

Mistress of Monterey

Virginia Stivers Bartlett

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued

"No," she replied coldly. "I will not come. Are you really going . . . actually going to leave me here, sick and miserable, with an ailing child, and a couple of silly women to take care of me? Are you really going?"

"Pues, my dear, you are not ill. You are just unhappy, you should . . ."

"Not ill! How can you say that? What have I been doing? I am ill. I am dying, I tell you! Hour by hour, day by day, I am dying in this place! Yet you will leave me, to go to your fiestas, and your mission foundations, and let me die alone!"

"Eulalia, this is not true. Control yourself!"

"Control myself!" She rose to her feet. "How dare you say that to me? What have I been doing, but controlling myself, my thoughts, my unhappiness, all this time! I am sick, I tell you . . . I am dying! Sick, I tell you . . . I am dying!"

She was crying, hysterically, uncontrollably. Pedro reached to take her into his arms, but she evaded him, screaming out at him unintelligibly.

"Eulalia . . . Eulalia . . ." he said.

But she was in the full sway of her emotions, a flood of feeling was carrying her along, and she did not struggle against the tide.

"Miserable, unhappy place!" she screamed. "I want to get away from this! I don't, I tell you, I shall die, or kill myself! No, don't touch me . . . keep away from me! Go to your Mission Santa Barbara, go . . . go. Ai, Dios!" She flung her hands above her head and clasped them, for the moment utterly bereft of her reason. As her husband came near to her, she leaped suddenly backward. "Beast! Devil!" she screamed, and crashed to the floor.

Her head struck a corner of the heavy table, and as she lay on the dirt floor, blood streamed from her temple.

Her screams had at last brought Angustias, frightened, into the room, and she was on her knees beside the now motionless figure before Fages.

"She has fainted," exclaimed Angustias breathlessly, "and cut her head . . . pobrecilla."

Pedro Fages threw his hat, gauntlets and riding whip into a corner. "Oh, God!" he muttered. "Oh, my God!" Then he lifted the lady in his arms and carried her to her bed.

So the Mission of Santa Barbara was founded without the Governor of California being present.

But when the mission was already ten days old, the Governor, his son and a small party arrived at the place. Another ceremony was carried out in solemn reverence, at which the Governor attended with a stern set face. And when the rites were over, he knelt for a long time before the crude altar. Those who watched near him said with tears, his face was wet with tears.

"He was Junipero Serra's good friend," they explained to one another pityingly. "He is thinking of him now no doubt."

So, though the legal date of the founding of the Mission Santa Barbara was the fourteenth of December, that being the day when the Governor was present, the Governor always insisted that the real founding was on the Feast of the Lady Santa Barbara herself, that being December fourth.

The Governor lingered not for celebrations nor fiestas, but returned at once to Monterey.

"Now," he said to himself, looking back at the little spot where the church was to stand. "Now, at last, Padre Junipero, your prayers are answered, and my vows are kept."

CHAPTER XXV

For nearly three years, ever since Don Pedro had gone south to the founding of the Mission Santa Barbara, Eulalia had lived in as chaste a state as the old Spanish virgin. At first she had denied herself to him through sheer lassitude, then, realizing his need of her, she had purposely withheld herself. She had determined that there should be favor for favor. For the privilege of holding her in his arms, he was to return with her to Mexico.

The plan had seemed beautifully simple to her, but when she mentioned it to her husband he had turned on her a strange unbelieving look, tugged his beard, muttered something about prostitution, and set up a camp cot in his office by the presidio gate.

So three years had passed. Don Pedro grew a little leaner, and his face a little winnowed with gleaming eyes and grizzled beard, but always stern, uncompromising. And Eulalia, with everything at stake upon her attractiveness, grew more beautiful, but nervously alert. Her black eyes were wary and predatory.

One day Angustias marched boldly toward her with a determined

threat that bespoke some matter of import brewing in her mind.

"Nina!" she spoke sharply, standing with arms akimbo. "You will pardon me for speaking to you this way; God is my witness, I have kept quiet long enough. But this thing goes too far!"

"What thing?" murmured Eulalia easily.

"You know well enough. This thing of Don Pedro, bless his heart, sleeping down at his office. Three years! Humph!" She snorted loudly.

"Perhaps it is not fitting that a single woman, such as I, should speak of such things. Indeed it is painful, difficult, for me to do so, but I must . . ."

Eulalia smoothed an eyebrow with a finger-tip. "Um-m-m," she murmured. "I think I shall take a walk. Across the presidio. And call on his Excellency in his office." She rose grandly and, holding her skirts aloof from the dust, walked erectly across the parade-ground.

In his office the Governor was puzzling over a letter he had received by a courier from San Francisco. So that when Eulalia swept imperiously into the office, he greeted her absently although surprisedly.

Eulalia sat impatiently in the chair he offered her, and looked around the office while the Governor talked excitedly. The white-washed walls were hung with maps, crisscrossed with marks of trails over unknown country which Don



"Very Well! Do as You Please!"

Pedro himself had explored. His few books, which he had moved from the palace, were on a rough shelf. And in one corner was his camp cot. She lifted her nose disdainfully at the crude furnishings as she remembered the splendid fittings of the viceregal palace at Mexico City. A fine office for the Governor of all the Californias!

She did not notice her, but the Governor did not notice her.

"So they dare!" he was saying, "they dare, these rash new people, to send ships to our Pacific Coast, to which they must well know is territory of the King of Spain! What kind of people are they, in God's name! Are they not contented with the whole Atlantic Coast, that they must send ships here! I do not mind confessing to you, gentlemen, that I fear these people. They will make us trouble some day, mark my words. This continent, large as it is, is not large enough to hold us all. We should exterminate them."

Several officers nodded anxiously. "Well, these ships from . . . what is it they call themselves?"

"Los Estados Unidos de America."

"The United States of America! What blasted effrontery! I suppose we are included in these United States! Subject to their king!"

"He is not a king, your Excellency. He calls himself a president."

"Pah! Not even a king! What is his name?" He examined the papers again. "Washington, General George Washington! Whew!" His tongue struggled with the English words. Now I am sending word to Don Jose Dario Arguello at San Francisco that if these two ships, the Columbia and the Lady Washington, put into San Francisco bay they are to be seized, and their captains—what are their unholy names? Captain James Kendrick and Captain Robert Gray—are to be thrown in prison."

The officers bowed and departed. Don Pedro turned toward his wife with inquiring eyes. She rose slowly and began moving about the little room.

"I remember the first time I saw a map like this," she said, pausing before the map of the Californias. "It was in the palace of the Viceroy." She traced a trail with her finger. "And they told me I could ride to Monterey in my coach. Hum. Liars!" she hissed suddenly.

Fages said nothing. She circled till she reached the cot. She sat down upon it.

"You have that old robe of pelican down on your cot!"

"So you remember it?" asked Don Pedro.

"Ah, yes . . . What a hard little bed," she murmured. "And so narrow." She raised her eyes to him.

"It is as narrow as the grave," replied Don Pedro. "And as hard as stone. But I am used to sleeping on it. I am as calloused as a Franciscan."

"It could hardly hold two people, could it? No matter how fond their love."

Don Pedro looked at her strangely.

"Two could sit upon it, side by side, and still be strangers," he said, and looked slowly to her.

She looked up at him invitingly. "Sit down then," she said, patting the robe of down, "and let us see if we two can not sit here and be friends."

He hesitated, then sank beside her.

"Querido . . . your great bear," she said, "come to your own room tonight . . . and let us talk."

He drew away from her.

"About what?" he asked suspiciously.

"About going back to Mexico together. You and I and the children. You have too many anxieties here . . . and we are not happy here together. Come, let us go back. Let us be happy the rest of our lives. You, and I too, have done our duty by our King in this California. Come"—she caressed him—"and the rest of our lives will be a honeymoon. Do you not desire that?"

For an unhappy moment Don Pedro stared into his wife's flushed pleading face, then abruptly jerked away from her and stood in the center of the room, fists clenched, brows knotted.

"Duty! Who are you to speak of duty! You do not know the meaning of the word! Wheeling me, deceiving me, trying to seduce me from what I consider right!"

Eulalia sprang to her feet.

"Very well! Do as you please!"

As the door closed behind her the Governor, with a curse, swept his desk clean with one hand. Papers, books, quills and ink scattered on the floor.

"Damn her!" he said fervently. "Damn her! What is it Indizuela called her? Cold, cruel Spaniard! Yes, the coldest and cruellest I ever knew. Why can not I be left in peace? I only ask to be alone to do my duty . . . I do not want to go back to Mexico, or to Spain!"

He flung the words at the silent walls as though someone had challenged him.

Then Eulalia's words came back to him. "To live a honeymoon with the rest of our lives . . . a little comfort . . . a little ease . . ." They sounded reasonable when he said them to himself.

"Fifty years . . ." he muttered, "I am over fifty years, and the best of those years have been given to this siren, California. Why not go back?"

His foot rustled against the map that lay crumpled on the floor. He picked it up and smoothed it across the desk. As he did, his fingers almost unconsciously began tracing trails which he had traveled. Here was the mysterious country across the bay from San Francisco, the tule country, and a hundred spots where his camp-fires had been. Here were crosses that marked mission sites that he had helped dedicate; here was where he had the fight with the bears . . . Again he

CHAPTER XXVI

Eulalia watched the Governor preparing for his departure without a word. His impedimenta seemed to consist mainly of small casks of aguardiente, and skins of wine; of guns and ammunition. He wore his disreputable leather jerkin, and roughest boots. He packed a few other belongings haphazardly into his knapsack.

When he was ready, he bowed before his wife ironically and said with mock reverence.

"La Senora la Gobernadora! I go, and I know not when I return. Do not grieve for me, but control your impatience for my company until I return, which will be in due time, and according to my own free will. Adios!"

Eulalia said nothing, but drew her brows together darkly.

She watched Don Pedro and his party gallop away across the parade-ground toward the great gate which was swung open and ready for them.

A few miles outside the presidio, the Governor and his gay party came upon the mail courier, lying beneath a tree, his head pillowed on the sack of mail.

"Ho!" cried his Excellency. "What is this? Is it in such a manner that the King's business is carried out? But never mind," he added hastily as the fellow scrambled to his feet guiltily. "Never mind. Do not disturb yourself. I would like to lie down and rest too. Let us all rest, caballeros, and let us wash some of this dust out of our throats!"

All dismounted.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Boulder Dam Required an Expenditure of \$165,000,000 Before It Was Completed

Boulder dam was built between the rock walls in Black canyon on the Colorado river, that same treacherous torrent which carved out the Grand canyon and which forms the Arizona-Nevada boundary line near Las Vegas, Nev.

Such a project to control the dangerous floods of the Colorado, and to provide against the drought periods which ensue after its spring-time rush to the gulf with the melting Rocky mountain snows had been conceived many years before it was begun.

Even the location in Black canyon or in Boulder canyon, 18 miles up the river, had been agreed upon by engineers. But there was no way of financing the project, which cost \$165,000,000, until the demand for power in the rapidly growing southern California cities and the intermediate area made it feasible.

It is to be paid for entirely out of earnings. Actual work on the main project was completed in five years, two years less than anticipated. At times there were more than 5,000 workmen employed in the night-and-day operations, and trucks, machinery and other equipment of unhearing proportions were built just for the project.

The dam face is 726 feet high.

leaned his head in his hands and groaned.

"Ai, Dios mio, I can not leave my California! I would be lost anywhere else in all the wide world, this country only is my home, the home of my heart."

"I will not leave it!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Why should I sit here sniveling in my beard because my woman torments me? What has come over me? Am I no longer a man, and governor of California? Ha!" He smote his chest.

"I shall go now, this very day, this very hour on a long visit. I shall go to Santa Barbara, and San Gabriel and San Diego, and have some festivities. And I shall leave Eulalia here alone. I shall be stern and hard . . . hard as my bed." He kicked the overturned cot.

"Come to her bed! Not I! I will go out and seek the company of worthy priests and good soldiers, pioneers all, and we will talk man talk, and drink deeply together."

He took his gun down from the wall and cuddled it in his arm.

"And you shall go with me, my friend, and we will kill the hugest bear in all California!"

In her room at the palacio Eulalia was writing a lengthy document. When she had finished it, she poured sand over the paper, then read the contents carefully. What she read evidently pleased her, for she smiled many times. Then she called for a servant, and the letter was delivered to a courier riding south with official dispatches.

"Where is the Governor's frank on this?" inquired the courier when he received it.

"It is from her Excellency," murmured the servant.

"Humph," grunted the courier, and tucked it carefully away in his bag.

CHAPTER XXVII

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

What to Eat and Why

C. Houston Goudiss Discusses LAXATIVE FOODS

Nationally Known Authority on Food Shows How Right Diet Can Help You to Avoid Health Hazards of Faulty Elimination

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS
6 East 39th Street, New York.

THOUSANDS of men, women and children are alive today because we have learned how to prevent many types of infections and how to cure diseases which once caused untimely deaths.

We have reason to be proud of the achievements of science in fighting disease and lengthening the span of life. But we should be ashamed of the fact that hundreds of thousands of individuals are not getting the most out of life—indeed they are not realizing half their potentialities—because improper eating and faulty habits of hygiene cause them to suffer from that great evil of civilization—constipation.

daily diet sufficient laxative foods, that is, those rich in fiber or cellulose.

BULK OR FIBER ESSENTIAL

Because of their fibrous framework, plant foods are our chief source of cellulose or bulk, and therefore, our greatest aid in promoting normal elimination. Vegetables and fruits are sworn foes of constipation, and unrefined cereals are also extremely valuable.

SOME LAXATIVE FOODS

Foods with an exceptionally high residue include raw fruits, especially those with skins and seeds; dried fruits, such as apricots, prunes, figs and raisins; raw vegetables; such cooked vegetables as onions and leafy greens; the legumes, that is, dried peas and beans; whole grain cereals and bran.

Among the vegetables, don't overlook cabbage, lettuce, celery, spinach, brussels sprouts, string beans and green peas.

Foods which tend to form a little gas in the intestines, including spinach, onions and cauliflower, are also useful stimulants to intestinal movement.

In addition to providing cellulose, the acid fruits, such as oranges, lemons and grapefruit, act as a mild stimulus to increased peristaltic motions.

NEED FOR VITAMIN B

Another important factor in promoting normal elimination is vitamin B, which has been shown to be essential for good muscular tone and activity of the digestive tract. Investigations with experimental animals have demonstrated that it requires twice as long to empty the large intestine when the diet is deficient in vitamin B. Yeast, egg yolk, milk, whole grain cereals, liver and green leafy vegetables are good sources of this vitamin.

LIQUIDS ESSENTIAL

A sufficient quantity of liquids is likewise necessary to prevent the contents of the lower intestine from becoming too hard for easy evacuation. In addition to water, the diet should therefore contain an abundance of milk, fruit juices and other beverages. Acidophilus milk and buttermilk are especially beneficial.

Fats and oils, used in moderation, act as gentle lubricants.

REGULAR HABITS

It is most important to eat at regular hours and to establish regular times for evacuation, as this is a great aid to body rhythm. Guard carefully against over-eating, for this practice is a frequent cause of constipation. When the digestive system is over-worked, none of its functions can be efficiently performed.

Hiddenives Realize

Few housewives realize the underlying advantage of the use of a good light-oil furniture polish! Most polish is used only for the luster it bestows on the chairs, tables, piano, woodwork in the home. Rubbing the polish on cleans the furniture—works up a glow—and the outward effect is fresh and sparkling! But that is only part of the housewife's reward. For out of this domestic routine comes definite benefit to the furniture! A reputable polish, with a light oil base, does what is known as "feeding" the finish. The "massage" causes the oil to penetrate, seep into the pores of the wood—just enough to lubricate—and keep it healthy! Here, it is important to note that cheap polishes are made with a heavy oil base—and are "greasy" and unpleasant to use. The best polish—made with a fine light-oil base—is never greasy. Applied on a damp cloth (according to directions), it is neat to use and proves a boon to the furniture! Lack of polishing—or the use of a poor polish—will cause the finest wood to dry out, crack, split—for wood is a product of Nature and needs a certain amount of oily moisture. So polish the furniture regularly! Use a quality oil polish—it pays! For not only does the furniture look better—it is better! Its life is preserved!

FATE OF FOOD IN THE BODY

From the mouth, food passes down the esophagus into the stomach, where it is penetrated by the gastric juice. It then passes into the small intestine where it is mixed with the secretions of the liver and the pancreas. Here the nutritive elements are absorbed by minute, hair-like tubes which line the intestinal walls. These tubes converge into the blood vessels and lymphatics which transport nourishment to all parts of the body.

Undigested residues pass into the large intestine or colon, where they are normally moved along by a series of muscular contractions known as peristalsis, and finally evacuated.

The amount of the evacuation varies in bulk with the amount of indigestible roughage contained in the food. When there is insufficient bulk to promote normal peristalsis, waste accumulates and we have the condition known as constipation with all its resulting evils. Bacteria prey upon the stagnating material, producing poisons which may be absorbed by the body.

There is not the slightest excuse for allowing this condition to develop. For the misery and wretchedness of constipation may easily be avoided by including in the

Do You Want to Learn How to Plan a Laxative Diet?

Get This Free Bulletin Offered by C. Houston Goudiss

READERS of this newspaper are invited to write to C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City, for a free copy of his bulletin, "Helpful Hints on Planning a Laxative Diet."

The bulletin gives concrete suggestions for combating faulty elimination through correct eating and proper habits of hygiene. It gives a list of laxative foods and contains a full week's sample menus. A postcard is sufficient to carry your request.

Have You a Question?

Ask C. Houston Goudiss

C. Houston Goudiss has put at the disposal of readers of this newspaper all the facilities of his famous Experimental Kitchen Laboratory in New York City. He will gladly answer questions concerning foods, diet, nutrition, and their relation to health. You are also invited to consult him in matters of personal hygiene. It's not necessary to write a letter unless you desire, for postcard inquiries will receive the same careful attention. Address him at 6 East 39th Street, New York City.

The homemaker is largely responsible for safeguarding her family against the dangers of faulty elimination. For she has it in her power to plan meals that will help normal individuals to avoid the curse of constipation.

Questions Answered

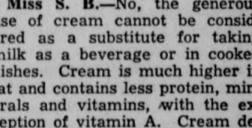
Mrs. B. T. M.—Do not worry if your child prefers the egg yolk to the white. The white is chiefly protein, and he can easily obtain protein from other foods, especially milk. But the yolk contains an abundance of minerals and vitamins in addition to protein and fat. Nutritionists have determined that the inclusion of one egg yolk daily in an otherwise adequate diet is an effective method of balancing the intake and output of iron in a child's diet.

Miss S. B.—No, the generous use of cream cannot be considered as a substitute for taking milk as a beverage or in cooked dishes. Cream is much higher in fat and contains less protein, minerals and vitamins, with the exception of vitamin A. Cream deserves to be included in the dietary for its vitamin A content, but it should not replace milk.

Mrs. A. McK.—Strawberries contain vitamins A, B and C. Recent experiments indicate that they rank with citrus fruits and tomatoes as a source of vitamin C.

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WHEN YOU CLEAN HOUSE USE O-CEDAR—THE POLISH THAT CLEANS AND PRESERVES YOUR FURNITURE



More women use O-Cedar Polish than any other kind—for furniture, woodwork and floors. It cleans and polishes.

Smaller Duty

Among the smaller duties of life I hardly know any more important than due—spraying where praise is not due.—Smith.

BOY! HERE'S A DANDY MACARONI DINNER GROWIN' KIDS NEED!



Costs about 5c per person to serve 10 liberal portions.

1 lb. GOOCH'S BEST MACARONI
1 lb. Hamburger
1/2 lb. Cheese
1 Can of Tomatoes



A Sure Index of Value

... is knowledge of a manufacturer's name and what it stands for. It is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship or use of shoddy materials.

Buy ADVERTISED GOODS