

lessening the rate of production.

"In fact, sometimes his pace might be actually quickened by some mental emotion having an exciting effect upon his nervous organization, in the same way that the old lady, in chatting with her friends, will knit fast or slow in har-

mony with the dullness or animation of the conversation. It is quite obvious that repetitive routine work is not desirable for a young man of natural ambition and aptitude. In the trade school he escapes routine, but is instructed in the underlying principles of his work. —Portland Journal.

Indian Woman who Raised 3 Governors.

FEW people in California realize that still living within the borders of the State is the woman who brought up three boys who became Governors of California, and still fewer would realize that the wrinkled and bent old woman garbed in calico rags was once esteemed by one of the richest aristocrats of the state.

It is a far cry from the old Spanish mansion with its grass and vine covered acres stretching over the hills, with its lavish hospitality which knew no cessation, with its wine and good things in abundance, down to a hut whose roof is composed of a few tattered sacks. The county's charity, which scarce satisfies the cravings of the stomach, takes the place of the well laden board of the Spanish grandee. Where mirth once ruled in undisputed sway sorrow and hunger now preside.

The tale of amassed wealth, grand and spectacular while it lasted, and its gradual evaporation has been told in history and in romance, but never was there life history more replete with pathos and silent, patient suffering than is the story of aged Dona Ysabel Esquera. Weary from her years, in very truth "the weight of centuries upon her back," she dwells in the outskirts of San Luis Obispo.

Dona Ysabel is a full blooded Indian, whose eyes have seen the sun of three centuries and who has witnessed the growth of the State from its wild and rugged condition to its present splendor. To her it has been

granted to participate in the early struggles of the savage native under Spanish rule, to observe the transformations wrought by the hand of Mexico, to figure in the stirring days when the new civilization of the slow, dreamy methods of the old rulers and to sit apart and gaze as the wilderness on the western border was transfigured into the garden spot of the earth.

In the struggle three children who had called her "Madra" were companion figures. They were Pio Pico and Jose Castro, Governors of California under Mexican rule, and Romauldo Pacheco, Governor of California after the Golden State became a part of the great republic.

Her memory almost gone, the aged nurse is now able to recall but a few of the events which she held and which shaped the destiny of the western coast of the continent. It is known that she was born of Indian stock in 1791, near the spot where stands the city of Ventura. In all the 112 years of her life Dona Ysabel has been loyal to her native place.

She has spent her entire life within the borders of this State. The name she bears is one of her own choosing. Beyond the fact that they were Indians, she knows nothing of her parents.

Romping in the field in her girlhood, she attracted the notice of a wealthy Spaniard, who took her into his household as a nurse girl. This man was Rafael Esquera. When he