

# THE VOICE OF THE CHIMES

BY MARGARET CARRUTHERS.



"ALAS DAUGHTER, WE ARE A POOR PEOPLE."

**D**ONNA VALESQUEZ'S early life had been filled with sadness and her declining years seemed darkened by a threatening cloud of fear. Donna Valesquez was not bitter, only sad, and in her great struggle with life her church had been her guiding star.

She loved the good padre and they had given her strength and courage.

Early left an orphan she had gone to them when the Gringos had invaded lovely San Jacinto Valley, taking possession of their beautiful ranch, the ancestral home of the Valesques for many generations.

They had been her refuge when her younger sister had eloped with a hated Gringo and again she had gone to them for guidance when her sister had returned heartbroken with her little daughter to live in the love and forgiveness of Donna Valesquez.

And when her father died, leaving little Ramona to her care, she had gone to them again for counsel and solace.

Naturally reserved in disposition, her growing sorrows only added to her desire for seclusion.

After the death of her sister Donna Valesquez who was now the sole survivor of the proud old house of Valesquez, bought a little cottage in the

shadow of the mission and moved there, taking little Ramona with her.

To her neighbors she was a sad old lady who no one knew very well, but whom they all loved and whose desire for solitude they seemed to understand not even knowing of the great sorrows that had crowded the sunshine out of her life.

One day she sat in the mission garden talking with the padre.

The church had been kind to her, she said, and she wanted to do something for it.

The churches of the Gringo were going up around them, overshadowing their homely little adobe house of worship.

And somehow there was a holler atmosphere about the little old church she loved, only the congregation seemed falling away.

She thought of many ways to rehabilitate the old place, but always there was that glaring fact that Spanish churches were fast being obliterated in California.

"How can we save them?" she asked the father.

He shook his head and sighed, "Alas, daughter, we are a poor people."

She thought of a plan, and when sleep finally closed the tired eyes, her mind had been made up. When she

went to the mission again she told the padre of the chimas. They would call their erring people to God, and perhaps the humble little church would not be so deserted. So the new chimas were donated by her and placed in the steeple for the Easter services.

There was the vivacity of the womanhood had come home from the convent to live with Donna Valesquez, whom she affectionately called "Mammoto." Ramona was a graceful, charming, irritatingly beautiful. Her eyes were brown—a soft, lazy languid brown. Her nose was imperious and her mouth super-emotional, and her general effect was pleasing, if not a trifle dangerous.

Little Ramona now grown to womanhood had been happy there in her seclusion, and she resented the invasion of what had been to her sanctuary, and she became a more frequent visitor at the mission and more strange and pathetic to her neighbors.

But Ramona had become a favorite with them, and so when she first coquishly with the men folk, she was loved by the women for her sweet, womanly ways.

She sat and smiling were a part of her inheritance, and as much her right as was her beauty and will.

Her neighbors were Americans, and their only son, a tall, handsome youth, had only returned from college in the east a few days when he caught a glimpse of Ramona in the garden cutting roses for the altar.

When he saw the slender, graceful figure in the pink flossed frock moving about daintily among the rosebushes his heart gave a jerk that sent the blood at break-neck speed through his body.

Who was she, anyhow, he asked, as he watched her enter the quiet little cottage and almost fancied that once when she saw him looking at her she had stolen a swift, shy glance, and then blushed a beautiful pink to match her pretty garden gown.

He sought the aid of his sister, who already knew her, and before Hal Stewart had made up his mind what course in life he would pursue he was head over ears in love with his pretty neighbor.

Being such close neighbors, they saw a great deal of each other, and it was not long before Donna Valesquez noticed that Ramona was more than usual in the garden, and when she discovered the cause she frowned on Hal Stewart's wooing.

She would never allow Ramona to marry a Gringo, she had told her, and had again gone to the padre, who promised to counsel Ramona.

But Ramona had a will of her own, and besides she loved Hal Stewart.

She thought Mammoto unfair, and decided to see him as much as she chose.

There were many little clandestine meetings which Ramona hated herself for keeping for she dearly loved the kind old aunt who had been everything to her.

Hal Stewart was going to "Frisco" to enter upon the practice of law, and he could not go without Ramona, he had told her.

He pleaded with her to elope and she consented, scarcely knowing what it would mean.

They were to leave the following night at 9:15, and Ramona was to meet him a few minutes before at the station.

That night as she knelt beside her bed she bade adieu, tearful farewell to the little cottage and Mammoto.

Dear Mammoto, she loved her, and it was hard to go away; but she loved Hal, and somehow she felt that Mammoto had not been fair to him.

She thought of what the Padre and every one would say, but she consoled herself with the thought that she would write and Mammoto would forgive her and all would end well.

She thought of many things but it was to awake long after sun-up scarcely refreshed and surely sad at heart.

She could not look at Mammoto without wanting to cry and tell her what was in her heart and ask her to forgive her for being so wicked.

And Mammoto had asked why she was so silent, but she had not answered; and once, when Mammoto came upon her in the act of putting some clothing in a bundle for her hurried departure, she had lied to her, and after she had gone she had cried her eyes red and swollen.

Seven-thirty came, and it was time for Ramona to start.

She put on her hat, and, catching up

a cloak, she came softly down the stairs. She would not go by the rear gate, for Ramona would surely see her and call out to find out where she was going alone. No, she must go by the front gate and run the risk of being seen by someone.

She stepped silently across the hall, and there on the veranda, gazing dreamily down the path, sat Mammoto.

She looked so lonely, so small and weary, that Ramona felt a great lump in her throat that almost choked her.

What should she do?

She thought of Hal waiting at the station, and for a moment she seemed ready to burst out the door and down the path to the gate.

But twilight had commenced to gather, and she knew Mammoto would soon come in to light the lamps, and then she could steal out unobserved.

She looked at her watch. It was 7:45, and it was 20 minutes to the station. Just then Mammoto rose and walked to the side veranda and examined a place where the honeysuckle had broken away from the trellis, and as she did so Ramona stole noiselessly out of the door, down the path, and as she looked back at the little cottage as if in farewell, and just then the chimas rang the Angelus from the old mission tower, bidding the erring ones to halt in their sine to pray.

Ramona sank to her knees, and when she finished praying she arose, rushed up the path to the side veranda, calling "Mammoto! Oh, Mammoto, were you calling me?"

## WHAT WOULD FULTON SAY? Continued From the First Page of This Section

generally regarded as extravagances to be tasted only by the well-to-do. And now, before we have quite got used to them ashore, to think of having them at sea!

If the perfect balancing of machinery so as to reduce jarring to a minimum doesn't give the death blow to seasickness, what need the passenger care? There is the electric bath and the Turkish bath to fall back on.

Think of the headaches that will be banished, the smiles formed, the roses coaxed to cheeks made pale from illness, that will be the result from this arrangement.

What a pity the father of the steamboat cannot enjoy a transatlantic trip without stomach qualms.

For it is doubtful if Fulton will ever cease to be known as the father of the steamboat, although history knows that it was not he who invented it. It's a delusion hard to down.

One may admit—one has to—that the steamboat was successfully used before the birth of Fulton, just as the steam engine was used long before Watt's time; but Fulton did take the products out of the geniuses and applied them in combination with final success, and as the biographer observes, "It is quite enough."

How he did this, just 100 years ago, is of peculiar interest now.

Although no general observation of the great occasion has been planned, it is certain that millions of Americans will fittingly celebrate this year the first trip of the Clermont; that there will be school entertainments at which Fulton programs will be arranged; there will be lectures; churches and church societies will hold commemorative services.

As a matter of fact there is probably no centennial, other than of a national nature, which means so much, since the invention of the steamboat has made the United States industrially what it is today. Without it, as anyone knows, the tremendous progress of the last century would have been vastly lessened.

In the early days of the republic much that was good and important from a nation-building point of view came out of Pennsylvania. The state in which the independence of the nation was born also gave many of the great inventors who served to make it really a nation.

So Robert Fulton was born in a little stone and cement farmhouse in Little

eastern county, Pennsylvania, with the great painter, Benjamin West, for a neighbor. And not far away, in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, lived another man, John Fitch, who should not fall of honor whenever the history of the steamboat is considered, for as early as 1776, before he knew that there was even a steam engine in existence, he planned a steamboat, and in 1790 he made a steamboat that had a speed of seven miles an hour—two miles more than the boat which Fulton built 17 years later.

There is extant a document signed by David Rittenhouse of Philadelphia, dated December 13, 1787, in which he certifies that he has frequently seen Mr. Fitch's steamboat, and has likewise been aboard when the boat has worked against both wind and tide with considerable velocity by the force of steam only.

But poor Fitch, like William Henry, another Pennsylvanian; James Henry, a Kentuckian, and many others, passed away without having made the steamboat an accepted fact. It remained for the indomitable will, the executive ability of Fulton to do this.

Fulton, of Irish descent, had the genius to do many things equally well. He was the inventor of the lead pencil, a skyrocket, an air rifle, various firearms and several other things; he was a draftsman equal to any of his time; shining for years as a landscape painter, and afterward earning equal fame as a civil engineer. There seemed nothing he couldn't do.

The steam shovel in use at the present day is almost after one of his inventions, which was long used in England. Fulton was also a statesman and economist of note in his day.

Fulton's building of the Clermont, his first steamboat, in 1807, when he was 42 years of age, came after many notable essays in the art of shipbuilding.

He had wasted 15 years in France and England trying to induce one of those governments to take up a submarine boat which Napoleon had praised.

Indeed he had in his boat dived under a ship which Napoleon gave him for the purpose, had discharged a torpedo at it and blown it to fragments.

Fulton has in his own writings told how a crowd of hooting doubters stood out on the wharf at New York as he started out on the first trip with the Clermont. They could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the ship strike boldly out and plow its way up the river.

And that first trip!

It was used for fuel—hard coal

had yet to be discovered. Mingled sparks and smoke rose high in the air from the smokestack.

"This uncommon light," wrote a contemporary, "first attracted the attention of the crews of other vessels. When it came so close that the noise of the machinery and paddles could be heard, the crews in some instances shrunk beneath the decks from the terrifying sight, or left their vessels and fled ashore, while others prostrated themselves and besought Providence to protect them from the horrible monster which was marching on the tides and lighting up its path by the fires it vomited."

But the vessel was a success the first trip—so much so that Fulton almost immediately advertised regular passenger trips between New York and Albany.

The fare for the 150 miles—the trip was made in 30 hours—was \$7. Now the spacious, beautifully appointed steamers make the trip in nine hours—some of them take 10 or more—and for a fare of \$2. The contrast shows pretty clearly how water traffic has been cheapened since the coming of the steamboat.

When, about 1867, folks thought the time of ocean splendor had been reached, a journalist wrote:

"A traveler of today, as he goes aboard the St. John or Drew, can scarcely imagine the difference between such floating palaces and the wretched boats on which our fathers were waded 60 years ago."

But the difference between the St. John or the Drew and the present-day liner is even greater.

Yet even Fulton had some ideas as to elegance on board a steam vessel, and in the last boat that he built, in 1818, for navigating the sound from New York to New Haven—she was round-bottomed and nearly 400 tons burden—all the conveniences of the time were provided for passengers.

Among the vessels—almost a score—whom Fulton built before he died from exposure, in 1815, due to overzealousness in supervising his work, were a ferry-boat between New York and Jersey City, and the first steam warship built for Uncle Sam.

This man-of-war was considered a wonder of the craft. The Fulton the First it was called.

Capable of going four miles an hour, it was fitted with furnaces to provide red-hot shot, and some of its guns could be fired below the water line. The estimated cost was \$320,000. Congress authorized the construction of the year

in March, 1814, and it was launched October 29 of the same year.

When the members of the New York legislature went in mourning for six weeks for Fulton, they were the first instance of such respect to a private citizen. At his death the government owed him \$100,000.

As indicated by his own writings, Fulton saw in the steamboat in its incipency nothing more than a means of handling river traffic. How could he have foreseen the great ocean greyhounds of today?

England promptly took up steamboat building for her inland waters; yet it remained for America to again outdo the old world in making the first ocean-going steamship—the Savannah—built in 1819.

Just as the scoffers had hooted Fulton when he made the first voyage in the Clermont, so when the Savannah was launched, there was general condemnation of the idea; it was senseless to think that a vessel could be built large enough to carry the requisite amount of coal!

At that period it frequently took six weeks to cross the Atlantic in a sailing ship, and the Savannah, on her first trip in 35 days, using her sails when possible. And now it may be done in less than six days.

In 1842, when Charles Dickens and his wife came to America in the Britannia, the modern furnishing of a liner was in its incipency, but was considered wonderful.

In his "American Notes" the great author tells of his surprise when he was introduced to the "magnificent cabin reserved for Charles Dickens, Esq., and lady."

"A very flat quilt," he wrote, "covered a very thin mattress, spread like a surgical plaster on a most inaccessible shelf."

Then the saloon he described as "a long, narrow apartment, not unlike a gigantic hearth with windows in the gables, having at the upper end a melancholy stove, at which three or four chills were warming their hands; while on either side, extending down the entire dreary length, was a long table, over which a rack filled the low roof, and stuck full of drinking glasses and cruet-stands, hinted dimly at rolling seas and heavy weather."

The Britannia, built in 1840, was 270 feet long and had an aggregate tonnage of 3,600 tons.

Since 1870, when the Britannic and Germanic were built of iron and fitted with compound engines operating screw propulsion—ships capable of crossing the ocean in 5 days—10 hours—real progress in ocean pleasure has been made.

These vessels were the forerunners of the modern, floating hotels built of steel—ships like the Adriatic.

Upon the return trip of her maiden voyage the Adriatic left New York with a record list of saloon passengers, including Joseph H. Choate, on his way to the League conference, and Alfred G.

Vanderbilt, bound for the Olympia to display his famous horses.

Her almost 3,000 passengers found her a palace, not gorgeous in gaudiness, but seemingly perfect in her equipment and appointments. As to roominess, her decks might serve as motor cycle tracks.

Think of the advantage of taking an elevator from the upper deck, when the lower deck is the dining saloon, the gymnasium, where one may indulge in an imitation of horseback riding or rowing, have his back massaged by electricity and wind up with a Turkish bath that makes him feel like a new man.

The cabin accommodations for first-class passengers are the same of luxury, and the first-class dining saloon is a very handsome apartment. It is exceptionally lofty and airy, and contains seating accommodations for about 370. It is paneled in the stately fashion of the time of Charles II, and over the middle of the room is a dome filled with leaded glass, white and the palest yellow, in color, and under it are paintings of scenes in Switzerland and Italy, the Yellowstone and the Rhine.

Private baths attached, and passengers of wealth may engage entire suites of the most luxurious description, as they might do at the finest hotel on shore.

But perhaps no other luxury aboard one of these modern liners—it is now found on a number—can compare with the daily paper. There is a little printing office, complete in equipment, and daily, by wireless telegraph, there come brief but satisfactory reports of the great news events that are interesting the world, and when the passengers come down to breakfast they may read the news, just as do the folks at home.

In the reading and writing room, on the boat deck of the Adriatic, with its comfortable sofas are at every turn, ordinary house, one may stretch one's limbs on luxurious chairs or settees around a homelike fireplace, and, if he will, forget that he is at sea.

Recreation or study may be drawn at will from the well-selected library. Elegant writing tables are at hand, comfortable sofas are at every turn. Work-places are provided for the industrious; there are cozy corners for lovers and newly-weds; there are card-tables for those who are enthralled by the alluring call of bridge.

Stained glass effigies of poets, painters, dramatists, philosophers, look beneficently down on this harmless amusement.

The Marconi messages through the air and the submarine signaling apparatus keeps this small floating city constantly in touch with mankind ashore.

Another striking illustration of modern methods was supplied when the Adriatic was going the other day, from Cherbourg to Southampton. Something happened to the port cylinder. A wireless message was sent from mid-channel to Belfast, directing another one to be forwarded immediately. There was no annoyance to the passengers—no delay.

What would Fulton say to that?

## MASSEY'S STRUGGLE WITH POVERTY One Time Poet of Democracy, Who Awoke Fifty Years Ago to Find Himself Famous, Fighting With the Infirmities of Old Age and Ill Health, to Complete the Great Work of His Life, "Ancient Egypt," Wishes to Live Three Years Longer and Finish Thirty Years of Effort

**L**ONDON—In a plain little house in Norwood, one of London's suburbs, where the green country lanes he loved are still to be found, Gerald Massey, the one-time poet of democracy, who awoke 50 years ago to find himself famous, is struggling hard against poverty, the infirmities of old age and ill-health to complete the great work of his life, "Ancient Egypt."

Greater sacrifices no man of letters has ever made to reach the hour when he can write "Finis" to his magnum opus. At the age of 79 he has given up almost all the accumulations of long years of hard work, even going so far as to sell his home to scrape together the funds wherewith to publish his book. With his daughter he is living on a civil list pension which does not amount to more than \$10 a week.

"I should like to live three years more," he said to me when I congratulated him on the birthday he had just passed. "I think I could complete the task I have set myself in this time. It is a work which has occupied me over 30 years and I shall be well content if in another century my ideas are acknowledged by the world."

There he sat, his fine head reminding me of Verdi, hard at work in his study, with piles of manuscript paper in neat stacks around him—a living embodiment of industry at eventide. You discover the poet in the choice and felicitous language he employs, and in the wistful expression of the beautiful blue eyes, the windows of a soul which has gazed into nature, and in the wistful and mystic still more in evidence on that face crowned with the black skull cap and the long years of patient research into Egyptology have left their indelible mark.

His life is a romance. The son of a canal boatman, he knew as a boy what it was to live in a wretched hovel and often dry bread was to be obtained. He picked up his early learning by prowling about second-hand bookstalls. Frequently he went hungry that he might gratify his thirst for knowledge.

He was not a poet born. "Until I fell in love," he said, "and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence I never had the slightest predilection for poetry,

upon 'Hope' when I was utterly hopeless, and after I had begun I never ceased for about four years at the end of which I rushed into print."

It is just half a century since his first volume of verse entitled "The Ballad of Babe Christable and other Poems" was hailed with delight, critics capable of discerning the genius and lyric power of the young man's poetry. In its first year five editions were called for. Perhaps no more of the century certainly no living poet—has given such passionate lyrical expression to the cause of the toilers, or embodied in nobler verse the Christlike spirit which time has done so much to convert into realities. Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, Walter Savage Landor and the literary giants of the Victorian era, were Massey's friends and admirers. "Your poems," wrote Ruskin, "have been a helpful and precious gift to the working classes."

"They were not matters in which he could hope to win popular success. But that made no difference to him. He has always been true to his ideal."

"How did you come to take such an interest in Egyptology?" I asked him.

"I began my study in 1870 with the idea, which has grown stronger every year, that the human race originated in equatorial Africa. I have gone over the groundwork of my research again and again, and I believe that the Egyptian origin of the Babylonian mythology, Egypt I hold to be the home of knowledge, the light of the world. All the research in Egypt goes to prove how much older the country is than students thought, and I believe that as time goes on we shall arrive at a solution of some of the greatest puzzles which face us now."

And yet, it is pathetic to think, his slender means have never permitted him to visit the land whose mystery has enthralled him. Over 700 pages of the publication will cost between \$2-500 and \$1,000.