

Reno

Lilyan Stratton

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Reno

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Reno: A Book of Short Stories and Information

Produced by Juliet Sutherland, Charles Franks
and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team.

THE HOLY BIBLE

I quote the following:

"When a man hath taken a wife, and married her, and it came to pass that she find no favor in his eyes, because he hath found some uncleanness in her: then let him write her a bill of divorcement, and give it in her hand, and send her out of his house.

"And when she is departed out of his house, she may go and be another man's wife."

From the fifth book of Moses, Deuteronomy, Chapter XXIV.

[Illustration: Lilyan Stratton]

I dedicate this book to all good husbands and to my own in particular..... L.S.

I do not guarantee the statements and information contained in this book, but they are taken from sources which I believe to be accurate.

LILYAN STRATTON.

INTRODUCTORY

The magic little word "Reno" makes a smile creep over the face of anyone who hears it mentioned, as a rule in recognition of the one thing for which it is known. I have smiled myself with the rest of the world in the past; in the future my smile will have a different meaning.

I have lived in Reno. I have felt the pulse of its secret soul, and have learned to understand its deeper meaning, and it is therefore that I am able to uphold my intimate conviction in an attempt to change the world's opinion of Reno and its laws from ridicule to admiration. And if my book has any reason for being, it lies in this attempt.

Those whom fate forces to visit "the big little city on the Truckee River" will find in this book a great deal of carefully gathered information for which before my pilgrimage I would have been so thankful, and with the aid of which so much worry and heartache would have been saved.

This book is not written with any intention whatsoever to propagate divorce; I want this clearly and conclusively understood, so that there can never be any misunderstanding.

To me there are three things sacred above all others: the first is motherhood; the second marriage; the third is the home.

He or she who promiscuously profanes these sacred things is unworthy of them and must pay the severest penalty.

My book is meant to be an appeal for happiness and health; an appeal for peaceful homes, happy and contented husbands, happy wives and mothers of happy, healthy and well bred children.

After all, unhappy and discontented human beings are unfit physically and morally to produce the best work and the finest healthiest children. The children are the forthcoming bearers of the world's burdens and responsibilities. To them belongs the future, and already too many social problems of the present age are due to the unhygienic and illogical mating of the human male and female.

The divorce courts should only be appealed to as a last resort, to free some tortured soul from a life of misery, caused by humiliation, shame and hatred, the very essence of all evil. When the sacred state of matrimony becomes so profaned and degraded that it soils everything it comes in contact with; when even the minds of our children are poisoned and distorted by the atmosphere, and the last ray of hope has vanished, only then the hour has struck to ask the law for justice; to appeal to the judge for redemption for humanity's sake.

Why have I written my book in parts, and why has each part its individual interest and charm? Because readers may choose any part or parts that especially interest them. If they are not interested in the book for the information it gives, they will always find the short stories and tales of Reno interesting and amusing.

Part 1. Social and Industrial Life: Is written to acquaint the intended colonist or visitor with every phase of social and industrial life. This is very important to know for many reasons. First the law requires that one go to Reno for some other reason than divorce. So you may go there for instance to become a student; it is a healthful and therefore a fine place for study. The well equipped university gives ample opportunity; and if one is taking one's children, which often happens, it is well to know about the schools. It is well to have some other purpose in view when joining the Reno Divorce Colony, and to carry that purpose into effect. Also if one is not blessed with over much of the goods of this world, one can earn one's way while waiting. This part contains much information that is practical, useful, essential and interesting.

The industries are very important. There are plenty of pleasant positions to be had; plenty of opportunity for business, as you will learn by reading this part; also many sorts of amusement, so that no one need be bored. It is best to keep busy; busy people seldom get lonely; lonely people often are too much in quest of companionship.... Moral, don't play with fire; and if you do get into trouble don't blame it on the "altitude." Reno's altitude has been somewhat abused by colonists in the past; loneliness is much more to blame for the unhappy state of mind so often experienced out there, and loneliness is mostly the result of idleness.

Part 2. Reno Tragedies: Consists of a few short tales of people who have been members of the divorce colony. Whilst the comedy part describes characters who find life is all froth, who skim its surface, so to speak, those portrayed in this chapter are people who take existence seriously; who want to drain the cup of life to its last dregs! If one listens as one reads one can almost hear the steady heart throbs.....

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These are not exactly blue law stories, but as many great authors have taken the liberty of depicting things just as they found them in real life, my humble self has availed itself of the same prerogative. These tragic little tales of the divorce colony should be dear to you as they are to me; they are most appealing sketches in life.....

Part 3. Reno Romance: Relates the story of a fair Virginian whose youthful mistake is righted through the Reno divorce courts. The fair heroine is reunited with her girlhood sweetheart, and they live happily ever after; a short story depicting another type of Reno divorce case.

"Let us begin dear love where we left off, Tie up the broken threads of that old dream."....

Part 4. Reno Comedies: Has been written to give the reader, whether a would-be colonist or not, a glimpse of the humorous side of the occurrences in this much-talked-of little city. Happiness after all is not a question of the place, because "the city of happiness is in the state of mind." However, any person, place or thing that has not its funny side becomes rather dull, to say the least, and likewise the mind that cannot appreciate the humorous side. This part consists of a few plain tales from the humorous side of the lives of departed celebrities of the divorce colony, and should be amusing and entertaining to any reader. Naturally fictitious names have been used.

Part 5. Reno and Its People: Is meant to give prospective residents or visitors an insight as to just what kind of place they may expect to find, and to dispel any fears that the accommodations would not be comfortable. It will acquaint newcomers with the kind of men and women one finds oneself associated with in daily life, which to strangers in a strange land, is most important, I think. Newly arrived colonists, perhaps lonely and heartsick, will not find it quite so hard to go to a strange country, if they know in advance that the people are generous, big hearted and sympathetic; progressive and interested in all things that stand for the betterment of humanity.

Part 6. Nevada Divorce Laws: Gives the reader any and all information required to secure a divorce in Nevada; and besides it contains the opinion of many great thinkers on the question of divorce, coupled with a plea for universal divorce law. One should find this an interesting chapter, whether a prospective colonist or not; its contents, however, are absolutely indispensable for anyone anticipating divorce in Nevada, and consequently ought to be read most carefully; more especially so, as for the actual legal advice in this part, I am greatly indebted to one of Reno's ablest lawyers, Senator H. Walter Huskey.

Part 7. Sons of the Sagebrush: A few short biographical sketches of men I met, read about and heard about during my stay in Reno. It is well to know the kind of men we may come in contact with, both in business and in a social way; most certainly it is well to know the type of men we may have to come in contact with in a business way. For that reason I have written a few little sketches of these men. Among them are lawyers, judges, mining men, hotel men, politicians and pioneers. Aside from giving some useful information this part is interesting for its character studies and its amusing little incidents.

LILYAN STRATTON. November, 1921.

[Illustration: WASHOE COUNTY COURT HOUSE. RENO NEVADA]

PART 1. SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL LIFE

Dull in Reno? Why no; how can one be bored in this delightful "big little city," when here you will find a concentration of all the most picturesque phases of life—a conglomeration of gaiety and tragedy, humor and drama, frivolity and learning! What a fertile field for the psychologist and sociologist.

It is wonderfully interesting not always to turn to books only, with their rigid, lifeless rules and laws; books can only convey to us the things someone else has learned! Those who desire a real understanding of human nature's handiwork must work and play on human mountains, in human fields and human swamps.

Being an ardent student of life and character, I have found Reno highly interesting and amusing, and dear reader, if you will do me the honor to accompany me through the following pages of this chapter, I am sure you too will be interested.

First we will visit the restaurants, cafes and hotels which are teeming with the vigor of life, vibrant and pulsating; and if you know and understand human relationship, or wish to, then you may overflow with sympathy, laugh in conviviality, or perhaps weep in the privacy of your own room for what is and for what might have been....

The fashionable restaurant is not a large pretentious place, elaborately decorated, but there is something in the atmosphere which is not tangible but which we yet can sense. Who are all these people? and if each told his own story, how tremendously interesting it might be! Unconsciously, you know that the atmosphere is distinctive; that things are different; so many interesting personalities grouped into such a small place is something most unusual.

Over in the corner is a New York banker; his strong, handsome face marked with character lines and crowned with white hair: the stamp of long years of struggle in the financial world. See, he is smiling across the table at his companion, and his face is almost boyish as he chats and laughs. Such a companion! I wonder what fate has sent her to cheer the desert city; a modern Cleopatra, even more beautiful than she of Egypt: a radiant beauty, this dark-eyed queen of the Orient; ruby lips and teeth of matched pearls; hair black as midnight, and fires smoldering in dreamy eyes as if in pools of mystery... Bored in Reno? How could one be?

This is only a cafe such as you might visit in any other city. One might see the same banker and the same Oriental beauty in a New York cafe. But there they would not be nearly so interesting; for such people to be in Reno means either a domestic comedy, tragedy or romance. Each one is a puzzle, and one finds oneself intent upon divining the mystery embodied in these personalities, as they come and go like shadows on a screen.

Now the waiter comes: there is something unusual about him also; one can't help noticing his big, powerful form as he bends over the table to take the order; he is a New York chauffeur working his way free from a nagging wife, so that he may marry a popular society belle. You can forgive her, can't you, for admiring his handsome physique; a Greek god he is in spite of his Irish brogue and bad ear for grammar.... But then she probably does not hear much of that, and won't if he is wise.

That little woman over there with the carmine lips and black eyes, she is the wife of a Methodist minister and is here for the "cure" of course, like the rest. She is going to hitch her matrimonial wagon to a vaudeville "star" by way of a change! "The very day I get my decree," she told me.

There comes an interesting couple. I think the woman is Moroccan. Doesn't she look a barbarous relic with those immense rings in her ears? You feel that there should be one strung through her nose, too. There is a story abroad that she is the consort of a well known millionaire of Chicago; after several unsuccessful attempts on her part at stabbing him, he is giving half his fortune in alimony to get rid of her. The other night at Ricks' she threw a plate at a man because for five minutes he paid more attention to her woman friend than to her.... A dangerous playmate, methinks!

That charming little lady in a symphony of blue, surrounded by a company of admiring friends, is Mme. Alice, a Broadway opera star; her story is very interesting indeed. No, I dare not tell; it is sufficient that you should know that she is a gentle, sweet little mother, although she looks a mere girl herself. She has a voice of unusual quality and dramatic sweetness. I have had the pleasure of hearing her sing at several concerts which she gave for charity. She is extremely generous in that direction and always draws a packed house. She got her divorce while I was out there and passed on like the other shadows on the screen. The last I saw of her was when

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she was singing the "Battle Cry of Freedom" in the Hotel Golden lobby, as her decree had been granted. Her face was just radiantly happy as she repeated several times: "I am free, I am free."....

At a table, back in the shadows of the palms by the piano, sits another interesting little lady from gay New York. She is also a singer of note and the wife of a well known author. She has taken a mansion on the banks of the Truckee, and brought along her retinue of servants. Of course she is beautiful, the golden haired, blue eyed type, with a complexion like tinted rose leaves....

Who is that lone man at the table just opposite? Ah! that bearded gentleman with light hair, wearing a black tie; an artist-looking sort of chap? That is a world-famous portrait painter. I had the pleasure of meeting him and his beautiful bride at Cannes, Southern France, some years ago. Yes, he does look rather forlorn; there is a pathetic droop to his mouth. No, he is not here for a divorce; one of the exceptions.

He arrived a few days ago from Tangiers; it was while there that he received by registered post his wife's summons in her divorce suit, and he took the first ship back to America to fight the suit and to try to win back his beautiful wife, who, by the way, is also a talented artist. But alas! Cupid is a stubborn little beggar; though blind as a bat and not very large, yet he has a will of his own, and won't be driven or led....

Though the man seated over there is apparently very interesting and is internationally known as a great artist and an exhibitor in the Royal Academy in London; though he must have loved his wife very much, to have traveled half way around the world from the northern coast of Africa to Reno, in order to try and bring about a reconciliation, still the beautiful wife has gone on with her divorce, which was finally granted, though bitterly contested!

And so there he sits as though lingering over the grave of a great love. Bow down, ye Gods, and weep....

The hotels also are filled with interesting types; the pretty girl at the news-stand today suddenly disappeared! Yes, she got her divorce! In her place is the homeliest man you have even seen, and all the traveling men look disgusted and buy their papers from the newsboys in the street. The hotel stenographer has also taken her departure, and now we see a dainty blonde in place of the statuesque brunette. The brunette has gotten her divorce and has gone to San Francisco to marry a millionaire sportsman, so I hear.

The beautiful lady with the sparkling black eyes, between that little boy and girl, is a violinist. They have the rooms over mine, and for several months I have heard the patter of tiny feet and childish free laughter; but I fear the mother does not laugh so much. I have been told that she lives in constant fear lest her husband come and take the children from her. In this case, I am told, there is a chance of reconciliation. I hope so with all my heart!

The tall, handsome old gentleman speaking to her is a retired civil engineer; very wealthy I believe. He lived twenty-one years with his first wife who died; after some time he married again, but after one year of married life he is here for the "cure." He is an enthusiastic sportsman, a good horseman and very popular.

The Court House is the next place of interest to study character, to find interesting personalities and new types. You may go over any day and watch some poor victim's case being tried. If one is doing time one self, it is a very good way to obtain inside information, though it is a bit like being at your own hanging..... not exactly, of course, but enough to make the anticipation peculiarly gruesome. Each searching question of the judge seems to draw the noose around the plaintiff's neck tighter and tighter; you will hold your breath: a word, and the six months' exile and more are all in vain..... Not until the final decision, "Judgment for the plaintiff," is pronounced do you heave a sigh of relief.

[Illustration: ONE OF THE COURT ROOMS IN FAMOUS RENO COURT HOUSE]

Each day the divorce mill grinds the steady grist, and it is there that one has a splendid opportunity of studying personality and character. The wife who is nagged and abused; the one who is obliged to support herself and her children; the one who has outgrown her charms; the luxurious beauty who has spent her husband's fortune and is preparing to spend another in the same way; the wife who has made a mistake and found the right man at the wrong time; the wife whose husband another woman has taken; the wife of a drunkard or a gambler. The husband who is nagged; the husband whose wife is a spendthrift; the husband whose wife wins prizes at bridge and neglects her home; the husband whose wife has deserted him when he needed her most....

Naturally the stories you hear from the "aspirants" are always plausible; and so they go by, the endless passing show.

Next we will go to dinner; we will dine at the Hotel Golden tonight; they have just opened their new restaurant, and the food is excellent; so is the cabaret. There are two beautiful girls, new arrivals, who sing very

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well indeed; one is tall and fair and more than usually interesting. This beautiful girl sings with wonderful expression; a sweet tender passion, expressing at the same time a great love and a world of sympathy It is said that out of suffering comes sympathy, out of pain tenderness....

This girl might well burst into fame on the heart throbs of her songs; they are the voice of a soul which has suffered much, loved much and has become all tenderness and all sweetness.

Another interesting type whose story will be told at the Court House in a few months.

There is a violinist who is exceptional also; he draws the bow over his violin, and low, sweet strains of music come floating to our ears; then the music will suddenly change to the wild ecstasy of joy which will compel you to notice the player. When you look at him, you will know that his soul is not there; your heartstrings will quiver until the music stops; then you will suddenly find that you have forgotten to eat, and that the food is cold.... But you ponder on: you wonder who that artist–dreamer is; he must have been leading his love through poppy fields, kissing away from starving lips love's hunger, while he played.... Yes, he is here for the "cure."

After dinner we will go to the theatre. There are several theatres, but the large productions usually go to the Majestic, which is modern in every respect and has seating capacity of more than one thousand. All the New York productions that make the Pacific Coast Tour play Reno. All the eminent musicians such as Kreisler, Misha Elman, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and others, stop here on their Western tour, and their concerts are always well attended and tremendously appreciated.

Tonight we will hear the Boston Symphony....

You are surprised at the large ultra–fashionable audience; there are as many in evening dress as one would expect to see at a New York first night; here one can't tell the members of the Divorce Colony from the residents. They are an aggregation of well dressed, appreciative people, anxious to enjoy the evening's wonderful music.

Dancing is the next in line of indoor amusements; most of the hotels and restaurants have splendid floors and excellent dance music. At Wilsonian Hall there is a beautiful ball room, and those who wish to learn the latest steps will find an expert teacher in Mrs. Wilson who takes special trips to New York every season in order to become acquainted with the very latest dances. Her classes and receptions are patronized by the best people, both of the Colony and City, and are very interesting and popular.

Those who take their pleasure in life a little more seriously will find an excellently equipped public library, thanks to Mr. Carnegie. There is also a very fine collection of books at the University of Nevada, which is conveniently located in a very beautiful part of the city. I should like to pay a passing tribute to the University staff. They are as fine a set of professors as one could possibly desire to have. I had an opportunity of attending some of the lectures during the Summer Course and found them exceedingly interesting and well delivered.

Of special interest to women would be the Century Club, a well organized body of the best women in the city. They are interested in home economics, child welfare and improvement of social conditions generally. They own their own spacious club house, which has a large assembly hall, lecture room, banquet hall, service kitchen and large grounds facing the river, with tennis courts and other conveniences for entertaining.

There is also a Suffragette Club which is known as the Civic League, and is also instrumental in promoting public welfare. The Mothers' Clubs or Associations too, are better developed than those in many a large city; a fact which rather agreeably surprised me and proves how decidedly progressive are the women of the West.

And now we will have a look round and visit the out–of–door attractions, which are many and varied. In summer, there is Belle Isle, a beautiful little amusement park on the banks of the Truckee, almost in the center of the city and the scene of many jolly carnivals. The city park is also a pretty little spot, and here are given many festivals and concerts for the Red Cross and other charitable organizations. It is a delightful place to spend a summer afternoon or evening. The gay music, flying colors and beautifully tinted light among the branches of the trees are all an inspiration to free happiness. There too it is delightful to sit when all is quiet, and watch the moonlight on the snow–capped mountains, while the warm summer breeze stirs the leaves above and the distant rushing waters of the Truckee float out to you like fairy laughter on the summer air.

[Illustration: PALISADES CANYON SHOWING HUMBOLT RIVER]

Nature has many delightful surprises in store for the new arrival in Reno; when you have strayed out to Moana Hot Springs and have taken a refreshing dip, you will agree with me. I thought the water was heated until a friend explained that it came gushing out of the ground almost boiling hot and had to be cooled off for the pools. There had been Jeffries' quarters during his training for the Jeffries–Johnson fight.

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From Moana one can see Steamboat Springs; these springs can be seen from a distance of several miles, owing to the fact that they send a steady stream of hot steam into the air, which spreads over an area of a mile or more; it is a strange sight to see this stream ascending into the clear atmosphere from the roaring regions below. The various hot springs to me are the most wonderful part of nature's loveliness. Here one may watch lonely colonists and native maidens dive and play in the water whilst listening to their laughter. An early morning dip in the pool and a swift canter back to town will start your blood tingling; clear the city-cramped lungs and fill them with Nevada's fresh invigorating air. It will make one feel like a two year old and add ten years to one's life.....

Ricks, the famous road house, and training quarters of Jack Johnson, the black champion prize fighter, is within walking distance of Reno. Its chicken dinners have helped to make the place famous. There are private rooms for those who seek seclusion, a splendid dance floor, and I am told that here the mechanical pianos grind out waltzes, one steps and fox trots, whilst glasses clink far into the night and parties of colonists make merry.

Farther on is Laughton Hot Springs, another popular bathing resort. This place is mostly patronized by motorists and equestrians and is more fortunate than the others in its location. The little rustic hotel is built in the cosiest nook, just at the bend of the river; the fine old trees bend their graceful branches over the rushing waters in which the majestic mountains reflect their wondrous beauty. Here one may obtain private dressing rooms and bathing pools, or a party of two or more may have a number of dressings rooms opening onto the same pool. The water in the pools changes every fifteen minutes. I am told there is a continuous inflow and overflow, which empties out into the river.

What a wonderful spot to build a modern structure with beautiful steam rooms, modern dressing rooms and marble bathing pools, in place of the crude board sheds which rather spoil the natural beauty of this place of many charms, where one may bathe in the hot springs pool, fish in the river, wine, dine and dance! What more could the soul in exile wish for?

If you wish for seclusion, seek a tranquil spot on the banks of the river; dream to your heart's content, watch the silvery moonbeams play among the branches and sparkle on the river, and listen to the sighing of the summer wind. I know of no place near New York endowed with so many of nature's charms.

Fishing in the river is good, but fishing in the mountain brooks and streams is much better, and one can take a pack-horse, ride up over the mountains and discover places which look as though they dropped right out of a picture book.

Rubicon Springs is such a place; a quaint old hunting and fishing camp, where a few nature lovers hide away from; the world every summer and really "rough it." I caught there some of the finest mountain trout I have even seen; I also saw a party of men bring in a very fine deer one afternoon, a feat which caused quite a little excitement among the guests.

This isolated spot cannot be reached by automobile, it being about fifteen miles from the main road over a rugged mountain trail.

There is certainly everything to be wished for in the way of out-of-door amusements in and near Reno. There besides motoring, riding, fishing, hunting, swimming and dancing are the tennis courts and the golf links. The Golf Club gives many interesting tournaments and is one of the social centers in summer for the elite, as is the race track where one may meet the world and its wife. The track is good and the horses as fine as one can see anywhere, all of which helps to render this sport most fascinating.

[Illustration: LOVER'S LEAP BLUE CANYON]

Talking of horses reminds me of one of my never-to-be-forgotten rides to Laughton Springs. Those who have never seen a Nevada sunset, while riding over the Sierras at the close of day, can have no conception of its wondrous beauty. I will try to tell you about it.

We started one evening at a brisk canter over the swelling foot hills along the Truckee River, whence we could see Mt. Rose lift its stately head, clothed in royal robes of crimson and purple which half revealed and half concealed its snow-capped peaks and pine-clad grandeur.

As we rode over the mountains which tower above the rivers and the greenest valleys, a storm came up; storm clouds dark and threatening, the most imposing I have ever seen. In a short while the storm passed over and the last rays of the setting sun shone on three mountain peaks across the river and valley. It is impossible to imagine a more exquisite display of colors. I think it must have been like the light that shines on a happy mother's face when she holds her love-child in her arms. And then a rainbow encircled the illuminated mountains, like a beautiful

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filmy halo about the head of the Madonna, while beneath lay the Truckee; its water like silvery veins and sparkling gems, glistening and trembling in the golden light. And stretching away to the north and east lay the sagebrush plains, wrapped in the silence of a dying day and illuminated with the sheen of God's promise of a tomorrow to come..... A wonderful picture: Nature's own masterpiece!

The motor trips are the next in line of outdoor amusements and these trips will afford one the splendid opportunity of seeing, apart from the unexcelled scenery, the numerous places of interest. First, Carson City, the Capital; the State Penitentiary and the Government Indian School, also the Indian homes and reservations; you will find them all interesting. Carson City was founded in 1858 and was named after Kit Carson, the famous scout. The capital is thirty miles from Reno, fourteen miles from Lake Tahoe and twenty-two from Virginia City.

[Illustration: TRUCKEE RIVER CANYON]

The elevation of Virginia City is six thousand feet above sea level. There you may don skin garments and go down three thousand feet in a mine on the famous Comstock Lode. The heat in some of the mines is so intense it is impossible to stand it for more than a few minutes at a time.

There is so much of interest in these famous old mining camps and in the strange freaks of nature. Here are the numerous hot springs and Pyramid Lake, an enormous body of water forty miles out in the desert, which possesses no apparent outlet although the Truckee flows into it. And apart from that, the development of agriculture and irrigation is interesting.

I will try and describe some of my motor trips through Nevada and California.

One fine Sunday we set out on an automobile trip to Virginia City over the great Gieger Grade, which has become so famous through the wonderful Comstock Lode from which over seven hundred millions in gold and silver have been extracted. The ride was most exciting, and the magnificent scenes unrolling themselves continuously upon each swerve round a sharp curve or a dangerous bend, just held us all enthralled.

Often I was reminded of Switzerland, and then as I gazed, more and more enraptured by the delirious orgy of multi-colored hues, and looked at the precipitous ascent we had made; at the heights we had yet to climb, and at the undulating peaks that stood like an army of sentinels guarding us on every side, I forgot I was in the land of Nevada. I had drifted into an Arabian Night reverie, and not till the forty horse-power winged horse suddenly lost its equilibrium and gave a most ungainly lurch, not till then did I redescend to earth. While the incapacitated horse partook of first aid to the injured, I got out and gathered some of the prettiest little flowers I have ever seen; all the more marvelous because nature takes care of them in some mysterious way which we cannot understand, since rain is practically unknown in Nevada. There was the beautiful spotless desert lily; the delicate desert violet, the fascinating yellow blossom of the pungent native growth—the sagebrush—and many others.

[Illustration: OFF TO DONNER LAKE picture shows a dogsled team]

My next motor trip was from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara; there the scenery compares with that of Nevada as an exquisite water color compares to a grand old oil painting. We went spinning along over a perfect road from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara, and I felt that America might well be proud of this wonderful state. Surely none other possesses such a variety of climate, or such a variety of beauty. Hardly do I dare attempt a description of all this magic scenery. It seemed a dream to me; just color everywhere. Green valleys and turquoise skies; snow-capped mountains and rosy sunsets. For many miles we wound round and round the mountain side, through orange groves, laden with golden fruit, tucked away in the emerald green foliage, and fruit orchards abounding with spring blossoms. And then we came to the Pacific Ocean which stretched far out into the infinite, reflecting the rose-colored sky just at sunset. The dream of it all is still with me. I could hardly realize that a week before I had been flying through the pure white sparkling snow in the same state; and yet, here I was only a few hours away.... One sojourning in Reno should not miss a trip through California while in the neighborhood of that glorious state. San Francisco is only a day's journey by rail, and the trip is truly worth while.

Reno is not without its out-door winter sports; it has the advantage of being only thirty-six miles from Truckee, California. While flowers are blooming and birds singing their spring songs in Southern California, the Snow Queen reigns at Truckee in the mountains, six thousand feet above the sea. Here people from San Francisco and other large cities gather to indulge in winter sports, such as skiing, tobogganing and sleighing, and many professionals go there to display their art in skiing and skating; the Switzerland of the West, I would call it. It was all too fascinating and too beautiful: six feet of snow everywhere, and everything sparkling white in the sunshine.

[Illustration: AMID THE SNOW AT TRUCKEE, CALIFORNIA illustration shows a dogsled team]

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Once I started out to see Donner Lake, which reposes between Summit, the highest point on this trip across the Great Divide, and Truckee. We were in a sleigh drawn by a team of huskies: real Alaskan dogs. I have ridden pretty much everything from a broomstick to a bronco, but this was my first experience with huskies. I thought it was going to be hard work for the dogs, but they frolicked about in the snow with their pink tongues out, showing all their teeth as though they were laughing in fiendish glee and enjoying every moment of it.

Truckee is only about thirty-three miles from Reno by automobile, and the distance by train is thirty-six miles, so there should be no excuse for not visiting this American Switzerland.

Another point of information which I discovered and think will interest you quite as much as it did me, was that most all the great moving picture companies go to Truckee to take their Alaskan scenes. And now whenever you see a beautiful arctic picture on the screen, you will realize that you are not looking at the frigid regions of Alaska, but at the glories of California.

The Snow Queen knows, however, that when she tires of her realm of snow, a really, truly fairy land awaits her only a few hours distant, where she may play Fairy Queen and wander through fields of golden poppies, filling her arms with spring blooms, in beautiful Southern California.

In Reno itself moonlight skating parties on the river and the University pond are popular also. Dull in Reno? Absurd!

Nevada is necessarily a mining state. Apart from the \$700,000,000 in gold and silver taken from the Comstock Lode, Nevada's mines have supplied the world with thousands of tons of other materials, such as lead, zinc, etc., and thus when one thinks of the industries in Nevada, it is quite natural to think of mining first. There it is in the air. Everywhere you are confronted with specimens of ore: in the offices of mining companies, in your lawyer's office, on the doctor's desk, on your friend's dressing table, next to the Bible in the minister's home. A chubby baby will gurgle and coo over a piece of this polished rock, and hold it in a little pink fist; old, white haired men will feebly finger a rough specimen streaked with green and amber. The spell of Nevada.....

Walk out over the desert or ride over the hills, and as far as you can see, the sides of the mountains are perforated with holes made by prospectors; thousands and thousands of them, every one representing a hope. A promoter will take a piece of this beautifully colored rock and explain to you about the percentage of gold or copper it contains, the cost of extracting it and the enormous profits to be made; a friend will show you a marvelous specimen and explain that he or she owns a half interest in the claim which is sure to turn out at least half a million..... Then you will perhaps think of Robert Service's "Spell of the Yukon" and you will understand the enthusiasm and spirit of optimism.

After all, why should they not be enthusiastic and optimistic? The whole state is piled high with mountains which look just like the ones in which so much gold and other valuable minerals have been discovered; if they are the same on top, why are they not the same below the surface?

Tell us, you opal colored mountains of Nevada, what stores of precious treasures are you guarding from the greedy hand of man and how soon will you throw open another door of your treasure house?

After having lived in the West and visited the mines and talked with the old-timers, I can easily understand the fascination of prospecting and mining, and why, in spite of all the hardships it entails, so many have become enslaved by the spell of it.

The Crystal Saloon, at Virginia City, was built during the days of the first great boom, and on its register are many names of famous people. Under the year 1863, I saw written the following: "Clemens, Samuel L., Local Editor of Territorial Enterprise..." Mark Twain!

The old-timers will tell you stories about Mark Twain's adventures in Nevada's mining camps almost as funny as those he himself wrote about in his book "Roughing It."

In the register of the Washoe Club, organized in 1875, are the name of Thomas A. Edison, Fred. Grant (son of General Grant), and many other famous names.

[Illustration: Donner Lake]

I have been informed of a new discovery in connection with the native plant, the sage-brush. I am told there are splendid prospects for the development of potash and denatured alcohol from the huge sagebrush fields of the state.

The principal business of Reno consists of banks, hotels, shops and restaurants. The shops do the city credit; they are up-to-date and well kept, and you will find almost every kind of shop. The electrical stores display every

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new electrical device on the market. The stationery shops are equally well equipped; the candy stores most tempting and excellent in every way, and the music store, hardware, drug, corsetiere, gents furnishing, shoe, fancy goods and department stores, the hair dressing parlors and florist shops are all up-to-date and as fine as you could find in any city twice Reno's size. The grocery stores and butcher shops and markets are of the finest. These places employ hundreds of people and the department stores send their buyers to New York and Paris.

Reno has two daily papers, namely, the "Evening Gazette" and the "Nevada Journal." The "Nevada Journal" belongs to the Associated Press and has its private telegraph wires by which it receives the news direct.

The hotels and apartment houses are always well filled. They are up-to-date, well kept and flourishing; the cafes are constantly being enlarged. The real estate business is also progressive; one may rent splendidly furnished houses, or modest cottages, or apartments at very fair prices. There I first saw the automatic elevator, the kind that you ring for and that runs down by itself and opens its own door; then you get in, press a button at the number you wish to get off at, and the elevator runs itself up to the floor indicated, stops and opens its door. The same apartments have beds that fold up automatically into the wall, leaving nothing in evidence except a beautifully paneled mirror.

The Reno Commercial Club, which was founded in 1907, is made up of a body of the representative men of the state, who are organized to encourage educational and social intercourse, and to aid in social and material up-building of the city and state.

Its executive board is as follows: Charles S. Knight, H. H. Kennedy, Tasker L. Oddie, B. Adams, Fred Stadtmuller, R. L. Kimmel, E. H. Walker.

The Club's efforts are continually directed toward the encouragement of new enterprises, the securing of capital for new industries and investments; the dissemination of literature regarding the resources of Nevada; the building of good roads and cooperation with other states for a national highway; the immigration of settlers upon the agricultural lands of the state, more intensive farming, expansion of dairy interests, fruit growing and other agricultural industries.

The Commercial Club is always obliging in extending the courtesy of its information bureaus in matters pertaining to the affairs of the city or state. Write to it!

Nevada has made very broad strides in the direction of agriculture owing to its irrigation development. The Easterners somehow have an idea that Nevada has made very little progress since pre-historic days; that the West is still wild and woolly and consists of cow-boys, cattle ranches and rattle-snakes; but this impression is very erroneous. The picturesque cow-boy is practically a thing of the past, and so is the highwayman; the picturesque stage-coach with its four to six teams is almost forgotten; and I did not see one rattle-snake during all my exploits in the mountains and over the deserts. What has become of all those historic things which we so closely linked with the wild and woolly West of the past? They have retreated into oblivion before the great wheel of progress.....

It is a mistaken idea to imagine that because Nevada is such a mountainous country it is unsuitable for agriculture. There are many broad green valleys, flourishing and producing splendid farm products. This of course is the astonishing result of artificial methods of irrigation. Alfalfa and potatoes are Nevada's greatest crop; wheat, rye, oats and other cereals are also grown. Some of the ranches have splendid orchards consisting of pears, apples, plums, cherries, etc., and the production will undoubtedly increase as greater irrigation developments are introduced.

[Illustration: Trucker River Dam]

What irrigation will do for the parched deserts of the West remains as yet to be seen, but when I stop to consider that all the famous spots of California owe their beauty almost entirely to irrigation, then I dare predict great things for the desert states.

In a 1918 issue of the United States Geographical Survey Press Bulletin is an article which is particularly interesting for the possibilities it suggests at once to the reader for the utilization of waters. It reads as follows: "Underground Water in Nevada Deserts."

"In Nevada the bedrock forms a corrugated surface consisting of more or less parallel mountain ranges and broad intervening troughs that are filled to great depths with rock waste washed from the mountains. These great deposits of rock waste were in large part laid down by torrential streams and are relatively coarse and porous. Because these deposits are porous the rain that falls upon them and the run-off that reaches them from the

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mountains sinks into them, and the valleys in which they lie are exceptionally arid. These deposits, however, form huge reservoirs in which the water is stored and in which, to the limit of the capacity of the reservoirs, it is protected from evaporation. So well is this water hidden that its existence was not suspected by many of the early travelers, and even today long desert roads on which there are no watering places, lead over areas where ground-water could easily be obtained.

"In a desert valley, even where no wells have been sunk, it is generally possible to ascertain and outline the areas where ground water lies near the surface and to make an intelligent forecast of the depths to water in other parts of the valley. If a sufficient number of observations are made, it is also generally possible to form a rough estimate of the quantity of water that is annually available in such a valley and to predict to some extent the capacity of wells, the quality of the water, and the cost of recovery."

To anyone familiar with Nevada, there are dozens of such desert reaches which must instantly suggest themselves to the mind, and it is interesting to speculate, not altogether idly, on how advantage might be taken of such conditions. The Bulletin particularly speaks of one of these areas:

"In an investigation recently made by O. E. Meinzer, of the United States Geological Survey of the Department of the Interior, in Big Smokey Valley and adjacent area near Tonopah, Nev., the character of the vegetation and other surface criteria show that the ground-water stands within ten feet of the surface over an area of 130,000 acres. The measurements made indicate that tens of thousands of acre feet of water are annually contributed by mountain streams and by rainfall to the underground reservoir, and that about the same quantity of ground-water is annually discharged into the atmosphere through the soil and the plants in the shallow water areas. It was estimated that in an area of 240,000 acres the ground-water lies within 50 feet of the surface and that in an area of 335,000 acres it lies within 100 feet of the surface. Detailed maps were made showing the location and extent of these areas."

Nevada, because of its peculiar geographical and climatological situation, will always need to irrigate its land to produce crops. Where irrigation waters are available, the soil has proved abundantly fertile, but Nevada has been handicapped by a lack of water for these very soils which would be capable of producing the best crops.

If, perhaps, underlying those fertile though now arid areas there is such a reservoir of untapped waters as the Bulletin describes, there must instantly occur to the mind the question: "Cannot these waters be made available?"

Elsewhere in Nevada great arid areas have been reclaimed by tapping such underground reservoirs and raising the waters to the surface for irrigation purposes with gasoline motors, where they have not flowed of their own accord, in artesian wells. Nevada has not ventured far into this field because it has not felt the necessity. But why wait on necessity? Why should not Nevada attempt to reach this water? It could easily do so and so add much valuable fertility to the state's already important resources.

Of course, if these new irrigation resources of the state were to become sufficiently utilized, then there would seem no reason why Nevada should not be one of our best agricultural states.

The Truckee River is a splendid asset to Reno. Fed by the eternal snows of the Sierra Nevadas, with a fall of 2,442 feet between Lake Tahoe and Pyramid Lake, it affords a water power equalled by few rivers in the U. S. A. Its power plants now supply light and power for all near-by mines; Mason Valley, Youngton, Virginia City and the Comstock Lode; yet these power stations do not generate one-tenth of the power that could be obtained. It is said that it would easily be possible to develop 40,000 horse-power within five miles of Reno.

This means that Reno has great advantages as an industrial center, and as water power is known to be low in cost and as there is an immense quantity of iron ore in the state, it might eventually be considered a fine place to manufacture war supplies, especially for use on the Pacific Coast.

The Southern Pacific Shops are at Sparkes near Reno and are of great advantage to Reno merchants. These shops do the general repair work of the Salt Lake Division of the Southern Pacific; they employ between five and six hundred men at an approximate payroll of \$125,000 per month.

The Verdi Lumber Company near Reno employs from 350 to 400 men in its mills, box factories and logging camps, at a monthly payroll of approximately \$25,000.

In addition to these industries there are the Reno and Riverside mills, and large stock yards and packing houses. Nevada is a noted stock growing state for great droves of sheep, hogs and cattle; Nevada's beef is famous throughout the United States.

Reno, as well as all Nevada, is proud of the world-famous Wingfield racing stables, and not without reason.

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Mr. George Wingfield is a great connoisseur of horseflesh and has spared neither pains nor expense in order to add the best thoroughbreds to his stock. Even as I write, the news reaches me that an expert has left for England to purchase for Mr. Wingfield four mares and a stud, Atheling, a great English favorite.

[Illustration: Honeywood of the Wingfield Stables]

At present Mr. Wingfield has in his stables about 75 horses. I had the privilege of visiting them some time ago, and made the acquaintance of some of his prize yearlings. They were wonderful animals, just as fine as any I have ever seen, and I think I know and understand horses pretty well. There is one, Honeywood, a beautiful stallion, who was the winner of the Cambridgeshire stakes at Newmarket, England, in 1911. I don't think I have ever seen a more beautiful animal.

The fact to be deplored is that the Federal and State Legislatures are not taking sufficient interest in the reforestation of Nevada; they should enforce the planting of two or three trees for every one that is felled. I believe some such law is now in force in the state of Washington and elsewhere. Near the big mining camps in Nevada around Reno, the mountains have been literally stripped of all their trees in the development of the mining industries. It has been a case of: "All Take and No Give."

And now we come to "Divorce" which, if not actually an industry, can all the same easily pass for one, for there is no doubt but that the influx of prospective divorcees, of both sexes, contributes a goodly portion toward the financial welfare of Reno. Not only do hotels, restaurants, cafes and shops reap an abundant harvest from the luxury-loving wealthy colony, but even real estate prospers, as many "aspirants" rent cottages for the "season."

Lawyers are kept busy all the time; the banks are opening new accounts for every patient who comes to town, and therefore on more mature consideration, why should we not call it the "Divorce Industry"?

After all, what's in a name?

[Illustration: Views of Reno's Public Play Grounds]

RENO HAS ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF A BIG CITY WITH NONE OF ITS DISADVANTAGES

The following is a reprint of a circular prepared by the Reno Chamber of Commerce:

Location—Reno is situated in Western Nevada, twelve miles from the state line, and on the borderland of the lofty Sierras and Nevada plateau. The city lies in a fertile valley through which the beautiful Truckee flows, and is surrounded by high mountains.

Area of Reno—Three square miles.

Population—Power company, telephone company and school census show over 15,000; government census, 12,016.

Elevation—4,500 feet.

Climate—Winters short, moderately cold and open, with very little snow. Cool, dry, delightful summers, with cool nights, allowing refreshing sleep. No thunderstorms, hail, fogs or earthquakes. Average number of days without a cloud in the sky, 195; partly clouded, 105; and cloudy, 65. Doctors prescribe Reno's sunshine, dry atmosphere and altitude for health.

Railroads and Rates—Three railroads enter Reno; the Southern Pacific, the Western Pacific and the Virginia and Truckee, affording the city transportation facilities enjoyed by few Western cities. At the present time Reno enjoys full terminal rates or better for goods shipped from Eastern points and the distribution rates to the Nevada and Eastern California territory are also very favorable. All three roads furnish ample freight handling and side track facilities.

Highways—Reno is the center of the highway system of Nevada, and an important station on three transcontinental highways; the Lincoln Highway, the Overland Trail and the Pike's Peak Ocean to Ocean Highway.

City Government—The government is a municipality with a mayor and six councilmen elected by popular vote. Appointive officers are city clerk, chief of police, chief of fire department, city engineer and city health officer. The city attorney is also elected.

Industries—Reno is not an industrial city, but may be termed the office of the big industries of the state. Its biggest industries are a packing plant, machine shop and foundry, soap factory, planing mills, brick plant, flour mills and railroad yards.

Financial Strength—The six banks in Reno have a total capitalization of \$1,745,000 and total deposits of

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\$14,782,751.92. Total resources amount to \$18,363,651.94. The clearings average \$4,500,000 monthly, indicating that Reno does a business of a city at least twice its size. Of the six banks, three are national.

Tax Rate and Indebtedness—The tax rate of Reno, including state, county and city taxes, is \$3.55 and the bonded indebtedness \$433,000.

Jobbing Center—Due to its central situation Reno is the jobbing center for the territory of Nevada and Eastern California. Reno has several warehouses and wholesale grocery, automobile supply, produce, tobacco, building materials, hardware, bakery and confectionery store.

Cost of Living—The cost of living is about the same if not lower than in the Middle West and Western communities. The surrounding country supplies Reno with wholesome and cheap food and Reno's location on the main lines from the East and California enables the merchants to sell imported goods at a reasonable figure. One person can live well on \$75 a month and the average family of five lives on \$150 a month.

Housing Conditions—Like most of the cities of the country there is a shortage but not an acute one of apartments and small homes in Reno. However, the amount of building done in Reno this year was almost three times that of any previous year, and the housing problem is expected to be solved by the summer of 1921.

Health Conditions—The clear, dry air, altitude and sunshine of Reno's climate are especially beneficial to health, and persons with lung trouble find relief in Reno. There are no tenements or unsanitary conditions and the city health authorities enforce the laws strictly. Dairies, restaurants and bakeries are inspected regularly, and no refuse is allowed to accumulate in streets or yards. The water supply is pure.

Labor Conditions—Labor conditions are good in Reno, which is the shipping point for the labor of the mines, lumber mills, ranches and construction camps of the Nevada and Eastern California territory. There is always work to be found in the trades and unskilled labor markets. The supply of office and store positions is about equal to the demand. There are no strikes or other quarrels between employer and employee in Reno. The trades are on a union basis.

Schools—There are five grammar schools, a kindergarten, business college, high school and university in Reno. Plans are now being perfected for the establishment of a junior high school which will take care of the eighth grades and freshman high school classes. The scholarship standard is high and the best laboratory and playground facilities are offered. The teachers are paid salaries above the average, enabling the schools to maintain an efficient teaching force.

Churches—There are twelve churches as follows: Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Christian Scientist, Lutheran, Methodist, Methodist Colored, Roman Catholic, Salvation Army, Seventh Day Adventist, Spiritual.

[Illustration: University of Nevada]

Hotels and Apartments—Reno has excellent hotel facilities with three large, first-class hotels and forty smaller hotels and apartment houses.

Clubs and Civic Organizations—Headed by the Reno Chamber of Commerce there exists a live and aggressive group of civic and other organizations in Reno. Enumerated they are the Rotary Club, Lion's Club, Woman Citizen's Club, Italian Benevolent Society, G. A. R., Women's Relief Corps, Nevada Bankers' Society, Nevada Historical Society, Nevada Livestock Association, Nevada Mine Operators' Association, Reno Clearing House Association, Nevada Highway Association, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Red Cross, Salvation Army, Reno Grocers' Association, Reno Automotive Dealers' Association, Washoe County Medical Society, W. C. T. U., Spanish War Veterans, Washoe County Farm Bureau, Washoe County Tax Payers' Association, Truckee Meadows Water Users and Washoe County Bar Association, Twentieth Century Club, Reno Nurses' Association.

Fraternal Organizations—Ancient Order Foresters, B. P. O. E., Fraternal Brotherhood, F. O. E., I. O. O. F., Daughters of Rebecca, Knights of Columbus, Knights of Pythias, Ladies of the Maccabees, Loyal Order of Moose, Masonic Orders, Modern Woodmen of America, Royal Neighbors, U. A. O. Druids, Woodmen of the World, Women of Woodcraft. There are four lodge buildings maintained by the Elks, Masons, Odd Fellows and Woodmen of the World.

Public Buildings—Reno has many imposing public buildings, among them the county court house, city hall, public library, post office, Y. M. C. A., high school building, churches and university buildings. A new post office and Federal building is contemplated, and \$100,000 a year is being spent on new buildings at the University.

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Theatres—Reno has four first-class theatres: The Rialto, Majestic, Grand and Wigwam. The first is a combination vaudeville and picture house and during the show season the best road shows are brought to Reno by the management and staged there. The other three are motion picture houses which secure the highest class films to be had. Their combined seating capacity is over 5,000.

Publications—Two daily newspapers, five weekly journals, and three monthly journals are published in Reno. The Reno Evening Gazette and the Nevada State Journal give full Associated Press reports.

Parks and Playgrounds—The city maintains two parks and one playground, and there is a playground at each of the public schools. Wingfield Park is a recent acquisition given the city by George Wingfield and consists of a beautiful island of over two acres, situated in the Truckee river within three blocks of the business district. The city is now improving this park and connecting it with the playground on the shore. The playground has three tennis courts, swings, and teeters and is used constantly during the year. In addition to the municipal parks the children of Reno have all outdoors to play in.

[Illustration: Wingfield Home]

[Illustration: General View of Reno, Looking N. W.]

Hospitals—There are three hospitals in addition to the county hospital and the state hospital for mental diseases. The St. Mary's Hospital is also a training school for nurses. With a staff of thirty-three physicians, these hospitals are well able to take care of any emergency and the most expert treatment can be obtained in Reno.

Libraries—Reno has a Carnegie Library, University Library, county law library and the high school library. The Elks Club, Y. M. C. A. and Chamber of Commerce maintain reading rooms.

Telephone—The Bell Telephone Company of Nevada furnishes telephone service in Reno with 3,729 stations in the city. Of this number 1,725 are business phones and 2,004 residence phones. The rates are lower than most cities on the coast. The company plans to spend \$300,000 in Reno the coming year in a new building to house its exchange. Long distance communication with most of the points in Nevada is also provided.

City Water Supply—The city water supply is taken from the Truckee river by the Reno Power, Light Water Company, twelve miles west of Reno, and is of the purest quality. It is snow water and is treated by a purification plant near the outskirts of Reno. Two large reservoirs store the water and give it ample pressure for distribution. A monthly rate of \$2.75 for an unlimited supply of water is charged each residence. This allows for irrigation of small gardens and lawns.

Gas and Electricity—Gas is manufactured by the Reno Power, Light Water Company and distributed to nearly every home in the city through thirty-one miles of mains. The minimum rate is \$1.10 a month and averages \$2 per 1,000 cubic feet. Electricity is sold by the same company for light and power purposes from three hydro-electric plants on the Truckee river. For domestic uses the electricity is sold at seven to two cents a kilowatt hour, and for power at a minimum of five cents a kilowatt and as low as two cents for large users.

Street Cars—The Reno Traction Company has five miles of track in the city and connecting with Sparks, three miles to the east. Cars are run on the half hour during the day and on the hour at night until 12:30 a.m.

City Paving—Reno now has six miles of paved streets with five additional miles on the program for 1921. There are forty miles of sidewalks covering practically the entire city.

Sewers—Reno has thirty miles of sewers emptying in the river at a point below the city.

Shipping—The railroads entering Reno do a large business in the local yards, and Reno's importance as a distributing center is growing rapidly as shown by the following figures: Imports 1915, 155,000 tons of freight; imports 1920, 207,000 tons of freight. Exports, 1915, 45,000 tons; export 1920, 89,000. Several trucking lines also operate out of Reno to surrounding points and handle a large tonnage which it is impossible to estimate.

Building Activity—The building permits issued for 1920 totalled in round numbers \$300,000, which is twice the figure of last year.

Contemplated Civic Improvements—The city council is working upon a comprehensive plan of civic improvements which includes paving work already mentioned, landscaping the river banks west of the Virginia street bridge, and improvement of Wingfield Park. A new bandstand costing \$5,000 is being completed in the city park and close to \$100,000 is being spent in purchasing an aviation field and building a hangar. A free tourist camp ground is to be modernly equipped.

Building and Loan Associations—There are two Building and Loan Associations in Reno. The Union Building Loan Association and the Security Savings Loan Association. Both offer material assistance to the home

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builder on long payment plans.

Fire Department—The equipment of the fire department is valued at over \$75,000, and consists of the most modern fire-fighting apparatus. High speed motor trucks which can reach any point in the city within three minutes after the alarm is sounded, are used, and twenty-four men man the trucks on the platoon system. The department has a record of efficiency and the loss by fire is very low in Reno.

Police Department—Reno also has a very efficient police force of fifteen men. An identification bureau and emergency hospital is maintained by the police department. Only sixteen burglaries occurred in Reno in 1920, and eight of the perpetrators were apprehended. Eleven robberies were reported and six apprehended.

Reno Chamber of Commerce—The Reno Chamber of Commerce is an organization of 1,300 members employing a managing director, a secretary and a traffic manager on full time. These men maintain a credit bureau, mining information bureau and traffic bureau, and are carrying out a program of civic improvement and state development. The rooms occupy the fourth floor of the Reno National Bank Building in the heart of the city, and are used by some thirty organizations as a civic center. The business and community life of Reno revolves around the Chamber of Commerce.

[Illustration with caption: THE TRUCKEE FROM RIVERSIDE DRIVE]

[Illustration with caption: LOOKING NORTH OF VIRGINIA STREET]

Aviation Field—The municipal aviation field consists of some sixty acres of land one mile south of the city, and is headquarters for the aerial mail service. The county is building a hangar costing \$30,000 and the government stations over thirty men at the field. Two mail planes arrive each day and are repaired and overhauled at the field. In the event of the mail service being extended to Los Angeles and the Northwest, Reno will be the point at which the mail transfers are made for these points.

University of Nevada—The University of Nevada is located in Reno, on a beautiful eminence overlooking the city. It is an accredited university offering for study all the regular courses for matriculation and bachelors degree in mining, agriculture, arts and sciences, civil engineering, electrical engineering and mining engineering. The teaching and scientific staff number 75 and the registration, 465 students. The state is expending \$100,000 a year on new buildings at the University and it costs \$170,205 a year to maintain from state and federal funds. Laboratory service is afforded the mining, agricultural and stock raising industries of the state and the University is looked upon with great pride by the citizens of Nevada.

Fishing and Hunting—The country surrounding Reno abounds in game and fish and outdoor life is the fashion. The streams and lakes are all well stocked with game trout and a good basket of trout can be caught in the Truckee river within the city limits of Reno. Deer, grouse, sagehen, rabbits, coyotes and wildcats are plentiful on the ranges and can be reached within a few hours from Reno.

Valley Farming—The valley in which Reno is located contains some 30,000 acres of fertile land, and is especially suited to the raising of garden truck, fruits, chickens and grains and grasses. There is a ready market for all the produce that is raised in the valley. A small farm of a few acres can be obtained within a mile of the city for a reasonable figure, and a good living earned in spare hours after work in the city.

PART 2. RENO TRAGEDIES

Mrs. Smith did her little six months in Reno and the world's sympathy was with her, and the recording angel, I dare say, winked solemnly to himself and said: "Another domestic tragedy!"....

It is certainly a tragedy to be told outright by the husband one has borne children for and has been a good wife to, and has loved and cherished for the best part of one's life, to "cash in one's old face and make room in his heart and home for a younger and more fair." This was the case, apparently, with the Smiths.

And yet during my short stay in Reno, I have heard of more tragic cases than that of Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Smith had been left her child and money. We can't buy happiness with money, it's true, but we can at least buy comfort, and that is something after all. I knew of a different case where there was no money to buy comfort: a mother, with a baby in her arms and the one desire in her heart, to make it legitimate before it should grow old enough to understand..... I met this heart broken mother in a hospital in Reno, six years after her arrival there. I had heard about her and went to see the child.

"The divorce colony, all frivolity and gaiety," you say? Pardon me, I know better!

This devoted mother had loved the father of her child. She had left an impossible husband and gone with a man who had shown her sympathy, kindness and love when her life was all unhappiness. She had fought bravely for her freedom, but for some reason had been unable to obtain it. The months had dragged into years, the woman toiling day by day in a shop to support herself and baby, until years of work and worry had claimed their prize at last, and she had fallen ill; and it was then I heard of her and went to see her. I could still see traces of beauty in the now hardened lines about her mouth and sunken eyes. It has been said that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," but alas! there are too many cases where "absence makes the heart grow... yonder." The man whose wife she had hoped to become forgot her in less than a year and passed out of her life....

I shall never forget the day I saw this fatherless child, with her little pale face, rose-bud mouth and big brown eyes, which when she lifted them to mine were filled with unshed tears. I knew that this little lonely child of fate understood.... even at the age of six. I just wanted to take her in my arms and cry....

One beautiful morning a mother arose and called at the door of her daughter's bedroom. What, no answer? She opened the door and looked in. Why, the bed had not been slept in! The mother knew that Marjory had been despondent of late, and she knew why. Can you imagine the icy hand that gripped that mother's heart when she looked upon the empty couch. An hour later Marjory's beautiful young body was found floating in the stream that runs through the University grounds among the green trees, with sunshine filtering through and the birds singing their glad notes of life among the leafy branches. As pure and sweet as a desert lily, and as dainty as an apple blossom was this daughter of Nevada. He who said "Truth is stranger than fiction" well nigh spoke truthfully indeed.

Why wish to leave, Marjory, when you possessed youth, beauty and loving friends; when the month was June and all the world rejoiced? Indeed, why?

If Marjory's stiffened lips could have answered, she would have said: "Yes, but my lover proved untrue: yesterday he was married to the Queen of the Divorce Colony; today they are on their honeymoon, and I am in the great unknown...."

It is between the hours of twilight and night. The last fading light of the setting sun is reflected upon the waters of the Truckee River, in a silvery, rose-tinted hue, indescribable in its delicate beauty. There is a strange lady seated on the veranda of an imposing Colonial home overlooking the river. She is writing; sometimes she stops to gaze upon the glory of the sunset with great dreamy eyes, whose depths seem unfathomable. How the soft twilight glow enshrines her face! But now the sun has disappeared, yet the light seems still to cling about her beautiful form. In a brighter light you might see that her lips are crimson with the glow of youth, though her face is pale. Her hair, parted in the middle and dressed straight back, and her white gown give her the appearance of a Madonna. In her bodice, she wears a white rose which from time to time she caresses in a dreamy fashion.....

Just here Eileen—her name is romantic isn't it?—is attracted by a young man who comes up the street whistling as he walks full of the joy of youth and life. He runs up the steps, two at a time. The lady on the porch lifts her eyes just one moment, but womanlike she sees much in a glance. She sees that his eyes are of a wonderful

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dark blue; that his hair is thick and wavy; and that he is tall, straight and strong. How lithe and supple he seems, too, as he runs up the steps and disappears into the house. Has he seen the lady Madonna? She does not know. There is indeed something strange about this dark haired man; something out of the ordinary and fascinating....

The Holbrooks had been immensely wealthy at one time but owing to gambling and unsuccessful mining deals their fortune had dwindled, and at the death of Mr. Holbrook his widow had found that her sole possessions consisted of a beautiful home and three lovely children. Eileen Reed had come to Mrs. Holbrook with a letter of introduction from a friend in the East, and had been taken into the home for the period of her exile.

It was young Holbrook who had tripped up the steps and entered the house without apparently seeing her. Having a keen woman's understanding, I wondered if this apparent ignoring of the lady's presence was not what first caused her keen interest in the young man, for Eileen was not accustomed to being ignored. She bore her crown of beauty with added brilliance and grace because of the passing years, and was fully aware of her power to sway the will of those about her, and move the hearts of men with her irresistible charm and perfect splendor, alike persuasive, compelling and all-powerful.

She had never really loved: a poor girl of a respectable family, she had taken up nursing; had married a wealthy doctor, and had been in the position of the penniless but beautiful wife of a rich husband.

At dinner Eileen was presented to young Holbrook. I happened to be a guest at dinner on that particular evening, and noticed a slight effort on the part of the new arrival to interest the young man. However, young Holbrook was cordially polite only. After dinner they sauntered out on the piazza and chatted, for some time. During the conversation, Eileen got the impression that if he had expressed his opinion about divorces, it might not have been altogether complimentary. He had grown up in Reno and for more than fifteen years had seen the divorcees appear and vanish, and oh!—what a tale he could have told.

However, he evidently thought this woman different or at least out of the ordinary, and he was right; she was a most unusual and unusually interesting woman.

They drifted into a rather serious conversation; they spoke of the old-fashioned chivalry; the profound respect men had for women in the old-fashioned bygone days; he spoke of his father with so much reverence, dignity and pride, and this boy-man with all his premature experience, gave Eileen glimpses into a soul, into his soul, which was pure and clean and good.

Eileen was rapidly becoming interested in this young head of the household; she found herself listening most attentively to every one of his words. After hearing nothing but silly wordly chatter for years, it seemed good to listen to this man who seemed to have absorbed all the romance and mystery of the land of his birth. At one time he would speak like a boy of twenty; the next moment like a man of forty; always there seemed to be present two personalities, one the care-free, happy boy, the other the all-wise, far-seeing man, with a keen intellectual understanding of every phase of life.

So much were these two people interested in each other that neither noticed that it had grown quite late and a little chilly. Eileen shivered slightly and rather unconsciously; young Holbrook noticed it.

"Why, you are cold, and it is late; I am sorry I did not realize it," he broke out in astonishment as he glanced at his watch; "really you must forgive me for keeping you up!"

He extended his hand as he bade her good night. Eileen returned his good night in her most charming manner, though rather mechanically; something had come over her; she did not know it, but for the first time in her life she seemed to have fallen in love....

Much to my surprise and strangely enough after that evening these two people seldom met and were never alone together; it seemed to me as though young Holbrook avoided Eileen without seeming to do so. I could not understand his attitude unless he felt himself slipping and was trying to avoid temptation. I felt that his apparent indifference only served to fan the flames in Eileen's heart. She struggled with her wounded pride though there never was any outward sign of her feelings until she became ill.

The first day's illness brought a gorgeous bouquet of red roses. "Oh, why did he do that, and why did he send red roses, the emblem of love and passion?" and why did Eileen clasp them madly to her heart and drink in their sensual sweetness? For three long weeks Eileen lay ill with burning fever, and always there were fresh red roses, but he himself did not come until Eileen began to convalesce. And one day he came and stood by her couch, and looked down, at her. He saw that she was paler, but the lips were still as scarlet as the petals of the American Beauties on the table by her side. The rose-colored light cast a glow over the prettiest breast and shoulders God

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had ever moulded! They said very little; it would be interesting to know what their thoughts were....

Shortly after Eileen came out of the hospital she sent a little token of appreciation to Mr. Holbrook, in recognition of his unfailing kindness during her illness. That same evening they met, by chance, and as he clasped her hand and thanked her for the little gift, the pressure of his hand sent a strange thrill to her heart; she stammered something in a tremulous voice and rushed away. Later in the evening they met, shall we say again "by chance", at dinner. They danced together, and the pressure of his strong arms nearly maddened Eileen.... Oh, why do we play with fire and why is forbidden fruit so sweet!

A strange woman this, with her dual personality: a Madonna and a lover of all things good and beautiful, but a Cleopatra when the passionate fires of her soul were stirred; and this night, a passionate love that lacked all reason, dominated everything else in her being. When they had parted and she was alone in her room, sleep refused her offices: twelve: one: two.... and her eyes still were staring into the darkness.... Not a sound; all was quiet. She rose from her couch, her hair streaming, her body all aglow. She donned a flimsy, rose-colored dressing gown, opened her door, crept silently down the hall and went bodily into young Holbrook's room. In a dressing gown and slippers he sat, reading a magazine; he must have been restless, too. "Why Mrs. Reed—Eileen—what is the matter?"

"The matter is, Boy, that I love you with all my heart and soul." And as he held her in his arms he whispered: "And I love you."

For the first time since he had held her in his arms early that evening her reason asserted itself for a moment, and she pressed her hand over his lips to stifle the words. She had thought of poor little Marjory and her white face in the stream, and of a thousand other reasons why they should part. There were sacred promises on both sides to be kept. "But be mine," she pleaded, "just for tonight."

He held her in his arms; she was his very own, and she counted his heart—throbs as they beat against her breast. He scented the perfume of her breath against his cheek, and drank deep of the wine of her red lips, as she whispered again her sweet confession through a mist of tears.... "The Woman Thou Gavest Me!"

No one could better grace love's throne, nor rule more royally. Voice so low and tender and heart so warm, all herself she gave, and gladly, thoughtlessly, recklessly. Is it true that all humanity means to do right though often wrong; that the heart at times must obey the mandates of circumstances and environment: that even the purest and best succumb to temptation? Another day, and reason rules!

He was engaged to a girl who had been his little sweetheart as far back as he could remember. He had carried her books and pulled her sled and fought her battles, and now he surely would never break her heart. There is duty; an invention of the Devil, but it must be met, though hearts break and burn; though we wander through a desert of hallowed love and damning desire. This dream was to end. For months those two beings faced their little world with only a nod as they passed by; not even as much as a hand-clasp. Who can tell what the man thought, or if he cared? But the woman wept out her sorrow in my arms. Confession is good for the soul, so it is said; there is joy in a heartache sometimes, and sweet content in tears. She told me how she lay awake and listened for his footsteps. If he came into the room her heart would almost cease beating. She almost fainted once when she met him coming in with his fiancée... but in silence she suffered; pride and duty ruled.

"How exquisitely he tortures me," she said. "He uses roses as his weapons.... But what think you of this my friend? I shall bear his image into life! What matter laws and customs, and sins forbidden.... I shall be happy again when I hold my baby in my arms"....

So terribly shocked was I that I could only gasp in amazement, but when I looked into the face of the woman, behold.... the Madonna!

There seemed to be a spiritual light illuminating her face and she was far away in the land of dreams, looking into the face of her blue-eyed baby; born of a great, great Love, sacrificed to Duty. Life.... What a tragedy! Fate, did you say? Thank God for Time, the healer of all wounds. As someone has said: "Never a lip was curved in pain that could not be kissed into smiles again!"

Just half an hour before she was leaving Reno, as we were dropping the last of the little silver toilet articles into her small traveling bag, and gathering up the odds and ends here and there, the telephone rang. At Eileen's request I answered. A manly voice said: "Mr. Holbrook speaking; I would like to come and pay my respects to Mrs. Reed if she has a few minutes to spare, and will permit me!" Of course she would, poor girl; she looked as though heaven had suddenly opened and beckoned her enter. I left them alone.

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Whatever was said must have taken the bitterness out of the parting, because it was a sweet-souled, courageous girl that joined me ten minutes later, to take her departure for life's everlasting battle fields; to begin anew. Perhaps she knew his love would crown the awaiting beyond with divine fulfillment.....

When I saw her off on the Eastbound train, she answered my questioning look by taking a small photo from her bodice—"No, I have not forgotten," she said with a smile that was more tragic than all the tears the world has ever shed. "Here, next my heart, I shall carry my love always, but there is his duty and mine, and so much do I love him, that I want to bear all the pain myself...."

Being a trained nurse, Eileen when she got her divorce went to France with several other Red Cross nurses, "where," she said, "I shall try to mend my broken heart while I help to patch up some of our mutilated soldier boys. My only hope is that I may be of some use, and I feel sure that my own miserable little wail of bereavement will get lost in the shuffle, when I am face to face with the tragedies of the battle fields..."

Shall we forgive her? Yes, if we follow the teachings of the Nazarene..... I sometimes hear from Eileen; she is somewhere in France, and so is young Holbrook, I am told! I may yet continue their story some day. Methinks it is a promise; a whisper across the miles of unrest; a pledge of the fulfillment of a prayer; a surety for tomorrow's sunshine! Already I can see a smile in the East: may I hope, and hoping believe?....

"To Helen, my full blown rose, spirit of perfect womanhood, my inspiration and guide; to her whose love exceeds all others, to her memory I bow my head in everlasting devotion and admiration...."

Thus spoke a man who had watched the train disappear eastward with the body of his sweetheart, four years prior to the writing of this book. When I think of all the tragic stories of the divorce colony, Helen's was perhaps the most pathetic. She was the daughter of a wealthy family in New York State. She ran away when only sixteen, and married a man whom she thought she loved, and for years she struggled to find happiness, ignored by her people because of her choice of a husband. She found herself poverty stricken and unloved, paying the price of her folly. What a pity that we must be young and know too little, and then grow old and sometimes know too much! Ideals are simply mental will-o'-the-wisps, of which we are always in pursuit, but which we see realized but seldom.

For ten long years this woman faced neglect, humiliation and days and nights of anguish in her efforts to fulfill her duty, until she could stand it no longer, and crept back to her father's door to ask forgiveness. The millionaire father sent her to Reno, with ten dollars a week to live on, and a promise of forgiveness if in future she would promise to live according to his wishes. Poor little Helen! For years her heart had been starving for love, and now Reno meant to her the call of honor and duty, the sworn obligation of her family. But, alas, Helen was beautiful: a girl who had only just become a woman; whose sufferings had only served to develop a strong personality with an intangible charm; whose whole being suggested unnumbered possibilities of mind and character. Her face was like a lily, so fair, and almost classic, yet showing unmistakably the warm heart and emotional nature of the woman. A wealth of golden hair that crowned her regal grace, and eyes that had stolen the tenderest blue from a turquoise sky beneath the shade of modest lashes. Appealing lotus-like lips, rosy-ripe and moist with the dew of promised bliss; sensuous curves and graceful feminine lines..... such a woman was Helen. And he! Six feet of Western manhood; a graduate of Yale, and still an athlete at 35. A man with the highest ideals of fine, clean, strong manhood. He had gone West shortly after leaving college and had made his fortune, but he liked the West and its people, and there he made his home. The rough mining life he had led had worn off a little of the drawing room polish of his younger years, which made him even more fascinating, and something had turned his raven-black hair just a little bit gray at the temples.

This man sat in a lawyer's office one afternoon, his wide brimmed Stetson pulled low over his eyes, and a cigar between his teeth, when a rather timid little blonde lady entered. He removed both cigar and hat and stood up. Jack Worthington was the man, and he was presented to Helen by his old friend, Dick Sheldon, who was also Helen's lawyer.

Were you ever alone in a strange land, sitting between the four walls of a barren, stuffy room with the blue devils swarming thick around you? That had been the case with poor little Helen for two long weeks before her meeting with Jack Worthington.

Two whole weeks!.....it had seemed an eternity to this beautiful woman, with the wreckage of her youth staring her in the face: a youth which should have been all sunshine and flowers. She had risked all for the price of love and lost....

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"Gee! Some woman!" said Worthington to Sheldon when the door closed upon Helen, after a private consultation with the lawyer.

"What's the matter, old boy; captured at last, after all these years? Well, they say: 'the longer you wait, the harder the blow!' But I'll have to hand it to you, you're a good picker. That little woman is an angel if there ever was one in Reno, and you will be a lucky boy if you can win her!"

Two days later there was a little dinner given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, and strange to say, Helen and Worthington were among those present. From that time on it was Jack who chased away the shadows and kept Helen amused. There was something wonderfully sweet and soothing about this strong, self-reliant man of the West. Life cannot exist without sunshine, and this man was slowly becoming the sunshine of Helen's life, with each walk in the moonlight along the banks of the Truckee, and with each ride through the wonderful, silent places, while they enjoyed Nevada's matchless sunsets, and glorious freedom of open country.

[Illustration with caption: GLENBROOK]

In spite of all Jack could do in the way of chasing away the shadows, Helen continued to grow more like the lily and less like the rose. It was terribly hot in Reno as the summer months came on, and there were reasons why Helen could not have all the comforts. Worthington, with his thousands, was hopeless. She should be up to the lake where the cool, fresh breezes could fan the roses back into her cheeks, but how could he manage it?

"I know, I shall have the Sheldons go up to their camp at Glenbrook, and invite us up for the week."....

The very next morning a very sweet feminine voice called Helen over the 'phone. "Good morning, Helen dear, aren't you nearly cooked? Yes, I know it's a hundred and ten in the shade. I say, dear, Mr. Sheldon and I have a cozy nook up at Glenbrook, on Lake Tahoe. Won't you come up and spend the week with us there?.... Oh, yes, we will call for you at 8 A.M. tomorrow Oh, no, don't thank us, you will be so welcome.... All right, good-bye."

When Helen tripped lightly down to the big touring car the next morning, she showed no surprise when Jack jumped from the back seat and assisted her to a place by his side. It was a gay party that landed at the camp a few hours later. Did these two people know that they had grown to love each other? There had been no word of love spoken between them but that night they went for a row on the lake of many colors, just as the sun dropped over the hills and the moon shone out in all its glory. Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon stood on the shore and watched them with a knowing smile. Jack was the salt of the earth, and he meant so well.... He did not mean to speak to Helen until she was free, but alas! for the infinite cry of infinite hearts that yearn. For weeks and weeks, when the days were the darkest, it had been Jack who happened along just at the right moment with a book or some flowers, accompanied by a funny story or a joke, some little kindness that would brighten the path a bit. What a mixture he was, of tenderness and brusqueness; of common sense and poetry; of fun and seriousness, this adopted son of the sagebrush. These were Helen's thoughts as she watched his strong body bend gracefully over the oars, which sent them flying through the sapphire water of Lake Tahoe.

Already the color was beginning to appear in Helen's cheeks and she looked happier and more bewitching than ever before. "An angel pointing the way to Paradise," thought Jack. They discussed the moon-kissed glades and leafy woods of shadowland. Did they know that in each leafy bough Cupid awaited with love's weapon poised? Jack drew in the oars and allowed the little boat to drift; it is sometimes wonderfully sweet to drift; sometimes we drift into the harbor of happiness; sometimes we smash against the rocks, and are left shipwrecked. Little did Helen dream that soon this new found happiness was to vanish; that her lips burning for kisses yet unborn, might soon unbend and voice deepest anguish and piteous appeal; that those eyes which betokened unsolved depths of fondest affection, of laughter, love and life, might soon lose their lustre and dreamy languor, in an ocean of tears..... There two people drifted silently along, conscious only of the fact that they were supremely happy in each other's company But lo! out of the quiet a storm is born: why had they not noticed that the moon had hidden her silvery face behind a black cloud? The spray and rain beating upon their happy faces was the first incident which made them aware that a terrific storm was upon them, and that they were many miles from home. The wind was whipping the waves into a perfect fury, thus rendering unmanageable the little boat. The thunder rolled and roared, and finally the wind drove the frail craft against the stony wall of Cave Rock. Jack managed to grasp a part of the jagged surface and drag Helen with him; the boat hit against the rocks several times and finally broke up.

[Illustration with caption: CAVE ROCK] All through the struggle Helen had sat motionless and fascinated at the strength and skill this man displayed in his efforts to pull for the shore, but when at last they were there, and

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she felt his strong arms about her, all her courage and strength failed her, and she fainted. He clasped her closer to his heart and looked into her colorless face. Her clothes were dripping, and her golden hair was streaming about her face. Jack stopped for a moment and pressed his burning lips to hers—they were icy.

"My sweet burden of glorious womanhood," he whispered. "Thank God you are safe!" And he climbed up the rocky mountainside to the only available shelter.... Cave Rock. There he took his dripping burden and laid it on the damp, cold stones. There was no sign of life. He took off his coat, rang the water out as best he could, and spread it on the rocks and laid Helen upon it. He rubbed her hands and arms, and bathed her head, but she remained chilled.

If he only had a dry match to start a fire with, or some brandy, but alas! they were storm-tossed souls, with no means of warmth, except that of the man's palpitating body..... He was aglow with warmth from the exertion of rowing and climbing up the mountainside. He would bring back life and pulsation to this woman whom he loved with all his heart and soul, by the warmth of his own glowing body. As he drew off his waistcoat and threw it aside, something fell to the ground. He felt about in the dark until he found the object; it was a tiny silver match case, some silly Christmas present which he never used and had forgotten all about, but it was surely a welcome friend at this particular moment. Were there any matches in it?.... He held his breath for a moment while he opened it His sigh of relief told the story. The rest now was only the work of a minute: some bits of driftwood and the remains of some previous camp fire quickly started a blaze.

Carefully he laid Helen upon his coat near the fire, and continued to rub her body until her eyelids quivered and she opened her big blue eyes and looked about.

She saw the camp fire, the strange looking cave and the big handsome figure bending over her.... First she looked startled, then when she slowly realized their predicament she became hysterical, threw herself into her rescuer's arms and wept.

And each knew, as the one man and the one woman will always know by intuition, that fiction has no miracles such as are found in the book of life. Lips may dissemble, but there is no need of speech when heart meets its mate. Jack gathered her to his breast and soothed her as best he could. It was so good to look in her face and to hear her voice; her heart was so pure and her soul so lily white: her eyes like violets wet with the morning dew....

When she was quieter, Jack whispered in his fine manly voice quivering with earnestness: "Helen, my own, will you be my wife, my own sweet little wife until death do us part?"

"Until death do us part, I will!" she whispered, and surely the angels must have recorded that sacred promise. Her voice was suffused with a world of tenderness as she breathed the words. From his coat pocket Jack produced a plain gold band. "My mother's wedding ring," he said, "it has never left me since I said good-bye to her and laid her to rest. I have been looking for a woman who would be as worthy of wearing it" and he slipped it on her finger and kissed the hand it graced. And then and there they pledged their troth.....

"I love you with all my heart and soul, my own sweet woman, and before God we can do no harm: with love such as ours there can be no such thing as sin. Society is a tissue of pretense: convention a fleeting fantom. My sweet bride of tonight."

Splendidly conscious of her sweet sacrifice, she smiled at tomorrows.... "There is this hour and we live; if sin it is, it is yet divine; the happiest hour of my life, because I am loved and I love so much."....

Adieu to duty and creeds, love's altar has vestments of rosebud lips and starry eyes with whispered words of love divine: "Sin," it's said; but if with the one all holy love, what care we for the reckoning hour.....

"Oh! Helen dear, you are missing the most gorgeous sunrise of creation!"

[Illustration with caption: LAKE TAHOE]

Why, it is Jack's voice.... Helen opens her eyes and looks around. "What did you say about the sunrise, Jack dear?" She looks out of the cave in the direction whence the voice came, and sees the silver dusk turning rose.

"Oh! the sunrise! Yes, dear, I'll be there in just a minute." Helen quickly brought back her gaze from the rosy-tinted silver light to the cave and its surroundings. There was a camp fire lighted, and her clothing was stretched on a line near it, and she herself was wrapped warmly in a dry woollen cloak. In a very short time, she appeared at the opening of the cave, fully dressed, as fresh and sweet as a rose and radiantly happy.

"Good morning, my wonderful bride, my own sweet woman," he whispered as he kissed her almost reverently. "Together we will enjoy this glorious sunrise!"

"Isn't it wonderful?" she sighed, "not a sign of last night's terrible storm: just see how beautiful the lake is; all

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emerald, sapphire and gold! How the sun reflects its golden glory on the smooth water! How wonderful, Jack dear, to watch the birth of a new day, coming forth from the hands of its Maker. Oh, it is so good to be alive, my lover!"

And Jack again held her in his arms, pressed her to his heart and almost smothered her with kisses. "And I want to say to you, dear, that no fame, no glory, no wealth, nothing on earth can bring the happiness, the real heart's content into one's life, that just one hour's true, unselfish love can give. I know this after ten long years of grief, suffering and despair, when all the time my heart cried out for its own, for what was its birthright and its heritage! I want to give you my whole heart, dear, a heart full of gladness and rejoicing."

"My own sweet woman, it shall be my one and only thought to make your life one beautiful day of gladness and joy! And now, dear, I am afraid there is nothing to do but to walk back to the next camp which is about four miles distant, and then telephone the Sheldons to come for us. I am sure they must be worried; they are probably searching the lake for us. The road is good, that is one thing in our favor. Do you feel equal to the walk, or do you prefer to be left here while I go for help?"

"Indeed I shall not be left here all alone. I could walk twice that distance!" They started off, hand in hand.....

And for three wonderful months hand in hand they wandered. Only two people lived in this wonderful world for this man and this woman. All its wealth and beauty: its unutterable joys: its pleasures and stores of infinite happiness: all their very own! Together they wandered down life's leafy lanes, treading its quiet paths: together they drank deep of nature and enjoyed every moment without a thought of tomorrow. The flowers shed their sweetest perfumes, the birds sang their sweetest songs, and each leaf and bough nodded as though they knew. Of all men, he was the one God made, and she,—the woman.... Their souls responded to spiritual intuitions: their minds entwined as do the ivy and the oak...

So beautiful was the love and devotion of this man and this woman, that every one who knew them was in sympathy with them; they were envied by those who had never known such blissful peace and delirious delight. These two people were planning a beautiful home on the banks of the Truckee. There had been a sweet confession from Helen: her case would soon be up for hearing and all would be well.... But alas! suddenly Helen was taken seriously ill. Three days later she died in the hospital. What was the matter? No one knows! With her last breath: "It has all been worth while, Jack dear," she whispered.

And the man, heart-broken, bought a solid silver casket, with a glass inner casket, padded with delicate rose satin, and therein he laid the woman he had loved, honored and respected above all others. A friend who saw her said:

"Never have I seen anyone look so beautiful, as she lay there in her soft chiffon gown, with a cluster of rosebuds in her hand; a full blown rose herself. Is it possible that a creation so fair and beautiful can, in a few short hours, return to dust again?"

The next day Helen's body, in the silver casket, covered with flowers —the last tribute of a great love—was homeward bound. Is she to be envied, or pitied? I wonder....

The man who ever carried in his heart the greatest respect and reverence for this one woman, whispered gently as he placed a wreath of roses on her casket:

"And I had hoped that you would be with me always! Oh, love of mine, what a wealth of beauty, charm and winning grace were yours in full flower"....

I hope, if it be true, that there yet remains another life in some dim land of mystery; that they may again walk together, and sing, as in the long ago; hand in hand; for love such as theirs will live through eternity, and ever after....

PART 3. RENO ROMANCE

Reno and Romance go hand in hand I should say. If you asked half a dozen of your friends what the word Romance means, I dare say each one would give a different answer. I think one of the most beautiful plays I have ever seen was a play called "Romance"; yet to me the play seemed rather a tragic story.... I have looked up the word in an English dictionary and it gives the definition, "An imaginative story, fiction." How prosaic! To me Romance has always been something poetical and very real indeed.

At any rate, it is real in Reno; everywhere there is evidence of it; and it is easy to lay one's finger on the romantic cases. Just peep into the room of this new arrival; there is a bower of beautiful flowers, and there is a telegram on the dressing table. The lady's lawyer had been telegraphed to and has given instructions that a garden of flowers be arranged as a welcome to the fair exile; the telegram contains words of encouragement and consolation.

I heard of many romances that were beautiful and interesting; that pictured to my mind youthful mistakes righted, dreams realized and ideal future homes, with love reigning supreme and peace and harmony keeping the charm ever radiant. I can't tell you about all of them, therefore I shall select the one I thought most beautiful. The heroine of my selected romance is Mrs. Beuland, of Virginia.

Never have I found it so difficult to describe a woman as I find it to describe Mrs. Beuland; I wish I could picture to you this most unusual woman as I knew her in the southland, a mere girl of sixteen; as I think of her now she brings to my mind a poem of William Wordsworth:

"I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too:
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food—
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Yes, she was like a poem, with much of the untamed grace of a panther, and the gentleness of a dove....

In Balzac's unique story, "A Passion in the Desert," a question is asked: "How did their friendship end?" The answer is, "Like all great passions—in a misunderstanding. One suspects the other. One is too proud to ask for an explanation and the other too stubborn to offer it." And so it was with Mrs. Beuland, else I should not be recording her romance here.

I am glad the story of Balzac did not read: "Like all great loves," because I believe that a great love always brings with it harmony and understanding. The misunderstanding in this case was due to the fact, that the girl did not know that under this great passion lay slumbering a wonderful love of everlasting endurance.

Surely the heroine of this romance was deserving of a great love. She was like a sunbeam when she entered a room, she always brought gladness; she radiated the joy of living.

She rode like a princess, danced like a fairy, was a child of nature and at the same time a woman of the world. I have seen her romp in a daisy field and gather flowers with the children, as much a child as any of them, and a few hours later I have met her in a drawing room, an entirely different person, all dignity and self possession.

Mrs. Beuland was a daughter of one of the first families of Virginia; tall and stately, with a splendid, graceful physique, blue eyes, black hair and olive skin. Her physical charm and mental attraction were always struggling for supremacy.

She was a girl of many moods; sometimes the joy of living would just radiate from her and her care-free laughter and musical voice would be that of a happy child; another time her eyes would lose the sparkling, captivating expression and become dreamy and thoughtful, as though they were peering into the great beyond; her voice would tremble with earnestness as she would discuss some serious subject. And then again there would be a

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note of sadness, though never of bitterness.

I knew Mrs. Beuland as Nell Wilbur in Virginia, before her marriage to Mr. Beuland. Her family were among the victims of the Civil War who were left paupers after the wreckage of the South.

Nell Wilbur had always been proud, willful and highly strung. Her mother had died young. Her father after futile attempts to guide her steps in the right direction, finally concluded that it was better to let her have her head; she would run away with the bit anyway. She might break her neck, but she surely would have to learn life's lessons in her own way, and she did.

Her family tried to make a match for her but she refused, saying, "I want to be the captain of my own soul; I will make my own mistakes": and she kept her word. Just seventeen, she went to visit an aunt in New York, glowing with youth and health, with a mind full of romance and ideals; an enthusiast, and a dreamer of dreams. She at once found herself surrounded by devoted admirers, all rivaling with each other in their efforts to please her. One young millionaire, finding that she was fond of equestrian sports, offered her the pick of his stables, whereupon the young Virginian lifted her eyes in surprise as she said: "But where would I ride? Your little old park isn't big enough to ride in, and the people all look as though they dropped out of a Fifth Avenue shop window. If you would come with me for a cross country gallop in Virginia, you would understand that I could not possibly be interested in doing living pictures in Central Park!"

Among the hosts of Miss Wilbur's admirers there were two who interested the young lady; one a splendid young English lawyer, rich and handsome: the other, a young New York artist, poor but interesting, very sincere, very intellectual and with strong personality.

Both men had many faults, though they had their full share of fine qualities as well. The faults that were most annoying to Miss Wilbur in the young lawyer (whose name by the way was Glen Royce) were his profound conceit and his sensual nature. There was some excuse for him because the Gods had endowed him with all their charms; he was an Adonis, Apollo and all the other Greek Gods in one. I don't think I have ever seen two people so near physical perfection as Nell Wilbur and Glen Royce. They seemed to be made for each other; every one had decided that they would surely be married. Young Royce was madly in love, and though Miss Wilbur lavished her smiles on the young artist, Will Beuland, no one thought that he had the slightest chance.

Miss Wilbur's aunt invited a party of the young people to Atlantic City for the Easter holidays, and I was lucky enough to be asked, my principal pleasure being in watching the ideal young lovers. They were always perfectly groomed; always stunning; in morning dress, bathing suits and evening clothes, alike charming. The last evening before our return I was in the reception room when Nell appeared dressed for dinner. I watched young Royce when, with all the grace of a prince, he rose to receive her. She was in rose satin and chiffon, with a cluster of pink blossoms in her hand, like the herald of spring; so soft and delicately tinted were her beautifully moulded shoulders that one could scarcely perceive where the soft clinging chiffon left off. She was startlingly beautiful, and as I watched the man as he touched her hand, I could have sworn that all the blood in his veins had turned to liquid fire.

I made some excuse and left them alone. The balcony was dark and deserted, and I betook myself to its seclusion. I think the lovers must have forgotten about the balcony; I am quite sure he had forgotten everything but the vision before him. He was living in the world that never was; the sound of flutes was wafted on the breeze from fairyland. Pulsing bosom and sheen of sun-kissed shoulders.... Ah! maddening modesty and virtue, how inconsistent are thy ways! No wonder so many forget about the cursed serpent....

Through the windows I saw the man lead the woman to a cluster of palms in a far corner of the big room, seat her on a divan in the shadow of the palms and drop on his knees before her. The next moment she was in his arms. He had meant to propose the same as we read in books, but his lips were too near the woman's delicately tinted breast... He kissed her lips, her eyes, her bosom and shoulders; he was like the rush of a bursting river whose waters cry out in ecstasy of liberation as they leap in the sunshine.

That evening at dinner the engagement was informally announced. There was, however, something in Miss Wilbur's manner that I could not quite fathom; that something which completes the happiness of two people who love each other was lacking. It was not until ten years later when I met Mrs. Beuland in Reno, that I understood the shadow.

I knew that the young lawyer had failed to induce Miss Wilbur to consent to an early wedding, and after much persuasion Mr. Royce returned to England alone. Later it was rumored that the engagement had been broken off;

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then we heard that Mr. Royce had committed suicide; again that he had married; another time that he was returning to America to press his suit.

Miss Wilbur was very reticent about the subject and continued to receive the attentions of the young artist, Will Beuland, and some six months after Mr. Royce returned to England she was married to the New York artist. No one seemed surprised, though it caused much gossip.

Fancy my astonishment when ten years later I met the stately Mrs. Beuland in the lobby of my hotel in Reno. I had not seen her since her marriage; the only difference the years had made, apparently, was that now she was a woman instead of a girl, and yes, there was just a wisp of snowy white hair among the black locks about her forehead, which made her look even more aristocratic, if that was possible.

When one is lonely and alone in a strange place, it is most agreeable to find an unexpected friend; and when one has a heavy heart, it is good to confide in a sympathetic friend; so Mrs. Beuland and I became close companions. I was fortunately able to lend a helping hand and cheer the lonely way of this charming and much loved woman. One day as we were chatting on the banks of the Truckee, she said to me: "Do you know, it does seem such a pity that one of the most beautiful things on earth really causes the most trouble!" "What is that?" I replied. "Youthful ideals," she replied.

"For a youthful ideal I have paid long years of misery, and have spent that time as an apprentice in the workshop of wisdom. Tardy wisdom, the mother of all real enduring happiness. Because of a youthful ideal I did not marry the man I really loved; instead I married the man I thought I loved. I wanted to be the companion and friend and ideal mate and intellectual partner through life to the man I married; those were my ideals.

"The moment I promised myself to the man I loved I found myself clasped tightly in passion's mad embrace; a mad passion by youth's fierce fires fed; his kisses hotly pressed on my lips burned into my very soul and made my heart sick. Was that love? It was certainly not my ideal, to be the toy of mad passion!

"Ah! where was wisdom's tardy voice that it did not whisper: 'God made men thus: there are no perfect men!'....

"How true it is that ideals are simply mental will-o'-the-wisps!....

"I married for ideals, not for love. I was in love with the ideal, and the man I married led me to believe he was that ideal; picture my heart-aching disappointment when I found that his art was his real bride, and that I was a sort of understudy; hardly that, after the first few months. I awoke to the fact that I had exchanged my youth and freedom for a domestic mill that sank all my ideals into commonplace. I said I would make my own mistakes and I did. Then came the long battle with my pride, and I suffered in silence. For seven long years I faced neglect and humiliation; and then one day after a visit to my old home, I returned to find my husband and one of his models occupying my very home.... my very bed. I turned and left the place without a word.

"For the first time in my life I grew bitter; I wondered if it were true, that realization kills all the joys we anticipate; if all our rosy dreams turn gray in the face of cold reality.

"I was sick at heart and alone, too proud to go to anyone with my troubles; it seemed to me that day by day the color was fading out of my life. I had for years given all my love gifts only to answer duty's call and one by one the leaves of my romance began to fall, until jealousy, like a cancer, had eaten into my aching heart, and left me stripped of everything, even hope....

"My thoughts were muddled; I could not think clearly: it was a day in early June: I did not know where to go, and I did not want to meet anyone I knew. I never knew quite how or why, but a few hours later I found myself in Atlantic City. I arrived there in the evening and after refreshing myself, I walked out on the board walk and almost to the end of it, until there was no one in sight: and then I went down on the sand and there I seated myself. I thought, with the big silver moon overhead and the waves breaking on the shore, I should be able to think out some plan for the future. I don't know how long I sat there, but I know the only thoughts that came to me were that in my case I was forever through with romance, sentiments and ideals. There was a storm raging in my soul, and bitter resentment in my heart; I had meant so well and it had all come to this. I looked at my watch: it was nearly eleven; I suddenly realized that I had forgotten to dine, that my head ached and that I was tired. I got up and started back to the hotel. Then a miracle happened; it sounds like fiction but I swear it is the truth....

"I heard my name called; it sounded as though it were an echo out of the past. I looked up.... a tall gentleman was standing by me looking down into my face; 'Good evening, Mrs. Beuland, this is indeed a pleasant surprise.' Glen Royce.... You know our story, and as I had not heard from him in years you can imagine my surprise.

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"Mr. Royce had been in America just one week; he had come over on business and just thought it would be interesting to run down and have a peep at the sea. I think both our thoughts traveled back over the years to the Easter time we spent together there....

"How long are you remaining?" he asked after a little pause. 'About a week,' I replied. 'May I call tomorrow then?' 'Yes,' I said, 'but I have just arrived and am rather tired; if you will excuse me I will leave you now.' He saw me to my hotel and said good night. I never knew quite what was said or what really happened, however. I slept soundly from sheer exhaustion, and awakened the next morning refreshed, but unable to realize that everything was not a dream.

"Then the 'phone rang. 'Good morning, Mrs. Beuland; this is Glen Royce speaking; hope I haven't called you too early? Will you come for a walk? It is a beautiful day.' I did and before the day was over, I had made a confidant of this old sweetheart of mine, and extracted a promise from him, a very foolish, silly promise.

"I want so much to be your friend,' he said, 'there must be something I can do to make your burden lighter.' I told him that I would accept his friendship under one condition, that he would promise not to make love to me, and so the courtship was started all over again on a friendship basis, though I did not realize it at the time. Later he made me tell him why I broke our engagement, and when I explained he understood, and blamed it on a misunderstanding.

"I thought him a much finer man than he was ten years ago, but of course that is only the wisdom that comes with the years. It has been three years since I met him that evening, when I was blind with utter despair. That's the story so far! My case will be called tomorrow; if I am lucky I will be free, and then he is coming out and we will be married here and spend our honeymoon in California. I want you to be my only attendant. Things have turned out so that he is to remain in America; we have a beautiful little home near New York, down by the sea. When you go back East you must come and see us."

And so the happy day arrived, just as the sun was sinking down behind Mount Rose; we stood in the silent church; I held the flowers, a huge bouquet of simple spring blossoms, while the groom slipped the little gold band on the bride's finger and the organ pealed out the benediction....

A few months later I arrived in New York and telephoned, "Hello, Nell, is that you? Here I am, may I come out, or are you two still honeymooning?" The answer came back: "We are still honeymooning, but you may come out; in fact, I am just crazy to see you. You will never find the way alone; meet Glen at his office and come out with him tonight!" And I did. The bride was at the station to meet us, radiantly happy. We motored over a beautiful bit of country and in about ten minutes came to a beautiful villa, with beautiful gardens and a glimpse of the sea in the distance; it did my soul good to watch this picture of domestic bliss. They were like a boy and girl again, up to their eyes in love and gloriously happy.

"A love and happiness with wisdom as its basis and made up of understanding and friendship, with a dash of romance, and enough passion to lend warmth and charm, and a good portion of common sense that doesn't expect perfection": this is Nell's recipe for domestic happiness.

Three years later. My husband and I have just returned from a week-end visit to Mr. and Mrs. Royce: the recipe seems to be working fine; I am trying it myself. We sat on the porch and watched them stroll out to the beach, in the fading light of the setting sun, and then the shadows of twilight hid them from sight. They disappeared, hand in hand; lovers, living in perfect companionship, planning and building as they go. May their matrimonial ship continue to sail on sunny seas, where soft winds blow, and rest in the harbor of happiness at last. Another triumph for Reno.....

On the occasion of our visit she showed me a package of letters tied with white satin ribbon; "Glen's letters," she said; "he wrote me one every day I was in Reno and they are the most beautiful letters ever written." I read some of them and I agreed with her; I wish she would allow me to publish them: it would make a good world better for having read them. "Nor has earth, nor Heaven nor Hell any bars through which love cannot burst its way toward reunion and completeness"....

And yet this queen of matrimonial bliss said to me, "I wish that all mothers would warn their girls against ideals which are not practical. I blame my ideals for years of utter misery; my ideal was a perfect man."

"Someone has said: 'God does not make imperfect things,' and yet can anyone say that he has ever seen a perfect man or a woman? I held on to the shreds of my ideal until there was not a shred left to hang on to; until my heart lay bruised and bleeding on the altar of dead and gone ideals. And then wisdom came and whispered:

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'You have been looking for perfection, but there is no such thing on this earth: we must be forbearing and forgiving: 'forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.'

"With wisdom came new ideals that were practical and a new kind of love, indulgent and forgiving, yet self-respecting; a love as strong as the Rock of Ages. Love—a little thing—a sentiment perhaps—and yet without it what would be left of that which we call life....

"There are emotions which make for ambition, for right living, for honor and position, but how pitifully small and inconsequential besides the mighty tomes which, circling the globe, comprise the lexicon of love. Love—the symbol and sequel of birth, the solace of death—the essence of divinity! Frozen indeed is the heart which has never felt its glow; gross and sordid the soul which has never been illumined by its sunshine.

"To live is to love, my friend, and to love is to suffer a little and to be happy much."

PART 4. RENO COMEDIES

According to some of the comic postcards which are sent out, Reno was known in the time of Adam and Eve. Someone sent me a card while there, which depicted Adam and Eve under the famous apple-tree. (Telephone: 281 Apple.) Eve was beautiful in flowing hair and fig leaf. Adam had one on too, a rather faded affair. Adam was plucking a nice, fat, green fig leaf out of his salad. Under the picture were written the words: "Eve, the next time you put my dress suit in the salad, Reno for me."

One sees and hears funny things in Reno. For instance, no one will abide there long before being asked: "Are you here for the cure?" At first you may look astonished and say: "No, I am perfectly well, thank you," but the smile that lightens the questioner's face makes the meaning slowly dawn upon one. One can hear a porter say to a conductor of the train from the East: "Any victims today?"; and the hotels frequented by the divorcees are known as "hospitals for the first aid to the matrimonially injured." The reporter of the local paper will ask: "Any new headlines ready?" The Court House is known as "the divorce mill." Sometimes as "the separator"!

Then Renoites are fond of nicknaming the members of the divorce colony, as well as the buildings.

One fair divorcee was dubbed the "Weeping Beauty" by her lawyer, because she wept whenever she visited him. And she looked pretty too when she wept: "like a dew-kissed rose," he said. A gentleman of mature age was known as the "Silver King" because of his princely bearing, silvery white hair and Greek god figure. "The Venus of Reno" was another one, a statuesque brunette, because of her perfect figure and Grecian gowns. A very stout lady bore the graceful name of "Reno-ceros," whereas an old reprobate could do no better than "Renogade." However, "Reno-vated" they all got!

An interesting fact is that your chambermaid, bellboy, hotel clerk, taxi driver, dressmaker, saleslady, cook and laundress, hairdresser, waiter and bootblack may all and each be a so-called divorcee. (For convenience sake, I speak of them all as "divorcees," although Webster defines a "divorcee" as a man or woman who has already obtained a divorce.) What is more, a great many of these people who are working are well fixed financially, and are just working to keep sane. I remember tipping my waitress one evening. The next day I received a bunch of American Beauties from that lady, which simply bowled me over at a glance. She got her divorce, and is now married to a wealthy New York real estate man. So you see it is difficult to discriminate.

I received shock after shock until I felt like a shock absorber. I was dining with a friend one evening in a restaurant we often patronized. The gentleman with me desired a cigarette, and found his case was empty. A waitress, noticing his disappointment, extracted a silver cigarette case from her rather attractive bosom, opened it, and offered my friend one of her monogrammed cigarettes. Another victim!

One evening after writing all day without any recreation, I went down to dinner, feeling a bit tired but rather satisfied with my day's work. I said to my waitress while looking over the bill of fare: "Tilly, I have worked hard today; I feel that I deserve a halo!" Tilly looked at me for a moment, and disappeared. She was a devoted soul and had always taken great pains to please me. In a few minutes she returned with a disappointed expression on her face, and said: "I am sorry, Mam, I can't get you the halo. Cook says it's something Mary wore around her head."

Some of the witnesses in divorce cases are very humorous. I was present at a few hearings, when a tall and thin man stated in a rather shaky voice that his wife was a "bestly vampire," and that after living with him for two whole weeks she struck him over the head with a crutch and told him that she had a graveyard full of better men than he was. The present victim was the fourth husband of the defendant.

"Judgment for the plaintiff"....

Another pretty young lady said that one of her husband's favorite pastimes was spitting in her face, while yet another lady accused her actor husband of "too much artistic temperament, and whiskey temper."

"Judgment for the plaintiff"....

The funniest case I ever witnessed was that of an old washwoman. I don't know where she hailed from, but the judge said:

"Why do you wish to get a divorce from your husband?"

"Well, yer honor, he don't support me."

"But," said the judge, "is that all the complaint you have? You must have more than that to get a divorce."

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"Well, yer honor, I don't love my husband any more."

"That won't do either," said the judge impatiently. "Is that all?"

"Well, to tell the truth, yer honor, I don't think he is the father of my last child."

"Judgment for the defendant."

What matter law and customs to even the most staid and stone-hearted Wall Street banker if he happens to be on top of the world with a woman who is a masterpiece of creation? There are many in Reno,— masterpieces: not millionaire bankers—, and lonely too, sometimes! Anyway it came to pass not so very long ago, that a New York banker of great wealth and international reputation went out to Reno to secure a divorce. After two months' stay the gentleman lost his heart to a very attractive lady, who also was whiling away six months of her sweet young life in order to shake off the matrimonial shackles. The banker was about fifty, the lady twenty-seven and the wife of a well-known New York actor. So lavish were the banker's attentions to this charming lady that he gave a most extraordinary banquet in her honor at the Riverside Hotel to which were invited about one hundred guests. The dinner was under the management of one of the best of San Francisco's caterers, and all the table decorations were brought from San Francisco. The banquet, I am told, cost about \$5,000—Hoover in those days was not popular as yet.... But alas! poor little Cupid was obliged to succumb to failure. Before the six months had passed, the banker's wife "got wise" to his whereabouts and his doings, and he disappeared from Reno very abruptly. About the same time the beautiful lady's actor husband learned of the affair, and sued the banker for fifty thousand dollars "heart balm" And so we find a fool face to face with his folly....

"Altitude," did you say? I don't know Funny how a few fleeting hours can change the face of the world! How the mind when free and refreshed can see and admit mistakes, and how our fairy castles and wondrous dreams vanish at the touch of reason and stern reality. It's wonderful to have known paradise: to have walked in its flower-strewn paths and to have tasted its delirious delights. But the awakening! "How could I?"—"How could She?"—"What was the end of it all?" "Who knows?"

It is not well for man to be alone, nor woman either, otherwise why was Eve bestowed upon Adam? That is probably what a young man from one of the first families of Boston thought while exiled to the Reno Divorce Colony for the purpose of ridding himself of a wife: the result of one of youth's romantic mistakes. The affair of some years ago shocked his family and Eastern society generally. Was it a shop girl from Boston, or a chorus girl from New York? I have forgotten. Anyway, his companion in Reno was a fascinating little dancer of the Sagebrush Cafe. So infatuated was the young man with this little charmer that he spent his entire income entertaining her, and when the income had vanished he pawned his jewelry, including his watch. But then, boys will be boys, and after all, what could the poor youth do? All alone in a strange place! It is so uninteresting to sit and twirl one's thumbs: "Twiddle-dee Twiddle-dum."....

"That love laughs at locksmiths" and "All is fair in love and war" seems to be the moral of the following, if moral there be in it:

Mrs. Jones, a very beautiful and statuesque blonde, went out to Reno for a divorce. On her arrival there she wrote her husband that she had repented: "I am sorry I ran away from you," she is said to have written, "and if you will come out here for me we will make up and live happily ever after." He came out and was arrested and thrown in jail, charged with extreme cruelty. The lady got her divorce within three weeks instead of six months, as she was able to serve the summons upon her husband in the State of Nevada. After that her sweetheart came out and they were married. I am told that some three years later the husband brought suit against them for collusion, but I never heard how it terminated. One of the noted cases of the Reno Divorce Colony is the divorce of a famous New York beauty and heiress. While she was riding in Central Park one afternoon her horse bolted and she was saved by a handsome policeman named Dow. When the young lady looked into the eyes of her rescuer, it was a case of "love at first sight." This god of the police force informed his wife of the affair: she immediately packed her box and started for Reno. A few days after her arrival, her husband was located in Carson City, by the merest accident of course, and as it was possible to serve the summons upon him in the State of Nevada, the case was put through in two weeks. As soon as it was ended, Mr. Dow presented his ex-wife with five one thousand dollar bills. When the cashier of the Reno National Bank handed her the envelope containing the bills, she extracted them and deposited them in her stocking. She was advised not to go about with so much money on her, whereupon she replied that the "First National was good enough for her." That same evening a champagne banquet was given by the ex-policeman at the Colony Restaurant at which most of the divorce colony were

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present, and among them, his ex-wife. Both of them were extremely demonstrative; in fact the entire party was decidedly affectionate, and the affair was the talk of the town for months afterwards. After Mr. Dow married the famous beauty, he found out it was riot all heaven to be the poor husband of a rich wife, and so he decided to return to the police force. Of course, that would never do at all, and therefore the fair lady promised to pay him ten thousand a year, in quarterly installments of \$2,500, if he would consent to be her idle rich husband. This he did until Mrs. Dow II. found out that hubby was indulging in clandestine meetings with Mrs. Dow I., and presto, change! the allowance suddenly ceased. After a few months of separation from his bank roll, having become accustomed to an easily earned income, Mr. Dow sued his bank, Mrs. Dow II., for the blue envelope of two quarters of the allowance, and the New York newspapers just hummed with a fresh scandal. Finally Mrs. Dow II. tried to get a divorce on the plea that the Nevada divorce was illegal. Failing in this, there were ways and means found in the East, and at last they were divorced. It has been rumored that Mr. Dow thought the old love best after all, and that Mrs. Dow I. has been re-installed to the place of honor by his side. "True love never did run smoothly": not even in the police force....

A rather amusing story is told of Elinor Glyn's visit to Reno, not for a divorce, dear reader, but apparently for atmosphere, as she spent several months in the most rugged states in the West. One of the handsome sons of the sagebrush, known as the Beau Brummel of Reno, became very attentive to the distinguished lady visitor, and when she expressed a desire to see a real Western shooting scrap, the gentleman said: "All right; the lady must have anything her heart desires, doggonit!" and so he staged a regular shooting scrap. And they do say out there that it was so realistically done that Elinor fainted and was unconscious for an hour. The "fight" occurred on the train from Tonopah to Mina. Mr. Beau Brummel had been showing the lady Nevada's great mining camps: a couple of seats in front of Elinor Glyn and her escort two men began to quarrel, presumably over a game of cards. The fight grew until each pulled a six-shooter. There was a shot and a flash, and one man fell: dead, apparently, while the other stood over him, wild eyed, his smoking gun in his hand.

I can truly believe this story as I saw the dead gentleman auction off four times the same basket of roses at a Red Cross benefit, and each time he got a hundred dollars for the basket... However dead he may have been, he certainly was not dead on the vine!

Speaking of Beau Brummels, I never found out the name of the gentleman who came back from Lawton's one evening—or was it morning?—minus his silk shirt. A lady of the party had taken a fancy to it and suggested that they auction it off for the benefit of the Red Cross: at that time America had just declared war on Germany, and the interest in the Red Cross was at its height. The lady's suggestion was carried out with enthusiasm. The lucky lady was Mrs. Hall, called "the forty million dollar divorcee"; she bid seventy-five dollars for the shirt and wore it to a golf tournament the next day. Let us hope that the gentleman's linen was as attractive as his shirt, for the shirt was removed then and there and bestowed upon the fair purchaser.

I met a very charming young couple in Reno whose story rather interested me. I was not shocked at this case, as I had been in Reno some time before I was introduced to them, and had heard about it. When I first met Mr. Lake he was with a very beautiful young lady to whom he seemed very attentive, and I thought surely they were sweethearts. We all went out motoring with Mr. Lake's lawyer, and in the course of conversation the lawyer informed me that Mr. Lake had received his decree about two weeks before, and as he had obtained a splendid position in Reno he had decided to remain there. His fiancée was expected next week from Alabama, and they were to be married at once upon her arrival. The lady with Mr. Lake at the time, the lawyer went on to say, was just eighteen years of age, and had received her decree about a week before. She had a fine little boy about two years old with her.

One day the young lady called, and informed me that she had just been up to the future home of Mr. and Mrs. Lake unpacking his fiancée's trousseau which had been sent on ahead, with the request that it be unpacked and hung up in order that the wrinkles all be out by the time the bride arrived.

"Look," continued the girl from South Carolina, and she held out her hand displaying a beautiful Roman gold ring of artistic design. "Isn't it beautiful?"

Was I mistaken? did her voice choke at the next words? were there tears in her eyes?

"This is her wedding ring, isn't it beautiful? I am wearing it until she arrives...."

The naughty fiancée arrived two days before she was expected, and came near upsetting everything. Hubby-to-be saw her first, dodged, jumped into his car and raced up to the other girl's home to get the wedding

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ring and break the dinner engagement for that evening. Then he rushed downtown and greeted his bride-to-be in his lawyer's office. They are living in Reno, happily married. Mr. Lake received a telegram of congratulation from his first wife. Mrs. Lake II. is a charming woman. I think she has heard all about the episode, but she is a diplomat and probably thinks that one way to matrimonial bliss is skilled ignorance.

Happiness and contentment and.... love.... or what we think it is! And yet, what would the world be without that inheritance.

The Six Months' Residence Law of Nevada, was not made primarily to accommodate matrimonial misfits, but to secure settlers by offering them early citizenship and votes, the State being only sparingly populated. Prior to Reno, Sioux Falls, Dakota, used to be the haven for those seeking relief from the "tie that binds." When Dakota placed the ban on the divorce colony, someone discovered the Nevada divorce law, and those who found that Cupid was no longer at the helm of their matrimonial ship, turned Reno-ward. However, be it known that the citizens of Nevada knew all about this easy relief law from the undesirable bond way back in 1851, as the following quotation from a very amusing chapter of Nevada's history will illustrate. The book I speak of is called "Reminiscences of William M. Stewart" and was written by a Senator. Of course he was a Senator! Judges and Senators are as thick in Nevada as Colonels in Kentucky. Most every man worth while has been, is, or is going to be a Senator or a Judge. However, that book is a good one and I found the following most interesting and amusing. Says William M. Stewart:

"If you want to preserve good health, keep your head cool and your feet warm!"

"While working our claim I awoke one morning and saw a covered wagon with two oxen which had been unyoked and were grazing on the grass near a spring in a ravine below me. I soon discovered that a line had been drawn from the wagon to a clump of rocks, upon which were hung several articles of feminine apparel to dry. Women were so scarce in California at that time that this was sufficient to arouse the whole camp. The "Boys" as we were called, were scattered along the Coyote digging for a distance of about four miles, and when anything unusual happened the words, 'Oh, Joe!' would be passed along the whole line.

"When I saw the feminine raiment, I raised the usual alarm, "Oh, Joe!" and this called the attention of the miners on Buckeye Hill, where I was, to the clothes-line which had attracted my notice. They gathered round on the hill, nearly surrounding the covered wagon and its contents. The rush of the boys in the immediate vicinity to see the wonderful sight attracted those farther away, and in less than ten minutes two or three thousand young men were watching the wagon, clothes-lines, and fascinating lingerie. In alarm the man that belonged to the woman inside stuck his head out of a small tent beside the wagon. I assured him that no harm was intended, but that we were very anxious to see the lady who was the owner of the clothes. This aroused her curiosity sufficiently to induce her to pull the curtain of the tent aside so that her face could be discovered but not fully seen.

"I then proposed that we make a donation to the first lady that had honored our camp with a visit. I took from my camp a buckskin bag, used for the purpose of carrying gold, and invited the boys to contribute. They came forward with great eagerness and poured out of their sacks gold dust amounting to between two and three thousand dollars. I then proceeded to appoint a committee to wait on the lady and present it. The motion was unanimously carried and one of the gentlemen on the committee suggested myself as chairman. I took the sack of gold and went within about thirty feet of the tent and made as good a speech as I could to induce the lady to come out, assuring her that all the men about her were gentlemen, that they had seen no ladies for so many months and that the presence of one reminded them of their mothers and sweethearts at home. I told her that the bag of gold was hers on the condition that she come out to claim it. Her husband urged her to be brave, but when she finally ventured about half way the cheers were so vociferous that she got frightened and ran back. She repeated this performance several times and I kept moving slowly back far enough to get her away from the little tent so the boys could get a good view of her. I suppose half an hour was occupied with her running back and forth while the boys looked in admiration. When I finally gave her the bag with all the good wishes of the camp, she grabbed it and ran into the tent like a rabbit.

"The next morning the wagon and the owner of the inspiring apparel were gone and we never heard of them in after life. It was no doubt well that they hastened their departure, for in those days it was a very usual occurrence for the young wife coming to that country to be persuaded to forsake her husband on their arrival in the new camp. The immigrants of 1850 included thousands of newly married young people whose wedding journey

Reno

included all the hardships and privations of crossing the plains. Those hardships made the men look rather rough and scrubby, and they were all miserably poor. The women were young, and after they had an opportunity to wash their faces, looked more attractive: particularly to the miners who had been deprived of female society for several months and had accumulated some money and good will. The miner would propose marriage, and if a divorce could be obtained extreme cruelty was usually given as the reason for the divorce. The intended bridegroom was always a ready witness to swear to a case of extreme cruelty.

"In the fall of 1851 I went to Nevada City to bring supplies for the men engaged in construction of the Grizzly Ditch. I bought several mule-loads and was having them packed very early one morning, but before I could get away I was summoned as a juror in Judge Barber's court. This was before I made myself exempt from jury duty by becoming a member of the bar. I saw the judge and tried very hard to beg off; but he told me there were ten divorce cases on hand and he wanted to dispose of them that day.

(I think 1917 had nothing on 1851 when it comes to divorces in Nevada. Author.)

"The judge continued: 'I cannot excuse you but I think you can get away in time to return to your camp tonight.' So I had to submit though I did not like it. I then prepared the jury room for use by conveying to it a demijohn of whiskey, a bucket of water and twelve tin dippers. As foreman of the jury I wrote the verdict as follows: 'We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of extreme cruelty.' We returned the verdict to the court, heard the next case, and continued until we had disposed of the ten cases. There were ten weddings that afternoon and evening.

"I then thought and still think that we did the best thing that could have been done. These women had separated from their husbands, and if they had not been allowed to marry the men who had parted them, they perhaps would have done worse. Some of them made good citizens and raised families, and when they grew rich became very aristocratic."

So much for the pioneer days, and they are really not so far away.

Don't take an umbrella with you, you won't need it; it never rains; but I wish someone would write a poem to take the place of "Mispah." I received that poem from four different people on my departure from Reno, and I feel that it is overworked, though it is beautiful indeed, and I have quoted two verses of it below:

MISPAH

"Go thou thy way and I go mine

Apart, yet not afar.

Only a thin veil hangs between

The pathways where we are;

And God keep watch 'tween thee and me

This is my prayer.

He looketh thy way, he looketh mine,

And keeps us near.

I sigh oftentimes to see thy face,

But since this may not be,

I'll leave thee to the care of Him

Who cares for thee and me."

PART 5. RENO AND ITS PEOPLE

Reno is named after General Reno, who died in the battle of South Mountain. It is about two thousand nine hundred miles from New York City; it takes nearly four days to reach it by train. From Reno to San Francisco is only about two hundred miles. The altitude is about 4,419 feet: the population twelve thousand. This "big little city" in the West is modern in every respect: it is the county seat of Washoe County and the largest city in the State of Nevada.

Reno is located in the greenest of valleys and surrounded by the Sierra Nevadas, the most majestic mountain range in the United States. These mountains cover a length of six hundred miles from Mount Jacinto to Mount Shasta, and a breadth of from seventy-five to one hundred miles, with long and gradual slopes on the west, cut by deep canons. The climate of the Sierras is beyond an adequate description: the beautiful summer days are mild and rainless. The main peaks of the western range are: Mount King, Mount Gardner and Mount Brewer; those of the eastern range: Mount Kearsage, Mount Tyndall, Mount Williamson and Mount Whitney. Mount Whitney is the highest peak in the United States outside of Alaska, rising 14,898 feet above sea level. The other main peaks of the Sierra Nevadas exceed 13,000 feet in altitude. The peaks nearest Reno are: Mount Rose and Peavin Mountain, both of which can be seen from any part of the City of Reno.

In this setting nestles our much-talked-of "Gem City of Nevada"—the city of heart-throbs and dreams! Its chief industries, I would say, are gold and love.... One less poetic might call these mining and divorce.

Next to its dreamy, romantic side, Reno has a very practical side: its position as a business center. The railroads radiating north, east, south and west, give it an enormous tributary territory. There are modern business blocks, department stores, excellent hotels. The best hotels are: The Hotel Golden, the Riverside and the Overland.

[Illustration: Lobby of the Golden Hotel]

Reno is a city of beautiful residences, trees and shrubbery; asphalt and macadam streets. There are fine public buildings, libraries and theatres of the first magnitude.

One of the most noteworthy features of Reno is its beautiful schools. There are six besides the High School and the University; Orvis Ring School, McKinley Park School, Southside School, Mt. Rose School, Mary S. Doten School and the Babcock Memorial Kindergarten. The architecture is the "old mission," and it is difficult to decide which one really excels in beauty. Apart from the beautiful architecture, these schools are all equipped with every modern device for the training of the younger generation, both physically and mentally. Never in any public school have I seen such a splendidly equipped Domestic Science room as the one in the McKinley Park School. Its beautiful open, airy Assembly Hall with its hardwood floors and stage for private theatricals and other social affairs is the acme of modern refinement. In this hall the "Mothers' Club" holds its meetings, and the children have their school dances.

The University of Nevada has the best equipped school of Mining Engineering in the Western States; it also has a summer course on several interesting subjects, which often is taken advantage of by many who find time passing slowly, and wish to "brush up a bit."

Among the imposing buildings downtown is the Y. M. C. A., an artistic and splendidly equipped edifice. It is located on the north bank of the Truckee, commanding a beautiful view of snow-capped Mount Rose and Slide Mountain in the distance, above the green of the trees. Part of this building is devoted to indoor sports and consists of a gymnasium, conducted by able instructors; a handball court, bowling alleys, pool and billiard tables and a spacious swimming pool with shower-baths; it furthermore has a library and a large number of private rooms for out-of-town guests. At the time of the writing of this book, 1917, the Y. M. C. A. donated the use of its Assembly Hall to the American Red Cross for making hospital supplies and for "First Aid" classes. Here, the residents of Reno work side by side with members of the "Divorce Colony," women in all walks of life, from all parts of the world; women famous and beautiful, all working for the great cause of Humanity without any social prejudices, personal feelings, or pettiness.... So much for the Y. M. C. A.

[Illustration: Mt. Rose School]

Among the prominent and beautiful buildings are: the Nixon Building and the Nixon Home on the banks of

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the Truckee, both of which are artistic and worthy of mention.

Also the Elks' Home is very beautiful and picturesque: it is set in spacious grounds and has an imposing entrance crowned with an immense elk's head. Each of the antlers holds a beautifully colored light; the lights form the national colors. The home contains every comfort for the wandering Brother Elk, including a warm welcome. Broad verandas and balconies overlook the Truckee River, and when there is dancing its playful waters sing a rustling accompaniment to the music, which, when mixed with the moonlight on the river and the pretty girl by one's side, is calculated to make a romantic cocktail, sufficiently intoxicating to make any poor lonely Elk absolutely helpless.

The social affairs of this organization take a very prominent part in the life of Reno. One sojourning in this city would be well advised to have a card to the Elks, should he or she have relatives or friends who are members. The Elks are a splendid organization: I have found them always ready with a helping hand extended.

There are no less than ten churches in this charming little Reno town. The different denominations, their pastors and location are:

1. Baptist Church, Second corner Chestnut; Rev. Brewster Adams.
2. Catholic (St. Thomas), Second corner Chestnut; Rev. T. M. Tubman.
3. Congregational, Virginia corner 5th; Rev. W. D. Trout.
4. Episcopal, Second corner Sierra; Rev. Samuel Unsworth. 5. First Church of Christ, Scientist, Masonic

Temple.

[Illustration: Reno National Bank Building]

6. Lutheran (St. Luke's), Bell corner Second; Rev. F. E. Martens.
7. Methodist Episcopal, Sierra corner 1st; Rev. W. E. Lowther.
8. Presbyterian, Ridge corner Hill; Rev. W. E. Howe.
9. Salvation Army, Sierra Street; Capt. Boyd in charge.
10. Seventh Day Adventist, West 5th; Rev. W. S. Holbrook.

The banks of Reno also do it credit; there are four in number:

1. The Farmers Merchants Bank, Virginia corner Second Street.
2. The Reno National Bank, Virginia corner Second Street.
3. The Scheeline Banking and Trust Co., N. Virginia Street.
4. The Washoe County Bank, N. Virginia Street corner Second.

In speaking of the banks, I want to comment especially upon the Reno National Bank. This bank a few years ago moved into its new building, a most beautiful and artistic structure, which in my opinion would do credit to Wall Street. Its lobby is artistically and beautifully equipped, as well as all parts of the bank. It is finished entirely in white marble, with blue velvet hangings, and no luxury or comfort known to a modern bank building has been forgotten in its construction.

This bank was built in 1915 by Mr. George Wingfield at a cost of approximately \$200,000.

"From the North corner comes the light" can it be that sometimes it emerges from the West!

Last but not least is the beautiful Court House. It was rebuilt in 1909 at an approximate cost of \$150,000. It is located in a very prominent part of the city, and faces a beautiful little park; a very imposing building with its big golden dome, numerous marble pillars and broad steps. These steps might truly be called the "great divide," as many thousands have tripped up united and returned divided; which incidentally does not mean "united we stand, divided we fall."

Perhaps much more so: "united we fall, divided we stand!"

[Illustration: Interior of Reno National Bank]

As one looks at this palace of Justice one cannot help conjuring up mental pictures of famous beauties and prominent men, whose stories have furnished headlines for the leading newspapers of our big cities in years gone by; they seem to pass in review; a continuous procession ascending the steps in search of freedom and new happiness....

Through this little city flows the Truckee River, which I think is one of its chief beauties. This river is one hundred miles long; flowing out of Lake Tahoe, it empties into Lake Pyramid, a desert lake with no apparent outlet. The waters of the Truckee are as clear as crystal, except when they reflect the rose color of the sunset, or the thousand hues from the mountain peaks when they turn green and gold, rose and purple: I have seen them look

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as though covered with heliotrope velvet, just at the hour between sunset and moonrise.

One can follow the Truckee River from Reno to Lake Tahoe,—a motor run of about three hours, through scenery of indescribable beauty. The course of the river, tortuous and quickly changing from side to side, offers to the enchanted eye a kaleidoscopic review of towering rocks, foaming waterfalls, pine-clad mountains, snow-capped peaks, emerald lakes and moss-green valleys.

I shall never forget my first trip from Reno to Lake Tahoe over what is known as the "Dog Valley Grade." We stopped at the summit, at the edge of the mountain. Down we peered into the misty shadows of the deep valleys, six hundred feet below. It was a strange sensation to be hanging thus between earth and sky: to feel that the only thing between life and death was about three feet of roadbed, and four "non-skid" tires. It was wonderful to drink in the beauty of it all. I felt like a disembodied spirit, traveling back:.... back over centuries into forgotten ages, trying to realize what this wonderful country must have been like when it was still hidden by the foaming waters of a great inland sea.....

And then we reached beautiful Lake Tahoe, set in the midst of the Sierra Nevadas, surrounded by a dozen snow-capped peaks, the staunch, unflinching satellites of one of God's wondrous treasures. It reflects a picture to be surpassed nowhere else in the world. The great depth of the lake accounts for its glorious color of waters, which, turquoise blue in one place twenty feet away will change to emerald green; the colors do not fade into one another: they are distinctly separated. In some places the depth of the lake is even unknown. Lake Tahoe is twenty-three miles long: its maximum width thirteen. Its altitude is six thousand two hundred and twenty-five feet above sea level: the highest body of water in the United States. On one side its undulating waves kiss the shores of California: on the other those of Nevada, so that exiles of the "Divorce Colony" may take advantage of this delightful summer resort and still remain within the State to which one day they hope to owe their happiness.....

The midsummer air is cool and invigorating; hunting and fishing excellent; motor rides perfect; boating and bathing the finest in the land. Hotel and camping accommodations are splendid; the landscape is picturesque and a never-ending delight to the eye. This is one of the great many splendid advantages of the beautiful city tucked away in the shadow of the Sierras; so cheer-up, you prospective exiles, the wilds have their untold fascinations.

In writing of Reno one feels a compelling desire to describe the principal points of interest around and near the city, as in these days of motor cars and good roads it is a never-ending joy to spend a day among the famous gold mining districts, visit the Indian homes and reservations, and other beautiful and interesting places. I will endeavor to describe these further:

Near Reno, on the Truckee, is the famous Carson Dam: the first reclamation project undertaken by the government under the National Reclamation Project Act. I went out to look it over and found it tremendously interesting. It was built in 1903 at a cost of \$7,000,000. The dam is constructed of earth and concrete, eight hundred feet long, one hundred ten feet high, four hundred feet wide at the base and twenty feet wide at the top. The main unit of this project was completed in 1913. It was the means of reclaiming a total of 2,000,000 acres of what was once known as the "Forty Mile Desert." The dam produces many thousand hydroelectric horse-power, and it is wonderful to see this stretch of desert waste turned like magic into rich productive agricultural soil. Perhaps some day the entire desert will flourish likewise.... Who knows?

Carson City, the capital of Nevada, is situated in the Eagle Valley and was originally laid out in 1858. The valley was first visited in 1833 by Kit Carson, the famous scout and frontiersman. The south end of Eagle Valley was settled by Mormons in 1849-1850. Carson City itself is 33 miles from Reno, 22 miles from Virginia City and 14 miles from Lake Tahoe.

The principal points of interest in Carson are the Mint, the State Capitol, the Orphans' Home; the Federal Building and the Post Office; the Indian School; Shaw's Springs. And many other interesting things will well repay a visit. The Virginia and Truckee Railroad, over which the trip to Virginia City is made, is one of the grandest successes of railroading and engineering. It was constructed between Carson City and Virginia City in 1869, and from Carson City to Reno in 1872. The entire cost of the road was \$5,200,000, or not less than \$100,000 per mile.

The enormous business transacted by the road may be surmised when it is stated that for a long time it paid the Central Pacific Railway \$ 1,000 per day for freight on goods received there from, and collected for freight at the Virginia City office from \$60,000 to \$90,000 per month, and at Gold Hill but little less.

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East of Carson City on the road to Virginia City we pass the State Prison, known for its historic relics. Some years ago, during quarrying in the prison yard, immense footprints of pre-historic animals and birds were discovered at a depth of twenty feet below the surface of the ground. They cover an area of two acres, and were made by mastodons: they are over four inches deep. Many man-like tracks were found, 18 to 20 inches long and 8 inches wide, with a stride of 30 inches and a distance between right and left tracks of 19 inches.

[Illustration: Elk's Home]

A few miles east of Carson is the town of Empire, once an important trading post and distributing point for lumber, cordwood, etc.

After leaving Empire the road enters the canons of the Carson River, passing in rapid succession the sites of numerous mills which were erected to crush the rich ore of the world-famous Comstock Lode. Principal among these were the Morgan, Brunswick and Santiago mills which turned out hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of bullion. The grade of the road rises rapidly, the track leaves the canon and soon reaches the Mound House, the junction point with the Southern Pacific. Railroad trains leave Mound House for Dayton, Fort Churchill, Tonopah, Goldfield and all points south.

Leaving Mound House the road soon traverses the famous mineral belt of the Comstock Lode. This belt is 7,000 feet wide and 6 miles long, and produced nearly a billion dollars. The first mine to be seen is the Haywood, lying to the west side of the road. This mine produced over \$1,000,000 and is still active.

To the east can be seen Silver City. The mines in this vicinity produced over \$12,000,000. None of them has attained any great depth.

The road next enters the Gold Hill district. The country in this vicinity is gashed and scarred by hundreds of cuts, shafts and tunnels dug by the early prospectors in their search for wealth. Every one of these marks represents a hope, and in many cases the hope was realized; the same spirit animates their successors and the search still goes on.

The principal mines in Gold Hill are the Ophir, Caledonia, Overman, Seg, Belcher, Yellow Jacket, Kentuck, Crown Point, Imperial and Bullion. The Yellow Jacket was the first mine located, taking its name from the fact that its locators were warmly opposed by a swarm of yellow jackets. This was in 1859. The yield of the Gold Hill mines and the dividends paid were enormous.

The Ophir Mining Co. in 1859 sent 45 tons of their croppings to San Francisco for reduction, the cost for transportation being 25 cents per pound, or \$500 per ton. They paid \$450 per ton for smelting, a total cost of \$42,750, yet they made a profit of \$128,250 on the transaction, the rock giving over \$3,800 per ton.

High above the town of Gold Hill and clinging to the side of the mountain can be seen the flumes of the Virginia Gold Hill Water Co., which supplies the camps of Virginia City, Gold Hill and Silver with the finest water in the world. The water is conducted 3 1/2 miles through pipes and flumes from springs and snow-fed streams in the Sierras 1,500 feet above the city. The capacity of the flumes is 10,800,000 gallons per day. From Gold Hill the road runs through tunnels, twists and turns along the side of Mt. Davidson until it reaches Virginia City, the end of the line.

Virginia City was first settled in 1859. It obtained its name from an old prospector, James Finney, nicknamed "Old Virginny." Its elevation is 6,205 feet above sea level.

In 1861 the population of Virginia City was 3,284, of Gold Hill 1,294 and of Silver City 1,022; in 1878 it was 40,000.

The first international hotel was built in 1860. It was a single story building. The first day's receipts were \$700. The present structure was built in 1877; it cost \$210,000.

The honor of discovering the "Comstock Lode" belongs to the two brothers, Allen and Hosea Grosch. The majority of the miners on the Comstock in the first days of its activity lived in tents and dug-outs called "holes in the wall."

I never realized the vastness of our country, nor the wonderful opportunities which the West affords those in search of wealth, until I lived there six months. There are untold undeveloped resources, the like of which does not exist in the over-crowded East. May this little book, in a way, serve to introduce the West to the East.

Reno and her people cannot be spoken of as typical of other Western towns and people, as the residents of this much-talked-of "big little city" are subject to conditions which do not exist in any other town in the country. They are democratic and whole-hearted Westerners, but find themselves confronted with social conditions which

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change their attitude toward things. However, I was very much impressed at the comparatively few divorces one finds among the older, permanent residents. I think this proves that it is the "unattainable that is most desired."

[Illustration: Y.M.C.A.]

The women of Nevada have enjoyed equal suffrage for some time; they are wide awake and interested in all public affairs. Besides being domesticated, they are intellectual and energetic. There are very few "prudes" among them, and a great many diplomats. Nowhere more than in Reno is developed among men and women a sense of being individual. I attended many of the Women's Clubs, and was always agreeably surprised to find them up-to-date in every respect: a company of women banded together to study and plan for the betterment of humanity, and social conditions in general. The Mothers' Club and the Century Club are doing splendid work in aiding the development of "Home Economics," "Better Babies," helping with all kinds of charities, civic improvements and much other commendable work.

It was at these clubs that I met the real wife and mother, with real sweetness of soul: the woman who even under difficulties knew how to live a simple, pure and gentle life. Never have I come in contact with so much human feeling—even the ministers and their families are human, and full of understanding! The officials and people of prominence are all natural and unassuming.

I attended a "Ladies' Aid" meeting at which there were about forty ladies present, and among other good traits of these fine, earnest women I noticed particularly the absence of gossip and prudishness.

However, there is a spirit of contradiction prevailing in Reno which is very difficult to understand. All traces of the "wild and woolly" Western town have disappeared. The people of Reno are very docile indeed there are no cowboy yells nor Indian whoops, which some of our Eastern and Southern friends imagine still to exist. And the click of the roulette-wheel has passed with the years that have departed. Reno has developed into a cosmopolitan city with a cosmopolitan population. The cafes have cabarets with excellent talent, and there is dancing every evening in several of the hotels, where amid the bright lights, gay music, beautifully gowned women and well groomed men, one might easily imagine oneself in one of the swell cafes on Broadway: until one catches a glimpse of the moonlight on the Truckee, through an open window.... Here the people of Reno rub shoulders with those who constitute the "Divorce Colony," and to a new-comer, it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other.

The people of Reno keep their city clean, and maintain a very high standard of law and order. A lady may walk out unescorted at any hour of the day or night, and will never be molested or insulted in any way. The absence of public drunkenness and profanity is very noticeable, and I was not surprised to read the following note clipped from one of the local newspapers on Sunday morning:

"DEAD CALM IN POLICE COURTS ON SATURDAY"

"Police court was absolutely deserted yesterday morning, not a single case appearing on the docket to mar the serenity of the day. Reno's night police found the citizens unusually well behaved all night long and were not required to make even one arrest during the twelve hours they were on duty."

The fact that the people do not show much hospitality to undesirables, not even the hospitality of their jails, may explain why the little city is so calm and peaceful, and its police not overworked. The following clipping will indicate what happened to undesirables:

"THREE MEN ARE TOLD TO GET OUT OF CITY"

"Population of Reno Dwindles, Following Session of Judge Bryson's Court"

"Charles C. Stewart, James Joyce and John Burke were picked up by the police on Commercial Row Wednesday for disorderly conduct. Judge Bryson's police court was still in session and the men were arraigned immediately. All three pleaded guilty to the charge and for the best interests of the community were given until 10 o'clock Thursday morning to get out of town."

[Illustration: View of Nevada University Campus]

I had the pleasure of being a guest at the "Military Ball" in the University of Nevada, at which the Governor, his staff and many state officials were present, and was very much impressed by the fact that Nevada's statesmen, like the State, are comparatively young. The Governor did not look a day over thirty. They were a fine looking lot of earnest, unassuming, democratic Westerners. I do not know when I have seen a prettier picture than the one I saw when I looked down from the balcony upon that splendid assembly of glittering uniforms, beautifully gowned women, and handsome young students, amid fluttering flags and gay music. As I looked on, I could not help

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thinking of the pioneer ancestors of some of these illustrious sons and daughters of Nevada, who had crossed the plains in the early days, and I wondered what they would have to say of this brilliant array, and of the magic, modern little city of Reno and its people, if they could peep from behind the curtains of yesterday! I am sure they would be more than proud of both!

I fully expected to find living in Reno unusually expensive, but was agreeably surprised to find that one can live there even more reasonably than in the East. The prices are not extortionate at all, there being no specially made rates for "visitors," and the people are neither grasping nor selfish.

I have found the people of Reno charming and interesting and it has been a pleasure indeed to get a peep behind the scenes of this romantic little city, and above all, I have found everyone fair and courteous in every way to those who are to become citizens of their town.

PART 6. NEVADA DIVORCE LAWS

"The History of Nevada," published in 1913, Sam P. Davis writes as follows:

"The unenviable reputation, throughout the length and breadth of the land, in regard to the divorce law, has heaped ignominy on the State of Nevada. A few unscrupulous members of the legal fraternity, little better than outcasts at home, have come to Reno and besmirched the good name of a great State by their activity in converting into pernicious channels a law originally intended to give relief to mismatched couples who could not travel the matrimonial highway in peace and harmony.

"The divorce law of Nevada was enacted by the first territorial legislative assembly in 1861. The law was good enough for Nevada and gave general satisfaction until its exploitation for purely mercenary motives began.

"Twenty-two States have practically the same divorce laws in force on their statute books, with the exception of the provision regarding residence. Until this year, Nevada required only six months' residence, but that had to be clearly established before action for dissolution of marriage could have any standing in the courts of the state. The residence had to be absolute, without the lapse of a single day except where good and sufficient reason could be shown, and to the entire satisfaction of the trial court.

"Six months' residence was also necessary for citizenship in Nevada and enabled a man to exercise all the rights of a citizen. Therefore, it naturally follows, that he could prosecute a divorce, or any other kind of a suit, in the State of which he was a citizen.

"In order that the reader may reach an intelligent understanding of this much mooted question, the statute on divorce is quoted in full:

"Divorce from the bonds of matrimony may be obtained * * * for the following causes:

"First—Impotency at the time of marriage, continuing to the time of divorce.

"Second—Adultery, since marriage, remaining unforgiven.

"Third—Wilful desertion at any time; of either party by the other, for a period of one year.

"Fourth—Conviction of a felony or infamous crime.

"Fifth—Habitual gross drunkenness since marriage, of either party, which shall incapacitate him from contributing his or her share to the support of the family.

"Sixth—Extreme cruelty in either of the parties.

"Seventh—Neglect of the husband for the period of one year, to provide the common necessities of life, when such neglect is not the result of poverty on the part of the husband, which he could have avoided in ordinary industry."

"As the law governing the term of residence, to acquire citizenship, which obtained in Nevada for half a century without causing even passing comment, has been taken advantage of for mere mercenary motives, the unanimous verdict of a righteously indignant people went forth that the law should be amended, in some way, to correct the evil. Thus at the last session of the Legislature the time required to obtain a residence before obtaining a divorce was changed from six months to one year.

"If some sister States are stricken with remorse or find themselves in a sudden paroxysm of virtuous indignation, let them pass a law and enforce it, correcting the evils complained of at home, which will keep their divorces from coming to Reno—Nevada does not want them. If they persist in coming, let their home State enact a law which will make a divorce decree obtained in Nevada, void and of no effect whenever and wherever said divorcee sets foot within the borders of the home State. When other States enact and rigidly enforce some such drastic measure, the West will begin to have some regard for their particular brand of virtue. Until then, the West may be pardoned for believing that cant and hypocrisy often join hands with the lawless element and make a grandstand play for political effect.

"Economic conditions in the West are vastly different from those in the East. Nevada is a sparsely populated country, and it is not considered to the interest of the State to hedge about too closely the road which leads to citizenship. Anything which may have a tendency to obstruct immigration or turn it in another direction, is conceded, in this neck of the woods, to be unwise statesmanship. The State has a vital interest in securing and holding as large a population as is consistent with her rapidly increasing resources; always keeping steadily in

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view the fact that none but desirable citizens are wanted. If, however, the other kind come, as they sometime do, Nevada is ready to cope with the situation, as many of that class can testify from personal experience.

"Nevada is a veteran of the Civil War, having been organized as a territory in 1861, and admitted as a State of this glorious Union in 1864. No soldier on the field of battle ever made a more gallant defense of his country than did this "Battle Born" State during the trying times of the war. What she lacked in men was made up in money. Nevada was baptised in the blood of the nation and paid for her baptismal rite in a flood of gold and silver. With this flood of gold and silver, she saved the commercial honor of the country. This gold and silver paid the armies of the Civil War, averted national bankruptcy, and enabled the Government to resume specie payment in 1873.

"Those were dark days in the financial and political history of the United States, and Nevada, maligned and despised as she is today in some quarters, was the savior of her country in that most critical period of her history. The State that furnished the sinews of war should have some standing in the hearts and minds of the American people, even if Republics are ungrateful.

"From the best information at hand, it would appear that the mines of Nevada have yielded the enormous sum of two billion dollars during the past fifty years. Of this amount it is conceded that the Comstock alone produced fully one-half. The figures are given in round numbers, but are considered by mining men who are posted in such matters to be conservative. Thousands of discoveries, many of them marvelously rich, are still being made all over the state, in hitherto unknown and undeveloped territory. Besides gold, silver and copper, immense deposits of salt, borax, lime, platinum, sulphur, soda, potash-salts, cinnabar, arsenical ores, zinc, coal, antimony, cobalt, nickel, nitre, isinglass, manganese, alum, kaolin, iron, gypsum, mica and graphite exist in large quantities.

"Proudly conscious of her strength and probity of character, great big-hearted Nevada looks down from her lofty pedestal and freely pardons all who may have misjudged her. This is Nevada's record. Match it, if you can.

"The impulse which inspires a desire for a dissolution of an intolerable matrimonial alliance, is as fundamental to human nature as the one which inspires a desire for marriage, and is oft times far more moral. Therefore, to require the commission of immoral and degrading acts on the part of one of the parties to a marriage before a divorce can be granted, regardless of why it is desired, places an unwarranted premium upon immorality, and degrades society equally as much as it does the one committing the offense.

Not only does this policy of the law foster immorality, but immorality increases in proportion as the law becomes more drastic. Surely, the Nevada law is more moral than that of New York, which permits divorce for adultery only. New York has the most drastic law of any of the States; as a consequence it has in proportion to the population, about seven times as many proven cases of adultery as any other State. There are nearly four times as many such cases there, as in the neighboring State of Pennsylvania. This is not because the good people of New York are so much worse than their neighbors, but because the law requires that residents of the former State, who desire divorce, commit adultery; unless they have the time, money and inclination to go to Reno.

The effort to compel men and women to live together against their own free will, which is the purpose of stringent divorce laws, has caused even more immorality inside of marriage than it has outside. Immoral conditions are never so dangerous as when they exist in marriage. And besides, the fundamental policy of our laws which not only permits, but requires an investigation of divorce causes, is highly productive of evil. Many of the divorce cases in New York are simply food for a set of morbidly curious scandal-mongers. Even the Mohammedans consider our practice in this respect extremely vulgar: there is no more reason why a court should know why a husband and wife wish to separate than why they wish to marry.

Nevada most certainly has the most sane and moral divorce laws of any of the States. More than half a century ago, in 1861, Nevada enacted its divorce laws in their present form. It then, as now, provided for only six months residence before filing suit. This was in line with its other liberal legislation and with legislation in other Western States. This divorce statute included, and still includes, seven causes of action: impotency, adultery, desertion for one year, conviction of a felony, gross drunkenness, cruelty and failure of the husband for a period of one year to provide the common necessities of life.

In addition to this there is another splendid feature of the Nevada divorce law. It is not necessary to have witnesses, except to prove the fact that one is a resident in Nevada. The plaintiff's testimony is sufficient, unless the case is contested.

This law eliminates the despicable bribing of witnesses which so often happens in other states. It also eliminates the obscene, immoral and vulgar courtroom discussions which are often the result of calling witnesses

in divorce cases.

The wisdom of this early legislation in Nevada is shown by the fact that more than fifty years afterwards the United States Commission of Uniform Legislation, in preparing a law on divorce to be offered for adoption by all states, has recommended Nevada's statute almost word for word. It should be remembered that this Commission is made up of the greatest thinkers of modern times: lawyers, jurists, professors, moralists and statesmen.

No one criticises Nevada's causes for action. It is admitted that divorce, when it results from any one of these causes, is the only remedy for unfortunate relations, which, without such remedy, would injure society. A great majority of the leading thinkers and writers in our churches today admit that these causes of action are not too broad.

I believe that Maryland has one of the most lenient divorce laws of any of the Southern States. A divorce is granted to residents after three years' separation. The decree is granted to the one deserted.

Some of the Eastern and Southern States, in this respect, are still in the throes of the dark ages.

The Western States, practically all of them west of the Mississippi River, have seen the perfidy and injustice resulting from such narrow exactions. These modern, progressive ideas have crystallized into the form of wise legislation, the statutes of many of the States being almost identical with that of the State of Nevada.

In South Carolina no divorce is permitted on any ground. New York is but little better since the only cause recognized is adultery.

New York's rigidity in this respect has annually led thousands of people to resort to revolting and immoral acts and join in collusion, in order to obtain relief from wretched and unbearable marriage bonds. Such laws are unjust. Such laws wreck valuable lives. With strong characters they lead only to unhappiness; with the weak, they result in immoral living.

The question then: "Is divorce ever right?" must be answered in the affirmative.

Why should two persons, who find after reasonable trial that they have made a mistake, and that they are wholly unsuited for each other, physically, morally and intellectually, be compelled to live together? What is at first mutual indifference, ripens gradually into loathing and hatred. Such conditions bring into the world innocent children, begotten not of love, as marriage presupposes, but of disgust, hatred, lust and incompatibility. Is it not a fact, established by the most reliable medical authorities and celebrated criminologists, that crime is fostered in the minds of children begotten of inharmonious relationship?

We can never fathom the depth of untold sorrow brought about by unfortunate marriages, where there is no way to annul them. This burden upon mankind has resulted in countless desertions, felonies, drunkenness, murders and suicides.

"In the daytime when she moved about me,
In the night, when she was sleeping at my side,—
I was wearied, I was wearied of her presence.
Day by day and night by night I grew to hate her—
Would God that she or I had died!"

—Kipling.

There is no stronger plea for divorce than hatred; all things mentally, morally and physically bad originate from hatred.

I clipped the following from the Pall Mall Gazette of London, England, of May 20th, 1920:

EASY DIVORCE

Opinions of the Typical Englishman To the Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette,

"Sir:—If it is not too late to answer some of the arguments brought to bear on 'Easy Divorce,' as Lady Beecham calls it, or, as I prefer to call it, the proposed equalisation of the Divorce Laws on which she wrote recently, I would like to know how far the sentiments of the 'Typical Englishman' mentioned in the article are known to Lady Beecham.

"Among many great men she mentions Gladstone. Now, his opinion on the subject is surely well known, as in 1857 he supported an amendment moved by Mr. H. Drummond that infidelity alone on the part of a husband should entitle the wife to the dissolution of the marriage. Gladstone's speech was, I believe, an earnest attack upon the injustice of the Divorce Bill to women.

"An able advocate, Sir Charles Russell, once described the action of a man whose wife was seeking a divorce

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from him in the following strong terms: 'This was not a case of mere vulgar acts of infidelity, but it was that of a man whose continued course of conduct, consistent only in its profligacy and heartlessness, had brought the wife into a condition by which the marriage tie had become a galling chain.'

"If the conduct of the respondent did not amount to legal cruelty, the law was in an anomalous state, and did emphasize in a marked manner the inequality which existed in the laws relating to these matters between men and women.

"George Eliot once wrote: 'These things are often unknown to the world; for there is much pain that is quite noiseless, and vibrations that make human agonies are often a mere whisper in the roar of hurrying existence.'"

"Thackeray in 'The Newcomes' speaks of 'matrimonial crimes where the woman is not felled by the actual fist, though she staggers and sinks under the blows quite as cruel and effectual, where with old wounds still unhealed, she strives to hide under a smiling face to the world.'

"How anyone can find it in their heart to state that incurable insanity should not be ground for divorce is inexplicable to me; but as it is well known that partial insanity even is not, and I know of an instance of a man who went twice into an asylum and came back twice to his wife, the poor woman bearing him on each occasion another child. Even this is not a ground for divorce. The Cruelty in refusing the injured person her freedom seems almost incredible."

The first wrong step between young people is impossible to avoid, since during courtship both wear masks, each trying to impress the other that he or she is a paragon of all virtues. The net result is, that the truth often becomes a horrible revelation immediately after the wedding ceremony. Unhappy and mismatched marriages, without means of rectification, are the curse of civilization, the living, gnawing cancer of society.

In 1913, Nevada, under the lash of exaggerated newspaper notoriety, enacted a law changing the period of residence for the plaintiff in divorce actions from six months to one year. From Nevada's territorial existence down to that time it had been six months.

It is a matter of history that Nevada extended to the world inducements to go to her sparsely settled lands, in the way of liberal legislation and short periods of residence to acquire rights of full citizenship—franchise included. A man becomes, under Nevada laws, a full fledged citizen and voter at the end of six months. To him is extended every privilege of government and from him is exacted every obligation of government, and the fact that at the end of six months he can bring an action for divorce is a consequence of these laws, and not—as is often thought—their purpose.

Consequently, changing the law on the point of one of its principles instead of equally on all was irrational and illogical. Small wonder, therefore, that in 1915 the people, acting through their legislators and Governor, restored the period of residence in action for divorce to six months. It is now in strict conformity with their other laws, and with the same rights prescribed by them. Nevada's inhabitants have rescinded their act of 1914, by which they allowed immigrants and citizens to be robbed of a valuable right. The overwhelming vote of the legislature and approval of the bill by the Governor clearly shows the public opinion upon the subject. If it be right to commence action for divorce in one year, then it is right in six months. Length of period of residence is not a moral question. In this act the people of Nevada believe that they are morally and legally right, and that they are materially helping the progress of humanity.

It is often supposed that one can secure a divorce in Reno without having to present grounds or causes for it. Let me hasten to disillusion such "idealists." As mentioned above, there are seven causes for divorce in this State, any one of which in the eyes of the liberal Nevada law, is sufficient justification for a dissolution of marriage.

A fact which perhaps is not generally known is that one may leave the state temporarily any time after establishing a residence, provided, however, that the time during which one has been absent, is eventually "made up," that is; the actual presence in the state and county must amount to six months.

In one divorce case at which I was present,—Mrs. Jones versus Mr. Jones—, the questions to a six months' resident were as follows:

Q. Are you the plaintiff in this action?

Q. What relation does Mr. Jones bear to you?

Q. When were you married?

Q. Where were you married? Q. Are there any children of this marriage?

Q. It is stated in the complaint that since your marriage to Mr. Jones he has been guilty of habitual gross

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drunkenness, which he has contracted since the marriage. Will you please state to the court the circumstances in regard to his acts of habitual drunkenness?

Q. Have his acts of habitual gross drunkenness incapacitated him from contributing his support to the family?

Q. What effect have his habits of gross habitual drunkenness had upon his performing his part of the marital relations?

Q. Please refer to page 5 paragraph—of your complaint and read it as to your reasons for coming to Reno, Nevada.

Q. When did you come to the County of Washoe, State of Nevada?

Q. Where have you been residing since you came to Reno, Nevada?

Q. Have you been engaged in any occupation or profession during your residence in Reno, Nevada?

Q. What is your intention in regard to your continuing your residence in the State of Nevada?

Q. What was your former name?

Q. Do you desire to be restored to your former name for business and property reasons?

Q. It is stated in the complaint as a second cause of action that Mr. Jones for more than one year last past has failed, neglected and refused to provide you with the common necessities of life. Please state, if any, what provisions he has made for your support and how he has supported you, if at all. Q. It is stated in the complaint that he has been during all the said time and is now an able-bodied, talented man, and has been and is now in receipt of liberal salaries for his services. Please state to the court what the facts are in regard to this.

Q. Has his failure to provide you with the common necessities of life been the result of poverty or sickness and could he have avoided such failure by ordinary industry?

Q. Please state how you have supported yourself.

Q. It is stated in the complaint as a third cause of action that Mr. Jones has been guilty of extreme cruelty to you in the State of Texas and in the State of New York. Please state to the court what his treatment has been to you in the way of using vulgar language to you and calling you vile names.

Q. What occurred at New York City on or about May, 1919, in regard to the conduct of the defendant, in regard to his father and his coming to the hotel in a condition of intoxication.

Q. It is stated that at Waco, Texas, the defendant would drink and keep you awake until a late hour in the morning. Please state to the court the circumstances of his conduct.

Q. What occurred during the winter of 1919 at New York City in regard to Mr. Jones flourishing a loaded revolver and threatening to kill you?

Q. What effect did his treatment of you have upon your being compelled to leave him?

Q. What have you done in regard to endeavoring to persuade Mr. Jones to cease his excessive use of intoxicating liquors, his exhibition of ugly conduct, his vile language, to induce him to resume a normal condition of conduct and treat you with kindness?

Q. What effect, if any, has his habitual gross drunkenness and extreme cruelty—to you had upon your happiness and health, and how has it affected you mentally and physically?

Q. What effect has it had upon the intent and purposes of intermarriage and rendering your life with your husband unendurable, miserable and unbearable?

In this case the charges were non-support and drunkenness and extreme cruelty.

The plaintiff in a divorce case need not become seriously concerned because a defendant has refused to sign papers at the time he or she has been served. Personal service upon the defendant—the mere fact that the papers are handed to the defendant is sufficient, whether he has accepted them or not—or service by publication and mailing in Nevada will accomplish the same purpose; except that there will be a delay of forty days in the first case and eighty-two in the latter; however, if the defendant is not represented, or does not appear, there may arise the question as to the legality of the divorce in some States, especially in New York State.

It will obviate considerable delay and inconvenience, if the defendant will sign and file his personal answer, admitting the plaintiff's allegations of residence, marriage, children, etc., but denying the cause of action. This answer should also contain an express waiver of notice of all proceedings. An answer cannot be signed, however, until the complaint is filed: the complaint cannot be—filed until six months have elapsed: therefore the divorce is not granted in six months, as is the impression which so many have, but the suit may be started at the termination of the six months' period.

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An expeditious and simple method of facilitating proceedings is to have the defendant appoint a lawyer in Nevada, granting him the power of attorney to accept service of the complaint. Since this can be provided for in advance the delay after the case has been filed can be reduced to a minimum.

Below is the form of the Power of Attorney:

"KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That I, John Jones, of the Town of Waco, County of..... State of Texas, hereby constitute and appoint..... of the city of Reno, County of Washoe, State of Nevada, as my true and lawful attorney, in fact and at law for me and in my name to act for me and appear for me as my attorney in any action that may or shall be instituted by Mary Jones, my wife, against me for the dissolution of the bonds of matrimony existing between us, in the second Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Washoe; and in any such action to accept service of summons thereon and to plead to or demur to, or to answer any verified complaint or other pleading that may or shall be filed by said Mary Jones in any action in said court; and to do and perform any other act or acts or to take any other proceeding or proceedings he shall deem proper in said action.

"GIVING AND GRANTING unto my said attorney or his substitute full power and authority to do and perform all and every act and thing whatsoever requisite and necessary to be done in and out of said action, as fully and to all intents and purposes as I might or could do if personally present with full power of substitution, hereby ratifying and confirming all that my said attorney or his substitute may do or shall cause to be done by virtue of these presents.

"IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this..... day of July A. D., 1917.

"STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF..... ss.:

"On this.... day of July, A. D., 1917, personally appeared before me, a Notary Public, in and for the County of..... State of Texas, John Jones, known to me to be the person described in and who executed the foregoing instrument and who acknowledged to me that he executed the same freely and voluntarily and for the uses and purposes therein mentioned.

"IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written.

"Notary Public in and for the County of State of Texas.

Many people are under the impression that it is absolutely essential to engage a lawyer before reaching Reno, or immediately upon arrival. Both of these conceptions are erroneous. It is considerably wiser to make one's selection after taking up a residence, when one has had an opportunity to discuss the matter with the local people who "know the ropes," and who are thus in a position to advise one right. No legal action is necessary until some months have elapsed, unless of course the case be exceptional, as the one below for instance.

The Nevada law provides that a suit for divorce may be immediately commenced in the county "where the defendant may be found." From this it will be seen that a plaintiff who has been a resident of Nevada for ten days or even one day, may sue at once if the defendant can be found in Nevada for service. That is, no six months period of residence is necessary at all, if the defendant happens to be there, or comes there for a reconciliation, to regain custody of children, to obtain a satisfactory property settlement, or for any other legitimate purpose, free from collusion.

A celebrated case of this kind was tried at Minden, Nevada, in 1920. Below is a list of questions asked the plaintiff by the lawyer:

Q. When did you first come here?

A. The 15th day of February.

Q. Have you any other residence?

A. No, sir.

Q. Is it your intention to make Nevada your residence?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you by any means know of the coming of your husband into this state?

A. No, sir.

Q. Did you make any arrangements whereby he was to come into this state?

A. No, sir.

Q. When did you first learn that he was in this State?

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A. A friend told me he was coming to Nevada on business to look for a coal mine.

Q. Did he mention any place your husband might be going to?

A. Yes, he said something about Gold Hill.

Question by the Judge: Answer by Plaintiff:

Q. Do you know where there are coal mines in Gold Hills? You mean gold mines.

A. Yes, gold mines.

Questions by lawyer: Answers by Plaintiff:

Q. What if anything did you do on hearing that he might come into this state?

A. Why, I telephoned you and informed you.

Q. Did you see your husband?

A. No, sir.

Questions by Judge: Answers by Plaintiff:

Q. Did you have anything to do with the appearance of your husband in this vicinity?

A. No, sir.

Q. I want to have you very clear on this. No arrangements were made between yourself and your husband whereby he was to come into this state?

A. No, sir.

Q. When was it that you determined to stay in Nevada?

A. When the doctor told me I needed a change.

Q. And when was that?

A. That was at Christmas, about two weeks after.

Q. Have you ever, directly or indirectly, had any understanding with your husband that you should come into the State of Nevada and later— being here—that he should come into this state, that you should institute divorce proceedings and have him served with papers?

A. No, sir.

Q. Is it your purpose and intention to [remainder of question and answer missing in original]

Q. Did you have anything to do with the appearance of your husband in this vicinity?

A. No, sir.

Q. I want to have you very clear on this. No arrangements were made between yourself and your husband whereby he was to come into this state?

A. No, sir.

Q. When was it that you determined to stay in Nevada?

A. When the doctor told me I needed a change.

Q. And when was that?

A. That was at Christmas, about two weeks after.

Q. Have you ever, directly or indirectly, had any understanding with your husband that you should come into the State of Nevada and later— being here—that he should come into this state, that you should institute divorce proceedings and have him served with papers?

A. No, sir.

Q. Is it your purpose and intention to remain in the State of Nevada as a resident and particularly in the County of Douglas?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Is it your purpose to build here?

A. Well, if I can find a place to suit me I will.

Q. And have you given up Los Angeles as your residence, and your permanent residence is Genoa, Douglas County, Nevada?

A. Until I regain my health, but this will be my home.

Q. Do I understand that you have come into this state in good faith, seeking health and nothing else?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. That you have not come into the State of Nevada for the purpose of instituting divorce proceedings?

A. No, sir.

Q. That is absolutely so?

A. Absolutely.

By the Judge:

"I think I have gone into this question pretty thoroughly. I feel that I should do so in all these matters in view of the fact that our statute requires a six months' residence. Therefore we should look into these matters thoroughly. That is all."

Because of various newspaper items recently published the public has got the idea that the Reno divorce law has been changed. The following article, clipped from the Nevada State Journal of February 2nd, 1921, will explain the change in the laws as amended on that date:

SCOTT DIVORCE BILL PASSES UNANIMOUSLY—SENATE BILL PROVIDES THAT PARTY MUST HAVE LIVED IN STATE SIX MONTHS.

"Carson City, Feb. 1.—The Senate today passed the measure introduced by Senator Scott to amend the present divorce law. The bill as drawn re-enacts the law now in force, with the added provision, that at least one of the parties to an action for divorce must have resided in the State of Nevada not less than six months prior to commencement of the suit.

"On recommendation of the judiciary committee, the bill was amended, to make the beginning of a suit possible in cases where "the cause of action shall have occurred within the county while plaintiff and defendant were actually 'domiciled' therein." In a talk urging passage of the bill as amended, Senator Scott declared that at least 90 per cent, of the odium attached to Nevada because of its divorce law was due to the fact that a few unscrupulous persons and attorneys—by means of collusion—so arrange matters as to take advantage of the "Where the defendant may be found" clause. He stated that he feared that unless some change as he proposed was made that people might soon go to that extreme and demand an enactment of legislation much more severe in its requirements. He presented the bill, "not as an attorney, but as a citizen of Nevada to cure what as a citizen he believed to be an evil." The amendments were adopted, and the bill passed, Senator Ducey answering "No," on roll call.

"At the afternoon session of the Senate, Senator Ducey rose to ask a question of privilege, and proceeded to explain his vote by stating that he had failed to get the gist of the amendment. He thereupon requested that the Senate grant him the courtesy of a reconsideration of the vote taken at the morning session. Under the unanimous consent rule, a motion for reconsideration carried, after which the bill was passed with sixteen senators voting in its favor."

[Illustration: Picture of Sir H. Walter Huskey] Following is a letter from H. Walter Huskey, one of Reno's prominent lawyers, in which at my request he answers some very important questions. Much of the information I have already given you in the foregoing pages, but I think it a good idea to give you the questions exactly as answered by him. This information really consists of most valuable legal advice to anyone anticipating a visit to Reno.

Twenty-second October, 1920.

"Dear Mrs. Stratton:

"I am very happy to have your letter of the 11th instant, and to note that you are making such splendid progress with your book.

"My time and services are always at your command, even though you have asked me some questions that are not strictly in the horizon of a lawyer's work.

"The advantages of Nevada's divorce laws are as follows:

"The residence is only six months, but requires actual presence in the county where the action is to be filed. We have six causes of action for the husband, and—by adding neglect of the husband to provide the plaintiff with the common necessities of life—seven for the wife.

"In most states corroborative evidence is required, that is, testimony of evidence tending to corroborate the allegation and testimony of the plaintiff. In Nevada no corroborative evidence is required in the absence of a contest, that is, testimony of the plaintiff alone in a non-contested case is sufficient.

"In most or many of the states, the decree of divorce when granted is not final and absolute, that is, in some

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states it is interlocutory, requiring another appearance in court at the end of six months or a year. In other states, either one or both parties are forbidden the right to marry for six months or one year or longer, or the defendant is given six months in which to appeal, or one or both parties are placed under disabilities preventing immediate marriage. In Nevada the decree is absolute the moment granted and the minister, if desired, may be waiting at the court house door to perform the new marriage ceremony.....

"With these few remarks I shall take up your questions by number:

"1. Where to go upon arrival?

"There are three good hotels in Reno; the Riverside Hotel, Hotel Golden and the Overland Hotel. Besides the hotels we have two or three good apartment houses. Many people go directly to the private boarding houses where room and board can be had at more reasonable figures.

"2. What attitude to take up with the local people: what to do: what to avoid?

"In the great West strangers are taken to be alright, until they prove themselves otherwise. It is unlike the East or South, where one must prove oneself as to character and standing, before one can hope to be admitted into the better circles of society. Fully ninety per cent, of the people who come to Nevada to become bona fide residents with the expectation of taking advantage of Nevada's lenient divorce laws, are people of high character and standing. It is naturally well to mix with Reno's people, to keep oneself as straight and restricted as one would do at home, and to avoid the tendency to throw off all restraint when one passes west of the Rocky Mountains.

"3. Are there any crook lawyers?

"There are crook lawyers, but not in Reno. There were one or two who have been indicted and disbarred. Sometimes it is possible—when the address can be found—to communicate with the defendant spouse and stir up trouble by offering to defend him or her free of charge, hoping by such action to be placed in position to squeeze a few hundred dollars out of the plaintiff. The best way to avoid this is to go to Reno and look over the field before selecting an attorney.

"4. The possibility of blackmail?

"The only possibility in the nature of blackmail comes from unprofessional practitioners like those mentioned in the preceding paragraph, who, in some way having the address of the defendant, communicate with him or her in the hope of stirring up trouble and representing the defendant in the contest. When relations are thus taken up with the proposed defendant, these lawyers usually notify the plaintiff that if the plaintiff will come to him or to a lawyer of his selection—someone closely associated with him—the matters can be adjusted and the divorce granted. The position taken by our County Clerk, under our law, in refusing absolutely to allow anyone, other than the parties and attorneys for the parties in a divorce suit, to have access to the papers greatly reduces the field of this blackmail and protects many innocent people.

"5. How do you proceed with the case?

"Upon arrival in Reno a new resident ought to find a reputable lawyer, consult him, retain him by paying him possibly one-third of the fee, and state to him the entire cause of action. The lawyer will take down the facts, given a receipt or contract showing the total fee to be paid; will make a record of the beginning of the residence period and will talk to the client generally about his or her cause of action, and the steps necessary to be taken toward establishing a bona fide residence that will hold water against all attack. Many persons have failed in contested cases, because of statements they have placed in letters to friends and relatives. These statements often show that the plaintiff is only serving time in Nevada, and, if brought to the attention of the court, will defeat one's allegation of residence upon which the jurisdiction of the court depends. Without jurisdiction no divorce can be granted.

"6. What is the first step?

"7. What if you cannot serve?

"After the six months' residence period is completed, the first step is to prepare, verify and file the complaint. This complaint is a clear statement of the plaintiff's cause or causes of action. At the time of filing this complaint the summons is issued and handed to the attorney for the plaintiff. Where the defendant is not willing to file an answer or demurrer, and thus submit to the jurisdiction of the court, an "Affidavit for Publication" is sworn to by the plaintiff, and an "Order for Publication" is prepared for the signature of the judge, and being signed by him, is filed with the Clerk of the Court. After publication is ordered service may be made by publication once a week for six weeks in a Reno paper and by mailing a copy of the complaint attached to a copy of the summons to the

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defendant at his or her last known residence.

"After publishing for six weeks, it is necessary to wait for a period of forty days during which time the defendant may answer. Service is complete only at the end of publication, and a defendant living outside of Nevada is entitled to the full period of forty days after service.

"Below is a facsimile of different forms of 'Service by Publication':

SUMMONS

No. 16447 Dept. No. 2.

IN THE SECOND JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT OF THE STATE OF NEVADA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF WASHOE. L.M.M., plaintiff vs. A.M.M., defendant.

The state of Nevada sends greeting to said defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within ten days after the service upon you of this summons if served in said county, or within twenty days if served out of said county but within said judicial district and in all other cases within forty days (exclusive of the day of service), and defend the above–entitled action. This action is brought to recover a judgment and decree of this court forever severing and dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between the parties hereto upon the grounds of desertion, adultery and extreme cruelty as described in the complaint.

Dated this 15th day of December, A. D., 1920 E.H.BEEMER,

Clerk of the Second Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Washoe.

By G. R. ELLITHORPE, Leroy F. Pike, Deputy. Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS IN THE SECOND JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF NEVADA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF WASHOE. I.M.G., plaintiff, vs. S.L.G., defendant.

The State of Nevada sends greeting to said defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within ten days after the service upon you of this summons if served in said county, or within twenty days if served out of said county but within said judicial district and in all other cases within forty days (exclusive of the day of service), and defend the above–entitled action. This action is brought to recover and decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between you and said plaintiff, upon the ground that you wilfully failed, neglected and refused to provide for said plaintiff the common necessities of life for a period of more than two years next preceding the commencement of this action, although having the ability so to do; awarding to said plaintiff the care, custody and control of the two minor children, the issue of the marriage between you and said plaintiff, to wit: G.L.G. and R.O.G.; and for general relief, as alleged and described in the complaint of said plaintiff now on file in said action in the office of the Clerk of the above named court, and to which said complaint reference is thereby made and said complaint made a part hereof.

Dated this 8th day of January, A. D., 1921.

E. H. BEEMER,

Clerk of the Second Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Washoe.

A. A. SMITH, Attorney for Plaintiff,

312 Clay Peters Bldg., Reno, Nevada. J15–22–29;F5–12–19–2e

"8. What if you can serve?

"Six weeks of time may be saved if the defendant can be served with complaint and summons. This personal service outside the state of Nevada is equivalent to completed service by publication, and the defendant has forty days in which to answer.

"9. What if the defendant does not fight?

"In cases where the defendant is willing that a decree should be granted, much time and some expense may be saved by defendant signing and filing a short formal answer, admitting plaintiff's allegations of residence, marriage, children, etc., but denying the causes of action. By filing this answer personally, or by retaining a Reno lawyer to accept services and file it for the defendant, the defendant need not visit Nevada at all. The case can then be closed up, and the decree granted within ten days after the expiration of the six months. By the filing of this short answer the defendant submits to the jurisdiction of the court, and any decree of divorce granted is valid and effective for plaintiff and defendant alike beyond any question, the world over.

"10. What if the defendant fights?

"If the defendant fights the case, evidence and testimony must be introduced and the case tried as other

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contested causes in other states. If the defendant be the wife, she can by filing affidavits showing her position financially compel the plaintiff husband, before proceeding with his case, to advance such sums of money as may be necessary to cover costs, attorney's fees, alimony pending the suit and traveling expenses to and from Reno.

"11. What about the chances for losing?

"In the absence of a contest, if a divorce case in Nevada be prepared by a lawyer who knows his business, there is no real reason for losing. If the cause be contested, then it all depends upon the allegations and proofs of the plaintiff as compared with the allegations and proofs of the defendant. Probably three cases out of four (contested cases) are won by the plaintiff.

"12. How is the case called?

"When the case has been filed and the time during which the defendant is permitted to answer has passed, a default is prepared by the attorney for the plaintiff, and signed and filed by the county clerk. In cases where the defendant has appeared personally or by counsel and an answer has been filed, they are ready for trial. On calendar day,— which comes each Monday—either the default case or the case in which an answer has been filed is called to the attention of the court by the plaintiff's counsel and is set down for trial by the court— usually some day that week.

"13. Procedure of an actual case? Witnesses: Questions?

"The trial of undefended divorce suits usually takes about fifteen or twenty minutes. The only witnesses necessary are those to Prove "residence in Reno" for the period of six months. Room rent receipts are not sufficient. Usually it is necessary to call the landlady of the rooming house, or the clerk of the hotel where the plaintiff has resided to show a continued residence in the County of Washoe. Where the plaintiff moves about frequently from one rooming house to another, it is more difficult to prove continuous residence. A residence in the county is all that is needed and all that has to be proved, however, and often plaintiffs in the summer time spend a month or two on that portion of Lake Tahoe which is in Washoe County.

"14. Is this case treated publicly or privately?

"All cases are tried in a court room which is open to the general public, unless the allegations are of such immorality in the complaint that the proof should not be heard by the general public. Divorce cases are so common in Reno, however, that the public rarely attend.

"15 Does the decree allow you to take back your own name?

"If the plaintiff be a woman and if there be no children the issue of the marriage, she will be allowed, if requested in the complaint, to take back her maiden name. The decree signed by the court simply orders that the plaintiff's maiden name be restored to her. If there be children the issue of the marriage, the maiden name of the mother will not be restored to her for the reason that it is thought that the mother should retain the name of her children.

"16. What is the entire cost?

"The entire cost of a non-contested case ranges from \$22 to \$30. If the case be contested there is no telling how high the cost may run. The cost of taking numerous depositions might amount to \$50 or \$100 or more. If the question is intended to cover the fees for lawyers' services, I would say that they run from nothing up to several thousand dollars. The usual fee for a person of ordinary means is about \$250, which is probably the average fee in such cases in Reno, but persons of wealth often pay from \$1,000 to \$5,000.

"17. In what sense are witnesses used, and how do they strengthen the case; is it the same as in the East?

"In all non-contested cases, either where they go by default or where the defendant voluntarily files his answer after the residence for six months is proved, the plaintiff's testimony is sufficient to prove his or her cause of action, that is, no testimony beyond that of the plaintiff is needed where the case is not contested. In the event of a contest, the more witnesses and depositions one can procure the more likely they are to win.

"18. Can the divorce be obtained at once if the defendant can be served in the state?

"The statutes of Nevada expressly provide that, if the cause of action occurred in Nevada, that is, if the last acts of the defendant took place in Nevada, or if the plaintiff and defendant last cohabited in Nevada, or if the defendant without collusion can be served with papers in Nevada, the plaintiff need not reside there six months or for any other definite period. In line with this express provision of Nevada's laws, if a plaintiff comes to Nevada to begin a residence, and if the defendant comes here for any other purpose than to submit to service of the papers, which would be collusion, but bona-fide to secure the custody of children, to procure a settlement of property

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matters and alimony, to bring about a reconciliation, etc., service of the summons and complaint may forthwith be made upon him in Reno, and the case may proceed to trial at the end of ten days without the six months' residence period by either party.

"19. How is the fee paid, and when?"

"As to fees for legal services, some attorneys require the entire fee in advance; some allow the fee to wait until some adjustment or settlement is made, or until the case is ready for trial, but the better method for both client and attorney is for the client to pay down one-third of the fee as a retainer, one-third at the time of filing the complaint, and the balance of one-third on the day set for the final trial of the case.

"20. Please state the effect the Nevada divorce has in different states. For instance, I know a woman who got her divorce in Nevada and married again in New York; her first husband sued her for divorce in New York and accused her of adultery and got a divorce. Please state if the divorce is absolutely legal when the defendant is not represented, because I am very anxious that my book shall state only facts. I don't want to lead anyone astray on that subject. I am quite sure the divorce is not legal if it is simply obtained by advertising, as I myself was about to be handed back my divorce papers, and refused a marriage license in New York, when I explained that my husband had been personally represented. If that had not been the case I would not be the happy lady I am today.

"Nevada divorces, exactly like the divorces granted in other states, are valid as follows: if the defendant be served in Nevada, in the event he appears in the cause either for contest or voluntarily, for the purpose of submitting to the jurisdiction of the court, the decree is absolute and valid the world over, freeing both parties from the moment it is granted.

"If the defendant be served outside of the state of Nevada, either personally or by publication and mailing, and should not make an appearance in the case, the case goes by default and the decree, which is held valid in most cases as a matter of comity, is seriously questioned in the states of New York, Massachusetts and Illinois. Its validity is questioned, however, only in favor of a defendant who is a resident and citizen of the state where its validity is brought into court, that is, a resident of Illinois obtaining a divorce in Nevada by default against a defendant who resides in Illinois, will find that his decree of divorce is valid beyond a question in New York and Massachusetts and all other states except Illinois. Likewise, a resident of New York may depart from his home, take up his abode in Nevada, obtain a default decree against a spouse domiciled in New York and may marry again and live in any other state, except in the state of New York. It might be noted here, however, that many hundreds of plaintiffs have obtained default decrees under such circumstances and have married again, returned to New York state and have lived there without difficulty. Most foreign countries give validity to a Nevada decree.

"Respectfully submitted,

"H. WALTER HUSKEY."

In considering a divorce in Nevada, the traveling expenses are quite an item; therefore I have written to the Traffic Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad System, and in a letter under date of February 6th, 1921, from the Traffic Manager of that company, I am indebted for the following information:

"Regarding tickets, etc., to Reno, Nevada; round-trip tickets are not sold to Reno, but it is possible to purchase a round-trip ticket from New York to San Francisco or Los Angeles, and use it only as far as Reno. (I found that the greatest advantage of this ticket was that one could have a peep at San Francisco and Southern California without any extra cost, as one returns to the East.—Author). This ticket has no validation feature.

"The round-trip ticket bears a limit of nine months and it costs \$201.06, plus tax of \$16.08, to either San Francisco or Los Angeles. The one-way fare from New York to Reno is \$111.63, plus tax of \$8.98."

The roads used in the trip are The Pennsylvania Railroad, Chicago and Northwestern, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific.

Below are suggestions for the best through trains quoted from 1921 time tables:

Daily Service.

Leave New York (Pennsylvania Station)

6:05 P. M., Saturday

Arrive Chicago

3:00 P. M., Sunday

Leave Chicago (Union Pacific)

7:10 P. M. Sunday, Overland Express.

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Arrive Omaha

9:00 A. M. Monday

Arrive Ogden

1:00 P. M. Tuesday

Leave Ogden (Southern Pacific)

12:30 P. M., Pacific time, Tuesday.

Arrive Reno

3:25 A. M. Wednesday

In conclusion I would desire to express the sincerest heart-felt hope that none of my readers be placed in a position where the only road to follow is: "the Great Divide." However, when there is no way out, no means of reconciliation, no tangible reason for submission to penal servitude for life, the only solution left is to face the truth; to turn one's back upon the past, and face the future!

We revere our ancestors, but the inheritance handed down to us dissolves itself into obligations to the present: our principal obligation to the World today is our duty to the World tomorrow! To posterity: to those to whom "from failing hands we throw the torch...."

As Virgil said: "Nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis:" our children's children and those who will be born from them.

And in assuming our duty to the World tomorrow, we must start by doing our duty to the World today: ourselves; by righting what is wrong; by blasting the trail through life's mountainous obstacles; and purifying the atmosphere around us and leading the World on to the light that beacons us from beyond.

[Illustration: Renoites as seen by a Reno Cartoonist] [Reprint from Reno Freming Gazzette] [Aug. 7 1917]

PART 7. SONS OF THE SAGEBRUSH

To write of the "Sons of the Sagebrush" does not necessarily mean that they were born in the Sagebrush, or in the West. I was surprised to find that about seventy-five per cent, of the prominent citizens of Nevada had hailed from almost every State in the Union, from Carolina to California. The Good Book says that the wise men came from the East. From personal observation I should say that many of them settled in the West.

I am told that there are numerous cases in which mothers worry for fear their sons may be led astray by some fascinating "divorcee"; that he may be caught in her "selfish snare" and left with a smashed heart and lost youthful ideals, while the fair lady laughs and leaves; but if you will pardon a bit of slang, I should say that the Western youth is a "pretty wise guy," and that mother need not worry because he can look out for himself! However, "mother's advice" may not always have held good after a mint julep, or a stroll in the moonlight..... Hence the experience.

I do not mean that if a beautiful lady should whisper gently to one of the youthful sons of the Sagebrush: "I am afraid to go home in the dark," the gentleman would ring for a messenger boy as an escort, or call a taxi; and if she sighed for sympathy and a stroll by the Truckee, he would think that she needed a doctor, or a nerve specialist. The sons of the Sagebrush are not cold-hearted, nor are they lacking in courtesy of any sort, but to use a Western expression, they possess a large percentage of "horse sense!" Meaning, that they are not wearing their hearts on their sleeves these days....

One of the most interesting and unassuming gentlemen I met in the "big little city" was Mr. George Wingfield. I had made up my mind to that effect long before he was introduced to me because I had seen his beautiful home on the banks of the Truckee, and his beautiful bank building on the corner of Second and Virginia streets (the Reno National Bank, which I have described in Part 5), and had visited his ranch, and admired his string of thoroughbred horses and high-class stock. I had also been told how this gentleman had made his fortune almost over night, so to speak, during the big gold boom, and I liked him for staying right there and spending the gold in the State whence it came. He did not take his riches and go away, as so many of them have done, but he helped to build a beautiful city, and there it is that he made his home.

I was rather surprised to find that Mr. Wingfield was not a native son, but hailed from Arkansas: also, I was disappointed in this gentleman's appearance, having been told that he was a resident of the West, when the West was really "wild and woolly," and full of gold and other things.... I expected him to be a much older man, and have not quite forgiven him for not being at least six feet six, with cold steel-blue piercing eyes, gray hair at the temples and a face furrowed with strong character lines.

That was the sort of mental picture I had made of him when a friend told me of his experiences in the mining camp during a big strike of the miners. They were shooting up the town in real Western style, and many of them had been heard to swear that they would have Wingfield's life. He might well have taken his departure, but he did not: he was strong and relentless and knew no fear, though I am told he ate his meals in a restaurant where the walls were covered with mirrors, with his back to the wall, and a six-shooter on each side of his plate. Rather thrilling, to say the least.

So far, Mr. Wingfield has not found it necessary to take advantage of the liberal divorce laws of the State: his beautiful home, charming and accomplished wife, and lovely children account for that.

Somehow Mr. Wingfield's experience in Nevada and the gold mines brings to my mind a poem from Robert W. Service's "Spell of the Yukon," of which I am very fond:

"This is the law of the Yukon,
and ever she makes it plain; Send not your foolish and feeble;
send me your strong and your sane— Strong for the red rage of battle;
sane, for I harry them sore; Send me men grit for the combat;
men who are grit to the core...."

It would be difficult to name a citizen of Nevada more popular with his fellow-men or enjoying to a greater degree the confidence and trust of those with whom he is associated than H. J. Gosse, proprietor and manager of the Riverside Hotel of Reno.

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The colony has a real friend in H. J. Gosse, who is certainly an exponent of joy, giving optimism to the lonely wanderer who may find himself domiciled under the roof of the Riverside Hotel where the splendid personality of this old pioneer reigns supreme.

Mr. Gosse's parents crossed the plains with an ox-team from New Orleans to California way back in '49. In 1862 the family moved to Silver City, then a lively mining town.

[Illustration: Riverside Hotel, Nevada]

The subject of this sketch went to school in Virginia City and later attended the Golden Gate Academy in Oakland, California. Like other young men, he followed various vocations and in 1896 he purchased the Riverside Hotel, which he has successfully conducted ever since. Under his management the hotel has continued to be the leading hotel in the city, and in 1901 the present large brick structure was erected.

In 1888 Mr. Gosse was united in marriage with Miss Josephine M. Mudd, a native of California. In politics Mr. Gosse is a Republican. He is a member of the Improved Order of Red Men, and has filled all the chairs in the local Tribe and is Past Grand Sachem of the State of Nevada. He is also a Mason, being a member of the lodge chapter, commandery and the shrine. He is an active member of the B.P.O.E. No. 597, of Reno, and was instrumental in organizing the Lodge. In recognition of his services, he has been made an honorary life member and is a member of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

Mr. Gosse's only son was among the first to answer his country's call when the United States entered into the World War in 1917; he died in his country's service a few months later....

No pictures of the picturesque West would be complete which did not depict in the foreground the fine, handsome figure of Nevada's erstwhile "Sentinel in Chief": former State Police Superintendent, Captain J. P. Donnelley.

The Captain and his wife were among the very first friends I made when I arrived in Reno. Since then we have become more and more intimate, and my admiration and appreciation of them both grow keener, if such is possible, the longer I know them.

Almost as interesting as the history of Nevada itself is the excited checkered career of this man, who at an early date left his native State of California where he had risen from the ranks of private to Adjutant of the 10th Battalion Infantry Guards and had sought in preference the dangers and hardships of rugged Nevada. Here he became deputy sheriff and chairman of the Republican Central Committee of Esmeralda County, to succeed Captain Cox as Superintendent of the State Police in 1911.

In the same year there was a spurt of unusual liveliness from the Indian quarter. Several white men were killed, and it was Captain Donnelley who was selected to head one of the posses and risk the brunt of the battle. The Captain's scrapbook, which he was kind enough to let me look over, revealed many an interesting incident, and one would never think when talking to him that this genial, humorous, kind faced man was every inch a soldier and a hero. The combination strikes me as wonderfully illustrative of what real culture and civilization can do for a man. He fights, not for the love of fighting, from a savage hankering after blood, but because it is for the good of humanity in general that he should fight, and therefore that he does well.

A large reward had been offered for the capture of those Indian desperadoes and of the several posses that had been sent out. Captain Donnelley and his brave band were the only "lucky devils," and escaped with their scalps.

In appreciation of his fine work the citizens passed a resolution to send the following letter to the Captain:

"To the Nevada State Police and to Captain Donnelley, Privates Buck and Stone, and Sergeant Newgard:
"Gentlemen:—

"As a Committee of One I am directed by the citizens of Surprise Valley, this county, by a resolution passed by the citizens last week, to express to you gentlemen the thanks we so deeply owe you for your efficient and loyal services rendered in the interest of public justice in the running down of the Indian renegade murderers of our citizens in Nevada.

"We cannot begin to express the same by words of tongue or pen and our feelings coming from the heart must be left to better speakers and writers than myself.

"Be assured of our great thanks, and should occasion require we will endeavor to make good in payment.

"Very sincerely yours,

"(Signed) H. E. SMITH, Sheriff."

[Illustration: Captain J. P. Donnelly Former State Police Superintendent]

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In 1912 there were some very serious disturbances in the copper mines in Ely. Martial law was declared; Captain Donnelley was delegated to go down to quell the disorder, and in a remarkably short time peace and order were restored. His success was due in a great measure to his magnetic personality, for the Captain is very popular and makes staunch friends wherever he goes.

One of the greatest assets a man can have is the right sort of a wife. Mrs. Donnelley, once a divorcee, is both charming and interesting. She is a woman of culture, has traveled extensively and is interested in all the social problems of the day. When the Red Cross Chapter was organized in Reno she was asked to take charge of the workroom, which originally started with two and now boasts of a working force of between thirty to forty ladies. Without her efficient aid, little progress would have been made.

Both the Captain and his wife are exceptionally fond of children and animals, and they tell the following amusing incident about one of the Captain's birthdays. One fine afternoon, out of a clear sky, seventeen youngsters of every conceivable size and shape, marched in upon Mrs. Donnelley, and announced the fact that they had come to celebrate Captain Donnelley's birthday. Thereupon they held aloft three monster cakes which they had brought along to demolish in case the Captain did not have birthday cakes any more. After the rather surprised lady of the house had ransacked the neighborhood for some fruit and ice cream to help the cake along and practically no vestige of the feast remained, the unsuspecting Captain came upon the scene. There was a rush and a scamper and a babel of voices shouted out, "Oh, Captain Donnelley, we're having such a good time at your birthday party!"

Orpheus and his lute, David and his harp, Donnelley and his dog! These are inseparable associations, and so fine and historic an animal is "Brownie" that the newspapers devote write-ups to him just as if he were a regular celebrity or something like that. He is now guarding the chicks on a ranch and is making a dandy truant officer, so the Captain tells me.

The Captain is a thinker, too. A short time ago he wrote a series of articles for the Reno Gazette, dealing with psychology. I was particularly impressed with a fact which he made to stand out clearly above all others and which would vitally affect society as a whole if it were to be universally carried out. It is the substitution of an indeterminate sentence for the definite one which now prevails. "No judge can determine in advance when a prisoner is fit to return to the community," he says; and in the same way we release the inmates of an insane hospital as soon as we think them sufficiently recovered, he believes we should release the criminal as soon as experts pronounce him fit to resume his relations with society.

The following is a copy of the verses which the Captain thought would help his co-workers to do things right:

"Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful,
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven heart and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it;
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it.
"You're beaten to earth; well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face,
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye.
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,
It's how did you fight, and why.
"And though you be done to death, what then?
If you battled the best you could;
If you've played your part in the world of men,
Why, the critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,

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And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only, how did you die?"

And now we come to a pure Sagebrush Son who first announced himself into the family midst only a few miles away from Virginia City, Judge Langdon. His father had been a true pioneer of the Comstock Lodge, and so Frank was born with a "golden" spoon in his mouth.

However that may be, he went to school at Gold Hill, thence to St. Mary's College and finally passed the bar examination in 1886. Then he came back to Nevada, post haste, and established a law office in Virginia City and there he is to this day. Not for long, however, did he remain a private practitioner. He soon became a member of the Assembly, and District Attorney of his home County and subsequently was elected Judge of the County of Storey. And thereby hangs a "story."

While the Judge was on the bench a felonious murder was committed. Preston and Smith were the criminals arraigned before the courts, and Frank P. Langdon their Judge. Originally the trial had come up in Hawthorne, Seat of Esmeralda County, and when in the midst of the case the County Seat was changed the case was naturally transferred. Feeling ran very high, for the prisoners had many friends, and several anonymous letters, bearing a fear-inspiring skull and cross-bones sketched in blood-red ink, did the young Judge handle: needless to say without any fear or trepidation! A son of the sagebrush knows no fear!

At last the day for the final decision came. Some of those I have met who were present in the court room tell me that the atmosphere was highly charged and that many expected to see the Judge get a rough deal. But calmly, in clear ringing tones, he boldly stated his convictions, irrespective of the direst results that might follow; yet nothing happened. The men were condemned and the Judge is still residing in Virginia City, happy with his wife and six lively children.

Not only through the popular ditty have the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia become famous: their own natural beauty is sufficient to render them beloved by all those who have had the opportunity to see them or live amongst them. But it is also under the blue shadows of those Virginia peaks that many a good man was born and it is therefore a great tribute to Nevada, I think, that Judge Sanders has permanently made his home under the purple and gray shadows of the Sagebrush slopes.

He had been deputy clerk and librarian of the Supreme Court of Virginia, and during this time had taken advantage of the lore with which he came in contact to study the ways and byways of the law. Like unto hosts of others, for him too the Comstock Lode had proved a magnet, and in 1904 he hit the trail for Virginia City, Nevada. Then he trailed on, attracted by the Manhattan boom, and finally landed in Tonopah, the great silver camp. By this time he had begun to be known as a "big fighter" in the law world. His famous speech on the "Prospector" attracted considerable attention, and Nevada's sons soon found out that they had a real man in their midst. He was elected District Attorney of Nye County, and there never was a man more free from political prejudice or more ready to give every applicant to the Courts of Justice a fair and square deal. Cattle rustlers quaked and trembled at the name of Sanders as did I. W. W.'s; surrounding States never felt so very kindly disposed toward the Judge, as it was he who in a great measure was responsible for exterminating this disturbing element, or rather dumping it into other States, since it proved inexterminable.

Judge Sanders is married to a Wisconsin girl and has his home at Carson City, Nevada.

Dick Stoddard is a Reno boy through and through, and although his middle name is Cross, it certainly has nothing to do with his disposition, for he is most entertaining and genial. As a youth he attended the High School and the University, after a time taking the civil service. Then in the service of the railroad proper, he wandered around the coast for about four years.

Not content with this mission in life, he entered the law offices of a prominent firm of attorneys where he imbibed all the legal wisdom he could, supplementing his practical experience by theoretical study. In 1903, behold our Judge, a full-fledged advocate; in 1905 he was elected City Attorney for Reno. It was during his term that Reno's streets were first paved, the new City Hall built and the Truckee's banks spanned by the Virginia Street bridge.

A rather amusing story is told of how "they,"—his friends,—"put one over" on Dick, the "putting over," however, being to their mutual advantage.

The Judge, or rather Attorney, as he was then, had one of those "off" spells that all of us have at times. He had

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sniffed his fill of musty legal parchment for the time, and he decided that he would prefer a sniff of the sea-weed and brine; that he needed a tonic arid that no better could be found than "Ozone." So he packed his grip, gave his friends the "slip," as one might say, and skipped off to a California resort. And while this revered City Attorney was vigorously breasting the Pacific billows, and enjoying cooling breezes that brought in their wake reminiscences of Honolulu, and other lands that enchant the senses, his friends at home saw to it that Dick Stoddard got the title of "General" hitched onto his title of Attorney.

During his generalship there were several interesting "spats" between the Inter-state Commerce Commission and the railroads, but Attorney-General Stoddard was the right man at the right time, and I assure you that the State didn't have to suffer.

Judge Moran is another original son of Erin who has adopted Nevada and has been adopted by her. One could hardly say that he was born with a golden spoon in his mouth, for "Barney" Moran had anything but the "life of Riley" in his early years. Up and up he has moved along the checker-board, however, until now he has become a "knight," a real knight, for many a human being would still be in sore distress were it not for the Judge's kind heart and sympathetic understanding in the divorce court. Some have dubbed him "Papa" Moran; he is so fatherly they say. And as of course it is no sin to kiss a father, it has happened that some of the highly strung victims have ventured to embrace Papa after he pronounced those all-meaning words, "judgment for the plaintiff."

When he was only ten years of age, both his parents passed away and so about four years afterwards he crossed the "herring pond" in quest of a life of adventure. As far as variety is concerned, he had plenty of it, and some to spare, and it is all those hard knocks that have helped him to understand human nature as he does. Over in Cleveland he attended night school while working during the day as a machine-shop apprentice. Not finding this "job" quite to his liking, he tried tending the "traps" or doors underground in some of the coal mines. Soon his fancy changed again, and we find him engaged as a water boy on one of the railroads. "Tick, tick;—tick tick—tick," signaled the telegraph, and it was not long before young Moran became proficient enough to take a job as an operator.

Now why the nickname "Barney," you will ask. Thereby hangs a tale!

While working in the telegraph office, Tom Morau became infused with some of the electricity which charged the instruments, or so it seemed anyway. Now there were no less than four boys in that office who answered to the name of "Tom." So you may imagine, can't you, what, stampede there was every time the chief operator called "Tom." But don't imagine our Tom ever let anyone else get ahead of him. Although he was the youngest and probably the least in requisition, he was always "Johnny on the spot" before any of the Toms. To solve this dilemma which was first considered a joke but later developed into an unmitigated nuisance, the chief operator eventually said to Moran, "Say, Tom, in future you're Barney."

Under the tutelage of Thomas L. Bellam, who took a great interest in him, he did three years of general study. This whetted his appetite for more, and he consequently landed in Chicago and took a course at the Chicago College of Law. But not till several years later did he take his final degree and start practicing. Now our wandering little Irish boy is District Judge of Washoe County.

How seldom it is that we find anyone whose name is a real symbol of his temperament or profession. Often Mr. Stone will be a weak mollycoddle; Mr. Sharp, a phlegmatic butter-won't-melt-in-my-mouth sort of individual, or Mr. Strong, an "acute dyspeptic."

Somehow, the gentleman in question, August Frohlich, seems to have been a little more fortunate in that respect, for Frohlich in German means "merry," and I have yet to find a man who is more devil-may-care or happy-go-lucky, in spite of all his family responsibilities, than Mr. August Frohlich.

He was born in California, and at the age of seventeen found himself the sole supporter of himself and his mother. Since then he has held in turn almost every known variety of commercial position. Acting first as a fruit rancher, he then developed a passion for mining, at the same time pursuing a business course. When next we see him, he is exchanging smiles and general goods over the counter, his popularity winning for him afterwards the position of Postmaster and agent for Wells Fargo Company at Crescent Mills. But he was young and restless, like so many of us have been, in one way or another, and two years are a long time. After running a stage line, doing a little bookkeeping and a few other odd jobs of the kind, he came to Reno and settled down for another two years to study at the University. And so on. The scene kept changing with kaleidoscopic rapidity until finally he found a congenial position in the Washoe County Bank, with the position of Receiving Teller. Political ambitions then

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began to take possession of this ever-progressive man, and he—was elected a Republican member of the 25th Legislature from Washoe County, receiving the highest vote of any of the twenty-seven candidates. In recognition of his ability, he was elected Speaker of the Assembly which was evenly divided, there being twenty-four Republicans and twenty-four Democrats, with one Independent. In his campaign for Speaker, the only promise he made was for a square deal. The proof that he had redeemed his promise was evidenced by his being re-elected Speaker of the Special Session which was held the following year. He was Director of the Reno Commercial Club, and surely the club spirit must be strong within him when you stop to think that he is a Mason, Elk, Moose, Druid, Woodman, and is active in the Y.M.C.A. At the present compilation, Mr. Frohlich is the owner of the Commercial Steel Company.

I have recently been told by a lady who is prominent in social affairs that his great function when a benefit of any kind is given in town, is to try to drown the unmelodious clatter of the dishwashing with his fine vibrant tenor.

Mr. Frohlich certainly enjoys popularity; his good humor and pleasing personality account for that, and thus Reno can surely be proud of such a bachelor, who all these years has defied lassoing.

"Railroad Day," the big day when Reno was put on the map, was also Norcross Day, for the day when the first Pacific train passed through this town was the one when little Frank Norcross passed into our mundane existence to take his place—with the rest of us mortals: when so to say little Frank was "put on the map." His parents had come out to California as far back as 1850, Norcross' father being engaged in mining, lumbering and farming.

Frank Norcross had his preliminary education at Huffakers, and had early evinced a literary turn of mind when as a comparative youth he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Twenty years later the University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Law. He served a full term as County Surveyor of Washoe County and attended to Reno's old-fashioned lights, trimming them as he went along, no matter how severe the cold. One consolation he probably had was that unlike the other pedestrians he had an opportunity to warm those frozen finger tips. No mean advantage, I should judge, when the mercury sinks to zero and lower.

He taught in a local school for a year or so, then did some newspaper work for the Journal and Gazette and finally ended by practicing law, having graduated from the University of Georgetown in 1894. After that, promotion came easily. When he had been in succession District Attorney of Washoe County and Supreme Judge, he served for two years as Chief Justice, and so great was his popularity that he was re-elected without any opposition.

A very interesting fact about the Judge is that he won a thousand dollar cash prize offered by the "National Magazine" of Boston, for the best article in support of Colonel Roosevelt for a second elective term. But then, he was a great friend and admirer of the Colonel's and it evidently came to him easily.

It was mainly through his efforts that the Reno Free Library was established, for he had always been interested in educational opportunities. Apparently he had some difficulty, too, in persuading Andrew Carnegie that Reno was actually an inhabited town, and habitable at that. "Andy," like so many other Easterners, was a little skeptical on that score, thinking probably that the divorcees would not want a free library, and surely according to fame or rather notoriety, there was nothing else of any note or significance in Reno but divorcees, with the exception perhaps of the lawyers, and they no doubt had all the law books they needed!

Besides being a great lawyer, the Judge is also a good patriot, for he was a captain of the National Guard and took considerable interest in the State Militia affairs.

Judge Norcross is a member of several brotherhoods and societies, among them the Nevada State Council of the National Civic Federation of which he is chairman, and the Committee of One Hundred of the New York University "Hall of Fame," the business of which it is to decide upon those who are to wake up over night and find themselves famous.

Among the prominent Nevada citizens of the early mining days, are "Lucky Baldwin," C. C. Goodwin, James G. Fair, John W. Mackay, Marcus Daly and Mark Twain. Those who have not already done so would, I am sure, enjoy reading Mark Twain's "Roughing It." In this book he tells many interesting and amusing stories of his experiences in Nevada mining camps. I quote him as follows: "I went to Humboldt District when it was new; I became largely interested in the 'Alba Neuva' and other claims with gorgeous names, and was rich again in prospect. I owned vast mining property there. I would not have sold out for less than \$400,000 at that time, but I will now. Finally I walked home—200 miles—partly for exercise, and partly because stage fare was expensive."

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Again he says: "Perhaps you remember that celebrated 'North Ophir.' I bought that mine. You could take it out in lumps as large as a filbert, but when it was discovered that those lumps were melted half dollars, and hardly melted at that, a painful case of 'salting' was apparent, and the undersigned journeyed to the poorhouse again."

The following is one of the tragic incidents in the mining game. I think it must have been such an instance that caused the origin of the Western slang phrase—"Out of Luck."

"I paid assessments on 'Hale and Norcross' until they sold me out, and I had to take in washing for a living, and the next month the infamous stock went up to \$7—a foot.

"I own millions and millions of feet of affluent leads in Nevada, in fact the entire under crust of that country nearly, and if Congress would move that State off my property so that I could get at it, I would be wealthy yet. But no, there she squats—and here am I. Failing health persuades me to sell. If you know of anyone desiring a permanent investment I can furnish one that will have the virtue of being eternal."

I think "Roughing It" was written about 1851.

If you knew Senator Huskey as I do, you would agree with me that the Senator is indeed Huskey by name and "husky" by nature. A more complete parcel of huskiness you never did see, nor a jollier, more cordial and better hearted could you ever wish to meet, for he has never allowed the musty parchment to dry up the finer faculties of his sentiments, and he can appreciate a beautiful sunset, a fine verse, and in fact all Nature's beauties, and yet be the big man and the great lawyer he is.

Then too, the Senator is an enthusiastic sportsman and plays a splendid game of hand-ball. I have known him, for hours on end, to pound at the ball at the Y.M.C.A. as if his very life depended upon whether he had hit it a hundred or a thousand times in an afternoon; as if he would be shot at sunrise if he fell below the mark. But in college days, his strength ran to his feet. He was known as a powerful kicker, and woe betide the man who would try and act as a buffer between his feet and the ball.

And now let me tell you about the Senator's early life. He started his career on the farm, for his father was a school teacher, and you will agree that—a family of fourteen is a rather expensive kind of brood to rear. And so, some of those fourteen chicks had to hustle and fence for themselves as soon as they could. Among the little Huskeys was Walter. It is thus he graphically describes some of his reminiscences:

"I was a cracker jack at cutting corn. Father and brothers could beat me at husking, but somehow or other I was good at cutting. And some days I could cut as high as twenty-six shock in a half day. Finally I had accumulated a little fund and decided to brace myself for a talk with the college professor in charge. I was the greenest thing you ever saw, and they called me 'Lengthy,' for at that time I weighed only one hundred and thirty pounds."

The title of "Senator" has since done its historical duty, for the once "bony laddie" now turns the scales at 250 pounds.....

After that, the college professor paid young Huskey's parents a surprise visit, as a result of which we find the boy at work at a preparatory course in the Wesleyan University, Kansas. Within two years, through assiduous perseverance and keen enthusiasm for his work, he was able to teach in the country districts. For a decade he taught the younger generations how to shoot, and thus eked out a fairly moderate living, for the pay was not staggering by any means, nor was it like Huskey to forget the folks at home.

In La Porte, Texas, whither by this time he had wandered, they offered him the principalship of the High School. "They gave me," I heard him say one day, "one hundred dollars a month, and I thought it was the biggest salary in the world."

[Illustration: Senator H. Walter Huskey]

Then he realized that it was almost impossible to convert a mint of knowledge into a mint of money, even as a principal, so he struck out vigorously for law, took a special course at Stanford University and received second highest honors. Shortly after he landed in the "big little city" of Reno and entered into partnership with Charles R. Lewers, who had strangely enough been His professor at Stanford University and who evidently held his erstwhile pupil in very high esteem, in thus throwing in his lot with him.

In 1906 Huskey was elected by the Assembly of Nevada, and in 1914 by a very flattering majority was sent up as State Senator for Washoe County. As a law maker, he had proven his worth on more than one occasion, for not only is he a Senator with a brain, but also a man with a heart. The passing of the Employers' Liability Act was due directly to the Senator's spirited persistence. He lost the Southern Pacific contracts through it, but he did not care.

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One of the real romances of the divorce world is the Senator's second marriage, and the present Mrs. Huskey is exceedingly charming and interesting, and a splendid horse woman.

An amusing incident is told of a little political difference of opinion between the Senator and the suffragettes about a remark which this worthy gentleman let forth in an unguarded moment. You should have seen the sparks fly and the fire flame up! In fact, it gave me considerable pleasure to be able to announce at the moment of writing that Senator Huskey's golden crop of curls was not singed beyond recognition and that his eyes were still steel blue and not black. This is how the conflagration started:

At a conference in Carson City between the City Council and the Washoe delegation, the Senator, who put in a rather tardy appearance, is reported to have said to the other members: "All the ladies who came to Carson on 'The Cat Special' are waiting for you upstairs. I'm going to a show. Anything you do is all right for me."

Miss Anne Martin, the president of the Women's League, did her best to put a favorable interpretation upon this very questionable term of endearment by saying that probably the Senator meant that they were as undrownable as cats, who are reputed to have nine lives, and that this persistence was getting what they wanted. That was all very well for the "mild" cats, but the spit-fiery ones were not so easily satisfied. One of them sent him a letter addressed, "Mr. H. W. Meow Huskey, Senate Chamber, Carson City." Others still more vindictive pasted a picture of a large tomcat, hunched of back and bristling of hair, right next to the Senator's campaign picture which already decorated the middle of the Truckee. Under it was written as large as life, "THE HUSKEY TOMCAT." Needless to say the whole town of Reno turned out the next day to enjoy the joke, and among them was the Senator, who enjoyed it as much as anyone.

There is a strong rumor abroad that the Senator is to be a likely candidate for Governor: I certainly wish him every success. If a comprehensive knowledge of the law, a vigorous prosecution of the principles of Justice and a big heart are attributes that count, then the Senator stands the greatest chance to win the fight.

Maurice Joseph Sullivan, Lieut.-Governor: No mining, no teaching, no law! This sketch is of a thoroughbred business man, who after graduating from the Polytechnic High School in San Francisco, joined a large wholesale hardware firm as a start in his career. Here he got some pretty "hard wear": those preliminary knocks that rub off all the rough edges and take with them some of the glamour of life.... However, Maurice Sullivan didn't have as many rough edges as most young fellows. He was good looking, popular and unspoilt—a phenomenon rarely come upon—and being ambitious it was not long before he had set up in Goldfield under the style of the Wood-Sullivan Hardware Co., selling hardware with lightning rapidity, just as if it were the easiest ware in the world to dispose of.

Then one fine day Sullivan developed into a full-blown philanthropist. Each little baby visitor born into the camp of Goldfield was donated a big silver dollar, by way of encouragement to stay. And they surely did stay, those "Dollar Babies."

In 1914 he was elected to the Lieutenant-Governorship, and an amusing anecdote is told of how he became "peevish" when he discovered that several of the house members were playing "hookey" in order to avoid voting on a bill, and sent the State police after them. How many of the culprits were collared and brought back I was not told, but I am inclined to think that it was the good round figure "nought," for the bill was scratched and the Lieut.-Governor fumed in vain.

Mr. Sullivan was Lieut.-Governor during my stay in Nevada.

Senator Morehouse.... One does not often in a lifetime meet a person born on April Fool's Day, and, usually when one happens to come across such a butt for mirth he will probably try to pass it off by telling you that the day of his birth is the last day of March, or something similar. I have known scores of people born on the 28th or even the 29th of February, but Senator Morehouse is the first one I have met who has the courage to face the world, and boldly announce the fact that he is an April Fool's child. But then, the joke is on the original April Fool, for the Senator has fooled him by being one of the brightest men of the State, and certainly its most gifted orator—the Demosthenes of Nevada, in fact. Surely a true son of April Fool should stutter and stumble, and stammer and shy in the most pitiful manner. Well, anyway, the Senator can always have the consolation that he has "put one over" on Father April Fool.

Way back, in the days of "Mobile Bay", young Harry Morehouse, then only a lad of seventeen, fought for his side until he could fight no more. Then the Sisters of Mercy had to mend the ravages of that unnatural fight, and for seven months Harry had a little holiday lying on his back. No sooner recovered, the rover spirit seized his feet

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and round he came to California, by way of the Isthmus, where he acted as "a sort of reporter," until he had eked out enough knowledge to teach in the grade school. Thence he started on the law path, from which he emerged most triumphantly, and after practicing in California struck out Renowards in 1913, where he was associated with the late Judge James G. Sweeney, who but recently passed away.

By nature the Senator is mild and gentle, and always ready to lend a helping hand to a fellow traveller. I have had the pleasure of meeting him in private life, and have always felt impressed with those perfect manners, that pleasant voice and those kindly words. Although one of the newer Sons of the Sagebrush, he is surely one of the most acceptable.

Governor Emmet D. Boyle has the distinction of being the youngest governor into whose hands Nevada ever thought it safe to entrust her well-being. He is none of your gray-beards, stolid of thought and sluggish of action, but a young politician (his real profession is mining engineering) with a wealth of experience, and plenty of good common "horse sense."

His mother was a literary woman, and from her he learned to find a friend in books. As for his father, he was one of the most prominent mining men of the Comstock, and as a lad the governor-to-be had already acquired an extensive knowledge of mining, surveying, assaying and milling.

At sixteen he joined the University and became a member of that most select of fraternities, with that weird-sounding name, Phi Kappa Kappa. He had specialized in mining at college, and upon graduation left the State, and engaged in several mining enterprises in British Columbia and Mexico. Then when his father passed away, he returned to Nevada and was offered a position as State Engineer.

In 1915 he was made Nevada's Tax Commissioner and he traveled the State far and wide, gaining both fame and popularity.

At college the Governor had distinguished himself considerably in the sporting arena, and he was known to be a particularly strong man when it came to kicking the ball.

"Once a sport, always a sport!" If this spirit does not have the opportunity to show itself in active practice on the field of sport, it will nevertheless make itself felt in one's relations with men on the field of life, and so we have in Emmet D. Boyle a practical man with a vast knowledge about Nevada's foremost sources of success, with a true appreciation of the booklore of our ancestors, a keen eye and the love of fair play of the true sportsman.

[Illustration: Governor Emmett D. Boyle Of Nevada]

That he has a kind and humane heart can be judged from the fact that it was he who was responsible for the re-introducing of the six months residence law. Why should two people be forced to live together in distrust and misery any longer than was absolutely necessary? And so he worked as best he could to shorten that time, as much as the statute would permit. He succeeded, and thanks to him, several people have had their happiness given back to them....

I had the honor to meet the Governor on a number of occasions and always found him so simple and unassuming that I could hardly realize I was conversing with the man holding the highest position in the State, as if I had known him for years.

The leading man of the State should have a charming wife! The Capitol would indeed be a desolate place without a hostess to entertain the Governor's colleagues, and apparently Governor Boyle has made a remarkably good choice in Miss Veda McClure, for she is extremely popular and takes a great interest in the Red Cross work, which is making such splendid strides all over the State.

Let me here relate to you a most amusing incident which occurred to the Governor some little time ago.

It was a State function and the dinner was scheduled for eight o'clock sharp; but it was not on time, and you shall hear why. At a quarter to eight, when his dress suit had not yet put in an appearance from the tailor's, the Governor sent a search party after it and waited, as patiently as circumstances would permit, for the delinquent "fine feathers" to blow in. By eight, he was a little more than uneasy, but it didn't help any. Suddenly, on the domestic horizon appeared a weird-looking creature! A human being, apparently in a state of frenzy over some terrible catastrophe. It was the tailor! "Here," he whispered, almost in tears, as he handed something to the outraged head of the State, "these ain't yours, but you'll have to wear 'em; yours someone else is wearing."

[Illustration: Governor's at Carson City]

And he wore them.... But, the tale runs, the Governor looked——He certainly did establish a precedent at that dinner. Mockers say that Judge Pat McCarran ran a close second, because his Excellency is lean and lank, while

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Judge McCarran would make two of him one way, and almost half of him the other, and because what happened to Governor Boyle had also happened to Judge McCarran that very night.

Fred, de Longchamps... As a youngster, when playing amongst the rabbits and brush on the south side of the river Truckee, Fred, de Longchamps, like most youngsters, built many a castle in the air. Later, those castles descended literally from the air to the earth, for little Fred became a great architect, and now I am not surprised when I think how often I have admired those beautiful villas, which are strewn in such profusion all over Reno.

When at Reno University, de Longchamps did the pen and ink work and other illustrating for the "Artemesai," the University publication. Mining, too, seemed to have a certain fascination for him, and in addition to his course in building, he gained considerable experience in mining operations. Then came the toss-up. Mining won, but wasn't strong enough to hold out, and thereupon, behold him returned to his old love.

Do you see that fine modern looking structure over yonder? It is the Court House, without which Reno would not be Reno, and it was Mr. Fred, de Longchamps who conceived and built it. The Y. M. C. A. Building, The Nixon Bank Building, all these and more, are the splendid achievements of this brilliant young architect, who has helped in such a great measure to make the City of Reno as attractive as it is.

It might also interest you to know that the Nevada Buildings at the San Francisco Exposition were erected "on the originality" of Fred, de Longchamps, and though their cost was comparatively small, they compared favorably with any State buildings on the grounds.

Senator Nixon.... Although a native of Texas, Senator Nixon's life is essentially a Nevada Romance. He started on his career as a simple telegraph operator, and then migrated with all the Nevada immigrants in the boomy days of the goldfields. It wasn't exactly "open Sesame" and then a fortune. It was perseverance that "did the trick." But it made a mighty good job of it, for at the time of his decease in 1912, the Senator was worth several millions, and his beautiful residence situated at the top of a hill on the outskirts of Reno is said to have cost no less than \$200,000. It does seem a pity, however, that as soon as a moderate sum of wealth is accumulated—with but few exceptions—there is a hankering to desert the State of Nevada in favor of some more populated, but surely not sunnier clime. And so young Nixon took his father's millions to the adjoining State of California, and Nevada knows not of them.

Often I have felt that there was an analogy to the generous, self-sacrificing Mother Earth who gives all of her life and energy to nourish her sons, and who in reward receives little but slights and neglect.

Frank Golden..... While writing of the Sons of the Sagebrush, we must not forget Frank Golden, Jr., who is a native son of Nevada, and one of the youngest hotel managers in the West, having become manager of the Golden Hotel at Reno when he was about nineteen. Mr. Golden's father built the Golden Hotel in 1901. He died in 1911, at which time the management was taken over by his son. The hotel was burned down in 1916 and reconstructed under the supervision of Frank, Jr., with the result that it is now perhaps the most beautifully equipped, best run and most modern European hotel in Reno, or in the State of Nevada, for that matter.

Apart from being one of the youngest hotel managers in the West, he is also one of the most popular.

Frank Golden was among the first to answer his country's call and served in France.

[Illustration: Frank Golden, Jr.]