

# Mistress of Monterey

VIRGINIA STIVERS BARTLETT

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WNU Service

## CHAPTER XV—Continued

"Then what happened?"  
 "Well, in the meantime I had quietly moved to the table, picked up this letter, and slipped it into the sleeve of my habit. But the father did not notice. He seemed quite distressed, and dismissed me, saying he would call for me again. And here is the letter."  
 "Read it."  
 "There is the usual preamble. Then it goes on thus: 'Upon reaching here these padres withdrew themselves. They passed the day in sleep and idleness and the night in outrages, disturbing the repose of those who, having spent the day in work, must needs sleep at night. They behaved, indeed, like sons of darkness; breaking the jars where the chocolate of the community is kept, stealing the chocolate-pots to beat them for drums, and appropriating the balls which were kept by the community for the recreation of the religious, bowled them through the dormitories at unseasonable hours of the night, with result to the religious of terror and confusion. And they scaled the walls of the mission establishment by night, scarcely on deeds of virtue bent . . . .'"

"Scarcely!" crowed Fray Mariano, sitting up on the edge of his cot and rocking back and forth. "Scarcely! Ai, por Dios, that is fine! Brother, you did a noble deed to get that letter!"

The other rose and walked over to the table, and poured wine for both of them.

"Now I want to speak of something else seriously to you. The other day when the Governor and his party were here at the mission for the confirmation of his spoiled little Excellency, young Pedro, I overheard many things. One of them was that, because you and I had not turned out to be the shining lights Junipero Serra had hoped us to be, the founding of the Mission Santa Barbara could not take place." He gazed sternly at the other.

"Oh, tut, tut, tut. Aren't you ashamed, Brother?"  
 "Stop it, hypocritical wretch! So I have been thinking that if we mended our ways, things might turn out so that we could be, if not actually the founders of that mission, at least those in charge of it. Is that not worth thinking about?"

Fray Rubi gazed open-mouthed in admiration.

"Splendid! Oh, what a brother have I! What a mind, what a soul! Yes, let us do that. I shall be Father Superior, and you shall be my subordinate."

"Oh, no! I shall be Father Superior, and you the subordinate . . . I am . . . ."

"No, I shall be superior, you misbegotten dog!"

Fray Rubi dashed his wine-cup at Gili's face.

The other screamed, and reached blindly before him, but Rubi had retreated to a corner, for in the doorway stood the Father President, looking in at them, shielding with a protective gesture, the Indian youth, Pio.

For a moment the padre stared at the two, then covering his eyes with his hands, stumbled away, limping painfully to his own cell. As though his legs could not support him, he sank on his knees beside his bed, and resting his head on the rough uncovered planks, wept. Pio stood awkwardly beside him, watching compassionately the thin heaving shoulders.

"Padre mio," he said at last very softly. "Padre mio, come, Pio is here beside you. Do not grieve, Father." He laid a timid brown hand on the priest.

Junipero Serra raised his ravaged face to the Indian.

"Yes, Pio, you are beside me. Thank God for that. Thank God for you, my own, my true little son." He allowed Pio to lift him to the cot.

"Pio," he groaned, "I have been a sinner. I have failed, somewhere, somehow, or else I would not be now forsaken. I had gone to those two with love and forgiveness in my heart, to beg them to help me, to be my eyes, since my spectacles are gone. And you saw them, Pio. Your innocent eyes saw them. Ah, why have they been sent to me, for I do not remember any sin I have committed black enough to deserve them as a punishment!"

"No, Father! Say it not! You are no sinner."

"Dear son." The father smiled faintly. "Little loyal one. You are all I have, Pio, it seems. Everything else is falling away from me; my right of confirmation, my beloved mission to Santa Barbara, my friendship with Don Pedro and now these messages that have come today, denying me even hope for the future. Pio," he said suddenly, "you can read?"

"A little, Father."

"Good. You shall read to me the dispatches that arrived on the San Antonio. You who have been my legs, must now be my eyes. I have

looked at these letters once, but I can scarcely see . . . so read, my son, and carefully. I may have been mistaken when I read them."

The boy read, slowly, painfully, stumbling over the stilted official phraseology of the letters from the Viceroy, and the Father Guardian in Mexico.

There was no hope for the Mission Santa Barbara. The Governor, Don Pedro Fages, had not recommended the idea. It was regrettable the two Franciscans, Fray Mariano Rubi and Fray Bartolome Gili, were unsuitable, but it was hard to get decent men to leave Mexico, and go to the distant province of California.

There was a friendly personal letter from the Father Guardian, but that gave Junipero Serra no comfort. Serra was warned against using his temporal influence, as there were rumors abroad that the missions in California were to be turned over to the Order of Dominicans, and the Franciscans returned to Mexico.

"No, no," faltered the Franciscan. "No, Pio, you do not read that truly! California to be delivered to the Dominicans? But California is San Francisco's own country . . . chosen by his own wish . . . never should it be in other hands than



"Slipped It Into the Sleeve of My Habit."

those of the Brothers of San Francisco! Ah, it is just a rumor . . . it could be nothing else, God forbid that it should!"

Serra clasped his hands and was still. "Are there no more letters?" he asked calmly.

"Here is one, but it is not from Mexico, Padre. It is from his Excellency."

"Don Pedro! Read it."  
 The note was curt, brief. The Governor had received dispatches from Mexico, regarding the founding of the Mission Santa Barbara, and he presumed the holy father had received the same intelligence. It was unfortunate the holy father had not seen fit to communicate with him, or shown any disposition to enter again upon friendlier relations. He himself and La Gobernadora, with an escort, were leaving on the San Antonio when she sailed for the Presidio and Mission of San Francisco, where La Gobernadora would be confined by the eminent doctor who was stationed there. And that was all.

The father rose painfully from his cot, and stood in the center of the little cell, his hands outflung to Heaven.  
 "Deserted! Betrayed! The face of all mankind is turned against me, but Thou, O Father, art with me! Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me! Thou art with me always . . ."  
 "And I, Padre," whispered Pio, kneeling at the father's feet. "I am with you, always."

The Missionary put one hand on the Indian's bowed head, and with the other still upraised, stood, with rapt face, his lips murmuring prayers. Pio could feel the heat of the trembling hand even through the thick thatch of his hair, and close to the father as he was, could feel his limbs trembling. At last Serra spoke to him.

"It is finished, Pio. And if all the years that I have toiled have brought me nothing else, it is enough that you are here, simple, loving, righteous. Pio mio." He smiled at the boy, and turned again to his cot. He knelt beside it.

"But, Padre, will you not lie down?" questioned the anxious boy.

"This attitude is more comfortable, son, for it is one to which my body is more familiar than any other. Pio, will you try to find Estevanico, and bring back my spectacles to me? For now I have many, many letters to write, and the time is getting short, ay, short."

Pio tightened the red sash around his waist and straightened proudly. "Father, it shall be done. At once." He dashed out of the cell, through the mission grounds, and in the direction of the village of the gentle Indians.

Junipero Serra did not feel the hard floor beneath his knees, nor the hard boards in which his head rested. He was pondering deeply, sadly, praying to keep the bitterness from his thoughts.

He began dreaming of the past, of his earlier days in California.

Episodes which he had forgotten long since came into his mind. His first baptism of an Indian child, the sweetness of a hedge of wild roses along a newly broken trail, a sunset glow on the white peaks of the lofty sierras. With each of these impressions came the figure of Pedro Fages, whose eyes saw the same beauty, and whose heart loved it as he did.

"Ai, mi companero," he sighed. "You have deserted me. Friend, brother."

The room grew dark. A swallow darted in the low doorway, circled the cell and flew out with a silky rustle of swift wings. Junipero Serra smiled.

"Father Francis . . ." he whispered, "Father Francis . . . I recognize thy messenger . . ."

Then he lay very still.

Into the room, after a long while, darted Pio, as swiftly and noiselessly as the swallow.

"Padre mio!" he crowed. "Padre mio! Look, your spectacles!" There was no answer from the priest.

Pio leaned over him breathlessly. "Look," he said, "I have them, your spectacles, Father." At last Serra stirred.

"Ah, bless you, my child?" he said in a faint voice. "Now light the candles for there is work to be done."

Pio lighted the candles. If the father had not been so engrossed in his own thoughts he would have seen the youth's face was bleeding, that one eye was closed, and that his hair was standing wildly on his usually sleek head.

The father fitted his spectacles over his ears, took them off, and adjusted the steel bows a bit, wiped the square lenses with the corner of his brown robe and picked up his quill.

He must summon his brethren to him. First there were those staunch countrymen of his, Fermin Lasuen, Francisco Palou, islanders like himself. Ah, but Crespi . . . but lately he had been laid to rest beneath the altar of the church here at Carmel. And Jose Antonio Murguia, the Builder . . . but he too now slept in the beautiful church at Santa Clara, which he had builded, and whose dedication he had not lived to see.

So many of the pioneer Franciscans were dead, Garces, El Pederniano, killed by the very Indians whose souls he was bent on saving; and that other martyr of the early days of the Mission San Diego, Fray Luis Jaime, whose body, stripped, bruised, bloody, and pierced with arrows, had been found after an Indian raid, with only the consecrated hands left unscathed.

Junipero Serra sighed deeply, and breathed a prayer for those sainted souls. California had exacted her toll from the Franciscans . . . but there were many left, praise God.

And to them he must write; to Mission San Buenaventura, San Gabriel Arcangel, San Juan Capistrano, San Diego de Alcalá, Santa Clara, San Luis Obispo de Tolosa, San Antonio de Padua, and San Francisco de Asis.

As he leaned over the table his head was light with fever, and the quill in his hand shook. For a moment he needs must lay his head down on the clean page before him, and close his eyes. Yet he must write . . . though well he knew those brothers of the farther missions would never reach him in time. But Palou, his closest brother, his Mallorcan countryman . . . he must come. He roused himself and started writing, ending the letter, "Good Brother Palou, come and assist me to die!"

For hours into the night, the little cell was quiet except for the scratching of the pen, and the gentle clicking of his rosary when he rested from his writing. Once Pio slipped in, and put fresh candles in the candle-sockets. He curled up at the father's feet, and was soon asleep.

As he wrote a white fog moved silently in from the sea, traveling inland to the great valleys of the Salinas, the San Joaquin, the Sacramento, drowning all things in thick white vapor. Along the far-flung coast, golden beaches, shingly strands, jutting promontories and forbidding rocks the tides of morning raced.

The letters were finished, all but one. Junipero Serra walked to a wooden shutter, opened it to the cold dawn. A breath of fog drifted into the cell like a wraith, and warmed itself at the candles.

He seated himself again. With a prayer he pulled a clean page toward him, and wrote slowly:

"To Be Delivered After My Death.  
 To His Esteemed Excellency, Don Pedro Fages, Gobernador-General of the Californias, Baja and Alta."

Lifting his spectacles, he wiped away some tears that had gathered beneath the thick lenses, then wrote, "My beloved son . . ."

Just as he finished, Pio awoke, and the swallows were aware that it was dawn. Junipero Serra read the letter, sighed, and signed it with his rubric:

"Fr. Junipero Serra."

## CHAPTER XVI

Don Pedro Fages agreed with Angustias that it was indelicate for La Gobernadora to be confined by a physician, a man. But the lady herself, when she learned that a very learned man of medicine was stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco, made up her mind that she would not remain in Monterey, to be delivered by the midwife from the Mission Carmelo, who also delivered the Indian women.

The Governor himself, greatly worried by the news he had received from Mexico concerning the possibility of the missions of California being put under the guardianship of the Dominican Order, felt the need of discussing the situation with Junipero Serra's countryman, Francisco Palou, the Mallorcan, at San Francisco. Fray Palou was wise, liberal, friendly, and with him Don Pedro felt he could discuss his impasse with Serra, and other matters.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Puzzle of Folding Paper Maps Can Be Solved by Just Doing the Best You Can

Pick up the map by the upper corners and let it hang down in front of you.

Study the creases carefully to determine where it was first folded. The horizontal line through the middle looks promising, so use that and fold the map once on itself.

You will now find that some of the convex creases are facing some of the concave creases. So evidently it can't go that way. Open the map and start all over again.

Try the line running perpendicularly through the middle. There now, that's better. The concave creases lie on the concave creases and the convex creases on the convex creases.

Now fold the map a second time on itself. If it doesn't seem to fit, it's because you have folded along the wrong crease, in which case unfold the map and start all over again.

Perhaps you are trying too hard. Hold the map as lightly as you can and see if it will not help itself to fold up the way it should go.

Since you have now folded the map several times the wrong way, concave creases will begin to look like convex creases and convex creases like concave creases.

Just do the best you can, says a writer in the Baltimore Sun, folding the map until it lies before you in a long narrow strip.

Try folding the strip from left to right. If that doesn't seem correct, fold it from right to left. Or maybe

the trouble is that you should fold both from the right and the left end and meet in the middle.

The map instead of being neat and compact will look like an inflated football. Well, at any rate you have done your best. After all why need it be folded as it was at first? Just take the inflated map, press the air out of it with your hands and finish the job by sitting on it.

If you have failed, just remember that once a map has been unfolded the odds are 10 to 1 that it will never be folded the way it was before.

## An Old Indian Custom

An Indian widow was forbidden by custom to marry for a year after her husband's death because the spirit of her departed spouse was believed to stay with her that long. During the year she could not accept gifts of meat from anyone nor could she even buy it; she had to get it herself. If she lived through the year, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and observed all the rigid customs, she would then be given gifts by both the men and women in the tribe, and she would usually get another husband, because the next spouse would know that she was obedient and he could depend on her.

Indian men were not held down by such straitjacket rules. They could even put up their squaws as stakes in gambling.

## Three Frocks—a Wardrobe



IF YOU want to be all set for a full and gay Spring, have these three dresses in your wardrobe. Something for morning, something for street and a lovely frock for afternoon parties. All three are easy to make.

**Shirtwaist Style.**  
 Trim and tailored, this is the favorite silhouette for Spring. The skirt with kick pleat back and front is fun to wear, very comfortable for walking and going about your daily work. Note the yoke top and inverted pleat in back of bodice to permit perfect freedom. It is a grand spectator sports dress and will make up beautifully in silk crepe, rayon print or cotton fabrics.

**Princess for Morning.**  
 You'll feel sweet as sixteen in this pretty square-necked princess dress with fitted lines. The silhouette is molded and slim. Note the pretty sleeves, puffed high, to make the waistline look even smaller. Choose a pretty cotton print or one of the new rayons to make a dress as charming as the one shown. You'll find the pattern complete with sew chart telling you exactly how to proceed.

**Fitted Lines for Afternoon.**  
 Look lovely and picturesque in this frock on molded lines with uplift at the waist and soft shirring in front of bodice. The roll collar and low V neckline is very slenderizing. You'll enjoy the good lines, the flattery of this dress and its grand wearability. Whether it is a luncheon for six or a dinner at eight, you'll be correctly dressed in this frock.

**The Patterns.**  
 1976 is designed for sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50.

Size 34 requires 4 1/4 yards of 35-inch fabric.

1452 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch fabric.

1451 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 5 1/2 yards of 39-inch fabric. For collar in contrast 3/4 yard.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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**Uncle Phil Says:**

**If We Only Knew What**  
 We have a tariff "to keep out the product of pauper labor," but something else must have gone wrong.

A man who shows courage in an emergency soon doesn't lack for followers.

Common sense is mostly the ability to estimate results of one's actions.

No man was ever able to psychologically analyze how he felt when he found he was suddenly popular. Men are not so hot when it comes to self-analysis, anyhow.

At first Fortune smiles, after you have made your pile, then she threatens.

**Execrate the "Maybe" Man**  
 There is a constitutionally "no" man. You don't like him because he is stubborn. You also dislike the "yes" man. What about the "maybe" man?

The friend who "wears well," is usually not highly emotional, but where you expect to find him, there he is.

When a man marries for money, his wife is seldom fooled, at least not for long.

Special laws should be made for special malefactors. The trouble is we are saturated with the idea that all must be punished alike to reform a single group.

**On the Highway**  
 Probably the worst fault in driving a car is believing you haven't any fault.

The duller drivers usually have the brightest headlights. Many a woman thinks she can drive as well as a man, and, too often, it's the sad, sad truth.

It isn't so funny to be a crazy driver as it is crazy to be a funny driver.

Less automobile horn blowing—and more responsibility. Kisses may shorten life, says a physician. Especially when you snatch them while driving a car.

Size 34 requires 4 1/4 yards of 35-inch fabric.

1452 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch fabric.

1451 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 5 1/2 yards of 39-inch fabric. For collar in contrast 3/4 yard.

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## TIPS to Gardeners

**Know Your Soil**  
 A GARDENER who knows the quality and texture of his soil can get maximum returns from his garden.

Clayey soils require careful handling, but are productive. Sandy soils are early. Sandy loams are just about ideal for most home garden crops.

Peas, lettuce, cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, beets, carrots, radish and onion like moderately cool, moist conditions during development. Plant them early so they will develop before the extreme heat of summer arrives.

Plant them again later, timing the planting so they will mature during the cool, moist fall months.

Sweet corn, beans, tomato, pepper, egg plant, cucumber, melons, squash and pumpkin are not as hardy as those listed above and prefer plenty of heat, sunlight and ample moisture for best development.

They should be planted later than peas, lettuce and carrots, so as to come into maturity during the warmest weeks of summer.

## Prosper and Live

To live, to work, to help and to be helped, to learn sympathy through suffering, to learn faith by perplexity, to reach truth through wonder—behold! This is what it is to prosper, this is what it is to live!—Phillips Brooks.

**ITALIAN STYLE OR OTHERWISE, THIS SPAGHETTI DINNER IS A HAPPY SURPRISE**



• Costs about 4c per person to serve 10 liberal portions.  
 1 lb. GOOCH'S BEST SPAGHETTI  
 1 lb. Hamburger  
 1 Can of Tomatoes



**Plan With Vigor**  
 The method of the enterprising is to plan with vigor; to sketch out a map of possibilities, and then treat them as probabilities. —Bovee.

**NATURAL WEALTH from NATURAL RESOURCES**

Vast wealth has been created and big profits made from Wyoming's natural resources. Projected developments in Sublette County are expected to produce the next oil sensation and result in even greater profit opportunities. Have you \$100 that you could invest in easy monthly payments with a good chance for big profits? It costs nothing to investigate and may lead to fortune. Write today for free information. C. ED LEWIS, Evanston, Wyo.

**CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO** 5¢ PLUG

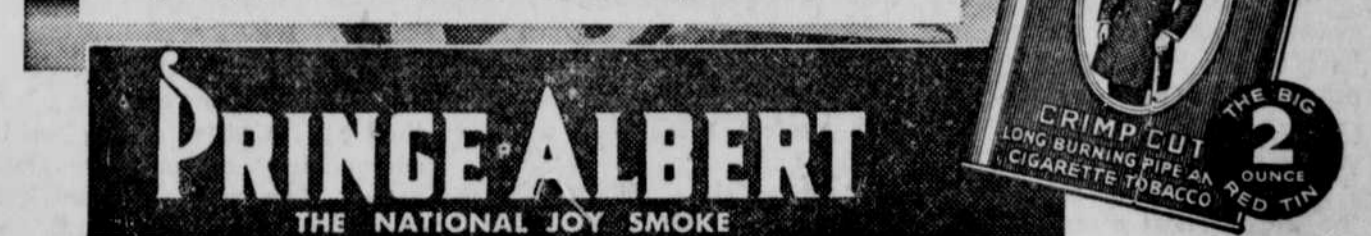
**Advertised BARGAINS** • Our readers should always remember that our community merchants cannot afford to advertise a bargain unless it is a real bargain. They do advertise bargains and such advertising means money saving to the people of the community.

## "MY MAIN DIVERSION IN LIFE—

IS THIS EASY ROLLIN', TASTY TOBACCO," SAYS BURL TATUM...



"YOU know something, Ab?" Burl Tatum (left) says. "Ridin' the old range isn't half as lonesome when you've got a cool, mellow Prince Albert 'makin's' cigarette a-goin'." "Don't I know it, Burl," Ab Hudkins (right) comes back. "Prince Albert is a good friend o' mine. It treats my tongue right, and it draws perfect. In fact, P.A. makes a fellow feel he's right with the world." "Sure enough," Bruce Galbraith (center) puts in. "It's one 'makin's' tobacco that rings the bell everywhere. I understand it's as popular in the big cities as it is out here on the prairies." (Plenty popular with pipe-smokers everywhere too!)



**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE