

# THE MAN WITH THE SMILE

By B. BRACE

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THE man at the saw solicitedly passed a hand, coarse-fingered and torn-nailed, along the sharply ground edge, satisfied himself slowly that all was well, and looked up at his leisure. "What can you do around a mill?" he jeered.

The stranger threw back his shoulders. "I'll do anything," he answered quickly. "I'm an engineer by trade, but if there's no chance at that, I can make bolts, or fell trees, or haul logs, or do anything."

The man at the saw looked him over with the contempt of an animal for a weaker one of his kind.

"You're too much of a two-by-four to be good at the heavy work," he mocked, with a shameless smile at his own pleasantry. "And the boss don't need any more men, now."

The fever of hope burned out in the questioner's face. It was a thin, dark, well-featured face, with a smile as its unforgettable attribute—an anxious, cynical smile that twisted one corner of the sensitive mouth, and gave the face a curiously tortured expression. As he turned away he stumbled over a rope line, and a great burst of laughter from the mill men followed his awkward attempt to regain his balance.

But the man with the smile pulled himself slowly over the narrow plank walk without seeming to hear. Opposite the cookhouse he stopped dizzily. The hot, unsavory smell of food floated out, and mingled evilly with the wholesome odor of the newly cut lumber. The man put out a hand and caught at the air. Then uncertainly he dragged himself to the cookhouse door.

A fat man with an ill-natured, puffy face and a cook's apron was rolling out sand-colored pastry at the table. He glanced up and waited for the intruder to speak.

"Well, d—n ye, what is it?" he burst out at length.

A flush flamed up under the dark pallor of the face. The curious smile became a grimace.

"Will you—give me something to eat?" he quavered out. "I have no money to pay you."

The cook trimmed the edges of the pie crust, and poured in a filling of peaches from a huge tin can.

"Have they taken you on at the mill?" he grunted.

"No," stammered the other. "But—the cook turned his back abruptly, and rolled out the crust for a second pie and a third. When he looked up at last to put the pastry into the oven the man was gone. From the door the cook watched him blundering up the hill.

When he had turned the curve and was lost to the sight of the mill, he still went on jerkily, like a machine that runs badly but does not know how to stop. Beneath his feet the western Washington road ran beautiful and even, like a white stripe through ground-green cloth. Sometimes it was lacy openwork, for great cedars and firs flanked the road. Here and there belated dog-wood blossoms looked out, wax-like.

There were long, hot stretches of road, too, through half-miles of burned stumps of blighted trees. Sometimes in one of these sizzling half-miles the man stood still in the road for minutes, beneath the beating sun of June. At such times his smile quite distorted his face.

The afternoon was profoundly still except for the wood-voices. Birds crooned lazily in the tree tops. A woodpecker tapped steadily away at a fir-tree trunk. Once a little striped squirrel teetered on a cedar branch, sitting there saucily unafraid, with his bushy tail lifted like a parasol over him. The man crept up noiselessly and bent over with a clutching hand. But his shadow warned the shrewd little son of the forest, and he was gone with a taunting little flit of the tail. At last the man went on.

The sun slid down the side of Beaver mountain. Gradually the sky, which had been so deeply and cloudlessly blue, became more vague and dim-colored. The shadows grew longer.

It was late afternoon when the man came suddenly upon a little shingle mill, perched almost upon the road. It was a cheerful little place, with its red roof against the green of the trees. Every atom of it was in motion like water that boils. Flying saws buzzed through huge logs. The packers' hands flashed back and forth with regularity of shuttles. To the ear the drone of the mill was pleasantly mechanical.

For a long, long time the man stood quite still in the road, shading his eyes with his hands, and looked intently at the little mill. Once he

made a step from the road in its reaction. Then he shrugged his shoulders, smiled his joyless smile, and dashed onward.

A half mile down the road he stopped and seated himself upon a great mossy log. Beneath the log, and on down the ravine a little brook went crying to itself. Alders tall and silver gray lifted themselves beyond the tangle of wild blackberry vines.

For an hour the man sat there motionless. Evening was almost upon the world. Cows went their homeward way, and nosed inquiringly at the silent figure. Once the man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a worn purse of excellent leather. He opened it, fingered its handful of coppers, and smiled.

He put his hand into his pocket once more, and brought forth a cheap watch fob. There was no watch attached, but on one end was a little, old-fashioned locket of plain gold. The man snapped it open, and gazed for a long time at the pictured face. It was a very pretty, very haughty face held proudly above the beautiful shoulders. As he looked at it, all that was evil in the man's smile faded out, and left his face pure wistfulness.

Evening came, and a cougar somewhere in the hills called out with its lonesome, shivery, lost-baby cry. Its mate answered. The man on the log shuddered.

At last he put his hand into his pocket again, and drew out a tiny bottle. He sat toying with it for some minutes. Holding it high, he watched it catch the red glow of the late sunset. Then he lifted it to his lips, drained it, tossed away the bottle, and smiled.

The hunger lines on his face grew set and deep. His shoulders began to droop in a queer, unconscious way. All the youth left him suddenly, and he looked like an old man as he sat there.

A man of perhaps thirty came round the curve in the road, walking heavily and whistling. He was tall and broad-shouldered, a splendid animal. His blueannel shirt, open at the neck, disclosed a throat lean and hairy. He passed the man on the log, then turned back, struck by something in his attitude.

"Say!" he called loudly. "You looking for work?"

Very slowly the words penetrated to the consciousness of the man on the log. When he understood finally, he roused himself from his stupor, threw back his head and laughed.

"Oh, laugh, you tramp!" exclaimed the giant, half good-naturedly, half contemptuously. "Maybe the idea of working for a living amuses you. But we need men bad at the shingle mill up the road, and if you really want work, here's your chance."

"My chance!" echoed the man on the log, and smiled for the last time.

## Oldest University

Harvard is the oldest university under the American flag, according to the United States bureau of education. It was established in 1638. Yale, established in 1701, is the second oldest university on American soil. Oahu college, at Honolulu, Hawaii, is the oldest college in the outlying possessions and territories of the United States. It was established by missionaries in 1841. The University of the Philippines at Manila was established in 1908. The University of Porto Rico, at Rio Piedras, was established in 1903. There are no universities in Alaska or other possessions such as the Virgin Islands.

## Hard to Explain

I had been trying on dresses in a shop. I went back to the dressing room to change into my street clothes. Several dresses that I had tried on were hanging or lying on the back of a chair underneath my dress. I was in a hurry and, of course, did not glance in the mirror as I went out.

As I was about to get in the elevator a clerk came to me and asked me if I knew I had one of their expensive dresses trailing out from underneath my coat. Imagine my embarrassment and my efforts to explain the matter! —Buffalo Express.

## Potato's Importance

The potato is one of the many valuable gifts of America to the world. Most histories, busy chronicling wars and elections and perhaps inventions, fail to emphasize the introduction of the potato from America to Europe, or else mention it quite incidentally. Economists and sociologists, however, could make a good case for the potato as the New world product which has most deeply affected life in the old world.

## Sheridan Refused Gift

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the British dramatist who wrote "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal," was in parliament during the American Revolution and took the part of the colonies. The American congress voted him a gift of \$20,000 in gratitude for his services in pleading the cause of America, but he gracefully refused to accept the offer.

## TELLS OF WHIPPING IDOL OF PRIZE RING

### Principal Got More Than Decision Over John "L."

At the end of the school term, in June, 1870, the school authorities informed Sullivan senior, father of John L. Sullivan, that, incredible as it might seem, they would struggle along thereafter without the presence of his son on the roster.

"Jawn," said his mother, grimly, "ye are too young to go to Boston college, where the brothers will mend yer manners. But meantime ye shall go to the Dwight Grammar school in Springfield street, where Professor Page will cure ye iv yer indudent misbehavior."

Prof. James A. Page was the first man to whip John L. Sullivan! To the end of his long and useful life—he died in 1917, at the age of ninety-two—Professor Page liked to tell of the few incidents he remembered in connection with his famous pupil. He sent the new student to his room and told his teacher to fasten a wary eye on him. The first thing she saw, an hour later, was a note being passed from desk to desk. She captured it and read:

"My name is John L. Sullivan. I whipped every boy at the Concord primary, and I can whip every kid in this room. I'm going to do it, too. Read this and pass it on."

In less than a month young Sullivan had made good. His recesses consisted of one combat after another. His progress after school was a series of fights that strung out for the full half-mile home. He even went to his classes a half-hour before the bell rang, charming his mother by such industry. Alas! It was only to have more time to hunt boys he had not yet whipped!

Professor Page recalled that his reports showed John was fairly interested in arithmetic and English; soon losing the brogue he was saturated with at home, but was hopeless in geography.

One day, in answer to a question as to their whereabouts, he told his teacher that the Rocky mountains were in Maine. A shout of derision followed, and John punched the nearest boy on the nose. Into the free-for-all that followed the teacher plunged, emerging with a firm clutch on Sullivan's collar. She sent him to the principal with a note. Page returned with him, and in front of the pupils gave the future champion a sound beating with a two-foot ruler.—Joe Dorney and Sid Sutherland in Liberty.

## Waiters Lose "Perks"

It is not necessary to preach economy in England, where taxes are at a maximum. One after another old wasteful customs—some of which have helped provide a living for the needy—are disappearing under the watchful eye of the efficiency expert. Among these are the "perks" (perquisites) of the porters and waiters in hotels. It used to be a porter's "perk" to collect all the old newspapers left lying around by guests and sell them for what they would bring. Those days are gone. Old papers, in most London hotels, must now be handed over to the management and kept for sale in bulk for the benefit of the house. It is the same way with corks—a waiter's "perk." These have become too valuable to be donated to employees. Ordinary corks sell for as much as 3 pence (6 cents) apiece; champagne corks bringing as high as 8 pence.

## The Correspondent

John McCormack, the famous singer, receives a great many letters from aspirants to musical fame.

At a dinner in New York Mr. McCormack read a letter that had been sent to him under the erroneous impression that he taught voice production. The letter, dated from the Middle West, ran:

"Friend John—Please let me know your lowest rates for full correspondence course in voice production. I have no voice, but as the efficiency engineer business is not what it was represented to me by the International Efficiency School of Correspondence, I desire to abandon same in favor of grand opera, and if you can produce me a fine tenor voice I will be glad to pay, in addition to regular charges, a cash bonus and a generous percentage of salary receipts for a term of years. Answer by return."

## It Comes High

Percival S. Hill, the tobacco magnate, subscribed for \$10,000,000 of the German loan. Of course, he would not have done this if he had not been thoroughly conversant with European affairs. At a luncheon in New York the other day he was talking about David Lloyd George, once the most prominent and popular man in the world, now a negligible member of a negligible party.

"Envy wiped Lloyd George out," he said. "His case is like that of the pretty girl."

"What makes Phoebe so disliked?" one young matron asked another.

"Why, didn't you hear," said the other young matron, "Phoebe got the most votes at the church social for being the most popular girl."

## Word to the Wise

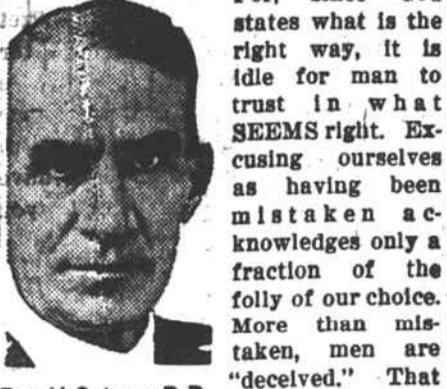
"I am in debt to the department of street railways to the extent of several hundred dollars," said the north side business man. "I am not usually afflicted with lapses of memory, but when I happened to meet a friend in the bank the other day, I stopped to talk a moment and then went on—leaving behind my bag containing the change I had obtained for Saturday. I boarded a Woodward avenue car and the first thing that caught my eye was the sign at the end of the car where the destination, or name of the line usually appears. This said in red letters, 'Stop! Turn Back!'—a notice to the conductor to rewind the linen strip. In a flash came the picture of my bag beneath the desk at the bank. Believe me, I turned back. The bag was there—untouched."—Detroit News.

## A Way to the Ways

By REV. H. OSTROM, D. D.  
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"TEXT—There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Prov. 14:12.

Let us place our feet against that word "SEEMETH" the word "READETH."



Rev. H. Ostrom, D.D.

For, since God states what is the right way, it is idle for man to trust in what SEEMS right. Excusing ourselves as having been mistaken, we acknowledge only a fraction of the folly of our choice. More than mistaken, men are "deceived." That is why the wrong way seems right.

"An enemy hath done this." With the sign boards all along the way to give accurate warning it is sin to trust to "seeming!" But substitute "readeth" for "seemeth." "How readest thou?" "What saith the Scriptures?" In science what distress and woes would men escape if they humbly observe what God says in His Word! The science of faith would then take the place of the dream of seeming. There is indeed the "science of faith," for the word "science" is derived from SCIO meaning, "I know."

But there comes an end to the choice of ways based upon man's seeming. The dream becomes interrupted and the reality is found out. At the end of the seemed-right-way are "the ways of death." And thus, what was a way eventuates into ways. Now death in the Bible is plainly defined. It never means annihilation, it does mean separation. If it speaks of physical death it means separation of the spirit from the body and if it speaks of spiritual death it means separation of man from God.

The man in whose body are the seeds of physical death, has in his soul that which produces neglect, disobedience, hardness, darkness and doubt. All this man carries with him here. Little wonder that the outcome is stated as a variety—"the ways of death."

And surely it is but reasonable to inquire to what destination does the road we travel lead? What a mistake we make, if, as we journey, we soothe our consciences with a mock simplicity only to find later that it all leads to terrible complexity.

Death in sin leads later to death for sin. That death means the very opposite of simplicity.

It means penury. When Jesus told of the man who had come to it He described him as too poor to afford a drop of water. Although the man had owned property and lived in luxury when he was content with the "SEEMING" way of life, he had now come to experience the reality of one of the ways of death. He found it to be abject poverty.

It means guilt. In all the Bible God never leaves an uncertain note as to His righteous program with man, here or hereafter, and, therefore, the Bible never tells of a guiltless person suffering judgment. While our "seeming" may allow us to lightly estimate our responsibility and pass on carelessly through the dreary days, and while we lull ourselves with theories of brotherliness and kindness, the guilt remains. Man must be godly. He must be at peace with God. He cannot plead fairness with his fellows while ignoring God Almighty. Falling at this point, his path issues into enduring guilt.

It means despair. And that is not easy for a man to picture, particularly if he is well fed and clothed and housed. Is this the reason why the Bible in describing this awful state so often uses the word DEATH? There is in it such a measure of the unescapable. It is a word of such import of relentlessness.

It means destruction. And O, the ways of death are more numerous than all these! But such words as those which we have employed are among the many that describe "the ways of death." They never mean annihilation. If we trace their use throughout the Bible we see that they are used to describe conscious men. Destruction, for instance, is employed as a word to describe the disobedient people of Israel while God is yet calling them to receive his help.

"Awake thou that sleepest" is the word of mercy which comes to us in our delusive "seeming." And like the voice of thunder we hear the insistent call "O soul, cease 'seeming' and begin believing." Abandon the cheating dream and believe the WORD that Christ, who died for our sins, leads the way home.

## True Religion

Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books. Religion is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinance—these are necessary to religion—no man can be religious without them. But religion is mainly and chiefly the glorifying of God amid the duties and trials of the world; the guiding of our course amid adverse winds and currents of temptation by the sunlight of duty and the compass of divine truth, the bearing up manfully, wisely, courageously, for the honor of Christ, our great Leader in the conflict of life.—John Caird.

## The Worst Kind

The worst kind of religion is no religion at all, and these men living in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in the amusement of going without religion, may be thankful that they live in lands where the gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of man who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides like the monsters of the French revolution.—James Russell Lowell.

## The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Wear a smile on your face. Keep a laugh in your heart. Let your lips bubble over with song: 'Twill lighten your load As you travel life's road And help other sinners along.

### DISHES FOR TWO

For desserts of fruit and jello it is easy to divide a package of prepared gelatin, using just half the quantity of water and half of the gelatin. To make the lemon jelly use the following:

Lemon Jelly.—Soak three teaspoonfuls of gelatin in one-fourth of a cupful of cold water, add one cupful of boiling water, one-fourth cupful each of lemon juice and sugar.

Strain and pour into molds to harden. Coffee Cream.—Soak two teaspoonfuls of gelatin in one-fourth cupful of cold water. Scald one-half cupful of cream, add one-fourth cupful of strong coffee and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pour while hot over the gelatin, strain, and set away to mold.

Stewed Veal.—Prepare one cupful of peeled quartered potatoes, three-fourths cupful of small whole sweet-rooms, and one-half cupful of sweet green peppers cut into strips. Cut one and one-half pounds of veal from the shoulder into small pieces and flour with well-seasoned flour. Brown the vegetables and the veal in hot fat in an iron frying pan. Add salt to taste, paprika, celery salt, each one-eighth of a teaspoonful and one-half of a bay leaf. When well-browned and seasoned, add two cupfuls of boiling water, cover closely and simmer for two hours. Thicken with four tablespoonfuls of flour blended with two tablespoonfuls of milk, and cook 15 minutes.

Chesse Souffle.—Prepare a white sauce, using one tablespoonful of fat, the same of flour and one-half cupful of milk. When thick remove from the fire and add one-half cupful of finely chopped cheese, one egg yolk well-beaten and a dash of cayenne. Fold in the stiffly beaten white and turn into a buttered baking dish. Set in a pan of hot water and bake until firm.

Fish Balls.—Cook one cupful of diced potatoes and one-half cupful of flaked fish in boiling water to cover, drain very dry, add one teaspoonful of butter, one-half an egg and seasonings. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat.

### Summer Collations.

Patty shells and timbale cases when first used were pastry-filled with some sort of cream or custard, a sweet; now they are more often used as a savory and grace the most dainty luncheons as a meat dish.

The meat, fish or vegetable, whichever is used to form the principal ingredient for the filling, should be very finely chopped. A rich white sauce usually accompanies the meat mixture. Vegetables should be cooked, then rubbed through a sieve. Usually one-half cupful of vegetable is used to one cupful of meat. Some chefs prefer to pound the meat in a mortar, which makes it fine as paste. The white sauce is prepared by using one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour and four of butter; cook gently until smooth and thick. The butter is melted, then the flour added and well-mixed, then the milk added slowly. To season add salt, a few drops of onion juice, a dash of cayenne, a blade of mace, or a little tomato catsup for zest. There should be just enough white sauce to moisten the other materials; next fold in a beaten egg, one to each cupful of sauce.

The timbale molds used to hold the above mixtures are of tin, either scalloped or plain. Pour the mixture into the molds which have been well-buttered, set in a pan of paper surrounded with a little hot water. Bake until firm, turn out on a platter and garnish. Timbales may be either hot or cold.

Cream Dumplings.—Sift two cupfuls of pastry flour with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add enough thin cream to make a soft dough to drop from a spoon—about three-fourths of a cupful—sour cream with an eighth of a teaspoonful of soda stirred into it will give a most tasty flavor. Drop each dumpling on to pieces of meat to hold it up from the liquid and cover closely to steam. Cook about 12 minutes, depending upon the size of the dumplings. Dropped from a teaspoon, eight minutes is sufficient.

Ham Mayonnaise.—Cut the ham very fine, in distinct pieces; to each cupful add two tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise, mixing well. Soften a tablespoonful of granulated gelatin in three-quarters of a cupful of cold water—use this to two and one-half cupfuls of ham; place over boiling water until thoroughly melted. Season with salt and pepper and a few drops of tarragon vinegar. Cool almost to the congealing point, then add the ham with a few capers, olives cut into slices, or hard cooked egg whites cut into designs. Mix and serve on paper doily. Garnish with beet rings, olives or egg whites cut into forms.

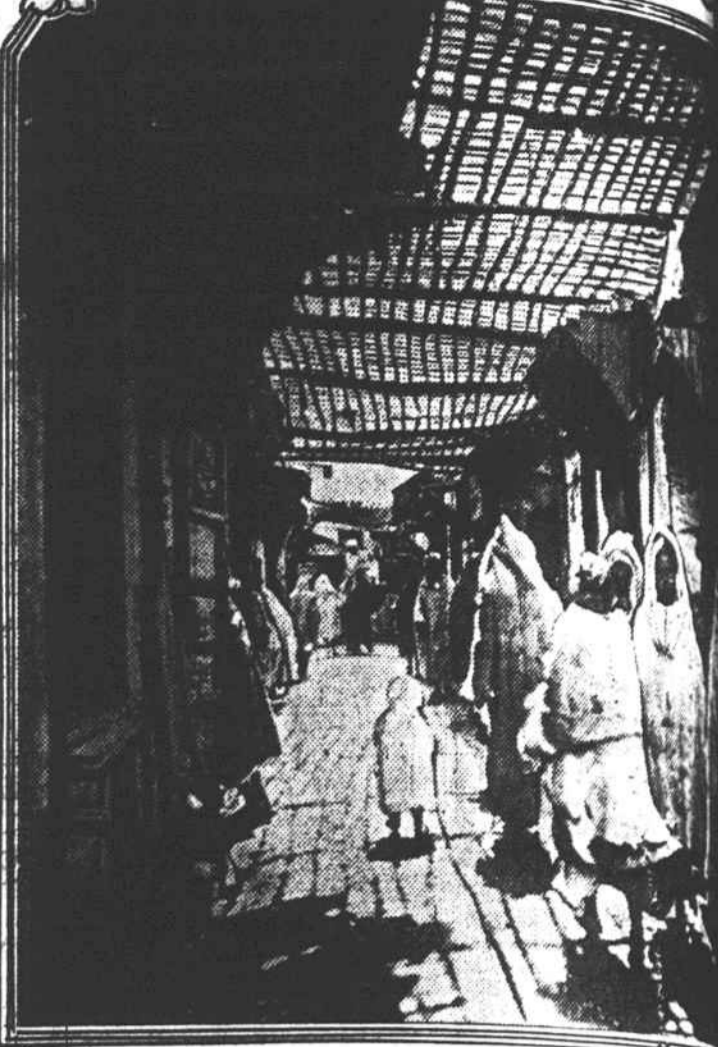
Nellie Maxwell

### Bologna Depression

There is a great depression in the bologna sausage industry, famous all over the world, at Bologna, and many business failures have been reported there. The war disrupted the sausage trade and its recovery was checked later by high import tariffs imposed by many nations.

Australian Women's Banks  
Australia has adopted the American plan of separate banks for women, which are staffed entirely by women.

# French Morocco



A Shaded Street in Fez.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.) It is not the Moors in general with whom the French and Spanish are having their troubles. Those fighting the two European countries are the Rifian highlanders—the Berber "hill billies" of the mountains along the northern edge of Morocco.

By far the greater part of the French sphere of influence in Morocco is under orderly government and has been the recipient of valuable development by the French: highways, railroads, port facilities, public buildings and irrigation works. But the northern fringe of this huge French zone, beginning some fifty miles north of Fez, is in reach of raids from the Rif mountains, ostensibly Spanish territory, but in reality controlled by the Rifian clansmen. It is in the region just south of the Spanish border that the French troops have been fighting the forces of the highlanders.

From Algeria, long virtually a part of France, the French have built a railway and highway paralleling the French-Moroccan and the Spanish-Moroccan boundary, passing through Fez, the greatest city and ancient capital of Morocco, and reaching the Atlantic at Rabat, the government headquarters of today. This route connects with the Algerian railway system at the border town of Ujda, forming a direct line between Rabat on the Atlantic and Oran, chief western Mediterranean port of Algeria, which has been dubbed that country's "Chicago."

Passing into the present turbulent zone of Morocco over this route from Oran, one finds himself crossing a newly conquered country. Between the border and Fez only a narrow gauge railway has been constructed so far and it is restricted to the use of the military; but civilian travelers can make use of an automobile line which traverses the highway. The road parallels the railway which brings the soldiers to the forts along the line. These little white forts, guarding highway and railroad, are placed at regular intervals, with larger garrisons between.

Between Rif and Berber. Some three miles to the north is the land of the rebellious Rif tribesmen; some 80 miles to the south are the remaining Berber tribesmen, not yet on good terms with the French; yet through this narrow lane, between enemy lines, the traveler could go in safety until recently.

It is not the type of wilderness one pictures, of sand dunes and mirage. This lies beyond the Atlas. Here are cacti and a scanty vegetation on which gaunt camels graze. These single-humped Arabian camels are not the "oldest residents" of Morocco. They followed the Arab invasion westward twelve centuries ago. Before their coming, the domesticated ass was the Berber's only beast of burden. Long years before the birth of the great camel driver who gave to the Moslem world its faith, long years before the Three Wise Men journeyed to Bethlehem, Berber farmers here drove their asses to market and Berber shepherds here tended their flocks.

One sees along the road natives chiefly of Berber stock, primitive people of the plateau. Most of these seen are poor shepherds, dressed in brown homespun robes, ragged and soiled. Although nominally Moslems, wearing the usual prescribed head-covering, their women are unveiled. The faces and ankles of these Berber women are tattooed. They are taller and leaner than their harem-bred sisters met in the cities where Moorish beauty runs to avoidpools.

The heads of the young shepherd boys are uncovered, showing a long strand of hair on the otherwise shaven head. By means of this strand, the gossip of the road has it, the faithful are jerked up to heaven.

Near the road are the homes of these shepherds—low black cloth tents of woven camels' hair surrounded by thorny brush walls. At night the sheep,

Glacier Bay  
Glacier bay, comprising square miles of Alaskan fjords, ests and mountains, is now the largest national monument.

## No Proof That Apple Was "Forbidden Fruit"

Who was it who first declared that the fruit of the forbidden tree mentioned in the Bible was an apple? asks London Answers.

It is almost needless to say that nowhere in the Scriptures does any statement of this sort occur, yet the idea that the forbidden fruit of Eden was an apple seems to have found countenance in former days among the learned Jews.

Horticulturists later on were equally susceptible to the prevailing notion that through the apple came the curse and to perpetuate the error made a specially fine variety "Eve's apple."

In parts of Palestine a tree growing producing fruit which is supposed by many people to be identical with that eaten by our first parents. This fruit presents a beautiful appearance to the eye, but it collapses in the hand on being touched. Doubtless the deceptive appearance of the "fruit" has caused it to be associated with the Bible story.

earing the very significant name of kadura, meaning "forbidden." This tree produces blossoms which emit a delicate and seductive perfume. Its fruits are beautifully colored and readily arrest attention, being a deep orange on the outside and a bright crimson within.

The ripe fruit, when examined, has the appearance of having a piece bitten out of it. This circumstance, together with the fact of its being poisonous, led the Mohammedans, on their first discovery of Ceylon, to look upon this as the forbidden fruit and to consider themselves in the garden of Eden.

Thus this apparently tempting fruit became to them an object of the greatest veneration and the peculiar identification in it was regarded as the impress of Eve's bite.

A liquid fire thrower is the only weapon being taken into the African jungle by Dr. W. B. Reid, student of gorilla life.