WHEN MOTHER TOOK A VACATION

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

CAROLINE BENTON sat on her porch darning stockings that bright fall afternoon. Glancing up, she saw her friend Elizbeth Cady coming slowly down West reet. Caroline watched Elizabeth d was glad when she came up her ont walk and as she mounted the eps Caroline met her with outretched hand, and placing a rocking air bade her sit down. Elizabeth mplied with her request and sank wearily into the chair.

"Why, Elizabeth!" said Caroline, "you look all beat out. Whatever have you been doing?"

"I am tired," Elizabeth answered, "every bone in my body is aching fit to kill. I get so discouraged sometimes I feel as if I couldn't stand it another minute. I ought to be home this very minute ironing Catherine's pink organdie. She said she wanted it for tonight, but, land knows, she don't need it; she's got plenty of other dresses she can wear. I wish I had one, for I'm all out of everything. I get so tired of sewing that when it comes to making anything for myself I can't set myself to do it. I'd rather go without than make the effort. I couldn't think of anything I could bear to do, so I just ran over here for a while. I thought maybe I'd feel different when I went back home."

"Where is Catherine?" asked Mrs. Benton mildly.

"Oh, she's home. The Carter girls are over and Tommy Shack, only Catherine says I mustn't call him Tommy, and Fred Keator and Marjory Vaile telephoned that they were coming in later. They are going to make candy for the Young People's club tomorrow night. I expect the kitchen will be a sight when I get home. Oh, hum—well, young folks will be young folks."

"Yes," said Mrs. Benton rather sharply, "young folks will be young folks, but Elizabeth, there is no use in their being selfish. I think you are spoiling Catherine. What will become of her if she gets married? She won't know enough to feed herself, let alone feeding a husband. I think you've made a mistake in waiting on her the way you have."

"I suppose I have, but she is so awkward whenever I do ask her to do anything that she always makes a mess of it. It is easier for me to do it myself. And besides, she hates housework. She says it ruins her hands. Why, if she so much as wipes a mess of dishes in the steamy kitchen, the crimp is all out of her hair, and it isn't as if her hair curled naturally, and she has to do it up again before she can go anywhere. Then she never knows when some one is coming in, especially now that Tommy—no, Tom Shack is paying her so much attention."

"Nevertheless," went on Caroline, "I think you are making a big mistake, Elizabeth. You are robbing Catherine of the chance to show what she can do. Land, when you were her age you could run a house almost as well as your mother. And I guess it came in quite as handy after you were married as Catherine's dancing, primping and fudge-making will. Why, she wouldn't know enough to dress herself without you. You are ruining a fine girl and making yourself sick in the bargain."

"I suppose I am," sighed Elizabeth with a shake of her head. Then, changing the subject, she told Mrs. Benton about a letter she had received the day before from an old school friend who was making a cross-country trip in order to visit her old home for a few days. She was planning to go on farther East and wished Elizabeth to accompany her. "I will be in Midvale on Tuesday afternoon," the woman had written, "and I will stay two days. Then if you are all right I shall pick you up, Elizabeth, and take you with me for ten days. I am coming in my little roadster and there will be just you and I, and we will have the time of our lives. Don't let anything interfere, just be ready when I come."

"Of course you will go," Caroline said firmly.

"Of course I can't," said Elizabeth with a sigh. "How in the world can I?"

"Why, just go," said Mrs. Benton. "Now is your chance, Elizabeth. If you stay on here without a chance to rest or a bit of a change, you are going to get flat down in bed. That's what. The Bible says, "Six days shalt thou labor—the seventh, rest." Now, when have you had a day of rest? Not in four years that I know of, and you don't even rest nights what with all this sitting up looking after Catherine and waiting on young folks who are ruining their stomachs eating all hours of the night. You are asking more of your body than a man would of a piece of machinery."

"Well, I will think about it," said Mrs. Cady as she arose and, bidding her friend good-by, wended her way wearily down the street.

"That woman is in for a good sick spell," thought Caroline as she watched her disappear around the corner of West and Bainbridge streets. And she was right, for the very next day Catherine telephoned her that her mother had gone to bed with a raging headache and a temperature and the doctor whom she had called said she must not get up for several days. "And what a shame!" added Catherine in a peevish voice, "when I have invited the crowd in for supper and cards, and, worst of all, mother is looking for Mrs. Walsh every minute."

"Too bad, Catherine," said Caroline, "that you didn't see your mother was getting sick before she got flat down in bed. I should think you would have to call the 'crowd' off and get busy taking care of your mother, and as for Mrs. Walsh, if Fanny Walsh is a bit like she used to be she will look after her herself." And Caroline hung up the receiver.

Mrs. Walsh, true to her schedule, came in due time and at once assumed the care of Mrs. Cady. She filled the place of nurse so well that she had her friend out of bed and quite herself in four days and then she simply packed her up and bundled her into the big roadster and carried her bodily away. And a great time they had, too. They visited many old scenes made dear to their hearts by their girlhood days together. And the ten days lengthened into three weeks. At the end of the three weeks they came back to the Cady home sunburned and tired, but refreshed in mind and body. Catherine looked with amazement at the plump, happy-faced woman with the sparkling eyes and smiling face who sprang out of the car. She could scarcely believe her eyes—surely this never could be her little, fagged-out mother, this radiant woman who laughed like a girl and who seemed absolutely to be without nerves.

As for Catherine herself, she never told her mother of the many lasting lessons she had learned or the trials she had endured during the three weeks she had been left in charge of the house. Of course, father and the boys had been good as gold, but they could not see why Catherine without effort on her part could not keep things going as smoothly as mother had always done. But one there was who knew and she had stood nobly by and that was Caroline Benton. She had spent hours at the Cady house and she and Catherine had become fast friends. It was due to her help and training that Elizabeth, when she stepped from the car, entered a well-ordered house and met a daughter who would henceforth appreciate and help her mother and in the near future be able to go to her own home confident that she could cope with any situation that might arise.

Men of Science Learn Something From Bats

Everybody knows that there are five senses—human senses. But from the bat family we have learned to be cautious how we dogmatize about senses and the sense organs, says Mentor Magazine.

This denizen of the night, interesting and unique in many other ways, needs eyes very little to get about. Doubtless before many centuries he will lose them; the need for seeing darting insects several feet away in the dusk has preserved to bats their eyesight so far. But for night flying, recent tests have demonstrated that sight is unnecessary. Blindfolded bats, so kept for a year, transported to strange rooms, flew about with amazing accuracy. They were made to fly between silk threads and when these threads were placed still nearer together, they contracted their wings in order to pass them without touching. Among branches they had no difficulty, and they hung themselves up to sleep just as if nothing unusual had happened to them. In the delicate hairs on the membrane of the wing the nervous arrangement lies. Curiously enough, the touch sensitiveness developed there is mechanically not unlike the action of the retina of the eye.

Lapland's Black Bread

Of all dark-colored breads the blackest is the palt brod, or rye bread of Lapland, northern Scandinavia and Russia. The inhabitants of cold countries seem to prefer dark bread, believing that with fur garments on the outside and black bread on the inside, they are equipped to withstand the rigors of a long, cold winter. The Indians in the Southwest of the United States artificially color their bread. Various kinds of flour are used in making bread. Corn is preferred in Mexico and Central America and also by many in North America. Dried fish pounded to meal is the popular bread base of Iceland. Potato bread is popular in Ireland and chestnuts are used in Italy. In lean years Russia resorts to flour ground from tree bark.—Mentor Magazine.

Famous English Beauties

The Gunnings, Elizabeth and Maria, were celebrated and fashionable beauties of the middle of the Eighteenth century. They are often mentioned by Horace Walpole in his correspondence. The familiar reference to Lady Mary, "To him she was as beautiful as the Gunnings and witty as Lady Mary," when it applies to this era, is always the abbreviation of the name Lady Mary Montagu, born 1689 and died 1762. Lady Mary was a celebrated beauty and wit.

Picking Eggs

The word "pick" as used in the phrase "picking eggs," is a colloquialism used only in certain sections of the country. Some people "get the eggs" and others "hunt the eggs." From the standpoint of good English "gather the eggs" is preferable to the other phrases, although the colloquialisms are permissible in ordinary conversation.

To Honor a Great Fur Trader

INDIAN MOUND WHERE ASHLEY IS BURIED

JAMES BRID

JIM BECKWOURTH

THE TRAPPERS RENDE

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

IF PRESENT plans are carried out, the state of Missouri will soon pay long-neglected honor to one of her greatest citizens, Gen. William Henry Ashley. For nearly a hundred years Ashley's body has lain in an unmarked grave in an Indian mound near the confluence of the Lamine and Missouri rivers in Cooper county, his name and fame almost forgotten. Now, thanks to the initiative of a Missouri country editor, Edgar Nelson of the Boonville (Mo.) Advertiser, whose suggestion has been taken up by the Boonville D. A. R. chapter, a movement has been started to locate his grave and place there a memorial in keeping with the importance of his services, not only to the state, but to the whole country as well.

For there was a time when Ashley was a national figure even though it was then little suspected, perhaps, by his fellow-Missourians and even though his significance in the annals of the American frontier has been unappreciated until comparatively recent years. Virginians can claim with Missourians an equal pride in his achievements for he was born in Powhattan county in that state in 1785. At the age of eighteen he came to Missouri territory, or upper Louisiana, as it was then called, and settled first at Cape Girardeau. He was even then a man of considerable education and property and added to the latter by acquiring a large land grant which included what is now Jackson, the county seat of Cape Girardeau county. Ashley next moved to Potosi where he engaged in the manufacture of gunpowder, and later to St. Louis, where he was one of the promoters of the old Bank of St. Louis.

During the War of 1812 Ashley, whose forceful personality had apparently impressed itself upon the community, was made a brigadier general of the state militia. Later when Missouri entered the sisterhood of states he was to become her first lieutenant-governor and was barely beaten in the race for governor by Frederick Bates. In 1831 he was elected as a Whig to the Twenty-second congress, to fill out the unexpired term of Spencer Pettis, who was killed in a duel with Maj. Thomas Biddle, and he was re-elected to the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth congresses. But it is Ashley the pioneer, the fur trader, the explorer, and the patron of other explorers, rather than Ashley, the holder of state political office, whose importance extends far beyond state boundary lines, makes him a national figure and gives to the proposed memorial nation-wide interest.

From the earliest days the fur trade has been an important factor in American history. During the long series of Colonial wars England and France wrestled for the control of the interior of the North American continent because it was a vast reservoir of valuable furs. The fur trade was one of the contributing factors which brought about the American Revolution and later the contest between British and Americans to determine who would control the fur trade, was again a factor in embroiling the two countries in the troubles which resulted in the War of 1812. In the period of national expansion which followed this war men still thought in terms of beaver, but by this time their eyes were turned to the vast expanse of the trans-Mississippi west. Especially was this true in St. Louis which stood at the gateway to this virgin wilderness and which had been the jumping off place for the Lewis and Clark expedition and for several fur-trading expeditions, such as those headed by Manuel Lisa and Maj. Andrew Henry, who as early as 1809 had trapped the northern Rocky Mountain streams. Fur packs valued at from ten thousand dollars to fifteen thousand dollars had been brought back to St. Louis by various individual trappers and traders and it was plain to see that great opportunities awaited those who went into the business on a large scale.

So with the time ripe, the man with the imagination and business acumen to seize the opportunity was on the scene. On March 20, 1822, the following history-making notice appeared in the Missouri Republican, a St. Louis newspaper:

> To enterprising young men: the subscriber wishes to engage one hundred young men to ascend the Missouri river to its source, there to be employed for one, two or three years. For particulars enquire of Major Andrew Henry, near the lead mines in the county of Washington, who will ascend with and command the party; or of the subscriber near St. Louis.
>
> Signed, WILLIAM H. ASHLEY.

So the Ashley-Henry company or the Rocky Mountain Fur company, as the organization was later to be called, came into existence and brought into the limelight among its 100 "enterprising young men" such names as James Bridger, Etienne Provot, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Milton Sublette, William L. Sublette, James Beckwourth, Edward Rose, Louis Vasquez, Jedediah S. Smith, David E. Jackson and Hugh Glass. There you have a veritable Who's Who of the Missouri fur-trade notables, the "long-haired mountain men immortalized by the brush of Frederic Remington and the pen of John G. Neihardt!

On April 15, 1822, the expedition embarked at St. Louis on keel boats which were to ascend the Missouri to the three forks in Montana, trap the streams on both sides of the Rockies, perhaps penetrate to the mouth of the Columbia river, and return before the expiration of the three-year contract with the men. The expedition was commanded by Major Henry but the adventurous Ashley accompanied it. After a series of adventures with treacherous and thieving Indians and with the even more treacherous river whose floating snags wrecked one boat and caused a loss of $10,000 worth of merchandise, the expedition reached the mouth of the Yellowstone river and decided to halt there for the season. Leaving Henry in charge, Ashley returned by canoe to St. Louis to recruit another trapping party and obtain supplies for the trading activities of the next three years.

So important was this company that to write a history of the fur trade without mentioning it would be another example of playing Hamlet without the melancholy Dane. It was Ashley who established the now famous institution of the trapper's summer rendezvous as a means of conducting the fur trade. The summer rendezvous was an annual gathering of trappers and Indians where took place not only those affairs of barter but also Homeric scenes of drinking, carousing, fighting and primitive love-making between white men and red maidens—the saga stuff of which Neihardt has made such good use. The personality of Ashley was so indelibly stamped upon the fur trade of that period that after a time "Ashley Beaver" became a trade mark of the best brand of beaver fur.

It is Ashley, the explorer and patron of other explorers, however, rather than Ashley, the fur trader, who is most entitled to a national memorial. This is because he was the leader of the first overland expedition to the Pacific coast by a different route to that followed in general by Lewis and Clark. According to Harrison Clifford Dale of the University of Wyoming in his book "The Ashley-Smith Explorations and Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific, 1822-1829":

"The expedition of William Henry Ashley in 1824-1825 up to the South Platte across what is now northern Colorado, in the dead of winter, over the continental divide, and through the perilous canyons of Green river in rudely constructed boats, and finally still further westward to the vicinity of the Great Salt lake, forms the first stage in the discovery and utilization of the famous overland route to California. From the Interior Basin in 1826, Jedediah Strong Smith pushed on across the deserts of Utah and Nevada and over the Sierras to San Gabriel and San Diego—the first American to reach California by land. Journeying north to the Stanislaus river, he recrossed the Sierras and retraversed the deserts of Utah and Nevada to the Great Salt lake. These two expeditions together form a single enterprise—the discovery of the central and southwestern route to the Pacific."

Ashley decided to sell out his interest in the Rocky Mountain Fur company in 1826. The purchasers were his associates, William L. Sublette, Jedediah Smith and David E. Jackson. The articles of agreement were signed on July 26, 1826, near the Great Salt lake in Utah. Although he retired from active connection with the company, he retained his interest in the fur trade in that he decided to furnish the cannon which is said to have been the first ever taken into the Rocky mountains. This was in 1827 and it was hauled twelve hundred miles by ox-team to be set up on the walls of one of the company's forts.

But to return to Ashley's withdrawal from the fur company which he had made famous—it must have been a dramatic scene when the general stood before the trappers at the rendezvous and bade them good-by in these words:

> Mountaineers and friends: When I first came to the mountains, I came a poor man. You, by your indefatigable exertions, toils, and privations have procured me an independent fortune. With ordinary prudence in the management of what I have accumulated, I shall never want for anything. For this, my friends, great obligations have served with I shall always be the fidelity with w by me through a friendly and broth you have ever, one toward me. For these voted services I wish my thanks; the gratitude press to you springs from and will ever retain a live my feelings.
>
> My friends! I am now abo you, to take up my abode in Whenever any of you retu your first duty must be to house, to talk over the scene we have encountered, and the best cheer my table can
>
> I now wash my hands of th the Rocky mountains. Farew talneers and friends! May you all!"

On September 26, 1826 peared in the Missouri Repu following news item: "Ge ley and his party have St. Louis from the Rocky with 125 packs of beaver $60,000." This was the vale Ashley, the adventurer and At this point his career a Missouri's most distinguishe began. He became a large by the purchase of a trac arpens (an old French lan which varied widely, accor locality), an area ten mile six miles wide. This was "Chouteau-Lamine" claim, inally by the Osage Indian to Maj. Pierre Chouteau, a Auguste Chouteau, one of th of St. Louis. Chouteau's confirmed by the Spanish li governor of Upper Louisiana DeHaulte Delassus, in 1799. this country came under the the United States by the purchase there was some d to whether or not the ne would recognize the title. then a member of congress a his efforts the title was co an act of congress on Jul Chouteau later sold the e to Ashley for $1.25 an ac

Ashley made his home o on a high bluff overlookin souri and Lamine rivers, by a number of Indian mo was married three times time of his death in 1838 descendants. According to when he felt that death wa walked along the river bluf for a site for his last rest His selection was the top o the Indian mounds in a ben river, overlooking the wide the Missouri, against whose stream he had set forth up "magnificent adventure" and which had come the boatloads to bring him his vast fortune. he was buried.

Although the school histor neglected him, Ashley's dee been recorded in Capt. Hiram den's monumental "History American Fur Trade of West," in Professor Dale's study, in J. Cecil Alter's fin raphy, "James Bridger," in Ne sagas and in the writings appreciative historian of the O Emerson Hough. Missouri no poses to erect in his honor enduring memorial than the page and it is a project in wh Americans can have a symp interest.

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