

HOW GOSHEN MADE GOOD

BY ONEY FRED SWEET

MOST conductors have some miserable junction town on their "run" for which grouchy passengers hold them personally responsible. In my case this much cursed burg was Goshen, and I think Goshen had them all "frazzled."

If you have traveled up the San Joaquin valley on the Southern Pacific you've been through there, and no doubt you have spent some weary hours as its reluctant guest. The country above has been made to "blossom as the rose," but sagebrush is all the alkali about Goshen will permit. Aside from the sagebrush, there is a rather respectable depot and a water tank. "That's all," but it looms big on the railroad map.

A travelling man once told me that he had spent twenty-five years on the road. Fifteen of these, he said, he had languished at Goshen. It is the sort of town where even an extra moment put in there is full of impatience.

I was punching tickets one night about three years ago when an eastern girl lifted her sweet face up to mine and asked how much farther it was "to Goshen." Her destination was Hanford, and at the despised junction she would be obliged to change cars. I knew it was her first California trip, and though she was travel worn I caught the enthusiasm in her voice as she asked about the place—her first stop.

"We are late," I said as I handed back her ticket. "You will have to lay over at Goshen for several hours now as we will be unable to make connections."

But there was no disappointment, no consternation at my really disheartening speech. Instead she turned to her folder and with a little white finger traced the black line of the route until she came to the place. There it was in heavy black type.

"Goshen!" she gasped with enthusiasm. "It's the town the agent told me about back east. I've kept my finger on it all along the trip. It's there that I'll get my first glimpse of California."

Well, I never jolly much with my passengers, but I was young, and that



eastern girl had a charm that I'd never seen in her sex before. I smiled though as I went on with my duties, knowing how disappointing California from the viewpoint of Goshen would be.

The western geography of eastern people I find rather vague. They think

Los Angeles is almost a suburb of San Francisco, and do not realize that an earthquake at the Golden Gate is at a difference in distance of several eastern states from Southern California. Invariably they expect a cluster of oranges under their noses as soon as they

get off the train, and are of the impression that they will find bluegrass pervading every landscape as it does back in Iowa and Kentucky.

Daylight reached Goshen about the same time we did. I wish you could have seen the look on that eastern girl's face as I helped her off the train, with her big black eyes staring out over the stretch of dawn-gray desert and past the solitary depot and water tank.

"Is this?" Her dainty foot was hesitating on the step.

"Goshen—Goshen, California," I interrupted with official impatience. "All off for Goshen!"

It was at the junction that I left my "run," and hated missing the connection as much as anybody. After the new crew had pulled out for Fresno I turned to find my eastern girl—a very dejected young person, seated on her baggage, her face wandering in bewilderment on the monotony about.

"How do you like the city?" I tantalized, though I kept my face straight. She turned pathetically toward me. Our utter loneliness was glorious. We would probably have never seen each other on a crowded street.

"It isn't a bit what I thought," she choked, as if trying to wake up or regain her mind. "Is—California like this?"

"The sage brush flourishes a bit better here than in some sections," I enthused. "Glorious, ain't it?"

Well I teased her at intervals until train time, and it wasn't until we reached Hanford where everything is green and beautiful and the state is at its best, that she really became wise. I saw a good deal of her after that, and it wasn't but a few months later that she was with me at Goshen again waiting for a train on the main line. I didn't have on my uniform and was almost sorry I didn't because everyone seemed to know that it was our honeymoon.

And I hate to hear people knock on Goshen. If it had been much of a place, I would probably be boarding yet in some dyspeptic restaurant in Hanford, and she and the youngster wouldn't be waiting for me when I get home.

MARRIAGES OF FAMOUS MEN

"No sun warmed my roof-tree; the marriage was a blunder; she was nine years my senior." Seldom did the last of the great Victorian novelists, George Meredith, refer to his first marriage, in 1849, with Mary Ellen Nicholls, widow of Lieut. Nicholls and daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, writes an English paper. But on one occasion he broke the silence concerning that unhappy episode in his life with the foregoing pathetic words. It is some satisfaction to know that when the first Mrs. Meredith died, in 1860, this great writer enjoyed some twenty years of much happier domestic life with Miss Vulliany, a lady of French descent, whom he married in 1864, and who died twenty-four years ago.

Several other men of genius contemporary with George Meredith had reason to regret the matrimonial yoke. John Ruskin, for instance, after falling in love as a boy with a beautiful French girl, whom he wooed with poems, romances, dramas and mute worship, receiving nothing in reply but chilly indifference and lively ridi-

cule, married, at the age of 29, a lady of great beauty, Euphemia C. Gray, of a family long intimate with the Ruskins. The marriage, we are told, was arranged by the parents of the couple, was a somewhat hurried act, and brought no happiness to either. Ruskin was immersed in his studies and projects, while his wife was devoted to society, and six years after the marriage she left him, obtained a nullification under Scotch law and ultimately became the wife of John Everett Millais.

Then there was George Frederick Watts, the famous Royal Academician, who, when he was 40 years of age, married Miss Ellen Terry, who was not then out of her teens. As might have been anticipated, the union of two such artists, only one of whom was permitted to pursue his art, was tempting disaster, and after a short time the marriage was dissolved. Subsequently Watts married a Scotch lady, with whom he lived for years in great happiness.

Tragic in the extreme was the marriage of Carlyle to Jane Welsh, whose heart had been given to Edward Irv-

ing; but the gifted orator was engaged to a Miss Martin and was held to his vow. The absence of love, coupled with the bad temper and irritability of the famous historian, led to much unhappiness both for himself and his wife, who confessed that the years were to her the "bitterness of death."

Most of us have read of the unfortunate union of Lord Byron to Miss Milbanke, the only daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph Milbanke, a wealthy baronet, and how, after the birth of a child, Lady Byron went to her father and refused to return to her husband. Subsequently a formal deed of separation was signed. Then there was Shelley, who married the sister of a school fellow without being really in love. He separated from his wife and ultimately married a second time, after his first wife had committed suicide by drowning herself in the Serpentine in Hyde Park.

In the annals of literature, however, it would be difficult to find, even in fiction, a more amazing example of enmity between husband and wife than that which existed between Lord Lytton and Rosina Wheeler, a beau-

tiful Irish girl, whom he married in 1827, despite the protests of his mother. It was a most unhappy marriage, and even after the separation, in 1836, they referred to one another in the most embittered tones.

WRITING OF A FAMOUS HYMN

As Tennyson's nurse was sitting one day at his bedside, sharing to a degree the general anxiety about the patient, she said to him suddenly:

"You have written a great many poems, sir, but I have never heard anybody say that there is a hymn among them all. I wish, sir, you would write a hymn while you are lying on your sick bed. It might help and comfort many a poor sufferer."

The next morning, when the nurse had taken her quiet place at the bedside, the poet handed her a scrap of paper, saying, "Here is the hymn you wished me to write."

She took it from his hands with expressions of gratified thanks. It proved to be "Crossing the Bar," the poem that was sung in Westminster abbey at Tennyson's funeral, and which has touched so many hearts.



STREET SCENE IN ESCONDIDO, WHERE THE GRAPE FESTIVAL WAS HELD