

Part of a Family Circle

As the sun neared the horizon of our new-found world we opened the daily guessing-match as to our manner of spending the night. We had been on the Jefferson Highway all day, and this particular stretch of it ran for over forty miles without even the trace of a village. The scattered settlers seemed to be all Norwegians, and we approached the home of Mr. Hjolle to negotiate for lodgings or get permission to camp.

"In a few minutes we had become part of one of those family circles which were perhaps the most delightful features of our entire tour. The household of the widowed father and his four strapping, smiling sons was presided over by the only daughter. To make life livable this family had a pretty home in a pretty setting of trees, water supply on tap, telephone, an organ, a gramophone, many books and pictures, two automobiles and all the wealth of a thoroughly modern farm with an enormous herd of sheep down by the brook. The eldest son and his sister I recall particularly as most charming people.

"They were workers all, but any one of them could have realized on his share of the heritage, amassed since leaving the fatherland, and become a man of consequence in town. As I watched the quiet poise of these men, perceived their entire confidence in the future and beheld about me the fine work of their hands, I thoughtfully thanked God for what I was learning."

"In the Grip of the Law."

The chapter under that quoted title is one of the most amusing in the book. Its main story is well told, and there is a fine case of comparison noted at the end. The story cannot very well be "sampled" and we refer our readers to the book to get it complete.

The One Unkindness to the Wayfarers

In narrating how they "left behind in Wolseley (Saskatchewan) the one unkind, inhuman act felt in five thousand miles of wanderings in two countries", Mr. Gomery asks: What is it that makes us more like children when we are far from home, so that we look more particularly at faces, expecting them all to be kind?

Outfitted by C. H. Jones, Vancouver

"A skilful tentmaker in Vancouver (C. H. Jones) had outfitted me, and our tent seemed everything-proof."

At the Great Divide—and Beyond

"You may have crossed the Great Divide in many places from California to Alaska, as I had, but the first time you are guided to it by your own hand will nevertheless be the great crossing. Inasmuch as every man demands to trace the origin of all things—in the secret belief that they cannot really be without his acquiescence—so, in approaching this formidable, ever-blacker, ever-rising wall obscuring the world beyond, it is but natural vanity which prompts the empire-building explorer in his throbbing benzine-bus picturesquely to ignore the fact that men before him have found the way and to enquire of his dauntless spirit: "How had I better tackle it?" I don't see any hole through, and I can't very well ride over the tops."

"As we ran on a level stretch, I heard the Skipper exclaim, Oh-h-h, look man! Do stop here a minute."

"Laying aside gloves, goggles and steering-wheel, I obeyed.

"From every conceivable angle we were hemmed in by stupendous heavenly mounds of rock and ice, rock and snow, rock and forest, and then more and more and more rock, piled cliff upon cliff. There was no north, south, east or west.—It was as impossible for us to tell from what direction we had come as to have guessed the way out. The where-am-I individual who waked up in Mars was sitting at the head of his own table compared to me.

"I wiped off the sweat of those poppy-eye roads while wondering how it had been possible to be drawn into this grim ambuscade of stupendous, amazing nature without noticing it. Then I looked straight up to where those axe-like pinnacles cleaved their way through the summer clouds, and murmured in unrehearsed reverence, 'Great God!'

"Before the tourist's car is actually in the mountains he always entertains the possibility of turning back, but here was no turning back any more than your canoe turns back after it is caught in the swirl of the rapids.

"A few minutes we sat there, resting and realizing. We were being treated to a worm's eye view of the glory of the Lord—and less than twenty-four hours back we were jolting over the seemingly boundless prairie with never a hillock or a stone in the world."

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The extensive space allowed for quotations from this entertaining holiday record is more than filled; but we must find room yet for one or two passages of special western or national interest:—

Re Roads in Vancouver's Vicinity

"In short the last five hundred and fifty miles of our run into the magnificent sunset city of Vancouver, was, with trifling exceptions, over perfect roads....

"If you have a mind to save the best till the last your taste in scenery must decide, because there is little to choose in the matter of roads. On most routes the good roads are at the ends and the bad ones in the middle, except possibly our own, where the very worst roads were comparatively close to Montreal. I found that there are more good roads in the west than in the east, sparseness of the population notwithstanding....

Refreshing

"We also met a woman from a near-by town whom the landlady told in some way that I was a writer—that is, that I was writing. She implored me to get irrigation for the whole State. A writer was to her as influential and mysterious a being as the Emperor of China. Whether he had written personals for THE HOP'S CROSSING WEEKLY or Shakespeare's poems she wist not nor wot not.

Home-Coming: "Where the Sun Sets"

Confronted with the solid wall of the Coast Range, the motorist knows that, willy-nilly, his journey is over, for beyond the valley of the turbulent silt-bearing Fraser the Indian cayuse and the pack-laden prospector alone tread the mountain trails and the sound of the motor horn is unknown in the land. A good road skirts the inner shore of Vancouver Island, but the construction of motor highways on the coast of the mainland, north of Greater Vancouver, is to all intents and purposes impossible.

"This is no doubt partly what gives to Vancouver the charm which so stirs the imagination of all who visit it, for no place on earth (except possibly Suez) seems so distinctly to divide the East from the West, the North from the South, and to mark the cleavage between Orient and Occident, savage and civilized, the primeval and the cultured, mountain and plain, land and sea....

"The Most Romantically-Placed City of North America"

"As we viewed Vancouver anew on that well-remembered twenty-eighth of July, from one of its stately hills, we easily allowed its claim to be the most romantically-placed city of North America. Its leafy peninsulas and lofty promontories, its park, like a great green pin-cushion on the mirror of the harbour, those long hillsides of residences, and deep broad valleys of homes, the great office buildings, the ships, and the bewildering array of overshadowing mountains—all appeared at that moment of sunshine and shadow, like ornaments laid on the sheet of smooth, blue glass—that was the face of the all-prevading Pacific....

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