

Mistress of Monterey

VIRGINIA STIVERS BARTLETT

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

In Spanish-governed California of 1763 a conflict between Church and State is represented by two friendly enemies, trail 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, Don Pedro refuses his aid toward the founding of the Santa Barbara mission, Serra's cherished dream, and the two part in bitterness.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"Heretical words! How dare you speak so? Is it not to the glory of God that these pagans have been taught decency, cleanliness? That they have been taught the word of God? And that they have learned it is the lot of man to labor and toil honestly to produce a living from the soil in the sweat of their brows? Can you refute that?"

Fages managed a twisted smile. "Consider the lilies of the field," he quoted, "they toil not. Can you refute that?"

"I shall not try to. You but mock such inspired words."

"No, you will not try to, because you know you can not. You know that before these poor savages came into the Church they were at least healthy. Look at them now! Diseased!"

"And who is responsible for that? Can you tell me? Yes, but you will not. It is the soldiers, your soldiers, the King's soldiers! They have seduced the poor Indian women, and given them the loathsome diseases of the Europeans. They are dying of it, like flies."

"No, that is what you have brought them!" Fages rejoined. Serra staggered. "Before God, explain those words! What I have brought?"

"Yes, you. You and your missionaries with your greed to save souls for the further glory and power of an already too powerful church!"

Serra was struggling for control, and when he spoke his voice was thick and trembling.

"Rash man! Godless man! I wonder heaven does not open and the fires of holy wrath descend and destroy you!" He raised his hands with spread fingers, and advanced toward the Governor.

"On your head be the blame! We men of God ask no escort of soldiery, it is forced upon us by the rapacious State, eager for dominion, swollen with the spoils of stolen empires! Leave us alone, you men of war, the cross must go alone!"

Clutching the crucifix of his rosary he held it before him. "Alone the cross will conquer! I ask for no soldiers, I ask for priests, Pedro Fages, men of God, strong in the strength of righteousness, not armed with steel! Men bearing the word of God, with divine love in their hearts, not the fires of lust that burn and kill!"

He sank to his knees. "Blessed Mother of God, Holy Ghost Divine, Holy Master Jesus, here on my knees before you, I, the least of thy servants, Junipero Serra, do make a vow! Send me two strong brethren and with their help alone will I raise to thee a temple, the Mission Santa Barbara! Then will I willingly give up my soul and without one regret tread the dark valley of the shadow of death."

The boy Pio slipped fearfully into the room. "Padre mio," he whispered awesomely, "it is the hour for vespers. Shall I ring the bell?"

The father raised his face, stained with tears, drawn with agony. He nodded, and the boy departed silently. For a few moments the two men regarded each other. Then the Governor gathered up hat and riding whip that lay on the table.

"Good night," he said abruptly. "May your prayers be answered." The other looked at him imploringly.

"God soften your heart," said he. As Pedro Fages and his servant rode away toward the Presidio of Monterey, they heard the plaintive notes of the vesper bells through the Carmel Valley.

CHAPTER II

A thousand cries rose from the street below and filtered through the open velvet-hung windows of a room in the upper floor of the palace of the Viceroy of Mexico, one Mayorga. Venders were hawking their wares: foodstuffs, parrots, baskets, pottery, burros and young pigs. The Viceroy, for the fiftieth time that bright morning, pulled aside one of the velvet curtains and looked down into the street, his nose twitching with agitation as he did so.

"You are nervous, my friend," chuckled a soldierly-looking man who stood beneath a great map of California stretched across the wall. A third man took a long cigar from between his bearded lips, to answer him.

"You, Felipe de Neve, are a soldier, a fighter, and should be afraid of nothing—while our friend here, Mayorga, is—if he will pardon me,

only Viceroy of Mexico. He should be allowed a few qualms."

Mayorga walked from the window and joined de Neve beneath the map.

"Si, you are a soldier, Felipe. One of the conquistadores of this heathen land here on the wall that is causing me so much trouble."

"A heathen land indeed," answered de Neve. "And troublesome indeed. There is only one person who can help you. A woman."

"Yes—a woman—and that is why I tremble."

The third man, Romeu, joined them and looked up at the map.

"There is one person who will keep Don Pedro happy and contented in California," the Viceroy continued. "That is his wife, the beautiful Dona Eulalia Celis de Fages." He preened himself and smoothed the creamy lace ruffles at his wrist.

"I for one do not blame him for that. She would keep any man happy, anywhere." He walked again to the window and peered out into the street. Romeu and de Neve exchanged glances.

"You are right, your Excellency," agreed Romeu. "I well remember the day the couriers met us, down

crimson leather, and was swinging a small satin-shod foot and silken ankle nervously back and forth. "I have had a mysterious letter from Don Pedro, and he told me, Don Felipe, that you would have news for me. Then when his Excellency invites me here this morning, I am more mystified. You are looking wonderfully well, Don Felipe, for one who has spent such a long time in that terrible country—that California."

Romeu looked whimsically at the Viceroy who was twitching at his lace ruffles. "Thank you, Dona Eulalia. It is a miracle that I look well, for you are right, it is a terrible country." Sighing lugubriously he looked at the fidgeting Mayorga. "As for the mysterious news, his Excellency will tell you of it."

"Er—er—not at all—General—that is your privilege—as Don Pedro's old and valued friend, I will give you that privilege." He began to pace rapidly back and forth, looking furtively from the map of California to Dona Eulalia's cream white face, shadowed in its black lace.

De Neve rose. "Your Excellency, I defer to your higher position. Yours is the honor—the privilege."

Mayorga ran a finger around his tight collar, and grew a little red above its gilt and purple. "I—er—no—"

Captain Romeu gave a dry chuckle. "Dona Eulalia, the honor which has befallen Don Pedro is so great, and will so affect your future, that I think I will ask permission of the General and his Excellency to break it to you myself."

"Yes!" exclaimed the two at once.

"Very well. Come, Dona, and give me your hand." In bewilderment she entrusted her fingers to the gentle urging of the Captain, who drew her over to the map.

"This," he said, "is a map of California—of both Californias, Baja and Alta. Here, in Baja California we see little Loreto—the Jesuit missionaries founded this—but your ears and throat tell me you know also it produces the finest pearls in the world. Verdad?"

She smiled. This was language she understood.

"Very well. We will leave Baja California and go on to Alta California—just a jump—thus—and we find the Mission San Diego de Alcalá—the first to be built in Alta California—already the soil has been blessed with a martyr's blood—then we find San Juan Capistrano, in a beautiful, beautiful spot—and so on up we find San Gabriel Arcangel. Ah, that is the busy place—everyone going into or out of California stops there—it is quite a little metropolis."

Dona Eulalia was becoming interested in spite of herself. "Your finger passed over something here," she exclaimed, "near San Gabriel—what is that?"

Romeu peered closely. "That? Oh, that is just one of the two pueblos—de Neve's pets. That is the Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles de Porciuncula. Los Angeles, they call it. A filthy, tiny place—scarcely noticed beside the mission settlement of San Gabriel."

De Neve interrupted. "Romeu, you falsify. That place will be, some day, the greatest—"

"De Neve, do you wish to complete the lady's geography lesson?" De Neve subsided.

"Come, come, Captain," exclaimed Dona Eulalia. "What is the meaning of all this? I tremble with anticipation—or apprehension."

"Ah, yes, Pardon my digressions. But here is San Buenaventura, on the blue Pacific, San Luis Obispo, San Antonio de Padua, San Carlos Borromeo, Santa Clara and San

"Walk!" ejaculated the others. Just then there was a clamor in the street below. They went to the window and saw a carriage arriving up the filthy muddy street.

The three men saw the footmen leap to their feet, open the carriage door and bow low. A woman dismounted, tall and bony-looking in spite of her enswathing clothing. Then another figure appeared, draped in gauzy black, a coquettish figure, they could see, for all the swaddlings of black lace that concealed her face, hands and all, against the sun's rays. The two hurried across the pave and disappeared in the palace. The three men sighed.

"It is she," said Romeu. "The beauty of Barcelona," said the Viceroy.

"The fiery Catalan," said de Neve. In a moment a lackey announced, "La Señora Dona Eulalia Celis de Fages, and the Dona Angustias Moreno."

"I am most happy to see your Excellency looking so well after the ball last night," said the lady with a twinkle in her black eyes. "And to see you, Captain Romeu, and you, General de Neve."

By this time she was seated in a high-backed chair, upholstered in

Francisco de Asis. And here is another pueblo, San Jose. All these lovely places—and loveliest of all, the Capital of California, the Presidio of Monterey. It is not a terrible country, Dona. It is a lovely country—one of the loveliest of the world, where living may be a joy, a pleasure, such as could never be known elsewhere."

In the background de Neve snorted. The Viceroy came up and stood beside the two gazing at the map. "And over all that country, one man has been chosen as governor—one man out of all who have served there—one man, whom all the Indians, frailes and soldiers will honor. And the wife of that man will be received like a little queen of the land—will be a queen, in her own right. All the missions and pueblos and presidios will do her homage—it will be her glory."

The large gloomy room was very still, except for the heavy breathing of the Viceroy, and the street noises that filtered in through the windows.

Eulalia put her hand on her breast. "You mean that Pedro—that I—that we—"

Romeu nodded. Eulalia screamed. Angustias rushed to her side.

"I won't! I never will go there! That barbarous place! No! This Mexico City is bad enough after Barcelona—but California—Monte-rey! No! Angustias, take me home! I don't believe Pedro is governor—you are lying to me—deceiving me—you old—old—fools!"

"Senora, you do not realize what you are doing," interjected de Neve. "I assure you California is a marvelous land—a land that in time will be looked upon with envy by all the nations of earth—and which will attract millions from all over the world—a land of commerce and accomplishment. It is your fate, your destiny to go there."

"Al, what do I care for its commerce—its accomplishment!" Romeu spoke thoughtfully.

"Certainly—but it would be nice in future days to know that generations yet unborn will say when they con the history of that country you so despised, 'Lovely Dona Eulalia de Fages! The first First Lady of all the Californias!' For you will be, you know. No other lady of quality has set foot in the land. Wives of petty officers, soldier's women, yes—but none like yourself." He concluded with a sweeping bow.

"Now that is more interesting, Captain Romeu. The first First Lady. That would be very amusing. I am sorry I can not do it."

"That is just what you will be, Senora. As for Don Pedro—what his life will be, who can say? Of course he is a devoted husband—a man of honor—but who can say where his loneliness will lead him during those years apart from your fascinating self?"

At this Eulalia rose definitely to her feet. "You are tricking me! You have just told me there were no women in California—"

"I did not say that, Senora—I said there were no ladies. Women, ah, yes—young Indian girls—quite attractive, and er—quite careless as to clothing—and in whom, alas, the holy fathers have not as yet been able to plant the seeds of decency."

"How dare you, General de Neve! You, Pedro's old friend, to speak of him this way! Slandering him!"

"Pardon, Senora. I do no such thing. I was simply pointing out the characteristics of the present population of California."

Eulalia's heart pounded, and she laid her hand on her bosom. Turning away from the window she leaned back, a black butterfly against the red velvet hanging.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Waste Gases in Oil Plants Are Used to Profitable End, Scientists Reveal

One oil company is manufacturing sulphuric acid from its waste by-products, and is turning out eighty-five tons of acid every day, says Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Other major oil companies are producing alcohol from their waste gases. It is estimated that the industry is producing 4,000,000 gallons of methyl, ethyl, and other alcohols every year, cheaper, and in some cases practically the same as the alcohol produced from grain.

A radiator anti-freeze called ethylene glycol is still another derivative. In some oil fields iodine is manufactured from the salt water flowing up with the oil from the ground.

This growth is taking place because petroleum chemists are finding dozens of answers to the question of what to do with waste refinery gases. Ordinary crude petroleum consists of large numbers of molecules of different complexity, each type being a different combination of hydrogen and carbon atoms or arrangements of them. The lightest ones are gas molecules, heavier ones are just right for motor fuel, and still heavier molecules are used

for lubricating oil. Straight-run gasoline is produced by heating petroleum until the gasoline molecules evaporate. Then they are collected in a condenser. It amounts to a sort of screening process.

Potentially there is still a lot of gasoline left in the petroleum after the first run fuel is distilled off. The next step is to crack the oil, cooking it under heat and pressure to break some of the heavy fractions down into molecular sizes that fall into the gasoline classification. In doing this, large quantities of gas are created and in the past these gases were simply piped away a safe distance and burned. These waste gases consist of mixtures of so-called saturated paraffin gases such as methane, ethane and propane, as well as a number of other gases.

Great "Sky Island" Roraima is a great "sky island," with cliffs 3,000 feet high on all sides, at the place where Venezuela, Brazil and British Guiana meet. In only one place does a ledge give access from the jungles below



Dolls Of Yesteryear
by Frances Grinstead



TWENTY-FIVE years ago a little girl's letter to Santa Claus went something like this:

Dear Santa: Please bring me a new head for my dolly. Her name is Christina. She still has a nice body, but her head has so many dents it won't last another year. I would like one this time with real hair made into curls and eyes that open and shut.

Your trusting friend,

What has become of those Christmas dolls whose bodies could outlast half a dozen heads? When the curls went straight, or the wig



Mother Took the Little Girl to See the Dolls.

dropped off, or little brother Johnnie picked the wax off the eyelids, and sister was consoled by promising her a new head. Mother took her to a department store where there was as large a display of doll heads as of dolls. There were china heads, metal heads, and heads of paper-mache. There were heads with wigs and some without. There were those with parted lips and dainty teeth showing, while others hid their smiles behind firm mouths and staring eyes.

One thing these varied heads had in common. Their necks widened into four-square bibs front and back with holes at the corners for applying the needle to the old body. The bodies in those days were of cloth, their inner substance sawdust. Where now are those torsos that could withstand endless repairing, fresh sawdust, and new heads?

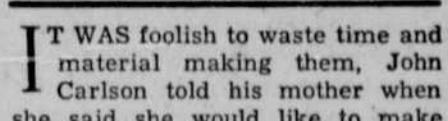
They probably found their way to the attic in time and sister was promised a whole new doll. Then her trip to the department store was a matter of deciding between a "dressed" and an "undressed" dolly. Mothers preferred the latter because they would bear closer inspection as to materials and workmanship. Dolly's clothes were easily made out of the family scrap-bag or by the willing hands of the family seamstress, who did the job for recreation. Moreover, the undressed doll cost a little less. But sister liked to linger over those in silks and satins with poke-bonnets and plumes covering their golden curls. They wore petticoats and often they held their fragile fingers in tiny muffs of mink and sable.

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CHRISTMAS GLADNESS

THE chimes in the spires, The singing of choirs, Are telling these tidings anew; May all their glad ringing And all their sweet singing Fill Christmas with gladness for you!

Real Christmas Joy
by Blanche Tanner Dillen

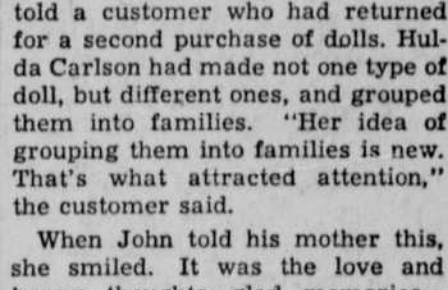


IT WAS foolish to waste time and material making them, John Carlson told his mother when she said she would like to make some "gingerbread dolls" for the Christmas display in the window of his bakery. No one was interested in such things any more.

Yes, he was a very good son to her—he had given her a good home. She had nothing to worry her now—no responsibility. But she would enjoy making the dolls; that wouldn't seem like work. She would furnish the materials and make them in her own kitchen. Of course if she wanted to make them she could, John said.

That he was wrong, John had to admit. "We have never had so much interest shown in the window display and never sold more than we have since we put those gingerbread dolls in the window," John told a customer who had returned for a second purchase of dolls. Hulda Carlson had made not one type of doll, but different ones, and grouped them into families. "Her idea of grouping them into families is new. That's what attracted attention," the customer said.

When John told his mother this, she smiled. It was the love and happy thoughts—glad memories—

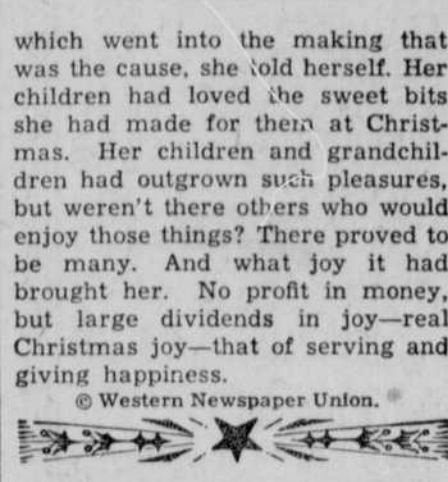


That's What Attracted Attention,
the Customer Said.

which went into the making that was the cause, she told herself. Her children had loved the sweet bits she had made for them at Christmas. Her children and grandchildren had outgrown such pleasures, but weren't there others who would enjoy those things? There proved to be many. And what joy it had brought her. No profit in money, but large dividends in joy—real Christmas joy—that of serving and giving happiness.

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CHRISTMAS PALS



Lacy Cartwheels
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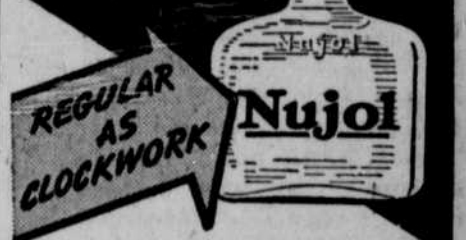
Pattern 1570

throughout, if you prefer. Pattern 1570 contains chart and directions for making the square; material requirements; illustrations of the square and of all stitches used; a photograph of the square; color suggestions. Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

"Quotations"

Pleasures are satisfying in inverse ratio to their cost.—Bruce Barton. Every great cause is embraced first by an aggressive minority.—Albert Einstein. A nation can be judged by its humor.—Sinclair Lewis. Wars are never won; they are only and always lost.—B. M. Baruch. The loveliest rainbow is in our vision rather than in the sky.—Will Durant. Try and be a champion in whatever line of endeavor you choose in life.—Jack Dempsey. Do well and doubt no man—do better and doubt all men.—A. J. Jennings.

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