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 justice 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."

"These 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 solution. 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 diplomats, 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

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 Alhambra valley breaks off abruptly at the rudes of Suisun bay. Its old gardens were filled with oleanders, crépe-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 loom 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: Arno Dosch

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 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 ideally 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 "Snickette" 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, winding like a green ribbon into the tawny Contra Costa hills.

That was the bank, entirely disappeared. That was the bank 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, winding like a green ribbon into the tawny Contra Costa hills.

O N E of these accounts had until a few years ago lain untouched for a long time. New clerks had come and "John Muir, martines," meant nothing to them. At the end of seven years, as compelled by personal life he might have been a confirmed bachelor; yet there was a rich personal growth that had sprung up to mock the recollections of the level valley, winding like a green ribbon into the tawny Contra Costa hills. They seemed to rise out of the ground like some unnatural growth that had sprung up to mock the recollections of the level valley, winding like a green ribbon into the tawny Contra Costa hills.

Dr. Strenzel turned and looked back down the valley that day in 1853. He had the broad, high daring Tennessee cheek-bones which had so much trouble locating its lost depositor.

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 fragrance peculiar to the shut-in California valleys, and I began to wonder if I would have seen that in the story of the Alhambra valley.

Strenzel planted an orchard.

"You'll never live to eat the fruit," he was told.

"That's all right," he replied. "Some-one else will."

S TARTING with nothing but his knowledge of fruit, Dr. Strenzel built up a wonderful farm. But he always returned to the valley, grapes on the hillsides, grain lands and fruit lands. His little world was self-sustaining. As his orchards and vineyards increased, 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 died the first raisins in California for the market.

Much has been recently said 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 importer in London. He planted an orchard in '54 that contained sixty varietes of pears. That orchard is still bearing on the original stock, except for a few selections that he 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 Sweet, 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 been in the Valley 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 that she was not the least bit sorry she had 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.

"All right," he replied. "Some-one else will."

A MILE up the valley is the ranch of the late John Sweet, 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 been in the Valley 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 that she was not the least bit sorry she had 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.

"All right," he replied. "Some-one else will."

A MILE up the valley is the ranch of the late John Sweet, 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 been in the Valley 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 that she was not the least bit sorry she had 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.

"All right," he replied. "Some-one else will."

A MILE up the valley is the ranch of the late John Sweet, 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 been in the Valley 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 that she was not the least bit sorry she had 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.

"All right," he replied. "Some-one else will."

A MILE up the valley is the ranch of the late John Sweet, 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 been in the Valley 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 that she was not the least bit sorry she had 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.
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.”
He First Notices Your Complexion

That is the thing that decides a woman's beauty—her complexion. That is why you should be particular, very particular about the powder you use.

Does it simply show the powdered face or does it mean a fine complexion? Is it a real aid to skin beauty or is it but an added complexion weed?

There are powders and powders, but you will find that the thousands of beautiful women to whom complexion is not a problem use Carmen Complexion Powder.

Carmen Complexion Powder

Decidedly different from any other powder. Not "shiny" in any sense, but a genuine BEAUTIFIER. Refreshing—refreshing. Transforms this indolent, colorless, rough-tissue complexion into one of apple-blossom beauty. Protects and preserves the freshness and bloom of delicate skin.

It is not sufficient that a powder look fine in the face. The test is on the face! Does it show powder or does it look the same? Does it attract attention? Does it wither the complexions in the box or feel like Judy, colorless, rough-tissue? One trial of CARMEN will convince you that it meaning tests to every possible test.

50c Everywhere

WHITE, PINK, FLESH, CREAM

The Stent is Dainty

Our "On Trial" Offer

Purists may sneer at "on trial" offers. But to those in need of help between the fishes the formula is just as attractive as is our "On Trial" offer. We ask that the powder be returned in the box or in the purse size box.

The test is on the face! Does it show powder or does it look the same? Does it attract attention? Does it wither the complexions in the box or feel like Judy, colorless, rough-tissue? One trial of CARMEN will convince you that it meaning tests to every possible test.

STAFFORD-MILLER COMPANY

30 E. Olive Street

St. Louis, Mo.

Typewriters to You!

Look at these bargain! Typewriters Rebuilt in our workshops, and guaranteed for two years. Underwoods 525 to 70 Royal 25 to 65 L.C. Smiths 330 to 55. Oliver 20 to 45. Brand new No. 3 Smith Premium $45 Special this month, Remington Visible No. 10, 15.50. We have orders, all kinds of Scripto's, Underwoods, etc., out of stock. Rents drop to under $4 a month.

AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE COMPANY

336 South Dearborn Street, Chicago

Purifies Blk., 104 Hot Plants St., Los Angeles

New York

REDUCED FREIGHT RATES

Through Car Service for Household Goods and Accessories

From Portland, Ore., to San Francisco, San Jose, Lompoc, Santa Maria, Los Angeles, and all the points along the way.

Send for a Catalog

Sunset, the Pacific Monthly

So he set out the cuttings, and did it himself, as he always did in such 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, confiding 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 revived and soon proved a substantial profit. Dr. Strenzel never ceased talking about it. "Luck, fool's luck," he used to say, but Muir told his own son-in-law, Hanno, 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 competition for the 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. As a Scotchman cannot lose his sense of fairness and generosity 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.

I 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 the love of the mountains. During those summers he gathered the data for his "Mountains of California" and "The Wild Flowers of California." Muir 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 month or two 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. They would be 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 won't 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 create 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 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 him. Muir had not 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 never seemed to be active after the 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 that price, 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'll 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 buyer pledged 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 have to pay 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 weighing was done, it showed off with the garbage, Muir said.

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

A bargainer who tried to force down his prices finally and reluctantly came to Muir's terms.
"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.

"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 break 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. For a year or so after 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."

"It looks like rain, sir."

"Yes, take it away; it tastes like it, too."