

Mistress of Monterey

Virginia Stivers Bartlett

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

In Spanish-governed California of 1783 a conflict between Church and State is represented by two friendly enemies, frail old Fray Junipero Serra, Franciscan missionary, and Don Pedro Fages, civil governor. After telling Serra he is sending to Mexico for his wife and son, whom he has not seen for eight years, he refuses his aid toward founding the Santa Barbara Mission. Dona Eulalia agrees to go to California, accompanied by her duenna, Angustias. Don Pedro sends for Serra, telling him that two priests are on their way from Mexico with Eulalia and young Pedro and that he is leaving to meet them. Fages engages a young Indian girl, Induzuela, as maid for Eulalia. Eulalia sails from San Blas. It is a desolate trip. From the port of Loreto, a large cavalcade loaded with Eulalia's party starts out for the long overland trip. Eulalia, accustomed to luxury and comfort, bitterly regrets having been persuaded to come. The two priests, Fray Mariano and Fray Bartolomeo, call on her and arouse her suspicions as to their genuineness. As the cavalcade stops at various missions, Eulalia hears rumors of the approach of her husband. While Don Pedro plans a great fiesta to welcome his wife, Eulalia plans her costume. Don Pedro welcomes his beautiful wife and young son. Eulalia is hailed as the Queen of the Californias. On the long journey to Monterey, the reunited couple are royally entertained at the Presidio at San Diego. Eulalia disapproves of the democratic relations of Don Pedro and his people. Pleading weariness in the midst of the feast she goes to bed where Angustias tells her she knows Eulalia is again to become a mother. Don Pedro is disturbed by the developments in the character of the priests and decries Serra's disappointment in them. Limping from mission to mission, Father Serra has a vision of St. Francis and tells his saintly master that he will be ready to join him when Santa Barbara Mission is founded. Meanwhile Eulalia finds there is a conflict between Serra and Don Pedro and plans to use the priest as an ally.

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"Ah, La Gobernadora," said the priest. "Your prayers are answered too, Don Pedro." His words to her were simple, a welcome, a blessing. Then she was on her mount again. Dimly she heard Pedro presented to the padre, and others talking. But she was silent, as though under a spell.

"Good Father," the Governor was saying, "you must mount my horse and we will all ride into Monterey together. Come, up with you."

Fray Junipero drew back.

"Ah, my son, you know I never ride. I still have the legs God gave me, though one of them is not very good."

The Governor threw his reins to a body-servant.

"Then with your permission, Padre, I will walk with you."

"Yes, yes. And my two Brothers-in-God! Where are you, my Brothers?" He looked around him. The two friars who were muttering to each other joined him with sanctimonious smiles. Again Serra put his arms about them. "We will walk together, this way, Brothers, I the older in the center, with two strong good young trees like yourselves to lean against, eh?" he asked delightedly. The others acquiesced in embarrassment.

Young Pedro slipped his hand into his father's and walked beside him. The Governor looked at his lady, so still and white on her white horse.

"My dear," he began. She smiled at him, but addressed the priest.

"I too, would walk with your Reverence, but," laying a hand on her heart with a dignified, significant gesture, "you see how it is with me."

The priest returned her smile and raised a hand to her.

"But I will follow slowly behind you, if I may."

CHAPTER XII

The Governor's lady sat in a great hand-made chair of native sycamore wood on the porch of her new home, basking in the warm sunshine. Her feet rested on Escabelito, who lay eying Chichi, tethered to one of the upright logs that supported the thatched roof of the porch.

From within the house came sounds of bustle and fuss, and Angustias' exasperated voice as she and the maids, with the help of a couple of Indian girls, strove to dispose of the contents of Eulalia's trunks and chests which crowded the small house.

The arrival had been exciting. For some time before they, Padre Serra, the Governor, young Pedro and herself, had reached the presidio, they could hear bells ringing, volleys of shots, singing. As they drew nearer they could see moving figures, black in the glow from great bonfires built in the center and four corners of the walled presidio. It was all too confusing for her to get any definite impressions of the place or of the people that crowded about her. Only two personalities remained with her. One was a round, dark, officious little man, presented by her husband as Capitan Nicolas Soler. The other was an Indian girl, about fifteen, who was awaiting them in the house. The girl had glanced casually at La Gobernadora, then kept her eyes on the Governor. He had patted her head and called her Induzuela.

Eulalia frowned and kicked Escabelito slightly as he slapped Chi-

chi, who was reaching tentative exploratory fingers toward the small Indian's thatch of long hair.

Induzuela. Um-m. Rather pretty. Some Spanish blood in her background undoubtedly. She would have to inquire, very carefully, about Induzuela. At least she was adequately clothed. La Gobernadora sighed and stared out at the presidio basking in the spring sun.

"So this is the place," she reflected. "This is the Royal Presidio of San Carlos de Monterey. That hut in the center of the enclosure is no doubt the royal chapel. I can hardly believe there were manifestations of joy and thanksgiving when this place was founded or that bells rang, masses were celebrated and congratulations published all over Spain and Mexico."

As Eulalia gazed broodingly across the bay, she knew, suddenly, that this was the first of many hours she would pass so. Hours when she would strain her eyes futilely, watching the bay of Monterey, hoping for a ship to arrive with news from the world, and fresh faces, longing for a break in the deadly monotony of life in the Royal Presidio of Monterey.

"No!" she exclaimed so suddenly that Escabelito jumped. She pushed him aside with her foot, and stood hands clenched at her sides. "No! I will not live the rest of my life like a captive in chains, or a wild bird caged! I will escape."

She went into the house.

After the blaze of sun shining on the sandy parade-ground before her house, and on the gleaming white wash of the walls and houses she was blinded for a moment. When vision returned she paced slowly through the six rooms of the Governor's palace.

She passed down the hall and looked into the dining-room, long, low and narrow, with a hand-made

sideboard, table, benches, and one window looking out into the kitchen garden. Next the dining-room, a bedroom, Angustias'; across the hall a chamber for young Pedro, and another for the Governor and his lady.

She went into her bedchamber and found Angustias, her maids and the Indian girls in a state of confusion.

"Ah, my lady!" exclaimed the duenna, "if you could only give me some word of advice! Where shall I put this stuff? There isn't room in the house for it all."

"Angustias," said Eulalia, her voice trembling, "I can't tell you what to do. It seems to me we shall have to live here like a soldier's family. Do our cooking in the middle of the floor, eat with our hands, and throw scraps to the dogs. The Governor's palace, indeed! It is only fit for a soldier's woman, and her brood of dirty brats."

Angustias saw the need for firm action.

"I admit it isn't much of a place," she said, beginning to stir about briskly. "But we will do the best we can. Your clothes of course, can remain in the chests, and they can be pushed back against the walls." She began pulling things about. "And these can go in the sala, and these in the dining-room, and—"

"Ai, ai, Angustias! Stop it! Listen. Unpack only the clothes that I need for the present. As for the other things, leave them alone. What is the use of unpacking them? I will not be here long."

Angustias stopped. "What do you mean, nina? Not be here long?" She stepped over and looked anxiously into her mistress' face. "Do you feel ill? Do you feel that you are going to—to die? When your time comes?"

Eulalia laughed nervously.

"No, no. Forget what I said. I am not afraid I am going to die. Make things as comfortable as you

can, my good Angustias, for the present." She patted the anxious woman on the shoulder and walked out into the sunshine again.

She became aware of a little flurry among the soldiers at the gate. A man was riding into the enclosure, his clothes and horse a bright spot of moving color. Across the parade-ground he moved toward the palacio, his mount curvetting and caroling spiritedly. He pulled up before the lady in the big chair and, swinging off his hat, bowed low, much to her surprise. Then she recognized him.

It was Capitan Nicolas Soler, whose face she remembered from the evening before. He was all smiles and bows, and made not an unhandsome figure in his gay clothes, raiment which looked rather strange to Eulalia as she had not been in California long enough to become acquainted with the singular and characteristic style the Californian gentlemen had adopted.

"Greetings to you, Senora la Gobernadora!" he cried. "I know your Excellency is not receiving visitors as yet, but I have made so bold as to come and call nevertheless. You will not be so unkind as to send me away?"

Eulalia smiled.

"It is the custom of ladies in California to receive early visits from gentlemen while their husbands are busy, I suppose you may, Capitan Soler."

He dismounted and walked toward her. He was short and broad for his height, and Eulalia had a rapid impression that he looked like a fighting rooster, with enormous silver spurs springing from his heels like a game-cock's.

Again he bowed ceremoniously and kissed her hand. Then, when the lady gave him permission, he sat near her feet and leaned against a post.

"I do not know what the customs of the ladies are in California," he said chattily. "Anything that you may do, any precedent you may establish, will be followed by all the women in the province. For you are the First Lady, and the officers' wives will follow you. Oh, of course, they are ladies, too. Little ladies. You are a grand lady. And now California society will be changed. And if I have helped you make it a social rule that poor bachelor officers may call on the ladies while their husbands are away, I think that is very nice."

Eulalia was pleased. "I think you put a great responsibility upon me," she said charmingly. "But I must admit I have no social aspirations toward California. It would be an empty honor to be social leader over some Indian girls—and some soldiers' women."

"Ah, Senora la Gobernadora, but you will be surprised at the social life that goes on here!" Eulalia raised her brows.

"I do not like him."

"Why?"

"I never dislike anyone without reason. He is an officious, meddling, ambitious upstart."

"Is that all?"

"No. But why talk about him? I am at home now, would rather talk with my beautiful wife. Look here." He pulled a sheaf of papers from his wallet. "These papers arrived for me on the San Carlos."

Eulalia started. "The San Carlos! Where is she?"

"Oh, she has come and gone again, back to Mexico."

"Ah—she has," Eulalia sighed. "She has gone."

"Yes, but there are plenty of documents for me to look to now." He opened a rattling paper and read it while Eulalia stared across the lonely bay.

A soldier, riding up to the palacio, looked at the Governor in amazement, and saluted.

"Your Excellency, here are the letters that you left behind you in your office."

"What are they?" demanded Eulalia as soon as the soldier was out of sight.

"Letters from home, for you," answered Fages, putting them in her lap. "The San Carlos left them."

"And you had them in your office—wherever that is—all this time and forgot to bring them to me? How could you? How could you when you know how hungry I am for news from home, and how long it has been since I have had any? Oh, I do not see how you—"

But the Governor with a muttered excuse jumped on his horse and rode across the presidio to his little office by the great gate.

For hours La Gobernadora sat reading avidly. Letters from her mother, and from friends; accounts of dancing parties, theater, opera, moonlight horseback picnics, new clothes, gossip of one and that; all the gay life of the gay capital of Mexico. And she, isolated in this California, read and reread every word.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Intelligence of Twins Compared by Science; Physical Traits Studied

The most fascinating phases of twin comparisons are, to the majority of us, those having to do with intellectual traits, writes D. Cecil Rife in the Scientific American. The relative importance of heredity and environment in mental make-up has been for centuries, and still is, a topic sure to arouse a lively discussion in most groups of civilized mankind. Have twin studies shed any light on this question?

Considerable research has been done in this field, by numerous investigators. There are certain difficulties, however, which are not often encountered in the study of physical traits. We cannot be sure whether a given mental test measures only innate learning capacity or whether part of the responses are the result of education and training. Then, too, the person tested may or may not respond to the best of his ability.

There are certain tests, such as the Simon-Binet and its revisions, which have been thoroughly studied by psychologists over a period of

years, and have been shown to be fairly valid measures of general learning capacity.

Hundreds of twins reared together have been given general intelligence tests, by various investigators. The average intra-pair difference obtained for identical twins is approximately five points in I.Q. an insignificant figure. On the other hand, fraternal twins show, on an average, intra-pair differences of from ten to twelve points, which is a significant difference. The obvious conclusion from such results is that intelligence is, to some degree at least, dependent upon genetic make-up.

Sound Waves Find Fish
Fishermen of Loch Fyne, Scotland, are catching their herring by means of electric sound waves. The electric waves cannot be heard on land or sea, but are produced by quartz crystal in an echometer. The instrument has been fitted to a Scotch west coast trawler. Waves sent out from it are echoed back from a shoal of herring, the fish having in their bodies sufficient air to react to the electrical charge transmitted. The echometer tells first when a shoal is near, secondly where it is.

Body Buried Eight Times
The body of Paganini (1784-1840), the famous Italian violinist, was buried eight different times. Even as late as 1896, says Collier's Weekly, 56 years after his death, he was exhumed in the Church of the Madonna della Steccata in Parma to prove that his corpse was actually in the casket.

"I don't believe I do, Capitan Soler. No, I'm very sure I do not. I am still expecting to see something that looks like a capital city."

Soler leaned closer to her and lowered his voice.

"You do not like California."

Eulalia started, but he went on rapidly.

"No, you do not like California, I can see that. And I do not blame you. It is no place for a lady of your culture and your beauty, one used to the life you have had. It is cruel for the King to insist that the Governor should be a family man, and bring his wife to this country."

A trumpet called across the presidio. The great gates swung open and the Governor of the Californias rode in with a party of horsemen. He dismissed them and cantered across to the palacio. Soler rose to his feet and saluted his Excellency.

"Well," said Don Pedro, "calling on La Gobernadora early, I see."

Soler cast a quick glance at the lady.

"Yes," he replied shortly, "I saw her Excellency sitting alone here and came to pay my respects. I must be going now. I trust I have not bored her."

"Not at all!" chimed Eulalia. "I have enjoyed your conversation. You must call again."

The Capitan bowed again, and swung on to his horse.

Don Pedro called in at the door. "Induzuela!" When she answered he spoke in the Indian dialect, and they laughed. She brought him a chair, and wine in a cup. He threw himself into the chair, stretching out his legs with a sigh, and drank his wine in thirsty gulps. Eulalia fidgeted.

"Why were you so rude to Capitan Soler?"

"I do not like him."

"Why?"

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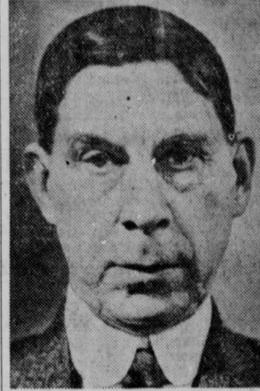
CALL RECRUITS IN SYPHILIS WAR

Call for "recruits" in the "War Against Syphilis" by Gen. John J. Pershing and Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur will be heard throughout the country. General Pershing is chair-



Gen. John J. Pershing.

man and Doctor Wilbur is vice chairman of the National Anti-Syphilis Committee of the American Social Hygiene association. "Aided by state and city committees in many sectors, we expect to enlist



Ray Lyman Wilbur.

broader interest in the fight on syphilis and the conditions which favor its spread with a war fund of \$500,000 contributed by volunteers," says Doctor Wilbur, who is also president of the association.

Several Colleges Join War to Check Syphilis

Stimulated by the national campaign to control venereal disease, a few colleges and universities are making syphilis tests a part of the routine examinations required of incoming students. Judging from a survey made by the Chicago Tribune, serological diagnosis for syphilis is not a common regulation among student health services, however.

Instruction on the sexual and social hazards of the disease is far more common. Many universities, in fact, require their freshman men and women to take courses in health or hygiene revealing the character of the disease. Others confine this instruction to medical and sociological courses beyond the reach of most students.

University presidents, deans, and health directors questioned were unanimous in declaring that syphilis does not constitute a major health problem on American campuses.

Most of them agreed that students found to have syphilis and gonorrhea should be kept in school where they could have adequate treatment. Prep school leaders, dealing with younger boys, were just as certain that all syphilitics should be barred.

The University of Chicago, University of Iowa, and Dartmouth college are schools which have elected to give Wasserman or Kahn tests to all newcomers. New York university offers free tests to all students, but does not require them.

Testing began on the Midway with the winter quarter this month, taking advantage of the Chicago board of health's program of free and secret examinations, since the university health service lacked funds for this purpose.

Dartmouth college began routine Wasserman last fall and found one case of congenital syphilis among 650 incoming students.

The University of Iowa started serological testing of freshmen in 1924 and continued until 1930, reported Dr. M. E. Barnes, head of the department of hygiene. It ceased, he said, because of many objections. The university then confined its testing to food handlers, employees and others.

Sound Waves Find Fish
Fishermen of Loch Fyne, Scotland, are catching their herring by means of electric sound waves. The electric waves cannot be heard on land or sea, but are produced by quartz crystal in an echometer. The instrument has been fitted to a Scotch west coast trawler. Waves sent out from it are echoed back from a shoal of herring, the fish having in their bodies sufficient air to react to the electrical charge transmitted. The echometer tells first when a shoal is near, secondly where it is.

Something for Everybody



SEW-YOUR-OWN spells

economy and a better wardrobe for all the family, as these patterns indicate. You can sew at home during brisk winter days and have a new dress for all the family in no time at all and at very little expense. When you sew, you spend only a fraction of what you would usually pay for dresses of this character. Enlist the family's enthusiasm, and you can make winter days cheery for all of you by planning something new to wear.

For Big Sister.

A charming Princess frock on trim and tailored lines. Note that it buttons from neck to hem and that the waistline is belted to add a snug line. This is a young-looking dress with plenty of swish for the most fashion-knowing college girl. Make it up for Spring in thin wool, alpaca or print crepe. You'll like its clean-cut lines.

For Little Sister.

A copy of the popular Big Apple frock with the same flaring skirt, fitted basque and short, puffed sleeves. The dress that your little girl will adore wearing, for she likes these copy-cat fashions. Make it for Spring school days of chambray, percale or cotton broadcloth. For immediate wear, try it in serge or flannel. It is a dress that has flaring, graceful lines.

For Mother.

This slenderizing coat frock is one which you will find becoming and comfortable to wear. Designed on Princess lines with long surplice collar and two button closing at waistline, it is as easy to get into as a coat and as easy to wear. Make it up in rayon crepe, alpaca or one of the better cottons. You'll use it again and

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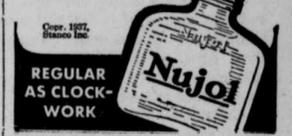
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Work on Yourself

There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.—R. L. Stevenson.

CONSTIPATED?

To keep food waste soft and moving, many doctors recommend Nujol—because of its gentle, lubricating action.



INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL

Not Deeds Alone
It is not alone what we do, but also what we do not do, for which we are accountable.—Moliere.

"Glad I'm Alive!" .. life is pleasant

if you are feeling good and "peppy." That's what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery did for me. It gave me a better appetite, increased the flow of gastric juice and thus improved my digestion. It's a tonic that helps build you up. It relieves stomach-ach and you feel better in many ways. Buy now at any drug store.

Fruit of Patience
Patience is bitter, but its fruit sweet.—Rousseau.

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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I'm sad at times but I don't weep—I act as if I'm glad instead. For all the world is just a stage, As Mr. Shakespeare often said.

