

Here's the Winning Answer to Picture No. 2

THE prize of \$20 for the best title to Picture No. 2, published on the front page of The Sunday Call January 14, is awarded to Miss Edna R. Smith of Easton, San Mateo county, for the following:

*Within the shadow of his wings
The worse appear the better things.*

The judges found their work far from easy in deciding among the titles sent in for No. 2. A number of suggestions seemed almost equally clever and pointed. It was only after considerable debate that the unanimous choice fell upon the title given above. In reading some of the titles published below you will see why there was difficulty in deciding which was actually entitled to the prize.

There were some thousands of answers, just as in the first contest, and, as in that contest, many readers seized upon the first obvious title that suggested itself and sent that in. As a result there were hundreds of cards that read "Twixt Love and Money," "Twixt Cupid and Cupidity," "The Devil to Pay," "Temptation" and "The Tempter."

Don't seize upon the obvious—be original. And be sure to send your answer to No. 4, appearing on the front page today, on a postcard—NOT IN A LETTER.

Here are some of the titles that the judges picked out as being among the best received:

Betty McGehee, 1730 Forty-first avenue, Fruitvale:

The woman who hesitates is—mine! (Mephisto)

Hugh Bradley, Oceanside:

"Lord of love, assist me in my choice."

"It's easy money," says the devil's voice.

Miss I. Muir, postoffice box

298, Sacramento:

What every woman knows—and still she hesitates.

Isabel March Harris, 1694 Green street, City:

Nit for love—Nick's for money.

Miss Alice Calkins, 2306 L street, Sacramento:

Coming events cast their shadows behind.

V. P. McDevitt, 808 Postal building, City:

*All love, all money;
No choice will I make—
Like Mocha and Java
Together I'll take.*

Josephine Crystall, 170 East Fifteenth street, Oakland:

*Maid between two gods:
Love or gold the cost?
Tempter, gleeful, knows
Who hesitates is lost.*

E. S. Whitman, Presidio, City:

*Love or money—
Either way
Be sure there'll be
The devil to pay.*

Dallas E. Wood, 3020 College avenue, Berkeley:

*'Tis Satan speaks when we are told,
"Heed not the heart, but choose the gold."*

Jean P. Getty, Morrill apartments, Berkeley:

Idol or idyll?

Colin H. McIsaac, Santa Cruz:

Devilishly difficult decision.

Kathleen M. Conlan, 241 Channing way, Berkeley:

*A bag of gold will buy for you,
But a loving heart will die for you.*

Jennie Christopherson, 63 Effeys street, Santa Cruz:

She would rather love what she can not have than have what she can not love.

A. T. Robotom, Easton:

*A heart to flay,
A bag to weigh,
A maid to say,
The devil to pay!*

Elizabeth Baker, 2730 Haste street, Berkeley:

A sack for Her, and the sack for Him.

THE PRIZE-WINNING TITLE TO THIS PICTURE:



No. 2

? For a Title for This Picture ?

*Within the shadow of his wings
The worse appear the better things.*

Edna R. Smith, Easton, San Mateo county, Cal.

Goldie Dwyer, 1002 Dolores street, City:

*'Twixt devil and dough
Love stands a poor show.*

P. F. Valentine, 1001 Golden Gate avenue, City:

*Penniless lover or old money grinder—
What profits the choice with the devil behind her?*

Mrs. R. Walker, 2330 Fulton street, City:

*Satan's Advice.
"Take both in due course—
Marry Monebags first, then divorce."*

Dr. J. W. Peoples, Petaluma:

*If I could have them both in one,
I'd have the devil on the run.*

Jack Woodward, Oceanside:

*Had love a champion like old Nick
Her heart would win, and mighty quick.*

Margaret Bradley, Oceanside:

*Satan insidiously seems to insist,
And riches are rather too rare to resist.*

Mrs. L. Capucetti, 329 Pleasant avenue, Petaluma:

*Don't be hasty in making up your mind—
And take no advice from that fellow behind.*

E. A. Wait, 3222 Logan street, Fruitvale:

*Temptation, smiling, at the start alarms,
Suggests, allures, then grown familiar, charms!*

Caroline A. Allen, 105 Randolph street, Napa:

*'Twixt love and greed she hesitates,
While the devil strokes his chin and waits.*

H. A. Burns, Riverside:

*Cupid or cupidty?
Decision rests with thee.
Hearts or diamonds? Which shall be
Your real affinity?*

Nina Weisinger, 2222 Atherton street, Berkeley:

The modern version of Eve staking Eden for an apple.

A. C. Hunt, 329 Webster street, City:

*Choose which you will with easy mind,
For Reno'll dissolve the ties that bind.*

E. H. Cohn, Oxnard:

A question of dollars and sense.

M. Lamberth, Oakdale:

*Heartsease or marigold?
Helen H. Jeffrey, Crescent City:
Lucre or Cupid, which shall it be?*

"The root of all evil" or "Starve with me"?

Alfred E. Richards, 4626 Twenty-first avenue, Seattle:

The present high cost of loving.

Mabel R. Elliott, 172 Precita avenue, City:

*What saith the evil one in his walks?
"Let the heart beat it—money talks!"*

W. M. Martin, 2259 Central avenue, Alameda:

*"The Great Decide"—
Mephistopheles starring.*

Katharine Sanderson, 2504 Leavenworth street, City:

Matrimony—matter-o-money.

Mrs. F. W. Colman, 115 West Oak street, Lodi:

*Maidens, like moths, are caught by glare,
And Mammon may win where seraphs despair.*

Mrs. B. Mergen, 160 Pacific avenue, Pacific Grove:

His Honor and a lady.

Paul Parker, Salinas:

*Prithead, Cupid! Which shall it be—
Love in a cottage or alimony?*

F. S. Klinkner, 590 San Pablo avenue, Oakland:

A dare devil decision.

George R. Kibbe, 3064 Florida street, Fruitvale:

The red man's hope.

Constance Latta, 445 North Third street, San Jose:

*No wonder the devil wants his way,
For if money wins there's the devil to pay!*

A San Francisco Woman Sees the Durbar

By Mrs. Edith Carson
Author of "From Cairo to the Cataract"

(Mrs. Carson, a well known literary woman of San Francisco, is now in India on her leisurely way around the world. She is accompanied by Miss Edith Bull of Menlo Park.)

Delhi, India, Dec. 10.

Did I write you of our arrival Wednesday, the 6th, our being installed in Woodland's hotel on the main road just inside the Kashmir gate? Sir Arthur called at noon—he had gotten here the same day from Calcutta—and asked us to tea at the Cecil and presented us with tickets for polo, the entry and durbar in the main royal amphitheater at the entry.

We drove out on Wednesday at 2 o'clock to the splendid polo field, with long terraced steps, chairs on one side and the governor-general's inclosure in the center. The polo play was fine, no accidents to any men, but one horse stumbled and was led off. Raja Singh, a tall, athletic Hindu or Rajput, rode well and got the ball away many times.

But Thursday was the great day. We secured a tonga and set forth betimes, only to find many roads blocked with troops, but we finally reached our places in the royal amphitheater in good season and spent our time in promulgating the road about the two semicircular grassplots where the notables sat, the governor-general's stand before which the procession was to pass being directly opposite us in the center. Before King George appeared his buglers came in and marched half to right and half to left around the inner circle with a fanfare of trumpets. They were clad in deep crimson velvet, a mass of gold embroidery and made a brilliant picture.

We walked about, meeting rajahs and princesses, our eyes dazzled by the blaze of diamond agrettes, emerald necklaces and pearl collars and marvelous turbans, too elaborate to describe, of every shade of gauze, striped with gold. One Hindu had ropes of pearls festooned from the turban and a bird of paradise plume streaming from his gorgeous aigrette of diamonds; others had rows of ruby drops falling over their foreheads. The coats of these potentates were veritable "Joseph's coats of many colors," heavily embroidered in gold and silver and with velvet revers, gold lace gators, and a red sword belt and scabbard. In one section of the amphitheater the Afghans were massed, huge bulky fellows with bronze faces, long greasy hair, wearing tremendous white turbans as big as bushel baskets and voluminous white trousers. The Burmese contingent in bright silks and pagoda hats of lacquered gold made a gorgeous group. The Bhutans sat near us, tall, sturdy men in heavy silks and velvets, with bulky jewelry encrusted with coral and turquoise and lapis. An Englishman who came up with us in the train was proudly strutting about in broadcloth and gold—a civil servant, I learned. The marchioness of Donegal spoke to us

most cordially. She was attired in purple silk and was simply but most artistically gowned.

Presently we heard the boom of distant guns, the arrival and progress of the emperor and empress. The rifle tattoo sounded—one cartridge from each rifle in quick succession up the line and down again—a wonderful feat. Soon the troops began to file past us, the governor-general and wife drove up in a gorgeous four horse carriage and outriders and dismounted at the central stand. Later with the trumpeters proceeding and lancers and outriders in gorgeous uniforms filling every available bit of road, facing and saluting the stand, King George rode up in a carriage and white and halted before the latter until the queen in a six horse coach drew up beside him there and received the address of welcome of the city magistrate. The queen-empress, or "empress-queen," as they call it, is a very blond lady, with great crimped waves of fair hair, light blue eyes and pink cheeks. She was attired in blue, with a small white hat covered with pale blue tips and carried a white moutre parasol. Two footmen at the back held a big red and gold umbrella over her. She bowed continually and smiled and seemed much pleased with their reception. King George is short and also blond; he is very popular, seems to do and say the right thing easily, and does not make long speeches.

After the royal couple had passed on to their camp there followed the rajahs and nizams and heads of all the 396 old nations of India in gorgeous coaches of gold lacquer, decorated with silver cloth and rich brocades, or painted black and gold, with footmen in satins, plush or velvet and wearing rainbow sashes and gold gauze turbans, while the outriders in resplendent uniforms made stately groups. As for the rajahs themselves, they were too gorgeously attired for me to attempt to describe them here, but they rode with great dignity, raising a hand to the turban to acknowledge the cheering. One handsome potentate saluted continually to the right and to the left, as if he felt the applause from so many Europeans was too great an honor. Another elderly prince must have been a Moslem, for he saluted with both hands to his forehead, as a Mohammedan would pray.

The number of petty princes who are children was remarkable. Beside each state official, whether grown or not, sat a quiet English officer, who is the resident and real power of these provinces. He took none of the applause, but deserved the most. The native princes love display and are pleased to have large courts and much ceremony, and thus their vanity is gratified. The begum of Bhopal—the one woman ruler in India—came in great state to the amphitheater with a retinue in magenta and silver. She sat in an open coach, but "purdah"—a veil in a blue silk cloak, with two small round eyes. She was cheered to the echo, really receiving more applause than any one except the royals. She rules her any one province, sitting behind a curtain and hearing all cases. We came through Bhopal on our way here.

The Bhutans from Sikkim were a sturdy Mongolian type, with queer hats and green plush trousers. Some of the frontier horsemen had their steeds rear and prance at every step. The native drummers flourish their storks with exaggerated gestures and seemed greatly to enjoy the festive occasion. The procession lasted from 11 until 2. The longer I stay the more marvelous is the impression Delhi and its congregation of native princes makes upon me, for we meet them at every turn. We feel well repaid by just this one day for our journey of thousands of miles here, but every day repeats the pageant—never can one see again the peoples gathered here in all their native barbaric splendor.

Conservation---and the Speech of "Ishi's Elder Brother"

By Charles Cristadoro

If all men be brothers, then Chief John Smith of the Ojibwas, who cling to their old hunting grounds in northern Minnesota, must be an elder brother of Ishi's by a good many years, for he is credited with 125 years, for by many generations the Ojibwas (Chippewas) and the Sioux Indians kept their scalping knives reeking with the blood of each other, this hereditary warfare keeping up until not many years ago.

The Chippewas were essentially timber Indians, seeking the shelter of the pine forests of Minnesota and Wisconsin, while the Sioux kept to the plains and prairies. The Chippewas hunted deer and moose in the timber and speared and seined fish in the lakes, while the Sioux chased the buffalo and antelope of the plains. But there would come times when the Chippewas made excursions out upon the broad prairies, would meet with the Sioux, when it was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. The Chippewas were always at a disadvantage in warfare when on the prairie, as were the Sioux when fighting the Chippewas in the timber, but despite all this incursions would be made into each other's territory and the inevitable followed.

Some years ago, when the government began to keep a tally upon the redmen, a reservation of 300,000 acres and land in the northern part of Minnesota was set aside for one of the several bands of Chippewas. The reservation embraced three immense lakes, veritable inland seas, reservoirs really for the head waters of the Mississippi river. It was really a great sponge, timber covered, there being a network of 70 smaller lakes from which was fed the father of the waters. Lake Itaska, a few miles away, is the real accredited source of the Mississippi river, although the actual source whence the water flows is the Winnebago, Leech and Cass lake system. Surrounding these lakes was perhaps as fine a growth of red and white pine timber as could be found in the United States. As long as there was an unbroken ocean of surging pine tree tops in the inexhaustible timber domain from Michigan to the Canadian border, the lumbermen began to work the land space and attracted no attention from lumbermen.

But from the state of Maine, whence one first supplies of white pine came, the lumbermen began to work westward, Michigan being first invaded. The extravagance of those early days of the lumbermen amongst those great white pine trees would even rival the men who swept our plains clean in a few years from the Buffalo that were as numerous as the sands of the sea. It takes 150 years to grow a great white pine tree and but 5 to 10 minutes to send it toppling and crashing to the earth. To undo in 5 or 10 minutes nature's handiwork that has taken her seven or eight generations of men to produce is rapid, lightning calculation along the lines of extermination and destruction.

So the Michigan pines began to make the very welkin ring with their ceaseless roar as they groaned under the saw and in their despair went crashing to the earth and inexhaustible as the forests seemed great holes began to appear in them—clearings, and into these the settlers rushed and built their cabins, plowed the land between stumps and raised their crops, until the day came when the stumps disappeared, great level stretches of well

tilled ground followed where forests grew before, villages evolved from the settlers' dwellings and in due course towns and cities were in evidence and so the wilderness of timber gave place to urban civilization.

But long before the cities matured the man who cut pines in Michigan saw the signs and moved over into Wisconsin and what happened to Michigan was duplicated. Again the lumbermen moved on and into Minnesota until the day came when the 800,000 acres of pine land and water, the Chippewa reservation was regarded as the most compact and valuable body of standing timber left in the northwest, and many longing eyes were cast upon it.

The stories of the thefts of timber from government lands in the early days are legion, even to the extent of a lumberman purchasing but 40 acres of timber land from Uncle Sam and keeping on cutting for years upon that "old forty" until gray in the business and ready to retire with a competency! He would pay for one acre and cut timber from a thousand they did not own. How much timber was stolen from the government in the early days nobody knows, in some cases estimates even going to the limit of 95 acres of timber stolen for every five acres actually paid for.

So, with this situation existing, the timber lands of the Chippewas kept the avaricious lumbermen awake nights planning and thinking. Times have changed, for Uncle Sam had the lines of the reservation drawn, the government was vigilant and the saw and ax of the marauding timber thief was kept beyond the line.

Fake treaties were arranged with the Indians, the Rice treaty being an example, where not only forgery was employed even to the extent of having Indians of the reservation, living many miles away, in answer to signs up, but children's names added. The treaty was enforced, and not a provision benefiting the Indians carried out. It was certainly a fight to the death, and, instead of repelling the attacks of the Sioux, as in bygone days, it was a matter of defense against the timber thief.

About 12 years ago, before we heard much of conservation or forestry, in fact before it became as popular as it now is, an effort was made to have this paradise of forest and water so reserved that it would remain intact for all time, to remain as a park for the people. It was proposed that the timber be only cut as it matured or showed signs of decay, and that the German system of reforestation, as exemplified in the wonderful Black Forest in Prussia, should be employed. Insuring this great body of timber being perpetuated for hundreds of years. This movement might be said to be the first real one in this country along the lines of conserving the natural resources of the soil, preserving and perpetuating the forest, an unheard of thing in this country.

To his credit, it should be stated that Professor Pinchot really made his first bow to the public when he took hold of this new movement 12 years ago and pushed it to a successful conclusion.

Naturally, in the eyes of a greedy lumberman any man who advocated the saving of a tree or even the foolishness of planting another to grow alongside of the felled giant, was a crank pure and simple, and so Professor Pinchot was regarded as a wild eyed idealist who was perverting God's gifts to mankind, for when God grew a tree he grew it for one and one purpose only, to be cut down. A tree had no other use. So Pinchot's road was made much like the rocky road to Dublin by the lumbermen and their politi-

cal allies. The lumbermen had to be considered especially in and for the matter of campaign contributions around election time.

Of course, this 800,000 acres being a government reservation and the Indians being wards of the government, the

interpreter was in no manner evinced by any facial sign whatsoever.

After the writer had done the best he could and sat down, silence reigned, the silence of a meeting of Quakers. One of the congressmen present, addressing the interpreter, urged him to



CHIEF JOHN SMITH of the Chippewas; Aged 125.

whole question resolved itself into politics pure and simple.

A congressional delegation was made up of not only members of congress but the men for and against conserving the timber. A train of Pullmans, with a couple of diners loaded to the guards, was sent up into the land of Hiawatha. The writer was on the train and one night, the dining car being cleared of tables and chairs, the chiefs and the old men of the Chippewa tribe were invited to a powwow.

The plan of the conservationist was to have the government purchase the land and timber from the Indians at a fair, a just and proper valuation; for the Indians to live upon the reservation as they always had done, but for the government, through its bureau of forestry, to apply forestry methods, felling the mature trees, replanting, etc.

So the chiefs came to the powwow to learn what all this invasion of their territory meant, and for some occult reason the writer was called on to explain the situation to them—through an interpreter.

There those Indians sat along the side of that car, like so many graven images, stolid as so many sphinxes. Whether they approved or did not approve of the translated words by the

request, insist on some expression of approval or otherwise. Still silence reigned. Then an aged chief, the patriarch of the tribe, stood up. The interpreter was told not to translate as the chief talked, but to note well what he said and give us the substance afterward.

Despite the fact that we understood not a single word that was said, yet the address that old chief made us was eloquent. Every line in his wrinkled old face, every swing of his arms, every clenching of his hands, every swaying of his body seemed to tell his own story. That Indian was evidently making the speech of his life and estimating free his pent up feelings of a lifetime. I never regretted anything so much as an ignorance of the Chippewa language on that occasion. It was not only eloquent, but pathetic, dramatic, tragic, to see the way that untutored old savage pleaded his case, for that was exactly what he was doing.

He sat down finally amidst breathless silence. Not a man in that crowded car—they were packed in like sardines—save the interpreter understood a word that old chief uttered, but not a soul present failed to be impressed with the wordless eloquence of the orator, for orator he was, even more so than Logan.

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