

"LILY WHITE LOVE" AND "KISS OF LIFE" MOCK HEART YEARNINGS OF PRETTY JUANITA MILLER

Poetess of Sierras, Worshiper of Cupid, Venus and St. Silence, Is "Dead" to Love as Prosaic Divorce Ends Moonlight Romance With Photographer

REALITY is always taking the joy out of life. The "bride of the clouds," sailing ethereally on the airship of her dreams, bumps unceremoniously against Mount Hard and Cold Facts.

Come, Juanita Miller, daughter of the late Joaquin Miller, "poet of the Sierras," and gets another divorce decree—her second within four years.

Her "lily white love," whom she married in the fall of the April moon dressed in burlap and eucalyptus leaves, turns out to be a lollapalusa with unpaid bills and a "husk."

The "kiss of life" which set the world agape in 1921 and which symbolically waked the poetess's daughter from the "sleep of death" which her luckless first marriage with John Reavis had plunged her into in 1919, will have to be kissed all over again.

For the young woman who worships "Cupid, Venus and St. Silence," who massages her soul as others massage their sagging cheeks, is "dead" once more so far as love is concerned. And her fiancé—the "lily white" who killed her, the "kiss of life" in the gear of another disillusionment. The skeleton dish of the family cow, heresore to the Miller family, mixed fire once again.

Cupid Found Not Guilty After Trial Marriage

And all this, says phraseology, translated into words of humidant existence, signifies merely that:

This last time Miss Juanita Miller obtained a decree of divorce from Juan Miller, alias John Reavis, traveling photographer, on the grounds of desertion and mental and physical cruelty.

That the couple were married in April, 1921, after the bride had obtained a decree of divorce from John Reavis, mining engineer, in March, 1919, on the grounds of desertion and mental and physical cruelty; this, following a "trial marriage" of much less than half a year.

Expressed so, the facts are neither startling nor unusual. Actually they tell a story that is vivid with weird, moonlight ceremony and wordier imaginings.

For Juanita Miller is a unique sort of person. She sings and she writes dainty gossamer verses. She is a chip of that old block which was her renowned and picturesque father. Many of her father's strange beliefs and independence abide with her.

Joaquin Miller was of the West's Whitman school. He romanced the world of streets and trolley cars and reclined himself on a California movie-tin-top back of Oakland. He called his but "The Heights," and there he communed with nature, clothing himself in the garments of the aboriginal Indians and his own amazing conceptions.

Pilgrimages were made to his shrine of beauty, but he lived modestly. The approach to his retreat was plastered with signs: "Home of the poet." The path gets narrow and so does the view. "Stop where you are! There's nothing at the top worth the trouble!" If any visitors did invade his apartment, he would gaze at them, as if he were looking at a new species of insect, and then he would go back to his work.

And his golden-haired, slipper daughter, Juanita, and sister of her own foot, she looked on with a certain scornful and disdainful smile and with the help of the sugar gods.

After the death of her father, she married an actor, and then a man who would have been a success in the stock market, but who was a failure in the stock market. She was married to a man who was a failure in the stock market, but who was a success in the stock market.

One day he read an old newspaper in which were printed Juanita's original ideas and her poems. Her beauty attracted Reavis, and he was sure that a woman who possessed in "Cupid, Venus and St. Silence" would be a success in the stock market.

that of the old family cow which gave Juanita her milk when she was a baby. It is a black-churn, and hangs from the ceiling by a chain of iron links. The white moon rose, and slowly moved across the vast sky. It moved one foot, and still the lips clung together. It moved two feet, and the lips remained unparted. It moved three feet—four feet—five feet—

Roaring Snapshooter Now Besieged Her Heart

And the new moon eventually came, in the form of John Reavis, traveling photographer, who was making pictures of the Rockies. He came upon Juanita's charming cabin, and he continued to the full moon.

The moon moved six feet—seven feet—eight feet across the great jeweled bowl of the heavens, and the lips still clung.

Had the bride fainted? She gave no sign of life. And the young man in that ridiculous costume! Had he been struck solid like Lou's poor wife? Suddenly, however, the beautiful "dead" sprang up. She surprised even her husband. She almost bowled him over. She did tear away much of the bedflowered hair. For an instant the lips were parted. Then Juanita, with a gesture of infinite joy, flung her arms about the neck of her "lily-white" and fastened her lips on his again.

The moon moved nine—but what's the use? In the end Juanita found herself "alive" again. According to their convictions, the kiss of life had solemnized their marriage as no priest or justice of the peace could. But there was much more to this unanny ceremony.

The bride exchanged her burlap bag dress and covered her bare legs in a long, shimmering costume of an Indian Princess, and her red-haired lover put on his flaming locks the feathered plumes of a mighty chieftain. Hand-and-hand they walked away, carrying between them the grinning skull of the sacred family cow.

They walked slowly to the foot of the stone altar erected by the bride's father years before to an unknown god. Here several goats were sacrificed, without the knowledge of the S. P. C. A. The flesh of the goats was barbecued, and together with cakes made by the bride's own fair hands, comprised the wedding supper, to which all spectators had been invited.

Donned Modern Garb for Part of Ceremony

Here again the bride changed her dress for that of a twentieth century fashion-model. Jewels glittered at her white neck, orange blossoms peeped from her hair, on her fingers shone the huge pearl which plighted "the truth which crowned her" with what she called, "the white lilies of the answered prayer." The groom went back to flannels.

And the next day, they broke fast on plain ham and eggs. And within a

shocked, irritated, pleased. They maintained a sullen, indignant silence, they laughed, they snickered, they whispered hysterically.

She sits alone now, on the top of her hill. Juana, the family horse, had to be sold, because Juan didn't provide. Juana, the family goat, had to be sold, because Juan didn't provide. In despair, the luckless bride of the clouds sits, with her bare feet firmly planted on solid earth, eating the indigo popples that lull despair—or smelling them, or whatever it is necessary to do with them.

"I can only live in memory," she sighs. "My disillusion," she sobs, and she thinks long and silently about her disillusion. "In the mornings I would go into the garden and sound the low call, and at night I would mimic the love-cooing of the dove, but Juan only worried. He was cold—so cold."

Juanita Is Queer, But Then So Was Her Dad

And there's little doubt that the bride of the clouds will return to the gods and the muses of her strange father again. And he was a strange old her. Clara Spalding Brown visited him with two other ladies in the early nineties and she wrote:

"Fancy a muscular form of good height, a full and florid face, with strong features and keen blue eyes, long yellow hair and a grizzled beard. Upon his head was a gray slouch hat, and in his hand he carried a spray of roses."

"Striding up to me, as I sat in the front of the carriage, he thrust the roses under my nose and imperiously commanded me to smell them. I turned to pass them to the occupants of the back seat, but quicker than I can write it, the flowers were snatched out of my hand and fiercely torn to pieces, while first one and then another of the party was pelted with the petals."

"Toll!" he exclaimed, as he assisted us to alight, adding "I are we had decided just what he meant by the ejaculation. Waving us through a little gate, and over a footwalk crossing the ravine in front of the house, he followed us, crying 'Shoo, shoo!'"

"As if we were a flock of hens," protested one of us.

"That's what you are," he asserted, and led us along a broad, graded path bordered on each side with roses.

"Would you like to see my fountain?" he queried. Of course, we assented, and were shown into a little room at the end of one of the buildings. I stopped to observe the ex-scholarship, commonly termed California poppies, blooming on each side of the doorstep, and made some remark about them. Taking me by the shoulder he pushed me inside and made me to sit down and keep quiet.

"We found ourselves in a room about eight feet square containing a table, a lounge, and a chair, evidently his study. Three cords, such as are used for electrical purposes, were suspended from a taffer, an other's tail and a piece of coyote skin hanging from the same hook. At the ends of the cords were clusters of black talons."

Poet's Voice Was Loud If Not Entirely Musical

"Following us quickly into the room our host shut the door, pulled down the window shades, drew the portiere leading into another room, and began to yell an Indian song at the top of his voice. We were prepared for eccentricities, but this situation was rather startling. Had the man taken leave of his senses? Another wild intonation, accompanied by stamping of the feet, and then he asked us if we would like to have it rain, adding that he thought he could produce it, but was not sure.

"Thrusting one of the cords into my hand, another into Mrs. Powell's and taking the third himself, he ordered us to hold on but not to pull, and to keep our eyes turned away from the corner where he stood. 'Who looks this way, die,' he said."

"Humoring him, we remained quiet while the shouting and stamping continued, until the sound of raindrops was plainly heard pattering on the roof. It increased and soon we saw, as well as heard the raindrops; for after the door had been opened and the curtains drawn up, we beheld a refreshing shower falling all about the house, until the parched earth was well moistened."

"God couldn't do better than that," said this strange irreverent genius, and then we turned our eyes away again, while, aided by the weird aboriginal cry, the shower came to a sudden end."

"With a father like that, one can expect Juanita to do anything, now that she is 'dead,' to love again."

She is wearing a "separation gown," trimmed with her favorite eucalyptus leaves, and she works various symbolic rites denoting that she has passed into a life of death again.

But the light of faith still burns. It was put out while the court debated her divorce. Now that the divorce is granted, however, it is once more burning. And the "slumbering" beauty of the moon is waiting for another kiss of life that will wake her again when the April moon is full.

And it's well worth waiting for.



Juanita Miller and her "lily white" love in weird dance following her still more weird wedding. Her bridal gown was an abbreviated bit of burlap.



Ministering to the family goat, Juanita is shown in one of her favorite Indian costumes.



In addition to writing poetry Juanita also did spasmodic sketching. She is shown here on a rather precarious perch.

Novel Lover Who Waited for "Soul Mate" Must Sing Again to the Stars

shocked, irritated, pleased. They maintained a sullen, indignant silence, they laughed, they snickered, they whispered hysterically.

The moon moved six feet—seven feet—eight feet across the great jeweled bowl of the heavens, and the lips still clung.

Had the bride fainted? She gave no sign of life. And the young man in that ridiculous costume! Had he been struck solid like Lou's poor wife? Suddenly, however, the beautiful "dead" sprang up. She surprised even her husband. She almost bowled him over. She did tear away much of the bedflowered hair. For an instant the lips were parted. Then Juanita, with a gesture of infinite joy, flung her arms about the neck of her "lily-white" and fastened her lips on his again.

The moon moved nine—but what's the use? In the end Juanita found herself "alive" again. According to their convictions, the kiss of life had solemnized their marriage as no priest or justice of the peace could. But there was much more to this unanny ceremony.

The bride exchanged her burlap bag dress and covered her bare legs in a long, shimmering costume of an Indian Princess, and her red-haired lover put on his flaming locks the feathered plumes of a mighty chieftain. Hand-and-hand they walked away, carrying between them the grinning skull of the sacred family cow.

They walked slowly to the foot of the stone altar erected by the bride's father years before to an unknown god. Here several goats were sacrificed, without the knowledge of the S. P. C. A. The flesh of the goats was barbecued, and together with cakes made by the bride's own fair hands, comprised the wedding supper, to which all spectators had been invited.

Donned Modern Garb for Part of Ceremony

Here again the bride changed her dress for that of a twentieth century fashion-model. Jewels glittered at her white neck, orange blossoms peeped from her hair, on her fingers shone the huge pearl which plighted "the truth which crowned her" with what she called, "the white lilies of the answered prayer." The groom went back to flannels.

And the next day, they broke fast on plain ham and eggs. And within a

shocked, irritated, pleased. They maintained a sullen, indignant silence, they laughed, they snickered, they whispered hysterically.

She sits alone now, on the top of her hill. Juana, the family horse, had to be sold, because Juan didn't provide. Juana, the family goat, had to be sold, because Juan didn't provide. In despair, the luckless bride of the clouds sits, with her bare feet firmly planted on solid earth, eating the indigo popples that lull despair—or smelling them, or whatever it is necessary to do with them.

"I can only live in memory," she sighs. "My disillusion," she sobs, and she thinks long and silently about her disillusion. "In the mornings I would go into the garden and sound the low call, and at night I would mimic the love-cooing of the dove, but Juan only worried. He was cold—so cold."

Juanita Is Queer, But Then So Was Her Dad

And there's little doubt that the bride of the clouds will return to the gods and the muses of her strange father again. And he was a strange old her. Clara Spalding Brown visited him with two other ladies in the early nineties and she wrote:

"Fancy a muscular form of good height, a full and florid face, with strong features and keen blue eyes, long yellow hair and a grizzled beard. Upon his head was a gray slouch hat, and in his hand he carried a spray of roses."

"Striding up to me, as I sat in the front of the carriage, he thrust the roses under my nose and imperiously commanded me to smell them. I turned to pass them to the occupants of the back seat, but quicker than I can write it, the flowers were snatched out of my hand and fiercely torn to pieces, while first one and then another of the party was pelted with the petals."

"Toll!" he exclaimed, as he assisted us to alight, adding "I are we had decided just what he meant by the ejaculation. Waving us through a little gate, and over a footwalk crossing the ravine in front of the house, he followed us, crying 'Shoo, shoo!'"

"As if we were a flock of hens," protested one of us.