

THE REFUGEES

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"I know how you all regard sentiment on the stand, but this is no maudlin sentiment. This worthless carcass of mine has never known a more honest tear than that tear that you see in my eye. There is a crack in my heart and from the love that I bear for Sandy McPhail. I know that the laws should be obeyed and all that story about a menace to society, but Sandy here has done so much in this world that others have omitted to do that it seems to me the benefits outweigh the menace."

No one dismissed him from the stand. He just stepped down and walked out—walked out into the open. I remember Tennessee's Partner and how he thrust before the judge his all, his bag of gold, and pleaded for a sinner's life. Farry would have done as much. I think he did more. They hanged Tennessee, too.

I was glad no one called on me. Farry did it so much better than I could have done it. He was so sincere. Then, too, Farry was closer to Sandy than I. And I think Farry's voice is stronger than mine.

Sandy McPhail is a prisoner now down on the Rio Grande. The district attorney dealt upon the injustice of permitting Mr. Pack to be cheated out of his just profits after he had shown such a benevolent public spirit in contributing to the library fund, the Y. M. C. A., and other funds in the county.

The judge was moved by Farry's appeal. He made it four years instead of twelve.

I left the border on the 12th of October, but the stories of its tragedies follow me still. Just yesterday afternoon I was reading the Mail, sitting there in the Rocky Mountain club across the street from the Hippodrome. We often sit in the little front room and watch the crowds after the show. Yesterday my chair was just under that picture of a man fighting his partner away from a poisoned pool in the desert.

I found it on the front page—the story of that greatest tragedy amongst our refugees. I hope it is the last.

They had thought everything was quiet now; they had thought after all we might have been too much alarmed when we came out. They had started back. Maximo Castillo had fired the south end of the Cumbre tunnel, had run a Lazy B cattle train into the south end and set it on fire. Poor little McCutcheon had run his train full blast into that hideous hole.

In the Alamo it is written: "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none." The Cumbre, too, had none. Sitting against a post with handkerchief to face they found the body that once had the jovial soul of Juan Fernandez, rear brake man. He had almost gained again the portal of the north end—that portal which was indeed the Portal of the Past for sixty-three departed souls.

I read the list. I knew them all. How familiar their names were. And there, ah, there it was—Mrs. Lee Carruth, wife of an American mechanic at Madera, and five children."

That day that we left Madera, Lee Carruth had placed his hand on my shoulder and said: "Amigo, I am going to stay to help out Herr, but I am sending out the wife and children, and I want to know if you won't look out for her and see that she gets something to eat. She has plenty of money, but she has never ridden on a train before."

On the day that we had the trouble with the rebels and that long parley in the field by the train I neglected her. It was many hours since she and the five children had eaten. I rushed in and found her and the five children sitting in her apartment—one double seat—which she had scarcely left for five long days.

"Dona Antonia, I am very sorry. I had forgotten you. You all must be very hungry. Now what can I get for you to eat."

"No, senor, muchas gracias. Unos frijoles, senor si me hace Ud el favor senor. No mas."

Hundreds of women and children were scrambling for food, but Dona Antonia sat in her seat with her unbroken annuity about her and asked for "just a few beans, senor. No mas."

All honor to Dona Antonia Beltran de Carruth and honor to the Aztec race that bore her. I know that she met her end as a good brave Indian should. I know that there was no terror in her heart as the suffocating fumes enveloped her. I can imagine no frantic look in her eye. I see her gather the annuity about her and say, "Venganses Ninos, Vengan."

But it does seem to me in the Scheme of Things that she who had asked only for beans might have been spared her life.

Tom Stone's wife has a baby now. "A 'leven-pound boy," the boys all say, "and he's a-goin' to make a scrapin' scoundrel." He almost made his bow to the flag of our Union as we crossed the bridge, just like the man I watched as we came over. His first bow, though, was made to a better, closer union.

Tom is mighty proud of his boy, of course, but I for one wish it had been a girl. Not all of those men slinging ties waist deep in a mountain stream made half the impression on me that Tom Stone's wife did. With such a chance at the start that Tom Stone's wife and that trip would have given her what a glorious girl she would have been!

SAUNTERINGS

(Continued from Page 7.)

study to the leading lady, has been engaged for next season during which the company will play engagements in the larger eastern cities. This is gratifying news to her friends here who have always predicted a brilliant career for this accomplished Salt Laker.

The social game has been on the blink for fair, so far as any large events go, and the outlook is not promising until June, when the various weddings and the entertainments preceding then, will take up most of the time of the social elect, and those who elect themselves. Most of the entertainments have been informal affairs with few exceptions, luncheons, dinners, bridge fights and teas making up the routine for those who do as they please.

Mrs. Lewis B. McCornick returned recently from Chicago where she has been for the past six weeks. This charming hostess has been greatly missed during her absence, and the news that Mr. and Mrs. McCornick will shortly open their country home for the summer is interesting to their friends. They will reside there during the summer months, and Mrs. McCornick's mother, Mrs. Margaret B. Salisbury, will arrive shortly to occupy their city home.

The bridge tea given at the Country club on Monday under the auspices of the entertainment committee was a most successful affair, and it was largely attended. A dozen of the members entertained at large parties. Among those who won the trophies during the afternoon were, Mrs. C. R. Pearsall, Mrs. W. H. Shearman and Miss Phyllis Luman.

Mr. and Mrs. George Auerbach are rejoicing in the arrival of a daughter which the good stork brought on Monday.

Madam Amanda Swenson gave an interesting recital on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. J. F. Dunn entertained members of the Crystal Bridge club at a luncheon at her home on Wednesday.

Mrs. Claud W. Freed entertained at her home on Tuesday at an informal tea given in honor of her sister, Mrs. Frank J. Dennison of Denver.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. James Hogle entertained at a bridge party and tea at her apartments at the Hotel Utah for Mrs. Moses Kirkpatrick and Mrs. John A. Marshall.

Mrs. W. F. Jensen entertained her card club at her home on Tuesday.

Dr. J. F. Keith has received a cable announcing the arrival of Mrs. Keith, little Miss Katherine Keith, and Mrs. Keith's father, Thomas Blythe, at Shanghai.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Child have opened their summer home in Mill Creek for the season.

Judge and Mrs. F. C. Loofbourov have returned from Rochester, Minn.

Miss Gulia Dix is visiting in Logan.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Critchlow entertained at a dancing party at the Country club on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Bransford have returned from Los Angeles, and are at home at the Bransford.

Mrs. Hal Russell (Ada Dwyer) has arrived here and will spend the summer at the Dwyer home.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Browne are now at home at No. 15 South Twelfth East.

Mrs. F. C. Schramm has gone to Portland for a brief visit.

Miss Edith Godbe is visiting in Chicago.

The formal opening of the Tennis club will be held on Thursday, June 1st.

Mrs. Edward C. Parsons entertained at a luncheon at the Country club on Wednesday for sixteen friends.

Mrs. Frank T. Roberts was the honored guest at an affair given at the H. C. Edwards home in the Cottonwoods on Wednesday. Mrs. Roberts and children will leave shortly for Idaho to join Mr. Roberts at their ranch near Montpelier.

Captain and Mrs. Duncan MacVichie and their daughter Bell have gone to Washington, D. C. They will attend the graduating exercises of their daughter, Miss Helen MacVichie, at Mt. Vernon.

Mr. and Mrs. Keen Miller will give a dancing party at their home on Monday evening in honor of the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Charles Miller.

With Mrs. Frank T. Roberts as the motif, Mrs. Clarence E. Warnock will entertain at bridge on Monday.

Mrs. Moses Kirkpatrick and Mrs. John A. Marshall were the honored guests at a luncheon given by Mrs. Ernest Bamberger at the Alta club on Thursday.

Miss Clarice Doble of Boston was the complimented guest at a reception and tea given Thursday by Mrs. James H. Moyle and Miss Evelyn Moyle.

Little Robert—Ma. was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat? Mother—I don't know. Why? Little Robert—Well, here it reads that after he had finished his day's work he sat down on his chest.—Judge.

Mary—Love never did bring me any luck, mum. Mrs. Smith—Really, I fail to see how that can concern me, Mary. Mary—No, indeed, mum; only now I've broken the statue of Venus, mum.—Judge.

"I hope my daughter's playing doesn't disturb you," said the man who had just bought a new piano. "Not in the least," replied his next-door neighbor. "I worked in a boiler factory all day."—Musical America.