

"Janey" is by no means blind to the tragedy and pathos of life; indeed, it may be this is where she displays deepest understanding—she has laid a little one to rest who left behind a motto wrought of thread and cardboard, "Be Good," the substance of "Janey's" creed also.

She writes of the real West, the West as we know it,—eager, vigorous, raw, well-meaning, blundering, always optimistic. It takes a Westerner to appreciate "Open Trails" thoroughly. Her pictures of us are not lop-sided, but we can take her thrusts in good part for she is one of us, laughing with us, not at us.

"Janey" tells the history of a certain speedy horse that died near Edmonton in the early days. If you are familiar with the West you will scarcely guess the disposal of the animal's body. Perhaps it was as curious in its way as the post mortem fate of horses in Medicine Hat in the middle 90's. They were dragged out on the sage-brush flats or on the sun-bleached hillsides which were still seamed with old buffalo trails. Invariably, within twenty-four hours, several greasy-colored Indian teepees were pitched beside the carcass. What followed I hesitate to dignify by the name of autopsy; suffice it to say that the encampment lingered until the skeleton offered scant pickings for the coyotes, to whom the cause of the horse's death was as immaterial as to the blanketed feasters.

Of course one may not always take "Janey" exactly at her word. She is sometimes of a mischievous turn, and, like as not, when seemingly most grave, is, so to speak, about to kick her auditor's shins under the table. For "Janey" is really abandoned, that noble abandon for which Bliss Carman makes such a strong plea in one of his essays. "Life without abandon is like a dance without music."

"Janey" is addicted to betting on horse races. Her wagers are truly unique. I am sure the most radical opponent of gambling would not disapprove of such betting as hers. Read of it for yourself; her inimitable account of her gains and losses would be spoiled by any paraphrase of mine.

Let us hope "Open Trails" will stand the test set forth within it: "That writer, then, who . . . sees more than he is shown, who states a fact only that he may tell its meaning, who senses the life of the people rather than photographs it, he is the writer who most benefits his country and all countries. His work passes into permanent literature." The real value of such work is forcibly shown in the same chapter.

To me she brings back the black furrows flowing from the mould-board, with the black-birds, crows, and "grey lake-gulls behind"; the strain of threshing, and the night sky aflush from burning straw-stacks. Of many other things she writes knowingly, and sometimes of tender