Mistress of Monterey

Virginia Stivers Bartlett

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued

-15-"Then," La Perouse continued in Spanish, "it was a surprise to find such luxury in your palais de adobe. It was a surprise to find such wine and such brandy as this, and," raising his glass to La Gobernadora, "it was a surprise and a great pleasure to find the palais, or perhaps I should say the hotel de ville with if I may be pardoned for speaking so frankly, such beauty, such elegance could scarcely be found in the court of Louis XVI himself, or of your own sovereign, Charles of Spain! But to find it here! Madame! But of course you know how fortunate you are, Monsieur le Gouver-

her, La Gobernadora? . . . here in the wilderness with you! I envy you, parbleu, I do. You are like the first man and the first woman, Adam and Eve, in this Paradise; your life here must be a perpetual honey-

Eulalia smiled, with sidelong glances at the two Frenchmen. She studied them carefully. Such finesse! Such fine clothes! And from those curled perukes she was sure there came a faint perfume, very faint to be sure, and very masculine, but unmistakable. Those neat breeches, and buckled shoes.

She studied her husband. Why had she not trimmed his beard that day? And why had she not insisted that he come and change his clothes before the distinguished Frenchmen came ashore? That leather jacket, and those stained leather breeches

. . dusty boots. She shuddered. Ugh, and that faint odor of horses that clung around him always. She sighed deeply.

"Yes." La Perouse was saying to the Governor, "we have with us on this expedition astronomers, philosophers, meteorologists, watchmakers, cari graphers, every sort of scientist you can imagine. With your permission we will make a camp near here, and set up a laboratory. There are many things here we wish to study, as well as the Indians, their habits, physical characteristics, and religions."

Eulalia saw her husband lean forward eagerly, with the expression on his face that told her he would soon launch into a lengthy, and to her, uninteresting discourse on his favorite subject, California. She looked at young Dagelet, brooding before the fire, untouched by the spate of unfamiliar Spanish that flowed around him. She moved

"You are very quiet, Monsieur." Dagelet started.

"I am at a disadvantage, Madame, because of my ignorance of your language. But you speak mine so beautifully it would be a charity on your part to talk with me." "What can I say? I have nothing

to tell. There is nothing to talk about in this God-forsaken and lonely country. And I have been here so long that I can hardly remember what the world . . . my world . . . is like. Tell me!" she demanded

At the emotion in her voice Dagelet leaned toward her and spoke

"I can hardly imagine, Madame, ple." that you are out of touch with the world. One would not believe it to up from the microscope into which look at you. But what shall I tell he had been peering, and laughed you? Of politics? Wars and rumors as he stretched himself. His place of wars? The theater? Opera? Gossip? Scandal?"

The lady's eyes sparkled, and her lips curved in an enchanted smile. "Gossip!" she demanded. "Scan-

So while Pedro Fages and the Comte de La Perouse talked of stars and tides, flora and fauna, horses and ships and men, La Gobernadora and young Dagelet talked of modes and manners, the gayest whim of the Queen of France, the newest actress to set Paris by the ears, the brightest songbird to be the toast of the jeunesse dore.

"I am sorry I can tell you nothing of your own city, Barcelona, Madame, but hope Paris interests you."

"Ah, Paris! I have been there! I

love the place . . ." "Every woman does. Every witty, charming lovely woman anywhere in the world," dared Dagelet. "So you have enjoyed my gossip, my news? Remember, it is not really news, for we have been nearly a year on this cruise since we sailed from France."

Eulalia raised melancholy eyes to him. "But you are going back to your country, your beloved Paris, some time. But I, I never shall return to my home. I shall die here some day, and be buried in the mission graveyard, and forgotten, without ever really having lived." Tears were in her voice, and very near her eyes. Dagelet stirred toward her as though to touch the hand that lay so close to him, with palm upturned appealingly.

"Ah, no, Madame! Do not speak so! There must be some hope that to waste your life in a rough out- questioner, with open mouth.

post like this, a place fit only for men, and strong men, used to danger! Why do you stay?"

Eulalia was about to speak, but noticed the young man's eyes straying from her suddenly. Indizuela had silently entered the room, and was picking up the empty glasses. La Gobernadora spoke sharply.

"No one called you, moza. Leave the room." The girl looked sombersuch a chatelaine! Such grace, and | ly at the Governor, sliding her eyes over the two Frenchmen.

"Ah!" said the Count. specimen!"

"Isn't she?" said the Governor. "One of our finest." The men watched Indizuela as she sidled slowly and insolently out of the room, while Eulalia clung to her neur, to have . . . how do you call outraged dignity with clenched

Later, Eulalia was conscious of speaking farewells as her husband departed to escort the travelers to their long-boat, for they would spend the night aboard their ship.

Then she hurried into her room and picked up her tiring glass. She stroked the color that still flamed in her cheeks. For a few minutes she looked into her own eyes. Then she put the mirror down and, liftbrocade that made her skirt, danced a slow minuet with her shadow, to an air she had heard years ago in

CHAPTER XIX

Pedro Fages looked with awe and curiosity at the collection of esoteric instruments scattered around the tent which La Perouse had had erected on the beach for a labora-

"You will pardon me, Senor el Conde," he said with a twinkle, "but



Straight Down the Bank.

these look strange to me. I have not found such things necessary in my study of this country and peo-

The French scientist straightened at the instrument was immediately taken by a pale lank-haired scholar who adjusted it to his sight with the loving care of a fanatic.

"And how do' you study them, mon ami?" he asked.

The Governor looked puzzled.

"I do not really know. I just live with the country, and the people. And if the things that they do seem odd to me, I take them for granted, ask them no questions. But I feel as though I know and understand them. As for the country, I know I understand it. Oh, I don't mean your botanical names and terms. But I know an oak tree, a sycamore, an alder when I see it. I know the birds . . . but all by little Spanish names that would seem strange to you . . . I know the

animals and their habits . . ." "In fact you know much more than I and my two shiploads of scientists would ever know with all their instruments if they stayed here a quarter of a century."

The two men strolled away from the tent, and the Governor rolled La Perouse a cigarette from his supply of cornhusks and tobacco.

The Frenchman inhaled deeply. 'You must give me some of these to take with me," he said. "Now I have here a list of things I was to ask you." He looked over some notes. "Hum-m-m. These were some questions that the medical profession was interested in. The answers will no doubt be simple for you. What is the relation of the color of the skin of the natives to the fluids in their bodies?"

The Governor took his cigarette you will. It would be wicked for you from his mouth and stared at his

last. "How should "How should you indeed! Hum. That is one question our medical brethren will have to find out for themselves. Revenons a nos mou- you . . .' tons . . . hum."

While Don Pedro and La Perouse

were discoursing, La Gobernadora and young Dagelet walked their her, threw back her head with horses to the edge of a shallow cliff, where gnarled cypress writhed in distorted attitudes away from the sea, and sat silently a moment looking at the scene beneath them. A score of servants were preparing a merienda . . . a picnic . . . on the shore. Against a blackened rock, where savage people of ages past had baked food salvaged from the sea, a fire had dwindled into glowing coals, the correct temperature

"I see Angustias, managing everywith a sidelong glance at her cava-"Don't you see her?"

for cooking.

Dagelet reached for her reins, and pulled Eulalia's mount closer to "I see only you. You are inhim. deed Queen of California in your ing the sweeping lengths of flowered | that you have a very chic hat with | and their families. a sweeping plume instead of a crown. Do you ever wear a crown?" Eulalia sighed inwardly with de-

light at the compliment. His look strayed over her from trembling plume to the restless toe of her riding shoe.

"You were made to be a queen. It would not matter where you were, you would have to be a queen. But it seems to me you could have chosen a better domain to reign over than this California. You should be . . ." he hesitated delicately, but the lady's deepened color and attentive eyes gave him permission to speak farther, ". . . queen of a court of love and beau-

Eulalia only sighed, and stared out at the turquoise waters of the cove. Dagelet drew nearer and took her hand gently. He stripped the embroidered gauntlet from the relaxed fingers. Leaning over sudlenly, he kissed her palm.

She did not start, but withdrew her hand, still staring across the waters. Dagelet was modily silent for a few moments before he spoke.

"Yes, there it lies, the ocean," he said at last following her gaze. 'And in two days there shall be I, upon those heaving waters wafted hither and thither by all the winds of heaven, drifting to strange isles and distant lands."

home . . . to your Paris . . . with | ly lifted his lady to her saddle, and its life and color and music. Where the four rode to the top of the cliff. the lights twinkle at night on the When they reached there, the Govboulevards. And where there is gaiety. Ai, Dios de mi alma!" she sighed, speaking in Spanish, would I were going too!"

The young Frenchman was staring strangely into the distance. "Perhaps I shall see Paris again, perhaps not . . . who can say? It is half around the world or more from here, and many things can happen. But I wish you were." He stopped suddenly, "Pardon me," he mumbled, "I forget myself."

"No," said Eulalia excitedly, 'say what you were going to say. Did you not understand what I said in Spanish just now? I said I would were going with you! There . . . I have said it."

"Come!" Before there was time for further speech the Governor, La Perouse France!" and his French gentlemen on their horses, Fray Fermin Lasuen and some priests from San Carlos at Eulalia. "For Spain, the province Carmel on their mules came upon of Catalonia, Barcelona."

"Ah, here is our hostess, La Reine herself!" exclaimed La Pe-

The Governor looked quickly from

"How should I know?" he said at his wife to young Dagelet, and crowded his horse beside his wife's.

"Why are you not seeing that everything is ready for our guests?" he asked shortly. "Why are

But Eulalia, after a moment's silence in which she summoned flying senses and thoughts back to ringing laugh.

"Come, my merry gentlemen!" she cried gaily. "Come, the flesta awaits your pleasure! Follow me,

Her horse slid on its haunches straight down the bank in a cloud of flying sand and dust. Soldiers, scientists and priests followed her waving hand, infected by her gaiety.

From the lady's mood the merienda took its tone. Music was wild and abandoned, jests in Spanish and thing," said Eulalia, pointing at the French were bandied about with scene with her riding whip. "And great good humor, whether any unthere is Indizuela," she went on derstood them or not. Don Pedro had sent hasty messages to San Francisco and to the Presidio at Santa Barbara inviting the officers of the two garrisons to the celebration, and they had arrived with their wives and children. There were the green habit of regal velvet, except officers of the Presidio of Monterey

And there were the wife and children of the Governor. He looked around for them. The children were playing wildly with other children, and La Gobernadora was talking and laughing vivaciously. frowned. There was something almost hysterical about her manner. Ah, he had enjoyed the visit with the Frenchmen but was privately thankful they would soon be gone. While the party was progressing noisily Eulalia retreated into her own thoughts. What had she said

"Come!" Could she? Was it possible? Her breath came more quickly at the thought. Her mind painted a picture for her, moving rapidly into a nebulous future; she saw herself wrapped in a mantle . slipping across the sand . . . lifted

to Dagelet? And what had he said

into a boat. She could even hear the sound of muffled oars. Then she was on a ship. But here the vision broke. She would be seasick! But she braced herself. Seasick or

no seasick, she would go. Must go! California would be left behind, and the world would be before her! "I must," she whispered to herself. "I

Engrossed in her dream, unconscious that the picnic party was moving away, she found herself with her husband, the priest Lasuen, and "But you will be on your way La Perouse. The Governor silenternor turned his horse toward the ocean where the sinking sun was suspended between two banks of clouds like a glowing Chinese lan-

> "I almost wish I were sailing away into that sunset with you, Senor el Conde," he said wistfully. "I wish I were." "Ah, the sunset makes me sad,

homesick!" sighed Eulalia.

"That is natural," said the priest quietly. "I too am homesick." "You?" asked Eulalia. "For what

place?" "For my heavenly home," murmured the old man.

"I am homesick also." La Perouse spoke in a low tone. "I am homesick for my native land, which is so far from me. La Belle "I am homesick for my home-

land to, Senor el Conde," replied

"We all seem homesick," observed La Perouse, "except his Excellency. Are you not homesick

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Santa Barbara Priest Grows Roses That Tower Thirty Feet Into the Sky

An ordinary little garden in Santa | were grown from seed. A long his-Barbara, Calif., is crowded with po- tory of careful breeding for a single and realities in horticultural miracles says Popular Mechanics Magazine. In it are roses which grow nowhere else on earth, roses with

outposts in the struggle for scientific knowledge, represents the life work of a priest. He says that the world is full of theories of how plants get their characteristic col- were crossed the next generation ors, shapes and smells, of how those would contain a rose darker than characteristics may be changed either of the originals. Remember, from generation to generation and that is only a theory. Science is' it is the business of science to find not made of theories, but of facts. out how these things work, and to So I made my experiments and theorize afterwards.

Down the center of the garden runs a double row of rose trees. They tower thirty feet into the sky, as tall as a row of pine saplings. There is something unbelievable place, the new moon always "lies about them. Yet these giants of the on its back," in the position popurose family are not budded. They larly called the dry moon.

tentialities for tomorrow's science characteristic, height, lies behind their gigantic size. Close to the avenue of giant rose

trees is an insignificant bush. It blooms irregularly, but when it unbelievable colors and shapes, does, the world sees a black rose. giants and dwarfs, roses with Only a tiny bit of dark red on the strange histories and stranger uses. edge of some of the petals shows The garden, which is one of the how it has been bred from crossing the very dark-red plants. Of the creation of this bud, the

grower says: "It is only logical to presume that if two very dark roses eventually succeeded."

New Moon Lies on Back

In the torrid zone, where the world's heaviest rainfall takes

WHAT TO EAT AND WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Discusses PROTEINS—

The Foods That You Cannot Live Without

Eminent Food Authority Explains Why No Protein Means No Life—Describes the Kind and Amount Required for the Best Growth in Children-Good Resistance, Vigor and Endurance in Adults.

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS B East 39th St., New York.

FOOD is—and always has been—the central problem of life. But only in recent years has its true power been revealed, as a result of scientific investigation.

Fortunately, we now know what constitutes sound nutrition, and it is possible for every homemaker to plan meals that will enable

her family to eat their way to

sentials are the proteins. The Dutch chemist, Mulder, who hit upon this name, well. made a wise choice, for it

means "to take first place." And certainly the proteins are first in importance. For they there would be no life.

Every man, woman and child has a fundamental need for protein, because it is an essential component of every living cell and makes up a large part of the solids of a muscle cell. Evidently, a great many of the glandular principles and substances, which control the functions of the body, are also protein in character.

Protein is the only food element that contains nitrogen, and next to water, nitrogen is the chief constituent of the human body.

Protein Builds Bodies. A new born baby weighs, on an average, from 7 to 71/2 pounds, and the adult into which it grows may weigh 20 to 30 times as much. The vast amount of tissue necessary to construct a man is built

chiefly from protein. Once the adult body is built, illness, or when an athlete is in beans, lentils and peanuts. training and the muscles are increasing in size.

Keeps the Body in Repair.

There is, however, a maintenance requirement for protein which continues throughout life, and which applies to both children and adults. For the body may be compared to a machine, on which it is necessary to make allowance for the wear and tear of parts. Protein is the only substance that will rebuild the millions of cells which each day cease to function.

Thus, we see that protein performs two vital services-First, it builds new tissues; second, it repairs worn-out tissues.

Protein is found in many different foods, but unfortunately, not all proteins are equally valuable. Proteins Vary in Value.

Some build new tissue; others will not build tissue, but are capable of repairing worn-out cells. It is absolutely essential that the homemaker, charged with the responsibility of feeding a family, should be able to distinguish be-

For Your Scrapbook

THIS issue contains the second of a series of articles entitled "What to Eat and Why," written by the noted food authority, C. Houston Goudiss.

In these articles, which appear weekly in this newspaper, Mr. Goudiss discusses in a clear, interesting and understandable manner the everyday problems of food as related to the building and maintaining of health in children, young people and adults, as well.

Mr. Goudiss, author, lecturer and radio speaker, is known throughout the country as the man who knows food "from soil to serving, from table to tissue.' The homemaker will want to clip and save each one of these articles for the valuable information that is contained therein.

tween those types of protein which are adequate for both growth and Topping the repair, and those that are only list of food es- useful for maintenance.

For if the diet does not contain an adequate amount, or the right kind of protein, our bodies will be badly built and they will be improperly repaired and cannot wear

If you were building a house you would consider nothing less than the finest materials. You would know that cheap lumber and poorly made bricks could not produce a lasting building. In the same are the stuff of which our way, you must learn to discrimibodies are built. Without them, nate between the various types of protein used for the supremely important purpose of building your children's bodies, or keeping adult physiques in perfect repair.

Some foods cost more than others and you should not be guilty of spending hard-earned money for expensive protein foods when the same amount of nourishment could be more economically obtained from an inexpensive source.

Where to Find Protein.

Proteins are found in many different foods, but unfortunately, only a limited number of foods supply proteins containing all the amino acids necessary for both false finish over the true finish of growth and repair. Proteins that will build new tissue, as well as replace worn-out cells, are known as complete proteins. In this class we have meats, fish, cheese, milk, eggs and some nuts.

Other proteins are adequate for however, protein is not required repairing worn-out tissue, but will natural beauty of the grain. This for the growth of new tissues, ex- not support growth. Such incom- is the slack way to care for furnicept under certain conditions, plete proteins are found in grains such as during pregnancy, when and products made from them, one is recovering from a wasting and in the legumes-that is peas,

The proteins of these foods are of high nutritive value, however, and when supplemented with other proteins, such as those of milk, will meet every bodily require-

ment. How Much Protein?

The protein requirement varies according to size, age, and the kind of protein foods consumed.

To allow for growth, children require twice as much protein per pound of body weight as adults. That is to say, an adult requires daily one-thirtieth of an ounce for each pound of body weight, but a child needs one-fifteenth of an ounce for each pound of body weight.

The amount of protein food should usually constitute from 10 to 15 per cent of all the calories taken. If this plan is faithfully followed, there will be more than enough to take care of every requirement, because experiments indicate that a man who weighs 154 pounds, or 70,000 grams, needs a minimum of 44 grams of protein every day.

Eskimos eat two or three times as much protein as most dwellers in the temperate zone, but that is because other foods are scarce. In the tropics, on the other hand, the consumption of protein is often not more than half that of the temperate zone.

An Adequate Protein Ration.

Milk and eggs are among the finest forms of protein, and they should have an especially important part in the diet, not only of the growing child but of invalids, prospective mothers, and the mother who is nursing a baby. If the choice must be between milk and eggs, milk should have first lace because it is usually cheaper in proportion to the food value it supplies.

In planning the family dietary, a safe rule to keep in mind is to include in the daily diet: a quart of milk for every child, a pint for each adult; one egg, one serving of meat, fish or chicken, one serving of another protein food such

tion of modernized Pepsodent containing Irium, these unsightly masking

as cheese, dried peas or beans, or a main dish made with nuts.

You can achieve wide variety and still provide an adequate protein ration within the limits of this rule. For milk may be served as a beverage, in soups, puddings, and as cream sauce. Eggs may likewise be varied in their method of preparation, or concealed in other foods. There are many fine meats, and the number of ways in which fresh, canned, frozen or

dried fish can be served is legion. Both cheese and nuts make sandwiches, salads and desserts, as well as mam course dishes. Peas, beans and lentils can appear as soup, mock roast or croquettes. Grain products, which include cereals, macaroni and bread, may appear in any course in the meal.

In planning menus, always keep before you the ideal that an adequate amount of first class protein makes a first class man, whereas an inadequate amount may lead to stunted growth, functional nervous diseases, lessened efficiency and the earlier approach of old age.

In choosing proteins to feed your family-remember that they take first place among foods, and that upon their wise choice rests your future welfare, your destiny -your life!

@ WNU-C. Houston Goudiss-1938,

Polishing Ethics-Pro and Con

When fine furniture leaves the

shop of the manufacturer, its finish has been professionally treated, to preserve its beauty-prolong its endurance. And from that time on, this furniture is best maintained by a quality light-oil furniture polish-first, on the shop floor of the furniture dealer-and then in the home. This is acknowledged and accepted as the best way to heighten its beauty lengthen its life! But unfortunately, many housewives coat the finish of their furniture and woodwork with various shellacs and veneers-using them as a substitute for a fine oil polish and rubbing. And what a great mistake this is! For these coatings form a the furniture; and rosin and other destructive elements in them dry out the wood-toughen it-leave a sticky residue. When many layers have been applied, they accumulate as a crust over the finish, clogging it and clouding the ture. If the home-maker really "cares for" her furniture, she will frequently rub on a reputable light-oil polish, to preserve itkeep it lastingly lovely!

Housecleanin NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF O-CEDAR FOR FURNITURE



Wisdom Comes After crosses and losses, men grow humbler and wiser.-Benjamin Franklin.

POLISH

MOPS - WAX



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