

"'Cause someun told me back thar she had never been," he said, "I've ridden three hundred miles to kiss this woman on the lips an' I rather raickon I'm goin' to do it. I am a cowboy from the foothill country."

He laughed again in his devil-may-care way in their thunderstruck, gaping faces—and as if in echo with a full, free, startling note of piquant relish

the woman joined him—then turned to them too.

"If he's ridden three hundred miles for one," she said, imitating her companion's speech, "I rather raickon he's worth it—and I don't mind myself."

Then while a ripple of appreciation stole over the vast audience to grow immediately after into a thunder of acclaim—she held up her face to him in the most girlish fashion.

The Western Spirit

What is the western spirit? Speak for the world would hear!

And the mountains called—

Send to the eastern sungates,
To the wild beast in his den,
Where the rud-red drops of a rising day
Leap in the veins of men;
Choose from the waking millions
Sons of their fair-browed dames;
Into their souls put a new-world dream
That will fire their halting frames.

And the cities spake—

Give to me men of purpose
Born with an iron will;
Men who have failed and have risen again,
Bound to be freemen still;
Reared from the muck of serfdom,
Sprung from the hero-germ,
Men that are steel for a nation's frame,
Pillars of granite firm.

And the prairies cried—

Go to the sires of the northland,
Beckon their sons to the sea,
Speak to the stout-limbed freeman-youth
And bid them come to me.
Back with your pallid princes,
Hold to your tainted clout—
Men of the world's best breeding
Must hew our nation out.

—*Douglas Leader Durkin.*