

# ON BOARD THE ST LOUIS A Curious Little Drama That Had for Its Setting a Battleship in Honolulu Harbor

THE chill gray paint of the cruiser St. Louis was in marked contrast to the scene on deck. Here, in a riot of flags and music, of swirling satin gowns and spotless uniforms, the elite of Honolulu willed away a few of the 24 hours of pleasure granted to the fortunate inhabitants of "the islands of desire."

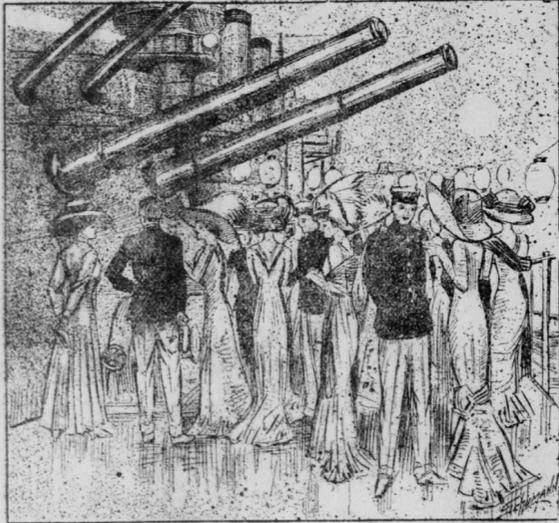
It was the same shifting crowd. Over there a blue army officer bearing a flirtatious girl in pink about the crowded deck with an air of soldierlike resignation. Here, the "Merry Widow" from the Moana was inveigling her partner to engage himself for a swim on the morrow. The governor's secretary was discreetly hidden behind the flag of Russia, puffing a cigarette and congratulating himself on the small number of duty dances necessary this evening. Over in the corner a bevy of fashionable Pittsburg girls on their way around the world fluttered their souls out to some lieutenant of the marine corps, who, with their usual air of distinction, saw that the reputation of "the service" suffered no whit in exultation to charming ladies.

"There, I have lost the buckle off my slipper," said the most beautiful woman present, gathering her shimmering white satin robes about her and languishing her great dark eyes at the handsome officer with whom she danced.

"And I'll take you down to Smith's cabin and show you how well I can sew," he laughed, holding up the wee sparkle.

"I'll not let you up until it is done right. What a lark! It may take you hours, but you will have to be game." She laughed, and laid her white hand on his arm, dropping her dark lashes as they moved toward the companionway.

"Who is that lady?" asked a slim,



tanned girl of her partner. There was resentment in her pretty hazel eyes as they followed the pair down the steps.

"That—O a peach of a young divorcee—terribly rich, on her way around the world. She and her mother arrived from San Francisco a week ago—staying at the Alexander. All the fellows are crazy about her. What our dance ended so soon! Help you find your next partner? Who is he?"

"Lieutenant Wortham." "Geel! you should have stopped him before he got down there with that grass widow."

"I'm going to wait here," stopping in the shelter of a flag. As her partner left her, she turned her hot face to the coolness of the harbor, with its dark water and rocking lights, and in the distance the young moon and the sound of surf tumbling about the coral reefs.

"So that is why I haven't seen much of him this week. I hate him! I hate him! I hate him!" Then the tears flooded her eyes. She turned in anger at herself and pushed rapidly through the crowd, never stopping until somewhere in the depths of the ship. She dropped on a piece of machinery and

began to cry with all the abandon of enraptured 18.

"Keep it up; it will do you good."

She raised her head in astonishment. Her eyes met those of a great hulking stoker, who was stretched out enjoying his pipe and listening to the distant music.

"What you sad about, Miss?—there is nothing in all the world worth that rumpus."

"I'm not sad—only terribly angry," she remarked proudly, eying him with some interest.

"That's the way to feel. You better rest here awhile—music's good and you don't get any of the trouble. Partner looking for you?"

"I guess not. I don't want to dance for awhile; I'm going to stay here with you. Do you work on this ship?"

"I shovel coal."

She placed her chin in her hand and regarded him with democratic interest. It appealed to her sense of the romantic to sit in her best blue ball gown, talking to a stoker. Then, too, if she must renounce all men of her own class as false friends, she would at least show charity for those trodden under the feet of such.

"You have a very hard life?" "It is not as hard as it used to be." He laughed a little bitterly. "I used to have a—of a time with my wife."

"Oh."

Suddenly the man leaned forward and studied the pretty face before him. "Are you thinking of getting married, Miss?"

"No." His eye sought the sparkling diamond on her left hand. She flushed.

"That is, well, no." Her lips trembled; she was too young to understand men of the navy.

"You listen here, miss, and I'll tell you something—something about my life."

She looked up at him, slightly re- lapsed. We were both very young. I never tried so hard for any one, but I couldn't break those habits first snap.

Habits stick like first class bronco busters. You have to buck them off, and when you think you are rid of them they get on again.

If she had had a little more patience with the bucking process I'd have won. But the girl was particular—she couldn't forgive—so she got the devil's own passport out of trouble—a divorce. Then you bet I encouraged the habits. I lost all my money; I couldn't hold a job; seven years have brought me to stoking; I still have the bottle for my friend.

"There's not much of it; I'm going to cut it mighty short. But, young one, the trouble is the particular girls of this world insist on falling in love with the bad men. This wouldn't cause so many smashups if we could change in a day, but we can't, and there's nothing on earth so unforgetting as a particular girl! Heaven help the poor devil that marries one! I did—you see me now—at the bottom. Where did I start from? I came out of high school and went into a big business with my father, but I had learned to gamble. I fell in love with the most beautiful girl in the world. She knew that I gambled and drank, but she married me—in fact, we



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"But, you man—mark me—if you've a saint don't marry a devil; the combination isn't good for your health. But if you're so in love with the devil you can't help marrying him, learn what 'forgive' means or you're both lost. God! what I used to be! Now look." He laughed.

The girl stared ahead thoughtfully. Suddenly a flush came to her cheeks. Along the narrow passage were coming toward them the beautiful woman and the officer. He looked relieved as he saw the blue dress ahead, but the woman started violently.

"I knew I'd find her in some out of the way place," he cried, hurrying up. "Why, Marie, you're cutting all your dances! Why?" His voice was pleading.

"No matter," she answered. She rose to slim heights of spangled blue; her smile was illuminating. "I found good company, but I'm going now."

The great dark eyes of the woman swept the shoveler of coal for a moment. "How interesting, talking with a stoker!" she said; then turning to her escort, "I'm too tired to dance longer; take me to the machine." She smiled palely at the girl, drawing her shimmer of satin about her with a little quiver.

The officer turned with her. "I'll be right back for you, Marie," he said.

"I'll wait."

As the couple moved off the girl turned to the stoker. Her voice was low, but she threw back her head proudly. "That is the man I'm going to marry."

The stoker moved slouchly toward the nearest companionway. "I'm going to get drunk," he muttered, but as he reached the stairs he turned with a loud laugh. "That woman was my wife."

# THE HUMOR OF VASQUEZ Some Veracious Stories of the Bandit Which Display an Unexpected Side of His Character

By W. B. Wardwell

EVERY native Californian is familiar with the name of Vasquez, the daring robber, outlaw, highwayman or what you will. Numberless are the tales of his exploits, his miraculous escapes from capture by officers of the law or lynching by infuriated men whom he had plundered. According to most reports he was cruel, vindictive, and as deadly an enemy as a person would care to meet. Yet among these stories there is one which is unlike the other in that it shows him to have possessed a kindly heart and a certain grim humor which strikes the fancy.

In the southern part of Monterey county there lived a rancher by the name of Ward. His property comprised about 290 acres, not much when the great holdings of his wealthier neighbors were considered but it was valuable as grazing land. During two successive years, however, severe droughts visited that section of the state and Ward lost all his stock—everything he had in the world was invested in cattle. His rich neighbors were eager to obtain the land and would gladly have bought his place but he was unwilling to part with it. He sought another way out of his difficulties.

He decided to go to the mines of the Sierras, where fortunes were being picked up by so many people, and to meet his necessary expenses and leave his wife and children provided for while he should be away, he mortgaged the ranch. But ill luck was with a kindly respect which allayed her fears. He desired only a meal, he explained, circumstances having prevented his reaching town that night. He smiled almost imperceptibly as he said this, and Mrs. Ward divined that the preventing circumstances had been officers hot on his trail. But of this she gave no sign. She told him frankly that she had only some corn meal in the house, but she would be glad to make him some tortillas. This was satisfactory to him, so he sat down to wait while his supper was being prepared. He laughed and played with the three

small children running in and out of the room and she marveled greatly that this man whose very name was a word to frighten babies could be such a courteous gentleman when he chose.

But even this interesting visitor could not turn her mind from her anxieties. During lapses in the conversation her face fell into sad lines, and finally her guest, noticing this, asked her what the matter was. From some sudden curious impulse, which she could never afterward explain, she told him about the mortgage to be foreclosed. When Vasquez asked who held the debt she named two prominent men of the county, and when he further inquired the amount of the debt he learned that it was \$4,000. He said nothing more on the subject, and tried to divert her mind by relating some of his adventures in various parts of the state. It developed that he and Ward were old friends, although Ward did not know it.

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Under instructors in Cherbourg he did creditable work, and in 1837 went to Paris. In 1840 his first picture was hung in the salon. Little triumphs following long weary months of disappointment; recognition that eased the financial strain and bitterness of spirit—an awakening came and he left Paris for a tiny hamlet 34 miles distant, and here was the wide plain of La Biere, the scene of "The Angelus" and many another of Millet's immortal canvases.

In a two roomed cottage here he moved his family, and here they lived for 25 years, till the end of his life. At first, in an old barn, damp, cold, without a fireplace, lighted by only one little window in a corner, was his studio. Later, a north light was put in and a wooden floor, and a couple of rooms were added to the cottage, which met all the wants of the painter, his wife and their nine children and was never too small to afford a hearty hospitality to his many guests.

In 1850 Millet produced the first of his great canvases, "The Sower," of which his friend Sensier said:

"We know what a serious affair the sowing is to an agricultural people. Plowing, manuring, harrowing are done with comparative indifference, at any rate without heroic passion, but when a man puts on the white grain bag, rolls it around his left arm, fills it with seed, the hope of the coming year, that man exercises a sort of sacred ministry. The rhythmic walk of the sower and his action are superb. The importance of the deed is real, and he feels his responsibility. I have seen sowers who, before they put foot upon the field, would toss a handful of grain into the air in the

sign of a cross; then, stepping upon the field, they would pronounce in a low voice some indistinct words which sounded like a prayer."

A dozen years later he gave us "The Man with the Hoe" (which, by the way, was in the Crocker collection, destroyed in San Francisco in the 1906 fire), and some of his most beautiful works, including "The Gleaners" and "The Angelus," were created when his great heart was heavy with grief over the death of his mother, while his debts were driving him to distraction and the pain in his head constantly troubling him.

The prices he received for his work were small and the distressingly long intervals between sales kept him in a chronic agony of debt. In 1859, when he was finishing "The Angelus," he wrote:

"We have wood for only one or two days, and we do not know how to get more, as they will not give it to us unless we have money. I am suffering without and sad. . . . I do not pretend to be more unfortunate than a lot of other people, but each feels his own pain."

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"A FEW MILES OUT FROM MONTEREY HE MET VASQUEZ"

papers to take possession of the property. Mrs. Ward heard a knock. When she opened the door she saw to her terror the robber Vasquez standing on her threshold, the man of whom she had heard so many dreadful things.

But when he spoke it was with a kindly respect which allayed her fears. He desired only a meal, he explained, circumstances having prevented his reaching town that night. He smiled almost imperceptibly as he said this, and Mrs. Ward divined that the preventing circumstances had been officers hot on his trail. But of this she gave no sign. She told him frankly that she had only some corn meal in the house, but she would be glad to make him some tortillas. This was satisfactory to him, so he sat down to wait while his supper was being prepared. He laughed and played with the three

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them, which consisted principally of the mortgage money they had just received. He seemed greatly surprised at the size of his booty.

"Where did you get all this so early in the morning, gentlemen?" They thought it would be wise to tell the truth, since he probably knew the circumstances anyhow. He was familiar with the affairs of nearly every one in the state, they well knew.

"Mrs. Ward has just paid off the debt on her ranch."

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"That is not our concern."

"I was in the middle of winter, and one stormy night I met him when I had got on the wrong trail. I was sick, half dead with a cold that was almost pneumonia, and I suppose that was how I happened to miss my way. I had not a drop of whisky with me and I thought I was done for. But I met Ward and he rode back with me to the right trail and gave me some quinine and whisky he had with him, and saved my life. It was so dark we couldn't see each other—I knew who he was, but he did not know me. I have always meant to repay him some day."

Mrs. Ward now remembered hearing her husband speak of the unknown man he had met that night—she had long ago forgotten it.

After the simple supper, of tortillas Vasquez rode away through the darkness, on guard with his unceasing vigilance lest his foes come upon him unawares. A few minutes after he had gone Mrs. Ward noticed a roll lying upon a small stand in the corner of the room. She picked it up—it was a roll of bills. With it was a hastily scribbled line: "This is in return for what your husband once did for me." She counted it; there was \$4,000, the amount of the mortgage! What to do she did not know. Until far into the night she sat and pondered. It would hardly be possible for her to return the money; moreover, she had heard frequent reports of his lightninglike change of mood, his terrible anger when roused. And a rejected gift is very apt to produce a far from amiable frame of mind. She smiled a little as she realized his clever trick in leaving this offering as he did. And it was quite evident that he sincerely desired to repay the service her husband had once done him. She decided to pay the mortgage, and straightway wrote a very long letter to that far off mining camp where lay a man sick with fever.

The next day the two men came to the ranch expecting to secure possession. But to their surprise Mrs. Ward had the money ready for them—the entire amount of the debt. They asked no questions, but supposed that her husband had struck it rich in the mines. The papers were duly made out

and signed and they departed with the \$4,000, leaving her with the deed to the place.

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# MILLET, SABOT PAINTER Story of the Artist Whose Canvas Was Stolen From the Park Museum

By CHARLOTTE CORDAY McKEE

TO the hundreds that visit the Golden Gate Park museum and in the art gallery crowd around the frame from which was cut Millet's painting, "The Return of the Flock," and to the hundreds of others less curious but, nevertheless, interested, the following sidelights will help us to more fully appreciate the humble painter of peasant life.

"It is curious," observes Rolland, one of J. F. Millet's biographers, "to notice how nature sometimes tries her hand on the father before she succeeds in evolving the genius that will be realized in the son."

Jean Louis Nicholas Millet was a simple, gentle soul, pure minded, poetic, devout. He was tall and slender, with beautiful hands, and a fine head crowned with abundant black curls. He loved music and led the parish choir. He liked to observe animals, plants and people, and he sometimes tried to model in clay and to carve in wood. He had a keen eye for the beauties in nature, and a sharp distaste for vulgarity or coarseness of any kind. When he drew near, the rustic raconteurs would say: "Hush; here's Millet."

In the hour when the great shadows seek the plain; under the thatched roof of Jean Louis gathered the family, the servants, the wayfarer whom night had overtaken. Particularly were these strangers welcome if they were beggars; if they were "the least of these" they were not less welcome than the very Christ himself in this peasant's home in Normandy.

In this atmosphere, the boy, Francois, grew up. There were good books in the Millet home and he devoured them; there was stimulating intercourse, and he drew from it full need

of the things that were later to make him great. Very young he went into the field to do his share of labor. During the noontime rest instead of sleeping he would sit by the window and draw. But there was never any talk or any thought of his becoming an artist until he was 18.

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Jean Francois Millet was born October 4, 1814, the annual feast day of St. Francis of Assisi, for whom he was named, and to whom that best beloved of saints, who preached a holy poverty and whose "little brothers" were the birds, beasts and fishes, the little boy was commended, says Laughlin, biographer.

Besides the boy had a grandmother. She was a woman of strong character, devout, righteous, charitable, with a stern code and a dainty fancy. Of a morning she awakened her idolized grandchild with the bidding: "Up, my little Francois! If you only knew what a long time the birds have been singing the glory of God." Perhaps after a simple breakfast he would run out where his father was sowing or plowing or harvesting, and as they trudged through the freshly turned furrows or garnered the golden sheaves Jean Louis would talk to his little son of the beauty of God's handiwork and call his attention to the picturesque in the landscape roundabout.

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