

February

Sunset

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IN THIS ISSUE

“Foursquare!”

By

Aimee

Semple McPherson

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

*And a New Serial Story of Marriage
and the Small Town*

“This Man *and* This Woman”

by Florence Bingham Livingston

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

“Horses Are Funny People” by Donald Hough
A One-Act Play by Homer King Gordon
Short Fiction by Alexander Hull and Ten
Other Western Features ~ ~

25¢

THE WEST'S GREAT NATIONAL MAGAZINE

CONTENTS for FEBRUARY, 1927

Cover Design	Sidney Bagshaw	
Speaking of Books	Joseph Henry Jackson	6
Across the Editor's Desk		8
Special Articles and Features		
"Foursquare!"	Aimee Semple McPherson	14
The Farthest North College	Leslie A. Marchand	17
Horses are Funny People!	Donald Hough	18
<i>Decorated by Raymond Bannister</i>		
The Knots in the Purse-Strings	Bates McFarland	24
<i>Decorated by Ethel Rundquist Cobham</i>		
Re-Creating the Days of '49	H. C. Peterson	26
Camera! <i>The West, Pictorially Speaking</i>		32
At the Drop of the Flag	Fred Gilman Jopp	38
Fiction		
This Man and This Woman. <i>A Serial Story</i>	Florence Bingham Livingston	9
<i>Illustrated by Louis Rogers</i>		
The Tree. <i>A Short Story</i>	Alexander Hull	20
<i>Illustrated by S. M. Long</i>		
In the Fog. <i>A One Act Comedy</i>	Homer King Gordon	28
<i>Illustrated by Louis Rogers</i>		
The Sword of Don Julian. <i>A Serial Story</i>	Jackson Gregory	34
<i>Illustrated by H. L. Roberts</i>		
Verse		
Tonight I Walk	Queene B. Lister	12
George Sterling	S. Bert Cooksley	22
What the King Has	Ethel Romig Fuller	36
California Nature Notes	Sara Bard Field	54
The Great Ones Laugh	Mary Carolyn Davies	60
The West	Charles T. Hickey	64
Departments		
The Pulse of the West. <i>Editorial Comment</i>		40
Interesting Westerners		
<i>The Woman Mayor Calls It a Day</i>	Louise F. Shields	46
<i>Salute This Tennis Star</i>	Lila Wagner	47
<i>He Makes Pavlowa's Shoes</i>	Rupert Murray	47
<i>He Drilled a Phenomenal Oil Well</i>	Neil Stanley	48
<i>These Brothers Worked Their Way</i>	Edna M. Florell	48
The West at Washington.	Theodore M. Knappen	49
Western Homes and Gardens. Conducted by Lillian Ferguson		
<i>The Hidden Roof Garden</i>	Marion Brownfield	51
The Western Housekeeper. Conducted by Pauline Partridge		
<i>Setting the Table</i>		70
<i>Three February Luncheons</i>		72
Help Yourself to Beauty. Conducted by Marise de Fleur		
<i>Up and Down the Scale of Beauty</i>		74

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Just read "Horses are Funny People" in this issue and see if you don't agree with us concerning the latter point. You'll not only be amused, but you'll murmur at the end, "Don't I know, though!"

Editorial Contents

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By *Climee Temple McPherson*



"Foursquare!"

MRS. AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON, pastor-evangelist, with her mother, Mrs. Minnie Kennedy, came to Los Angeles a few years ago practically unknown there. In four years she established a congregation numbering 15,000 members, built an edifice seating 5300, a six-story Bible Institute and established numerous branches of the parent Angelus Temple. On an average Sunday in December the Temple was packed for the morning service; it was crowded for the afternoon service which ended at 5; at 5:30 hundreds of people were waiting for the doors to open at 6 for the evening service, beginning at 7:00. *And these patient waiters spontaneously burst into song, chanting hymns with a will as they waited.* Irrespective of the sensational events of last summer, Angelus Temple as a religious phenomenon in the West, is well worth the thoughtful attention of every reader. SUNSET, therefore, asked Mrs. McPherson to state in her own words the tenets of her faith, analyze the tremendous pulling and holding power of her church and describe the methods she used to get her message so effectively into the hearts of many thousands.

—The Editors.

IT is so simple, so very simple. I believe in the Bible as the inspired word of God, believe every word of it, believe in it from cover to cover! I believe in a personal God and a personal devil; I believe in the Fall of Man and his Redemption through the blood of the Saviour; I believe in immortality, in a very real Heaven and a very real Hell. I believe that "the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord," that we are all sinners and may gain salvation only through Divine Grace, through the boundless, merciful love of the Saviour who died for us.

Believing the story of Jesus, believing that the way to salvation is only through Him, believing with all the power of soul and heart and body, I have been compelled by my faith and belief for eighteen years to point out the path to the feet of Lord Jesus, to preach the gospel, to send the message of His undying love from the pulpit, in tent, tabernacle and over the

radio to every ear that could be induced to listen.

But not with a long face and a tearful, dolorous voice! Why should religion be a mournful, turned-down-at-the-corners influence? When, through repentance and acceptance the new birth comes to you, when through devout prayer you surrender yourself and when the comfort of the baptism of the Holy Ghost is yours, you are all smiles, joy, good will and love. Your heart sings, your cares vanish, your worries cease.

The Foursquare Gospel of Angelus Temple means this: We believe in Jesus the only Saviour; the baptizer with the Holy Ghost; in Jesus, the Physician; and Jesus the Coming King.

That is our faith.

But we not only believe,—we try to make our faith work!

We use it constantly—in the home, in

of the lowly. His ministry was *practical*; it found the burden and lifted it; touched the festering sore and healed it; fed the hungry multitudes and calmed the storm-swept sea. So, today, practical Christianity is something that lasts, a garment that protects the wearer against fire and water and storms, a durable garment that can be worn seven days in the week and twenty-four hours the day.

WHEN we planned the edifice that is now Angelus Temple, we decided to break with the traditions of ancient church architecture, to banish mystic darkness, discomfort and dank corners, to make the Temple as bright, as modern, as cheerful, as homey as planning and skill could make it, and to emphasize in it not the torments of hell but the deep abiding joy of salvation, the glory that comes with complete surrender

to the love of the Lord. We could see no spiritual benefit in the stiff, frozen silence, in the rigid immobility, the unctuous formalism of the usual church. If the knowledge of salvation brought joy, we wanted our people to express it—audibly, visibly. We wanted to create a church whose members would feel it to be their spiritual home in which they could relax, take off the straightjacket of artificial reverence, abandon all class-conscious snobbery and praise God from the common level of equality before the Lord.

The Lord sent us many, many women and men of wealth and high social standing. The women gladly, zealously took part in the work of the church, filling their empty lives with the exaltation of divine love and salvation. They *wanted* to be on the level that all must reach before God, so they all donned the simple white uniform of the Temple, the plain cotton gown that can be bought for two or three dollars, left their limousines a block away and walked to

the Temple that they might in appearance and spirit be one with the joyous multitude.

With the hand of the Lord to guide us, it was done.

We made of beautiful Angelus Temple, of the adjoining six-story building of the International Institute of Foursquare Evangelism, places of worship that were open and in use *three hundred and sixty-five days in the year* and twenty-four hours in the day. As fast as the throngs of

THE absurd, insulting insinuation that I, pastor of this mighty church—that I, editor of a Christian magazine—mother of a handsome son and charming daughter—that I, of a Christian family who for generations have preached and taught the Gospel. . . . that I should with a sweep of my hand topple the whole thing over in an insane moment and run away with a former employee to some little seaside village and hide behind goggles and shaded windows. . . . is too absurd and too patently a plant and ill concealed forgery of ambitious publicity men to be dignified by serious answer.

WHEN all the lies and innuendo, the false witnesses. . . . have died away, the foundations and cornerstones of this glorious Gospel shall remain more unshaken and immovable than before—yes, even stronger, I prophesy, shall it stand!"

AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON.

the office, in mill, factory, kitchen and field, to make of Christianity the practical, helpful staff it was in the early days and still is for those who want to lean on it.

The teachings of Jesus were not mere flights of flowery eloquence, nor were they simply rounded periods,—fancy, tickling words. Jesus' parables dealt with the homely, daily tasks and experiences of the common people. His gospel went straight into the hearts and homes

men and women came to the altar, prayed for forgiveness and conversion, were baptized through immersion and joined the church, *we put them to work.*

They wanted to work, too. They sang in the choir or in the chorus; they joined the band; they served as ushers or orderlies; they worked at the altar; they taught one of the 157 classes of the Sunday school or helped run its affairs; they helped in the children's church in which eight to fourteen hundred children sing, pray, preach and even make converts; they went out to carry the message to the

These stories are real instances—cases which have actually happened in this place.

This isn't a Gospel of fine sounding words and flights of oratory; it isn't the painting of sunsets or preaching politics. The Foursquare Gospel is a *practical, wholesome, work-a-day religion* that gets right down to the home. Men today want something that is going to save them from sin; something that is going to heal their sick baby in the night; something that will solve their problems and make the home a happier place in which to live.

As I was broadcasting one morning, the signal light on our radio box flashed. "Hello. What is it?" I asked the operator.

"Somebody has just phoned in and told us of a family living in the river bottom in a tent. The man has tuberculosis, the mother has a little new baby, there is a family of children, and they have neither fire nor food nor clothes. Can Angelus Temple do anything about it, they ask."

who heard the request over the radio got there first!

Ours is a work-a-day religion. We want to make it so—and we succeed because when people get the love of Christ in their soul, they want to help one another.

Ours is the Apostolic faith. We do not believe in a Jesus who *was*; we believe that Jesus *lives*, that His power to heal the body as well as the soul is as great and strong today as it was nineteen hundred years ago. In the early church the obligation to heal as well as to preach was well recognized. In the Apostle James' instructions to the church we read: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."

WHAT miracles our eyes have beheld since we followed the command of the Lord and the injunction of the apostles to heal the sick by the prayer of faith! We have seen the blind receiving sight, deaf ears unstopped, the lame and the paralyzed standing and leaping for joy! We have seen withered arms made whole, braces of steel and wood discarded, diseases of many years' standing healed in an instant.

Mary Elizabeth came to us out of jail. For twenty-six years the evil demon of narcotic drugs had had her in his power.



◀ Mrs. McPherson's mother, Mrs. Kennedy, and the evangelist, are here shown at court



◀ Mrs. McPherson's home, with the evangelist's International Institute of Foursquare Evangelism to the right. Back of the home may be seen the radio towers above the temple



◀ Mrs. McPherson consulting with her attorneys

jail, to the hospitals, to shops and factories; or they took part in the afternoon meetings in the Five Hundred room six times every week to help the sick and afflicted search for the truth and the faith that will bring them healing.

LETTERS and requests that would make the tears stream down your cheeks come to our ears all the time. We have two telephones busy incessantly. "Pray for me. I want to be converted." "I have just lost my boy fourteen years old. He had gotten in with bad companions and he has run away from home. Won't you announce it over radio and help me find him?"

Every request you can think of comes over our telephone.

A woman calls in and says: "I am so despondent I am going to end it all and I am going to turn the gas on right this minute. If there is anything Angelus Temple can do, for God's sake do it now or it will be too late."

We say, "Stop! Stop!" and tell her the story of Jesus, then run out and get her and she comes down and gives her heart to Jesus.

As that call came in, I turned to the group gathered in the Temple and told them about it.

"What can Angelus Temple do? I wish some of you could go and do something."

"Certainly. What is the address?"

And immediately two or three started off. As quickly as they could, they got together baskets of groceries, bottles of milk and blankets, jumped into their cars and drove rapidly to the needy home. But when they got there they found sixteen automobiles lined up in front of the tent, all ready to help. The people

She had drained the cup to the dregs; she was an outcast abandoned by society. Faith came to her at the altar and she was healed instantaneously, never to go back to the old life. Thousands upon thousands have testified to the power and the glory of His love, yet our obedience to the command of the Lord to heal the sick has been made a reproach.

A minister said to me some time ago: "Sister McPherson, your doctrine is perfectly sound and complete—if you would only leave out divine healing."

Why should we leave out divine healing
(Continued on page 80)

"Foursquare"

(Continued from page 16)

when the scores upon scores of discarded crutches in the Temple testify to the joy and happiness and faith of the owners who abandoned them, to the present-day glory and the power of the Lord?

Many ministers object to Angelus Temple because its pastor is a woman, because there is no pulpit but a wide platform, because the pastor does not stand stock still while preaching, because the preaching is not done in the conventional manner, because the congregation indicates its approval by applause, by frequent exclamations, by raising a forest of arms, by entering into the spirit of the service with zeal and enthusiasm.

Which is the true object of divine service,—the observance of certain conventional forms or the saving of souls? "By their fruits ye shall know them." And, praise the Lord, the harvest of souls and the healing of bodies has been exceedingly great in Angelus Temple.

Many objected—even some members of Angelus Temple felt a little uneasy—to the novelty of the illustrated sermons every Sunday evening, sermons in which the lesson of the text is driven home through the eye as well as the ear. What matters the trail so long as the goal is reached? If we can hold the wavering attention and reach the heart of just one sinner through the costumes, the scenery and the properties of the illustrated sermon, the gain is worth all the efforts of the "Construction Gang," the artists and craftsmen who labor often for ten hours at a stretch—all night and half the day—to have the illustrations ready for the service.

I HAVE said nothing yet of the universal coin, the great medium of exchange with which Angelus Temple pays for the grace and mercy of the Lord—prayer. There is not a minute, day or night, week in, week out, in which Angelus Temple does not lay the golden coin of fervent prayer before the Throne. In the Watch Tower close to the stars for over four years now four volunteers have been constantly and without interruption sending their supplications to God. In two-hour shifts four devoted women pray during the day, each volunteer participating only one shift a week, and during the still hours of the night men take up the joyous task.

Every meeting, be it of the band, of the choir, of the "Construction Gang" or the usher body, is opened and closed with prayer. Thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of requests for help and assistance through prayer reach Angelus Temple every year. No matter what hour of the day or night they come, whether they arrive by mail, by telephone or are brought in person, the response is immediate. It may be a banker whose institution is in danger of failing who asks us to pray for him; it may be a man condemned to death, a mother with a sick child, a husband whose wife needs help. The other night at 4 a.m. there came into the Temple a man in great distress of spirit. He had been stirred during the service and he was in the throes



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It is impossible for a railroad train or a ship to call at the doorsteps of its passengers when they wish to take a journey. To take even a trolley or bus ride, one must go to some definite point where the conveyance stops. On the other hand, the telephone goes all the way to meet the public's convenience.

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that the subscriber desires. He speaks to the person he wants—wherever he may be.

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of being reborn into spiritual grace. Two janitors were at work. They proceeded to lead him to the Watch Tower, up many flights of stairs. The man groaned with the pain of the inner conflict.

"You do not have to wait until we reach the Watch Tower, brother," said one of the janitors, "we will pray with you right here." So they dropped their brooms, knelt down with the man, enfolded his shoulders with their arms and prayed with him until the peace that passeth all understanding entered his soul.

The Sunshine Hour—that is another institution of this church that perhaps few people know about. The Sunshine Hour is from 10:30 to 12:00 each day, when we broadcast a program especially for the hospitals, for those that are bed-ridden, for those in their wheel chairs, for those that cannot get out. At that time anybody may telephone in a request for prayer. A typewriter is used upstairs, a stenographer quickly takes the request for prayer, transfers it to a sheet of paper, and the keys click away until perhaps two or three hundred names have come in, as fast as the telephone can be answered. Then they kneel and prayer is offered over the radio for the Lord to save or for the Lord to heal and answer prayer and give comfort.

MOST of our hospitals are equipped with radio. Also the Soldiers' Home and County Farm. In some places this church has been permitted the joy of installing radios, places where you couldn't even visit—isolation wards in hospitals, where the sick can listen in; in the women's department of the County Jail. That Sunshine Hour is especially for these people who are shut in.

Naturally, in the space of one short article one cannot quote even a fraction of the instances that might be cited. Case piles upon case, examples multiply into the thousands. Naturally, too, one can only outline in skeleton form, so to speak, the tenets of one's faith and the reasons for the "workability" of that faith.

I have tried however, as fully as I could here, to give you what I believe to be the high lights. These are the reasons why crowds gather in front of the seventeen crystal doors of Angelus Temple hours before the time set for the beginning of the service. This is why joy, laughter, sunny smiles fill the beautiful House of the Lord; why branches have been established and are flourishing in many cities; why seventeen hundred young men and women are studying the gospel and preparing themselves to go into the evangelistic ministry or to carry the Foursquare Gospel into the missionary field at home or abroad.

The Angelus Temple, the Church of the Foursquare Gospel, has been the center of one of the greatest revivals of old-time religion in the world today, and history has but repeated itself in that the cradle of every great religious movement is rocked by the hand of persecution—but persecution makes healthy babies!

When He Himself was accused of being a blasphemer, a man possessed with demons and even a devil; when they said He was a wine-bibber, a gluttonous man, a friend of harlots and sinners, He turned to his disciples and said: "If ye



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Forhan's for the gums

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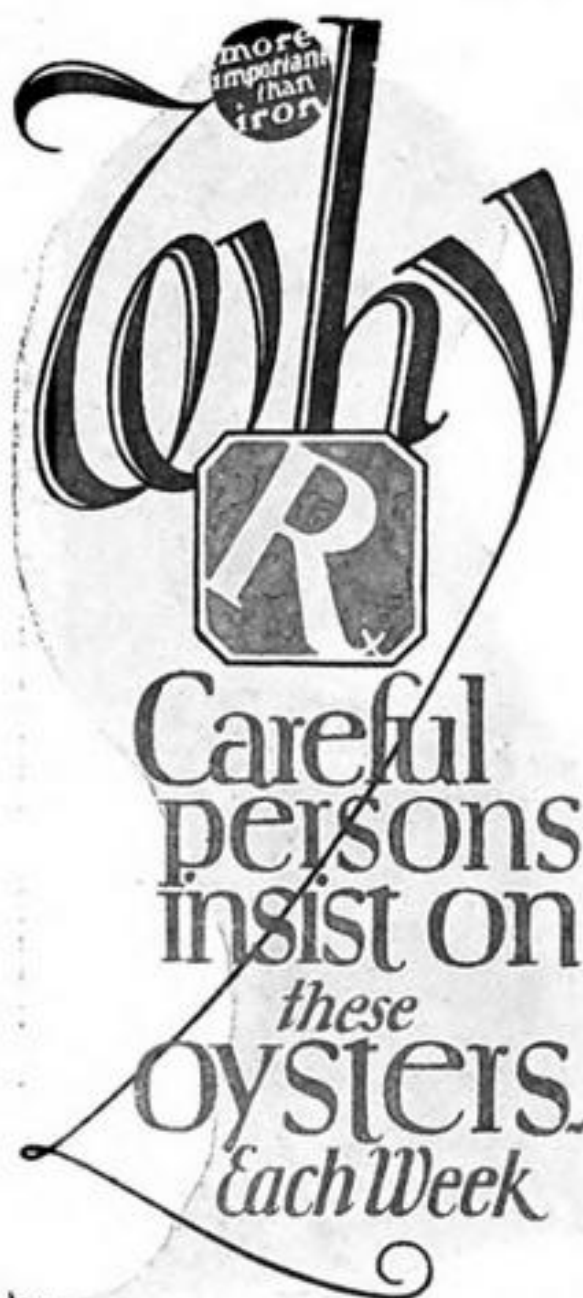


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Document No. 58 of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries is entitled: "Oysters: An Important Health Food." Among other things it says:

- (1) "The oyster is easily digested, and is rich in elements of importance in our diet."
- (2) "Oysters contain two hundred times as much iodine as milk, eggs and beefsteak."
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live godly, ye shall suffer persecution." And again,—“But when men revile you and persecute and say all manner of evil against you, for my name's sake, rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.”

My persecutors have numbered in their ranks agnostics, people of unprotestant faiths and of unchristian religions. The newspapers, practically dictating the policies of the prosecution, have run things to suit themselves, ever seeking, regardless of truth, what would be the blackest sensation of the moment.

The absurd, insulting insinuation that I, pastor of this mighty church—that I, editor of a Christian magazine—mother of a handsome son and charming daughter—that I, of a Christian family who for generations have preached and taught the Gospel—that I, who myself for

eighteen years have steadily built up a work of which any minister or organizer might justly be proud—that I should with a sweep of my hand topple the whole thing over in an insane moment and run away with a former employee to some little seaside village and hide behind goggles and shaded windows! That I should ship about the country a trunk or trunks with circus performer's spangled gowns and then write love letters to men, is too absurd and too patently a plant and ill concealed forgery of ambitious publicity men to be dignified by serious answer.

When all the lies and innuendo, the false witnesses and planted evidence of this diabolic and absurd attack have died away, the foundations and cornerstones of this glorious Gospel shall remain more unshaken and immovable than before,—yes, even stronger, I prophesy, shall it stand!

Re-Creating the Days of '49

(Continued from page 27)

work. These throw much additional light on the subject, though they differ only in minor details from the first plans of Grunsky, who had made an exhaustive study of the question previously. Seadler's plans show us the details of the proposed memorial arch that was contemplated when it seemed that one of the city streets could not be re-routed to allow the full restoration of the outside wall. Happily, that difficulty was adjusted and the arch omitted. The commission had a very limited appropriation to work with, necessitating making it necessary to leave many things unfinished that they had planned doing. These are among the jobs that we hope to do now.

The chief concern at the moment is the actual rehabilitation of all the rooms within the Fort enclosure, except the main building, which will be devoted exclusively to the museum proper. Rehabilitation, in the other rooms, means the re-furnishing of them as they were in the days prior to 1850, not such an easy task as it seems. In no other place in the world is there such a conflict of historical anachronisms, of kaleidoscopic elementary conditions to be considered. In no other place do we find such a remarkable combination of peaceful agricultural life, primitive conditions, of international intrigue and epochal events, crowned by such spectacular, romantic, tragic and nerve-trying occurrences as that which followed the discovery of gold in 1848—all this within a period of ten years.

In this rehabilitation we have decided to cover, as far as possible, the various phases of life at the Fort from 1839 to 1850. With new relics constantly coming in, the main building was found to be inadequate, so with a great eight-foot whip-saw, we cut out the lower part of the three foot adobe wall under the window leading to the upper Kyburz Annex, that a passageway might be made converting that space into another exhibition room. And even that little job added to our collection of relics. At the

floor line the workman dug out a large adobe brick on which are clearly imprinted the foot marks of a large coyote!

The first work, under the new appropriation, was the segregation of the miscellaneous material in the Fort and the discarding of that which was not usable under the new policy. After this, the remainder was thoroughly processed to prevent further decay. Then came the question of appropriate exhibition cases, a problem in itself. The rooms have whitewashed adobe walls; the ceiling rafters are the original hand-hewn ones of heavy oak. We were determined to keep that '49 atmosphere at all costs, but we found that no museum case on the market would harmonize with those rooms. No matter what you do to it, an exhibition case has a formal appearance. In designing those now installed, we first figured on a very rough, strongly weathered dark oak. A trial proved that this but accentuated the fact that they were museum cases. After various experiments, it was decided that we "age" the oak to a neutral gray, a chemical process which requires labor and time. Several months must elapse before the final beauty of the old oak will be apparent; but when it is, these adze finished cases will blend with the walls and almost seem a part of them. The room will be "49" in every particular.

The old Concord stages and the old Conestoga freight wagon, in a very lamentable state of decay, presented another problem. Restoration would have destroyed their historical interest. They are the rarest of all early day stages, and that they may be preserved for future generations to see, no effort was spared. A great metal vat was made, into which we poured 150 gallons of pure linseed oil. Under it we built our fire, and all the wheels and such woodwork as we could put in, after thoroughly poisoning it against dry rot and insects, was boiled from three to eight hours. Since some of the Conestoga wagon wheels weighed over 500 pounds each,