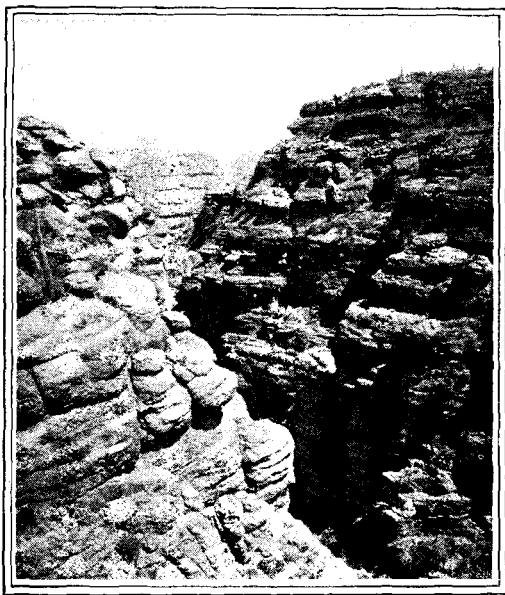
Centuries have gone by since these holes in the mountainside were occupied, but traces of those who dwelt therein are still on view. The cliff dwellers were diminutive folk. The ceilings of their domiciles are only four feet from the floor and the doors are uniformly two feet high and 18 inches wide. The tourist crawls into one and backs out and takes several gulps of the rare and delicious mountain air before he begins to think of the people who once swarmed over this precipitous expanse and fought in their feeble but determined way against the forces of nature and the more aggressive and rapacious Indian tribes from the plains below.

From the seat of the automobile the tourist has a view of what was, not so many years ago, the favorite hiding ground of



IT'S A MIGHTY LAKE WHICH THE ROOSEVELT DAM IMPOUNDS AT WHAT WAS FORMERLY
THE NARROWS OF THE SALT RIVER CANYON.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE ADVERTISER

THE APACHE FAIRYLAND OF ARIZONA



HELL'S CANYON IS BEAUTIFUL RATHER THAN
FEAR-IMPELLING



A WATER-CARRIER OF THE ORIGINAL
AMERICANS

Geronimo, the Apache Indian chief and his marauding bloodthirsty followers, whose devilishness and cruelty gained them an international reputation and prompted the French people to call the outlaws of their capital "Apaches." It does not require a great deal of imagination to people again that stretch of now peaceful mountain

landscape with the skulking Indians who knew every foot of the winding trails and had improvised natural fortresses in which a few Indians, armed with rifles, could withstand the attacks of an army.

The region is rich in legendary lore, with which the chauffeur of the car is familiar. The tourist finds that the Apaches had a version of the creation of the world which bears a curious resemblance to the story of the creation as it appears in the Bible. Also, the Apaches handed down from generation to generation the story of a great flood which overwhelmed the earth. The narrating chauffeur points out the Mountain of Foam, a peak in the distance, the top of which is perpetually white. This peak, according to the legend, marked the apex of the rise of the flood and the foam has remained there ever since.

Somewhere along the trail the tourist has already probably seen Apaches and he will see more before he reaches the end. But the Apache of today is not the half naked, painted savage of Geronimo's time. Our modern Arizona Apache wears overalls and a gingham shirt and sometimes wears shoes. Many of the Apache Indians are quite extensively engaged in the agricultural and fruit districts covered by the Roosevelt Dam Irrigation project.

Luncheon is served at an inn alongside Roosevelt Lake and the 80 mile trip to Phoenix is made in the afternoon. Toward the end of the ride the setting sun touches the massive mountains with shades of unsurpassed beauty. The shadows in the canyons deepen and through the still air come faint echoes of the hoarse hoot of the whistle of a Southern Pacific locomotive. At last the automobile draws up alongside the through sleeper soon to start for Los Angeles and the tourist reluctantly comes back to reality from his tour of Fairyland.

The Apache Trail is reached by the Southern Pacific Lines, operating Pullman sleepers direct to Globe, the eastern terminus of the Trail, in connection with the famous Sunset Limited. Through tickets to California will be honored over the Apache Trail upon payment of \$15.00 additional. This charge includes railroad and automobile transportation. Through Pullman sleepers are also operated between Phoenix and Los Angeles for the convenience of Apache Trail passengers.

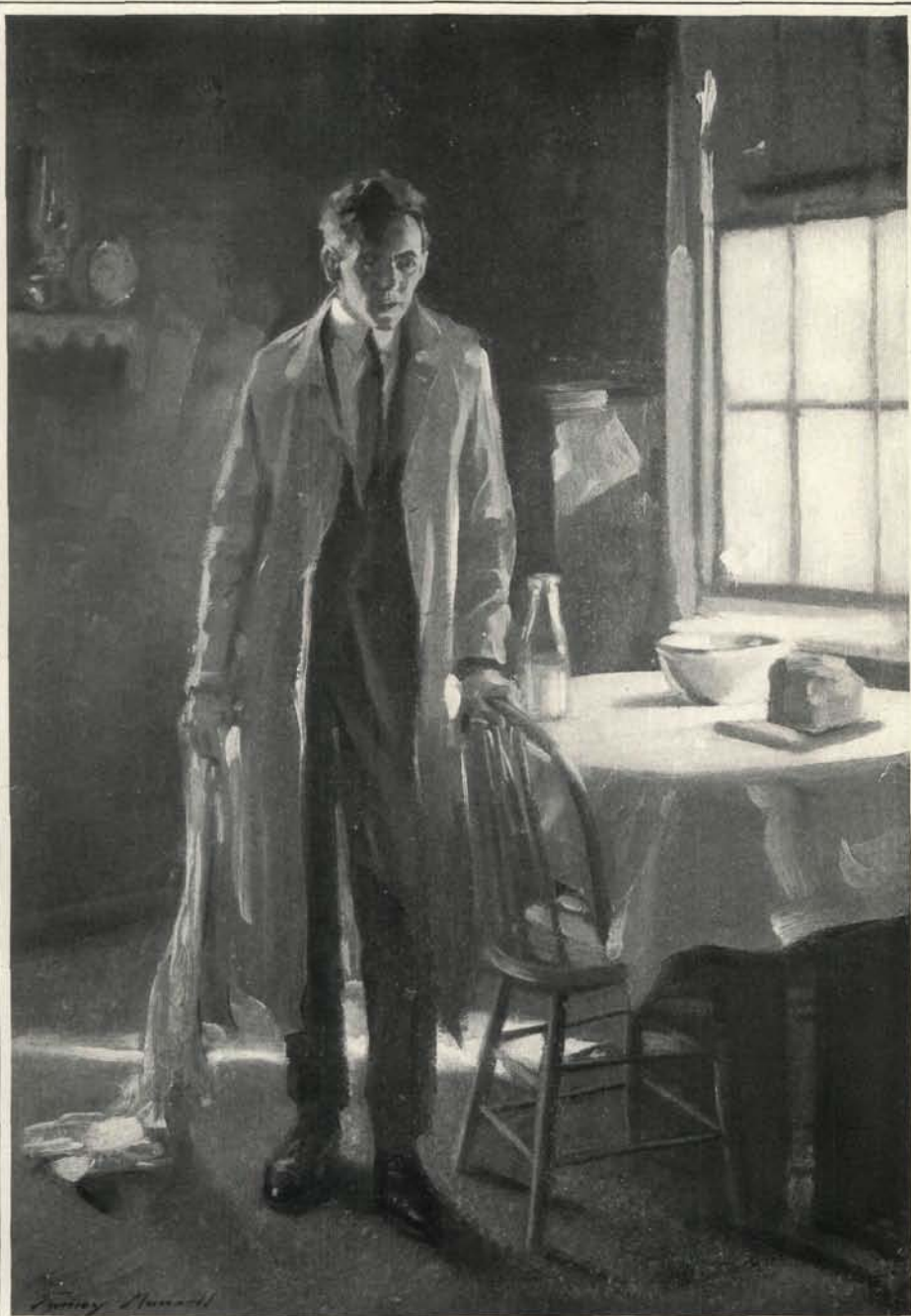
HARPER'S MAGAZINE ADVERTISER



Drawn by Fanny Munsell

Engraved by H. Leinroth

"WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?" SNAPPED FINDLAY



Drawn by Fanny Munsell

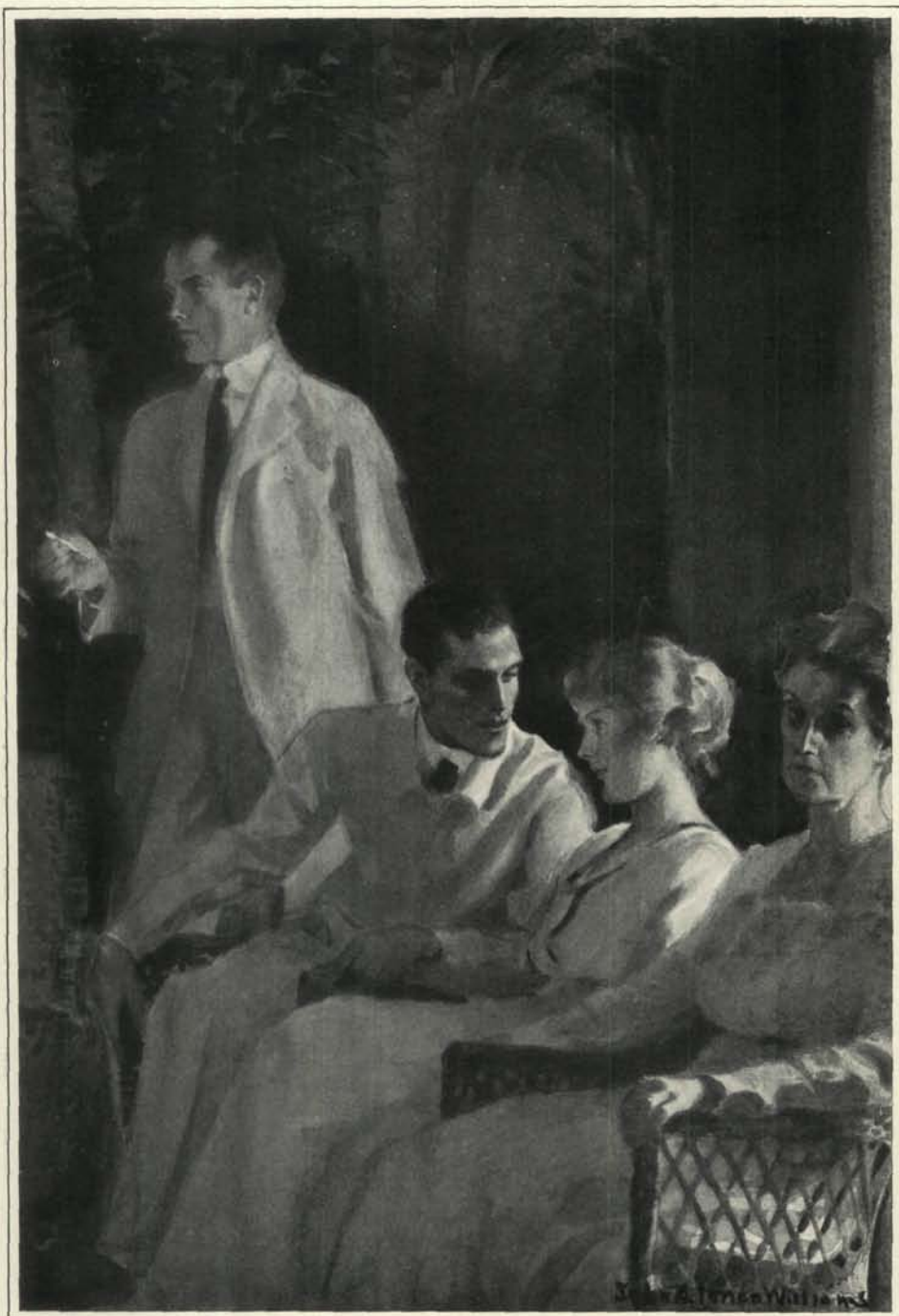
Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

IF HE HAD ONLY COME TO THIS TERRIBLE TRICK OF FATE WITH CLEAN HANDS!



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

SHE WAS ARTLESS AND EXQUISITE AS A DRYAD



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

"FOR ME, YOU ARE FOREVER AND FOREVER IN WHITE"



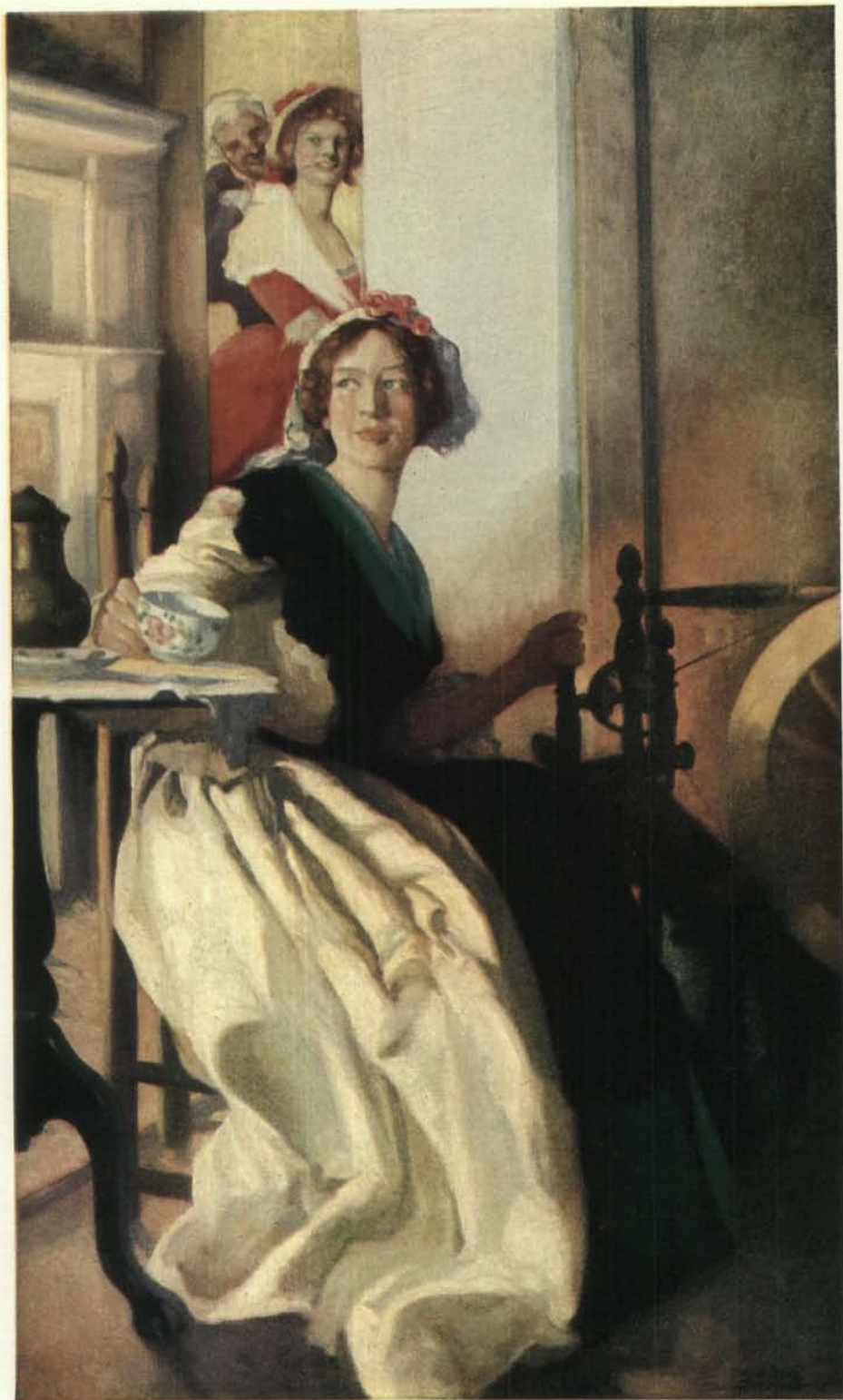
Painting by Marion Powers

"POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON"



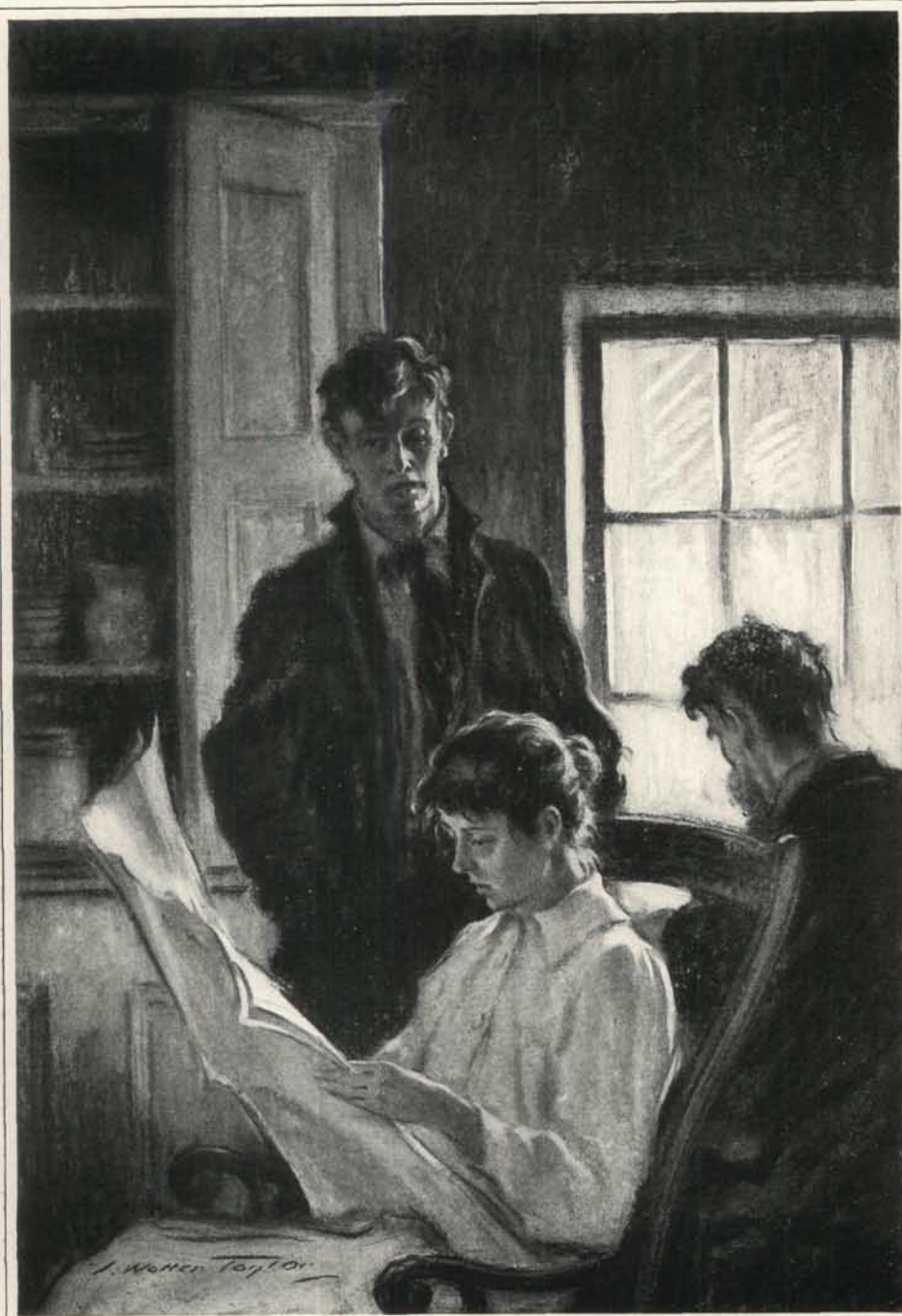
Painting by Marion Powers

"CURLY LOCKS, CURLY LOCKS, WILT THOU BE MINE?"



Painting by Marion Powers

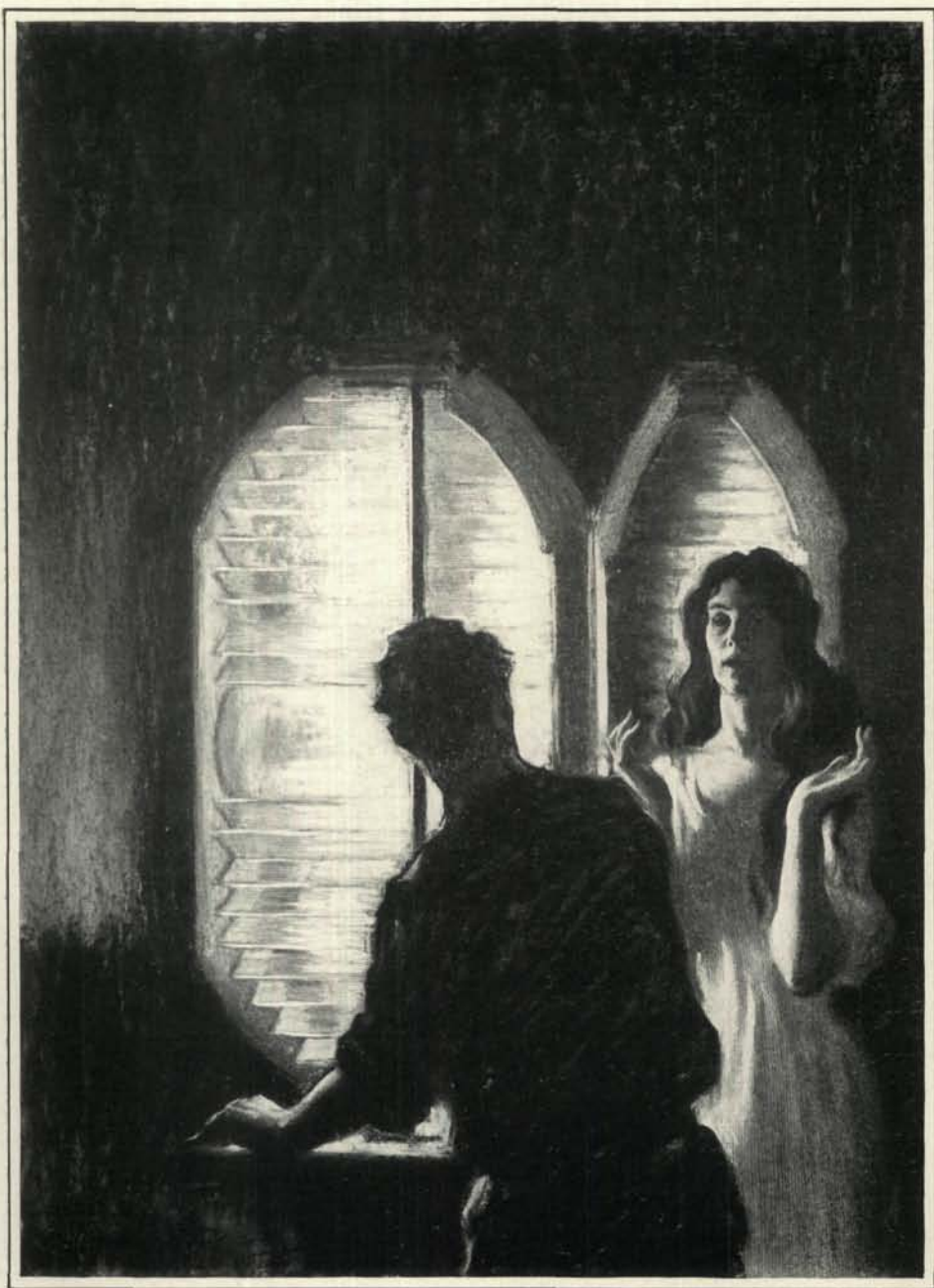
"CROSS-PATCH, DRAW THE LATCH
SIT BY THE FIRE AND SPIN"



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

Engraved by H. Leinroth

READING THE SOCIETY NOTES, AND HER BREAKFAST WORK STILL WAITING



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"POOR BOY, YOU LOVE ME SO—DON'T YOU?"



Painting by Franklin Booth

Illustration for "The Proud Lady"

"AND HE WHO BRINGETH ME HOME THE BEST,
WITH THAT MAN WILL I WED"