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- Establishment of CreateSpace and Kindle accounts in your name: \$100.

#### Contact Information

Email us for a free consultation: [katie@facetedpress.com](mailto:katie@facetedpress.com)  
Visit [FacetedPress.com/book-layout/](http://FacetedPress.com/book-layout/) for additional  
information and layout samples.



# Book Layout & Design Service

## Details and Requirements

### How it Works:

1. Provide us with your final manuscript along with a summary of the theme and audience.
2. Consult with designer on size and style. Utilize the included samples for layout and font ideas.
3. Complete checklist of necessary and wanted items.
4. We layout your book using your input and our style guides.
5. Receive first proof. (Proofs are digital. Comments and changes are supplied by you utilizing Adobe Acrobat's "commenting" tool. Instructions for use are available free of charge.)
6. We will update the interior and send it back to you.
7. After all changes have been made, you will receive a final pdf copy to send to your printing company.

### Other Information:

- Your manuscript will remain confidential during the production process.
- We will want to use samples of your book for our marketing. If you don't want us to use your book, please let us know.

### Deposits and Payment:

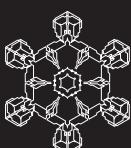
- A deposit of half of the estimated cost is required before the work can proceed. Payment of the deposit represents your acceptance of our estimate.
- Author-requested revisions will be charged at \$60 per hour after the first two hours have been exhausted. These are the changes you make to your manuscript after you have submitted it to us or changes to the layout after you have agreed on the design. If a new manuscript is submitted after the "final" manuscript, a \$60 per hour fee will be automatically charged to replace the text that had already been formatted. The best way to avoid these charges will be to make sure your manuscript is final and has been carefully proofread.
- Billing and payments are through PayPal. Other payment accommodations may be considered.
- You will be billed the final payment when you accept the final proof.
- Final payment must be received before printing files are sent to you.

### Manuscript Formats:

- Letter sized, 12-point font, one-inch margins, double-spaced.
- Microsoft Word for Mac 2011 or earlier or Microsoft Word for Windows, or plain text files.

### Files and Ownership:

- Unless you specify otherwise, we will include a small notice on your copyright page that reads: design by Faceted Press ([FacetedPress.com/book-layout/](http://FacetedPress.com/book-layout/)).
- Upon request within 30 days of the completion of your project and payment of final invoice, we will be happy to send you the InDesign file for your book. Fonts that are commercially licensed (ones that we have purchased the rights to use) will not be included with the files. We will let you know where you may buy them.

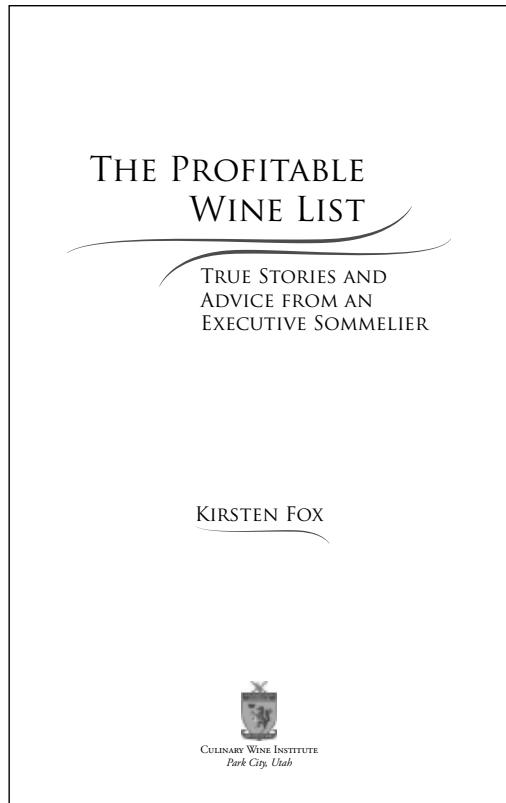


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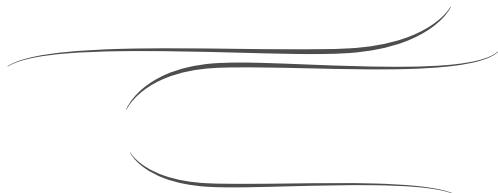
# CLASSIC TEMPLATE - SWOOP FLOURISHES



**Header Fonts:**  
TRAJAN PRO IS THE FONT USED IN THIS SAMPLE.

**Body Fonts:**  
Adobe Garamond Pro is the font used in this sample.

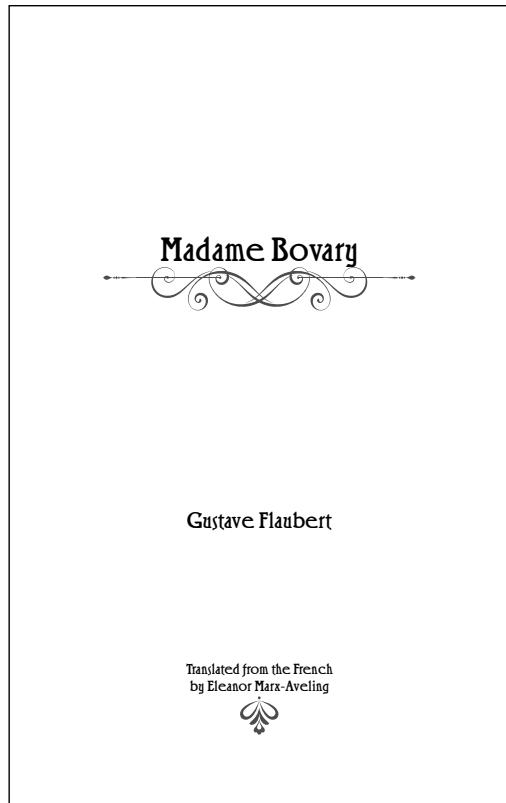
## Swoop Flourishes:



<p><b>STRATEGY</b></p> <p>CHAPTER ONE</p> <p><i>At our meeting each week for Southern Wine &amp; Spirits, we review the new liquor licensees in the area. Once I was assigned to visit a new restaurant in my territory. I put it on my calendar for the next day.</i></p> <p><i>I arrived to a great location in a stand-alone building, right next to a very busy road. It was packed with customers, especially given that it was late for lunch. The restaurant offered burgers, steaks, a great kids' menu and other casual options. I met the bar manager, Tony, a cool guy with tats and a goatee, and asked about how I could help them with wine suggestions, server training, etc.</i></p> <p><i>Tony said they didn't have a wine list yet, and in fact, they had experienced guests leaving from their tables when they found out that the restaurant didn't have one. He had gone to the liquor store and grabbed what was on sale so they could have something when someone asked.</i></p> <p><i>"Glad you came around," he continued. "Not sure how we were going to figure out what should go on our list."</i></p> <p>Wine lists are at their very core marketing tools for your restaurant. And just like menus, fliers, ads, signage, sandwich boards and other marketing tools can help</p>	<p><b>WINE LIST CREATION</b></p> <p>you and your customers positioning your restaurant as you want to be seen.</p> <p>At the very least, having a list of wines available at your restaurant will satisfy customers who like to drink it with their food. Having a nicely printed list allows your greeter or hostess to present the menu and wine list so the customers have a moment to take in where they are and what food and drink is awaiting them.</p> <p>As I look to start a new list, basics that I cover are the following:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• What is the theme of the restaurant?</li><li>• Are there wines that, based on the theme, have to be included?</li><li>• Is there a sparkling wine needed?</li><li>• Are all the weight or body styles of wine covered? Ie: light-bodied white, medium-bodied white and heavy-bodied white. Same with the reds.</li><li>• Are there special foods or types of food that need special wines for pairing? For example, spicy foods require chilled whites, preferably slightly off-dry as the coolness and the slight sweetness help alleviate the spicy burn.</li><li>• Is a dessert wine needed?</li><li>• How much storage does the restaurant have for whites, reds and inventory?</li></ul> <p>If I am working with a restaurant that has a good amount of storage space, I suggest the following wines, at a minimum, to start their list:</p>	<p><b>STRATEGY</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Sparkling wine – Usually a Spanish Cava is a good starter sparkler to offer as they are available for a reasonable price.</li><li>• Light-bodied white – Pinot Grigio</li><li>• Medium-bodied white – Sauvignon Blanc, often I will recommend one from California, not New Zealand, because some people are not fond of the grassy/herbal aromas from Sauv Blanc from that region.</li><li>• Heavy-bodied white – California or Australian Chardonnay</li><li>• Light-bodied red – Pinot Noir or Sangiovese/Chianti</li><li>• Medium-bodied red – Malbec, Merlot or Zinfandel</li><li>• Heavy-bodied red – Cabernet Sauvignon</li><li>• If you offer spicy foods of any kind, I would suggest an off-dry Riesling or a white blend.</li><li>• If your restaurant is located in a part of the country where people like sweet wines, I would have a White Zinfandel on the list.</li><li>• If you would like to offer a sweet, dessert wine, my suggestion is a Ruby or Tawny Port, as you can open a bottle of non-vintage Port and it will last many weeks recorked in the refrigerator.</li></ul> <p>Following these basics, the theme of your restaurant should dictate other types of wine to include. (See the next chapter.)</p>
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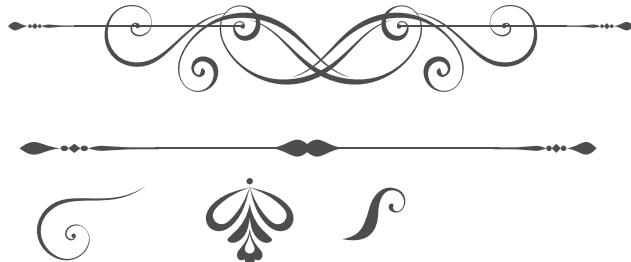
# Classic Template - Swirl Flourishes-2



Header Fonts:  
Roskell is the font used in this sample.

Body Fonts:  
Bodini is the font used in this sample.

Swirl-2 Flourishes:



**Chapter One**

W<sup>w</sup>ere in class when the head-master came in, followed by a "new fellow," not wearing the school uniform, and a school servant carrying a large desk. Those who had been asleep woke up, and every one rose as if just surprised at his work.

The head-master made a sign to us to sit down. Then, turning to the class-master, he said to him in a low voice, "Monsieur Roger, here is a pupil whom I recommend to your care; he'll be in the second. If his work and conduct are satisfactory, he will go into one of the upper classes, as becomes his age."

The "new fellow," standing in the corner behind the door so that he could hardly be seen, was a country lad of about fifteen, and taller than any of us. His hair was cut square on his forehead like a village chorister's; he looked reliable, but very ill at ease. Although he was not broad-shouldered, his short school jacket of green cloth with black buttons must have been tight about the arm-holes, and showed at the opening of the cuffs red wrists accustomed to being bare. His legs, in blue stockings, looked out from beneath yellow trousers,

drawn tight by braces. He wore stout, ill-cleaned, hob-nailed boots.

We began repeating the lesson. He listened with all his ears, as attentive as if at a sermon, not daring even to cross his legs or lean on his elbow; and when at two o'clock the bell rang, the master was obliged to tell him to fall into line with the rest of us.

When we came back to work, we were in the habit of throwing our caps on the ground so as to have our hands more free; we used from the door to toss them under the form, so that they hit against the wall and made a lot of dust: it was "the thing."

But, whether he had not noticed the trick, or did not dare to attempt it, the "new fellow," was still holding his cap on his knees even after prayers were over. It was one of those head-gears of composite order, in which we can find traces of the bearskin, shako, billycock hat, sealskin cap, and cotton night-cap; one of those poor things, in fine, whose dumb ugliness has depths of expression, like an imbecile's face. Oval, stiffened with whalebone, it began with three round knobs; then came in succession lozenges of velvet and rabbit-skin separated by a red band; after that a sort of bag that ended in a cardboard polygon covered with complicated braiding, from which hung, at the end of a long thin cord, small twisted gold threads in the manner of a tassel. The cap was new; its peak shone.

"Rise," said the master.

Madame Bovary

Gustave Flaubert

He stood up; his cap fell. The whole class began to laugh. He stooped to pick it up. A neighbor knocked it down again with his elbow; he picked it up once more.

"Get rid of your helmet," said the master, who was a bit of a wag.

There was a burst of laughter from the boys, which so thoroughly put the poor lad out of countenance that he did not know whether to keep his cap in his hand, leave it on the ground, or put it on his head. He sat down again and placed it on his knee.

"Rise," repeated the master, "and tell me your name."

The new boy articulated in a stammering voice an unintelligible name.

"Again!"

The same sputtering of syllables was heard, drowned by the tittering of the class.

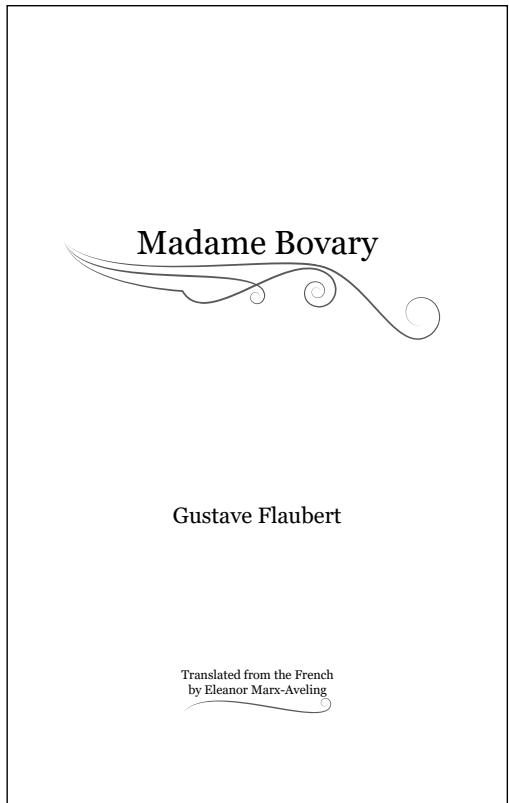
"Louder!" cried the master; "louder!"

The "new fellow" then took a supreme resolution, opened an inordinately large mouth, and shouted at the top of his voice as if calling someone in the word "Charbovari."

A hubbub broke out, rose in crescendo with bursts of shrill voices (they yelled, barked, stamped, repeated "Charbovari! Charbovari"), then died away into single notes, growing quieter only with great difficulty, and now and again suddenly recommencing along the line of a form whence rose here and there, like a damp cracker going off, a stifled laugh.



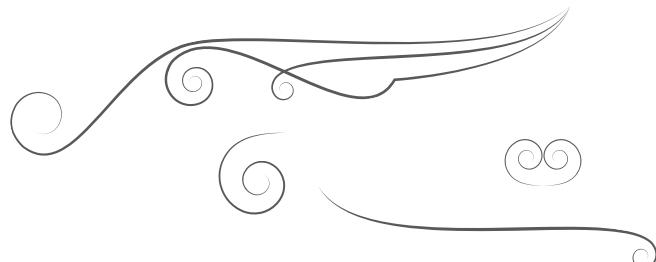
# Classic Template - Swirl Flourishes



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Body Fonts:  
Georgia is the font used in this sample.

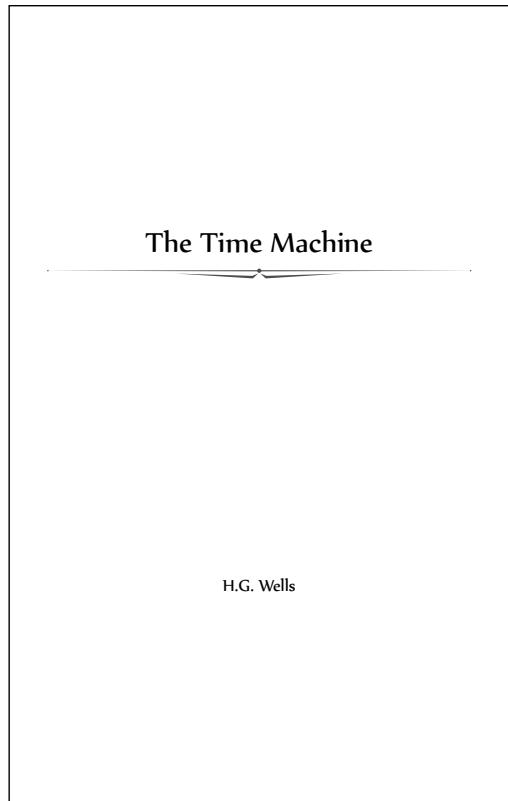
## Swirl Flourishes:



<p>Chapter One</p> <p>We were in class when the head-master came in, followed by a "new fellow," not wearing the school uniform, and a school servant carrying a large desk. Those who had been asleep woke up, and every one rose as if just surprised at his work.</p> <p>The head-master made a sign to us to sit down. Then, turning to the class-master, he said to him in a low voice, "Monsieur Roger, here is a pupil whom I recommend to your care; he'll be in the second. If his work and conduct are satisfactory, he will go into one of the upper classes, as becomes his age."</p> <p>The "new fellow," standing in the corner behind the door so that he could hardly be seen, was a country lad of about fifteen, and taller than any of us. His hair was cut square on his forehead like a village chorister's; he looked reliable, but very ill at ease. Although he was not broad-shouldered, his short school jacket of green cloth with black buttons must have been tight about the arm-holes, and showed at the opening of the cuffs red wrists accustomed to being bare. His legs, in blue stockings, looked out from beneath yellow trousers, drawn tight by braces. He wore stout, ill-cleaned, hob-nailed boots.</p>	<p>Madame Bovary</p> <p>We began repeating the lesson. He listened with all his ears, as attentive as if at a sermon, not daring even to cross his legs or lean on his elbow; and when at two o'clock the bell rang, the master was obliged to tell him to fall into line with the rest of us.</p> <p>When we came back to work, we were in the habit of throwing our caps on the ground so as to have our hands more free; we used from the door to toss them under the form, so that they hit against the wall and made a lot of dust: it was "the thing."</p> <p>But, whether he had not noticed the trick, or did not dare to attempt it, the "new fellow," was still holding his cap on his knees even after prayers were over. It was one of those head-gears of composite order, in which we can find traces of the bearskin, shako, billycock hat, sealskin cap, and cotton night-cap; one of those poor things, in fine, whose dumb ugliness has depths of expression, like an imbecile's face. Oval, stiffened with whalebone, it began with three round knobs; then came in succession lozenges of velvet and rabbit-skin separated by a red band; after that a sort of bag that ended in a cardboard polygon covered with complicated braiding, from which hung, at the end of a long thin cord, small twisted gold threads in the manner of a tassel. The cap was new; its peak shone.</p> <p>"Rise," said the master.</p> <p>He stood up; his cap fell. The whole class began to laugh. He stooped to pick it up. A neighbor knocked it down again with his elbow; he picked it up once more.</p>	<p>Gustave Flaubert</p> <p>"Get rid of your helmet," said the master, who was a bit of a wag.</p> <p>There was a burst of laughter from the boys, which so thoroughly put the poor lad out of countenance that he did not know whether to keep his cap in his hand, leave it on the ground, or put it on his head. He sat down again and placed it on his knee.</p> <p>"Rise," repeated the master, "and tell me your name."</p> <p>The new boy articulated in a stammering voice an unintelligible name.</p> <p>"Again!"</p> <p>The same sputtering of syllables was heard, drowned by the tittering of the class.</p> <p>"Louder!" cried the master; "louder!"</p> <p>The "new fellow" then took a supreme resolution, opened an inordinately large mouth, and shouted at the top of his voice as if calling someone in the word "Charbovari."</p> <p>A hubbub broke out, rose in crescendo with bursts of shrill voices (they yelled, barked, stamped, repeated "Charbovari! Charbovari"), then died away into single notes, growing quieter only with great difficulty, and now and again suddenly recommencing along the line of a form whence rose here and there, like a damp cracker going off, a stifled laugh.</p>
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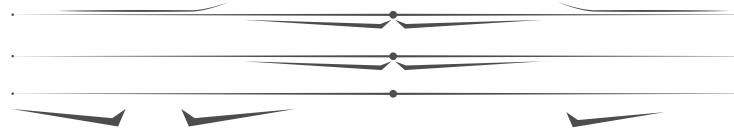
# Classic Template - Simple Line Flourishes



Header Fonts:  
Poor Richard is the font used in this sample.

Body Fonts:  
Minion Pro is the font used in this sample.

## Simple Line Flourishes:



— I —

The Time Traveller (for so it will be convenient to speak of him) was expounding a recondite matter to us. His grey eyes shone and twinkled, and his usually pale face was flushed and animated. The fire burned brightly, and the soft radiance of the incandescent lights in the lilies of silver caught the bubbles that flashed and passed in our glasses. Our chairs, being his patents, embraced and caressed us rather than submitted to be sat upon, and there was that luxurious after-dinner atmosphere when thought roams gracefully free of the trammels of precision. And he put it to us in this way—marking the points with a lean forefinger—as we sat and lazily admired his earnestness over this new paradox (as we thought it) and his fecundity.

You must follow me carefully. I shall have to controvert one or two ideas that are almost universally accepted. The geometry, for instance, they taught you at school is founded on a misconception.

'Is not that rather a large thing to expect us to begin upon?' said Filby, an argumentative person with red hair.

I do not mean to ask you to accept anything without reasonable ground for it. You will soon admit as much as I need from you. You know of course that a mathematical line, a line of thickness nil, has no real existence. They taught you that? Neither has a mathematical plane. These things are mere abstractions.'

'That is all right,' said the Psychologist.

The Time Machine

'Nor, having only length, breadth, and thickness, can a cube have a real existence.'

'There I object,' said Filby. 'Of course a solid body may exist. All real things—'

'So most people think. But wait a moment. Can an instantaneous cube exist?'

'Don't follow you,' said Filby.

'Can a cube that does not last for any time at all, have a real existence?'

Filby became pensive. 'Clearly,' the Time Traveller proceeded, 'any real body must have extension in four directions: it must have Length, Breadth, Thickness, and—Duration. But through a natural infirmity of the flesh, which I will explain to you in a moment, we incline to overlook this fact. There are really four dimensions, three which we call the three planes of Space, and a fourth, Time. There is, however, a tendency to draw an unreal distinction between the former three dimensions and the latter, because it happens that our consciousness moves intermittently in one direction along the latter from the beginning to the end of our lives.'

'That,' said a very young man, making spasmodic efforts to relight his cigar over the lamp; 'that ... very clear indeed.'

'Now, it is very remarkable that this is so extensively overlooked,' continued the Time Traveller, with a slight accession of cheerfulness. 'Really this is what is meant by the Fourth Dimension, though some people who talk about the Fourth Dimension do not know they mean it. It is only another way of looking at Time. There is no

H.G. Wells

difference between Time and any of the three dimensions of Space except that our consciousness moves along it. But some foolish people have got hold of the wrong side of that idea. You have all heard what they have to say about this Fourth Dimension?'

'I have not,' said the Provincial Mayor.

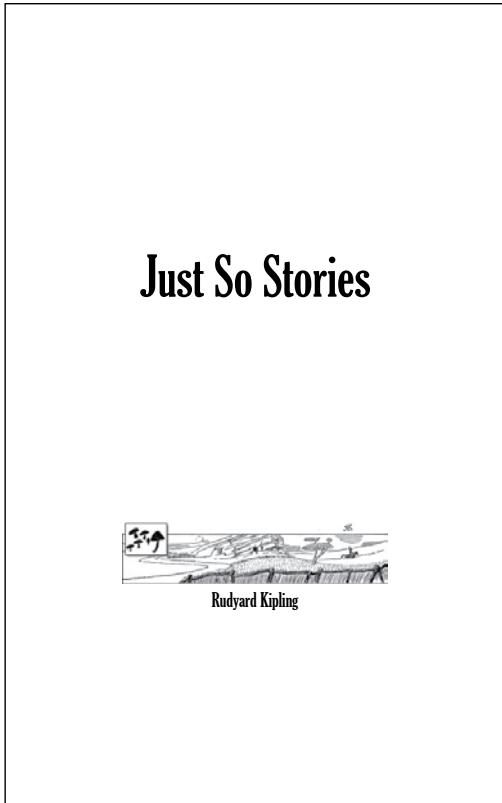
'It is simply this. That Space, as our mathematicians have it, is spoken of as having three dimensions, which one may call Length, Breadth, and Thickness, and is always definable by reference to three planes, each at right angles to the others. But some philosophical people have been asking why three dimensions particularly—why not another direction at right angles to the other three?—and have even tried to construct a Four-Dimension geometry. Professor Simon Newcomb was expounding this to the New York Mathematical Society only a month or so ago. You know how on a flat surface, which has only two dimensions, we can represent a figure of a three-dimensional solid, and similarly they think that by models of three dimensions they could represent one of four—if they could master the perspective of the thing. See?'

'I think so,' murmured the Provincial Mayor; and, knitting his brows, he lapsed into an introspective state, his lips moving as one who repeats mystic words. 'Yes, I think I see it now,' he said after some time, brightening in a quite transitory manner.

'Well, I do not mind telling you I have been at work upon this geometry of Four Dimensions for some time. Some of my results are curious. For instance, here is a



# Standard Template - Top Headers



Rudyard Kipling

Header Fonts:

Gloucester MT Extra Condensed is the font used in this sample.

Body Fonts:

Palatino Linotype is the font used in this sample.

## Just So Stories

### The Elephant's Child



In the High and Far-Off Times the Elephant, O Best Beloved, had no trunk. He had only a blackish, bulgy nose, as big as a boot, that he could wriggle about from side to side; but he couldn't pick up things with it. But there was one Elephant – a new Elephant – an Elephant's Child – who was full of 'satisfiable curiosity', and that means he asked ever so many questions. And he lived in Africa, and he filled all Africa with his 'satisfiable curiosities. He asked his tall aunt, the Ostrich, why her tail-feathers grew just so, and his tall aunt the Ostrich spanked him with her hard, hard claw. He asked his tall uncle, the Giraffe, what made his skin spotty, and his tall uncle, the Giraffe, spanked him with his hard, hard hoof. And still he was full of 'satisfiable curiosity! He asked his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, why her eyes were red, and his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, spanked him with her broad, broad hoof; and he asked his hairy

### Just So Stories - 8

uncle, the Baboon, why melons tasted just so, and his hairy uncle, the Baboon, spanked him with his hairy, hairy paw. And still he was full of 'satisfiable curiosity! He asked questions about everything that he saw, or heard, or felt, or smelt, or touched, and all his uncles and his aunts spanked him. And still he was full of 'satisfiable curiosity!

One fine morning in the middle of the Precession of the Equinoxes this 'satisfiable' Elephant's Child asked a new fine question that he had never asked before. He asked, 'What does the Crocodile have for dinner?' Then everybody said, 'Hush!' in a loud and dretful tone, and they spanked him immediately and directly, without stopping, for a long time.

By and by, when that was finished, he came upon Kolokolo Bird sitting in the middle of a wait-a-bit thorn-bush, and he said, 'My father has spanked me, and my mother has spanked me; all my aunts and uncles have spanked me for my 'satisfiable curiosity; and still I want to know what the Crocodile has for dinner!'

Then Kolokolo Bird said, with a mournful cry, 'Go to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, and find out.'

That very next morning, when there was nothing left of the Equinoxes, because the Precession had preceded according to precedent, this 'satisfiable' Elephant's Child took a hundred pounds of bananas

### 9 - The Elephant's Child

(the little short red kind), and a hundred pounds of sugar-cane (the long purple kind), and seventeen melons (the greeny-crackly kind), and said to all his dear families, 'Goodbye. I am going to the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to find out what the Crocodile has for dinner.' And they all spanked him once more for luck, though he asked them most politely to stop.

Then he went away, a little warm, but not at all astonished, eating melons, and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up.

GRRRRR

He went from Graham's Town to Kimberley, and from Kimberley to Khama's Country, and from Khama's Country he went east by north, eating melons all the time, till at last he came to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, precisely as Kolokolo Bird had said.

Now you must know and understand, O Best Beloved, that till that very week, and day, and hour, and minute, this 'satisfiable' Elephant's Child had never seen a Crocodile, and did not know what one was like. It was all his 'satisfiable curiosity'.

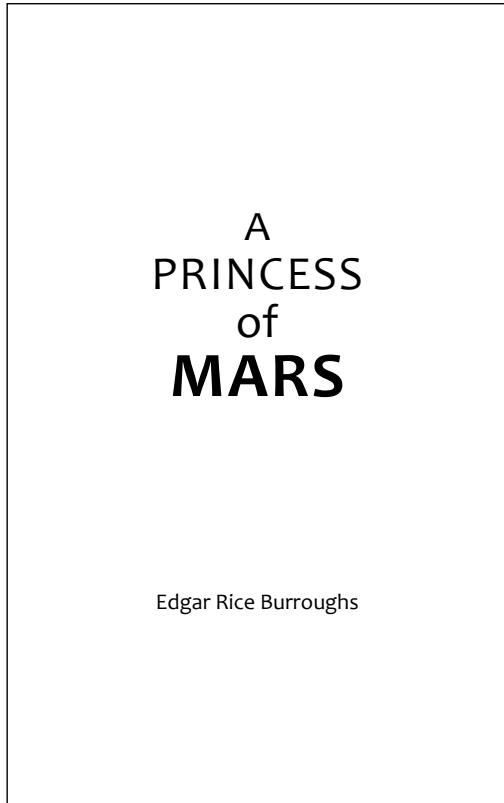
The first thing that he found was a Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake curled round a rock.



Faceted Press Book Layout Services



# Standard Template - Bottom Footers



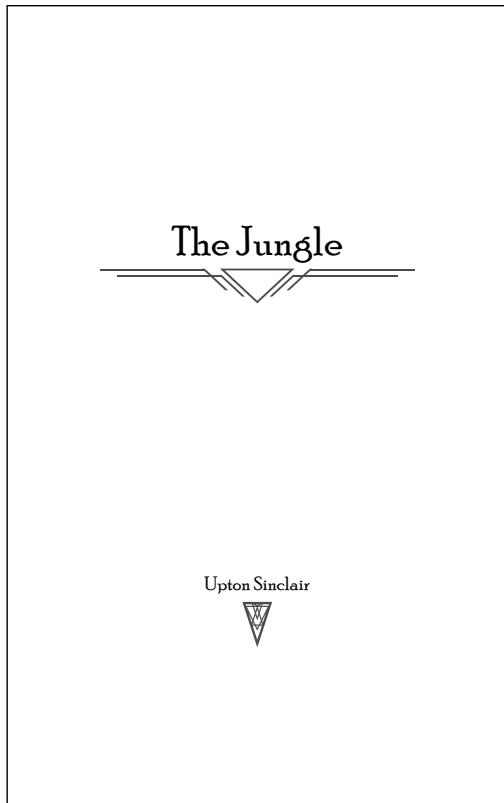
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Body Fonts:  
Bembo Infant is the font used in this sample.

<p><b>On the Arizona Hills</b></p> <hr/> <p><b>Chapter One</b></p> <p>I am a very old man; how old I do not know. Possibly I am a hundred, possibly more; but I cannot tell because I have never aged as other men, nor do I remember any childhood. So far as I can recollect I have always been a man, a man of about thirty. I appear today as I did forty years and more ago, and yet I feel that I cannot go on living forever; that some day I shall die the real death from which there is no resurrection. I do not know why I should fear death, I who have died twice and am still alive; but yet I have the same horror of it as you who have never died, and it is because of this terror of death, I believe, that I am so convinced of my mortality.</p> <p>And because of this conviction I have determined to write down the story of the interesting periods of my life and of my death. I cannot explain the phenomena; I can only set down here in the words of an ordinary soldier of fortune a chronicle of the strange events that befell me during the ten years that my dead body lay undiscovered in an Arizona cave.</p> <p>I have never told this story, nor shall mortal man see this manuscript until after I have passed over for eternity. I know that the average human mind will not believe what it cannot grasp, and so I do not purpose being</p>	<p>pilloried by the public, the pulpit, and the press, and held up as a colossal liar when I am but telling the simple truths which some day science will substantiate. Possibly the suggestions which I gained upon Mars, and the knowledge which I can set down in this chronicle, will aid in an earlier understanding of the mysteries of our sister planet; mysteries to you, but no longer mysteries to me.</p> <p>My name is John Carter; I am better known as Captain Jack Carter of Virginia. At the close of the Civil War I found myself possessed of several hundred thousand dollars (Confederate) and a captain's commission in the cavalry arm of an army which no longer existed; the servant of a state which had vanished with the hopes of the South. Masterless, penniless, and with my only means of livelihood, fighting, gone, I determined to work my way to the southwest and attempt to retrieve my fallen fortunes in a search for gold.</p> <p>I spent nearly a year prospecting in company with another Confederate officer, Captain James K. Powell of Richmond. We were extremely fortunate, for late in the winter of 1865, after many hardships and privations, we located the most remarkable gold-bearing quartz vein that our wildest dreams had ever pictured. Powell, who was a mining engineer by education, stated that we had uncovered over a million dollars worth of ore in a trifle over three months.</p>	<p>As our equipment was crude in the extreme we decided that one of us must return to civilization, purchase the necessary machinery and return with a sufficient force of men properly to work the mine.</p> <p>As Powell was familiar with the country, as well as with the mechanical requirements of mining we determined that it would be best for him to make the trip. It was agreed that I was to hold down our claim against the remote possibility of its being jumped by some wandering prospector.</p> <p>On March 3, 1866, Powell and I packed his provisions on two of our burros, and bidding me good-bye he mounted his horse, and started down the mountainside toward the valley, across which led the first stage of his journey.</p> <p>The morning of Powell's departure was, like nearly all Arizona mornings, clear and beautiful; I could see him and his little pack animals picking their way down the mountainside toward the valley, and all during the morning I would catch occasional glimpses of them as they topped a hog back or came out upon a level plateau. My last sight of Powell was about three in the afternoon as he entered the shadows of the range on the opposite side of the valley.</p> <p>Some half hour later I happened to glance casually across the valley and was much surprised to note three little dots in about the same place I had last seen my friend and his two pack animals. I am not given to</p>
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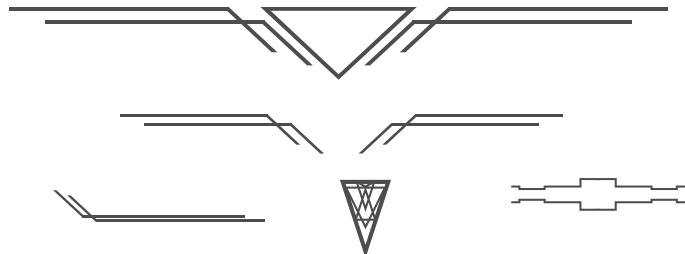
# Classic Template - Art Deco Lines



Header Fonts:  
Poor Richard is the font used in this sample.

Body Fonts:  
Minion Pro is the font used in this sample.

## Art Deco Lines:



## Chapter One

It was four o'clock when the ceremony was over and the carriages began to arrive. There had been a crowd following all the way, owing to the exuberance of Marija Berczynskas. The occasion rested heavily upon Marija's broad shoulders—it was her task to see that all things went in due form, and after the best home traditions; and, flying wildly hither and thither, bowing every one out of the way, and scolding and exhorting all day with her tremendous voice, Marija was too eager to see that others conformed to the proprieties to consider them herself. She had left the church last of all, and, desiring to arrive first at the hall, had issued orders to the coachman to drive faster. When that personage had developed a will of his own in the matter, Marija had flung up the window of the carriage, and, leaning out, proceeded to tell him her opinion of him, first in Lithuanian, which he did not understand, and then in Polish, which he did. Having the advantage of her in altitude, the driver had stood his ground and even ventured to attempt to speak; and the result had been a furious altercation, which, continuing all the way down Ashland Avenue, had added a new swarm of urchins to the cortege at each side street for half a mile.

This was unfortunate, for already there was a throng before the door. The music had started up, and half

## The Jungle

a block away you could hear the dull "broom, broom" of a cello, with the squeaking of two fiddles which vied with each other in intricate and altitudinous gymnastics. Seeing the throng, Marija abandoned precipitately the debate concerning the ancestors of her coachman, and, springing from the moving carriage, plunged in and proceeded to clear a way to the hall. Once within, she turned and began to push the other way, roaring, meantime, "Eik! Eik! Uzdaryk-duris!" in tones which made the orchestral uproar sound like fairy music.

"Z. Graicunas, Pasilinksminimams darzas. Vynas. Szapsas. Wines and Liquors. Union Headquarters"—that was the way the signs ran. The reader, who perhaps has never held much converse in the language of far-off Lithuania, will be glad of the explanation that the place was the rear room of a saloon in that part of Chicago known as "back of the yards." This information is definite and suited to the matter of fact; but how pitifully inadequate it would have seemed to one who understood that it was also the supreme hour of ecstasy in the life of one of God's gentlest creatures, the scene of the wedding feast and the joy-transfiguration of little Ona Lukoszaite!

She stood in the doorway, shepherded by Cousin Marija, breathless from pushing through the crowd, and in her happiness painful to look upon. There was a light of wonder in her eyes and her lids trembled, and her otherwise wan little face was flushed. She wore a muslin dress, conspicuously white, and a stiff little veil coming to her shoulders. There were five pink paper roses twisted in the veil, and eleven bright green rose leaves. There were

new white cotton gloves upon her hands, and as she stood staring about her she twisted them together feverishly. It was almost too much for her—you could see the pain of too great emotion in her face, and all the tremor of her form. She was so young—not quite sixteen—and small for her age, a mere child; and she had just been married—and married to Jurgis,\* (\*Pronounced Yoorghis) of all men, to Jurgis Rudkus, he with the white flower in the buttonhole of his new black suit, he with the mighty shoulders and the giant hands.

Ona was blue-eyed and fair, while Jurgis had great black eyes with beetling brows, and thick black hair that curled in waves about his ears—in short, they were one of those incongruous and impossible married couples with which Mother Nature so often wills to confound all prophets, before and after. Jurgis could take up a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound quarter of beef and carry it into a car without a stagger, or even a thought; and now he stood in a far corner, frightened as a hunted animal, and obliged to moisten his lips with his tongue each time before he could answer the congratulations of his friends.

Gradually there was effected a separation between the spectators and the guests—a separation at least sufficiently complete for working purposes. There was no time during the festivities which ensued when there were not groups of onlookers in the doorways and the corners; and if any one of these onlookers came sufficiently close, or looked sufficiently hungry, a chair was offered him, and he was invited to the feast. It was one of the laws

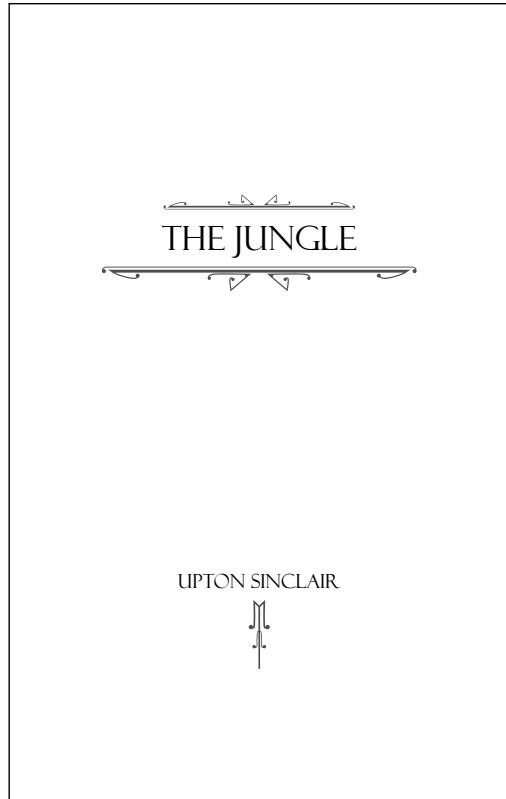
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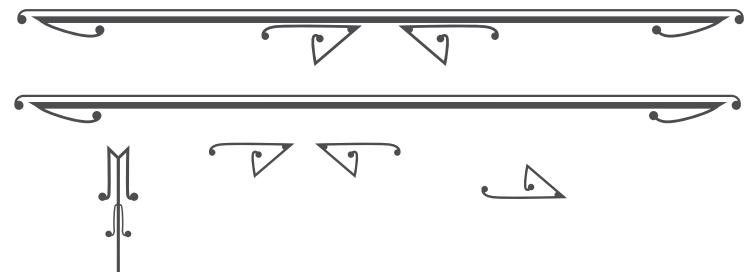
# CLASSIC TEMPLATE - ART DECO FLOURISHES



Header Fonts:  
FELIX TITLING IS THE FONT USED IN THIS SAMPLE.

Body Fonts:  
Adobe Garamond Pro is the font used in this sample.

## Art Deco Flourishes:



## CHAPTER ONE

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