

than they were a few years ago, since the range is being tacitly divided, and each warring class is respecting the rights of the other.

The chief summer range for sheep in many parts of the West is in the National Forests, and the range here is divided up among the different applicants. Before the days of forestry there was almost as great a conflict over range in the forest as outside. The war was then largely between the sheepmen, and the brunt of it came on the herder. Each sheepman and each herder wanted to get the best of the range. Hence all sorts of strategy were practiced. Sheep were driven into the mountains while much of the ground was still covered with snow-drifts, in order that they might be first on the ground. The herder must then be constantly on the alert to keep his band from mixing with a strange band. With the greatest precaution his band was apt to get mixed once or twice during the year.

And then there was nothing for the two herders to do but either to declare neutrality and herd together, or to build large corrals and a separating chute and run the entire band through.

The sheep-herder of the West will always be needed. His herds will gradually become smaller as the range is taken up for dry farming and for large irrigation projects, but there will always be enough open range—especially in the mountains—to support thousands of sheep. The herder will get to town more often than he has in the past, and he will be nearer to the railway, nearer to civilization, and he will see more human beings in the course of the year. He will still drive his bleating herd to the mountains in the spring. His sheep will have the same regular, almost monotonous habits of feeding, watering, resting. And his life will be the same free, open, strange, companionless life that it has been in the past.

A MOTHER'S ECSTASY

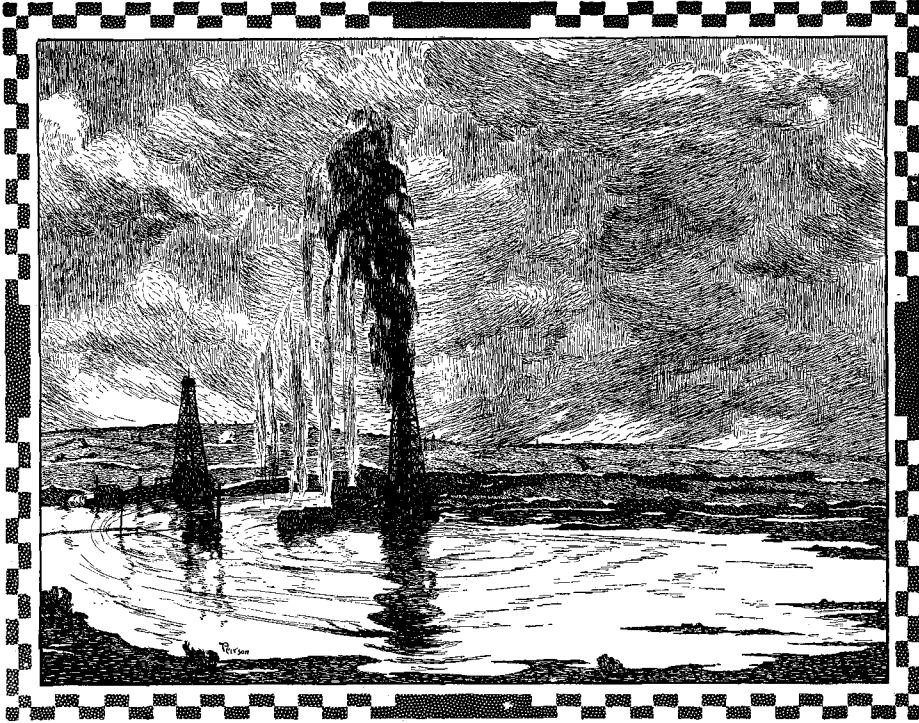
BY CLARA GRIFFITH GAZZAM

With ears attuned to heavenly strains
And mind surcharged with holy thought,
A mother, her whole being fraught
With thankfulness, forgets her pains
And, leaning o'er her sleeping Babe,
Sings fervent praises—undismayed.

What though the sordid manger bare
Cradles this Child of matchless birth?
His baby hand shall give to earth
All of a God-born Saviour's care.
And so, with happiness elate,
His mother stands immaculate.

The star-lit firmament above
And all the choirs of highest heaven
Join in her song of homage, given
This baby King—whose name is *Love*;
While hoary sages bend the knee
And shepherds laud His majesty.

Far in the east one radiant star
Refulgent gleams, and journeys straight
Toward the low manger where in state
This Child and Virgin mother are
Enthroned upon a stable's boards,
The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords.



THE LAKE VIEW GUSHER, NEAR MARICOPA. THE LARGEST OIL WELL IN AMERICA, DISCHARGING 40,000 BARRELS A DAY

Petroleum and the Placer Claim

By Walter V. Woehlke

LIKE everything else in this world, the great valley of the San Joaquin has two sides. The east side, rising from the low center to the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, is a land of milk and honey, where the vine and fig tree flourish, where scores of rivers and brooks leap from the glaciers into irrigation canals, a fat country traversed by steam and electric lines that connect hundreds of thriving towns and villages surrounded by millions of fruit trees, deep-green alfalfa patches, and nodding wheat-fields. The west side, climbing from the river bottoms to the crest of the Coast Range, is the lean side, where for three hundred miles not one stream, not a drop of perennial water, reaches the San Joaquin River—a desert so dry and bare that sheep starve in it and jack-rabbits perish. According to the recent Census, there are but two living trees on the ten thousand square miles of the

lean side—two pepper trees which stand in front of Bill Hart's hotel at Maricopa, a straggling, dusty settlement whose board shacks and corrugated-iron shanties belie its euphonious name. It is said that Bill, having freighted the two young shoots forty-five miles by team across alkali flats and grim plains, at a time twelve years ago when potable water was worth a dollar a barrel, and scarce at that, used to rinse his glasses in the bottled products of Milwaukee and Louisville during the frequent delays in the arrival of the water-wagon, reserving the scant store of warm moisture in the tank for his beloved trees.

Hot, whitish hills rise behind the lonely trees. Their slopes and folds are round and smooth as the contours of a skull, bare and hard as bone. Mile after mile the monotonous, flinty hills fill the wavering horizon without one green spot to rest