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PLASTERING, BRICK AND CONCRETE WORK

Unto the Hills.

By OLIVE HARPER.

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It is useless to say any more on the subject, Ezra. My decision is taken.

"Very well," replied Ezra, with a sigh, as he looked down at his wife, who stood before him, with defiance in every line of her pretty face. Her shoulders were thrown back and her right foot advanced, while her hands were clinched as if for a combat.

This ready acceptance of her expressed determination annoyed her. She had expected opposition and was prepared for fighting it from every standpoint. Her arguments had been carefully prepared to defeat anything he might say. And here he had accepted her decision without a word. He asked no concession, made no appeal. It was exasperating.

Ezra Robbins was six feet tall and big in proportion. Edna was a little mite of a woman, whom he could carry like a child in his strong arms. He loved her with a mighty love and cherished her with an infinite tenderness. He almost worshipped the girlish prettiness of her face with its pink cheeks, pale blue eyes, ashen blond hair and weak chin. All these traits appealed to his large nature as the tender beauty of a little child. Nothing that he could do for her was too hard or too tame.

"Ezra had received next to no education, as his family had moved to California before there were schools and he had been obliged to work from almost his infancy. His father had died, leaving him the ranch near the summit of the beautiful undulating hills just beyond Piedmont. Here he had brought his young bride.

Every comfort that he could obtain for Edna was purchased, and he was very happy in his protecting love and abounding tenderness. He loved her so entirely that he did not know or feel that he loved her for his but a weak and attenuated sentiment of half contemptuous love.

For Edna Robbins had literary aspirations. She subscribed for the story papers, read Mrs. Braddon, Ouida and The Duchess. She longed to evolve books like those written by her favorite authors and to people them with such unreal characters as lived in those books. She would sit for hours in her darkened room trying to create a plot for a book where all the suffering heroines should live in sumptuous houses, wear diamonds and have dazzling beauty.

While she was dreaming her dreams of unrealities in her room Ezra would wander to a place from which he could look down upon the scene before him. The beautiful San Francisco bay—a panorama surpassed nowhere on earth. He always turned his eyes toward the Golden Gate as the sun was setting to watch the last rays as it sank into the Pacific. After the sunset came the

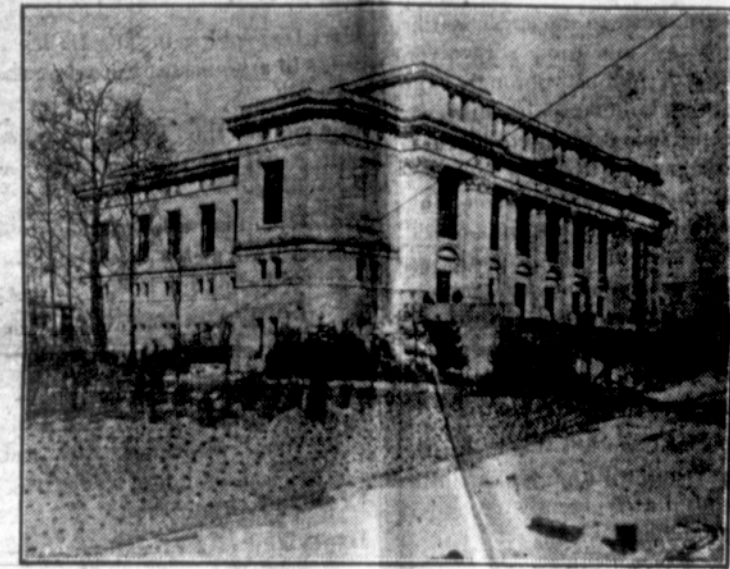


"I WILL RETURN THIS OUT OF MY PROFIT,"

gorgeous glory of the gold fringed purple clouds. The last look was given to the Golden Gate itself, the rugged slopes of the broken hearted mountains that had been torn asunder by some unknown cataclysm of nature to open the gate to the horde to come. Alcatraz and Goat Island grew dim as the lights of the city across the bay burned out, and when the evening star and perhaps a thin silvery crescent hung down low over the San Francisco hills he would have a sigh of deep content and return to the ranch with a sweet peace on his face and humble thankfulness for all that he had and had seen filling his heart so that his countenance beamed with the finer light of a great soul.

At such times he was unconsciously a true poet, with grand thoughts struggling for utterance and finding no outlet in words. But the glory and beauty of it all sank deep in his simple heart.

Edna wrote a little namby pamby story of an impossible hero and heroine. This story she sent to the editor of the local paper. The editor thought that Edna was a fool, but he had received many services from Ezra when in hard luck, and what editor does not have his hours of dismay when every hair stands up



THE AUDITORIUM.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle, occupying 250 acres of the campus of the University of Washington, will result in benefits for Washington's seat of learning that the University could not have hoped to secure in many years, had not the great fair of 1909 been planned. So the exposition that will exploit Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines and emphasize the importance of the growing trade with the Orient will leave, after its gates have closed, a large number of permanent structures to constantly remind the people of the Northwest of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition and the place it will occupy in the history of the Pacific as the medium through which one-half of the world was brought in such close touch with the other and a tremendous impetus to commercial intercourse given.

Seven buildings on the exposition grounds will be left for use of the University and the auditorium, one of the finest of this group, cost the State of Washington more than \$300,000. While the exposition is in progress this building will be used for conventions, congresses and conferences, and its hundreds of seats were in place and the building turned over to the exposition management three months before the opening date of the fair.

straight? So he corrected the grammar and punctuation and gave some attention to the orthography, but with a grim smile refrained from changing the story itself. Then he printed it, calling attention editorially to the new star in the literary armament.

That settled it all. Edna felt that she was a genius—that there was no field for her in that desolate place. Once or twice Ezra tried blindingly to show her the beauty of her surroundings, where nature has been more lavish of gracious gifts than in any other land, but in all that wonder she saw nothing worthy the attention of the great writer she was.

All she lacked was the atmosphere of a great city. New York was the center. She did not wish to harness her genius to such a plain, ignorant companion as Ezra. No; she must be alone, and when she had achieved success and realized her ambition she would return—for a visit.

Dreams of honors to be showered upon her by the great ones of earth filled her head. In this lonely place, she was lost, entranced with her thoughts. With all the obstinacy of a weak and foolish woman Edna clung to her idea, repeating it always in the same words and in the same monotonous tone, with her weak chin uplifted, until now unavailingly, when Ezra had said:

"Very well."

Then she went to her room and began to pack.

Ezra went up to his comforting meadow tree and threw himself down, with his gate fastened upon the Golden Gate and the little fleet of ships that were sailing by. His friends, the stars, came out while the silver moon hung low above the horizon and sank slowly out of sight. He half sobbed.

"Poor little thing! I don't blame her. She is too bright and clever and gifted for me anyway. I never had no chance to learn. If she will be happier—why, I ought to be too. Poor little motherless thing!"

Two big tears suddenly sprang from his eyes, and a heart wrung sob was in his throat as he pictured to himself what the ranch would be without Edna.

When he went in she had finished packing and was sitting before the glass putting her front hair in curls. It was such soft, pretty hair. Ezra thought. He bent clumsily and took a wisp of it into his broad palm and lifted it softly to his lips. She considered this almost an impertinence and drew her head away, while Ezra said slowly:

"Edna, I want to say this—I'll stay here on the ranch, and—when you ever want me you have only to send me word."

For answer she tossed her head. He continued:

"Today I drew all the money I had banked—a thousand dollars. Here it is. If you need more I'll send it when the crops are sold."

"I shall not need any more. And I will return this out of the profits on my 'Little Will o' the Wisp.' I only borrow it."

"Maybe there won't be no profits," he said.

"Oh, I wish you could learn to speak English properly," she replied, angered by his doubt. She had no doubts.

"And," she continued, "I may go to Europe. I have read that 'The Breadwinner' made a hundred thousand dollars for the author. And if such a silly book could do so well mine ought to do much better. Why, all the people in that book are just ordinary folks and don't do anything grand or heroic, and—well, I know mine is much better."

Ezra sighed, but said no more. Edna took the money.

Neither slept much that night.

masses of the golden popples that fairly crowded each other. She could hear the yellow linnet, see the wild rabbits scuttering in the bushes. She saw the droll little gophers as they put their noses out, saw the broad bay—oh, it was too much! She was seized with a sudden homesickness. She would write to Ezra, and he would send her money. But could she live until the letter could reach her?

Defeat was written all over her. Ten years had left its impress on her face, her hair, her form. Maybe he would not care to have her back! Then more tears.

She began a letter to Ezra when there was a strange, heavy step on the rickety stairs which was yet curiously familiar. She stood up, listening. She was very pale. Opening the door in response to the knock, she stood facing her husband.

"Ezra!" she faltered weakly.

"Edna, my dear, I couldn't stand life without you any longer."

She fell into his arms to be strained to his heart while she sobbed:

"Oh, Ezra, I am so unhappy! I am a failure. My books are good for nothing. They are not true. I was writing to you to ask you to go home."

Then they sat and talked of the dear old ranch and many other things. Edna noticed something new, more alert, deeper and stronger in Ezra's manner and dimly fancied he used much better language than before and chose his words with more discrimination.

She showed him the extract in the paper from the book that had made her so homesick.

"What will you say, Edna, when I tell you that I wrote that book? I was so lonesome after you went that I thought I'd study some to pass the time. I had a teacher up on the ranch, Edna, and then I kept on reading and studying, and suddenly, almost without knowing how I did it, I began the book, and here is your copy."

"Oh, Ezra, I was writing only dreams. I see it now, and you have written truths. Oh, I am ashamed!"

"Well, you needn't be. You are the cleverest, sweetest and best girl in the world. When shall we start?"

"Now—this minute!" said Edna.

One Virtue of Art.

The greater number of us are condemned by circumstance of income and the routine of duty to a life restrained by walls, streets and the more or less flexible bounds of the community. The greater world without is defined by such impressions as the books and the newspapers and the chance travelers make upon our imaginations. When the opportunity of vacation or enforced travel takes us into country and cities thus described, we learn how very real and colorless these initial impressions have been.

The life that goes on within our own walls must ever be narrow in this sense—that the mind can never recreate all of any scene brought to us by others. The musician, as skillfully as the musician, can catch movement, light and poetry and can present them, so far as they may be reproduced, to the senses of the beholder. His expertness at this is often weird, uncanny. At least a half dozen pictures can make one feel as if present in the scene, a thing impossible to the photograph or to any other of the graphic arts. This, we believe, is a valuable quality of art. It can bring a relief from the edifying rule of duty. It can impart a touch of the buoyancy of travel. It can, to employ a hackneyed but fitting phrase, take one out of oneself.—Toledo Blade.

"Better Dead."

A Massachusetts farmer sent a large black hen to his married daughter, who lives in Springfield and who wished to keep this present as a pet. Upon the arrival of the fowl it was immediately placed in a coop which chanced to be within sight of the street.

It wasn't long before a neighbor, passing by, said:

"Got a hen, haven't you?"

"Yes, the new owner."

"Nice black one, isn't it?"

"Yes."

This neighbor was almost immediately followed by another, who made the customary observation:

"Why, you have a hen?"

"Yes."

"Just one?"

"Yes."

"Coal black hen, isn't it?"

"Yes."

After an intermission of a few minutes, then another neighbor:

"Well, I do declare, you have a—"

"Mary," called out the lady of the house, "kill the hen for dinner!"—Lippincott's.

An Actor's Poetic Ideal.

"They have been telling me," said John McCullough, the tragedian, "that 'Wald Whitman' is a poet, and they have been reading some of the spangled stuff that he has written. It is a profanation to talk of such a writer as a poet." Then, blushing with emotion, he launched into a panegyric of poetry and a description of the poetic province—the ministry of beauty, the interpretations of nature, the alluring revelation of high ideals, the exaltation of the human soul.

"A catalogue is not a poem," he said. "There is no such thing as poetry in mere animal life. The name of poet is the grandest name that can be applied to any human being. Shakespeare was a poet. Shelley was a poet. He rose as he spoke, and he repeated, with amazing fluency and delicious modulation, many passages of Shelley's 'Rosalind and Helen.' Art could do no more. 'That is poetry,' he said, and all that he thus said is true. From 'Other Days,' by William White."

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