

**THE STANDPATTER:
A CHRONICLE OF
DEMOCRACY**

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The Standpatter: A Chronicle of Democracy by Ella Hamilton Durley & Burr Giffen

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ELLA HAMILTON DURLEY & BURR GIFFEN

**THE STANDPATTER:
A CHRONICLE OF
DEMOCRACY**

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



BETTINA

THE STANDPATTER

A CHRONICLE OF DEMOCRACY

By

ELLA HAMILTON DURLEY

Author of

"MY SOLDIER LADY"

ILLUSTRATED BY BURR GIFFEN

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TO VISIT
AMERICA

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*To the Supreme Court of the United States
—the American People*

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The Standpatter

CHAPTER I.

It was Bettina Brigham who called a halt. Her three companions looked on wonderingly as that energetic young woman, whose strong guiding hand and quick perceptions had brought them safely up the difficult incline, swung back the door of the limousine and stepped lightly to the ground.

It took alertness on the part of her associates to keep pace with Miss Brigham's mental operations. She had a briskness that was half a challenge, an effervescence that had to bubble up and occasionally spill over in order to prevent an explosion. She was now scrutinizing for the hundredth time the rough pencil sketch of the route they had just traversed.

"This is surely Aztec Lodge," she said, as she glanced at the arched portal and again at her notes.

"Who ever saw directions so lucid as these?" And she shrugged her shoulders significantly.

"Who ever saw directions so deucedly stupid, I should say, Betty, begging your pardon." Ward Percival had followed Miss Brigham and was peering over her shoulder, and it was he who thus gave vent to his disgust.

"Listen," entreated the girl. "How Uncle Haredale would roar if he could see Jacob's labored instructions. 'Leave Holloway boulevard,' he says, 'at Canterbury Rancho, just beyond the red bridge.'"

"Canterbury Rancho? The country place of the Honorable Geoffrey Canterbury, I'll be bound; and thereby hangs a tale."

"A Canterbury tale, of course, Ward?"

"Naturally; but isn't it queer that I didn't think of its being Canterbury's big alfalfa ranch? He was in the office not a week ago and telling us about it. When the

Honorable Geoffrey isn't discoursing politics he's cultivating alfalfa. It's part of the game, you know."

"Trust Ward to unearth a story on short order. He can do it every time—to the manner born, I suppose. He'd be no newspaper man if he didn't. Sure enough," added Miss Bringham, "Canterbury Rancho must be the home of the member down in this neck o' woods. What a fight he had for the nomination! I remember you took off your coat and worked against him, Ward. Some time you must tell us your Canterbury tale and give us, if you please, all the frills and furbelows—'ginger', I believe, is the correct word—that belong to a modern Boccaccio. You're herewith appointed official story-teller, Ward."

"He fits the part, all right. I could never do it, my dad being a preacher. It's fierce this always having to stand by the eternal verities," and Philip Ingalls groaned at his own limitations.

"Let me see, where was I when I interrupted myself? Oh, yes, we were to leave the boulevard just beyond the red bridge—or was it the lavender bridge?—then go north half way through the gum-tree avenue," continued Bettina.

"It's a rare brain that can measure half of a given distance without first seeing the whole; but Bettina, with her recently acquired Berkeley degree, was equal to the strain." And Ward smiled on the young girl.

"Follow bend to the right as far as the five giant peppers," continued Bettina, ignoring his banter, "then cross the little Arroyo, passing the trolley line just beyond, go up the hill, and by and by—'by and by,' mark you—you will find yourself at the once proud entrance to Aztec Lodge. The crouching lions on either side are entirely harmless."

"Aha, the solemn Jacob indulges in a joke!"

"So, here we are!" cried Bettina excitedly; they began to look about with a new interest.

The old mansion which they were now facing was quaint enough to have been built in the Middle Ages. It was perched well up on the side of the foot-hill, and the immediate grounds, which broke toward the west, were enclosed by a broad, stuccoed wall of stone. The