

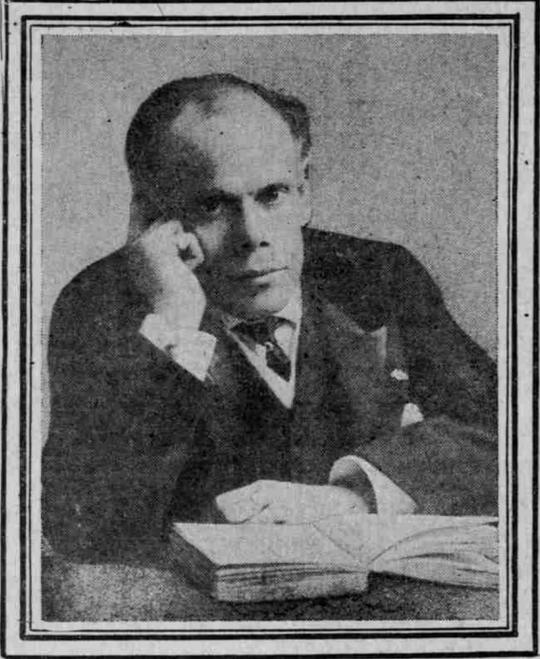
Smiling toward the Women

BY MARSHALL P. WILDER

CROSS THE DESERT

NO. II.

IN OKLAHOMA, we were stalled for a day in a town called Shawnee. The supply on our diner gave out and at this town we had our first experience with local restaurants. We went to the "New England Home Restaurant," so-called. We didn't dare sit down, for fear we'd never get loose again. The sandwiches were made of bread at least two and a half inches thick, with a piece of cold fried beefsteak between.



MARSHALL P. WILDER

From now on, we were forced to get our meals anyhow, any place, as we happened to arrive at one of the little towns that lie out so forlornly on the prairie. Those eating-stations will always be among my choice collection of nightmares. Talk about the way the other half lives—it's nothing to the way the other half eats—down there! We took a chance at the real thing in hot tamales one day. A little boy was selling them at one of the stations. Well, after the first bite, mine fell out of the window. A lean and melancholy dog made a dive for it, gave a sniff and, with a disappointed look, sneaked away, and I blame him. He looked hungry, too.

We finally hit on a plan that was our sole salvation. We bought a tin can, and when we'd come to a town we'd haul one of the ubiquitous small boys and send him for some milk. At one of those little prairie towns that seem to actually leap out of space, they come so suddenly into view, we found our cow in a shed by the station. We made quite a stop here and everyone got out. Several of the passengers wished to follow our custom and buy some milk, and some adventurous ones even essayed the unaccustomed feat of milking her themselves. I was offered the chance to try, but refused, having some recollections of my first and last attempt to milk.

road and making the poor conductor's life miserable.

One of these telegrams was eloquent to me. It stated that the herd of elephants belonging to Ringling Bros., which was stalled 40 miles away, were to be brought over and take the passengers on their backs across the washouts, where another train would meet them.

Looking around to discover the author of this delicious fiction, I was met by a preternaturally solemn glance and a comprehending wink.

After that we pooled our energies, and when I think of what we made that trainful of passengers believe, not to mention the several other trains we were always meeting, for we were generally stalled seven and eight deep, I am astonished at the credulity of human nature.

We assured him that the conductor could only let a few in on this exceptional opportunity, as it would be impossible to take all the passengers. It would be necessary to secure tickets in order to get places, and he'd better do it now—and not let the conductor put him off—just insist.

In great excitement the little man flew to the poor, distracted conductor and asked him mysteriously for tickets for himself and family.



"YOU KENDT FOOL ME, I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT MINE FRENDDT."



"Covered Her Head with a Blanket When I Pointed My Camera at Her. Wrote Telegrams Containing Airy Flights of Imagination."

gear and lingerie (I trust I use the right word) were in great evidence. Every one asked every one else what the trouble was, but none seemed to know.

to the accompaniment of his mistress's sob.

At El Paso we were stalled all one Sunday; but with the expectation of leaving every moment. A bullfight was on, over in Mexico, just across the river, but we dared not go for fear of being left by our train.

From El Paso we kept north across the arid table lands, the low hills, like crumpled, rusty tin, lying along the horizon. They are treasure-houses of copper, these hills, and every few miles a mine opening may be seen perched high up on a hillside, a short spur of the railway leading to it.

Crossing the desert between Tucson and Fort Yuma, we ran into a sand storm. The fine sand sifted into every smallest opening and made breathing well-nigh impossible. Fortunately it did not last long. We had only run into a corner of it, and were soon out.

The desert showed us several of her capricious moods, for presently we were treated to a most perfect mirage. Apparently a lake or broad river in the desert, with little islets and rocks mirrored in the most beautiful, cool and wettest looking water imaginable.

Fort Yuma claims the distinction of being the hottest place in the Union. A story is told of a soldier who lived there, and died. The night after his death his spirit appeared to some of his comrades at their camp fire. They asked him what he wanted, and he said he was so much colder than Yuma he had come back for his blanket.

It certainly lived up to its reputation the day we were there. A number of Indians were seated by the platform displaying articles of beadwork for sale. They object strenuously to being photographed—thinking the camera has the evil eye, and while it takes their portrait will also steal away their souls. However, these scruples can be overcome at the rate of 50 cents a scruple.

HOW TO WRITE A SLOGAN

Valuable hints on the manufacture of popular poetry with an application to Portland's needs

BY ELSIE BEE.

It isn't at all hard, once you know how. But knowing how is an art that is acquired only with much time, patience and waste of good white paper. And then the reward is never sure nor swift, but once you have made a jingle or a bit of verse, you are, of course, just that far ahead of the ordinary man. Few can hope to jump into the front rank with Milton and Longfellow at one leap; sometimes, however, it is done. Better far to aim at the proverbial star, and miss it than to aim at a nearby lamppost and hit it.

so contagious nor so prevalent as its companion disorders, voice culture, elocution and copying Gibson heads.

If after heroic measures you find you are unable to eliminate this yellow streak from your system you may positively know that you are impregnated with the germs of poetry, and you have now only to cultivate temporally and think of yourself as a rising genius, or the coming poet of the hour. It might be as well, if at all possible, to mix with musicians and artists, not the sleek, well-fed, prosperous-looking ones, but the thin, long-haired, out-at-elbows chaps with an inextinguishable amount of ego and lack of interest in all but themselves. If you can get in with a would-be Bohemian set whose sole idea of real Bohemia is gained from Ouida's novels, or if you can be taken up and patronized by some fool woman with a soul far above her husband and children, and get her to introduce you to her culture club, your future is assured.

poet, and being satisfied on that point, I want to tell you how to write a slogan.

First—You must live in or near, or have frequent visits, either by marriage or accident, living in or near some city or place or thing that is to be advertised and brought into public prominence by means of a slogan. (No, Annie, I don't know where the word originated, but I am of the opinion that its meaning may greatly be inferred from its pronunciation. Slow-goo—not rapid, infrequent in report, of a slow moving, lazy nature. However, all this is but idle conjecture and not at all apropos.)

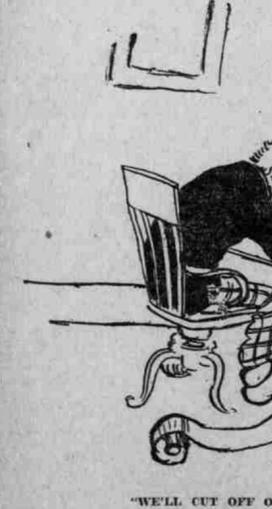


"IT'S NOT LOCAL ENOUGH," OBJECT MRS. HEN, MR. INTERFERE AND OLD LADY BUTT-IN.

man, as unto the bow the cord is—Useless, each without the other, as unto the bow the cord is.

But I don't suppose Longfellow knew much about poetry. And, say; I'm sure that short terse slogan of Tacoma's—heard and known everywhere—would have been infinitely better had it read:

Watch Tacoma, watch Tacoma grow. Or if that of Pasco had been: Keep your eye, keep your eye. Keep, keep, keep, your eye on Pasco.



"WE'LL CUT OFF OUR FIRST ROSES."

Put the cat and dog and most of the lights out. Muffle the canary and the telephone and the door bell. Have handy several tablets and sharpened pencils, and all the standard works and comments of poets, past and present, that you can get together conveniently.

Second—You must be a poet or have symptoms of being one. Now for the writing of it.

Select a cool, calm evening when no one is about. Be sure you are alone. This is important, because the muse, being a woman, is contrary and oft refuses to appear under any but auspicious moonlight.

Now you are ready. Do not give any precious moments to a consideration of what your slogan is to advertise; that is of secondary importance. Just so we have an inkling of our subject matter what do we care about the needs or requirements of the concern back of the slogan-to-be? We do, however, know this much: Portland is going to have a great Rose Festival, a grand gala trio of days; something to be made known to all the Universe, to be read of, talked of, thought of and viewed by every one who can come out to our great Western city next Summer.

Let's see, it must be about roses, since it's to be a rose festival.

Roses, roses. Now, we want a descriptive word to use with the roses—roses juicy, plump, fat, lean, big, lovely, beautiful. Well, the last two are applicable but not musical. Roses grand. Hang it, that's too much like a piano advertisement. Roses luscious. No, we can't eat 'em, although fables say the Fairies and Nymphs live on roses as a diet. Well, how's this? Roses fragrant? Say, that's pretty good for a beginning. Who ever heard of a rose not being fragrant? Who ever heard of a rose having an odor like Lämburger, a piece of burning rubber or a decayed rodent? No, roses are always fragrant, in fact and history. That's a part of their name. It's perfectly safe for us to begin our slogan, "Roses fragrant." Who said, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet?" True, there is nothing particularly orig-

inal or taking or brilliant in the assertion, and perhaps some of those old money bags and well-to-do travelers we want to attract to our rose festival so they will come out here and settle, may smile in their sleeves at us for telling them "roses are red, violets are blue," but that's nothing. We are writing our slogan and those are minor details.

Now, let's see. Roses. We must use that word again if we can ring it in; that's called poetic license.

(No, dear, gentle Letty, you cannot by it as you did the one for Eldo—nor you, George, cannot obtain it at the same shop where you got your hunting and fishing license.) It's a sort of privilege, always overworked and abused and overdone—and all embryo poets are allowed to use it. Like charity, it covers a multitude of sins.

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