

unknown reasons, has not offered this cooperation, no further time can be wasted in waiting for governmental action.

"In order that their sacrifice may not have been in vain, humanity owes it to the millions of men led like cattle to the slaughter-house, that a supreme effort be made to stop this wicked waste of life.

"The people of the belligerent countries did not want the war. The people did not make it. The people want peace. It is their human right to get a chance to make it. The world looks to us, to America, to lead in ideals. The greatest mission ever before a nation is ours.

"This is why I appealed to you as a representative of American democracy. . . . It is for this same reason that I repeat my appeal to you and urge you to join a peace pilgrimage.

"From all these various delegates will be selected a small deliberative body which shall sit in one of the neutral capitals. Here it will be joined by a limited number of authorities of international promise from each belligerent country. This international conference will frame terms of peace, based on jus-

tice for all, regardless of the military situation.

"I respectfully beg of you to respond to the call of humanity and join the consecrated spirits who have already signified a desire to help make history in a new way. The people of Europe cry out for you."

THESSE are very noble words and they were uttered by a man who could and would put them into action. They deserve a high place among the utterances we cherish as classic. They express the true spirit of America.

And now I may be pardoned a word of regret, a regret that the Commission of Continuous Mediation was not wholly separated from the public call for Peace. The plan of the "Peace Pilgrimage" involved two separate lines of action: "Demonstration" and "Mediation." The first is the work of the "Oscar II," and its very essence is emotion and publicity. The essence of mediation is patient endeavor by men who know the problems of Europe and who will work earnestly and quietly, through wide acquaintance and widening effort towards their solu-

tion. The best men in America, those wisest, most influential, most widely conversant, would be none too good for this work, and the right men cannot be designated offhand. The work of the "Oscar II" is wholly different in nature, and the consecrated enthusiasts chosen to hold aloft the banner of peace could not supply the self-effacing agents of mediation.

But at the end you may say the fighting world will ignore them both, pilgrims or mediators, and make peace in the old way, with its old machinery. Certainly the final strokes will be made by the diplomatists, and the influences that work in quiet will never be recognized or estimated. That is quite true. Effective mediation will lead to no notoriety of any kind. The reward is in the final result, and it is by no means certain that even the wisest efforts would produce any positive effect. But there can be no nobler motive for action. Peace, real peace, the peace of mutual respect and mutual trust is the greatest blessing this troubled world can ask. We may not doubt or despise any effort designed to secure it.

A Simple Naturalist's Studies in the Temple of Mammon



PORTRAIT-STUDY BY DABSONVILLE

"Harriman has only a hundred millions while I have all I want." Nobody dreamed how much that was!

ACOUNTRY buggy, powdered with the dust of Contra Costa county, drew up before the Bank of Martinez, and a wiry old man in a faded coat stepped out on the foot he had been dangling over the side, country-fashion. Reaching into the back of the buggy he took out a large bag, labeled conspicuously "Laundry," and disappeared with it in the bank.

arouse interest and create talk. Martinez watched him go, and speculated on what the spare old white-bearded Scotch naturalist might have in that strange bundle of his.

AT that time, a year or so ago, Martinez had little else to think about. It was still the sleepy little California town that had grown up where the

Alhambra valley breaks off abruptly at the tules of Suisun bay. Its old gardens were filled with oleanders, crêpe-myrtles and geraniums, but its hills had not yet begun to sprout great oil tanks, painted as yellow as poppies, and the boom that has sent Martinez town-lots soaring with the coming of the new oil refinery and the millions—oh, countless millions!—to be spent there, was not even dreamed of. Martinez still had time to let its imagination loose on what its most distinguished citizen, the world-celebrated author-scientist, could be taking in and out of his safe-deposit box in the outlandish bundles he carried back and forth from Martinez to his farm a couple of miles out of town. It was rumored that he had a safe-deposit box as big as a chest of drawers, and, curiously, rumor was right. So Martinez let its imagination run riot over the valuables that box was

The Mystery of John Muir's Money

Unraveled Here for the First Time

By Arno Dosch

"There goes John Muir," remarked the storekeeper across the street, "putting his laundry in the bank again."

By and by the old man came out carrying a pillow-case bulging in an angular, mysterious way. He threw it into the buggy with a practised hand, as though that were his custom, and drove slowly out of town again, still dangling his foot, but the whole affair was one, nevertheless, to

arouse interest and create talk. Martinez watched him go, and speculated on what the spare old white-bearded Scotch naturalist might have in that strange bundle of his.

AT that time, a year or so ago, Martinez had little else to think about. It was still the sleepy little California town that had grown up where the

believed to contain. Then John Muir died and the daughters of the discoverer of Muir Glacier opened the safe-deposit box in the presence of the county officials. They had some inkling of what lay hidden and they could hardly keep from smiling at the serious expectant look on the faces of the officials; but even they did not know all that was concealed under the odd collection that lay before them.



besides the safe-deposit box, contained a savings account of \$33,129. Altogether John Muir had where he could get the cash all in one day over \$184,000, and all but a small drawing account was earning four per cent at compound interest. The modest lover of nature had left an estate worth a quarter of a million dollars, most of it in cold, hard cash.

WHEN the news of John Muir's fortune



John Muir's house and the valley out of which he drew his golden hoard.
On the wall of his room the naturalist pasted a list of the banks in which he had deposited money

Piled on top of the legal documents they sought were scores of neatly written notebooks, the unfinished work of the scientist, and lying alongside of a bank-book containing a certificate of deposit for over a hundred thousand dollars was a little essay by one of Muir's grandchildren. The officials were puzzled by a sense of values that gave the bank-book no preference over the child's essay. But they had a puzzling day of it anyhow. They pulled out bills of sale from the midst of nature studies, and it too: them an hour to

separate the books of bank deposits from the tumbling heaps of notebooks.

Their search was rewarded, however, to an astonishing degree. It revealed an old deposit book of the Savings Union and Trust Company of San Francisco which showed that John Muir had an account there of \$108,158.18. In the Security Savings Bank of San Francisco he had \$33,415.11 and in the Hibernia Savings Bank \$7,432.62. The Bank of Martinez,

reached the world it gasped. A large sum of money did not seem to fit somehow with the popular conception of the naturalist passing months idealistically in the mountains with nothing but a few loaves of stale bread and a little bag of tea in his pockets. The world had not heard of the safe-deposit box. It wondered where and how John Muir had made so much money. Was the grand old man of the Sierras a secret placer miner? Had the simple naturalist been handed a sheaf of Union Pacific bonds by his friend and admirer,

Edward H. Harriman? What was the solution to the mystery of John Muir's money?

It piqued my curiosity, too, when I learned that the author of "Stickeen" had left behind so much money. Could he have made it out of the sale of his books? That I doubted. The solution of the mystery lay in some other direction. I fancied I would find the key to it in the Alhambra valley. But before I went I began to hear stories which intensified my curiosity. Some of these old savings accounts of his dated back thirty years and more. As the money was put in, it remained. Each account kept growing by compound interest with an occasional substantial addition of fresh funds. No part of it was ever withdrawn.

ONE of these accounts had until a few years ago lain untouched for a long time. New clerks had come and "John Muir, Martinez," meant nothing to them. At the end of seven years, as compelled by law, they sent a formal notice. John Muir was in Australasia studying plant life. Six months later another notice was sent, and that went unheeded, and another and another. But before the deposit slipped into the ledger recording unclaimed funds, Muir's brother walked into the bank one day and deposited a dollar. The account was revived and went on drawing compound interest.

This seeming carelessness with money was so contrary to all the other stories I began to hear about the famous Scotchman that I sought an explanation. Here it is. I cannot vouch for it as I can for many other anecdotes telling of a side to John Muir's life of which the public is ignorant, but I learned it from a trustworthy source.

In the old house in the Alhambra valley where John Muir spent his later years he had pasted on the wall a list of the banks in which he had deposited money. But the list was so placed that water was occasionally splashed upon it, and the ink had faded. The name of one bank had entirely disappeared. That was the bank which had so much trouble locating its lost depositor.

I JOURNEYED to the Alhambra valley in the late fall when the grapevines that cover it from hill to hill needed all their knotted strength to hold up the two-foot clusters of purple tokays. Out of the level valley, winding like a green ribbon into the tawny Contra Costa hills, stood the old Muir house on a knoll commanding a sweeping view of Suisun bay. In between now are the sprouting oil tanks. I could not help feeling it was just as well John Muir had died before these tanks had risen to spoil the perfect contour of his view. They seemed to rise out of the ground like some unnatural growth that had sprung up to mock the naturalist, and they gave the impression that at any moment they might spring a fresh crop flanking the old house on the knoll and taking all dignity from it by their brazen commercialism.

In this valley lay that side to John Muir's life of which he never wrote a word. For all the world knew of his personal life he might have been a confirmed bachelor; yet there was a rich personal history to the lover of nature which a certain Scotch reticence prevented him

from ever mentioning. It was his own and he held it sacred. So I felt as I wandered among the orchards and vineyards of the lovely valley. But even the tawny flanks of the hills exhaled that ripe romance peculiar to the shut-in California valleys, and I realized before I was told that in the story of the Alhambra valley lay the mystery of John Muir's money.

BEFORE John Muir ever saw California, when he was a boy in Wisconsin newly arrived from Scotland and working hard on his father's farm, a fiery little Polish revolutionist who had escaped from Siberia, Dr. John Theophil Strenzel, found shelter for his ninety pounds of consumption-racked body at Benicia, on Suisun bay. With him were his invalid wife, the daughter of a Tennessean who had settled in Texas, and their sturdy little seven-year-old daughter. Benicia was a mere trading-post then and the country thereabouts was empty except for the Indians and the Spaniards who ranched on so grand a scale that they hardly knew their own estates. For this was the year 1853. Dr. Strenzel had brought his wife and baby overland from Texas to California in '49, and he had dug for gold in Tuolumne Gulch. But he did not have the strength for the rough life of the camp and when he arrived at Benicia the doctors had told him he had only three months to live.

But John Strenzel could not afford to die. He was not the kind that die easily. Still there was not much he could do. He knew about fruit, but who was stopping to plant fruit in California in the year 1853? Dr. Strenzel rowed across Suisun bay, left his boat in the rushes and walked up the creek three miles to a knoll which commanded a view of the valley. He liked the location and he felt rightly he would have no difficulty in buying this infinitesimal part of the Rancho Cañada del Hambre y los Bolsas. Study that name and you will see how the valley came to be known as the Alhambra. It is really the Hungry Valley. Its name dates back to the Indian famine recorded by the mission padres, but as no one has ever been hungry there since, it is just as well the name was corrupted.

DR. STRENZEL put up a shack and planted vegetables. He had no money, but he worked. Some unexplained incident in his Polish or Siberian past made him unwilling to practice his profession for money. It was just as well, for, as he worked in the open, he gathered strength. No one expected to see him harvest his first crop of potatoes. But I stood on the same spot just the other day with his four great-grandsons about my knees. They were looking up to their father, as he told me the story of the early struggle. Their grandmother, the seven-year-old daughter of Dr. Strenzel, washed the clothes and cooked the meals for the family at the direction of her bedridden mother that first summer. Mrs. Strenzel died there years afterwards, and Dr. Strenzel fooled his contemporaries completely. He outlived most of them and died on that knoll forty years later. The little girl grew up to marry John Muir, and she too lived out her life and died in the Alhambra valley. The fourth generation is now living and prospering on the knoll at which John Strenzel

turned and looked back down the valley that day in 1853.

Dr. Strenzel planted an orchard. "You'll never live to eat the fruit," he was told.

"That's all right," he replied. "Someone else will."

STARTING with nothing but his knowledge of fruit, Dr. Strenzel built up a well-rounded ranch. He had fruit in the valley, grapes on the hillsides, grain lands and fruit lands. His little world was self-sustaining. As his orchards and vineyards thrived he sent fancy baskets of fruit to the San Francisco market. That was in the flush '60's and he received fancy prices. With the money he experimented with all sorts of fruits, and was the first experienced horticulturist in California after the mission fathers. He dried the first raisins in California for the market. Much has been said recently about the possibilities of shipping California grapes in redwood sawdust. Dr. Strenzel did that more than forty years ago. In the early '70's he packed tokays in redwood sawdust and sent them to an exhibition in Dublin. He planted an orchard in '54 that contained sixty varieties of pears. That orchard is still bearing on the original stock, except for a few trees which were cut out of one corner to make room for the family cemetery. There lie, among the rest, John Muir and his wife, appropriately close to all that was best in their lives. One of their daughters, Mrs. Thomas R. Hanna, lives with her growing family within a stone's throw.

A MILE up the valley is the ranch of the late John Swett, founder of the California school system. He met the wandering young naturalist, John Muir, in San Francisco, in the '70's, and brought him to the Alhambra valley. On the way up the valley they passed the Strenzel ranch, and there began John Muir's romance.

I have an advantage over my readers in that I have seen an old daguerreotype of Miss Strenzel. I would have liked to have it grace these pages but I must confess I hardly tried to get it. Mrs. Hanna produced it almost shyly and I could see it was her dearest possession, one she did not care to share with the world. But it was easy to see what turned John Muir from a mountain-wanderer to a fairly domesticated man. She had the broad, intelligent brow and dark, dreaming eyes of the Pole set in a slender American face with high daring Tennessee cheek-bones and an eager mouth.

Scattered through the Contra Costa hills you will find a few old-timers who speak wistfully of her beauty. They will all confess they asked her to marry them. But the young Scotch naturalist won.

NOW we begin to unravel the mystery of John Muir's money. Dr. Strenzel gave the original ranch to the young couple and built himself a more pretentious house on a knoll farther down the valley. This house still stands. In it Mr. and Mrs. Muir also spent their declining years and, after Mrs. Muir died, Muir lived there alone, occupying only one room, the light shining out from the windows through many long nights as he worked carefully over his writings, making

(Continued on page 61)

The Mystery of John Muir's Money

(Continued from page 22)

him more of a mystery than ever to his neighbors. The picture you get of John Muir now in the Alhambra valley is of an old man rarely seen, but a generation ago there was another John Muir, a young, devoted husband anxious to show his mettle, and it is to that John Muir I wish to introduce you. I feel certain of my facts in this instance, and the stories I have to tell are authentic.

"Don't let our marriage interfere with your work," his young wife said to him. "Don't let me tie you down to the farm."

But Muir was a Scotchman with a Scotchman's sense of duty, and he felt he must first make his family secure against need. So he turned to and became rancher for ten years, and was one of the most successful ranchers who ever took advantage of California's possibilities.

"Father never liked it," said his daughter Wanda, Mrs. Hanna, "but he had an enthusiasm about everything he undertook which made him successful. For ten years he did hardly any writing and only left the ranch for two or three months every summer. He was then, as always, up before the earliest bird stirred in the morning and he made the ranch pay as it never had before."

Mr. and Mrs. Hanna handed me the key to the mystery, and told me the details of the life of John Muir, rancher. No one knows better than they that hidden side to his life, so I set it down with complete confidence.

Dr. Strenzel farmed because he loved it. He was successful too, but was always a bit of a dilettante. He was content with sending to the market choice baskets of pears and grapes. People of discerning taste asked their grocers to get his unusual varieties of pears. He delighted in going through his orchard and hand-picking the perfect fruit.

It was different with John Muir. He did not like farming. It was merely a business to him. He much preferred the wild things growing as they would. But he made a much greater financial success than his father-in-law. He took up fruit growing on a commercial scale.

Dr. Strenzel had a few acres of tokay grapes. John Muir increased the vineyard to a hundred acres.

The lower part of the old Strenzel place contained thirty acres which Dr. Strenzel had always kept for hay and grain. It was part of his scheme of a rounded ranch.

"I can make more money off that in grapes," said Muir to his father-in-law, "and buy the hay and grain."

"But it's too late this year to plant," objected Dr. Strenzel.

"What, lose a year?" said Muir. "I can't afford it. I have other things to do."



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THAT'S where the grape growers and wine makers of California are finding themselves. Wine-making is a big industry in the Golden State. Californians—most of them—don't want to kill it; but they don't want to put up with the saloon either. Can the saloon be kicked out and the wine industry be saved or is it impossible to sever the Siamese twins? Arno Dosch tells of the grape growers' dilemma in the

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So he set out the cuttings, and did it himself, as he always did important things. He would not take the trouble to touch a plow or do any ordinary work he could hire someone else to do, but he refused to delegate particular jobs.

Dr. Strenzel waited, confident that the dry late spring would wither the cuttings, but that spring it rained five inches in June, an almost unprecedented rainfall at that time of year, and the vines received a substantial growth.

Dr. Strenzel never ceased talking about it. "Luck, fool's luck," he used to say, but Muir told his own son-in-law, Hanna, years later, that he had expected to haul water, and the rain had merely saved him the trouble.

In a few years Muir had the biggest and most dependable supply of tokay grapes in California. The San Francisco jobbers bought his yield to meet their regular shipments to the north and east. There were at that time four big fruit jobbing houses in San Francisco and they tell tales yet in commission row of the bargains John Muir drove with them. Ordinarily the grower in those times was putty in the hands of the jobber, but not so John Muir. All his Scotch caniness came to his assistance and he got his share. Where Dr. Strenzel sold a hundred crates, Muir sold a thousand and got his money in advance. He began shipping in carload lots, something Dr. Strenzel had never dreamed of. The old doctor had always admired his son-in-law as an idealistic naturalist. Now he began to have a wholesome respect for him as a business man.

IT was John Muir's custom to leave the valley in June when the spring work had all been finished and there was nothing to do but wait for the crop to ripen, and for three months abandon himself to his love of the mountains. During those summers he gathered the data for his "Mountains of California" and "The Wild Flowers of California." But he never became so engrossed that he forgot the season. On the first of October he was always back on the ranch, and the jobbers of San Francisco knew they could expect him in a few days with an estimate of his yield. He also told them what he expected to be paid.

AS a bargainer John Muir was pure Scotch. He was never known to name a price first. Whether he was selling grapes or land, he tried first to find out what the other man was willing to pay. But he always had a price in his mind, and he got it. It made no difference what was the market price of grapes. He made the jobbers pay what he expected.

"I'll take five hundred crates on commission," a jobber once said to him.

"You'll buy a thousand outright at fifty cents," replied Muir, "or you'll not get any."

The jobber had orders to fill and he had to take Muir's terms. The jobbers sometimes complained he was overloading them.

"If you work as hard creating a market as I do supplying the grapes," he replied, "you will get rid of them."

"Steamer-days" were sometimes anxious times for the men who bought of John Muir. They often tried to hold off buying

until the last moment in the hope that Muir would lower his price to anticipate a falling market, but he never faltered.

"But if you don't let me have them at my price," a jobber was once foolish enough to say, "they'll rot on your hands."

"Let them rot," replied Muir dourly.

One time the jobbers, knowing the importance of steamer-day to him as well as to them, decided to hold off in a body before they would buy. When they finally came, Muir, knowing their game, refused to sell. "Too late," he replied, and the steamer to the north went off without the grapes. The next steamer carried double the usual amount, sold by Muir at Muir's price.

FOR ten years Muir laid away above all expenses an average of \$5000 a year. He kept putting this in the savings bank, depositing altogether \$50,000. This is the deposit which grew to nearly a hundred and ten thousand dollars. Compound interest kept on depositing after Muir ceased.

His other savings bank deposits grew from his later ventures, for, though he ceased to take so active a part after ten years, when he had his competence, he never quite ceased to be the rancher and became entirely the naturalist. Once in more recent years a jobber called him up over the telephone and offered to buy five hundred crates of grapes. A voice at the other end of the line which Muir was not expected to hear, said, "Pay him sixty if you have to, but you can get them for fifty." Muir promptly hung up the receiver. A little later he was called up again, and the jobber offered to take five hundred at sixty cents.

"A thousand or none," he replied.

"Send us five hundred at sixty," came the reply, "and we'll do the best we can with the other five hundred."

"I will not sell less than a thousand crates," was Muir's ultimatum, "and it will be a complete sale at sixty cents."

"They'll rot on your hands at that price," the jobber said.

"That's my affair," said Muir before he hung up again. "I'm not trying to sell them. I believe it was you who called me up."

As usual he got his price.

A number of years ago a big fruit commission firm swept ahead of all others and made a fortune for its promoters, but not for the men who dealt with it. One of its buyers came up the Alhambra valley, and Muir took an instinctive dislike to him. But a price was agreed on, so Muir reluctantly made the sale. When the crates arrived they were double depth. The agent tried to bluff it through.

"It's immaterial to me what size crates you prefer using," Muir said to him, "but you bought from me on a basis of what has become established as a crate. So you will take them by weight."

As the grapes were packed he stood by and ordered his men to weigh in each crate. When the shipment was complete and the agent was moving off with the grapes, Muir said,

"Just a moment. I want the money first." He refused to deal with this company again.

Another jobber who tried to force down his price finally and reluctantly came to Muir's terms.



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"I hope you're satisfied," he said gruffly.

"Of course you understand," said Muir, in reply to the discourtesy, "that you furnish the crates."

It is not surprising to learn that John Muir grafted the sixty varieties of pears in the old orchard into one variety, Bartlett's.

"Give people what they want," he used to say to Dr. Strenzel.

JOHN MUIR reaped the harvest of Dr. Strenzel's pioneering, but he did not do it for himself. He never touched any of the money but placed it where it accumulated and grew for the benefit of Dr. Strenzel's grandchildren and great grandchildren. His own wants were notoriously so few as to amount to nothing. Once after he had been visiting Harriman at his hunting lodge on Klamath lake in Oregon he came away with another guest. Harriman had been called East and had left hurriedly the day before.

"They tell me," said the other guest, "that Harriman has a hundred million dollars."

"He's not as rich as I am," replied Muir.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he has only a hundred millions while I have all I want."

Once the ten years of providing for his family had passed, Muir turned to his long-deferred work. He worked slowly and conscientiously so that some of his most important contributions have not yet been published. Most of his books, in fact, were published after he was seventy. For the last fifteen years he

spent most of his time in the house that now has such a perfect view of the oil tanks. In Martinez one can hear strange tales of the hermit life he lived. As a matter of fact, he ate his meals at the Hannas and loved to have his little grandsons make over him. When he was writing he would brook interruption from no one else, but they were always welcome.

Once a publisher visited the Alhambra valley to make a contract with the naturalist. He was a spruce New York type and eager to get Muir's signature in time to catch the afternoon train. But the children came along and decorated their grandfather with a waste-paper basket and all business was postponed for two hours. At the end of their game Muir was still wearing the waste-basket and had it on when he signed the contract.

After Mrs. Muir died the old naturalist clung to the Alhambra valley in a way that will strike as odd those who knew him only as a mountaineer. For years he would not let the house be touched, though his daughters sometimes pointed out to him that the furniture was falling to pieces from disuse. He insisted it should be left as their mother had lived in it. But a year ago in the autumn, just before he started on the trip south that ended for him the day before Christmas at Los Angeles, he went into San Francisco and bought complete new furnishings for the house. Perhaps he had a premonition of his end and wished literally to put his house in order, or, maybe, another recurrence of the Scotch in him, he wanted to make ready for a "decent funeral."

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