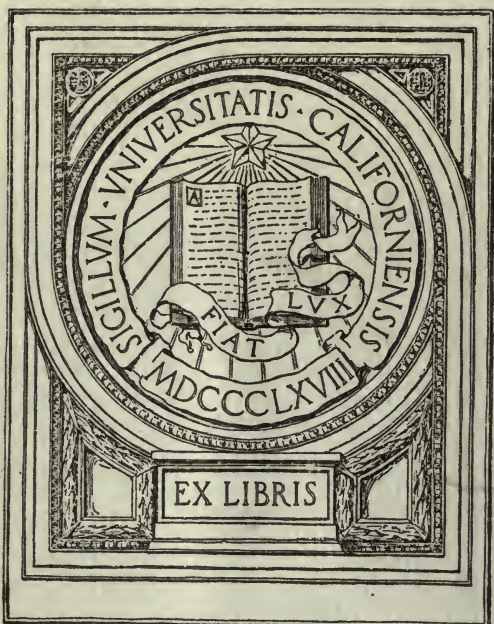




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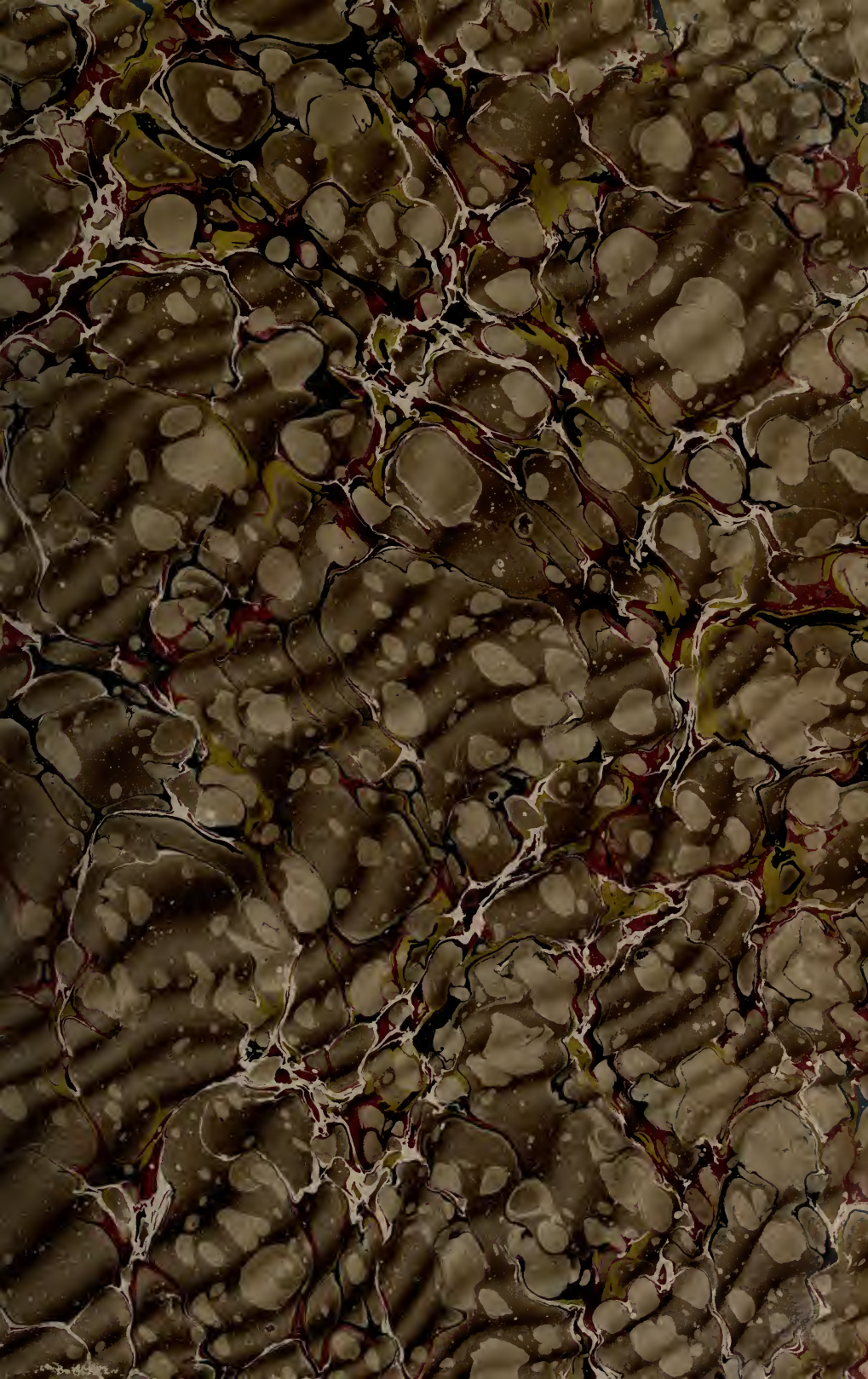
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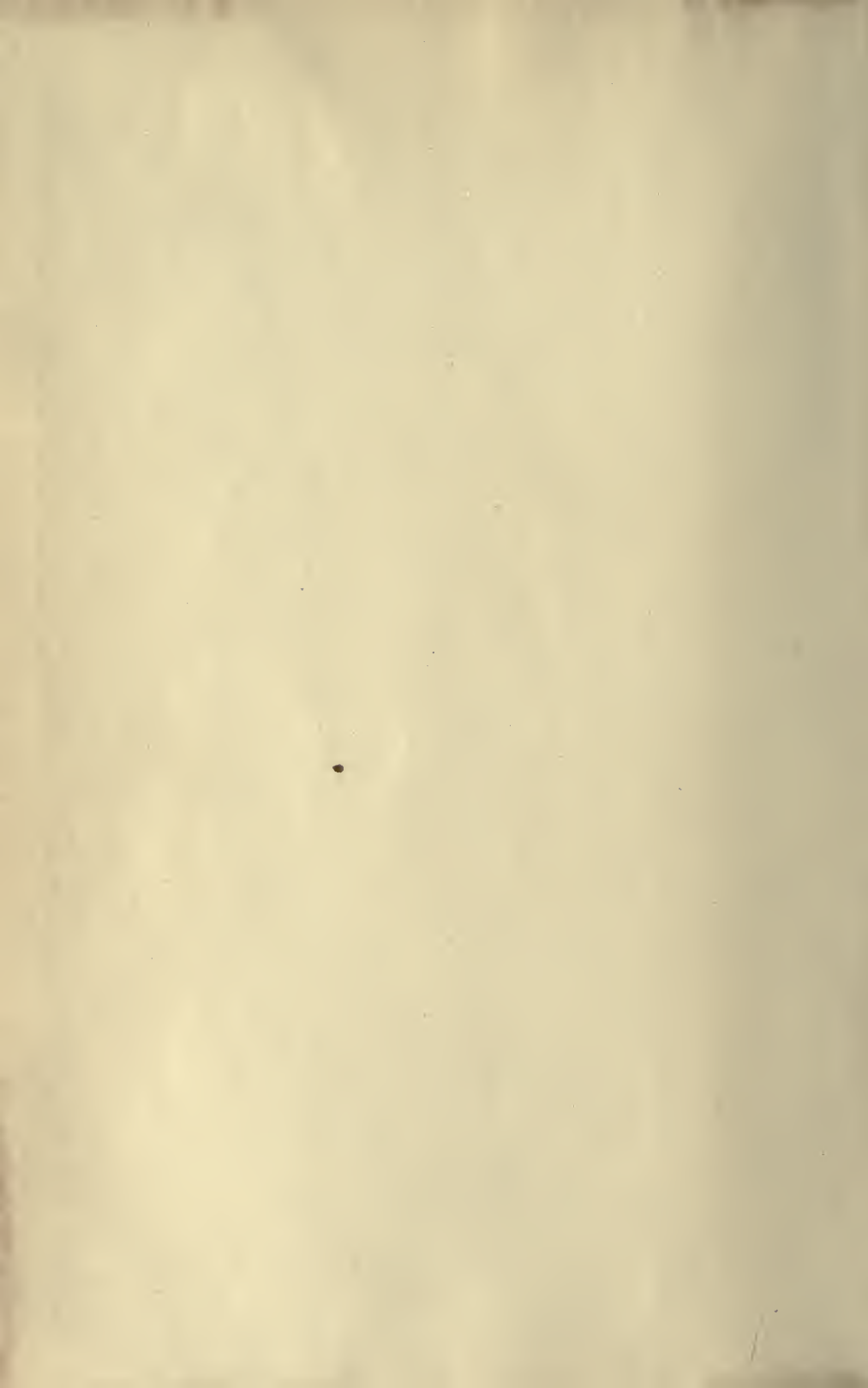


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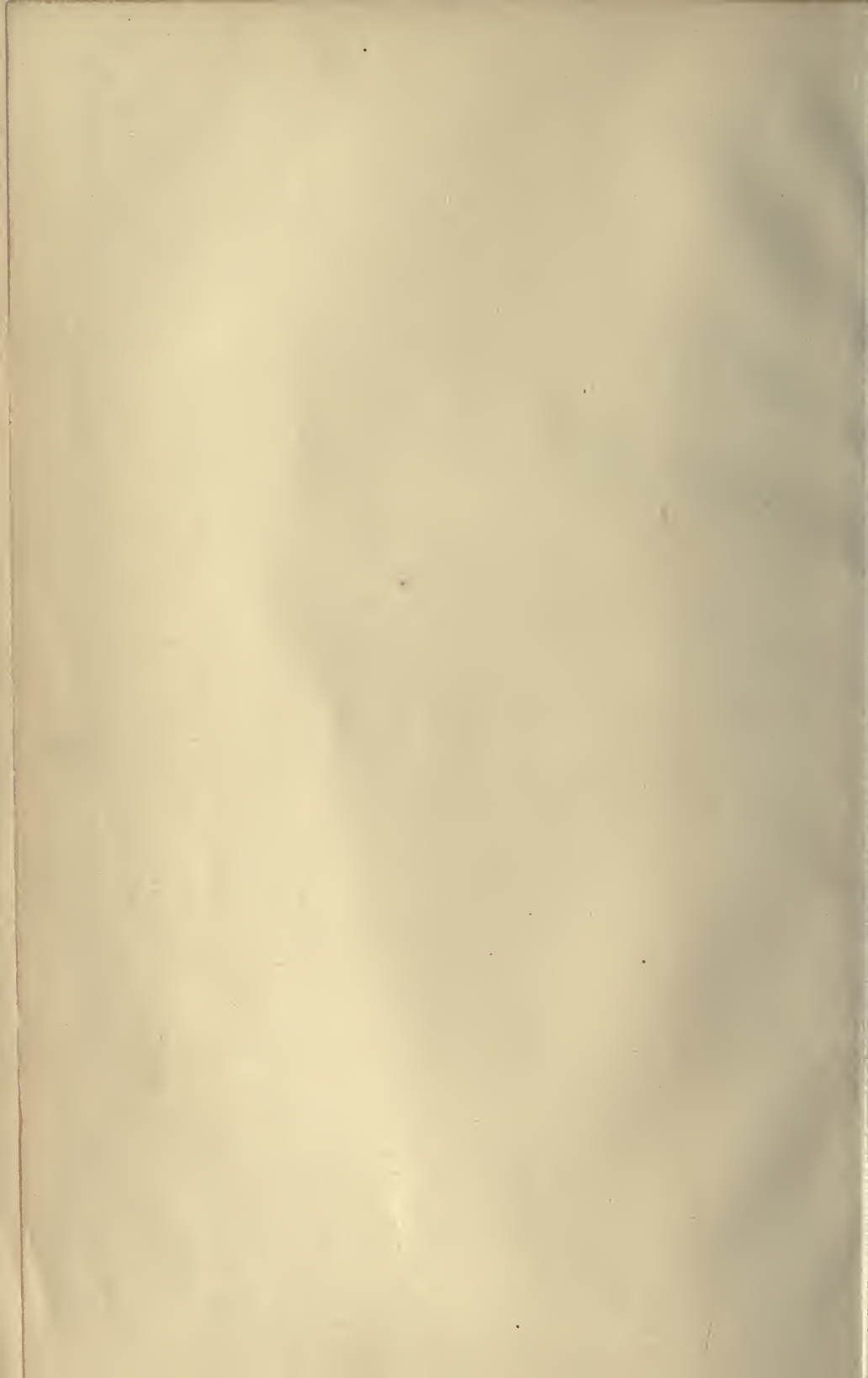














3 JUNE, 1898

Vol. IX, No. 1

ARTICLES BY { DAVID STARR JORDAN  
JOAQUIN MILLER, ETC.

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"LOS PAISES DEL SOL DILATAN EL ALMA"



# SUNSHINE

THE MAGAZINE OF

## CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST



EDITED BY  
CHAS. F. LUMMIS

WITH A SYNDICATE  
OF WESTERN WRITERS

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## THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

### INDEX TO VOL. IX.

	PAGE
A Soul in Bronze: a novel of Southern California, by Constance Goddard Du Bois, illustrated by Alex. F. Harmer and L. Maynard Dixon. Chaps. I-XII .....	129, 186, 241, 298
Angle of Reflection, The, department, by Margaret Collier Graham.....	203, 259, 315
Baja California, illustrated.....	261
California Hunting Dog, The, illustrated, by T. S. Van Dyke.....	126
California, A Partial Reading-list on, Mary Turner Pierce.....	28, 76
Chinese New Year, A, illustrated, Williard M. Wood.....	12
Conquest of Mt. Tacoma, The, illustrated, J. Edgar Ross.....	169
Coronado, The Story of, George Parker Winship. Illustrated by L. Maynard Dixon and from photos. and facsimiles.....	53
Education in Southern California, illustrated, Chas. Cassatt Davis	212
Enchanted Mesa, The, illustrated, David Starr Jordan, Chas. F. Lummis, Jessie Knight Jordan, Theodore H. Hittell.....	111
Foreigner, The, (story) Grace Ellery Channing .....	235
Hidden Room, The, (story) Susie Hale Brewer.....	71
Hawaii, illustrated.....	289
Ideals of Stanford, The, illustrated, David Starr Jordan.....	3
In Nana's Palm (story), illustrated by Harmer. Idah. M. Strobe-ridge.....	24
In Old Manila, illustrated, Juan del Rio .....	279
Intercollegiate Athletics in Southern California, illustrated, F. M. Spencer .....	44
Into the Grand Cañon, illustrated, J. C. Branner, Theodore H. Hittell, C. F. L.....	145
In the Lion's Den, by the Editor .....	29, 80, 140, 198, 256, 310
In the Sierra Madre (poem), Julia Boynton Green.....	255
June in California, drawing by Wm. Keith .....	2
Landmarks Club, The .....	34
Land We Love, The, illustrated.....	154, 205
Life in a Klondyke Cabin, illustrated, Joaquin Miller .....	16
Manila, illustrated, Juan del Rio .....	279
Mexican Jar, A (poem), Sharlot M. Hall .....	139
Mother Mountain, The (poem), Julia Boynton Green.....	138
Mt. Tacoma, The Conquest of, illustrated, J. Edgar Ross .....	169
Orange at Home, The, illustrated, S. M. Kennedy.....	181
Phantom Ship, The.....	224
Quivira was Always Just Beyond, drawing by L. Maynard Dixon...	52
Serpent Worship Among the Navajos, illustrated, Dr. Washington Matthews .....	228
Sing-Song Woman, The (story) Sui Seen Far .....	225

*LAND OF SUNSHINE.*

Song, Blanche Trask.....	153
Soul in Bronze, A, illustrated, Constance Goddard Du Bois.....	129, 186, 241, 298
Stanford, The Ideals of, illustrated, David Starr Jordan.....	3
Story of the Hills, A, illustrated, Walter C. Kenyon .....	66
Summer Birds of the Redwoods, Chas. A. Keeler, illustrated by Louise M. Keeler.....	293
Sun and Orange (poem), Julia Boynton Green .....	300
Sunburst, The, drawing by Wm. Keith.....	168
That Which is Written (reviews by the editor), 32, 83, 143, 201, 258, 313	
Three Weeks in Wonderland, illustrated, David Starr Jordan, Chas. F. Lummis, Jessie Knight Jordan, J. C. Branner, Theodore H. Hittell.....	111, 145
Transplanted Teagarden, A, illustrated, Williard M. Wood.....	177
War Pictures.....	37, 93, 208, 279, 317
Woman's Club, The.....	35, 85
Wonderland, Three Weeks in, illustrated .....	111

LOCALITIES ILLUSTRATED :

Acoma, N. M.....	111
Cazadero, Cal.....	154
Chelly Cañon, Ariz.....	229
Chinatown, San Francisco .....	12
Cliff dwellings, Walnut Creek, Ariz.....	147
Enchanted Mesa, N. M.....	110
Golden Gate Park, San Francisco .....	179
Grand Cañon, Ariz .....	145
Honolulu .....	289
Klondyke .....	17
Lower California .....	261
Manila.....	279
Mt. Tacoma .....	169
Mt. Tamalpais.....	48
Pecos, N. M .....	60
Presidio, San Francisco.....	41, 93
Santa Cruz Natural Bridges .....	66
Stanford University .....	3
Tiguex, N. M.....	57
University of Southern California.....	89
Zufii, N. M.....	56



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EDITED BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS

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## CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1898:

	PAGE
June. Drawn by Wm. Keith.....	Frontispiece
The Ideals of Stanford, illustrated, Prest. David Starr Jordan .....	3
A Chinese New Year, illustrated, Williard M. Wood.....	11
Life in a Klondyke Cabin, illustrated, Joaquin Miller.....	17
In Nanna's Palm, a story, illustrated by A. F. Harmer, Idah M. Strobridge.....	24
Reading List on California, Mary Turner Pierce.....	27

(SEE NEXT PAGE)



In the Lion's Den, editorial..... 29  
 That Which is Written (editorial reviews) ..... 32  
 The Landmarks Club ..... 34  
 The Woman's Club, Mrs. Willis Lord Moore..... 35  
 War Pictures ..... 37  
 Inter-Collegiate College Sports, illustrated..... 44  
 The Tamalpais Scenic Railway, illustrated..... 47

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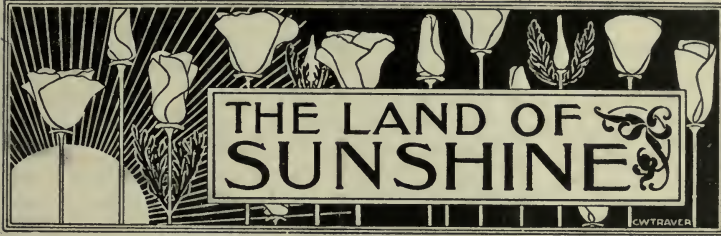








THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



Vol. 9, No. 1.

LOS ANGELES

JUNE, 1898.

## THE IDEALS OF STANFORD.

BY PRESIDENT DAVID STARR JORDAN.

"The color of life is red"—(Browning).



WHEN the Leland Stanford Junior University opened its doors in 1891, a newspaper in New York expressed the belief that "the need of another university in California was about as great as that of an asylum for decayed sea-captains in Switzerland." Its prophecy was that the professors in the new institution would for years to come "deliver their lectures in marble halls, to empty benches."

This satirical prophet is without honor in California. The facts are against him. On the opening day of the new institution there were present in the lecture rooms 465 students. Provision was made at first for 500 students in all. In each of the six years since 1891 from 400 to 500 new students have entered, and each year since 1894 nearly 200 students have graduated. Today, in these same class rooms, prepared for 500 students, 1,224 persons are crowded together, and the number of candidates for admission constantly exceeds the number of vacant places. Of this number, 1,224, this year at Palo Alto, 438 are young women, and 766 are young men; 835 are from California, 257 from states to the eastward of the Rocky Mountains, while, each year, there comes a respectable percentage from Japan, Brazil and the various countries of Europe. These numbers change somewhat from year to year, but the relative proportions have not greatly altered. It is therefore evident that the new university has met or created a genuine demand on the part of California and on the part of the United States. It does not belong to the category of Switzerland's asylum for mariners. It is a real thing with real





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 (The "Tall Tree" from which the name is derived.)

purposes, and with real results. Its directors have had no sinecure in its management, and its professors have had plenty to do. Admitting its usefulness, we may ask in what does it consist? In other words, what are its working ideals?

Doubtless I am not one to answer this question. Purposes must be judged by results, and I have been too much involved in the latter to speak judiciously of the former. I know too well that one must conform ideals to facts. It is not what we would do, but what one can do under the circumstances. The tremendous burden of life and death litigation wantonly thrown on the university and its devoted founder in times of the greatest financial stress, might well excuse more than one lapse from ideals set up in days of unquestioned prosperity. But without apologies for doing our best when we could do no better, we may consider some of the educational thoughts which the Stanford University has striven to carry over into action.

One of these is that a university should have character. We know men not by their common humanity, but by their particular individuality. Men at large have eyes, ears, arms, legs, temptations, affections, and many other common human qualities. We know and prize our friends not for these, but for the few traits which each may have all to himself. Some little difference in the combination of qualities makes the man to us.



THE QUADRANGLE.

So it is with the university. All universities have books, desks, laboratories, microscopes, teachers, rules and regulations. These make the school, but they do not give it its character. It is the trait of personality which makes the university. It is not its regulative processes, its teaching of grammar, algebra and the laws of physics which win to the university love and trust. It is the spirit of the institution, strong, helpful, rich, earnest, beautiful, or the reverse, which makes the university a real organism.

"Colleges," says Emerson, "can serve us only when their aim is not to drill but to create. When they gather from afar every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and by their concentrated fires set



the heart of the youth in flame." It is "the concentration of the fires of genius," the influence of a personality, that gives the university its character. That the new university at Palo Alto should have some quality of its own, is the hope and aim of those who have shaped its course. What this character is, others must tell us.

It is just what it pretends to be. It has no pompous ceremonies to conceal idle action. It has no place for make-believe, whether pious or worldly. It lets no form conceal or obscure the reality which is its justification. The toys which amused the boyhood of culture are kept in general in their proper places, while the self-inflation by which the college man some-



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IN THE CLOISTERS.

times wishes to distinguish himself from other men receives its complement of pins.

The institution is in some degree representative of modern ideas of education. The essence of the higher education of today is individualism. Its purpose is to give to each youth that training which will make a man of *him*. Not the training which a century ago would civilize the sons of clergymen and gentlemen, but that which today will civilize the particular boy and make the most of his abilities.

"Culture," says Judge O. W. Holmes, "in the form of fruitless knowledge, I utterly abhor." The training which does not disclose the secret of power is unworthy the name of education. The secret of power lies in thoroughness and fit-

ness. Thoroughness means mastery. The most thorough training is the most practical, if fitted to a possible and worthy end. It is here that the college education of the past has most often failed. It had thoroughness but not fitness. The substitutes for it, trade schools, professional schools, and the school of experience, had fitness enough, but lacked breadth and thoroughness. The self-made man knew his business, but he was bigoted and unpolished.

To relate college training more closely to life without at the same time narrowing it and weakening it, is a great problem in education. We hear much in these days of the danger of over-education. Over-education there cannot be, if training is



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properly directed. Misfit education there is already too much of, but that sort of teaching which is clearly a misfit should not be called education at all.

In the new university, as in the best of the old ones in America, there is no general curriculum or race course over which all must run. The initiative in choice of studies rests with the individual. His own will determines the direction of his training, and the further requirements are those deemed necessary to make his choice most effective. The elective system assumes that there is no one course of study best suited for all minds and purposes. The student can arrange his work for himself, under proper advice, better than it can be done beforehand by any committee or by any consensus of educational philosophers. It is better for the student himself that he should make mistakes sometimes, than that he should throughout his course be arbitrarily





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directed by others. The elective system is the strongest agency in the training of the will. It is therefore a most effective force in moral training.

Furthermore, the elective system enables the student to bring himself in contact with the best teachers — with those who have a message for him; those whose life and work he would in some way relate to his own. And a matter of no small importance is the reflex influence of this upon the teacher. The great teachers of the world have not been, and could not have been, drill masters. The man who works with realities cannot be a martinet. In the elective system the teacher deals with students who have chosen his work for the love of it and



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IN THE CLOISTERS AFTER RAIN.



for the love of him. Contact with such classes is a constant stimulus and a constant inspiration. No teacher ever did his best on prescribed courses, and the best that is in the teacher it is the student's right to receive.

Again, the character of the university rests with its teachers. A great teacher never fails to leave a great mark on every student with whom he may come in contact. Emerson once wrote to his daughter: "It does not matter much what your studies are. It all lies in who your teacher is." It is not brick and mortar, books and laboratories that make a university. These are its vegetative organs. Its spirit is given by its teachers.

It is not what is their fame, what their degrees, what have they published, but *what can they do?* How are they related to the best in human thought and human action? The best teacher, other things being equal, is the one most human. "Our professors," says Agassiz of his instructors in the University of Munich, "were not only our teachers but our friends. They were the companions of our walks and



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our associates in our investigations, every day cheering and stimulating us in our efforts after independent research.'"

Whatever one may think of the greatness of the professors in the new university, there can be no question of their loyal helpfulness. The men of distant greatness help the student but little. If the professor believes that the masses are already educated too much, that the road to wisdom is over-crowded, or that he is under an unjust cloud of misfortune in being obliged to teach boys at all, you may be sure that he will not help his students much. The mark he leaves on them will not be the stamp of great men.

The ultimate end of education is the regulation of human conduct. Its justification is the building up of an enlightened common sense. It is to help make right action possible and prevalent, that the university exists. So its final function is the building up of character, and to this end all its means for securing thoroughness, fitness, friendliness and genuineness



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must be directed, for wisdom and virtue cannot be set off one from the other. Wisdom is knowing what to do next. Virtue is doing it. Sound training of the mind yields wisdom; sound training of the will yields virtue, and where these are, the real joys are likely to gather together. Soundness comes from contact with realities. Some methods are more helpful than the true information. The search for truth is more to us than the truth we win in searching. Self-direction is more important than innocence. Any fool can be innocent; it takes something of a man to be virtuous.

In the early days of the university a motto chosen by the students was this, of Ulrich Von Hutten: "Die Luft der Freiheit weht." "The winds of freedom are blowing." The scholar cannot breathe in confined air. He must have the whole universe from which to draw his conclusions. He must have the whole atmosphere with which to express his opinions.

That the university may have freedom, it must exist for its

own purposes alone. It cannot serve ecclesiasticism and be a university. Partisanship and truth cannot get along together. "It can acknowledge no master in human form," if it is to be loyal to its highest purposes.

And now I have reached the end of my space, and the real secret of the life at Palo Alto is yet unspoken. Perhaps it may never be told. Perhaps each one who enters its gates may take away a little of it. Something of it is disclosed in the spirit of adventure which led the pioneer class of '95 to entrust their education to the wholly untried, but grandly possible. Something of it is seen in the spirit of friendliness and self-sacrifice which bound us all together in the years of doubt and stress, and which shows no sign of fading away now that the signs are better. Something of it is seen in the beauty and fitness of the Quadrangle itself, "the first poem written in California," as Joaquin Miller has put it. This architectural motive of the old Franciscan missions was strengthened and fitted to the needs of another mission equally hallowed in its purposes. Something, too, of Stanford University is inseparable from the charm of California itself. It could not be in any other setting. The winds of freedom blow over California, the sunshine floods her valleys with light every day in the year, and within her borders life is at its full and nature most glorious. The center of beauty already, California may also be the center of thought and the center of action. Sometime the most lovable, the most gracious of all the States in the Union may become the most enlightened, the most wise. That wisdom and fitness and sweetness and light may have still greater part in the good fame of California in the future through the work of Stanford University, is likewise a hope of the people at Palo Alto.

Stanford University, Cal.

## A CHINESE NEW YEAR.

BY WILLIARD M. WOOD.

**T**WENTY-TWO thousand human beings are huddled together in a space hardly five blocks square in San Francisco's famous "Chinatown." In the long, narrow, ill-smelling alleys and streets of that quarter, the dwellers of this miniature Celestial Empire celebrate their New Year.

The date of the commencement of their festivities this year was for some weeks in doubt. A notice issued by Consul Ho Yow of San Francisco, on instructions from the Minister at Washington, to the effect that the date of the Chinese New Year in this







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A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

country would hereafter be January 22nd instead of January 21st, so that it would conform with the date observed in their native country, threw the entire population into a state of excitement. Part of the populace refused to recognize the change, so that their New Year practically began, as heretofore, on the 21st, with the customary innumerable explosions of fire-crackers and small bombs. This first makes the Caucasian resident aware that something unusual is occurring in the neighborhood, save in other parts of the city where Chinese help is employed. There employers are made acquainted with the fact a

week in advance by a request for leave of absence, with a polite offering, perhaps a jar of ginger, nuts, candy and other sweets.

Clothing of the most expensive materials and gorgeous colors is brought forth and donned by the Chinese females, while the men dress in more subdued shades. Attractive headgear of peculiar construction is worn by the women and children. They are particularly fond of applying scented oils to their long, black hair, and spreading pink paints of the most delicate hues







Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

HIGHBINDER ALLEY.

imaginable over their olive complexions. They rarely make their appearance upon the streets dressed thus, except in cases where banquets are to be given and they must walk a block or two to reach their destination.\* They then hurry along at a rapid gait, scuffling their feet against the damp wooden sidewalks, for nothing displeases them more than having a crowd of ordinary coolies staring at them. A "small-foot" woman is never seen on the streets.

Upon the tops of many of their rookeries and buildings, large, heavy, bright-colored flags and streamers of rich silks sway in the breeze, displaying numerous grotesque figures. Few Chinese appear upon the streets, and it is difficult to tell who is celebrating, for there are more Caucasians strolling through the alleys, bent on sight seeing, than Chinese. The latter mostly keep within doors and celebrate. Curious throngs outside see none of the good things unless they are personally acquainted with some official of the various social clubs and societies, or possess influence strong enough to admit them.

From behind the thick, heavy wooden doors, the strains of music from many queer-shaped instruments float out. Within, all is merry. Crowds of congenial Chinamen are wishing each other the compliments of the season, drinking to one another's health, chattering like magpies and partaking lightly of the many varieties of dainties which are spread in great array on a large table set on one side of the room against the wall.

\* The photographer lingered in Chinatown several hours each day during their seven days' celebration, but failed to observe a single woman clad in her brilliant holiday wearing apparel walking in the streets. The professional photographers and amateur camera clubs were visited, but no one could be found who possessed a satisfactory picture.

Imitation branches of tissue paper cherry blossoms help to decorate the rooms, and greatly add to the gold and ebony carvings.

The fronts of the stores are tightly closed, but in not one place has the occupant forgotten to hang out the customary two large oval lanterns bearing inscriptions of good tidings in the oriental characters. In front of the stores the sidewalks are filled with waste paper of various shades of red, showing the great quantities of firecrackers used during the days and evenings of their noisy mirth. The debris is not cleared away until after the third or fourth day of their New Year's cele-



bration. Vast sums are spent annually for these imported fireworks.

The merchants give dinners to their friends and business acquaintances at expensive Chinese restaurants, and spend large sums, having the finest band to entertain them during the courses, while the ordinary type of Mongolian revels in his favorite (illegal) game of Fan Tan, carried on under the protection of numbers of so-called incorporated literary and social clubs.

Chinatown is infested with "guides," some thoroughly competent, and others practically useless. For a small fee the latter will escort one around the maze-like streets and "take in" a Joss-house, perhaps, but the person who is acquainted with the sights and who really desires to see the revelling New

Year Chinaman must give the influential guide a liberal amount.

Many catch-penny shows are carried on. The Chinese gamblers reap a harvest, but are alive to the police. The little round-the-corner fortune-teller rakes in many a ten-cent piece by telling the listener that good luck will fall his way during the ensuing month.

The Chinese are not the only ones to "make hay while the sun shines." White men have fake museums in the quarter, showing vividly colored daubs of mermaids, headless beings, human snakes, and other impossible oddities. They even hire cheap Chinese bands to play inside, and the banging of cymbals and rolling of drums attract crowds.

The Chinese theaters are always in full sway, during the days of the New Year. Additional high-salaried stars are engaged, and their costumes, made expressly for the week's celebration, are a revelation. Theirs is a continuous performance. In a Chinese drama there appears to be no end, and the one piece may continue for a number of days, different actors assuming the same characters when the others are tired.

After the third or fourth day of the celebration, the store-keepers who are not financially "well-fixed" begin to take down the shutters from their windows, and start in selling their goods.

Their calling and merrymaking among their friends is finished, and they eagerly catch the passing trade. Their decorated lanterns and bright red signs bidding friends welcome are not taken down, however, until the seventh day has passed. The eighth day finds everybody at his post busy at work, and already calculating the net proceeds of the coming year's sales.

San Francisco, Cal.

## DAILY LIFE IN A KLONDIKE CABIN.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.



LIKE democracy, but not the democracy of dirt. This is the most democratic place today in the world; yet even the most pronounced democracies have always had "sets." The rich mine owners here, however they may have existed at first, group together now and build comfortable cabins with regard to cleanliness, health and some adornment. But some day-laborers, and even some rich men, thoughtless prospectors and so on, are tumbled in together and exist most dismally. Of course, there are among them some of refinement; but such a man sooner or later gets out into more congenial quarters. Then the others think him a crank



and wonder why he seems happier in a solitary little cabin of green logs, where he has to do all the work and get all his wood without a team. Often a neat and thoughtful person finds himself companioned with a lazy and unclean lout, who seems all right on the surface; but who, once housed with a willing and clean man, puts all the work and all his dirtiness of mind and body on the other. It is about as serious a thing to select a cabin mate here as it is to get married outside. You can get a dinner in civilization almost any day, but here it means a lot of trouble and friction.

In California, Colorado, almost anywhere, you can move out under a tree. You can't do that here, and nothing short of imminent disease from accumulating dirt will warrant the risk of moving into a cabin of green logs and wet moss in mid-winter—and it seems to me it is nearly always midwinter here.



L A Eng. Co.

JOAQUIN MILLER STARTING FROM JUNEAU.

I went into one of these crowded and disorderly cabins the other day to help put a man on a sled for the Sisters' Hospital, and did not wonder the man had a fever. . . . A little of this might not matter, but where there are from two to six men in one cabin—! All of them sleep in this one room, and cook and eat there. The stove is often red hot; the moss melts and drips at such times, and then the place simply reeks.

Few of the cabins, even the best of them, have more than one room—unless there is a woman. There is always a cache, or store room, for provisions. Many have their supplies high in the air where they can be reached only by a ladder; but it is a growing custom to build a sort of wood-house and store-room in front of the one door, where boots, muchlucks and all that sort of stuff can be hung up and aired and frozen till



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JOAQUIN AND BISHOP DUNCAN.  
(Near Juneau.)

needed. We chose this method and like it. As ours is the average size of the better class of Klondike cabins, and as life goes on here about as in others, we will try to take a plain little photograph of it.

Kreling and I now cook week about. He has learned, and is still learning. He is

cheerful and perfectly resigned to his task when his turn comes. As for myself and my cooking—I was a born cook. I once in California cooked for twenty-seven men. Some of them are alive yet.

Daily life here is like this: The man who is to cook breakfast is careful to get in from the wood-house a plentiful supply of dry kindling and put it to roast by the stove; then he puts in two or three big sticks of green wood that may burn for hours; then "taps." All lights out and abed. But sometimes we have pleasant company, and the kindling wood is forgotten. Then there is at least one unhappy man in that cabin the next day.

We are very fortunate in having fine neighbors, newspaper



JOAQUIN WATCHING A PANNING OUT.

men and artists from the great Eastern cities, and we are entertained and instructed. Men do not play cards here as they did in California. But there are newspaper men and newspaper men. The camp is overrun with homeless fellows going up and down claiming to be working for this paper or that. They are too worthless to provide supplies and too lazy to build cabins and keep them in order. They are a numerous nuisance here. There were three women of this sort who used to go up

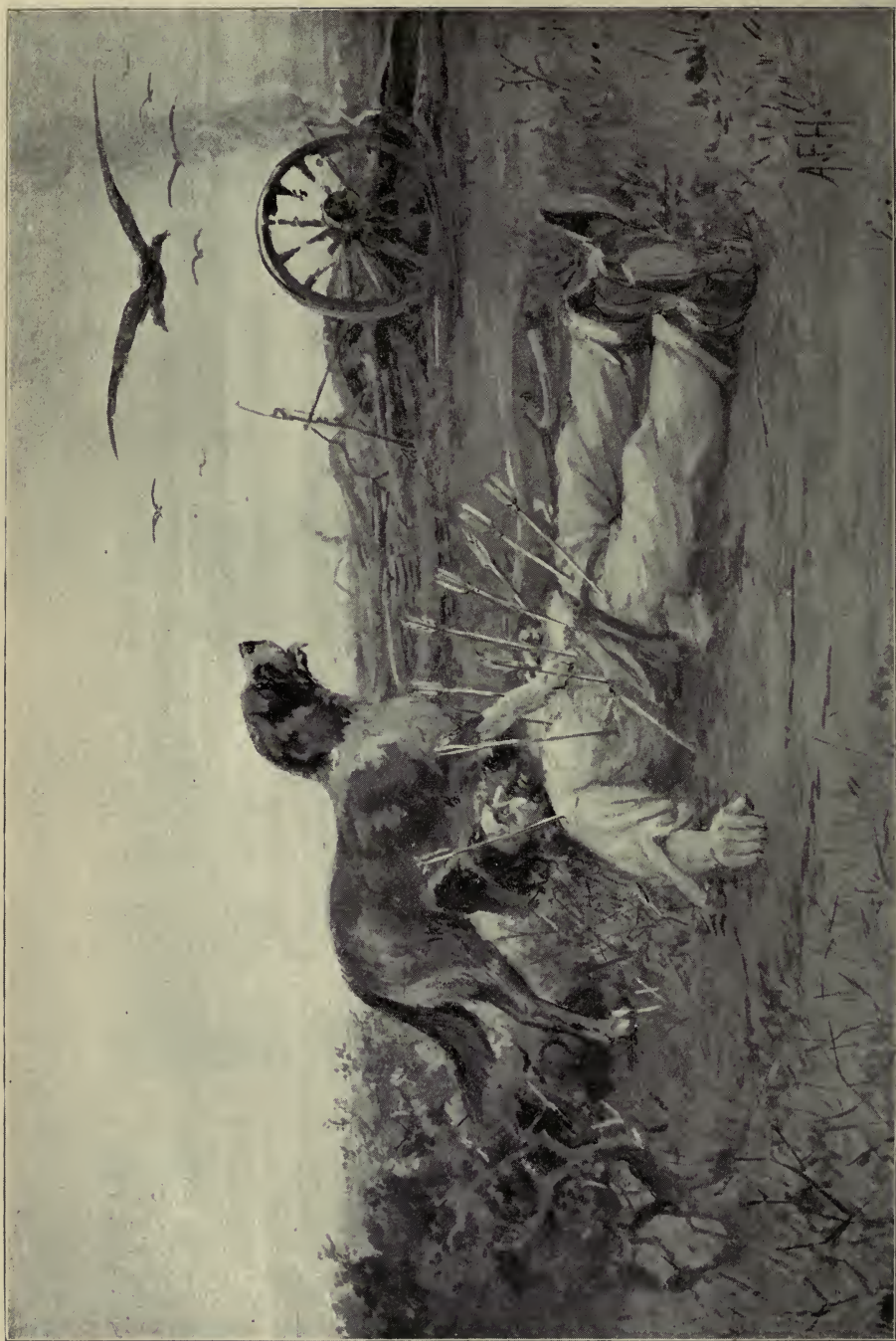


JOAQUIN MILLER AND HIS CABIN.

(In the Klondike Mines.)

and down the creeks, booted to the thighs and all girded and plumed like Jack the Giant Killer, but they found other business. One is a good cook for a good company of miners, one is kicking high at a higher salary in a dance hall, and one has got married a time or two. Would that the other newspaper tramps would find something better to do than "cousining" around from one mining camp to another. I say this not only





because it is right, but because the miners have asked me to say it. No man is a real man who shirks the task of packing his load over the Pass, where he can have every alternate sack of flour for packing it over, and other things in like way; or at least could last season. He may be talented and he may be tolerated, but he is at the same time despised.

The first thing our cook does in the dark, cold, seven o'clock morning is to hop out of bed in his sleeping boots of moose skin, light a candle and kindle a fire. Then he breaks the ice in the water bucket, sets on the coffee pot and wash basin of water, then back to bed till the roaring stove gets hot; then he is out, washes and dresses and gets breakfast. The morning meal announces itself, the fragrant coffee is not to be mistaken, and the other man is soon ready. After the table is cleared, a few books and papers find place; two candles are lighted, and each now with pen and paper plies his trade till tardy day is at the double-glassed window; that is, unless there is a big find or a stampede is on—as is the case about half the time. Then we put on our long muchlucks, fur coats, double suits, great fur caps that cover brow, ears and nearly all the face; and go forth with our axes and a big saw, and soon have heaps and heaps of wood, for it takes heaps every day. Then we have dinner, generally "at candle lighting." We have only two meals; sometimes tea. We live as well as we can here. That is, we eat all we can, and take great care to cook as temptingly as possible, so that we may eat well. The climate requires it. Your health, your life depend upon your stores being the best and cooked carefully. Of course, the art of putting up all kinds of "anti-scorbutics" makes it so that we can live as well here as in San Francisco or New York, if we can only cook right. We are doing our level best. And herein is the difference between the health of the Yukon miner and the early California miner. A mining camp in California oftentimes soon had the larger half of its inhabitants on some adjacent hill; but here, while our graveyard is already too populous (for you can't teach some men to take care, try as you will), we are comparatively in perfect health. Life is not a bit monotonous in a Klondike cabin, much as you might imagine it. All sorts of people call, of all sexes and conditions; more women than you would think; good women, bright and beautiful, with healthful color from brisk walks in the keen cold. One woman who sat watching Kreling, to his great annoyance, as he cooked, said, "N. G! It would kill me to eat that." He looked at her a moment and then said very seriously, "No, madam, it would not kill you. It might cripple you for life, but it would not kill you. However, I wish you no harm, and you shall not even be crippled." And with great gravity and deliberation he set only two plates. Then she left.



I have spoken of our generous and good living, but do not think we are wasteful or inconsiderate in this remote world of almost eternal winter. On the contrary, weeks ago we made a round-up and careful estimate of our supplies, and found that we had not more than enough to last till May, be careful as we might. The first boat got here last year on the 3rd day of June. This year they will have to come all the way from St. Michaels, as the mob has devoured, or will have destroyed, all things where the boats are now wintering, and they will have to go down and come back. Then the ice does not open down there until July. Of course, other men have not divided up as closely as we have, and I don't believe many others will be hungry in May, but we know we will be unless supplies come in over the Pass. Knowing what must overtake us unless the day of miracles has not passed, we hung up a big bag out in the store-room and into this we put every bone, bacon rind, bit of bread, cold beans and potatoes, everything and anything that might keep body and soul together, and so serenely eat the best and keep prepared for the worst. Of course, there will be fishes in the spring, but there will be floods also. However, I shall not be afraid to say with stout old Peter: "As for me, I go fishing," and in full faith shall cast my line accordingly. You who have good dinners in the merry month of May, drink a health to the cooks on the Klondike, for we may be not only very thirsty, in spite of the spring floods, but very hungry as well.

Last week we lost or mislaid our soap. Now soap has nothing to do with cooking or eating or anything to drink, nor has soap anything to do with cleanliness, save in the earthy sense. The higher significance of cleanliness is spiritual. Still, all sorts of cleanliness are good; and on the Klondike soap is soap. Kreling is a cleanly man, and he missed that soap dreadfully. I told him that soap was a new invention, that Julius Cæsar didn't use soap, that neither did Alexander the Great, and if those two distinguished gentlemen got along without it, we could also—but he refused to be comforted, and kept things turned upside down for days. At last he went into the store-house and peeped into the waste bag—and there was the soap!

As for holidays, we keep them here in our Klondike cabins as religiously as anywhere in the world. The Elks gave a grand ball in Dawson, Christmas eve, for the benefit of the Sisters' Hospital, and all the best people were there; admission one-half ounce—and the result was great. We saw the old year out and the new year in here in our cabin at the head of newspaper row. We had with us *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald*, the *Chicago Tribune*. We talked art and literature, and drank



good tea. Our wildest dissipation was pipes ; and that was all ; yet I don't know that I ever spent a pleasanter New Year's eve.

It was Kreling's cook week ; that is, his week began with the new year, and neither of us, as the company staid late, remembered to cut kindling or bring a fresh supply of wood for morning. Kreling got up next morning rather late, and after lots of delay and bother built a fire and put on the coffee pot ; then he had a wash, then got out some flour and got down the baking pan, when, seeing there was not much wood, he hastily got his muchlucks on and brought in some. He soon had a good breakfast. He wished me a Happy New Year and called me to breakfast. We sat down and ate and talked over the pleasant evening before, and then he put the dishes in the pan and set it in the stove with water in it. He was ready to wash the dishes, but the dish-rag had been misplaced, and he kept hunting for it everywhere till he made me nervous. At last the water began to boil and the dishes to dance and rattle ; then *he* got nervous.

"Go out and look for it where you put the soap," I said. He looked, but it was not there.

He turned all his pockets and mine, too, inside out, but no dish-rag. He turned everything in the room upside down, bunks and all—even my sacred bed and papers, without result.

It was bitter cold. The first little golden wedge of light had come and gone and the new year was nearly a day old now—and what a fretful, cross, crying baby day it was ! Kreling began to yawn, and we drew near the stove and began to untie our muchlucks to put on our moose sleeping boots. Kreling is an athlete, and it is a pleasure to see him hop right up out of his Indian boots. Having loosed all the cords and cables, his right foot flew out of the boot like a bird. Kreling was looking at me as if for applause and approval, for he knew I admire his agility. But I started at the sight. Behold ! the streaked and striped cloth—the lost dish-rag ! He had put on our pretty striped beauty for a foot cloth ! Kreling's eyes followed mine down. He did not speak. Softly he let his foot fall to the floor. Very quickly he gathered that dish-rag into his good right hand and disappeared through the two doors. I heard the crunch of the shovel against the snowbank outside, and I knew that the lost dish-rag was being buried beneath the cold, cold snow to await resurrection on the morn of the first wash day. No, not at all dull here ; lots of things like that going on the Klondike cabin, especially when Kreling cooks.

## IN NANNA'S PALM: A STORY.

BY IDAH MEACHAM STROBRIDGE.



**T**all happened years ago. Before there was any railroad; even before there were any overland stages crossing the plains. Only the emigrant teams winding slowly down the valleys; westward, always westward.

Some, though, had worked their way back from the Western sea, and stopped in those Nevada cañons where there was silver to be had for the delving.

The cañons were beautiful, too, with dashing, dancing streams and blossoming shrubbery and trees; and there grew up, in the midst of these, tiny towns that called themselves "cities," where the miners lived who came in with the return tide from the West.

There, in one of the busiest, prettiest mining camps on a great mountain's side, in one of the stone cabins set at the left of the single long street, dwelt Tony and his cousin Bruno; Italians, both. Bruno worked in the mines; but Tony, owning an ox-team, hauled loads for the miners to and from the other settlements. A dangerous calling in those days, because an Indian in ambush had ever to be watched for when a man came down from the cañons to travel alone through the valleys.

Tony was willing, however, to take risks. Teaming brought him more money than anything else he could do; and the more money he earned, the sooner he could go back to Nanna—to Nanna waiting for him away on the other side of the world.

He and Bruno both loved her—had loved her ever since the days when, long ago in their childhood, they played at being lovers down among the fishing boats drawn up on the beach of their beloved Italian home. Black-browed Bruno had then quarreled with him in jealous hatred time and again; but little Nanna—who loved peace, and to whom both playfellows were dear—would kiss each, and say: "Come! Let us play that ye are my twin brothers; and I, your only sister," and so harmony would be restored.

Thus it went on; and at last they were no longer little children, but men who love one woman as men may love. And Bruno's parents came to the father and mother of Nanna and settled that their children should be man and wife; and in that way Bruno was made glad, and no longer jealous of Tony—poor Tony who had not a single small coin which he could call his own. Yet, it was Tony whom Nanna loved—Tony whose



wife she wanted to be. But what can a young girl do when the one she loves is poor, and the one whom her parents have chosen has a little farm promised him by his father the day he shall bring home the wife they would have him marry? Nanna neither resisted nor rebelled; but only went to Tony who was as helpless as herself, and there against his breast wept her heart out.

It was only when Bruno declared he was going to America to make a great deal of money, saying that the farm wasn't enough — when he and Nanna were married he wanted they should be rich — that a ray of hope came to the two.

"I, too, will go to America," Tony whispered to Nanna, "and perhaps there can find a fortune. Then — when I come back — I may marry thee, may I not, little dear one?"

And for answer, the little Nanna lifted her arms to his neck, and her lips to his own.

The night before the two men sailed away to the strange, far-off land, Nanna and Tony walked together under the oaks and ilexes.

"Thou wilt miss me, little one; but thou wilt be true, I know. I shall think of thee all the time — every hour. Thou wilt long for me, as I for thee. Thou wilt miss my kisses; is it not so? But I —! Ah, Nanna! Nanna! Here —" and bowing over her hand he pressed kiss after kiss in the upturned little brown palm, closing her fingers tightly upon them as he raised his head and smiled in her eyes. "There! These I give thee, sweet one, so that when I am gone it shall be that thy Tony's kisses are thine whenever thou wilt."

And all the morrow, when the ship had sailed away, Nanna lay on her cot up in the little whitewashed bedroom under the eaves, and, with lips pressed close upon the palm that Tony's lips had touched, she sobbed her grief out, till she sank into exhausted slumber.

One year, two years, three, came and went. Tony off in America was making money, and when he came home they would be married in spite of her parents or Bruno. The fourth year he wrote her how the sum had grown; and now she began checking off the months ere he would return to her. Eighteen — sixteen — fourteen — now only twelve months more! A year, and Tony would be with her! Then half that year was gone. Six months, only, to wait! Happy little Nanna! And Tony was not less happy, away off in the mountains in his little stone cabin, or hauling the miners' goods across the valley. His heart was so full of her that — almost — he forgot to think of the Indians when he was traveling along the road.

"Thou art a fool," said Bruno to him over and over again. "Thou art a fool. It is more money, this hauling, yes! But some day — ping! — it is the arrow of an Indian. Then what



good is it, the money? Thou art a fool, I say. As for me, I will work here with the many in the mines."

Bruno had just said this to him for the hundredth time, as he was yoking his oxen for the long journey up the wide valley to the north. And Tony's answer had been, as always, that the saints would protect him; but, still, should he not return the thirteenth day, then indeed Bruno might think all was not well, and could send some of the boys from the mines in the cañon to look for him. He was not afraid, though. Had not the saints protected him for nearly five years? He was soon to go back to Nanna and Italy. So with a light heart, and a laugh on his lip he went down the cañon beside the oxen, cracking his whip as he warbled a song he and Nanna had sung together when they played by the boats and among the fishing nets in the long, long ago.

The wagon jolted and rattled on its way down the rocky road to the plain; and Tony's big, beautiful St. Bernard dog, Bono, followed in the dust sent skyward by the heavy wheels as they came upon the softer earth of the lowlands.

Everybody was Tony's friend in the little mining town. Therefore everybody was anxious when the thirteenth day came, but no Tony. With few words—at such times such men do not say much—they selected a dozen men from among the bravest and best, and with heavy hearts set out on their journey to follow Tony till they should find him.

Down into the hot valley, a-quiver under the summer heat—over a road of powdered alkali—along the winding Humboldt's banks—through mile after mile of sagebrush and greasewood—under the glaring white sun, they rode two and two. And so riding they spoke seldom.

When they were nearing the place that Tony, they knew, must have reached the third day out—now more than ten days gone—they saw outlined against the blue, high, high in air, circling spots of black. Dark things that swept with a majesty of motion that was appalling. Round and round, in great curves half a mile wide, they swam through the ether, and dipped and tilted without the quiver of a wing or other motion than that given by their marvelous self-poise—sailing through mid-air as only a vulture can.

They swept and circled over a spot that was awful in its silence under the metallic brightness of the hot August sun. The men looked at each other—looked, without speaking; for they understood. So they rode on to the place where the warped irons from the burned wagon lay; where a gaunt, nearly starved St. Bernard howled over something that had once been his master. He had guarded the dead man through ten hot days—through ten long nights. Bono's wail sounded long and mournful through the narrow pass where the whist-

ling arrows had found them. Tony had never been neglectful before ; and the dog could not understand it.

Alas, poor Tony !

When Bruno went back to Italy that fall he told Nanna that Tony was dead. And Nanna, who came of a race more or less stoical, did not cry out, but simply shut her sorrow up close in her heart where the others could not see. It had been their secret—hers and Tony's—and they had guarded it well. Henceforth it would be hers alone ; so she gave no sign except such as she might for an old playmate's death.

By and by she married Bruno. What would you ? Her father and mother wished it ; Bruno loved her ; he had money now to provide well for a wife ; and there was the little farm



that his parents would give him when he brought home his bride. So, after the manner of her kind, she finally yielded to his wooing ; and one day they were wed in the little church on the hill where they had both been christened when babies.

She bore him children, and was a good mother—a good wife. She lived to be an old woman, and her hair grew streaked with gray ; yet to the last day of her life she had a way of falling asleep with the fingers of her left hand slipped under her cheek, and her lips touching the upturned palm.

It was her one disloyalty to Bruno.

And so it was they found her lying on that morning that she did not awaken.



## PARTIAL READING LIST ON CALIFORNIA.

COMPILED BY MARY TURNER PIERCE.

**E**XCEPTING in the list of fiction, the selection has been limited to books and articles describing present conditions.

**MAPS AND GUIDES.** Raud, McNally & Co.'s new enlarged scale railroad and county map of California. Chicago, 1884. (There are also good maps of Northern, Central and Southern California in Rand, McNally & Co.'s atlases.)

Climatic Map of California. San Francisco, 1887. (Published by the Southern Pacific R.R.)

Whitaker & Ray's Map of California. San Francisco, 1897. (Shows railroad lines, county roads, land grants, etc.)

Doxey's Guide to San Francisco and the Pleasure Resorts of California. Illustrations, maps. San Francisco, 1897.

**DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.** Beyond the Rockies (C. A. Stoddard). Illustrated. N. Y., 1894. (The story of a trip through the Southern and Western States. Has chapters on California.)

Glimpses of Three Coasts. (Helen Hunt Jackson.) Boston, 1886. (A third of the book is devoted to Southern California and the Missions. Part of the material appeared originally in the *Century*, vols. 4 and 5.)

Summer Suns in the Far West. (W. G. Blaikie.) London, 1890. (California from an English point of view.)

Across the Plains. (Robert Louis Stevenson.) N. Y., 1892. (Includes essays on the Chinese and Indians, San Francisco and Monterey.)

To and Fro in Southern California, with sketches in Arizona and New Mexico. (Emma H. Adams.) Cincinnati, 1887.

Mineral Springs and Health Resorts of California. (W. Anderson.) San Francisco, 1890.

Old Mexico and Her Lost Provinces. (W. H. Bishop.) Illustrated. N. Y., 1883. (Has several chapters on California.)

On the Wing; Rambling Notes of a Trip to the Pacific. (Mary E. Blake.) Boston, 1883.

Two Years in California. (M. Cone.) Illustrated. Chicago, 1876.

Pacific Coast Scenic Tour. (H. T. Finck.) N. Y., 1890.

A Year of American Travel. (Jessie Benton Frémont.) N. Y., 1878.

California for Health, Pleasure and Residence. (Chas. Nordhoff.) Illustrated. N. Y., 1882. (The first book that really called public attention to the Golden State as a home.)

A Truthful Woman in California. (Kate Sanborn.) N. Y., 1893.

The Mountains of California. (John Muir.) Illustrated. N. Y., 1894. (High authority and high literature.)

California Wild Flowers. (Mary Elizabeth Parsons.) Illustrated. San Francisco, 1897. (The handsomest and most valuable work of this sort ever issued in the West.)

Mediterranean Shores of America. (P. C. Remondino.) Illustrated. Philadelphia, 1892.

(Periodical Articles.)

Camping Out in California. (J. R. G. Hassard.) Illustrated. *Century*, vol. 11, p. 736-50.

Picturesque Plant-life in California. (C. H. Shinn.) Illustrated. *Century*, vol. 22, p. 834-45.

A Redwood Logging Camp. (Ernest Ingersoll.) Illustrated. *Harper*, vol. 66, p. 193-210.

Wild Flowers of the California Alps. (B. F. Herrick.) Illustrated. *Popular Science Monthly*, vol. 51, p. 348-57.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



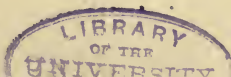


From Sigsbee to Dewey the American Navy is making Americans proud. God keep those gallant gentlemen!

War it is, and that shuts all doors but one. We are Americans all together. It is not necessary to be glad of the war, nor to deem that it was inevitable; those matters will be settled by history. The only thing now is to "fight for all that's out" — meantime keeping a business American eye on those who precipitated the fighting "for what there is in it." A million Americans are sorry we have to have war; they believe *any* war is a thing to be sorry for. But there is not one American who will flinch now that the nation is committed to the conflict. We should strike as hard, as fast and as honorably as free men can strike; we should work off in brave deeds our old race hatreds and lay them down when the war is done — as we have at last laid down the equally bitter and unreasoning hatreds between North and South. And last, but not least, we must come out clean as we shall come out victorious. The Lion knows that designing men had much to gain; but he knows that the American people are backing up this war now out of humane and generous beliefs. The world will watch to see if our war is really for humanity, or if it results at last in our financial gain. Let us prove that we can be true to our ideals.

There is nothing the matter with Dewey and his men. Their country is proud of them — proud of their courage, their cleverness, their splendid efficiency. That is the way we expect Americans to fight — as bravely as any men can fight and more intelligently than most men do. We expect our whole army and navy to acquit themselves as magnificently. For these fine men who bear the brunt of battle the Lion has nothing but honor and pride. But he would be a little better satisfied if the yellow newspapers, the speculators in Cuban bonds and the hysterical congressmen could be set in the forefront of the battle they have sent their betters to. Somebody is likely to get hurt before the war is over; and it will not be the people we could best spare. That is one of the things that rankles; that the people who provoke war and the people who profit by it are never the ones who bear its dangers.

The *Waterbury American* is one of the best papers in Connecticut, and seldom uses a wooden nutmeg to think with. Only sometimes. Just now the *American* is being sorry that "hard frosts have visited the blessed California regions and caused great discomfort and the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of fruit;" and thinks this is "a lesson in humility." It may be that, cheerful shiverer — or it may be that you were served right for believing the newspapers again. There were frosts. There are frosts every year. They and other things make this climate more bracing (as it is more livable) than that of Connecticut; but that's all. California could lose more fruit any day than Connecticut ever ripened, and never



know it. And California will have this year several times as much fruit as all New England put together, and of ten times as wide variety; and it will get money enough for its fruit (besides eating all it can hold) to plaster Connecticut with greenbacks. The spectacle of an Easterner being sorry for California (always because he doesn't know it) is one of the funniest things between the rising of the sun and the going down thereof.

THE  
PATH OF  
DUTY.

So far as the Lion knows it has not yet been made treason in the United States to think. In some countries it is; but in a republic, freedom of conscience is accounted respectable.

He has his notions about Cuba and Spain; not derived from skimming a newspaper nor caught, like la grippe, from the air; but born of tedious study through the best years of a serious life. Therefore these opinions do not change with the moon. The truth is not a matter of popular majorities nor of the color of the weather.

These views as to the necessity and the causes of the war do not change; nor as to the persons who have made catspaws of our sympathies. But a man is not any worse patriot for knowledge. He does not have to deny his citizenship because he can think. He may not be coward enough to wait to see how many people agree with him before he dares to feel; and yet he may be ready to take his share of any burden his country assumes. Our country has gone to war; it is now, therefore, every American's war. But no American has to surrender his common sense. If ever there is a time when we need to keep our reason it is when we are in a fight. Our president and our generals keep their heads; the worst foes Lincoln and Grant had at home were not the conservative people who lamented war, but the shouters who couldn't wait. It is just as much an American's duty to be sober and sensible as it is to be ready with his gun when his country needs that.

NO  
GREAT  
SHAKES.

Much the heaviest earthquake that California has had since 1868 befell San Francisco and the Bay region at 11:40 P. M.,

March 30. It was an unusually prolonged and severe shock, and everyone knew there was an earthquake. But it was as much like one of the Peruvian ones as a revolver is like a 13-inch cannon. There was, of course, no loss of life; and in the city practically no loss of property. Some chimneys and windows suffered, and a couple of ramshackle houses were glad of the excuse to fall. The Chronicle building—the first tall structure in California—the monumental Spreckels building (315 feet high and only 75 feet base), and all the other lofty edifices of the Pacific metropolis came out unscratched. The only considerable damage was to the government buildings on Mare Island. Southern California escaped the quake altogether.

The unameliorated Easterner, who thinks nothing of dying by sunstroke, lightning, blizzard, cyclone and various other pleasantries of his climate to which we of California are strangers, has a great deal to say about California earthquakes. Well, no one dies of them here; and a little shaking up reminds us that we have escaped worse things by coming West. California has never had a quake like that at Charleston on the Atlantic coast; and it is no more likely to have than Boston or New York are.

ONE  
OF OURS.

Lieut. John C. Frémont, commanding the U. S. torpedo-boat "Porter," is a genuine chip off both blocks. It is a far cry from California to Cuba, in history and in geography; but at each end of the half century a Frémont is first in the field. The lieutenant's latest photograph shows a striking resemblance to his father, the Pathfinder; tempered with clear reminders of brilliant Jessie Benton.



The photograph of Richard Harding Davis in his war-togs (as printed in the *Critic* of April 23) is impressive to his kind. It was very accommodating of Mr. Davis to go to the gallery thus bestowed. Accustomed people always put on just that sort of riggery to go to war or anywhere else. And incidentally, Mr. Davis wears his six-shooter wrong-side out.

"DRESSED  
TO KILL."

It is doubtless very brave and brilliant to sneer at what the rest of the world thinks of us; but, gentlemen, it is not American. That brief and no longer fashionable document which was the cornerstone of our nation is based, in turn, upon "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind." And the *Lion* is still old foggy enough to prefer the Declaration of Independence to the newspaper, as American doctrine.

OUR WISE  
FATHERS.

By the way, those starving *reconcentrados* — who were being fed by both the United States and Spain when we went to war — what are they eating now?

NOTES  
AND  
NOTIONS.

History can be made in a hurry. But it is written afterward.

There are contented people who talk and write, these days, about "civilized warfare." Now in the name of all the gods at once, what may c-i-v-i-l-i-z-e-d warfare be?

Just because we have declared war on Spain, it is not necessary to declare war on history and common sense. We shall win our battles all right. Let us not lose the finer victory of being reasonable creatures.

The *Lion* understands that eleven subscribers have stopped their magazine on account of its war views. He is sorry — that there are so many Americans as that who do not like free thought and free speech in America.

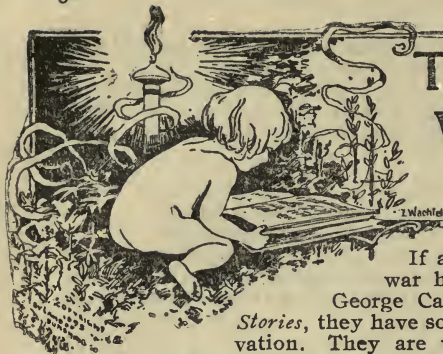
If the United States arms the Cuban insurgents and turns them loose on the inhabitants of Cuba, the *Lion* trusts God will remember that we meant well and simply didn't know what we were doing. Uncle Sam's soldiers can conquer Cuba, without using bloodhounds.

There are many thousand daily newspapers in the United States. Most of them are honest. Some are not. All are human. But every one of every kind is making money by the war. If the war gets more serious they will make more money. If there had been no war, they would have made less. The p'int of this lies in the application on't.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* during these momentous months has been an honor to journalism — the sanest, most reliable, and therefore most American newspaper in the West. And that these traits are appreciated is evidenced by the fact that the *Chronicle* has been piling up circulation and respect at the expense of its rabid contemporaries.

It isn't creditable to the great, rich, generous State of California that her brave volunteers should be ill fed. The people are patriotic. The boys are boys to be proud of. The State filled its quota before any other State in the Union, and there are no better regiments. But the gallant 7th, traveling 500 miles on 2nd class cars to San Francisco, without blankets or sleep, breakfasted on slender coffee and sandwiches, marched six miles over the ineffable cobbles of San Francisco, got to the Presidio at 10 a. m., pitched camp, and couldn't get a mouthful to eat until 8 at night. In the field a soldier expects to bear hardness; but in the State of his home he doesn't have to — unless someone is incompetent. The people are all right and the troops are all right; but what is the matter with the politicians?





## THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

GOOD,  
RINGING  
STEEL.

If any better campfire anecdotes of war have been written than those in George Carey Eggleston's *Southern Soldier Stories*, they have somehow managed to elude observation. They are worth telling, and they are told most manfully well—with terse strength, a daredevil but quiet humor, and a fine perception. They go straight as a bullet to the heart—and that is what stories are for. There is no sound temperament which will not be better for reading these ringing tales of heroism. And there is no sort of reading that most of us are more in want of. More truthfully, in the long run, than the histories, these stories balance our great war. They give us to understand—as none of us Northerners ever did quite understand, on his own motion—how and why the Southerners fought. Above all, to anyone who can entertain a thought, they carry the lesson which above all other wisdom this undigested nation stands in need to learn—that these men were Americans, even if they did make a mistake. When we can at last grasp that axiom, and apply its inevitable corollaries to man in general—why, then we shall be a united nation, and no longer a mere political dyspepsia in the waist of the geography. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

TEN  
YEARS  
TOO LATE.

Under the extremely modest title *The True Route of Coronado's March*, F. S. Dellenbaugh attempts to establish one of the most remarkable theories ever yet sought to be wreaked upon the poor old Southwest. He concludes that Cibola was somewhere in the Florida mountains of New Mexico; Acuco, a little way up the Rio Grande; Quirex at Socorro; Braba at Cochiti—and so on. The surprising thing is that at this day an intelligent man can become so infatuated with a notion that he can ignore all that has been proved. The general route of Coronado is so absolutely established that no one will make radical changes. Bandelier's documentary and field researches, Simpson's explorations and Cushing's ethnologic finds have proved definitively that Cibola was Zuñi; and all the other principal localities are identified as unassailably. Cibola disposed of, Mr. Dellenbaugh's whole laborious theory tumbles down. His paper is marked throughout by inability to understand the bibliography of the subject, and by large innocence of New Mexican ruins. He even presumes a branch of the Rio Grande at "Gran Quivira!"

THIN  
LOCAL  
COLOR.

One could hardly know why such a house as Houghton, Mifflin & Co., one of the soberest in America, should publish *An Elusive Lover*, by Virna Woods, of Sacramento—were it not that the copyright imprint indicates that it is "an author's book." That is, published at her proper risk. There is nothing harmful in the story, and the plot has some ingenuity—though scant plausibility—and the style is innocuous. But vitality is absolutely lacking. The scene is laid in Los Angeles, and various street names are used as convincingly as in a guide-book; but the story has no more to do with California than with the mountains of the moon, and the color would do for any other place under heaven with due change of directory names.

If Mr. Lowell really wished to know what is so rare as a day in June, the answer is easy. The right love-story is. And it is the one thing that never palls. A GOOD  
LOVE  
STORY.

Harriet Prescott Spofford is one of those who can write such a thing; and *Priscilla's Love-Story* is Mrs. Spofford all over—the same ingeniously simple plot, the same almost cloying sweetness of diction, the same delicate touch of human nature. It is a real story. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.

Edward McQueen Gray, an English ranchero in New Mexico, has published *Alamo and Other Verses*, an attractive little volume of no mean merit. Mr. Gray is a gentleman and a scholar, and both qualities get into his verse. There are manliness and impulse in his lines; and while the metre too often seems forced, the technique is on the whole very good. The proem, "To America," is perhaps the strongest thing in the volume; and "At the Meet" the most successful. The "Alamo" is stirring in many lines, but too long-drawn and too didactic. At all events, Mr. Gray does honor to the country of his adoption. Published by the author, Florence, N. M., for the benefit of the Florence public library. GOOD VERSE  
FROM  
NEW MEXICO.

Champion N. J. Whigham has made a very workmanlike book of his *How to Play Golf*. It is illustrated with over eighty instructive engravings, of which the great majority are from instantaneous photographs of famous players "caught in the act." Mr. Whigham's advice for beginners is clear and forceful; and his book seems to be the best guide yet written for golfing. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50 HOW TO  
PLAY  
GOLF.

The *Critic* guesses that "Dago" is a corruption of "the Italian name Diego," and that this discovery is original. Only in its error. The *Critic* consulted a bootblack; an Italian dictionary would have been better. Diego is not Italian (Giácomo) but Spanish. The derivation of "Dago" was absolutely established years ago. For one obscure place, it was printed in this magazine for February, 1896, with several hundred other unfamiliar etymologies—of which many are not in the dictionaries. But "Dago" is properly accredited in the *Standard* and the *Century* dictionaries.

The feature of the *May Century* is F. W. Hodge's admirable article on the "Ascent of the Enchanted Mesa," very effectively illustrated by Fernand Lungren, who is doing some of the best drawing of South-western subjects that we have ever had. Mr. Hodge carries out in detail and with much charm of style the interesting achievement he so well described in the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* last year.

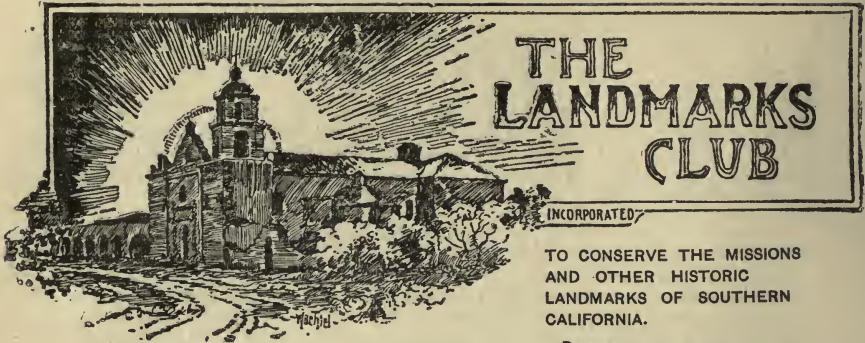
Oliver Herford and Gelett Burgess have at last hatched their joint *Enfant Terrible* on appropriate chronology—Vol. 1, No. 1, April 1. In this number there appears to be considerably more Burgess than Herford; but there is enough of both to make it odd and entertaining. New York.

Yone Noguche, the young Japanese poet, has started a little monthly, very Japanese in make-up. Its initial number contains some of his best verses. Its name is *The Twilight*. 331 Eddy st., San Francisco. \$1 a year.

*The Story of Evangelina Cisneros* is the N. Y. *Journal's* notorious fake in book form. It gives Julian Hawthorne a valued opportunity to make himself a spectacle. Continental Pub. Co., N. Y. \$1.

*April Current Literature* has a portrait and appreciation of Clarence Army, the poet of San José, Cal.





TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS  
AND OTHER HISTORIC  
LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN  
CALIFORNIA.

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Chairman Membership Committee, Mrs. J. G. Mossin.

Wars and scare-heads of war are diverting attention from such quiet and unexciting work as the preservation of our landmarks; but the work will not be forgotten nor neglected. As soon as sufficient funds are in hand, the Club will attend to the ancient Mission of San Diego.

A very creditable work is being done at Fort Ross, 100 miles north of San Francisco, in preserving the most interesting relics of the Russian colony in this State early in the century. G. W. Call, a resident of that historic hamlet, has just repaired, at his own expense and with excellent judgment, the old Russian church. A new roof has been put on; but the old grooved timbers are replaced upon it, so that the church looks as before. The interior and underpinning have also been renewed. The two octagonal block houses, however, are being allowed to fall to decay—and they should be saved, even the ruins of them. The Landmarks Club extends its congratulations and compliments to Mr. Call for his fine American spirit; and sincerely hopes that he will be moved also to shore up and shed over what is left of the old Russian forts.

Contributions to the work of the Landmarks Club continue to come in, though slowly. Members who have not paid their dues are again requested to do so. And everyone is invited to join. Membership is but \$1 a year.

Previously acknowledged, \$3094.31.

From articles sold by the Pasadena Branch, through courtesy of Mr. W. K. Vickery, San Francisco, \$21.

John Muir, Martinez, Cal., \$5; Mrs. Theo. Kane Gibbs, New York City, \$5; Thorpe Talbot, Dunedin, New Zealand, \$1.50.

\$1 each—Geo. Parker Winship, Providence, R. I.; Mary Hallock Foote, Grass Valley, Cal.; Dr. Geo. J. Lund, Los Angeles, Cal.; J. B. Calvert, Mrs. J. B. Calvert, Miss Clara L. Dows, F. A. Poster, Miss M. Edgar, Mrs. W. Edgar, all New York City; Datus L. Smith, Pasadena, Cal.; Prof. Wm. H. Housh, principal Los Angeles High School; Solomon Hubbard, Mrs. Solomon Hubbard, Azusa, Cal.; Mrs. J. E. Meeker, Miss Anna L. Meeker, Miss Julia A. Meeker, Pasadena, Cal.; Mrs. E. C. Sterling, St. Louis, Mo.





Women's Clubs in California, Arizona and New Mexico are invited to correspond with the editor of this department, Mrs. WILLIS LORD MOORE, P. O. Box 364, Santa Barbara, Cal.

The fifteenth session of the Women's Parliament of Southern California, held at Redlands, April 25th and 26th, was agreed to be one of the most helpful meetings ever held since the organization of this society.

THE  
WOMAN'S  
PARLIAMENT.

Dr. Belle Reynolds, the president, fulfilled all expectations in her manner of presiding, combining courtesy with promptness. Her opening address was brief but fervent.

Reports of county officers showed an increase of practical work among Southern California clubs, during the past six months.

The first paper in the program, "Kindergarten Work," by Miss Florence Lawson, was an able interpretation of Froebel's high ideal. Miss Lawson herself in her teaching in connection with the State Normal, embodies the true Kindergarten spirit, and has moreover the gift for transmitting it to the teachers under her. If there were more such kindergartners, the objection sometimes made to this work, especially by primary teachers, will no longer be heard.

Mrs. Caroline M. Severance read a paper upon "The First Club;" which took her listeners back to those old Boston days, when Margaret Fuller, Julia Ward Howe, Miss Alcott, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Maria Mitchell, Lucy Stone, Mary Livermore, and other illustrious names were enrolled upon the membership list of "The New England Women's Club" which was then and is yet a moving factor in the intellectual life of Boston.

Mrs. Severance was instrumental, perhaps prime mover, in forming this first great club.

"Are Clubs Educators?" was the question answered brilliantly by Mrs. W. W. Murphy of Los Angeles. Mrs. Murphy averred that since the day of that first club formed by Eve, in the Garden of Eden, for the purpose of extending her knowledge, clubs had ever been educators; teaching, not alone book-knowledge, but management of affairs, helping to do away with petty prejudice and useless formality, and what was better than all else, exercising women in that almost lost art of conversation — giving them something of value to talk about, not only in the club, but afterward in the home. Mrs. Murphy laid much stress upon the benefits of a sense of humor.

The paper by Mrs. Willis Lord Moore, upon "The Benefits of Federation" was ably discussed by Mrs. Ward of Los Angeles, Mrs. Estelle Langworthy, of San Diego, and Mrs. Brown of Redlands, bringing out forcibly the points that through united effort, Womens' Clubs are doing much to solve educational problems. The children of culture can lose nothing by association in the public schools with the uncultured, while they may give much. Club women are uniting to demand a higher class of teachers and to insist upon character as well as education.

Mrs. Langworthy told of the work of the San Diego's Women's Club, in educating the little wharf waifs of that city.

The Rev. Eugenia St. John's talk upon "Ways and Means" was the

enthusiastic appeal of an earnest W. C. T. U. worker, for help from the higher classes, and especially the women of our land, in the efforts to eradicate the social evil. Rev. St. John made an especial point of the fact that when well-to-do women accept positions at reduced salaries, they thereby lower the salaries of needy ones, making it impossible for them to live honorably upon their earnings. Her paper was supplemented, later in the program, by an earnest talk by Mrs. Grace Dunham, of the Salvation Army, during which she gave several touching instances of the work of her order in extending the helping hand at just the right moment, when all the world seemed to have turned against the erring soul. Miss Gabrielle Stickney read a paper upon the same line detailing the purity work of the Army and the W. C. T. U., dwelling especially upon the rescue work in Southern California.

A morning with the law was that session opened with Mrs. Lu Wheat's incisive paper entitled "Justice vs. Law." Mrs. Wheat showed how, ever since that time when a court sitting upon the case of Jesus Christ, and knowing him to be innocent, had so far yielded to technicalities and false evidence, as to permit His condemnation, Justice had battled in vain against law, as administered by pettifoggers and false witnesses. Women, especially, owing to their ignorance of these matters, were the victims of injustice. Either learn the law—or learn at least enough to keep out of court—was Mrs. Wheat's advice.

Miss Elizabeth Kenney, a brilliant young woman lawyer of Los Angeles, devoted her paper to an exposé of the pitfalls of administrative and community law in its relation to women. Full of pointed illustration and keen reasoning, Miss Kenney's paper showed that her heart is in her chosen work, that of defending in the courts the cases of women and young children.

Discussion of these papers was most animated, and brought out many clever points, which resulted in fixing upon husbands some blame for the ignorance of wives as to business methods. Many a wife is left, upon the sudden demise of her husband, to unravel the mysteries of his business, and at the same time to face the, to her, great unknown of administrative law.

This opened the question of the individual pocket-book for husband and wife, that issue upon which hangs two-thirds of the matrimonial unhappiness.

"Practical Duties of Ministers' Wives," by Mrs. Bella Bodkin, brought out valuable suggestions, and gave an insight into the overburdened lives of the administrators of this office.

Dr. Kate Shepardson Black, of Pasadena, demonstrated by her practical paper, her belief, borne out by experience, in the fact that no amount of athletic sport can take the place of actual work in the development of mind, as well as body.

Dr. Rachel Reid, in a paper upon "Reforms in Funeral Methods," deplored the lavish expenditure of money upon funeral trappings, when it would be a higher tribute to the departed to use this means in alleviating human suffering. Dr. Reid's paper was earnest and reverent, and went straight to the hearts of her hearers.

Mrs. Estelle Langworthy, of San Diego, discussing "Reforms in Mourning," pleaded for simplicity here also. Here, not fashion, but the dictates of our own feelings should rule. Is it not absurd to emphasize the depth of our grief by the depth of the border upon our visiting cards, the recession of our sorrow by the curtailing of our crêpe? Our final emergence from the gloom of woe, by the blossoming of colors in our gowns?

Probably the most polished and artistically delivered paper was that upon "Plato's Republic," by Mrs. Alexander Blair Thaw, of Montecito. Mrs. Thaw proved herself a keen student of the great philosopher, and the points which she so forcibly brought out convinced her

audience anew that not yet, with all our sociologic study, have we formulated an ideal one jot in advance of his great thought, while the embodiment of that ideal seems, alas, to most of us, as far away as then, notwithstanding our social settlements and municipal reform leagues.

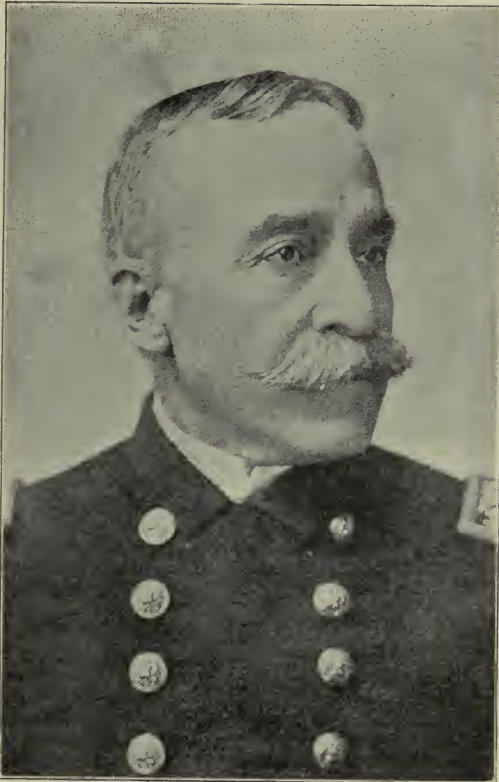
Mrs. Gay, President of the Contemporary Club of Redlands, in a talk upon "Our Club," introduced the Parliament to its hostess, who extended social cheer in the form of a reception and a luncheon, and a drive about the beautiful little city.

Mr. Smiley invited the visitors to view that handsome new library, which he has since presented to the city of his adoption.

The Parliament throughout breathed a spirit of kindness and tolerance toward all phases of thought; and showed especially a desire among California women to grasp the solution of practical questions.

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### WAR PICTURES.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Photo. by Batl.

Commodore (now Rear Admiral) George Dewey, U. S. N.  
The Hero of Manila.



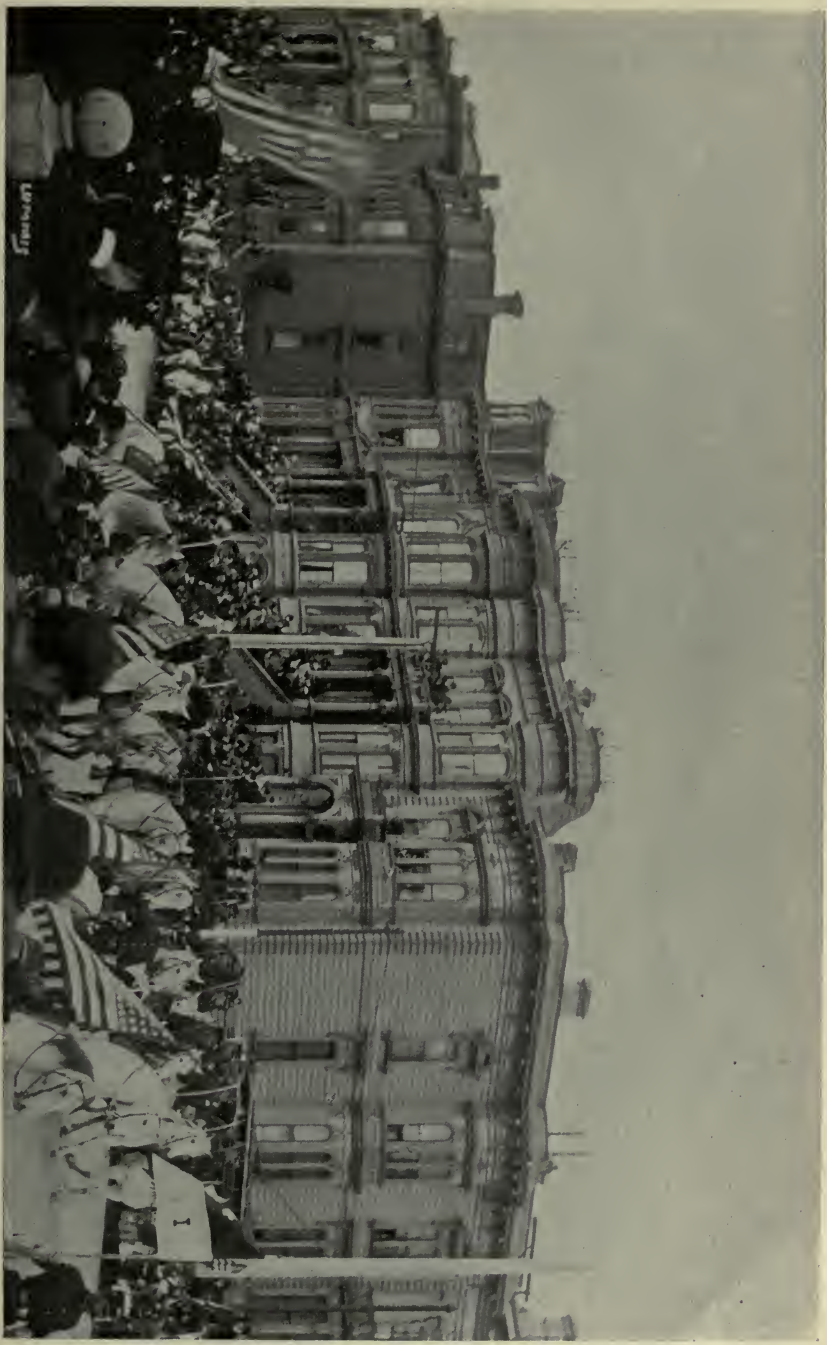


Mansard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE 1ST REG'T., U. S. A., MARCHING DOWN MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

(From the top of the Chronicle building. A curious picture of a crowd as seen from far above. The troops are seen in the extreme left, upper corner.

Courtesy San Francisco Chronicle.



L. A. ENG. CO.

THE TROOPS LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO FOR CHICKAMAUGA.

Photo. by C. F. L.





L. A. Eng. Co.

THE 1ST REGT., U. S. ARMY, LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO.

Photo. by C. F. L.





Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Photo. by Sturtevant.

**THE 7TH REGIMENT, U. S. VOLUNTEERS, LEAVING LOS ANGELES.**  
Passing the Armory.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

**"FALLING IN."**  
The Seventh at the Presidio.

Photo. by C. F. L.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT IN CAMP AT THE PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO.

Photo. by C. F. L.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. DRILLING THE SEVENTH AT THE PRESIDIO. Photo. by C. F. L.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. IN CAMP WITH THE SEVENTH.

Photo by C. F. L.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. ONE OF THE SEVENTH'S KITCHENS.

Photo. by C. F. L.



## INTER-COLLEGIATE TRACK ATHLETICS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY FREDERICK MC DONALD SPENCER.



E. E. Elliott, Mile and Quarter-Mile  
Champion.  
Photo. by R. W. Avery, University.

ATHLETIC zeal is now an integral part of college life; and under what more favorable circumstances could it exist than in this place of clear skies and sunshine? This is a land where the athlete needs no roof to protect him from winter snows, where he can train three hundred days in the year without interruption.

A group of colleges near together is all that is required to fire the enthusiasm of their respective students. Therefore, it was only a question of time before the four institutions—Pomona, Chaffey, Occidental Colleges and the University of Southern California—should form an association and struggle for supremacy. Base-ball, foot-ball and tennis matches had been conducted ever since the founding of the several schools. It remained for 1893 to witness the first systematic competition in those cleanest of all athletic contests, track and field sports. In the fall of '92 delegates from each student body met at Los Angeles and formed the Southern California Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association. Of this organization, R. S. Day, Pomona, was elected the first president; Mr. Reinhart of Chaffey, vice-president; Ben. Gillette, Occidental, secretary and treasurer; L. R. Garrett, U. S. C., business manager.

The directors arranged a list of ten events, comprising running, jumping, vaulting, hammer throwing, etc., following largely the example of Eastern meets. Each institution held a local contest to decide the personnel of its team. On April 15th, 1893, the first annual field-day of the I. C. A. A. occurred. At the end of the struggle the blue and white streamers of Pomona floated victorious, U. S. C. being second in the scoring. The date was changed the ensuing year to February 22nd, upon which day it has been held until the present, when April 30th was selected. Six annual contests have taken place, and each year the athletes from Pomona have triumphed, except in 1894, when they shared equal honors with the Occidental College men.

The I. C. A. A. has gradually worked forward to popularity. No more eager, excited throng gathers in this land of sunshine than the crowd that each spring watches the college sports. Moreover, the ama-

teur records for Southern California are now almost entirely held by the men trained for these contests. Some very excellent performances have not been given official sanction on account of a slight error—as a few feet shortage in the running course. All disputes and protests are now referred to the Amateur Athletic Union. The various events with their records are at present as follows: 50 yd. dash, 5 3-5 seconds; 100 yd. dash, 10 3-5 seconds; 220 yd. dash, 23 4-5 seconds; 440 yd. run, 53 1-5 seconds; one mile run, 4 minutes 51½ seconds; shot put, 36 ft. 7 inches; 16 lb. hammer-throw, 111 ft. 4 inches; one mile bicycle, 2 min. 15 1-5 seconds; two mile bicycle, 4 minutes 44½ seconds; pole vault, 10 ft. 2 inches; high jump, 5 ft. 9 inches; 120 yd. hurdles, 17 seconds.

The men who have won laurels in the I. C. A. A. meets have become well known in athletic circles. Elmer E. Elliott, '97, U. S. C., was, before he retired, probably the foremost college athlete in the southern counties. He broke the tape three successive years in the mile run and the same number of times in the quarter. His time of 53 1-5 seconds in the latter is still the amateur record of Southern California. L. M. Tolman, '97, was an all-around athlete who shared in nearly all of Pomona's vic-



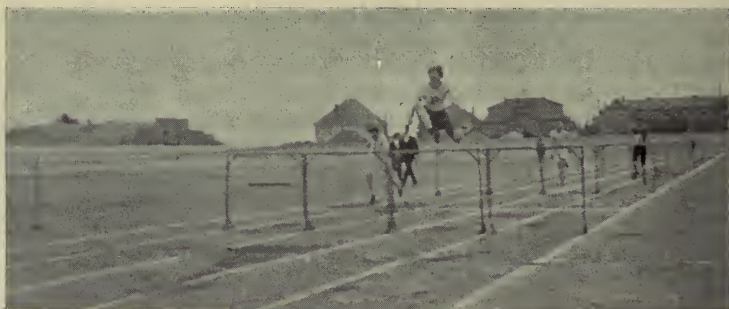
H. L. Avery, Pomona, 100 and 220 yard dashes. (Photo. by R. Charlton.)



Photo. by Swichtenberg, Pomona.

POMONA COLLEGE TRACK ATHLETIC TEAM.

Winners S. C. I. C. A. A. Field Day, April 30th, 1898.



S. E. Wharton, Pomona, winning 120 yard Hurdle Race, April 30th, 1898.

(Photo. by R. Charlton.)

tories. While not phenomenal in any one respect, he had scarcely an equal as a sprinter, jumper and weight-thrower combined. In the contest of '96 he won both the high jump and shot put, obtaining second place in the hammer throw.

There is hardly a more promising sprinter at present than H. L. Avery, '01, Pomona. He has been a winner for two years past in the 100 and 220 yd. dashes. In the '98 games his splendid time of 22 seconds for the 220 was not allowed, the runners having been started without the usual pistol shot. Chaffey college boasts a man whose reputation is already well earned. W. J. Cutter is a sprinter, jumper, vaulter and weight-thrower. Indeed, it is difficult to decide wherein he shines the brightest. This gentleman holds the present I. C. A. A. record of 10 ft. 2 in. for the pole vault. His best effort at this game, however, is 10 ft. 10 in., his greatest achievement on the high jump being 5 ft. 9½ inches. Another vaulter of recognized merit is H. F. Sloan, Pomona, three times a winner in this event. His record is 10 ft. ½ in.

The directors of the association chose the Southern Pacific grounds at Santa Monica for the sixth annual celebration. Here the noisy cohorts assembled on April 30th to cheer their favorites to victory. The silver trophy was again won by the boys in blue and white, their final



H. L. Avery, Pomona, winning 100 yard dash, April 30th, 1898.

(Photo. by R. Charlton.)





P. E. Lamb, Pomoua, winning 50 yard dash, April 30th, 1898.  
(Photo. by R. Charlton )

score being 38 points ; U. S. C. was a good second, with a total of 32 ; Chaffey and Occidental following with 28 and 21 respectively. The feature of this meet was the phenomenal work of the novice S. E. Wharton, Pomona. He made the fast time of 17 seconds in the 120 yd. hurdles and placed the high jump record at 5 ft. 9 inches. Throughout the meet competition was of the keenest order, which augurs well for the future.

The importance of these college sports to amateur athletics in this section can hardly be exaggerated. Already Pomona College has applied for admission to the Berkeley-Stanford spring games. Since the L. A. Athletic Club has abandoned its annual field trials the Inter-collegiate Association must maintain the standard of pure athletics.



B. M. Norton, winner 440 yard run, April 30th, 1898.  
(Photo. by W. R. McAllup, University.)

## THE TAMALPAIS SCENIC RAILWAY.

BY MARION A. ARNOLD.

FOR years the tramp up Mt. Tamalpais has been the delight of the camper, the picnicker, the cross-country enthusiast and the tourist in search of birdseye views of San Francisco and vicinity; but until recently only the courageous and sturdy of limb could attain the summit with any degree of comfort, for the climb was steep and long, the trails rugged, and the trip rather exhausting for tender people.

The great desire to enjoy the view from the summit of the mountain led to the building in 1896 of the Mill Valley and Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway. The air line distance from Mill Valley, at the base of the mountain, to the summit is only three miles; but as an ascent of twenty-five hundred feet was to be made, the road had to take a tortuous course,



TAMALPAIS TAVERN AND PAVILION.

and is over eight miles in length. Its crookedness, however, constitutes its greatest charm, as it produces a constant shifting and changing of the view. The grade is easy, the average being five feet to the hundred, and the maximum seven. The road-bed is cut in the solid rock of the mountain all the way. The equipment is excellent, steam traction locomotives of a special type being used. The cylinders turn a shaft, which is geared to the driving wheels or their axles, and the shaft is furnished with universal joints in order that the many sharp curves may be made without strain. Perfect systems of brakes are used, and the locomotives are kept below the cars. Some of the latter are open, and others are closed.

The scenic features of the trip up the mountain are charming. On leaving Mill Valley the road at once enters the heavily wooded cañon of Blythedale, redolent with the breath of redwood and laurel. The view does not begin to open, however, until the cañon is finally crossed

and the road swings out upon the open flank of the mountain. From this point to the summit no trees obstruct the view, save at intervals when crossing smaller cañons. The panorama now opens up and broadens out, each turn in the road bringing out some new detail of the comprehensive landscape. Mountain after mountain of the Coast Range emerges from the horizon, the bay of San Francisco comes into full view, and toward the west, now and then a glimpse of the ocean is caught. But not until the summit is reached is the full grandeur of the scene appreciated. The terminus of the road, the Tavern of Tamalpais, is in a sheltered spot facing the south, 210 feet below the turreted mass of rock crowning the summit of the mountain. Broad verandas face the south and west, and from them the noble views can be enjoyed in perfect ease and comfort.



LOOKING DOWN FROM TAMALPAIS.

(Showing the "Bowknot" in the Railway. Sausalito in the distance.)

The ground floor of the Tavern is devoted principally to a large dining-room. Above are a number of bed-rooms for the accommodation of guests who come to the summit to see the sun rise, or for those who come for a moonlight dance in the new pavilion which has been recently built, and which is reached from the Tavern by means of a bridge spanning the little ravine which divides the two.

All the scenic capabilities of the mountain are developed by ascending the trail to the summit, whence one looks down on a scene complex, majestic, almost infinite. Toward the west, as far as the eye can reach, is the broad Pacific, rolling ceaselessly. Twenty-five miles out at sea, when the day is clear, the Farallones can be seen. Toward the east and south are the everlasting hills—the green covered mountains of the Santa Cruz range. Gloomy Loma Prieta fifty miles away, Mt. Hamilton with its huge telescope, and Mt. Diablo, the "Devil's Mountain,"



all stand out prominently. Farther beyond are the wild tule swamps and the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and farther still, beyond all these, bounding the eastern horizon, one hundred and fifty miles away, are the "Snowy Mountains" of the Sierra Nevada range, their mantles of eternal white gleaming in the sunshine.

The climate on the summit is faultless. On the mountain one is far above the swirling and eddying winds of the level of San Francisco, and above the fogs which come rolling in the Golden Gate. A harsh wind never blows on the summit; the air is still and the sunshine warm.

An interesting spectacle, and one worth many a trip to find, is seen when looking down upon the upper surface of one of the huge fog



ABOVE THE FOG.

banks which often mantle the lower levels. It is a strange and wierd sight, when, standing on the veranda of the Tavern, one can observe below a vast opaline sea of fog, which rolls in long undulations as the billows of the ocean. But on the summit, not a thousand feet above this silent sea of fog, the sun shines and the air is clear.

The limitations of space prevent a description of all the beautiful features to be seen from the vantage ground of this great "sentinel of the Golden Gate," but this is a trip which no tourist in search of the interesting sights of California should fail to take.



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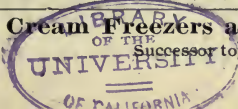
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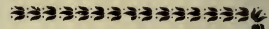
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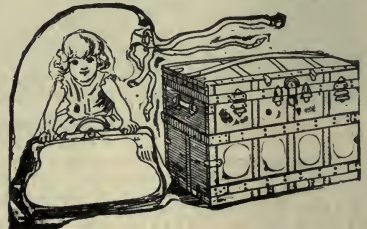
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### Items of Interest.

Mr. Robert Mitchell, who comes from that great headquarters of advertising experts, New York city, has taken charge of the local advertising field of the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Advertising firms and publishers alike are assured of a valuable ally to the cause of advertising.

In the article in May issue of LAND OF SUNSHINE, entitled The History and Development of the Organ, by Murray M. Harris, the half-tone illustration of the pipe organ rebuilt by Mr. Harris for the First Baptist Church of Los Angeles was by mistake credited to Pasadena. The first half-tone in the same article was of Lincoln Methodist Church pipe organ of Pasadena, and was entirely manufactured at the factory of Mr. Harris, 657-659 San Fernando St., Los Angeles. This is an interesting factory, and the most complete one in the West.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Protective Savings Mutual Building and Loan Association, recently held at the offices of the company, No. 406 South Broadway, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: W. J. Patterson, president; Byron Erkenbrecher, vice-president; William George Blewett, secretary; E. A. Carter, assistant secretary; Title Insurance and Trust Co., trustee; State Loan and Trust Co., treasurer. Directors elected for the ensuing year are F. K. Rule, Clarence A. Miller, Byron Erkenbrecher, W. J. Patterson and W. G. Blewett.

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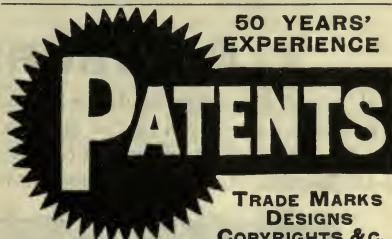
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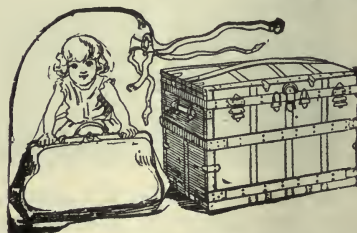
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## CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1898:

PAGE

"Quivira was always just beyond," drawn by F. Maynard Dixon.....	Frontispiece
The Story of Coronado, illustrated, George Parker Winship .....	53
The Story of the Hills, illustrated, Walter J. Kenyon.....	66
The Hidden Room, a story, Susie Hale Brewer.....	71
Partial Reading List on California, Mary Turner Pierce.....	76

(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

In the Lion's Den, editorial..... 80  
 That Which is Written (editorial reviews) ..... 83  
 The Woman's Club, Mrs. Willis Lord Moore..... 85  
 The Ruskin Art Club ..... 87  
 University of Southern California..... 89  
 War Pictures..... 93  
 Yachting on the Pacific..... 100  
 San Gabriel Cañon Resort ..... 104

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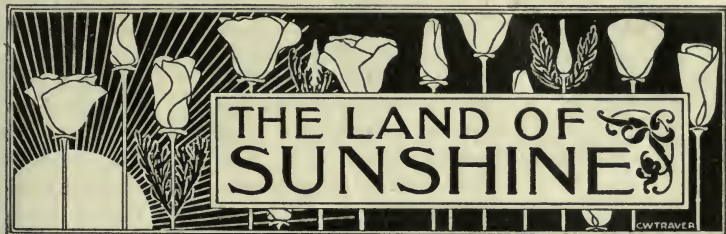
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"QUIVIRA WAS ALWAYS JUST BEYOND."

Drawn by L. Maynard Dixon.



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



Vol. 9. No. 2.

LOS ANGELES

JULY, 1898.

## 'THE STORY OF CORONADO.

BY GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP.



ASTER, in the year 1540, was a gala day in the town of Culiacan—the northwestern outpost of Spanish-American civilization, halfway up the mainland coast of the Gulf of California. It was a thriving town. Successive seasons of good harvests had filled its store-houses; the natives were friendly, and their barter maintained a growing commerce with the larger ports on the Pa-

cific coast to the further south, and with the inland capital City of Mexico. Four years before, when Cabeza de Vaca passed through the village, there had been scarcely a score of frontiersmen here, who had offered him the hospitality of their cabins while they listened to his tales of shipwreck and slavery, of hump-backed cows and the mysteries of Indian medicine. Three years later, the village had become a flourishing town, where little heed was paid to the questions of Fray Marcos and the wondrous cities beyond the northern mountains, whither the negro Estevan was guiding him. As little did it notice the friar's return, when he paused here to recover from the breathless flight and discouragement which followed the indiscreet reconnaissances of the negro.

Fray Marcos had been forced to turn back with only a distant sight of the Seven Cities for which he was seeking. He made his way back to the capital without having handled either silver or gold, but with an ample store of strange stories about the wealth of the country north of the Mexican mount-



*Antonio de Mendoza*  
*de Mendoza*

Autograph of Antonio de Mendoza, first Viceroy of Mexico.

ains. Eager listeners, with receptive minds made fertile by the tales from Peru and El Dorado, crowded about as he made his report to the viceroy of New Spain. Nothing could seem unlikely when compared with the conquests of Pizarro. The fruitful gossip of a barber's home shows how the stories circulated. And thus it came to pass that a long line of marching troops,

with armored horsemen at their heads and trains of followers stretching far behind, came up the road to Culiacan on Easter morning, March 28, 1540.

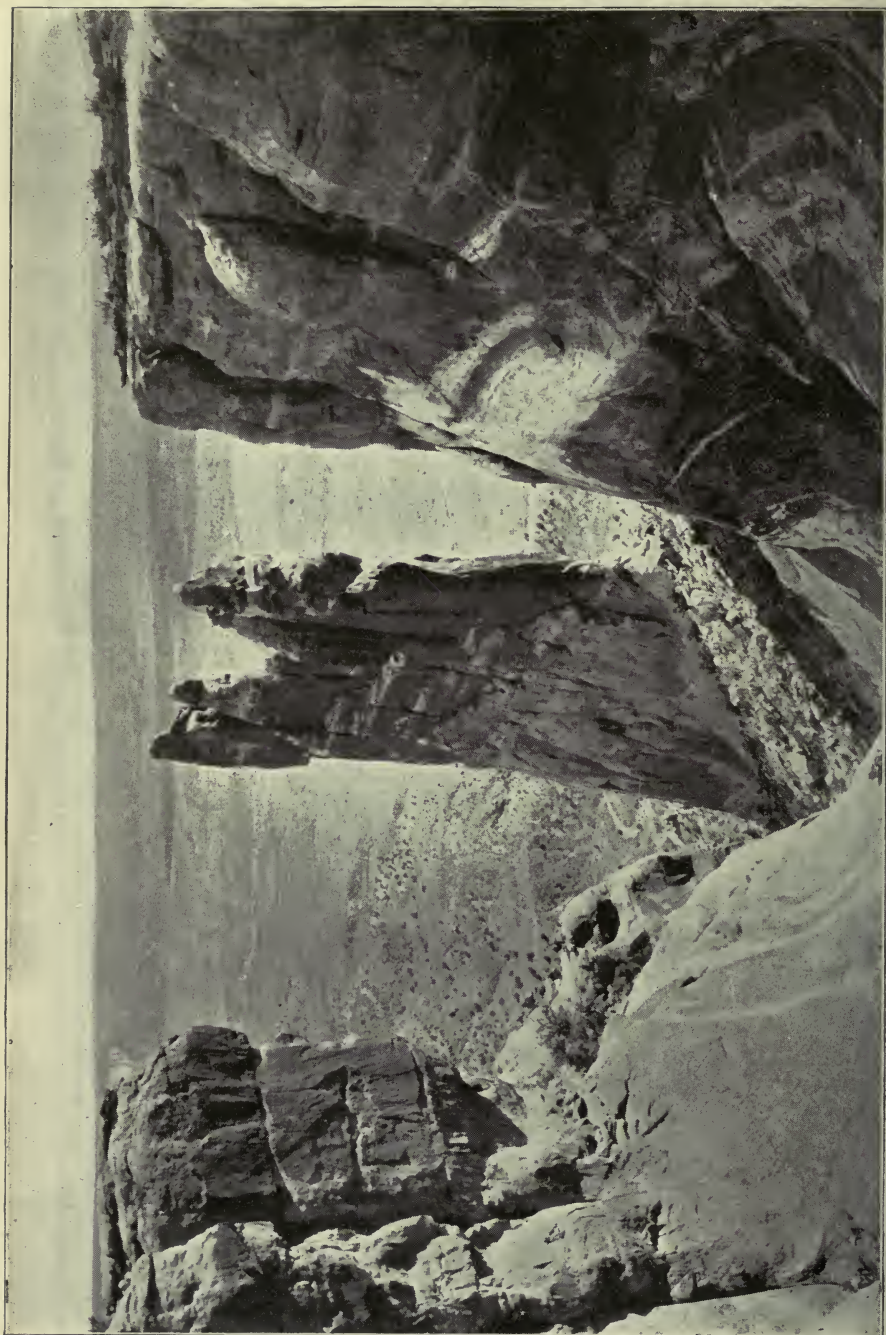
A month before, the army had passed in review before the Viceroy Mendoza, led by his chosen commander, Francisco Vasquez Coronado. Escorting their chief, rode the young cavaliers just over from Spain, curbing the picked horses from the well-stocked ranches of the viceroy, each resplendent in long blankets flowing to the ground. More than two hundred horsemen held each his lance erect, while sword and other weapons hung at his side. Some were arrayed in coats of mail, polished to shine like that of their general, whose gilded armor was to bring him many hard knocks a few months later. Others, more practiced in the arts of frontier service, were content with iron helmets or vizored head-pieces made from the tough bull-hide for which the country has ever been famous. Behind these came the footmen, bearing crossbows and harquebuses, while some of them were armed with sword and shield. Following these white men with their weapons of European warfare, was the crowd of native allies in their paint and holiday attire, armed with the bow and the club of an Indian warrior. Occasionally the gay crowd parted, with a moment's reverential hush, as the sombre cloak of a gray Friar passed slowly through, adding a touch of peace and holy thoughts to the picture of militant preparation. Next morning they started off, in duly ordered companies, to the conquest of the Seven Cities. With them went upwards of a thousand servants and followers, black men and brown men, leading the spare horses, driving the pack animals, bearing the extra luggage of their masters,

*Coronado*  
*Francisco Vasquez*  
*de Coronado*

Supposed autograph of Coronado.







Mausard-Collier Eng. Co

THE VALLEY OF CIBOLA (ZUNÍ),  
From the Thunder Mountain.

Photo. by Taber.



or herding the droves of oxen and cows, sheep and swine, which were to provide fresh food for the army on the march. There were more than a thousand horses in the train of the force, besides the mules, loaded with camp supplies and provisions, with half a dozen pieces of light artillery, the *pedreros* or swivel guns of the period.\*

Such was the force which entered Culiacan on Easter morning, 1540 — with its polish and gaiety worn by a month of hard marching and the harder monotony of fording stream after stream and climbing hill after hill, each day's march held back and made tiresomely longer by the slow moving pack trains and the four-footed food supplies. A hearty welcome and plenty to eat soon atoned for all these past annoyances, and the men set eagerly to work preparing for the severer trials which lay before them. Experience had already taught him



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE SITE OF TIGUEX.

Photo. by C. F. L.

Near Bernalillo, N. Mex. Here Coronado wintered in 1540.

something, and so Coronado reorganized his force, and arranged the plans for its advance into the untried region where he hoped to enter mighty cities containing streets of prosperous metal-workers, whose stately residences should be protected by massive gates studded with precious jewels. All this was not to be won by the asking, and its conquest might fairly claim time and skill and resources. The first was his; he was confident of the second; the third had been given him by the viceroy, who had spared no pains or expense in providing an equipment which should be equal to the demands of an emergency. The granaries of Culiacan supplied the final need, and their stores of corn were loaded into the two vessels which had

\*The composition and numbers of Coronado's force are discussed with some detail in my "Coronado," in U. S. Bureau of Ethnology, Report XIV, 1896, pp. 376-379, and 479.

been ordered to accompany the army, sailing along the coast and keeping in communication with the land force wherever possible.

By the end of April, Coronado said good bye to his generous hosts, and started northward with a picked force of a hundred men, equipped for rapid marching. The well-worn trading routes of the settled country soon gave place to rougher trails which led them north and east, further and further away from the coast, as they followed one and another river up its course to a passage over the barren mountains. Fortunately, Friar Marcos was with them, urging them on to the glories beyond. All pushed eagerly forward, assured that the trials of the moment would only lend added luster to the treasures in store. For two months they persisted, the inhospitable country growing steadily worse, as their rations diminished. At last they reached the Red House, Chichilticalli, and found its fame converted into a roofless ruin with dismantled walls. But the Seven Cities were beyond, and the country soon became fairer as they left the mountains for a level plain where the spring-time water-courses afforded abundant pasturage and cotton-wood shade. The food supplies were almost gone, and so they hastened on to the goal which must now be near at hand. Well worn trails showed the way toward what was plainly a populous community. With renewed courage, the soldiers prepared for their work, and it may have been the Fourth of July that Coronado drew up his followers in battle array in sight of the Seven Cities of Cibola—its white walls looming large in the gleaming sunlight to the eyes of the gaunt and wearied strangers.

The inhabitants thronged out through the narrow gateways—a curious, anxious crowd—while their old men and the captains held hurried consultation. Presently one of the Europeans, mounted upon a strange beast which may well have seemed to the natives capable of snorting fire and the thunder bolt, rode forward to proclaim the gracious intentions of his Cæsarian majesty, Charles the Fifth, who offered peace and protection to all that might accept his imperial overlordship. Shouts of defiance greeted the unintelligible invitation. Growing bolder as they counted the small force, the native warriors drew closer and closer about the strangers. His soldiers were eager for attack, but Coronado held them back, hoping for some escape from so uncertain an arbitrament. As the encircling enemy became more daring, the priests added their exhortations to the entreaties of the men. An arrow pierced the gown of a friar; there was a shout of Santiago—of Saint James against the infidels; spurs went home, and a dashing charge drove the foe helter-skelter towards their protecting walls or across the sandy level to the near-by mountain

side. Quickly recalling the dispersed pursuers, Coronado ordered an assault against the town, wherein lay their only hope for a replenished commissariat. From the house-tops above the narrow entrances which had been hastily blocked up with heavy beams, the defenders brandished their weapons and yelled their defiant war cries. As the Spaniards approached, rocks and arrows were showered upon them, the general in his gay trappings offering the fairest mark. One stone after another rebounded from his stout armor, until at last he was

## LA HISTORIA GENERAL



y enojan : finalmente es animal feo y fiero de rostro, y cuerpo. Huyé de los los cauallos por su mala catadura, o por nunca los auer visto. No tienen sus dueños otra riqueza, ni hazienda, dellos comen, beuen, visten, calçan, y hazen muchas cosas de los cueros, cascas, calçado, vestido y sogas: de los huesos, punçones: de los neruios, y pelos, hilo de los cuernos, buches, y bexigas, vasos: de las boniças, lumbre: y de las terneras, odres, en que traen y tienen agua: hazen en fin tantas cosas dellos quantas han menester, o quantas las bastan para su biuenda. Ay tambien otros animales, tan grandes como cauallos, que por tener cuernos, y lana fina, los llaman carneros, y dizen, que cada cuero no pesa dós atrouas. Ay tambien grandes perros, que

thrown to the ground, where he lay bruised and wounded, while a faithful lieutenant bestrode his body until he could be dragged to his feet. For a moment, the result was in doubt. But desperation, and the white blood, had their way. One entering passage was found, and the defenders retired as soon as their opponents appeared within the wall. Cibola, the finest of the Seven Cities, had fallen; its conquerors possessed an adobe-built pueblo of the New Mexican Zuni Indians.

After the capture of Cibola-Zuni, the hostile parties retired for a few

PROBABLY THE FIRST PRINT OF A BUFFALO.  
(From Gomara, 1554)



days to opposite corners of the town. The Spaniards searched the houses in vain for silver and gold, but there was abundance of corn, and this was for the moment a most welcome alternative. The Indians made overtures of peace, but the reception apparently did not please them, for on the following morning the Spaniards found them gone, with all their possessions, to the stronghold on the neighboring mesa top. A fortnight was spent by the strangers in exploring their surroundings, and in obtaining some little information from an occasional Indian whose curiosity, or sensible boldness, drew him to the Spanish camp. Acting upon hints secured in this way, a few men were sent off toward the northwest, where rumor told of another seven cities. This party followed the trails to the Moqui provinces of Arizona, where it received a friendly welcome. Returning to Cibola-Zuni with stories of regions still further towards the setting sun, another party was organized to



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

RUINS OF PECOS.  
(The "Cicuye" of Coronado.)

Copyright 1890 by C. F. Lummis.

retrace the route to Tusayan, where it secured guides who revealed, for the first time to European sight, the glorious grandeur of the cañon of the Colorado.

Other rumors told of towns toward the east, and a detachment was ordered to investigate the country in this direction. After enjoying the hospitality of the aboriginal citadel upon Acoma, this force proceeded to the Rio Grande, and thence across the mountains to the plains where they saw the edge of the vast buffalo herd of which Cabeza de Vaca had told them. The officer in charge of this exploration reported that the towns on the river were larger and of better buildings than those at Cibola-Zuni, and in response to his advice, Coronado decided to establish his winter camp in that locality. The necessary orders were communicated to the main body of the army, which was laboriously making its way through the mountainous region of northwestern Mexico. The army left Culiacan nearly a month later than the general, and its progress, encumbered



L. A. Eng. Co.

THE FIGHT AT ZUÑI.

Drawn by L. Maynard Dixon.



with baggage and food animals, had been very slow, so that the first snow blizzard caught the men just before they rejoined their general at one of the native pueblos not far from Albuquerque.

The usual vicissitudes of a first contact between a European force and the aborigines characterized the winter that followed. The necessary arrangements for securing supplies of food and clothing, and for attending to the needs of an inactive soldiery, kept the general busy. Coronado found time, however, for earnest efforts to learn of the countries beyond. The reports gratified all his hopes. An Indian slave, like the white men a stranger to that region, told them about his native country situated far away towards the east. As one and another questioned him, they learned more and more of the wished-for region where he had left home and brethren. With signs and words whose meaning neither could exactly interpret, each thinking only of what he most desired, it was easy to form a strange and attractive picture. The country was called Quivira, and there, so the Spaniards heard the Indian tell them, was the object of their longing search. In that blissful region, golden bells tinkled on the rustling branches of shady trees, lulling those beneath into the happiest of siestas. Golden salvers adorned the royal table; a golden eagle perched on the prow of the royal craft. The stories from Peru and El Dorado found each its counterpart, as the stolid Indian grumbled assent to each of the curious details about which the white men questioned him. They showed him golden trinkets, and these may easily have reminded him of the treasured metal which was traded from tribe to tribe for many leagues around the aboriginal copper mines on the shores of the lake we call Superior. The results were inevitable. Some day we may find the letter in which the Emperor, holding his court at Antwerp, read of this Indian and his stories, and therein learn the extent to which Coronado really relied upon them. We can never hope to know what the Indian intended to tell. What we do know is that the gossips of the camp took up the reports of the interviews between the general and his brown-skinned informant. With each repetition, possibilities seemed to become more probable, until the whole force was eagerly awaiting for the spring thaws which should open the roads for the advance into the promised land of Quivira.

April 23, 1541, Coronado and his soldiers marched away toward the northeast, leaving his whilom neighbors on the Rio Grande more perplexed than before at the strange goings and comings of these stranger white men. Across the mountains a new wonder awaited the Europeans. Day after day they wandered on, leaving the hills behind, into a country whose undulating surface seemed like an ocean caught in its swell,



and turned to grass-grown pasture land. Day after day the same monotonous, billowy level stretched away to the furth-

Pork  
J

en gran un mes andantan  
 abo bo das que yendo aco  
 nallo las ma ta con las lan  
 cap as to as de un das he has  
 entre las barcas de la gente de  
 pre hu yens

La pitebo orho de quini  
 ra y en que rumbo esta  
 y la no haia quedando

qui miras ael pomenke  
 deo que las barcas son  
 el medio de la tierra alguna  
 ritmada a la cordillera de  
 la mar por que hasta qui  
 miras he ra llana y ahi  
 se comiencan a ver algu  
 nas fieras la tierra es muy  
 poblada segun el pomenke

est horizon. Occasionally a river course promised to break the monotony by affording some sort of landmark, but each new stream soon proved to be only the duplicate of the last. But the prairie was only half the wonder. For a day and a week, the humped-backed cows had furnished welcome food. Weeks became months, and the Spaniards marched speedily forward, meeting anew each day the vast herds of bison, which made their slowly grazing way where chance and the tender buffalo grass dictated.

As the weeks wore on the supplies of corn brought from the Pueblo country became less and less. An army is always a voracious beast, and an army recruited by the prospect of loot is the hungriest of all. The force had lived through the bitter cold winter on a diet of corn, and now as the days grew rapidly warmer, the change to heartier flesh food, in ever increasing proportion, was not well for a good-humored digestion.

For a time the men had thought that each next day's march might bring them to the golden Quivira, but each evening's rest at last seemed to carry it further away. Suspicions crept into their dreams. The agreeable assurances of the chance natives, who met the army now and again on its prairie march, had at first confirmed the stories of the guide. Independent questionings, however, and the simple device of preventing the guide from telling these friends what he wished them to say, led gradually from doubts to certainty of treachery and deceit. Further advance was no longer safe. The provisions brought from the river towns were almost gone, and men and horses were alike worn out by the unaccustomed prairie fodder and the trials of the buffalo hunt. Failure, though seeming certain, was not yet assured. The guide had taken his direction each morning towards the rising sun. New-made friends of the plains now told them of a different country, though its name was still Quivira, lying northward. There was no gold nor glory in the description of this region, but Coronado had promised to do his best, and he determined to leave no chance untried. Selecting three score of his hardiest companions, lightly equipped, he resolved to make a trial toward the north. The remainder of the army was ordered to find its way back to the villages where they had passed the preceding winter, there to await the return of their general—unless he should summon them to his aid for the conquest of the land of their dreams.

For six weeks Coronado followed the compass needle northward. July was half gone before his new guides announced that Quivira lay just ahead. A group of native hunters, camping across the stream which the Spaniards were following, were disturbed by the approach of the centaur-like strangers.

Yells of anxious defiance soon turned to welcome as they recognized the friendly call of the guides. Another day's march, and Coronado slept in Quivira—in a village of Indian tepees. For a month he explored the country, everywhere finding the same fine men and shapely women, the same richly productive soil, with its promise of untold wealth for the farmer—but nothing at all for the adventurer and the pleasure-seeker. The wealth of Nebraska was not for the Spaniard.

Rested and corn-fed once more, cooler nights warned the visitors that their companions, in houses roofed against the winter storms, were many weeks away. Their hosts of Quivira furnished guides, who led them back by a somewhat shorter route, so that October was only half gone when Coronado was again with his men on the Rio Grande, writing to Charles the Emperor, "I have done all that I possibly could to serve your majesty, and to discover a land where God Our Lord might be served and the Royal patrimony of your majesty be increased; but what I am sure of is that there is not any gold in that country of Quivira, and that all the other things which they told me are nothing but little villages of houses made from sticks and skins."

The rest of the story is quickly told. The winter of 1541-42 passed slowly to men unable to forget the visions of fortune which had possessed them only two years before, and to the general who had left wife and children and fine estates in Mexico. Those who had nothing were anxious to try some further venture, to explore some other direction. But Coronado had determined to return to civilization, and there were enough among his companions who still had something to lose to support him in this determination. As soon as the snow was gone the march began back to Cibola-Zuñi, thence along the rough mountain paths to the Gulf of California, and so on down through the outlying Spanish settlements, back to the City of Mexico.

"Very sad and very weary, completely worn out and shame-faced," Coronado presented himself before the Viceroy Mendoza. He made his report, resigned his commissions, and retired to his family and his quiet estates. He had done his best. If he had failed to find what had been expected, it was because there was no such thing to find.





## THE STORY OF THE HILLS.

BY WALTER J. KENYON.



READING out of the charming city of Santa Cruz, Cal., a broad turnpike makes for the blue mountain wall that swallows up the eastern view. At a point about midway between Santa Cruz and Soquel, at a certain hour of the afternoon, the bright sunlight reveals three great pockmarks in the brow of a hill rising ten minutes' walk to the left of the road. While ninety-nine will pass them by without a question, the hundredth is richly rewarded for visiting them. This "hill" proves to be an old sea-cliff, although it is three miles from the sea and fully two hundred feet above it. The face of the cliff forms a "riser" in a majestic flight of steps that reach from the mountains down to the sea. Of these giant steps there are at least four so well defined that he who runs may read; and others less easily distinguished as they melt into the mountain maze that surrounds Loma Prieta.

The country between the mountains and the sea is made up of a series of terraces that correspond to the treads of a stairway. They are everywhere broken by small ravines. Most of these are beautifully decked with teabush and scented azalea and studded also with the thickly packed live-oak. Many of them, older by hardly calculable years, have expanded into valleys whose upper courses plow the inner mountain land into deep cañons in whose sombre glens the whole year is vernal and the clear flowing streams never die. By noon the rover



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

may be among those far inner glades where reign the ancient redwoods that were already elders of their brotherhood when the boy Columbus played on the wharves of Genoa. Quail scuttle into the fern with their young, as big as sparrows, and the soft-footed pathfinder may even catch sight of antlers moving above the teabush.

There is something in the glen more wonderful yet. It is an exceedingly homely cobble in the creek bed, marked in blotches and lines of white, like some archaic lithogram. The hard knocks of the world have brought its heart near the surface. Before the heyday of its boulderhood this run-down



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ONE OF THE NATURAL BRIDGES.

cobble had been an inseparable part of the mountain; and the mountain—well, the cobble speaks for that, for its strange white markings are plainly sea shells, laid flat and edgewise and otherwise, until the ground-off surface looks like a story in shorthand, as it assuredly is. The mountain, as everyone knows, was not always a mountain, for scalloped sea shells do not grow in mountains.

The story of the hills is too often and too well told to bear re-telling here. We started out with those caves by the Santa Cruz turnpike, which have a special story to tell about a special region.

The biggest of the three is large enough to stand up in—large enough to take several steps in. Around its shadowy

walls, with the stains of centuries upon them, one may see and almost hear that swirling ancient surf that did the carving. The stone itself, though not so full of shells as other strata in the vicinity, is arranged in layers, just as the present surf is laying a sheet of sand over a sheet of gravel and a sheet of clay over that, and so on, without end, according to the contribution of the cliffs and the humor of the sea.

The brow of this old cliff is rounded off, so that it is commonly called a hill instead of a cliff; but to find the missing material one has only to look under foot, where the terrace begins. Here is soft soil, with scraps of gray stone among the wheat stubble, and this stone proves to be exactly the same as that of the cliff. The soil, too, if closely examined, is the same rock, fallen to finer particles. And this is true all down the terrace, even to its gentle slope, a mile off yonder, toward the sea. It is easily seen, by the disappearance of the present coast cliff, that were a steam shovel to scoop away the slope of the terrace—this *talus*, or debris, of the cliff—we should find the terrace floor flat and meeting the cliff wall at about right angles, as the illustration shows.

From a point between Twin Lakes and Del Mar one sees, looking northward up the coast, a flight of these terrace steps reaching from the coast cliff to the mountain region about Loma Prieta, a distance of over twenty miles. There are five distinct terraces and several others less and less marked as they merge more fully into the highlands. The first step of the series, the coast cliff, being youngest, is least worn. The present beach, among whose billows Californians disport themselves during the summer months, is being prepared for a future terrace should the present slow upheaval continue; for the geologist tells us that our coast is slowly and surely rising while that of New Jersey (among other places) is as surely sinking.

This is one of the many cases in which we may read the future by the past. So long as the western coast continues to rise and the surf keeps on plowing out its caves and cliffs, our coast terraces will be added to in number, and our mountain lands will loom higher from the sea.

These Santa Cruz breakers are working night and day in a sand factory. Their method is sure and perfect. Every grain of sand is a chisel in their powerful grasp. Armed with millions of these weapons, the surf beats ceaselessly upon the shore, carving crevices into tunnels and wearing the roofs and walls of these until tunnels have become open highways, spanned occasionally by natural bridges. These remnants in their turn fall prey to the fiercer storms and give of their substance new weapons to the waves. Meanwhile cross channels have developed which cut up the walls into isolated pillars and peaks.





Numbers of these may be seen in the neighborhood of View Del Eau, at varying distances from the cliffs. They have the aspect of things doomed as their stature year by year lessens under the unceasing fury of the waves. Thus are the outposts of the ancient cliff line vanishing and the ocean's objective point is clearly the mountain's heart. The wearing at Santa Cruz is so rapid that within the memory of residents several natural bridges (the remnants of tunnel roofs) have been broken away. The "Seal Rocks," near the Golden Gate, have had a somewhat similar history.

The terraced country within a radius of ten miles of Santa Cruz exhibits, in beautiful miniature, the process of mountain making by erosion. The most recent terrace is cut by a ravine opening upon the sea. Its precipitous sides and sharp characteristic lines bespeak its youth. In its growth this ravine broadens laterally into a little valley, and its incumbent stream eats headward, far into the mountains. Thus, the second stage of the area is typical in the Soquel Creek, whose lower valley pushes the cliffs aside and affords a site for the village of Capitola. This stream has eaten back through all of the terraces successively until its initial waters are now drawn from a region not far from the mountain divide. Meanwhile its tributary brooks have carved themselves basins extending laterally into the country on either hand. Thus the walls of the original ravine have been pierced and the country right and left has been cut up first into long plateaus flanked by gullies and these in turn likewise cut into butte formations which, under the rapid erosion of rain and stream, lose their sharp cut brows and assume the typical hill form. Thus, in the third stage, the original sea floors, after having passed successively through the forms of ocean beach and terrace have now become hills or mountains, ever assuming gentler curve and easier slope as the mills of God grind them slowly into that grist which eventually the streams give back to the sea, there to do renewed service in the new sea floor, this in its turn destined to be one day an inland terrace, later still carved into mountains whose dim futurity is beyond the possibility of calculation.

San Francisco, Cal.



THE TERRACES.

## THE HIDDEN ROOM.

BY SUSIE HALE BREWER.

THE following letter has long been in my possession. It was among our family papers at the time of the invasion, and was one of the few documents saved.

Being a thing of dead years, and in no wise concerning any living person, I have translated and herewith publish it, thinking the interest of the tale sufficient reason for so doing.

VICENTE TOLEDO TOLON.

YERBA BUENA, CAL., February 3d, 1797.

To the Excellent Sir Diego de Borica, Governor and Military Commander of Upper California.

My Dear Sir and Esteemed Friend :

In reply to your inquiries as to my knowledge of the whereabouts of José Alceiz, refugee and political intriguer, I can only inform you in all secrecy of my experiences of the last month, at the house of my cousin, Señor Miguel Sanchez, in Santa Cruz.

Late in December of last year, I found myself *en route* for the capital, and having often been pressed by my cousin to visit him, determined to take that opportunity. I found my cousin, until then almost a stranger to me, living in retirement. Don Miguel is a widower, a man of parts, and withal extremely fond of books and solitude.

During the first week of my visit little happened to break the tedium of the faultless days. After a late breakfast, our horses would be brought to the door, and for two hours we cantered over the mountain roads, or along the seashore. Then followed my cousin's business hour, during which I lounged on the broad porch, content to smoke and watch the distant, sparkling sea. The afternoons were even less eventful. Don Miguel received few visitors, and had it not been for an occasional chat with the padre, or a game of *malilla* with my cousin, I should have died of my own society. For you can picture to yourself, dear friend, how emptily this solitude rang upon my energetic spirit, and how I longed for the business of the Mission Dolores, or the frivolities of Monterey.

Just when I began to frame excuses for ordering my horse for the capital, something occurred to take my full measure of attention, and from that on, my cousin's house was transformed, for me at least, from an adobe, fit only for siestas, and somnolent timetaking padres, to a stage whereon tragic scenes were enacted, in which I took an active rôle.

A niece of my cousin, María Velasquez, arrived suddenly one morning, and as I afterwards learned, without previous notice. She brought with her an aged duenna, who was blind as a bat, and remained silent always.





From the moment I set eyes upon María Velasquez I loved her. The very grace of her dainty motions alone would have been sufficient to ensnare any man's heart. It was the love of my life, and an hour had not passed before she must have seen, with her rare brown eyes, my mad infatuation. But I was not the only one. Men, of whose existence I had not so much as guessed, came to the house as soon as the news of María's arrival became known in the town. Two caballeros accompanied her from Monterey, where, as you doubtless know, she had been, upon coming out of retirement, after her husband's sudden death.

Young, beautiful, best of all *simpatica*, with an immense fortune in her hands, no wonder that she was courted. But of all the men gathered to do her honor, I was the most abject, jealous lover she had. She toyed with me as a cat toys with a mouse. When I disclosed my love, she only laughed, and dispensed her favors even more liberally among her many suitors.

Our evenings were turned into revelries of music and dancing, which we often prolonged till dawn, fluttering ever about the brilliant flame, which only burned the brighter, as the moths singed their wings and fell.

It was after such a night, when María had been with us about a week, that I was awakened from my first heavy sleep by a peculiar sound in the passage-way. I think it was the stealthy quality of the noise that awakened me. Who could it be? Plainly somebody was abroad.

As I lay thus, vaguely wondering, the noise ceased, but gradually, and in the direction of the *sala*. Thieves was now my one thought. There was much valuable plate in the house, and María's jewels alone would prove rich booty. At this juncture the silence struck me as ominous and, hastily donning a dressing-gown, I drew back the huge bolt securing my door and stood in the bright hall.

The doors of two unoccupied chambers were wide open pouring forth a stream of moonlight. I could see from end to end of the narrow hall. There was no one in sight and only the muffled giving and taking of breath to be heard. I walked on tiptoe to the *sala*, and then impelled by I know not what suspicion, returned to María's door. It had seemed at first glance to be fastened, but looking more closely, I discovered it to be ever so slightly ajar. Should I push it open, or knock, or simply wait till something happened?

While thus debating I felt a cold sweat coming out all over me. The idea of rousing my cousin did not occur to me, but that was not strange, for I felt that María was not in her room and my one motive was to shield her, if, as I feared, she was guilty of some indiscretion.

Again I went to the *sala*, and as I did so heard a scratching noise, which might have been mice in the walls. The outer door was fast bolted. Where then was María? There was but one other room, the dining room to the left of the *sala*. Behind it were the kitchen, offices, and servants' quarters.

From where I stood I could look into the moonlit dining room, but in it was no sign of life. Still in doubt I remained standing, when a rustling noise again struck my ear. I hastily hid behind a large, oaken music stand. Through the carven interstices I could look out, and what was my surprise to behold a panel of the wainscoting slide from its place. In the aperture stood María. In her hands she carried a bowl and a large silver water jug. Another second and she was with me in the room, not five feet away.

She touched a spring, the panel closed, and she moved into the dining room to deposit her burden. I watched her with dazed fascination. It seemed, as she again approached, that she must hear the clamor of my heart beats. Before I could collect my thoughts, she had glided along the brick pavement of the passage way to her room, her long silken *mantilla* making that slight noise which at first wakened me. She softly shot the bolt and all again was silent. I remained pinned to the spot by my sorry thoughts. What meant it all? Her face as it looked when she stood in the cold light of the hall was stamped upon my brain.

Her features were hardened to a look beyond hope or fear. Surely some stern resolve was growing there, where as yet I had seen only the beauty of an unthinking flower. Conjecture on conjecture surged through my mind, but none seemed correct, or even possible. That there was a secret chamber in the house I was convinced. But who was in it, whom was María hiding, was the torturing question which I tried vainly to answer.

When at last I sought my room, it was not to sleep. I did but think the more, gazing out upon the dawn with a bitter heart.

My first care in the morning was to examine the panel. It responded with no hollow sound to my gentle tap, nor could I find the secret spring. María did not appear till lunch time, and when she greeted me her eyes were as bright, her voice as gay as at our first meeting.

While alone with my cousin, I endeavored to learn the cause of the night's adventure, without in any way letting him suspect my motive. That he knew nothing of what had transpired was soon evident. María he thought like all other young, beautiful and wealthy women, only perhaps a trifle more beautiful and gay. I then steered the conversation to haunted houses, and thence, by a natural sequence to secret chambers and hidden stairways.



Señor Sanchez was only slightly interested, saying he had had no experience in such matters, and considered them fit only to interest boys and girls.

All the while in my consciousness gnawed and bit cruel suspicions of María. The sound of her voice as she chatted and laughed, smote my ear like a dull spiritless noise, without joy. During the day I avoided her. I even conversed with the duenna, that I might escape her eyes. For a time she made this difficult, calling me to her side at every pretext, but finding me moody she gave it up. I noticed, however, that she kept her eyes fastened upon me, when I did not appear to notice her.

Sometimes, glancing at her suddenly, I surprised her features, in that stern resolve into which for an instant, they had betrayed themselves the night before. And then the pleading voice with which she would turn to me — ay, truly my flower needed watching! My love turned bitter, almost to hatred, yet at one true sounding word I could have knelt to her. I tossed long that night. Suddenly I again heard the noise of the night before. This time it found me ready to act. Trusting to chance, I opened my door, which I had left unbolted, and as I stepped into the passage-way, closing it after me, I beheld a grey shadow entering the dining-room.

I ran on tiptoe to the *sala* and slid behind the music stand, just as María stole velvet-shod again into the room. She carried a silver basket and the pitcher of the night before. She went unhesitatingly to the panel, and carressing with her elbow the hidden spring, I beheld the clumsy wooden wall roll back as at the word of an enchantress, and María Valasquez stepped on an invisible stair.

The second she disappeared I sped in one long glide to the wall. I have since often thought how one life, and the happiness of two depended on that chance which ordered that María's hands should be too full to close the panel, or lift her *mantilla*, the rustling of which prevented her hearing me as I followed at her heels in the darkness. A staircase there was, with steep, narrow, shallow stairs, and I followed on I knew not whither. When she reached the top María pushed open the door.

I crouched back against the wall, peering in. A light, weak and flickering, from a wick oil-steeped in a hanging lamp illumined the chamber. Opposite the door was a heap of straw, upon which sprawled in sleep a heavily built, broad-chested man. He was unshaven, and dressed in leathern trowsers, such as *rancheros* wear. He wore a discolored shirt, open at the neck, showing muscles of iron, and a skin tanned by many suns. I heard María waken the sleeping man, and a long whispered conversation ensued.



Wearied by my cramped position, I was about to steal down stairs, when a ringing oath thrilled the heavy atmosphere, and the sound of a falling body jarred the partition between us. Fearing some hurt to María, I sprang into the room. The ruffian's back was to me as he half knelt beside her prostrate form—his fingers wound tightly about her neck. Another moment it would have been too late.

I hurled myself upon him, and we rolled together on the floor. He gave a cry like a wild animal, hissing through closed teeth. The fight went against me from the first. My antagonist was of a more powerful build than I, and his muscles could not have been matched in California.

Where María was I did not know. I cried to her to run, but I could see nothing as we grappled in a death embrace. My breath and power suddenly left me. I closed my eyes that I might not see the gloating eye-balls above me. Then a sudden terrible shudder shook the vice-like clutch in which I was held. A strange relaxation followed and I felt some one tugging at the inanimate weight pressing me down.

Struggling I shook the thing off and got to my feet, to feel María's arms about my neck, and to hear her sweet sobbing as she laid her cheek against mine.

Upon the floor lay her jewelled stiletto, and from the wound in Alceiz's breast stole a tiny crimson thread fast sinking into the cracks of the floor. For, dear friend, the man was none other than José Alceiz, the refugee. He had met María at Monterey, and by skilfully playing on her romantic spirit had persuaded her to assist his escape when outlawed. Knowing this secret chamber in her uncle's house—a suitor, the son of a former owner of the place, had shown it to her—she had hidden Alceiz there, and fed him. He had presumed upon this kindness, and meeting a rebuff would have killed her.

You know the rest. It was to María's love and bravery that I owe my life, and my devoted little wife looks over my shoulder as I write. I am indeed blest.

I am your servant to command,  
CARLOS TOLEDO.



## PARTIAL READING LIST ON CALIFORNIA.

COMPILED BY MARY TURNER PIERCE.

(CONCLUDED.)

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- Illustrated. Mediterranean Shores of America. (P. C. Remondino.) Philadelphia, 1892.
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- Southern California Revisited. (H. T. Finck.) *Nation*, vol. 57, p. 282-84.
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- Social Changes in California. (C. H. Shinn.) *Popular Science Monthly*, vol. 38, p. 794-803. (Economic and educational progress and political retrogression.)
- Real Utopias in the Arid West. (W. E. Smythe.) *Atlantic*, vol. 79, p. 604-9.
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- INDUSTRIES.** (Periodical Articles.)
- Our Great Pacific Commonwealth. (W. E. Smythe.) *Century*, vol. 53, p. 300-307. (A careful study of ultimate California.)
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The Redwood Flora in April. (Carl Purdy.) *Garden and Forest*, vol. 9, p. 272-73. (Flower life in the woods round Mendocino.)

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Charities of San Francisco. (S. W. Weitzel.) *Lend-a-Hand*, vol. 3, p. 617-19.

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The Chinese Drama. (F. J. Masters.) Illustrated. *Chautauquan*, vol. 21, p. 434-42. (Includes an interesting account of the Chinese theaters in San Francisco.)

\*Voluminous but highly unreliable.—Ed.

†One of the most valuable books yet written on this subject.—Ed.





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Wild Gardens of the Sierra Nevada. (C. H. Shinn.) *Garden and Forest*, vol. 9, p. 343.

Yosemite National Park. (C. H. Shinn.) *Garden and Forest*, vol. 5, p. 74 and 193. (Need of protecting and extending the Sierra forest reservations.)

Treasures of the Yosemite. (John Muir.) Illustrated. *Century*, vol. 18, p. 483-500.

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Millionaires of a Day. (T. S. VanDyke.) N. Y., 1890. (An inside history of the great "Boom.")

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Echoes in the City of the Angels. (Helen Hunt Jackson.) Illustrated. *Century*, vol. 5, p. 194-210. (Los Angeles in the past and present.)

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Santa Barbara. (Edwards Roberts.) Illustrated. *Art Journal*, vol. 39, p. 10-13.

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The Abandoned Claim. (Flora Haines Loughhead.) Boston, 1891. (Story of a farming enterprise in California undertaken by children.)

The Ape, the Idiot and Other People. (W. C. Morrow.) Philadelphia, 1897. (Tales of the grotesque and horrible.)

Before the Gringo Came. (Gertrude F. Atherton.) N. Y., 1894. (Stories of California life before the American occupation.)

The Boy Emigrants. (Noah Brooks.) Illustrated. N. Y., 1891. (A story for boys of the early overland travelers to California.)

The Cat and the Cherub. (Chester Bailey Fernald.) N. Y., 1896. (Amusing and clever tales of the San Francisco Chinese quarter. Came out originally in the *Century*, vol. 50-52.)

Counter-currents. (S. W. Weitzel.) Boston, 1889.

The Danites in the Sierras. (Joaquin Miller.) Chicago, 1884.

The Feud of Oakfield Creek. (Josiah Royce.) Boston, 1887.

Forty-nine: the Gold-Seekers of the Sierras. (Joaquin Miller.) Boston, 1884.

Gabriel Conroy. (Bret Harte.) Illustrated. N. Y., 1876.

Hilda Strafford. (Beatrice Harraden.) Illustrated. N. Y., 1897. (A story of life on a lonely California ranch. Appeared originally in the *Cosmopolitan*, vols. 20 and 21.)

Los Cerritos. (G. F. Atherton.) N. Y., 1890. ("Los Cerritos" is an abandoned ranch in California, occupied by Mexican half-breed squatters.)

The Luck of Roaring Camp. (Bret Harte.) Boston, 1874.

Mrs. Skagg's Husband and other sketches. (Bret Harte.) Boston, 1872.

Pasquita, the Indian Heroine. (Joaquin Miller.) Illustrated. Hartford, 1881.

Phyllis of the Sierras; and Driftwood from Redwood Camp. (Bret Harte.) Boston, 1888.

Polly Oliver's Problems. (Kate Douglas Wiggin.) Illustrated. Boston, 1893. (A charming story of a young girl's career. Came out originally in *St. Nicholas*.)

Ramona. (Helen Hunt Jackson.) Boston, 1884. (The classic of Southern California.)

Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. (T. S. Van Dyke.) N. Y., 1892. (A sporting romance.)

Sappho of Green Springs. (Bret Harte.) Boston, 1874.

Silverado Squatters. (Robert Louis Stevenson.) Boston, 1895. (Camping experiences in Napa Valley. Appeared originally in *Century*, vol. 5.)

Stories of the Foothills. (Margaret Collier Graham.) Boston, 1895.

A Summer in a Cañon. (Kate Douglas Wiggin.) Illustrated. Boston, 1890.

Tales of the Argonauts. (Bret Harte.) Boston, 1875.





This magazine will begin next month the serial publication of a new and very striking novel of life in Southern California. Thus far there has been but one such novel worth counting—Helen Hunt's classic *Ramona*. That had an enormous and merited success and still sells heavily. In so wide and so romantic a field there is room for many more; but somehow successors to *Ramona* have been shy about arriving. We have had only a few very excellent short stories, and a few wretchedly amateur or deadly insular attempts at longer ones.

Constance Goddard Du Bois, who knows her Southern California well, has already won honorable recognition as a novelist by her *Shield of the Fleur-de-lis* and several other successful books. But her new novel will stand as her best work thus far and will attract wide attention. Somewhat suggesting *Ramona* in its zeal and fire and in its scope, it is even more daring in its conception, and fuller of exciting incident. Its local color is admirable, its plot original and ingenious, and its drawing excellently human. "Antonio," is a heroic figure, and one that promises to make himself a permanent place in memory—a striking character, and a rare one. SUNSHINE congratulates its readers. They will find Miss Du Bois's California novel fascinating from end to end.

LEST  
WE  
FORGET.

In a powerful editorial the *Argonaut*, the foremost of Western weeklies, demands that we stop our "smug, hypocritical lies" declaring this war to be a "war of humanity," "a war to free Cuba."

"This is a war for revenge; it is a war for punishment; it is a war for conquest," asserts the *Argonaut*, with potent and eloquent reasons for its bold utterance.

There is too much truth in this; but it is not the whole truth. It is, so far as the yellow newspapers and yellow congressmen and speculators and the unthinking are concerned, a war for revenge and conquest and "pickings"; but it became possible only because the great quiet mass of the American people, who outweigh the howlers and the spoils-men, were stirred by humane feelings. Whether they were well advised or not does not matter just now; nor whether the best way to relieve the reconcentrados was to starve them to death by a blockade, as we have done. The fact remains that while the folks who made the war, over the president's head, were actuated by ignoble motives, the people who permitted it were swayed by honorable ones.

But we must disagree absolutely with the *Argonaut's* entire change of front and its assumption that because war is now on we must have no moral scruples as to its results. We must deny that the politicians who overrode President McKinley are better guides for us than Washington and Lincoln and the framers of the Constitution. We must combat the notion that our country can do no wrong. She can, and she will if we let her. Human nature would always be doing wrong if it did not try not to. It is every man's and woman's duty to help keep the country right.

Precisely because we are into a war, it is the time when every American needs most to remember his obligations, and to watch that the honor



of our country be not left to a venal few or an intoxicated many. All our hearts are full of pride in our gallant men and of hope for their success; but we must not forget the more important thing. The United States has more dangerous enemies than poor, old, crumbling Spain. They are within our gates. They will try, under cover of our excitement, to push the country into things we should never dream of in our sober senses. Some of them will do it for venal ends; many more through lack of thought. But we must defeat them. It will be easier to defeat the Spaniards, because more exciting — but we must whip both.

The United States is a good deal more to us than the Philippines or Cuba. Its government concerns us more. Its honor is dearer to us than all territory or gain. We can give *it* better government — and God knows there is room. We can begin to solve some of the thousand problems that confront us in State and Nation. And if we are half-way fit to be called patriots, we will.

Above all, at this moment, every sober American needs to fight the intoxicating notion of an "Imperial Policy." If we enter upon a career of land grabbing abroad, it means the beginning of the end of the republic. Every man who is not ignorant of history knows what such colonies would do for us. Every American business man knows, when he stops to think, whether the United States would stand the frightful taxation which drove half our population from Europe to this country — and great navies and great standing armies inevitably mean that. And perhaps most Americans can see that landgrabbing is as bad morals as it is bad business. Despotisms can do it. Republics cannot.

The plea that the Philippines would be valuable to us lodges only with those who are destitute of history. What has England got out of far richer India? War, corruption, loss. What has Spain got out of her incomparably enormous and rich American colonies? Loss, corruption, war. The Philippines would be fat picking for the politicians, but the people would pay the freight. Until we could tame the islands — no slow task — they would be a constant drain on us. When we got them civilized they would cut loose from us and govern themselves, as we believe all peoples should. The colony era has gone by forever. We count Spain a fool for not realizing it. Shall we be a greater?

It is not edifying to hear Americans urging that we "must now take our place among the nations of the world" — a resonant phrase which is used to mean "get our share of the swag." We took our place among the nations of the world a hundred years ago; and we have kept it till now.

Other governments are based on the divine right of kings (or anyone else) to rule people against their will —

"the simple plan  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

This republic was founded as a protest against that tyrannous and dishonest selfishness. It was set upon the divine truth that "all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed."

We cannot govern Cuba or the Philippines or Hawaii with the consent of the governed. If we seize them to govern "anyhow," we shall be recreant to the unspoken oath of every decent American that he will support the constitution of the United States and help his country to work out its noble destiny.

A few months ago this was one of the very few journals in the United States which declared that the "Insurgent Army" of Cuba was a fake. The yellow newspapers and yellow congressmen insisted that the "patriots" numbered from 20,000 to 60,000 men; and that with half a chance they would drive the Spaniards off the land-

SHALL  
WE COPY  
SPAIN.

WHY  
WE ARE  
DIFFERENT.

COMING  
TO THE  
FACTS.

scape. Now that we are ready to "coöperate" with this imposing army, Congress and the President and Gen. Miles discover that there is no one to coöperate with. We must do the fighting ourselves. The patriot army has shrunk to 3500 men. The patriot government still skulks in New York.

There is no pleasure in this chance to say I told you so. This cruel fake is going to cost good American lives. Cuba is not freeing itself. Our blood and money are to do the job. And now that even Congress understands what the Cuban army is, there is an interesting sum in arithmetic. Population of Cuba, 1,500,000; fighting for liberty, 3500; represented by these insurgents, at 20 to one, 70,000. How about the other 1,480,000 who do not appear to be anxious to be "liberated?"

HERE  
AND  
THERE.

No nation can win out in the long run which maintains one code of morals for the individual and another for the crowd. What is dishonest or foolish in one man is dishonest or foolish in ten men or ten million men or seventy million men.

A great many excellent people are trying to persuade themselves that they think "times have changed since Washington's day." Times *have* changed—principally in the morals of our politicians. But truth and right never change. It is just as wise to be honest now as it was when George Washington walked the earth. It is just as foolish to be a thief. And it is just as much stealing now to take what doesn't belong to us as it was then.

It is fortunate that the army and navy are not run by the fools who sneer at the courage of the foe. Brave men recognize bravery—as Dewey recognized at Manila that of the men who, with their impotent popguns, went down on their burning ships, still fighting; as Cervantes recognized that of Hobson and his heroic seven in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. Our men are meeting men; and it is an honor to whip them, even with superior weapons.

The newspapers are good for news of naval battles (when they are not contradicted next day); but for American ideals it is much safer to go to the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, Washington's farewell address, Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and matters of that sort. And there seems to be a tremendous number of citizens nowadays who take particular pains not to read those things.

David Starr Jordan's magnificent address to the graduating class of Stanford University, this year, should be in the hands of every American who is able to think when he tries. It is the clearest, soberest, sanest, most patriotic presentation of the duties and dangers laid upon American citizens by the present war that we have yet seen. It is printed in the *Daily Palo Alto* (Palo Alto, Cal.) of May 25.

About all a reasonable American needs to do is to look for ten minutes at a globe or a flat map of the earth and see just how the Philippines lie. Then he can decide whether we care to *keep* any such territory in the China Seas—particularly a territory of seven million semi-civilized and savage people.

The President's appointment of Col. Harrison Gray Otis, of Los Angeles, as brigadier-general is a worthy recognition of a man who served his country well in one war and will serve it well in another; and who has between times served his State and city as bravely, perhaps against greater odds.

The doctrine of "manifest destiny" is a pleasanter name for manifest thievery. The highest destiny of this nation, manifest or not, is in working out the wise, clean aims of its founders—to prove the right and the ability of a people to govern themselves.





## THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

DR. ELLIOTT COUES, our foremost authority upon the exploration of the West during this century, keeps piling higher the debt which every American student owes him. His monumental works on the expeditions of Zebulon Pike and Lewis and Clarke are indispensable and, in all large essentials, the last word on those important prefatory pages to the winning of the West. Dr. Coues has now brought out in the same workmanlike fashion the hitherto unknown journal of Jacob Fowler—*Memorandum of the voyage by land from Fort Smith to the Rocky mountains in 1821-22*. Fowler was a surveyor, hunter and trapper, a fearful and wonderful spender but an observing and valuable chronicler; and his journal of that adventurous journey is highly entertaining. It is also of genuine importance. Fowler was one of the first Americans to traverse what became later the famous Santa Fé Trail; he was the first squatter on the site of Pueblo, Col.; and he traversed Arkansas, Indian Territory, Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico at a date when most of that vast area was a mystery to our people. The volume is in the admirable style of Francis P. Harper, N. Y.

It doesn't matter so much if (as an Eastern wiseacre estimates) Mr. Owen Wister "has done better Western stories than those in *Lin McLean*." If he has, the other fellows haven't—and will not be in a hurry to. No story writer can keep always to the level of "La Tinaja Bonita," but the six related (practically consecutive) stories in the present volume are marked by all the qualities which have set Mr. Wister in his unique place. As has been said before, he has given our fiction another living character—namely "Lin;" and this following up of his hero adds to the strength of the drawing. An unspoiled tragedy and grim humor mark all these stories; and "How Lin went East" and "The Winning of the Biscuit-Shooter" are highly flavorful. Probably the best chapters in the book are the two last—"Separ's Vigilante" and "Destiny at Drybone."

STRONG  
WESTERN  
STORIES.

Mr. Wister knows a little of the West, but that little very deeply. He is not quite a familiar, and only the picturesque and "woolly" phrases seem to appeal to him. But they are the meat for his style; someone else may be left to draw the great quiet, broadened life of the Western majority. Harper & Bros., N. Y. \$1.50.

A new and cheaper edition of Frederick Remington's highly entertaining *Pony Tracks* has been issued, cheapened in nothing but the price. More than three-score of Remington's best illustrations illuminate his frank descriptions of his several trips into the wild West and the edge of Mexico. Everyone knows Mr. Remington as an artist; as a writer he is scarcely less interesting—full of wilful humor and broad exaggeration, turning unexpected corners on the reader, and in general making us share his own good time at less expense.

REMINGTON'S  
PONY  
TRACKS.

It is too bad that so clever a book—and in its second edition—should be so fearfully sprinkled with linguistic blunders. It is hard enough when Remington draws (as on p. 62) a house and gun relatively wrong-side-out. But it is still more wearing to find "vieta" for *reata*, "Tahuramaras" for *Tarahumares*, "Chaparras" for *chapparejos*, "coachero" for *cochero*, "Sienneca" for *ciénega*, "Inguns" for *Injuns*, and, amid an appalling number of other blunders, "underlaynula" for *ándale*, *mula*. Harper & Bros., N. Y. \$1.75.



ANOTHER  
WAR WITH  
SPAIN. A thick but by no means tedious novel is John Bloundelle Burton's *Across the Salt Seas*. Indeed, it is a stirring story, directly told; with some infelicities in the attempt to counter-feit the style of well-nigh two centuries ago, but alive with the vigorous adventure which was native to those days. The hairbreadth affairs of one of Marlborough's officers in 1703 (in "Queen Anne's War," alias that of the Spanish succession); his mission to intercept the Spanish galleons; the wild scenes of the naval battle at Vigo; and a manful and exciting love-story blossoming amid the thorns of the hero's hard experience in Spain—these make the book very readable. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

YELLOW  
AND  
WHITE. A very unusual story is Carleton Dawe's *A Bride of Japan*. "Tresillian," the Englishman who is decent enough to marry a native girl instead of—not marrying her—is a curious mixture of fine feeling and supernal lack of backbone; and it must be confessed that "Sasa-San" is Japanese through English glasses. But while the moral seems egregiously unnecessary—unless one believes that the world really is a scrub, as I do not—the story is told with considerable power, and at times comes very close to the heart. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

NOTES. Isaac Jenkinson Frazee, of Moosa, Cal., has issued an attractively made brochure entitled *Nahda: a story of Spanish-American life*. A paper-cutter made from a beam of San Luis Rey Mission (1798) and a bookmark from the canvas of the same ceiling are interesting collateral of the make-up. The story is told in the metre of *Hiawatha*; with some very good descriptive lines but serious lack of judgment of what may be put in verse. The Spanish is very faulty; and *Nahda* itself is a needless misspelling of *Nada*. Printed for the author by the *Oceanside Blade*.

Mrs. L. Studdiford McChesney, an English-woman of culture and feeling, who found in visits to Santa Barbara an enchantment never to be shaken off, records gracefully her memories of that emerald of the Santa Ynez in a book entitled *Under Shadow of the Mission*. It is not a story, but the pleasant running-on of descriptions, conversations and impressions in the Land of the Afternoon. London, Methuen & Co.

Julia Magruder, whose previous novels—*Miss Ayr of Virginia*, *The Violet*, etc.—have given her a considerable following of friends, bids fair to add to their number by her latest, *A Realized Ideal*. It is an attractive love-story of the analytic sort, well done technically and with considerable sweetness and humanity. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

Vol. IV, Part 1 of the *Annual Publication* of the Historical Society of Southern California contains several papers of value to the future historian of locality. The most important are by J. M. Guinn and H. D. Barrows, on early days and prominent American pioneers of Southern California.

Lieut. H. H. Sargent, of Fort Wingate, N. M., has made a very honorable success of his *Marengo* and his *Napoleon's First Campaign*. Both have won regard from the critics, and the government has ordered a supply of them to be distributed in the army and navy.

John Brown—a brave name in a forlorn hope—publishes *Parasitic Wealth, or Money Reform*; "a Manifesto to the People of the United States and to the Workers of the Whole World." Chicago, Chas. H. Kerr & Co. \$1.

The *Literary World* (Boston) confesses that it doesn't know what to make of Joaquin Miller's poems. Well, nearly everyone knows what to make of the *Literary World*.



Women's Clubs in California, Arizona and New Mexico are invited to correspond with the editor of this department, Mrs. WILLIS LOAN MOORE, P. O. Box 364, Santa Barbara, Cal.

**CLUB** women throughout the United States have, for months, been giving much thought to the Biennial of the General Federation at Denver, June 21-30.

The club women of Colorado, numbering over 4000, have left nothing undone which can contribute to the success of this great meeting. Upon alighting from the trains at the Union depot, the eye will be greeted by the "little blue pin" of the General Federation, done in flowers in the Park, and this same emblem which has served to form so many pleasant acquaintances among members everywhere, will smile out in the many beauty spots of the city.

Every phase of the higher life and thought of our day will receive consideration during this meeting.

Not only the intellectual, but the social, side of life will receive its share of attention, many fine receptions, musicales, fetes and excursions having been planned.

The local press committee is a strong one, and will rally to its aid the pen women from all parts of the country who will be present.

The meeting will be great, as a meeting, and more than this, it will be to Eastern women a revelation of the energy, ability, tact and versatility of their sisters in the great West. The women of the middle West have, perhaps, grasped more fully the true club spirit than have any other women in the movement. With the culture obtained through Eastern education or ancestry, they combine a view as broad as the Western plains, an ideal as high as the Western mountains. They have learned through experience in a life unhampered by conventionality to regard *character* rather than *conditions*; and in their club life a woman is estimated for what *she is*, not for the number of dollars her husband has.

The Biennial at Denver will give an opportunity for the true Western woman of the highest type to show the world what she really is.

The Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association was founded by the late Emily Tracy Parkhurst, the gifted daughter of Prof. John Swett of San Francisco, in September, 1890. Many of the Southern California writers and newspaper women were charter members of that organization.

Finding what all other societies have learned, either of men or women, that San Francisco is too far from Los Angeles for a State organization to be of any practical benefit down here, in March, 1894, the local members of the P. C. W. P. A. met and formed a *branch* of the parent association. We found that there was little advantage in a branch also, the prestige of the old name not compensating for the dues we sent up there that might just as well be kept at home. So at our first annual convention in 1895 we severed our connection with the kindest feelings and their good wishes and fraternal telegrams, and formed the Southern California Woman's Press Club.



A change of name was discussed, as all were not newspaper women, but as there was an affection for the old name it was retained.

The club is composed of reporters, magazine writers, correspondents, etc. Some have filled every position, from compositor to editorial chair.

Some have been Washington correspondents for leading papers, some have written books, and a wide range of periodicals and papers are represented.

Too modest for much display, and too busy to hold many public meetings, the Southern California Women's Press Club is a band of real pen-workers, keeping in touch for mutual improvement.

Mrs. Mary A. Bowman, the president, is a well-known writer, not only in Southern California, where she has filled many positions, from that of editor and proprietor of a daily paper, to magazine writer and general contributor, but also in the East, where she has many friends who are interested in her literary career.

#### SAN DIEGO COUNTY FEDERATION.

An outgrowth of the enthusiasm brought home to the San Diego Woman's Club by its delegates to the Southern California Women's Parliament, has been the formation of a Federation of the Woman's Clubs, in San Diego county.

Eight clubs are charter members, and the first general meeting will be held in October.

The San Diego Club has invited all members of the Federation to join in its annual outing which occurs June 21.

The Reciprocity Bureau will receive chief attention from the Federation at first, although, later, a wide range of work will be taken up. The organization is formed upon broad and progressive lines, and, with Mrs. Estelle Langworthy as President, will be certain to wield a powerful influence.

#### LADIES' LITERARY SOCIETY OF SANTA MARIA.

The Ladies' Literary Society of Santa Maria is an example of the possibility of achievement to four women, banded together, with high views. Santa Maria is a little town in the mountains of Santa Barbara county, quite out of the line of the main arteries of travel; it is still in touch with the latest movements of the times. Through this organization of women, who have sought, not alone self-improvement, but to interest and elevate their neighbors, a public library has been established, and an interest maintained in all educational movements.

Mrs. Ida M. Blackman, who is superintendent of the public schools, has been a prime mover in the club.

A special edition of the town newspaper was recently issued by the ladies as a means of replenishing the library fund. Mrs. Addie M. Farmington is the present librarian, and is a power in this movement.

#### NOTES.

A rate of one and one-third fare, on the certificate plan, has been secured from the extreme East and extreme West for the Biennial at Denver, June 21-30. One fare plus \$2.00, and one fare plus \$3.00 has been granted from intermediate points.

Delegates to the Biennial are requested to wear a knot of light blue ribbons upon the left shoulder. Committees visiting trains will wear ribbons of yellow and white.

"The Spiritual Significance of Organization" is the title under which Mrs. Langstreth, of Philadelphia, will conduct an evening season during the Biennial. Jane Addams will be one of the speakers.



## THE RUSKIN ART CLUB.

**T**HE Ruskin Art Club of Los Angeles was organized in 1888, with Mrs. H. H. Boyce as president. A fine collection of engravings and etchings owned by Mrs. Boyce inspired the formation of this club, which has been from the first devoted to serious study. Through Mrs. Boyce, a correspondence with Mr. Ellbridge Kingsley was instituted, and much valuable information obtained. Mr. Kingsley interested engravers in behalf of the club, and the result has been a valuable collection of proofs taken from some of their finest blocks. The work of Mr. John P. Davis, Mr. Gustav Kewell, Miss Edith Cooper, Mr. Thomas Johnson, and Mr. W. P. Clear, is thus represented in the collection of the Ruskin Art Club.

The Society of American Wood Engravers sent to this club in April, 1890, its Paris exhibit of engravings, together with other valuable work, and through a public exhibition the fund was started which has resulted in a valuable collection of books and pictures. At this time the club's first publication, "On Wood Engraving," was placed on sale.

During the study of etching, in 1890, portfolios of fine etchings were sent from New York and San Francisco, and in '91 the study of black and white was completed by an exhibition of a representative collection of the best work in line engraving, wood engraving, mezzotint, and etching, in making which collection Mr. W. H. Vickery, of San Francisco, greatly assisted.

Meanwhile the club had established itself in a beautiful suite of rooms, where its valuable collection found a fitting home.

The study of ancient art, beginning with Egypt, led to enthusiastic research in archæology, and was supplemented by a like study of Greece, Rome and the farthest orient.

The study of Chaldea, Assyria, Babylonia and Phœnicia was illustrated by fortnightly lectures with stereoptican views. The proceeds of a lecture by Mr. Kennan augmented the book funds. The club is a subscriber to both the Egyptian and Palestine exploration fund, and the Egyptian survey fund, and receives constantly journals containing reports of the latest discoveries in archæology.

After Mrs. Boyce's removal to Boston she continued to send programs of study, and to, in a manner, direct the work of the club. Lectures by Rev. J. C. Fletcher, traveler and writer; Hamlin Garland; Rev. H. G. Spaulding, ex-president of the Boston Browning Club, and others of equal celebrity, have been given under the auspices of this club.

This club has also interested itself in the preservation of historical and archæological remains in California. Members removing from Los Angeles have in many instances organized similar clubs, notably "The Kingsley Art Club of Sacramento," founded by Mrs. M. Q. Higgins.

The study for 1897-8 is part of a practical course arranged with a view to European travel in 1900. It is "The History of Painting," and is presented by leaders in the form of talks, papers and discussions.

A course in architecture, Roman, Gothic, Renaissance, for '99, will be supplemented by a series of public lectures on "The Evolution of Art."

The programs of the Ruskin Art Club have ever been in demand as suggestions to other study clubs, and the influence exercised by this body in inspiring a taste for



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MISS FLORA HOWES.

the highest art has been wide. From necessity the membership is limited to sixty-four members. Dues six dollars per year, payable half in October and January. Library and study, rooms 99 and 100 Philips block. Club meets weekly, Wednesday mornings, at ten to twelve o'clock.

The present officers are : president, Mrs. W. J. Washburn ; vice-president, Mrs. C. N. Flint ; secretary, Miss Flora Howes ; corresponding secretary, Mrs. C. B. Fisher ; treasurer, Mrs. W. H. Bradley ; librarian, Mrs. Hugo Zuber.

Executive Committee : Mrs. S. C. Hubbell, Mrs. M. J. F. Stearns, Mrs. W. E. Dunn, Mrs. W. W. Stilson, Mrs. J. B. Owens, Mrs. J. R. Haynes,

Mrs. Felix C. Howes. The club is a member of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs.



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Graham Photo.

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A CORNER IN THE STUDIO OF THE RUSKIN ART CLUB  
OF LOS ANGELES.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH-LAND.

BY PRESIDENT GEO. W. WHITE.

**S**OUTHERN California, with its wealth of beauty, its far-reaching fame and its in-coming tides of intelligent population, would be strangely out of joint with the times and with its appointments were it not provided with institutions for higher education.

This important need has not been overlooked. Even before the phenomenal development of the last decade, far-seeing men had laid the foundations of an institution which they hoped would reach university proportions; hence was so named in its charter, to provide for the future growth. They named it the UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, in order to make it stand for the whole southern part of the State. They did their utmost to make the institution true to the name, for they located its College of Liberal Arts, and the College of Medicine, in Los



THE MUSEUM.

Angeles; the College of Theology at San Fernando; and the College of Fine Arts at San Diego, and the College of Agriculture at Ontario. In all of these places good buildings were either wholly or partially erected, and school work, except at San Diego, was inaugurated.

The gifts of property for equipment and endowment were generously large, much of it given at a time when land was as good as gold. The original donors were such men as I. W. Hellman, O. W. Childs and ex-Governor John G. Downey of Los Angeles, and the Chaffey Brothers of Ontario. Though not church men, and interested only in the educational and commercial future of the south-land, they chose to put the enterprise into the care of a great religious organization, knowing well that the largest part of the successful educational work in the United States, from the earliest times to the present, has been done under such auspices. So they entrusted the Southern California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a church noted for its extensive and pro-



gressive educational interests, with the carrying out of the great enterprise.

Although it was thus placed under denominational control, it was not intended to be, nor has it been, a sectarian institution. Just before and during the stirring period known in Southern California as the "boom", large additional bequests were made to the institution by Mrs. Sarah E. Tansy, Judge R. M. Widney, Hon. Chas. Maclay, Mr. A. M. Peck, and others, until the assets were counted in the millions. Yet upon the subsidence of the "boom" changes in the original plans were found necessary. Lands could not be sold at prices which would meet the conditions named in some of the bequests; hence much reverted to the donors, yet a good property was left, a large part of which is still retained.

The schools were found to be too widely scattered for economical operation, and a policy of concentration was adopted. All the departments



BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

have now been centered at Los Angeles except the Chaffey College at Ontario. There are many advantages in a city location for College work. Free public libraries and art galleries are accessible, making it unnecessary for the institution to provide so extensively and expensively in these equipments; public lectures of the highest character, and great musical events, all of much educational value, are open to the students at but slight cost, and at no cost to the institution. Beside these, the great political gatherings, and the sessions of august courts, both State and Federal, give valuable facilities for the study of political and social science. While the University has not yet reached the proportions hoped for at its inception, is making commendable progress. It now maintains, in successful operation in Los Angeles, Colleges of Liberal Arts, Theology, Medicine, Dentistry, and Music, and Schools of Oratory and Art, besides a preparatory Academy. A School of Law is also contemplated.

The Medical College, founded in 1885, is the only school of its kind

south of San Francisco, and has already achieved a most excellent reputation and is securing a deservedly large attendance. It has a new building, equipped in modern style, in a central location in the city.

The Maclay College of Theology is the only theological institution of the Methodist Episcopal Church west of Denver. It gives a full three years course, with appropriate degrees; also a two years English course for Christian workers.

The College of Music has a separate building, well furnished with practice pianos and study rooms. A fine pipe organ is also a part of its equipment.

The Art Department and School of Oratory each have apartments suitably furnished, and are under most competent instruction. The preparatory courses fit for any college.

Contrary to the practice of some church schools, especial effort has been made to offer strong lines of science work. Visitors to the College



GENERAL CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

of Liberal Arts, which is the main School of the University system, are usually pleasantly surprised to find well equipped laboratories in chemistry, physics, biology, bacteriology, beside apparatus for complete courses in assaying, and an extensive museum containing valuable collections in mineralogy, conchology, geology and archaeology.

There is nothing strait-laced or sectarian about this college, although conducted, as becomes a church school, with much attention to the forming of moral character in the student. The faculty believe that there are large numbers of most intelligent people who still prefer to have their children placed under wholesome restraints and helpful guidance while attending college, especially if away from home. Yet they also believe in allowing each student to govern himself so far as he shows a right disposition.

They know the value of athletics, so a good training track, together with bath rooms and lockers, are provided for the gentlemen, and a gymnasium for the ladies, besides a fine tennis court for both.

The real measure of a school is in the lines of study it offers. The four college courses of study—the Classical, Scientific, Philosophical and Literary—are modern, and largely elective, yet not wholly so, it being held, along with most of the best institutions, that few students are mature enough at the commencement of a college course to know just what they ought to take. Neither does the institution believe in allowing specializing to go so far as to prevent a symmetrical mental development, as seems to be the case in some institutions. Beside the regular college courses, thorough training in Pedagogy is offered, under a teacher of national repute.

Care is taken not to offer work which cannot be effectively given, yet the comparatively small size of the institution admits of that close contact between teacher and student which often gives the advantage in thoroughness to the small school as compared to the crowded large one. That its work is considered of high grade is shown by the credits allowed, when students pass from this school to the larger and older institutions, both East and West.

Counting Chaffey, the endowed academy, with college faculty and facilities, at Ontario, these schools had last year an attendance of about 500 students, with forty in the graduating classes, and had a faculty of more than fifty professors and teachers, thus easily giving it the rank of the third institution in size in the State—next to the State University and Stanford.

Although under denominational control, none of its faculty, outside of the Theological School, are clergymen except the President, who does no teaching; so the objection often raised against church schools, that their faculties are largely made up of retired ministers, does not hold in regard to this institution. In church membership several of the leading denominations are represented in the faculty. In scholastic antecedents, also, the faculty will bear close inspection, for all have had special College and University preparation for their particular work.

It is the constant aim of the management to make the University an institution worthy of a progressive city and the famed section whose name it bears.

It plans to supply adequate facilities for higher education to the youth of Southern California irrespective of church affiliations. It knows no difference between students coming from church homes or others. No effort is made to exert sectarian influence over them. Its constant endeavor is to make its college work compare favorably with that given in the best institutions on the Coast or elsewhere, and at as low cost, so that students can have first-class advantages near home. It seeks also to afford satisfactory opportunities to the many young people from Eastern homes, who, for health reasons, must seek a mild climate before their school days are over. To such, the location of a high grade school in such a charming city as Los Angeles, the Mecca of invalids, is a great boon. School year opens September 13th.







Mausser & Collier Eng. Co.

CAMP OF 7TH CALIFORNIA U. S. VOLUNTEERS, OVERLOOKING SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Photo. by C. F. L.



L. A. Eng. Co.

THE OREGON IN DRYDOCK, SAN FRANCISCO.

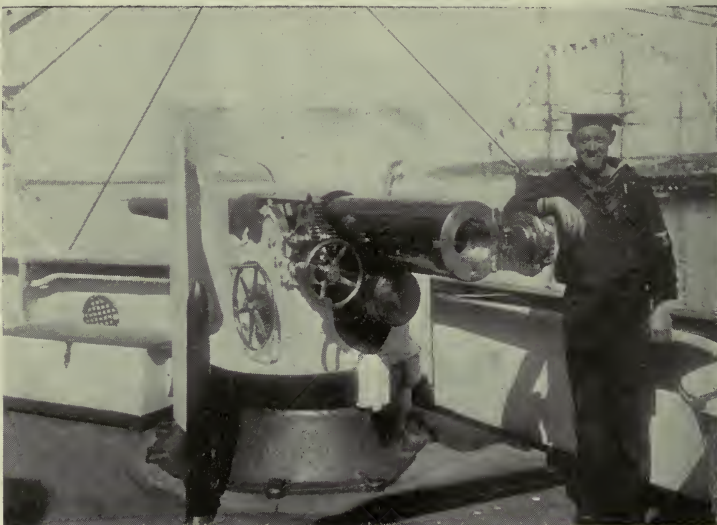
C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

THE MAINIP LEAVING NEW YORK HARBOR FOR HAVANA.

From photo through courtesy C. A. Luckenbach.







C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Photos. by Geo. C. Dotter, U. S. V

ON BOARD THE MONADNOCK.



Mason-Duffell Eng. Co.

THE CITY OF PEKIN.

Famous as the first U. S. Transport sent to Manila.

Photo by G. F. L.

## OFF FOR MANILLA!



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

GEO. C. DOTTER, U. S. V.  
Heavy Artillery.

ALL honor to the boys who have gone to the front. All praise to Los Angeles, which has contributed so liberally of the pick of its youth. The generous response which it has given to the call for volunteers will perhaps be better sensed when it is stated that from the Los Angeles Furniture Company alone seven employes have gone to the front.

Capt. B. F. Johnson, well known in Los Angeles society circles, and occupying a remunerative position in the Los Angeles Furniture Company, of which his father, Gen'l E. P. Johnson, is president and manager, abandons both for the chances of war. With a splendid start and a com-

mendable ambition to excel, he will undoubtedly add several stripes to his uniform before he returns from Manilla.

George Dotter surrenders a life of assured ease and a good position with the Los Angeles Furniture Company, of which

his father, John C. Dotter, is vice-president, to face hardier experiences.

He was chosen from twelve competitive applicants at Los Angeles, and also speedily passed the rigid examination at San Francisco.

Of splended physique and undoubted courage and patriotism, John A. Glass, the son of Chief Glass of the Los Angeles police, is certain to merit the uniform he has donned in his country's cause. His regiment is made up of the finest specimens of physical manhood of which any regiment can boast, and among these he was one of two whose physical examination was recorded "perfect."

Many otheis have gone to the front, of whom Los Angeles has reason to be proud, and she can rest assured that every man of them will do his duty.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

CAPT. BENJ. JOHNSON, U. S. V.  
Assistant Quartermaster.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

SERGEANT JOHN A. GLASS, U. S. V.  
Heavy Artillery.



## A SWORD WITH A HISTORY.

**I**N 1862, when the second call was made for volunteers by President Lincoln, F. Edward Gray, then but eighteen years of age, enlisted at Springfield, Mass. The evening prior to his departure for the seat of war his friends presented him with a sword. On his return in 1865, after three years service, he still retained this same sword, having attained the rank of Captain. It was deposited in the Grand Army Hall at Springfield, which, about the year 1878, was destroyed by fire. The sword, minus the scabbard, was found among the debris by the contractor, who presented it to his nephew, Mr. C. H. Hamilton, of Boston, a collector of souvenirs. It was Mr. Hamilton's earnest desire to return it to the original owner, whose address was unknown to him.

A warrior by instinct and a Republican from principle, Captain Gray had meanwhile been fighting peaceful battles for Southern California—and had also added to its

resources and fame by the establishment of the most rare and extensive floral gardens in this section. During the recent winter he found it expedient to publish a description of the Ingle-ide Floral Company's gardens in the *LAND OF SUNSHINE*. A copy of the magazine containing the description found its way into the family of a relative of Mr. Hamilton, to whom it was remailed, with the result that Captain Gray was found, and the long lost memento of the late civil war received by its original owner, with many thanks for its recovery and a firmly established faith in the virtues of the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* as an advertising medium.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. ARCH ROCK, NEAR SANTA MONICA.

Photo. by Maude.

C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

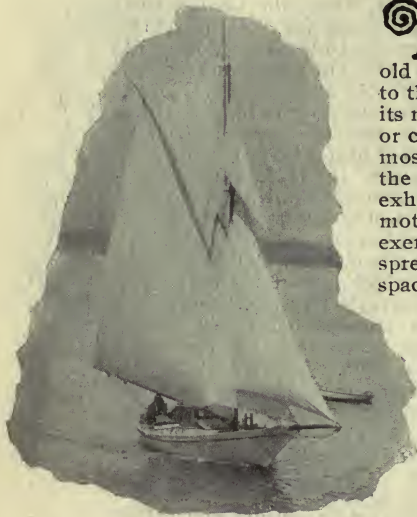
CAPT. F. EDWARD GRAY.



## YACHTING ON THE PACIFIC.

H. E. S.

**T**HE craving in human nature for motion without exertion manifests itself very early in life, and is only satisfied when old age seeks retirement and rest. In obedience to this desire, the infant cries to be carried in its nurse's arms; the school boy drags his sled or coaster to the hill top to experience the almost instantaneous bliss of the downward slide; the young man and maiden find the buggy ride exhilarating; the cyclist finds the maximum of motion and happiness with the minimum of exertion; and best of all, the yachtman spreads his sails to the breeze and conquers space with the most primitive force. Nothing adds more, however, to the zest for motion than an object aimed at, if not attained, and so that field of motion which offers such objects is the most attractive. The coast of Southern California has many points of attraction which may well serve such a purpose. The bow of islands stretching westward from Ventura County offers an excellent variety of entertainment to one who loves to exchange the motion of his yacht for a ramble on shore. Of these



THE OLETA.

islands, the nearest is Anacapa, which is little more than a long narrow rock, with occasional deep fissures nearly severing it into islets. The next is Santa Cruz, with few harbors and forbidding coast, promising little and performing much. It is the home of fascinating cañons, of picturesque caverns, accessible only by boat, of most luxuriant live



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

WITH LEE RAIL UNDER.

Courtesy Hancock Banning

oaks, balls of verdure fifty to one hundred feet in diameter, of Indian burial mounds full of traces of a vanished and forgotten race. Just beyond lies Santa Rosa, much like Santa Cruz, but wind-swept and bleak in its westerly portion, although affording sustenance for a hundred thousand sheep. To one who loves the mysterious, there is something wierd in the fantastic forms carved by the wind-driven sand, and the unburied bones, skulls, mortars, pestles and arrow heads that lie promiscuously among the shifting sands.

San Miguel, the outermost of the islands, is but little visited, the prevailing wind from the southwest during the yachting season rendering it not easy of access by sailing craft. Tradition places here the burial place of Cabrillo, the first explorer of this yachtman's paradise, and the legend of the buried sword and the \$50,000 reward for its discovery adds to the romance of the island. Away to the south and west lies San Nicolas, deserted, lone and desolate. No tree or shrub breaks the surface, and of all the group it seems the fittest resting place of the countless dead whose bones bleach and crumble in the sun and ocean breezes. Thirty miles to the southeast, San Clemente, with its caves and cliffs, makes another break in the voyage, and one can rock gently to sleep in its quiet harbor.

Three hours more of fast sailing and you reach Catalina, the best known and most frequented of the Southern California group. Yachting among these islands must have begun at an early date, for the Indians have still stories of rafts of tules bound together, and covered with natural pitch, in which their ancestors ventured from the mainland even to the outermost of the group, and carried on their

primitive intercourse. There are seldom days when one cannot pass in perfect safety from one island to another, and enjoy the luxury of a brisk breeze and the poetry of motion.

With reasonable breezes a two week's voyage will suffice to make the round and give time for exploration that will make the yacht a haven of rest for the enthusiastic tramper.

To the disciple of Izaak Walton there comes an added joy in the observation of the habits and occasional capture of the numerous forms of aquatic life that people the waters about the islands. During the last season a school of whales rolled lazily around the channel and gave frequent tokens of their presence by their spoutings, and not infrequently afforded good opportunity to the observer to speculate on their size and intentions. Now and then a barracuda or an albacore would thrill the nerves of the patient fisherman and reward him with a suggestion of fried fish for supper, or charm with a magnificent display of color in its death struggle. Sun fish floated lazily on the surface of the sea and stared at the passer-by, too indolent to even sink out of



ROUGH WEATHER.





WHERE ARE WE AT?

swells, but when with the lee rail under water and every sail swelling with a breeze that has come 8,000 miles to do him a service in passing, the voyager pulls his cap a little closer on his head, fills his lungs with the purest of ozone, and watches the spray flying from the bows, a new lease of life and joy comes to the heart, and he is thankful for the sea.

Little wonder then that such a pastime has ardent devotees, and that yachting clubs are the order of the day on the Southern California coast at this season of the year.

With its inner bay of quiet water, Terminal Island is naturally the rendezvous for several boat and yacht clubs. Prominent among these is the Terminal Boat Club, the membership of which is made up from the best Los Angeles circles, while the elegant club house of the Catalina Yacht Club, nearly completed at Terminal Island, testifies to the enthusiasm of another group of yachtsmen.

## MEMBERS OF THE TERMINAL BOAT CLUB.

Ferd. K. Rule, president; Francis J. Thomas, vice-president; J. F. Sartori, treasurer; C. A. Sumner, secretary; Sumner P. Hunt, L. A. Mutch, George J. Denis, Percy R. Wilson, Frank A. Gibson, Maurice S. Hellman, Edward D. Silent, Frank K. Rule, Walter Nordhoff, Horace G. Miller, Ernest K. Foster, Lee A. McConnell, W. D. Woolwine, F. W. Wood, Chas. Wier, T. E. Gibbon, C. E. Rhone, R. C. Kirkpatrick.

sight. Flying fish spread their gauzy wings in their brief flights, sometimes falling on the deck and paying the penalty of their daring with their lives.

The rocks of San Nicolas make splendid play ground for seals, and shell fish of all kinds and shapes tempt the naturalist beyond endurance. Beautiful specimens of abalone cling to the rocks and invite capture for commercial uses. It would seem that in earlier days these shells were even more plentiful than at present. Every Indian mound and grave seems full of the debris of this variety of shells.

A yacht has many resources that help to while away the hours of calm and tedium that come when rolling on the ocean



IN A QUIET NOOK.



GEO. J. DENIS,  
Terminal Boat Club.

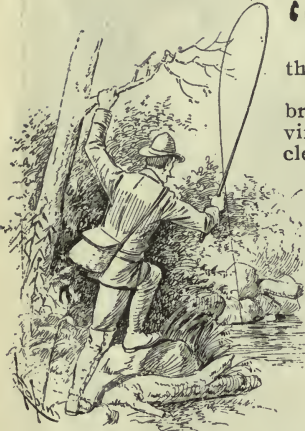


L. A. MUTCH,  
Terminal Boat Club.





## SAN GABRIEL CAÑON RESORT.



“FOR the love of it” was the answer by a camper, why year after year himself and family came to San Gabriel Cañon for their outing during the midsummer months.

“Originally we came for relief from nervous troubles brought on by overwork. Removed from the city’s environments to the beauty of the San Gabriel; its crystal clear mountain stream; its cool breeze during the day and soft cool night air; its wild flowers and ferns; the shade of its magnificent trees; the song of the birds; the peaceful quiet; the ever-changing lights and shadows upon mountains, valley and stream; the restful impressions to the sight and mind brought about complete recovery, robust health and reserve force to every member of my family.

“Since then every year when the time comes to have our ‘outing’ we return to our first choice, only to become more and more in love with it and its beauteous environments.”

The proximity of the San Gabriel Cañon to Los Angeles, with only an hour’s delightful ride through the famous San Gabriel Valley, over the Santa Fé Pacific R’y, to the town of Azusa, makes a sojourn in the cañon easy of accomplishment.

From Azusa the San Gabriel Cañon Resort Stage, owned and operated by that prince of mountain guides, Ralph Follows, leaves on the arrival of the 8:30 A. M. Los Angeles train, for the resort and store, sixteen



FOLLOWS' MOUNTAIN RESORT AND STORE.



miles up the main cañon, to an elevation of two thousand feet above sea level.

The San Gabriel river-bed is the road up the cañon, and during the low water period, which is about eight months in the year, the road crosses and re-crosses the water channel wherever it does not parallel it, from the mouth of the cañon to Follows' Resort and Store, forty-two times. Considering the nature of the road quick time is made, although the marvelous scenery at every turn so delights as to make the termination of the drive all too soon. At the Resort a hearty welcome awaits you, as also an excellent lunch, to which your appetite will do full justice. After lunch a siesta under the cool shade of the porches, a preliminary stroll along the river, or a climb up hill for an evening view of the surrounding mountains prepares you for supper and an early bed time, from which you arise betimes refreshed and eager for more extended excursions.



"MINE HOST" CATCHING TROUT JUST ABOVE THE RESORT.

The San Gabriel Cañon Resort and Store is located on a sloping mesa of about five acres, devoted to growing fruits and vegetables needed for the resort. The view from the house, fifty feet above the river bed, up and down the cañon, calls forth your praises and content that your lines have fallen into such pleasing waters.

The charges for accommodation, room and board, are reasonable\* either by day, week or month. The rooms are neatly and comfortably furnished, but if you desire tent room, arrangements are at hand to please you. The store is a feature of itself, carrying a complete stock of groceries and other merchandise usually required for tenting or outing purposes. Hence the store proves quite a convenience to campers in the various parts of the cañon who "find" themselves.

\*See advertisement card elsewhere in this issue.

The cañon affords many attractions for sightseeing, artistic instincts, mines and miners' homes, wild flowers and ferns; sport in season, as hunting, and fishing for brook trout.

The snap-shot artist here finds the acme of his ambition to bring back from the outing such photos as will enable him to live over again, at home, the scenes enjoyed and the delightfully unconventional time spent amid the cañons.

The cañon contains three different streams: The main cañon, the west fork and north fork; all can be traveled by wagon, although horse, mule or burro are often preferred.

On your return from a trip in the cañon to the resort, a meal awaits you such as you rarely find except at the most costly resorts—everything in abundance (no starvation camp here). The cook is a past-master of the art culinary, hence the roasts of beef, mutton, veal or

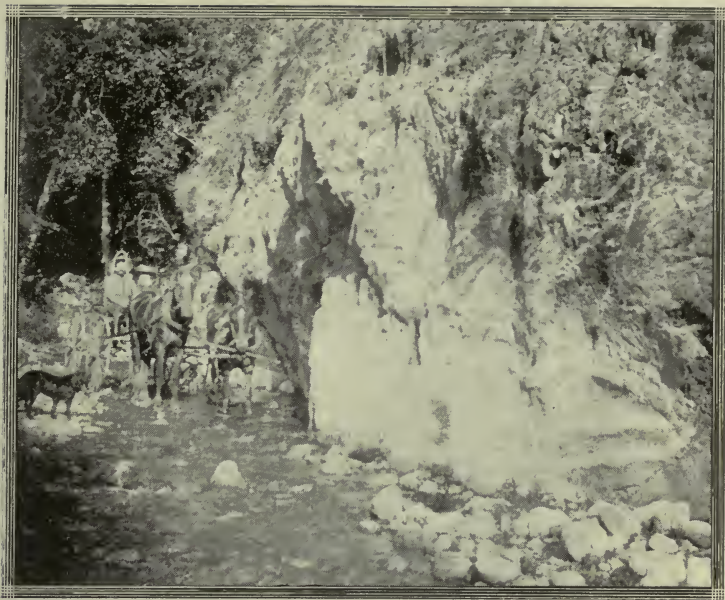


CAMP AT SEVEN OAKS—MAIN CAÑON.

pork, with the accompanying sauces and vegetables, prove cooked and served to a turn; coffee as your mother used to make, or better; pure, cold, mountain water, or something else if you bring it with you, for your thirst. Mail is brought daily from Azusa and should be addressed in care of Follows' San Gabriel Cañon Mountain Resort.

For summer outing the San Gabriel cañon is the home of the Los Angeles Creel Club and Pasadena Bait Club. For a permanent summer home H. W. O'Melveny of Los Angeles is building a neat cottage on his 140-acre ranch, ten acres of which are devoted to horticulture. He will no doubt be followed by other kindred minds who prefer quiet amidst natural beauty to the noise and obtrusion of artificial surroundings.



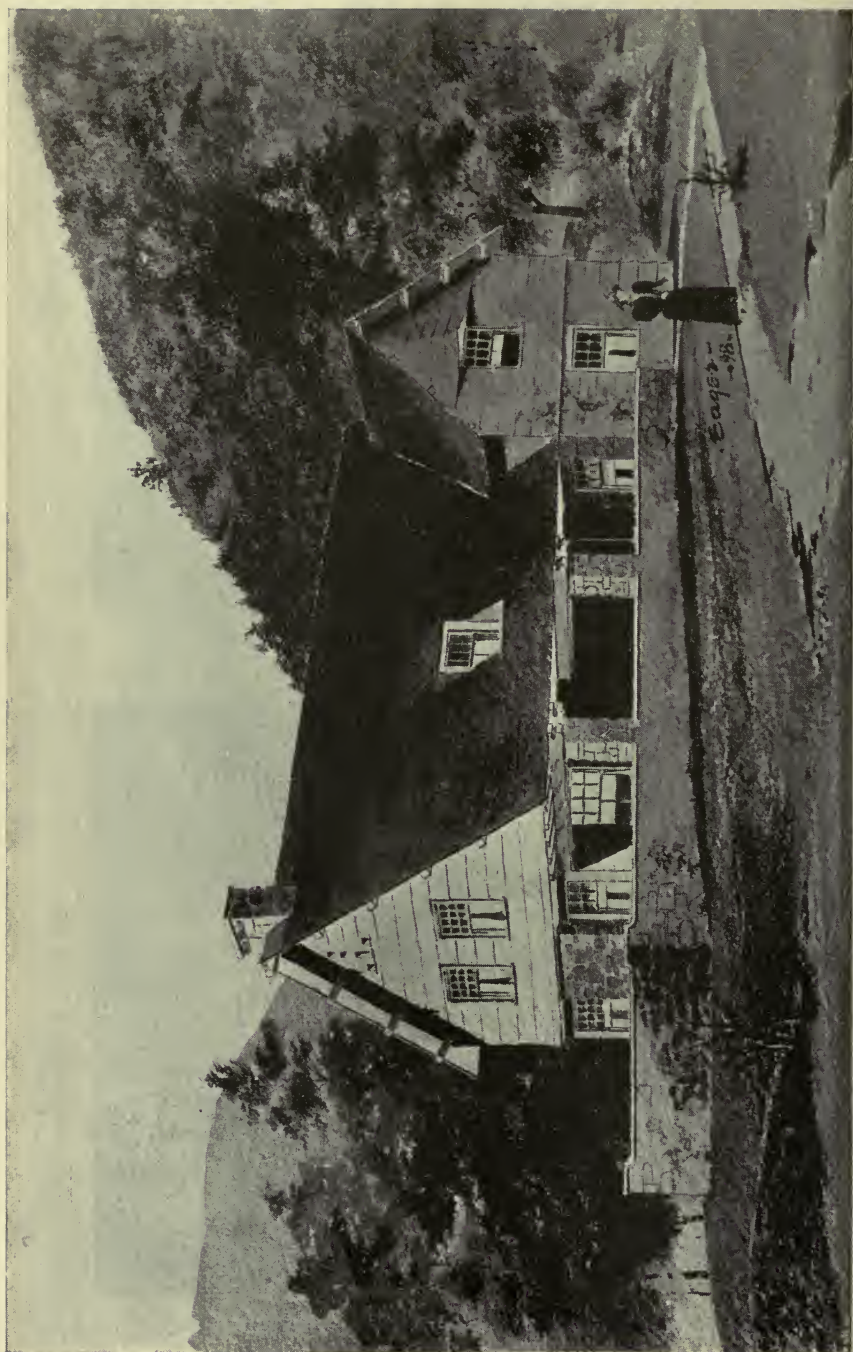


ROAD THROUGH THE "NARROWS," NORTH FORK.



WEST FORK—AN IDEAL PLACE TO FISH.





By Eison & Hunt, Architects

THE SUMMER HOUSE OF H. W. O'MELVENY, OF LOS ANGELES, IN THE SAN GABRIEL CAÑON.

C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

## We'll be in our New Rooms this Month—345-47 S. SPRING ST.

Directly opposite our present location—the most Handsome, convenient and commodious Furniture Quarters in all this Southern Section. There are Five Floors and a basement connected by the Quickest and Finest Elevator Service in the City. The entire space is being rapidly filled by New, Elegant and Complete Lines. The odds and ends And stray pieces are being closed out at heavy loss At our present place, which you ought to investigate at once.

## W. S. ALLEN'S FURNITURE AND CARPET HOUSE

332-34 South Spring St., Los Angeles, CAL.

### FOLLOWS' SAN GABRIEL CAÑON MOUNTAIN RESORT AND STORE



This resort is the ideal place in the Cañon for either guests or "campers". Elevation, 2,000 feet. The Store carries a good stock of groceries and other supplies needed by campers or for sport. The "cuisine" is first-class, rooms comfortable, and beds restful. Mail daily from Azusa. Deer hunting, trout-fishing in season. Saddle horses and burros can be arranged for at the store. Private conveyances from Azusa if desired. Stage leaves Azusa, California, on arrival of morning train from Los Angeles (8:30 a.m.)—distance 16 miles.

Room and Board, \$1.25 per Day.  
Stage, \$1.00—Hand Baggage only.

Freight of any description hauled to any part of Cañon for campers. Correspondence solicited. Address: **FOLLOWS BROS., Azusa, Cal.**

See article in this issue of magazine.

Tel. Main 34, Azusa

## VEGETABLES, FRUIT

And Choice Groceries—Headquarters for all California Products—Wholesale and Retail—We Ship Everywhere

LUDWIG & MATHEWS, MOTT MARKET, Los Angeles

Ice Cream Freezers at James W. Hellman's.

Successor to W. C. Furrey Co.



# THE LOS ANGELES PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.

205½ S MAIN ST.



OFFICE



M. Q. STUARD



PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPT.



AN ENGRAVER IS KNOWN BY HIS BLOCKS.

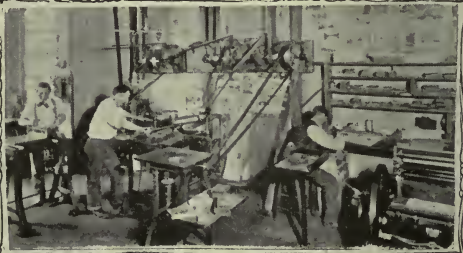
A. P. MOORE



ETCHING DEPT.

THE LEADING ENGRAVING CONCERN OF THE SOUTHWEST.

PHONE. RED 1475.



FINISHING DEPT.



### Items of Interest.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE booth at the Omaha Exposition will be open by July the first. Many copies of the LAND OF SUNSHINE will be distributed and subscriptions taken.

St. Agatha's School, formerly in West Beacon street, is now established at 512 South Alvarado street, opposite Westlake Park. The new quarters are exceedingly attractive and commodious, and the same methods of teaching that have already been so successful will be continued under the direction of the talented principal, Miss Mary L. French. The fall term begins in September.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE is in receipt of a most handsome little brochure of rough surfaced sea green stock and silver lettering, containing the opening menu of the Fish Grill Room of the Hotel Arcadia, Santa Monica. It offers all the edibles furnished by old ocean, and in the most modern and attractive style. Frank A. Miller is outdoing at the Arcadia even his Glenwood Tavern fame, and with the assistance of Manager F. W. Richardson, has transformed the Arcadia into a thoroughly modern and inviting establishment, which includes many of the famous features of the Palace of San Francisco and the Waldorf-Astor of New York. Its elegant silver candelabra and tasteful silk shades; its pure white ocean breakfast room, with its magnificent view of the mountains and ocean, its fresh cut flowers and beautiful paintings; its well kept lawns, and its canvas covered bowers on the sands by the rolling surf, all speak of a hand watchful of the pleasure and tastes of guests.

Those interested in Student Life in Germany will be interested, too, with the information that a book by such a title has been published by the Los Angeles author, W. R. Gosewisch, M. Ph., M. D. The author draws from his personal experiences in a humorous and instructive manner. Copies can be procured at 123 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

### Consumption Cured.

It has been proven by a long course of actual experience extending over a period of three years, that the improved Koch treatment as used by Dr. W. Harrison Ballard of this city will cure consumption. A recent report of one hundred and forty cases treated during the last two years shows a percentage of cures never before accomplished by any method of treatment. A study of this report will repay anyone interested in the subject of consumption, its prevalence and its cure; and especially ought it to interest each person who is himself afflicted with consumption or who has friends afflicted or threatened.

The numerous cures already effected by Dr. Ballard in this city form an indisputable argument in favor of his remedy and his method of treatment. No person afflicted with lung trouble can afford to lose any time in investigating this cure for himself, not even if advised to the contrary by other people and other physicians. Facts speak for themselves, and these actual cures already accomplished become proof positive.

The report mentioned above and full

particulars may be obtained from Dr. W. Harrison Ballard, 415 1/2 S. Spring street, Los Angeles, Cal.

## Belmont Cafe

Cor. 5th and Main Sts.

OYSTERS

TAMALES

GAME in season.

Tel. Main 946

Los Angeles.

DARMODY & SCHAFFER

## Cut Flowers

We have now fresh cut flowers in abundance, such as

### Carnations

Sweet Peas, Lilies, Roses, etc., etc. We make floral designs for weddings and funerals.

## Central Park Floral Co.

J. A. SUMMERS, Manager.

138 S. Spring St., Los Angeles

Telephone Black 1675

## RICH LAND

WITH ABUNDANCE OF WATER

is a Gold Mine in California. The richest soil without irrigation during a dry year, such as the present one, means no crop. It pays to be prepared.



Irrigation Ditch.

Bend Colony, Cal., has an unending and abundant supply of water and the most modern irrigation system in the northern portion of the State

Prices are much lower than for irrigated land in Southern California, while the climate and variety of crops are unexcelled.

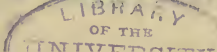
WRITE FOR FULL INFORMATION TO

McCULLOUGH & BROKAW, Owners

Los Angeles, Cal., or Red Bluff, Cal.

## Stoves and Ranges at James W. Hellman's.

Successor to W. C. Furrey Co.



By a Los Angeles Author...

## STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY

By W. R. Gosewisch, M. Ph., M.D.

A fascinating combination of reminiscence, romance and history, printed and bound in exquisite taste.

### STUDENTS OF BERLIN UNIVERSITY.....

Their Club Life, Duels, System of Kneiping, Vacation Trips in the Tyrol, Switzerland and Austria. A Summer Visit to a Baronial Family in an Old Castle on the Rhine, and Folk Lore and Traditions of the land.

"Dr. Gosewisch draws abundantly from humorous and romantic episodes for his material"—L.A. Times  
 "There is a bohemian fascination about the subject that appeals strongly to most people. The illustrations without exception are excellent.—L. A. Herald.

PRICE IN CLOTH, GOLD EMBOSSED, \$1.50

For sale by all leading booksellers or by  
 The Author, 837 W. Beacon St., Los Angeles, Cal. or by  
 The Publisher, 123 S Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

# CONSUMPTION

Hundreds of people have been restored to health by the use of Dr. Charles H. Whitman's Ozo-Consumption Cure. This new scientific system of medicine has permanently cured hundreds of apparently hopeless cases by its timely use, and it seems a humane duty to bring such attention of all

## CURED

necessary and therefore, to facts to the invalids that may be benefited thereby. This treatment can be used by the patient without the aid of a physician. It is the same treatment that has been so successfully used for more than two years at the Koch Medical Institute. Recently the price of this treatment has been greatly reduced so that it is now within the reach of all. Symptom blank and Treatise on "Consumption, its Cause and Cure" sent free. Address C. H. WHITMAN, M. D., Koch Medical Institute, Los Angeles, California.

## A Seaside Home

30 minutes from the metropolis of Southern California

## Suburban Residence Property

Without exception the finest suburban residence property is on the beautiful ALAMITOS. Why? Because it has grand ocean and mountain view, good markets for all kinds of produce, schools, churches, etc., etc. Because, for lemons, olives, deciduous and small fruits, the soil is unsurpassed. No damaging frosts or high winds. Write or call on us for more information. Price \$150.00 per acre with water stock.

Address, GEO. C. FLINT, Sec'y, Long Beach, Cal., or E. B. CUSHMAN, 306 W. First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The Finest  
 Trout Fishing  
 and  
 Deer Hunting

and health-bringing, strength-giving recreation to be had in California is at



## Bear Valley Resort

6,600 Feet above the Ocean.

No fogs, no hot days, air dry, clear and bracing. Fine stage coach leaves St. Charles and Stewart Hotels, San Bernardino, on Tuesdays and Fridays at 5 a. m., affording a magnificent 36 mile ride into the heart of the mountains. Round trip tickets (good for the season) \$10.00. For sale at Santa Fé Ticket Office, San Bernardino. First-class Hotel accommodations \$2.00 per day, \$10.00 per week. Camping grounds free. Boats, fishing tackle, saddle burros, provisions and other conveniences on hand. Open June 7th. For further particulars address

The Passenger Agent, or GUS. KNIGHT, Jr., Prop.  
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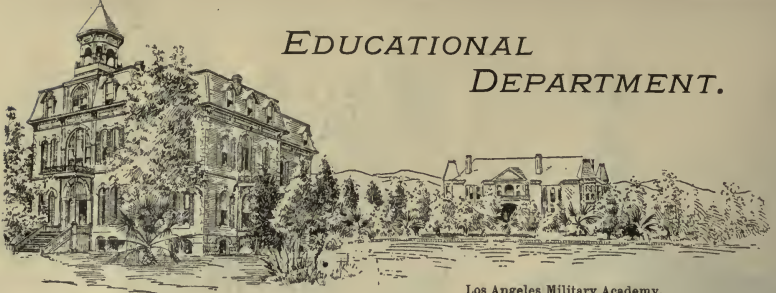
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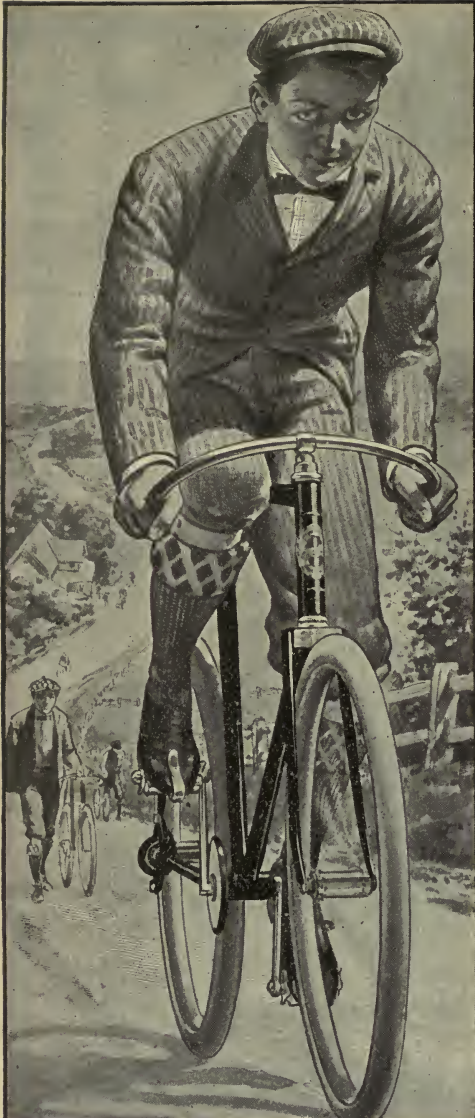
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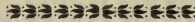
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	*3:45 pm	*5:20 pm
	*8:45 am	*8:15 am
San Pedro, Long Beach and	*1:55 pm	*11:15 pm
Terminal Island.....	*5:25 pm	*5:15 pm
Catalina Island .....	*10:35 am	*7:35 pm
	*8:45 am	*5:15 pm
	*8:45 am	*7:35 pm

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AUGUST, 1898

Vol. IX, No. 3

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EDITED BY

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## CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1898:

	PAGE
On the Enchanted Mesa.....	Frontispiece
Three Weeks in Wonderland, illustrated, David Starr Jordan, Chas. F. Lummis, Theodore H. Hittell, Jessie Knight Jordan, etc.....	111
The Hunting Dog in California, illustrated, T. S. Van Dyke.....	126
A Soul in Bronze, a Novel of California, Constance Goddard DuBois, illustrated by A. F. Harmer.....	129

(SEE NEXT PAGE)



The Mother Mountain, poem, Sharlot M. Hall, illustrated by A. F. Harmer..... 139  
 In the Lion's Den..... 140  
 That Which is Written..... 143  
 In the Grand Cañon, illustrated..... 145  
 A Song, Blanche Trask..... 153  
 The Land We Love, illustrated..... 154  
 Past and Present Linked Together..... 157  
 Bear Valley, illustrated..... 163

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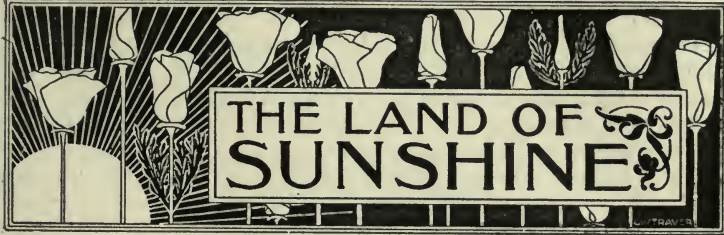
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DR. JORDAN AND PARTY ON THE SUMMIT OF THE ENCHANTED MESA.  
(Acoma in the distance. June 22, 1898.)



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



Vol. 9. No. 3.

LOS ANGELES

AUGUST, 1898.

### *THREE WEEKS IN WONDERLAND.*

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN, CHAS. F. LUMMIS, JOHN C. BRANNER, THEODORE H. HITTELL, JESSIE KNIGHT JORDAN.



F the Americans who prefer not to be brutally ignorant of their own land multiply slowly, there is at least the comfort of knowing that they are of the sort that make minorities count. The crowd care less for wonders than for the things they have been told are wonderful; less to see a marvel than to be able to say they have seen it. But there are still, thank heaven, some left of the larger kind.

Coming back to Flagstaff after a week in the Grand Cañon, the greatest scenic wonder of the world, a most profitable excursion of the Santa Fé Pacific Railroad (whereof some brief account is written on a later page) broke up June 17th, the majority returning to California, the elect few pursuing, on my invitation, further knowledge of the Southwestern Wonderland. The latter party included David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, and his charming wife; Theodore H. Hittell, the historian of California, and his mountain-loving daughter, Miss Catherine; Milnor Roberts, a Stanford boy whom any frontiersman alive would adopt; F. W. Stephenson, a bright young San Franciscan; my six-year-old daughter Turbesé, and myself.

Leaving Flagstaff at 10 A. M., riding day-long across the fascinating land of blood-red mesas, strange sentinel buttes and rifted cañons, the land whose very atmosphere is an enchantment and its erosion the playground of the giants—but where some excellent folk who were begotten blind “can’t see anything”—we came at eight of the evening to the station of Laguna, a parasite upon the picturesque pueblo of that name; and slept under Marmon’s rustling mulberry trees, in the oasis I have watched grow up on the bare breast of the desert,

in the missionary's inherited adobe, and wherever else we might—but all comfortably.

The 18th we gave to a fairly thorough canvas of Laguna, the parvenu of the pueblos (it was founded only in 1699, by refugees from Ácoma, Zia and other Quéres towns) but not the least interesting; acquiring arrow-heads, "wasp's-nest bread," (the blue guayave), Navajo blankets, information—and respect for this quiet people whose worst misfortune is their pre-eminence in government education as administered at Carlisle. No other pueblo has so many lamentable young "smarties"—for no other has learned so much of American "manners." On the other hand the pueblo is most fortunate in its American associate-citizens, Col. and Robert Marmon, Major Geo. H. Pradt and John Gunn—the best specimens we of the superior race have set in any Indian town in New Mexico, and old-timers all.

The 19th we "pulled our freight" (as the tongue of the country goes) for famous Ácoma, "the City of the Sky," the most noted of the pueblos, and the most picturesque town in the world. I have described it so often\* that it would be unkind here to attempt any new pelting of impotent words at its matchless beauty and strangeness. It will suffice to fill in the barest outlines.

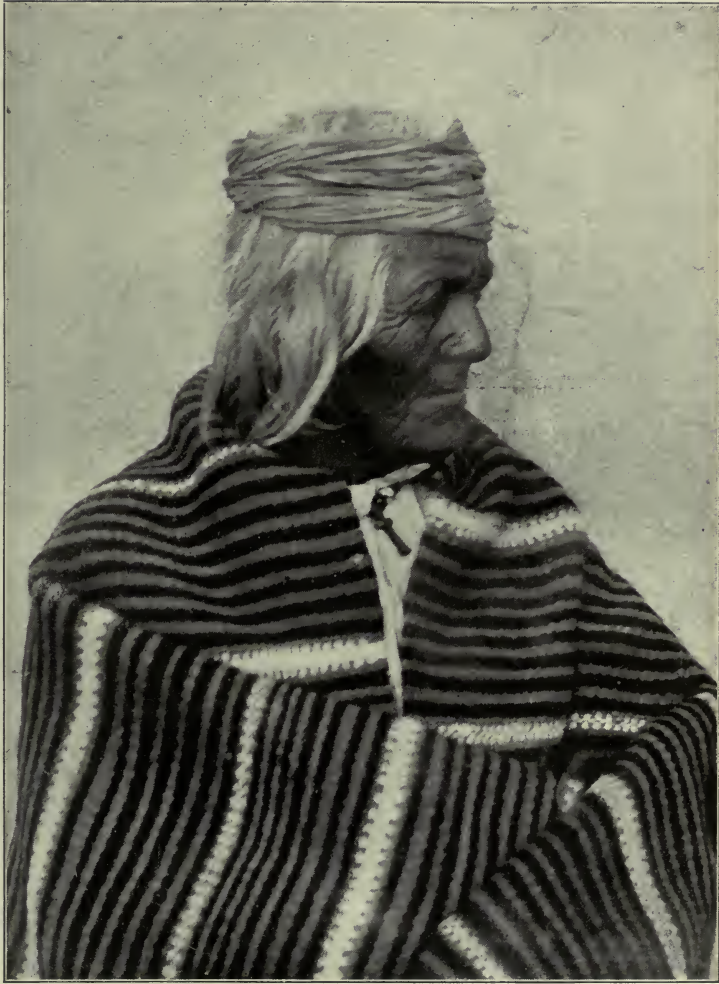
Ácoma—first heard of by the heroic Franciscan missionary and explorer, Fray Marcos of Niza, in 1539; first seen, of European eyes, by the gallant Francisco Vasquez de Coronado† in 1540—is a town of the Quéres branch of the Pueblo Indians in Valencia county, Western New Mexico. It occupies the top of a monumental *mesa*, or table-rock, 357 feet high, about 70 acres in area, soaring in vertical cliffs from the bosom of one of the most exquisite valleys in the New World. Its houses, of sandstone plastered with adobe, form three huge blocks, nearly 1000 feet long, terraced, three stories high. Its gigantic church, with walls eight feet thick and fifty feet high, and timbers forty feet long by fourteen inches square; its graveyard, 200 feet on a side—a stone box filled with earth to bed the forgetful dead—all has been brought by the backful up this dizzy cliff.

For six days we lodged in the large house of one of the wisest and noblest of the Indians, brave old Martin Valle, who died in '92; hospitably entreated by his grandson Juan José Martin. We cooked for ourselves, most of the honors being carried off by President Jordan; and slept us—the ladies and the baby in Martin's room where I have passed so many memorable nights with men of both bloods who have since

\* See this magazine for October, 1896; *The Land of Poco Tiempo* (Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.); *A New Mexico* David (same publishers); *The Spanish Pioneers* (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), etc.

† See July number.





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Photo. and Copyright 1890, by C. F. Lummis.

MARTIN VALLE, LONG-TIME GOVERNOR OF ÁCOMA.



ACOMA  
-1415-



gone to their long home—the rest in the old *convento* or monastery attached to the church.

That it was a memorable six days, I think may be left to any of the party to testify. We went up and down all the seven trails which make conquest of the cliff—and there are some dizzy ones. That is, we scored all but the most dangerous and now abandoned north trail, where Zaldivar made his feint 299 years ago in the most wonderful storming in military history. The Indians have not used it for many years, and only one white man has ever been up and down it—and only one of us made it. Mrs. Jordan and Miss Hittell were the third and fourth American ladies, and Turbesé the first white child, that ever braved the picturesque “split trail”—a scramble not to be recommended to timid persons. But our



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. by C. F. Lummis.

#### ÁCOMA—PRACTICING FOR THE GALLO RACE.

first and last love was the beautiful “Camino del Padre,” up which Fray Juan Ramirez, the apostle of Ácoma (a Franciscan, of course) clambered in 1629 amid a rain of arrows. Outside of the Pueblo towns there is not another footway so picturesque in all the three Americas.

We pried into a few of the hundreds of “bays” that dent the periphery of that peerless cliff; we saw the secret shrines with their prayer-sticks; we took refuge in sacrificial caves from the afternoon thunderstorms; we climbed the south mesa to the beautiful rock tank from which Ácoma maids and matrons carry every drop of household water half a mile over breathless trails to the town in classic jars perched securely upon their heads; we came even to the secret cliff-house, never seen by a half a dozen whites before, and never before photographed. The roof and lintels have fallen since my last visit—





in 1892 this hyphen to remote antiquity was absolutely perfect.

And we visited Àcoma from house to house. There was smallpox in town—it is all over New Mexico at present—but we backed out of houses which seemed suspicious and counsined the rest. On San Juan's day one of the few of our missionaries for whom familiarity has bred in me anything less than contempt—Miss Taylor, stationed at Acomita—vaccinated about 100 Àcoma babies in the big new house of the *Junta* (the aboriginal hall of Congress).

The wise collector postpones the avalanche. Only when we had made considerable headway in sight-seeing did I call for *histian*. And they came. We amassed several hundred ancient arrowheads, of obsidian from Mt. San Mateo, of petrified wood, chalcedony and moss agates from the Petrified Forest 150 miles west; a score of stone axe-heads—including the finest I ever saw, and my collection already surpassed any other from the Southwest—and many more curios, of many sorts.

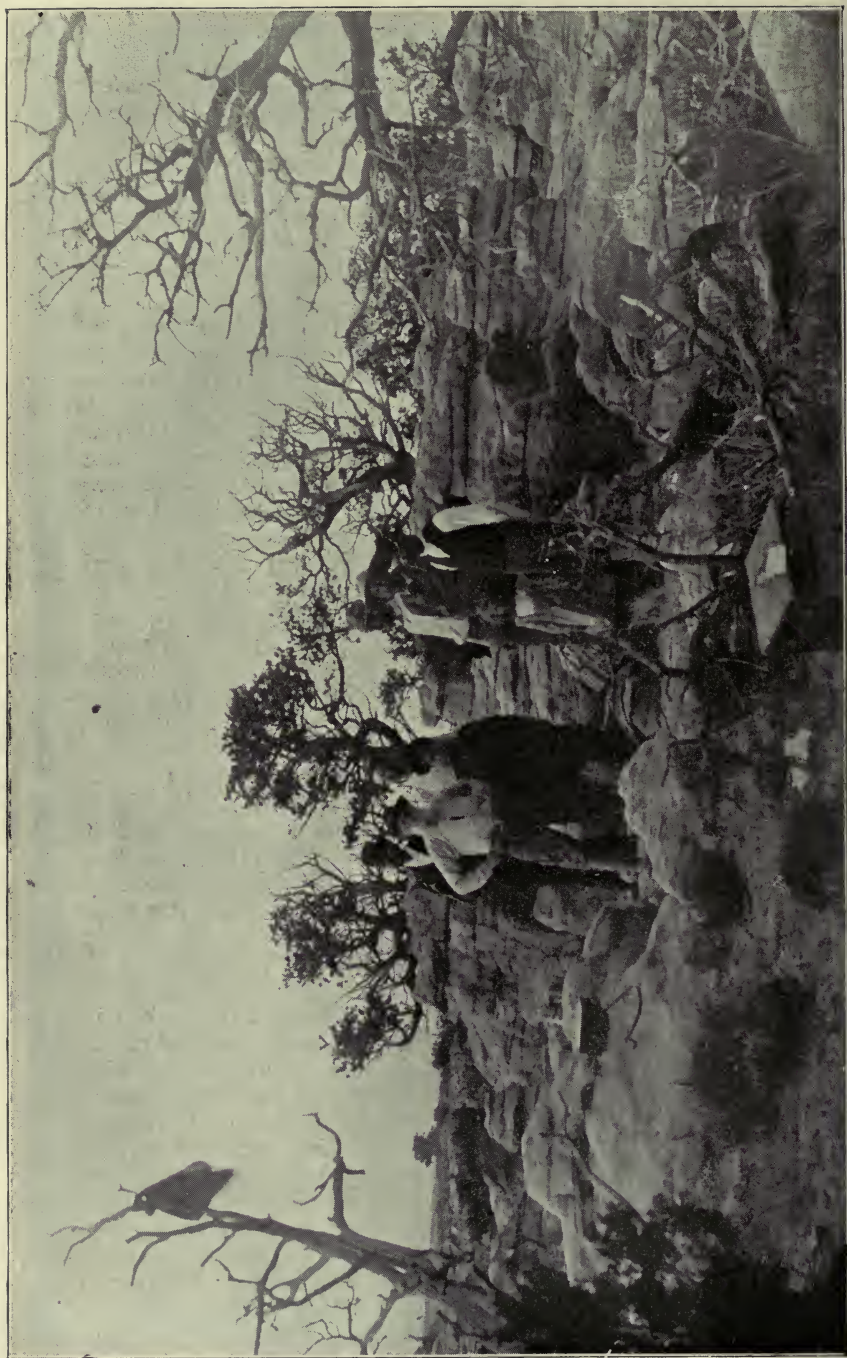
Not least, we had a specimen of Indian laws. It was curious to many of us to be where there are laws and where they are respected. There are places in the world where red tape is as thick as in a Pueblo town—but they are not in America. The governor of this little republic on a cliff—an upstart since my day—objected to cameras. He objected still more to plans for violating the Enchanted Mesa. The Àcomas are at all events suspicious of strangers. The person who goes there is generally ejected. All my friends of the old days were either dead or off at their farms—except Juan José—and it was only after a thirty-mile ride and a foregathering of myself, the Lieutenant-Governor of the pueblo, and my friend Salomon Bibo (who married into the tribe, has been six times its governor, speaks the Quéres language better than any other white man ever did, and has done more for his pueblo than all the Indian agents in a lump) that we got our passports.

Fourteen years ago, I first heard the legend of the Mesa Encantada. More than a dozen years ago, I published it. Several years were spent in running it down completely. In 1892 brave old Martin Valle rode 60 miles on his pony to visit me, in the very month of his death (he was 98 years old) and then for the last time repeated to me the tragedy of Katzímo.

Briefly the story is this: Centuries before the discovery of America the Àcomas dwelt upon that superb rock, three miles north of their present wonderful town. A cloudburst in planting-time, when all save three sick women were working in the fields below, undermined the crag which gave access to the cliff, and it fell. The three women perished there; the rest of the Quéres presently built Àcoma.

No scholar has ever doubted the essential truth of this story.





L. A. Eng. Co.

PRESIDENT JORDAN AND PARTY ON THE TOP OF THE ENCHANTED MESA.

Photo. by C. F. Lummis.





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THE ANCIENT CLIFF-DWELLING, ACOMA.

Photo. by C. F. Lummis.



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo by C. F. Lummis.  
 Ancient artifacts found June 22, 1898, on the summit of the Enchanted Mesa: Six complete arrowheads, two broken ones, seven shell beads (two sawed), one turquoise pendant, two agate chips used in making arrowheads. Several other articles were found by the party.

Bandelier accepted it on my authority;\* and the legend has been widely circulated and has aroused general interest. Only a greenhorn ever doubts the practical truthfulness of an Indian legend, anyhow.

In the days when I seriously explored New Mexico, my left side was helpless from paralysis. I made many "offers" at the Mesa Encantada; but as those who know it are aware, a man can use two hands to advantage there. Furthermore, in those days it was between 40 and 50 feet from the talus to the first ledge, at the only point whereby access to the summit is possible.

In the summer of 1897 Wm. Libbey, who befell the chair of geography in Princeton College by peculiar ways, and who knew nothing about New Mexico or ethnology, set out to disprove this Indian legend. He advertised himself for two months beforehand; and at last with theatricals, a ton of bag-



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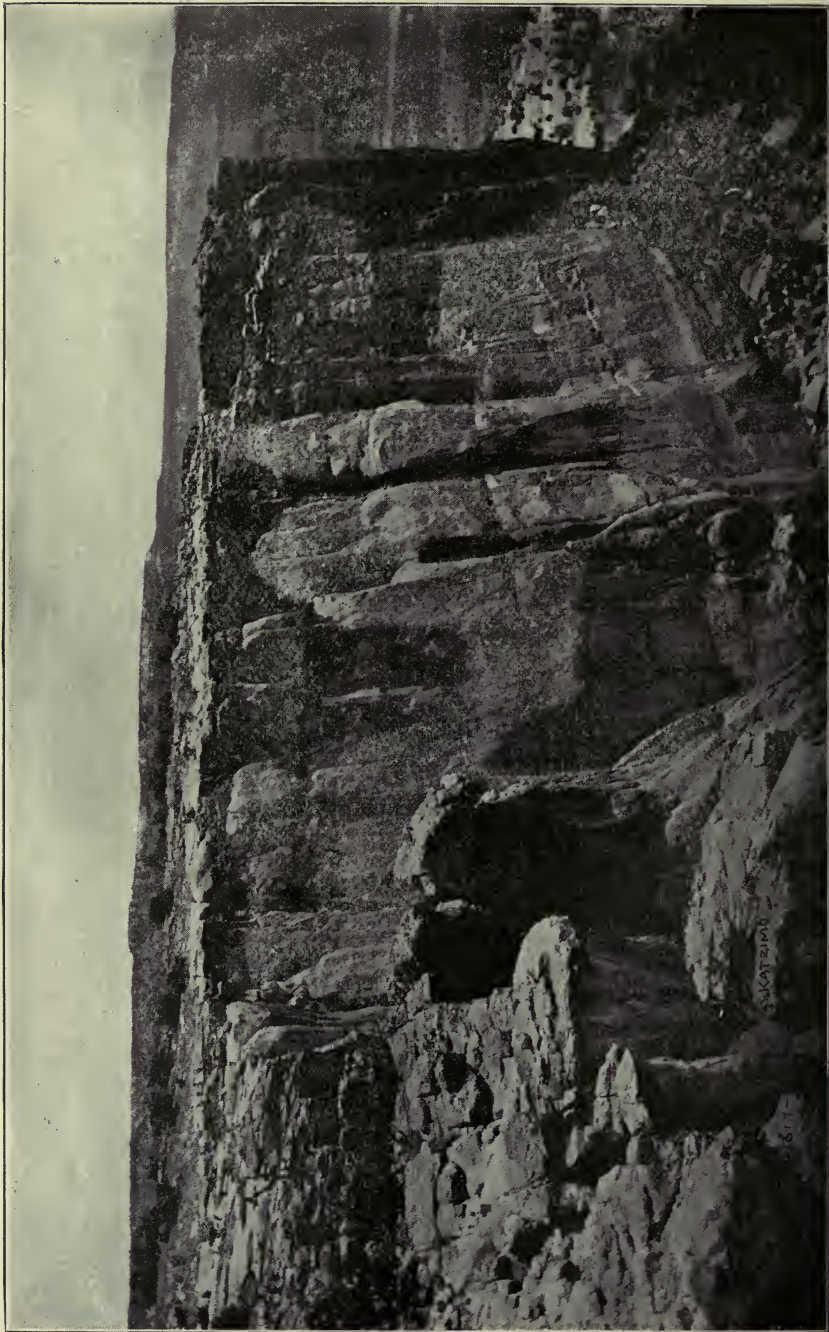
THE GALLO RACE, ÁCOMA, JUNE 24. Photo. by C. F. Lummis.

gage—mortar, life-lines, etc.—and some newspaper reporters, attacked the mesa. Up there a few hours, fleeing because he feared it would rain, walking over pottery, arrowheads and beads and taking them for stones, he rushed down and to a telegraph office to inform the world that the mesa was "disenchanted" and that Libbey had climbed where man never climbed before. His account of the dangers and difficulties of the ascent and how he got up "on a spider's web" (tied in a boatswain's chair, on a 3-inch cable) is a curiosity in literature.

Less than six weeks later Frederick Webb Hodge, of the Bureau of Ethnology, with a little party *not* of fools, climbed the mesa in two hours and fifteen minutes (it took Libbey two days). They found artifacts and other unmistakable evidences that the mesa was once inhabited and that the legend was true. Mr. Hodge's fine articles in this magazine (Nov., 1897) and *The*

\*See his Final Report, Part II, p. 313.





L. A. Eng. Co

THE WALLS OF THE ENCHANTED MESA, FROM THE TOP, S. W. CORNER, LOOKING S. E.

Photo. by C. F. Lommis,

*Century* (May 1898), and the wide literature of the subject in nearly every publication in the United States are familiar to the reader.

The truth of Katzímó needed no ascent to prove it; the talus, full of relics washed from the top, is absolutely conclusive. But one naturally wishes to climb a cliff of such associations — and now I have two hands.

On June 22nd our whole party went up the Enchanted Mesa, at the point where ran the prehistoric trail, so plain that anyone but a — Libbey — could see it. Since 1892 the talus has grown thirty-five feet in height. Anyone can now clamber from it to the first ledge. Mr. Hodge had kindly lent me the extension ladders of the Bureau; and my old friend Major Pradt, who accompanied him, accompanied us also. One of us who felt entitled to first turn at the mesa, clambered ahead carrying the ropes. These were fastened above and the rest of the party were brought up from shelf to shelf; sometimes on the rope alone, sometimes with the aid of the extension ladders. There were three stages, to each of which all were brought before attempting the next. The heavy camera and lunch for a dozen persons were carried up by one man. It would be dangerous except with expert mountaineers. But with them — and we had them — it was an assured success. In two hours and ten minutes we had reached the summit — with a six-year-old child, a man of 68, and two young women — where Prof. Libbey needed two days, a mortar, a life line and a quack's advertising. Turbesé Lummis was first to be lifted to the top. Toríbio Tsi-ki-na, an official of Ácoma, and six younger Indians, came up with us — very glad to use the life-line.

The top of the Enchanted Mesa is 431 feet above the plain. Its area is forty or fifty acres, and its outline extremely irregular. The cliffs are perpendicular, and access is possible only by the prehistoric trail which we followed. All the soil, practically, has been washed from the top of the mesa. Even the bedrock is cut down two to four feet from the level it had in the times when the mesa was inhabited. A large number of large juniper trees have grown on the summit since it was deserted. Half of them have perished for want of soil, and stand dead as Libbey's reputation. Erosion is rapid here, and summer rains heavy. We enjoyed a fine thunder storm on the summit.

We found abundant evidences of former habitation where hollows had kept them from being washed overboard. Nearly everyone discovered pieces of pottery of the most ancient type. I picked up arrowheads, shell beads (of shells brought from the Gulf of California in prehistoric days), a turquoise pendant, and (most significant of all), agate chips from the



petrified forest of Arizona—proving that arrowheads were not only used but *made* on top of the mesa. There are also two cairns, of which one was taken by the unparalleled Libbey to be “the result of erosion ;” and sandstones which were clearly once the foundations of houses.

As many photographs were made on the summit as the storm would permit ; we lunched there, after wandering over the whole romantic area ; and late in the afternoon came down by our ropes and ladders and walked back to Ácoma.

The question of the truth of the Indian legend was absolutely settled for all scholars a dozen years ago when I dug from the talus countless artifacts washed from the top. It was settled for the newspapers and the laity by Mr. Hodge’s magnificent ascent so closely following Libbey’s pretentious and ignorant drama. We went up not to settle a moot point but for pleasure—and one of us to realize dreams cherished by a one-armed cripple in the days when not a dozen white Americans knew the story of the Enchanted Mesa.

Among the other pleasures of the trip was witnessing the feast of San Juan in Ácoma. The gallo race,\* though the tamest I have ever seen in Ácoma, was wonderfully picturesque ; and the *Tsi-ai-ti-a* or “bread-giving,” in which the women of the pueblo toss bread and other gifts from the housetops to the horsemen, was unusually fine.

Returning from Ácoma to the railroad (16 miles) the evening of San Juan’s day (June 24) ; visiting the quaint Mexican hamlet of Cubero next day, where the Penitentes still hold their fanatic processions ; and enjoying a gentle wagon-ride of 13 miles in 55 minutes on a New Mexico road—where the mantle of Salomon, wildest of Jehus, fell upon his substitute—we started westward at midnight of the 25th, as happy and successful a party as ever penetrated a little of the most remarkable area in America. A few of them speak here for themselves (see also page 145) :

CHAS F. LUMMIS.

\*See *A New Mexico* David (Chas. Scribner’s Sons) p. 148.

## RED-LETTER DAYS.

**T**WO or three impressions standing out above the rest of them may be set forth in words.

First, the cañon of the Colorado. Not its grandeur and beauty, its weird magnificence, its sublime supremacy ; all the world knows this. But it impressed me not the less through its infinite laziness. While the rest of the earth’s crust has been making history and scenery with all the great earth-moulding forces steadily at work, this corner of the world for ten thousand centuries and more has rested in the



sun. While mountains were folding and continents taking form, this land of patience lay beneath a warm and shallow sea, the extension of the present Gulf of California. For centuries untold its sands piled up layer on layer. When at last the uplift of the Sierras changed the sands to dry land, then the forces of erosion began and the sands were torn away as sleepily as they had been deposited before. A mile or two in vertical depth had been stripped away from the whole surface, leaving only flat-topped buttes here and there to testify to the depth of the ancient strata. The flinty limestones half-way down interposed their resistance. The swift river from the glacial mountains which had done this work narrowed its bounds and applied itself more strictly to its business. Cutting at last through the flinty stone, it made quick work of the shales beneath it, and dropping swiftly from level to level, it is now at work on the granite core of the earth at the bottom. Even in this it has made fair progress, but the river has done all this alone. No ice, nor frost, nor earthquake, nor volcanic force has left its mark on the cañon. Ice would have made a lake of it. Frosts would have changed its cliffs to slopes. Earthquakes would have crumbled its walls, and volcanoes would have smeared them with lava. But none of these forces came to mar or help. In the simplest, easiest and laziest fashion rocks were deposited in the first place. In the simplest, easiest and laziest fashion they have been torn up again, and a view from the cañon rim almost anywhere shows at a glance how it was all done.

Again the Mesa Encantada stands out from our recollection as it rises from the Ácoma plain. It is not the story of its enchantment, nor the difficulties in its ascent, nor the superb view from its summit which most impresses. It is the side light it gives on the primitive life of the Pueblo people, and the hard struggle for existence their nomad neighbors once forced upon them. This gentle, ingenious, peace-loving, home-loving tribe were farmers in a land where farms seem impossible. And their calling was pursued amidst the environment of nomad hosts who knew no calling but war, no industry but the chase. That these people should build their homes on wild cliffs, inaccessible save through toe-hole ladders shows the terrible strain under which they have built up their quaint civilization. And the Enchanted Mesa of Katzimo is a mute witness to the history of the ancient struggles.

And in the same way arises the charm of Ácoma itself. After all these years of peace, this city of the Pueblos is still perched on her sandstone crag, and still keeps up her old customs and observances. Our stay among these quaint and

gentle people must count as six red-letter days with not a memory which we can willingly spare.

But it is not for me to write of Ácoma, her charms or her surprises. With us was one who knew Ácoma and loved her, and who has written of her in the spirit of affection. And we have been glad to know him as well as the country of his adoption. His matchless skill in wood-craft, in mountain-craft and Indian-craft, all this was at our service, and with it and above all was his genuine love for nature and human nature—for the honest soul in man or woman, whether Saxon, Spanish, or Indian—which has made him at once the historian, the poet and the interpreter of the Pueblos of New Mexico.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stanford University, Cal.

**T**HE charm of our life at Acoma lay not in the outward form of the quaint city, nor in the glory of its sky, the sweetness of its air, nor in the picturesque figures which walked its streets and lived upon its housetops, nor in the simple virtues illuminating its homes, nor in the varied scenes of San Juan's day, nor yet in the witchery of splendid Katzimo—not in any one of these alone, but in a mysterious, weird amalgam of them all which today seems to remove our experience into some Dreamland of another life.

JESSIE KNIGHT JORDAN.

Stanford University, Cal.

## THE CALIFORNIA HUNTING DOG.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.



C. M. Davis Eng Co.

Drawn by T. S. Van Dyke.

### BACKING.

**L**OOKING at the standard pictures of hunting, in which birds in plain sight of a dog are sitting a few feet from his nose, while a man with a gun is only a few feet behind, the whole needing but a barnyard fence to complete the suggestion of murder, one naturally wonders what need there is of a dog for hunting birds.

Not once in a thousand times does either man or dog see the bird the latter is pointing. The best dogs rarely even try to, while man very quickly gives it up. The scent is the sole reliance, and a dog tracing the bird's location under the conditions of time, heat, currents of wind, shape of ground and the cover upon it, is a sight unapproachable by any other exhibition of animal instinct or training. Almost any one familiar with it would rather hunt with the dog alone than

with the gun alone. And his actions from the moment the dog slackens his racing gallop till he settles down to the rigidity of a statue, with only a faint quivering in the tip of his tail from his efforts to hold it still, surpass in grace and interest the mightiest efforts of man himself. In the late field trials at Bakersfield, lasting several days, no attempt was made to kill anything, yet of the forty-odd men who followed the dogs all day everyone was probably as well pleased as if it had "rained birds."



The valley quail of California in the southern counties has always perplexed the dog. The ground cover is generally so short that the birds prefer running to hiding and run so far ahead of the dog that he is kept in constant uncertainty about their location. To curb his anxiety to press ahead too fast becomes no trifling task. With persecution these quail have so increased their speed of foot and the length of their run that a dog from the East trained to caution on game birds that will lie invisible to the keenest eye of man, will be quickly left behind with no reward but the reputation for care.



With training the pointer and setter have risen to the emergency until the most handsome work on earth is now done by the California dog. It has been no easy matter to cultivate the high speed necessary to cover much ground where birds are scarce and at the same time restrain the carelessness that such a pace is sure to cause.

Some of the performances of a good bird dog are quite beyond comprehension ; such as stopping in the wildest gallop as suddenly as if it had struck an invisible stump, yet deciding in a twinkling whether the bird is near enough to make it unsafe to go farther ; remaining unmoved after a dozen birds have risen at once because another still remains ; telling the difference between a well bird, a wounded one and a dead one ; and pointing a new bird with a dead one, or even a wounded one, in his mouth.

When a dog sees another one point, his first impulse is to run in to investigate the scent for himself. This makes the first dog uneasy and the general result is that the bird is flushed before the man can come near. With a little training a good dog soon learns to endorse at sight the draft of the first dog on the confidence of his master and to remain standing where he first discovers his comrade pointing. This is called "backing," and is often done at a long distance.

I have seen a dog come to a decided point on pinnated grouse across a forty-acre stubble, a quarter of a mile, and on rolling prairie have seen a dog "back" another as far. Such a point is possible only with a cool, moist breeze, but there is no reason to doubt that with this aid a dog can point a large flock of the valley quail as far as a large flock of grouse. This quail calls out the highest skill and endurance of the dog with the severest test of his patience and ambition. The dog that can stand it and come out ahead is a king among his kind. California can show many of them ; and there is no finer out-of-door sport than to see one of them perform on this wily bird. Between the two there is a steady race of improvement which makes the outcome in the future still more interesting. With persecution the quail becomes constantly more acute—while the dog learns as fast. With the protection it is fast receiving the bird will become far more plentiful, and it is not rash to predict that, instead of hunting quails without a dog, as has been common in the past, the sportsman of the future will leave his gun at home rather than the dog.

Los Angeles, Cal.



THE MOST MODERN POSITION.

## A SOUL IN BRONZE.

A NOVEL OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.  
BY CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS.

Author of "The Shield of the Fleur-de-lis," "A Modern Pagan," "Columbus and Beatriz," "Martha Corey," etc.

### CHAPTER I.



HE wintry sun shone into a room in an Eastern college dormitory, a room monastic in the simplicity of its furnishings, and fell full upon the solitary occupant whose dark-skinned, youthful face was clouded with care, and bent, not above an examination paper, but over a litter of documents and letters strewn on the desk before him, one after the other of which he read with eyes that burned with unshed tears.

"Dear Mr. Lachusa," ran the one he now held before him, "The sudden death of Mrs. Emily Leigh, caused by a runaway accident in the streets of Florence, has been announced to you by cable. You have learned by the letter which I sent later to your address that she died intestate. Your communication enclosing the letter in which she makes promises as to your future is received and returned herewith. Nothing that you can do to advance your claims will avail with the heir, her nephew, whom I have consulted concerning you. I enclose his answer which will end all appeals in that direction. Personally, I regret your disappointment, having been advised as to the intentions of my client, Mrs. Leigh, concerning you, intentions frustrated by her sudden demise. As a tribute to her interest in you I enclose you my receipted bill for my services.

Very truly yours,  
SAML. BOULTON, Atty. and Counsellor at Law.

The letter to which this referred ran as follows.

MR. SAML. BOULTON,

Dear Sir:—I shall allow no claims on account of Antonio Lachusa, my aunt's Indian protégé, whom she educated at the expense of those rightfully her heirs. 'The only good Indian is a dead Indian.' My aunt's infatuation amounted to mania, and would have given me just cause to break her will if she had left one in Lachusa's favor. Please advise the Indian that further communications from him will be returned unopened.

Yours truly,

ROBERT LYONS.

"She would be disappointed if she could know," thought Antonio, with a glance at a letter that lay before him, written in a nervous, angular hand. The words were legible and almost started from the page:

"You are a joy to me, Tonio. Your strength delights a middle-aged, world-worn woman. Your mind is sympathetic. As a result of a practical experiment in souls you are a success, my success. That is why I love you. You might blame me, if you chose, for what I have

done, as Undine might have blamed the knight who gave her a soul only to make her suffer a soul's torment. Is not ignorance a condition of contentment with life? Does not the wider vision give the more restless discontent? Thus you might question if you were a pessimist instead of the sweetest tempered and most grateful soul. To reward you for your trust in me I will give you the full measure of my promise. I am planning delightful things. Your degree gained (and with your record the examination is safe), you are to join me here. I have kept Italy for your *bonne bouche* and its art for your untrodden field. I wish to question the great things of it by the touchstone of your sincerity. I still remember your comments on the pyramids. You almost taught me the riddle of the Sphinx.

"If ever again I seem unreasonable, capricious, hard to please, take this as my final word to you. You have given me more than I ever gave you. You are more than I dared to hope. The mingled strength and simplicity of your nature justify all my theories as to the natural superiority of primitive over civilized races. Some day I will write a book to develop my theory. It is so clear yet so novel. I am too indolent to write. I dislike these needless lines and curves, the invention of some prosaic race when time was long. Your people retain the vastly better method of oral transmission of myth and history. We no longer have memories. All comes through the eye and makes no impression.

"But we will talk this over when we are together. How much there will be to say! The days will not be long enough."

So the letter ran, fanciful, egotistical, but to the reader the source of an adoring admiration. She was dead. The hand that held that nervous pen was cold and stiff. Death broke those promises like wisps of straw, as if to prove anew the futility of human expectations.

Antonio rose, drew his fine figure to its height, tossed back his head and declared, "I can endure it all, even the grief of parting, since I know that I have pleased you and proved my gratitude; but you could never guess nor measure the greatness of my love for you, dear friend."

He opened his bank book, noted the scanty balance, and made a rapid calculation. His college days must end two months before the examinations. His native stoicism accepted the fact without exaggerating the inward pang. "What must be, must," he thought. "The dream is over. The best is not for me."

He put on hat and overcoat, and left the room, locking the door behind him. As he passed an open doorway at the end of the corridor, a hum of voices reached his ear.

"There goes Lo," said one. "Stop him. He is the man I want."

The owner of the room, a stalwart blond with locks that shaded his eyes, projected himself across Antonio's path.

"Brown, the captain of the team, is in my room and wants you, Lachusa," he said.

Antonio bent his head to enter the silken-hung doorway. Half a dozen men, grouped in the center of the room, greeted him with nods. "About the match game next week, La-



chusa," said the captain shortly, "We can count on you, I suppose."

Antonio shook his head. "I think not," he said.

"Your reason?" demanded the great man in sudden perturbation.

"My income is cut short," answered Antonio. "I find that I must leave college. If at all, now is the best time."

Brown drew forth a check book. "Name your figure," he said. "You are worth your own price."

"I can not play again," said Antonio. "No price would buy me."

"But you must," urged the host, "you will win the game for us. Be reasonable, Lachusa, there's a good fellow. I myself will pay you double the sum Brown gives you. You will earn the extra money fairly, and as you say, you need it."

"I thank you," replied Antonio, "But I cannot play. My heart would not be in it. I have lost my best friend; and wherever I look, I seem to see a new-made grave."

This betrayal of sentiment amazed his auditors, but they remained unconvinced by it; and his retreat was followed by animadversions upon the Indian character, its treachery, fickleness, and general unreliability.

The following evening another phase of the same subject was discussed in a gathering of a different sort.

"I am sorry to lose Lachusa," said the professor of ethnology, who was host. "He has been of great interest to me. The quality of his mind, the grasp of his faculties, their limitation in certain directions, their expansion in others, if studied minutely, open up a wide field for investigation. Lachusa is said to be a full-blooded North American Indian. He is a faithful, even a brilliant student. He has lived only for his work, and is as fine a specimen of unperverted young manhood as you will often find. Athletics have been his only excesses."

"What is to be his future?" asked the professor of political economy.

"I cannot see that he has one. He tells me that he is penniless. He means to go back to the reservation."

"To give such a man an education with no opportunity for the use of it, is the refinement of cruelty," said the other. "That is a grave mistake made by the friends of the Indians. Since the Government denies them the citizenship which it has thrust upon the Negroes, they have no chance to rise in the world, and efforts to improve their mental condition under the circumstances are fruitless."

"Yet mentally they are superior to the Negro," said the professor of ethnology.

"Unquestionably," was the reply, "Such superiority would



be universally conceded were it not for the wide-spread prejudice existing against them."

"This prejudice has a cause?" ventured another.

"A cause founded upon greed. Imagine the Negroes of the the South the actual owners of the soil, partially dispossessed by fraud, purchase and violence, but still in possession here and there, and you can realize how in such a case race hatred would flame up against them. The antagonism of selfish greed is more virulent than that of religious intolerance, which, next to it, is the deadliest passion of humanity."

## CHAPTER II.

THE unclouded sun of Southern California flooded land and sea with glory. It is a sun that never smites. Its life-giving warmth sends the sluggish blood coursing with new vigor through the veins, draws the odor from the orange blossoms, the pungent scent from the eucalyptus trees, and sets the bees humming half-surfeited amidst the fragrant sage.

Among the inland hills where the sea-breeze died away and spent itself, the mesas lay singed with the summer drought and unshaded from the sky; and where a brown field curved its outline in the foreground, the upward movement of the transparent air could be seen like the flickering currents above a heated stove.

The little train with its motor engine and loads of full and empty lemon boxes puffed and snorted into the station which was its terminus, and here discharged its few remaining passengers in what seemed to be a cul-de-sac among the hills; a granite quarry that scarred a cliff being the only evidence of human industry, and a rambling one-story hotel, half buried in the shade of fig-trees, the only visible place of shelter beyond the station sheds. The observant eye, however, might find tokens of the existence of a stable in the rear; and the traveler whose ticket assured him a twenty mile stage-ride knew that a stage should start in half an hour, which interim was dedicated to luncheon in a funereally shaded room in the sleepy tavern.

The stage-road made its exit from the apparently impassible mountain wall which receded at its advance along the course of a rocky stream, dry and voiceless now, but in winter a formidable torrent. The stage with its square body painted red, and its enormous yellow wheels and axles, swung and pitched in its ascent over "chuck-holes" and rocks buried beyond view by six inches of dust. "You'll find the seat by the driver easiest, Miss," the station-agent had said as he assisted at that important daily function, the departure of the coach.

"But the sun is so hot," the young lady addressed had re-

plied in a musical voice, with a doubtful glance at the driver's high and unshaded position. "I think I will go inside."

Putting a daintily shod foot on the step, and bending her pretty head, she was about to enter the coach when she drew back in alarm. "I cannot ride with a Indian," she cried. "Are we the only passengers?"

The terror in her tone should have appealed to masculine chivalry, but the station-agent had retreated, the driver sat silent and indifferent, and only the Indian, a well-dressed and civilized specimen of his race, heard and noted the remark.

He rose, lifted his hat, and retreated by the opposite door, mounting at a stride to the vacant place on the box.

The whip cracked, the four horses strained at the start, and with a lurch and a bounce, and wrapped from sight like an enchanted chariot in a cloud of golden dust, the coach departed and the ascent began.

Dorothea Fairfax blushed and nervously arranged the fastenings of her veil.

"I wonder if I offended him," she thought, "but no, he is only an Indian. I was not actually afraid of course; that was only a little piece of affectation. But fancy Aunt Sally's horror if she could see me starting alone on such a journey with a driver who seems to be dumb, and a wild — no, a tame — Indian beside him, and only my poor little self in this great big bouncing stage-coach. Even papa might be a little concerned — dear papa."

The stage, lumbering upward, made steady progress, but Dorothea was far away among things that had been; Antonio Lachusa was reviewing the history of his life, of which this journey homewards was the disconcerting sequel; the taciturn driver saw again the faces and heard the voices of the men who had been his companions at the tavern the night before, and he was pondering regretfully the difference in value between the hands which he and his opponent had held at cards; even the horses with bent heads and straining muscles were thinking of the stable they had left and regretting the easy freedom of the stall.

Dorothea saw herself in a dark, high-ceiled, double drawing-room, the scene of her earliest recollections, with folding doors and moulded cornices and narrow windows all in the style in vogue in New York forty years ago. The carpets and curtains, the bronzes and marbles, the paintings in heavy frames, the brocaded chairs and sofas seemed to have survived in good repair from a remote antiquity. The noises of the street hardly penetrated within. Respectability, aristocracy, self-satisfied conservatism lingered like a vital atmosphere left behind by departed generations.

She remembered two warring influences in her bringing up;





the conservative actuality,—the severe mandates of a widowed and a spinster aunt who had been left by the receding wave of a past generation high and dry upon a forgotten shore; the delightfully vague and alluring potentiality, the letters and presents of a scapegrace father, an unreturned prodigal, who owned gold mines in South America, and was to Dorothea what El Dorado was to the early Spanish voyagers. She loved him as we love the ideal, and she could not forgive her aunts for their strictures upon him on the rare occasions when she forced the subject to an issue; and the revolt against fancied injustice made Dorothea's filial love a religion. It became the deepest feeling of her heart.

When Dorothea was eighteen she wrote to her father, "I feel like an enchanted princess shut up in Castle Boredom. The dragons who guard me are good, oh, so good and well-meaning, but they have forgotten that they were ever young, and their thoughts are not my thoughts. Come and rescue me, my dear papa. Take me home with you. It is where I belong, surely. You are my nearest and dearest."

When Edward Fairfax received this letter, a great temptation assailed him, and it took the guise of duty, so cleverly does the devil confound the nicer distinctions of right and wrong. A father should not deny his child's request. He was weary of the life he was leading; and it was time that certain connections should be broken, under whose yoke he had long since grown weary. So he set his house in order in preparation for his daughter's coming, and took his passage by way of the Isthmus for New York.

Dorothea received him with joy, his sisters with trepidation.

"You will keep your promise, Edward. You will not take her from us," said Mrs. Keith, and under the influence of her presence her brother hesitated.

"You'd better stay with your aunts, Dolly," he said, as he walked with his daughter up and down the square where speech was freer than in the shaded drawingroom, "They will bring you out this winter in proper style. You shall have all the new dresses and fal-lals you want. After awhile you will have a husband and an establishment, I suppose."

"I do not want either, papa. I only want my freedom. You did not stay at home, and follow rule and line. You carved out a path for yourself."

Edward Fairfax looked at his daughter's bright young face and unclouded eyes with a keen pang of remorse.

"How like you are to your mother," he exclaimed.

"Oh, tell me about her, papa. My aunts never speak of her. I have never even seen her portrait."

Fairfax took a miniature from his pocket and opened the case.



"It is her only portrait," he said. "She was a Spaniard, as you know, but of the blonde Andalusian type, and of the bluest blood in Spain. Her family could trace their line back to 1300, and tradition takes them back to the days of Charlemagne. Yet your aunts could not forgive my marrying a foreigner and a Romanist, and always pretended to believe that she was some black-skinned woman I met down there. I never enlightened them. In fact, I never wrote to them at all. But when she died they made me a proposal to adopt you. I was desperate then and agreed to anything. Now that you are a charming young woman and a credit to their bringing-up it would hardly be fair to them to take you away. I am not worthy of you, Dolly. I have lived a hap-hazard, Bohemian life."

"But I love you, papa, and you need me, I am sure. Take me away and let me be a Bohemian with you."

The spirits of life are the slaves of a word. Dorothea's spoken wish turned the scale of her destiny.

In the stormy conversations with his sisters which followed, Fairfax entreated them to say nothing to Dorothea of his broken promise.

"I am immovably set," he said, "and I will bear the guilt of perjury, if you choose to call it that, but she must not share the knowledge of it. I want her life to be happy and unclouded."

This was his purpose and he worked hard for its fulfillment. Dorothea had her rooms in a palace at Valparaiso facing the public square. When she looked from her windows, color, movement and a happy irresponsibility characterized the living panorama before her. Picturesque street venders caught her eye as they passed and held their wares temptingly above their heads. Gayly uniformed soldiers caracoled on horses with jingling bridles. Open carriages bore ladies whose bright costumes at the hour of the evening parade gave the square the appearance of a magnified tulip-bed.

When she sat upon her balcony, hats were raised to her, but few ladies bowed. She had many acquaintances among the dark-eyed señors her father's friends; and she wondered that their wives and sisters held themselves stiffly aloof. She could not make friends of the women who among her neighbors showed an evident desire for sociability, women who had certain easy methods of manner and address common to Bohemia.

Her father lavished money upon her, but Dorothea did not know that his gold mines as yet yielded only hypothetical revenues, and that her toilets and jewels were paid for by the earnings of his successful nights at roulette or baccarat. It was a brilliant, restless but unsatisfying existence. Dorothea



suffered from ennui in spite of her admirers, her pony cart and her Parisian gowns.

One day upon her return from a ball at which her beauty had shone among the rest with the dazzling prestige of youth, while her toilet had eclipsed all others, Fairfax found his daughter in tears.

"It is nothing, papa," she said, "a mere nothing. Señor Gonzales very foolishly insisted on presenting me to the President's wife, and when she heard my name she turned her back upon me. I should never tell you except that the señor declared that you must know."

Fairfax grew white. "It is on my account," he said, "they punish you for me. What injustice! I cannot challenge the President. I must swallow the insult. There are certain stories current here about me, half of them lies. But I see now what I should have seen before. This is no place for you. You must go back to your aunts."

Dorothea fell on her knees beside him. "Now it is you who punish," she exclaimed. "I cannot go back as if we had made a failure of our plans. I cannot let them believe that we are not happy together. I am very happy, darling papa. Let me stay with you."

"No, no, you cannot stay here. Wait a moment. I will send you to another relative; and when I can put my affairs in order I will follow you. She lives in a quiet country place in the mountains of Southern California. There I think slander would not busy itself about your father. We will buy a cottage, and you shall be my housekeeper. She is a sort of aunt of yours, she married your mother's brother. She is a pious woman, for Diego Aguilar used to complain to me of her strict ways. He was a handsome, warm-hearted fellow, and married a poor New England school-teacher out of pity, we always thought, for they had not an idea in common. He died soon after and left her a widow. I am sure she will take you. I will write to her."

This plan discussed with tears by Dorothea was immovably adhered to by her father, and her present journey was the last stage in its accomplishment.

Dorothea's thoughts had traveled over scenes revived in memory while she had only vaguely noted the passing landscape. The narrow road, cut like a spiral in the mountain side, wound steeply upwards, flanked on one side by the mountain escarpment, bare jagged rocks hewn to make a passage; on the other by a deep ravine.

Antonio, upon the box, was keenly alive to the features of the scenery through which they passed, and to each trivial incident of their progress. Memory with him supplemented

consciousness, and he was able to pursue two trains of thought with equal clearness. The valley reminded him of a rocky gorge in Syria. He recalled a book which Mrs. Leigh had read aloud as they journeyed, and he remembered the bright costume of their muleteer.

The driver who sat beside him drew a holster from beneath the cushion and began to unfasten the straps.

"What is that for?" inquired Antonio.

"We've got the express box for the Governor mines on today," explained the driver. "A pile of money for the pay of the hands. There have been stages held up along here before now, and there have been rumors of danger lately. I expected a couple of men for a guard today when they sent the box, but they didn't come. Well, I'll be ready for 'em."

As he spoke he laid the pistol upon the seat to secure the use of both hands for the reins, for here the road turned sharply, and the leaders plunged, being the first to catch sight of a horseman who was confronting them in the middle of the road, a handkerchief tied over the lower part of his face, and a cocked revolver in his upraised hand.

His imperious command, the driver's loud exclamation, the crack of revolvers, the heavy lurching of the coach came in quick succession; and Antonio found himself, he hardly knew how, on his knees before the box, the tangled reins in one hand, and an arm around the limp, half lifeless body of the driver who had fallen back upon the seat, a bullet in his lung.

"I'm dead," he gasped. "The money's safe."

"You defended it nobly," said Antonio encouragingly. "I gave the scoundrel a bullet in the shoulder. His horse threw him and ran down the road. If he has no accomplices we are safe."

He spoke to deaf ears. The weight upon his arm grew heavier. The red blood clotted upon the shirt front and ceased to flow. The dead man's head rocked back and forth under the impulse of the lurching coach, as the maddened horses plunged forward, guided at a hairsbreadth from destruction by Antonio's grasp upon the reins.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## THE MOTHER MOUNTAIN.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

She is well named the Madre: at her feet,  
 Upon her skirts and in her lap they lie  
 Her helpless ones, she hears their hunger-cry,  
 And in her breast are welling, full and sweet,  
 The vital streams those thirsty lips to meet.





### SAN JUAN'S DAY—JUNE.

San Juan's day in Guadalupe! The plaza is astir  
 With caballeros bold and gay and señoritas shy,  
 And Miguel, the *alfarero*, wends through the crowd to  
 her,

Dolores, with the dusky eyes as soft as twilit sky.

Dolores, 'neath whose lightest touch his heart is like  
 the clay,  
 Who molds him as he molds his wares upon the  
 whirring wheel;

Oh, may the saints be good to him on this auspicious  
 day,

And teach the little trifer love's tender pangs to feel!

"*Mi alma*, see this *olla*, how it flashes in the sun,  
 And shimmers as the iris of *la tortola's* dimpled breast!  
 Lift but the lid and look within, *querida*, little one,  
 My heart lies warm beneath your gaze as birds lie in  
 the nest."

### ALL-SOULS' NIGHT—NOVEMBER.

"*Ay de mí! valgame Dios!*" Señor, but a moment, stay!  
 The jar! the olla! will you buy it? So little shall  
 you pay.

Look you, burnished green and copper, with waves of  
 rainbow light;

Miguel, best *alfarero*—the saints keep his soul to-  
 night!—

Miguel, he made it, who loves me—Ah, Padre, to mass so soon?  
 Wait but a little—a prayer for Miguel—and Mary grant the boon!  
*Gracias*, señor! When the aves rise tonight for Miguel's rest,  
 Know that a woman in the dark prays that you, too, be blest.

Prescott, Ariz.





## IN THE LION'S DEN

A corollary to the new gospel that nothing is wrong if enough people do it, is the dogma that if enough people who know nothing about it believe a thing, that thing must be true.

It is pure spite-work, of course, when other nations condemn our actions. What does anyone outside the United States know of right or wrong?

BEGINNING  
AND

The war is going to every American's mind—and ahead of any American's expectations. It has been marked not only by magnificent courage—a quality we share with the rest of mankind—but by the discipline and efficiency wherein we are for certain reasons of evolution ahead of many other nations. There have been mistakes and friction; but only narrow-sighted people dwell on criticism of them, for such things must be. This is not a military nation. Pray God it never may be. A peaceful nation boggles a little when it goes into war; but it becomes competent mighty quick. The war is being well managed. It is the aftermath of the war that we need to guard and shape.

CHEERLESS  
IDIOTS.

There are persons, permitted by God, who desire to change the names of California, San Francisco, Los Angeles and the like, "because they are Spanish." Of course these are people too cowardly to go out and fight Spanish soldiers—the Spanish dictionary is a foe more to their liking. And every other dictionary. They should get out of America altogether; for it was discovered by the Spanish.

THE  
CARE OF  
COLONIES.

Spain's troubles in her colonies were chiefly from taxation. Our revolt from England came largely from the same cause. Everyone endowed with common sense knows that the day of successful colonies has gone by forever. If we take in colonies we shall be blinking the lesson other countries have learned and we shall pay to learn it for ourselves. There is no more freedom in being coerced by a republic than in being coerced by a monarchy.

Colonial taxation is a mild burden to what we will have to bear if we enter upon an Imperial policy. A standing army of half a million men at least; a vast navy; compulsory service for two or three years in the army for every young man (as in Germany); frequent wars to keep our colonies in order, and undoubtedly occasional bigger wars with powers in whose own schemes of robbery we should meddle—these things would have to be paid for, and they come high. And historians observe that the purest patriotism becomes sore under excessive taxes. Nor will any person who has ever traveled in Europe and felt the intolerable insolence of the army in a country where the army is chief concern, desire the United States to become of that complexion.

BEFORE  
AGAMEMNON.

To every sound man it is a comfort and pride that men can be born outside his ward. It gives more dignity to the scheme of creation. There is a certain reassurance in observing that the Spaniards fight like men. Their army and navy are rotten with politics—as many Americans wish to make ours. But in personal



courage no one has the best of them. The valiant campaigners who stay at home and war in the newspapers may sneer at Spanish courage (as they would sneer at that of any other nation at war with us); but the men who stop Spanish bullets have no such scorn. There was never a braver feat than Cervera's absolutely hopeless dash; nor a more chivalrous one than his transferring himself from the fastest ship to a slow one. Men like "Fighting Bob" Evans are glad to say as much. And it may be added that there was never a more competent feat than our navy's meeting of that dash.

There is some glory in thrashing such a foe. And there is some satisfaction in thinking of a God who could make other people as well as us.

A characteristically newspaperly editorial from the Toledo *Journal*, criticising from the depths of a reporter's learning a paragraph from these pages, is sent to the Lion "with the compliments of an American Girl." AMERICANS AND AMERICANS.

It is not necessary to deal in detail with the things the *Journal* does not know. The Lion has the history now established in science; the *Journal* has its historical "education" from newspapers. How valuable its wisdom is, is measurable by its declaration that the Incas "had reached the most perfect condition the race has known." All its history is of the same calibre. Its statements about Mexico, Peru and the rest are of the dime-novel kind, exploded nearly a generation ago. It is historically established now that these conquests were no more bloody and no more cruel than those of Massachusetts and Virginia. The *Journal* is not alone; tens of thousands of people who ought to know better still learn history in the same way—namely, by skimming a newspaper.

As for the lovely underlined and capitalized American Girl whose scholarship is of less value than her emotions, the Lion has no quarrel with her attempts at sarcasm. He would remind her, however, that American girls who amount to much do not write anonymous letters.

Nothing is more painful than to see how easy it is for some normally sensible people to drop thought and conscience in the first stampede of excitement. "REMEMBER THE— RIGHT!"

The *Argonaut*, for instance, the Lion's favorite weekly, has flopped from a powerful opponent of the landgrabbing policy to the most bigoted of converts. Why? Because it is "the new American policy." So! The *Argonaut* is going off half-cocked. The American policy is decided by the American people. President McKinley (whom the Lion deeply respects and admires) is not the American policy. The newspapers are not the American policy. The wild politicians are not the American policy. What our policy shall be, will be decided by American votes. No man knows yet what it will be. No man can ease his conscience by guessing that many people think a certain thing, so he'd better embrace it. Right is right. Wrong is wrong. For one man or for seventy millions. It is the time for every man to stand for what he knows to be right, lest we all go wrong together.

Not only must we grab and keep Hawaii, Cuba, the Philippines. The *Argonaut* even advises that if we cannot buy land from Nicaragua to control the Canal, we should seize it. Why? Because we can. Nicaragua is a friendly nation—but we are stronger. Let us steal whatever we want.

The *Argonaut* despises and hates all the poor little republics to our south. Why? Because they are outside. It knows nothing about any of them, except by uncritical reading. It could not talk with any of them. It has never seen any of them. It publishes almost every week a woolly story stage-set in one of them—and almost invariably marred by hopeless blunders in fact and in language. It hates them because

they do not speak English and are not Protestants. Neither is the *Argonaut* a Protestant. It scorns to surrender its conscience to the Pope; why surrender it to the crowd? It uses the English tongue powerfully—not always for good. It knows no other tongue except the one it was accidentally born in. If it had been born in Mexico or Guatemala it would hate the Yankees and “roast” them in magnificent Spanish.

I do not believe in these bigotries. They have no place in the nation in which every blood on earth has a share. Englishmen, Spaniards, Germans, French, Italians—all have done their part in the United States, and all are of equal rights. If a nation so composed cannot learn the brotherhood of man, what in the name of God is its boasted freedom worth?

Hawaii is annexed. That is all there is about it. There are Americans who believe—and always will believe—that the annexation was bad statesmanship and bad morals. A great republic has seized, by force, a weak and harmless little nation. It has thereby also stepped out into the arena of international trouble. But it is done. No decent American will lay down his conscience. His place is now to do his personal part that we make the least possible abuse of usurped power.

An “Anglo-Saxon alliance” would be very fine. The Lion chances to be Angle and Saxon; but half his fellow-citizens in the United States chance not to be. What becomes of them?

And are there really among us such dolts as imagine England would officially make any alliance except for her selfish ends? Or that we would? The “cause of humanity” was not born yesterday. But it has just become convenient.

There *is* a difference. American patriots sunk Cervera's fleet, and then busied themselves to rescue the roasted and drowning Spanish seamen. Meanwhile the Cuban “patriots,” whose battles we are fighting and who never fought their own, stood on the shore and shot down the Spaniards struggling in the water.

No really reasonable person would maintain that Richard Harding Davis could not be right if he tried. But when it comes to a question between this brilliant, well-intentioned but shallow reporter and that seasoned old war-dog Shafter, Dickie will not avail.

Last year these pages exposed a fake “guessing contest” advertised by the *Overland* for “a prize of \$1000.” Said contest yielded the successful guessers 20 cents apiece—as per circular letter of the *Overland*, now in hand, to its disgusted victims.

We should either stop talking about our “Heaven-sent mission to spread liberty,” or else look to Heaven for our reward. God doesn't send on His errands those who pay themselves for the job.

Two years ago we were ready to fight for the Monroe Doctrine. No other nation on earth ventured to assail it. But in the twinkling of an eye we ourselves have buried it beyond resurrection.


There can be no proper American objection to the Philippine Republic, even with the thrice sold-out Aguinaldo as president. We believe in republics; and a colony is not a republic.

And not long ago Senator Chandler was informing Congress and the country that it was our christian duty to wipe England off the map of the earth!

1898 will be remembered by historians as the year when we found out the real value of education by newspaper.

If patriotism consisted merely in following the crowd, sheep would be our best citizens.





## THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

The people who diet their brains on one paper do not feel it; but the unhappy mortal who has to keep track of the periodicals is avalanched with war. Not only the newspapers, but the reviews, the "funny papers," the magazines, the religious weeklies, even the medical journals—all are infested. Every cheap author is potboiling war-matter. Since this is the day of specialties, a periodical devoted to ignoring the fact that there is a war would be a sweet boon.

An enormously entertaining book is Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood's reminiscences, *Here and There and Everywhere*. Mrs. Sherwood compassed Europe with great diligence, a generation or so ago; saw many of the most interesting things, and most interesting people, and lives to gossip about them all with excellent taste, unflinching brilliancy, and usually with rare and commendable feeling. With somewhat runaway style, which can frequently overleap (and does) the barriers of grammar, her speech is withal so sympathetic, so fluent and so urgent that one can hardly drop the generous volume unfinished. Reminiscences of Rome, Venice, London, Paris, and their greatest names in the half century; of the Continent in general; even of the United States before it ceased to read poetry—these are all in Mrs. Sherwood's book, and all worth reading. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$2.50.

CHARMING  
GOSSIP.

The Field Columbian Museum, of Chicago, publishes *A Bibliography of the Anthropology of Peru*, by Geo. A. Dorsey, Curator of its Department of Anthropology. It was ill-advised for Mr. Dorsey (a good name in his certain line) to enter strange pastures. His calamitous innocence of Peruvian bibliography—and of the Spanish language in any shape—has made this book a grief to every man who respects Mr. Dorsey and the Field Museum. It omits some of the important "sources," is sadly inadequate as to editions, has no modern bibliographic knowledge as to weight, and is marred on almost every page—sometimes twenty to the page (e. g., 137)—with the most disheartening blunders and misspellings in the titles it quotes. The Lion hopes Mr. Dorsey and the Field Museum will hereafter stick to their respective lasts.

VERY  
MUCH A  
PITY.

Don Matias Romero, the accomplished Mexican Minister at Washington, has made a most valuable and timely book of nearly 300 pages, in his *Geographical and Statistical Notes on Mexico*. Señor Romero had done a great deal to establish sensible relations between his country and ours, and to conquer, by his engaging personality and high character, the ignorant prejudices of many Americans toward Mexico. This book will forward his good work. It conveys concisely a vast amount of accurate information about the sister republic, particularly on the business side; and with up-to-date and accurate statistics makes out a story of development that will prove astonishing to many readers. On the ethnologic side, of course, Señor Romero is not to be taken so seriously. He is a statesman, not a scien-

SOUND  
FACTS ON  
MEXICO.

list; and his theories of the Chinese origin of the Aztecs, and like matters, are not important. There are rather too many misprints in the book, and various blunders due to reliance on others—for instance the stones of Mitla (p. 83) are not remotely to be compared (for size) with those of Cuzco and Tiahuanaco in Peru and Bolivia. The "pyramids" of Teotihuacan are built not of "volcanic stone" but of adobe. Desiré Charnay (the De Lesseps of explorers), crazy Le Plongeon and unidentified Cory are not the men to quote on Mexican antiquities—or any others. And Mexico will never be among the great gold producers. But these are scant "outs" in a volume of unusual solidity and worth. Several matters are taken bodily (without credit) from Lummis's *The Awakening of a Nation*. G. P. Putnam's Sons., N. Y.

GOOD

FLESH AND

BLOOD. The knightly ages, which we call the Dark (being too unlighted ourselves to see that manhood is larger than sandpaper) are ever a good field for noveling; and some novels we get good from them. More bad—for nowadays it is easier for little, cushioned men to write of those times than to understand them.

Maurice Hewlett had a blood understanding; and his *Forest Lovers* is a strong and unusual book. There is plenty of sword-slaughter in it; but also plenty of the fine decency which the medieval slayer was rather more apt to display (and feel) than the century-end counter-jumper. The style is admirably virile—indeed the book is really literature—the story is an exciting one, and the crowding perils and large love of "Prosper" and "Isoult" will engage whatsoever reader begins upon them. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

THE LIFE

OF THE

RAIL. A book with a good deal of the breath of life in it is "*The General Manager's Story*," by Herbert E. Hamblen, whose sailor yarns *On Many Seas* made such a hit last year. Indeed it is hard to remember another book so genuine a rehearsal of the life of that vast army of "railroad men" upon whom we depend so much and of whom we know so little. The hero is wiper, "brakie," fireman, engineer, "super" and at last general manager; and while the exciting adventures are run in pretty thick for proportion, and the humdrum average is largely lost sight of, the story gives very characteristic glimpses into the life and character of the men of the rail. And without other literary skill, Mr. Hamblen has the knack of telling a straight story; and has made his book one that is hard to lay down. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

TWO

LOVE

STORIES.

*A Revolutionary Love-Story*, by Ellen Olney Kirke, contains in fact two love-stories; one of Revolutionary times rather than revolutionary in its character, as the title might imply; and one from England. Both are stories of the good, old-fashioned sort, sweet, simple, and well told, and both will be enjoyed. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

IN OLD

GEORGIA.

A homely, quiet story, yet an interesting one, of life in Georgia fifty years ago, is *Pearce Amerson's Will*, by Richard Malcolm Johnston. The rascally elder brother and the fraudulent will were as possible in that steady-going old community as in our more up-to-date ones; but they hardly carry the same atmosphere. Even sensation is developed soberly and without undue haste; and there is something refreshing about this very slowness. Mr. Johnston is an authority in his field, and has drawn an admirable picture. Way & Williams, Chicago. \$1.25.

*The Critic*, N. Y., is changing shape and style from a weekly review to a monthly magazine. May it be four times as successful. The fine old *Independent* also intends to quit its rather awkward folio and assume magazine form.



## • INTO THE GRAND CAÑON.

ONE of the pleasantest and most profitable parties that ever crossed the Mojave desert was the teachers' excursion arranged by the Santa Fé Pacific Railroad, and "personally conducted" by Prof. Emory E. Smith, which left San Francisco June 6th. The roster was as follows: David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University; Mrs. Jordan; Dr. J. C. Branner, professor of geology at Stanford; Milnor Roberts and W. Q. Wright, two of his students; Theodore H. Hittell of San Francisco, the historian of California; Miss Catherine Hittell, his daughter; Dr. C. L. Goddard, of the Affiliated Colleges, San Francisco, with his wife and son; E. W. Ehrhorn, the entomologist; Dr. F. R. Ledyard, San José; F. W. Stephenson, J. N. Suydam, Misses Mary Alexander, Ella Kirkman and Florence Gordon, of San Francisco; Chas. F. Lummis and Turbesé Lummis.

Two days were spent about Flagstaff, Arizona, in visiting the impressive cañon of Walnut creek, with its uncounted ruins of the Cliff-dwellers: the fine San Francisco peaks, nearly 13,000 feet high; the



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JOHN HANCE.

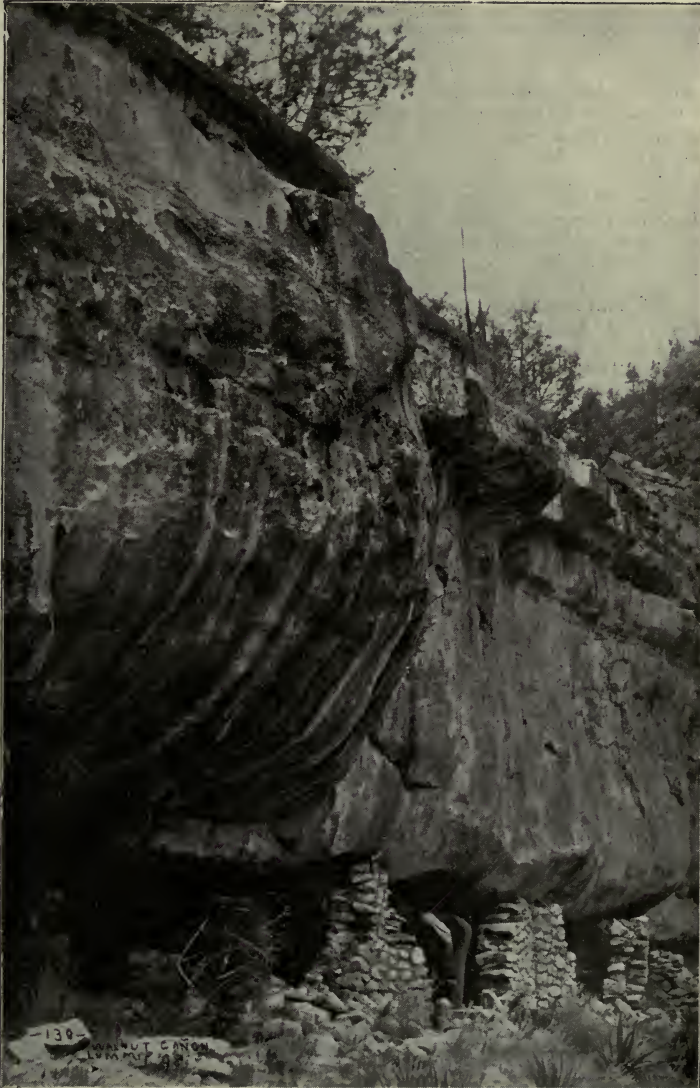
Photo. by C F Lummis





Lowell Observatory and other points of interest in that magnificent plateau among the pines. The party was very comfortably entertained at the New Bank Hotel, where Lyman H. Tolfree and his good wife spare no pains for the contentment of their guests.

The beautiful 70-mile stage-ride from Flagstaff to the Cañon, on Wilbur F. Thurber's excellent six-horse stages and with that clever Jehu



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. by C. F. Lummis.

RUINS OF THE CLIFF-DWELLERS, WALNUT CAÑON.

himself at the lines "sending them," is always a pleasant memory, with its changing views of the San Francisco peaks, its windings through probably the most beautiful grove of white columned quaking aspens in the United States, its leagues through the parklike pine forest which is one of the largest in America, its vistas among volcanic cones and across broad openings to the Painted Desert. It is a good road, an excellent dinner awaits the traveler at Cedar Ranch; and in the fall of evening the coaches roll down the hill to the piney glade where the Cañon Hotel snuggles in its charming hollow. The hotel is also managed by Mr. Thurber, and the accommodations are surprisingly good. No one need be deterred from visiting the world's greatest wonder by fear of discomfort. On the contrary, every arrangement of the camp will be remembered with pleasure.

A hundred yards up an easy slope to the north, and in the gathering twilight we stand on the "rim," looking wistfully down into the shadowy vastness of the greatest and most awesome gash on the earth's surface—the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

It would be vain to try to describe that wonder here. The ablest pens have tried—and tried in vain—to portray it. It is one of the scenes from which eloquence turns away abashed—there are no words which can make one realize the Grand Cañon. A dozen Yosemites and as many Yellowstones could be tossed into this chasm within the angle we see, and hardly detected. Niagara falls, multiplied by ten, would hardly make a visual impression. Mount Washington could be set down bodily in this abyss shadowy with hundreds of larger peaks. The sunrise and sunset magic, the thunderstorms which drift up and down the gorge, under full sail of snowy cumuli; the colors that wax and wane upon innumerable pinnacles and minarets and bastions—none of these things can be told, and only those will seriously think to tell them who forget God. One must see it all—and even then it takes time to realize.

The five days at the Cañon were filled with wonderful memories. The party explored the Rim for miles east and west; to castellate Moran's point, where Thos. Moran painted his masterpiece; to the giant promontory of Bissell's Point, whence is probably the most diagrammatic view to be had in this reach of the Cañon; and west to Berry's admirable log hotel and good trail.

We also went down the Cañon to the river, by the new Hance trail, the best ever constructed in all Arizona. John Hance, the pioneer of this region, is widely known as the ablest and most cheerful prevaricator on the continent, and some of his tales are classic. But he is something more than a picturesque liar—a sincere, earnest and remarkably competent man who has lived alone but unlonely for many years here and has become an inseparable part of the cañon. His trail is a remarkable piece of work; his horses and mules as fine a band as ever did mountain duty, their equipments safe and comfortable, and Hance's own skill the last thing needful.

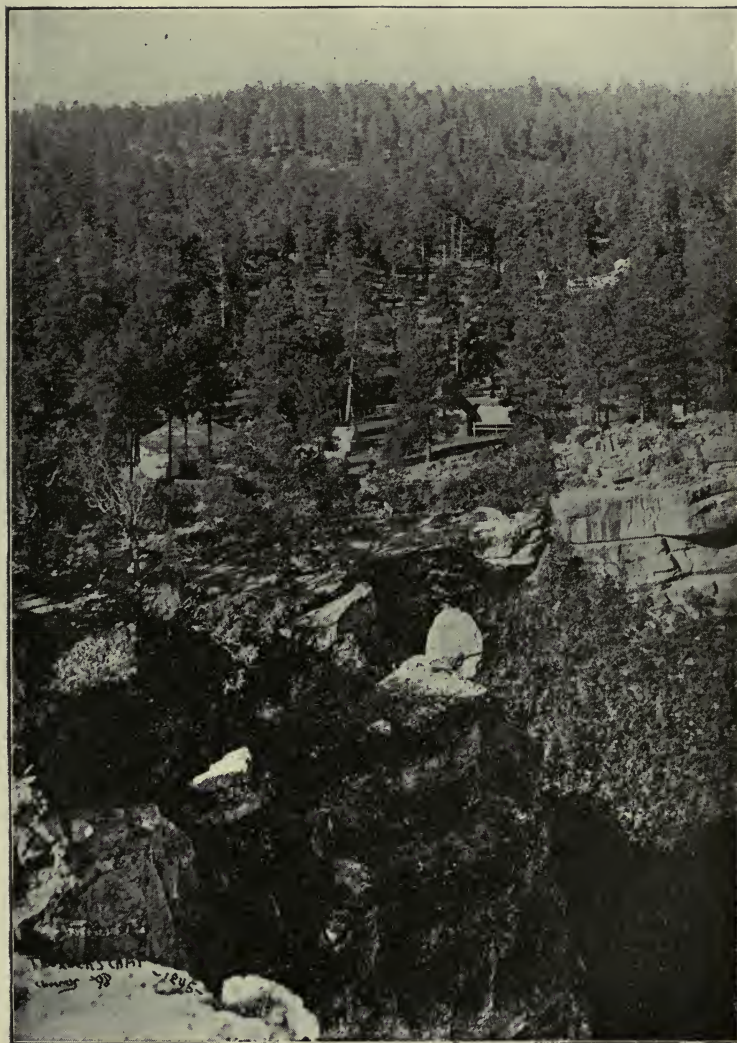
Bathing in the frigid Colorado, exploring the prehistoric ruins where Pueblo Indians anciently dwelt on the brink of this grim gorge—some could drop a stone from their windows 2500 feet sheer—finding the arrowheads and broken pottery of those forgotten days, studying the geology, the flora and the entomology of this most interesting spot, running up morning and evening to watch the first and the last lights upon that stupendous chasm, sitting by night around splendid campfires to sing or listen to Hance's inimitable stories—the time was all too short for all of us. And as the stages rolled out in the fresh morning, there was many a regretful backward glance for a last glimpse of a spot not one of the party will ever forget. There is no other nation on earth in which a Grand Cañon of the Colorado would not be more visited than it is in the United States. Probably the time will come



when the Americans who know enough to go and see it will number more than a few score a year.

A GEOLOGIST'S IMPRESSION. *Pravitt.*

**N**OWEVER deeply a geologist may be impressed by the Grand Cañon, he does not feel at liberty to indulge in any exclamation points, or to undertake to say anything about it that has not already



been well said by men who have a vast deal more than a holiday's acquaintance with it. It is now just twenty-nine years since Major Powell made his famous trip through the Cañon. His story of that expedition should be read by everyone who visits the Cañon, and for the matter of that, by everyone who wants to know what goes on in this world. It was first published at Washington in 1865 in his "Exploration of the Colorado River of the West."

A fuller, and, for the general reader, a more interesting account of the region was published in 1895 at Meadville, Pa., under the title, "Canyons of the Colorado," by J. W. Powell. The latter work contains reproductions of many of Holmes's pictures.

The geology of the whole region is described by Major Clarence E. Dutton in Monograph II of the U. S. Geological Survey. Its title is "The Tertiary History of the Grand Cañon District." It was published at Washington in 1882. This work is one of the finest ever written on American geology. Besides Dutton's vivid descriptions it contains a large number of illustrations made from drawings by W. H. Holmes, while the atlas accompanying it contains that artist's famous views of the cañon and of the surrounding region—the finest work of the kind ever done in any country. These two books are written by masters of the sciences of which they treat in language that anyone can understand.

The mountains about Flagstaff, of which the San Francisco peak is the center, are volcanic cones built upon a great flat plain of horizontal rocks. From these volcanic rents have poured forth vast sheets of lava that covered hundreds of square miles of the surrounding country. Many of these peaks have been cut into by erosion, but some of them still preserve beautifully their characteristic cone shapes. At first one gets the impression that these cones must all be pretty much alike. But there is an unusually interesting and fresh-looking group about twenty miles northeast of Flagstaff, beginning at O'Leary's peak and stretching away toward the east for fifteen or twenty miles.

Sunset peak, just east of O'Leary's peak, is a beautifully fresh and bare heap of cinders; the body of the cone is jet black, but some red cinders on its crest about the edge of the crater give it a flush of pink, as if it were touched by the rays of the setting sun. Between O'Leary's peak and Sunset peak is "Black Crater"—the newest and the freshest one of the lot.

"Black Crater" was discovered only a few years ago by Mr. A. Doyle of Flagstaff, who first looked down into its black throat from the top of O'Leary's peak. It is not a big crater, nor a high one (about 300 feet deep on the south side, and from 700 to 900 feet deep on the north), but it is bare of vegetation; is made entirely of loose cinders blown from the pit in its center, while from its base spread sheets of the jaggedest imaginable blocks of lava, and a blanket of black cinders covers the region for miles around. The lava is curled and clinkered, heaped high on the edges, rent by chasms made by the sinking here and there of the molten masses beneath and the toppling in of the hardened crust—all as fresh as if the lava and cinders were still too hot to walk upon. It is this freshness of the volcanic phenomena that makes "Black Crater" so interesting. None of the active volcanoes—not even Vesuvius or Mauna Loa—show these phenomena better.

As a matter of fact, the crater is not nearly as new as it seems. There is a solitary pine tree, two feet or more in diameter, growing half way up the inside of the bowl.

The country about the bases of these volcanic peaks is covered by beautiful open park-like pine forests through which one can ride or drive readily.

"Black Crater" is not known as yet even at Flagstaff, and Mr. Doyle,





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GRAND CAÑON FROM MORAN'S POINT.

Photo, by C. F. Lummis.

Shows the rapids at the point where Hance's Trail strikes the river.

its discoverer, is the only man living there who knows just how to reach it. The entire absence of water makes the drive of forty miles out and back a hard one for horses. Visitors can readily carry water for their own use, and it is no great difficulty to carry enough for the team.

J. C. BRANNER

Professor of Geology, Stanford University.





*BY THE HISTORIAN OF CALIFORNIA.*

That which impressed me most — next to the stupendous and sublime scenery of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the present Pueblo Indians, and the nervous strain of the ascent and descent of the Enchanted Mesa — was the evidence of the cruel environment in which the ancient inhabitants of the Southwest lived. These were the ancestors of the present Pueblo Indians. They were peaceable; they dwelt in stable communities, cultivated the soil, and lived chiefly by agriculture. Their towns were well located and well-built; their laws were well established. But they were surrounded by savage and predatory neighbors, of many nomad tribes who harassed, robbed and slew them.

Arizona and New Mexico are mostly arid. The chief places for cultivation are along the few small streams and by springs. But the hunted Pueblos were obliged, in self defense, to build their towns not beside their farms but in the precipitous sides of cliffs and upon the tops of lofty rocks, where one or two determined men could hold a host at bay; and to cultivate their distant fields as best they could. Their chief crops were maize and squashes.

On the very rim of the Grand Cañon, for instance, are fortified dwellings on the tops of buttresses thousands of feet in height and accessible only by narrow ledges on which a misstep would mean instant death. Such ruins are found over a wide reach of country — even as far as the practically inaccessible Enchanted Mesa. That people once climbed its precipices and dwelt upon this frowning summit, there can be no doubt, as incontestible evidence of their occupancy still remain.

From the cave and cliff dwellings, the oldest Pueblos were undoubtedly evolved. Acoma, 16 miles southwest of Laguna, and about 10 from the Santa Fé Pacific Railroad, is one of the most perfect of them. It is built upon an immense rock, with precipitous sides, several hundred feet high. Originally it was practically inaccessible, except to its people, who pecked hand and footholes in its sandstone cliffs. From long before the advent of the Spaniards in 1540, many hundreds of these interesting people have dwelt here, up against the sky as it were, descending in the morning, when unattacked, to their farm patches in the valley; ascending at dusk to their lofty homes.

There are few more interesting sights to the student of mankind than these wonderful people in their wonderful environment and their strange development. But the era of change has begun; and he who would see them at their best should lose no time.

THEODORE H. HITTELL.

San Francisco, Cal.

*A SONG.*

BY BLANCHE TRASK.

Ah! What is better than this, my dear,  
What is better than this? —  
The thought of a night which has lost its way  
Between tomorrow and yesterday;  
The full of the tide and the gray of the sea,  
And a gull that circleth endlessly;  
The breath from a wind which bloweth well;  
A sail that hasteth new ports to tell;  
If ought is better than this, my dear,  
I find it not here, I find it not here.

Avalon, Santa Catalina Island.



THE LAND WE LOVE  
AND HINTS OF WHY.

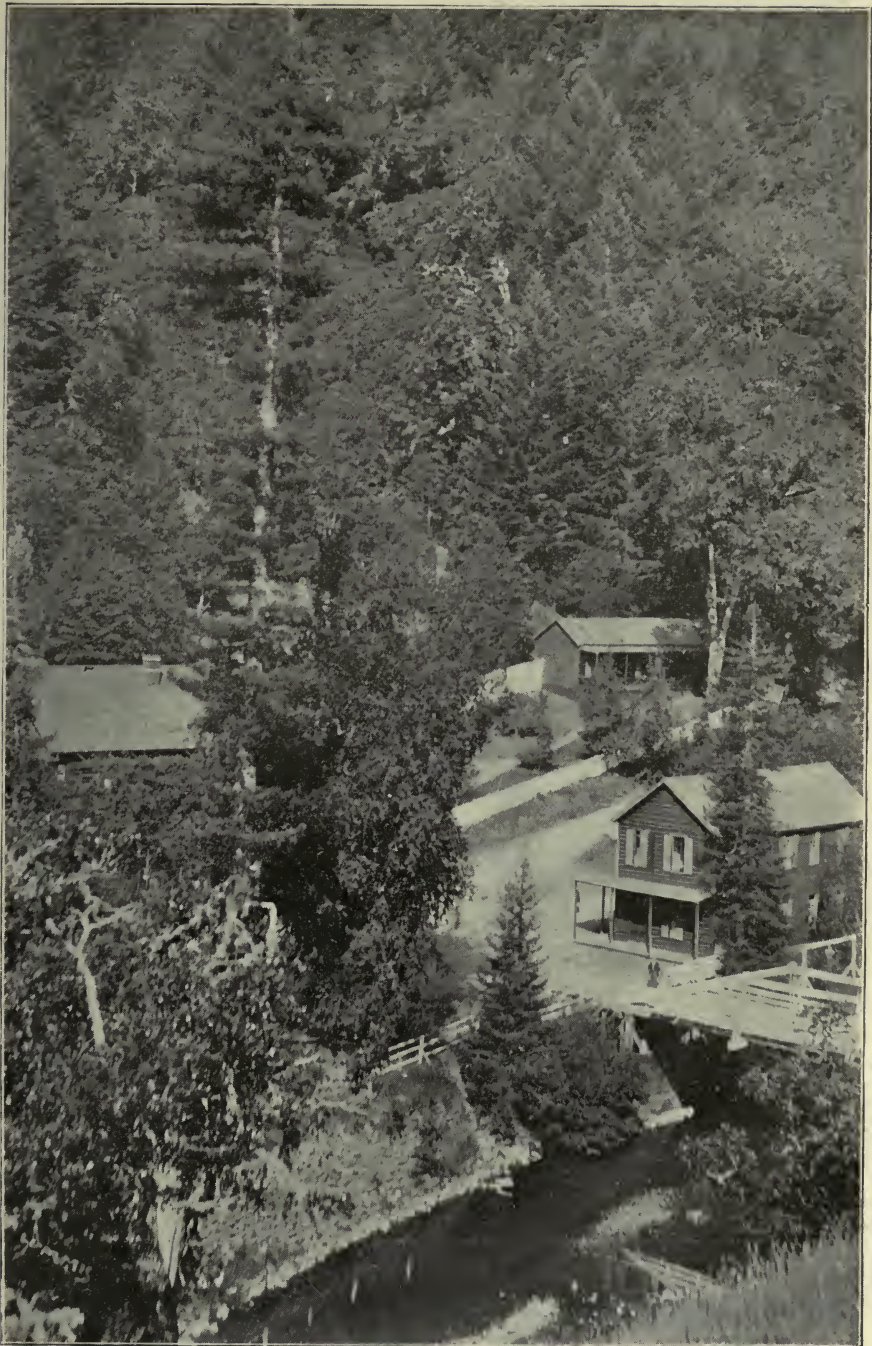


L. A. Eng. Co. IN THE SANTA MONICA CAÑON. Photo. by Maud D. Smith.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. CAZADERO. Photo. by C. F. Lummis.  
One of the favorite resorts in the redwoods, 90 miles north of San Francisco.







Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Photo. by C. F. Lummis.

CAZADERO—A CORNER OF THE HOTEL PORCH.



*PAST AND PRESENT LINKED TOGETHER.*  
*THE SAN PEDRO RANCH.*

**M**ANY are the fair spots in California's Andalusia, the counties of Los Angeles, Riverside and San Diego, but none surpasses in beauty and fertility, the princely domain known as the San Pedro or Dominguez ranch, situated twelve miles to the south of the city of Los Angeles. Twenty-four thousand acres of the richest alluvial soil, bottom, hill and mesa land constitute this fairy realm over which neither feudal tyrant nor modern monopolist holds sway, but where the good, old California regimen of yore still rules with a mild and firm hand, bestowing favors and well-being upon all who live within its reach.

Among the first European soldier-settlers who planted the cross and civilization on the shores of the beautiful bay of San Diego was Don Juan José Dominguez, not only a valiant fighter but also an intelligent and good husbandry man. Fortune always smiles upon energy and thrift; not many years passed before the worldly goods of Don Juan José increased beneath the sunny skies of his adopted country. His herds of horned cattle multiplied to such an extent that he had to seek larger ranges than those afforded by the "presidio" of San Diego. The



then governor, Don Pedro Fages, granted to him vast lands stretching away from San Pedro harbor to the north. Thereto Don Juan José moved with a thousand head of cattle. In due course of time the pioneer paid his debt to nature and his wealth passed to his brother and heir, Don Cristobal Dominguez, bred a brave soldier like Don Juan José and one of the officers of the San Diego "presidio" from 1817 until 1825, the year of his death. To him Governor Sola confirmed the grant and in 1822 he was placed in possession thereof.

His son, Don Manuel, succeeded to the property, on which he resided from 1825 up to the time of his demise, which occurred not so very long ago, at the advanced age of eighty odd years.

Don Manuel was well known, beloved and highly respected through out California. He took a deep and strong interest in everything which tended towards the welfare of his beloved country. Many were the high and important offices which his fellow-citizens entrusted to his keeping. He was auditor from 1827-8; councilman in 1829; "alcalde" in 1832; assistant alcalde of San Pedro from 1833 to 1836; second alcalde of the town of Los Angeles in 1839; during 1842, justice of the peace; prefect in 1843; captain of the militia in 1844; in 1849 a member of the Constitutional convention; in 1852 a surveyor of Los Angeles county.

If Don Manuel was the perfect type of the old California gentleman, brave, liberal, industrious and hospitable, so his noble dame, Doña Maria Alta Garcia Cota, was the embodiment of all the virtues and graces, which make of the

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THE OLD DOMINGUEZ HOME.

Photo by Flower



Castillian maiden the most beautiful and wifely of matrons. Heaven bestowed upon them ten children, six of whom are yet among the living.

A gallant and strong boy, beating his drum, marched at the head of Company "F," Seventh Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, into the ancient capital of Santa Fé during the Mexican war. His name was George C. Carson. Peace restored, he joined Capt. Chapman's Rangers in a Navajo uprising, and three months later, at the age of seventeen, entered the employ of J. M. White & Co., traders, as clerk, and shortly afterwards was placed in charge of their branch store in El Paso, Tex. There he remained for one year, and was then appointed sutler at old Fort Webster, N. M., but having suffered greatly from Indian depredations he sold his business and went into freighting, making two trips into Texas during 1851. A year afterwards he went to the Mexican state of Chihuahua, where he purchased a flock of sheep, which he drove to California, and on August 3, 1853, after innumerable hardships, he arrived in Los Angeles, where he has resided ever since and taken a prominent part.

Having disposed of his flock, he entered into partnership with Mr. W. T. P. Sanford in the hardware business.

There is not a person in Los Angeles but knows the "Child's block." It is the first brick house ever erected in the city, and to George C. Carson belongs the honor of having built it during 1856-1857.

In 1854, or one year after his arrival, he was elected to a seat in the City Council, and during the next four years (1856-1860) he was twice in succession entrusted with the important office of Public Administrator.

In 1858 Mr. Carson sold his interest in the hardware business and formed another partnership with Mr. Hale. In 1862 the firm was dissolved and Mr. Carson moved to the San Pedro ranch, where, with few and short interruptions he has resided ever since, improving and developing its immense natural resources until today it is one of the finest estates in the Golden State.

A gentleman of the high moral, mental and physical qualities of young Carson, could not remain long in blissless solitude. Among all the beauties which made Spanish-California justly famous, none was fairer than señorita Victoria Dominguez, the idol of her father, Don Manuel. Stately like the palm, blithe and graceful as the willow which sways to and fro; with eyes clear as day, brilliant as the stars of heaven, and sweet as the Virgin's; her chaste beauty increased by the healthful glow which only California's ozone-laden air can impart; such was the lady who conquered the young "Americano." On July 23, 1857, good Father Rajo spoke in the bridegroom's house those words which forever joined together two existences, hearts and souls. Fifteen children were born to the happy pair, three angels flitter about the old home and twelve have grown into beautiful woman and strong manhood: Mary G., Anna F., John M., George H., Edward A., Joseph N., William, Amelia, Virginia, Victoria, Lucy, and David. Eight still live in the ancestral mansion, and four, one daughter and



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ROSELAWN, THE RESIDENCE OF GEORGE CARSON.

Photo by Flower



three sons, have married. The parents spare neither pains nor expense to give their children the very best of education. During their childhood governesses instruct and teach them, and later on they all take their courses in renowned colleges. To this is added travel and study abroad; the oldest daughter, Miss Mary G., sojourns at present in Spain. All speak Spanish and English fluently and are gentlemen and ladies in the perfect and true sense of the word.

At present Mr. Carson resides on that part of the grant which fell to his wife's share and which is bounded on the south and west by the Pacific ocean, on the north by property of the other heirs, and on the east by the San Gabriel river.

The original grant comprised also Wilmington, Terminal Island and Redondo which were sold, but the heirs still hold large water frontings at San Pedro bay and Wilmington.

Mr. Carson's estate contains about four thousand acres of the finest bottom, hill and mesa land unsurpassed for the growing of deciduous and semi-tropical fruits. It is well supplied with water taken by a private ditch from the San Gabriel river, which for a distance of two miles forms the boundary; besides there are on the property three flowing wells and a number of windmills, so that there is never any lack of this life-giving fluid. In the middle of the ranch is a beautiful large sheet of pure sweet water, known as the "Dominguez lake," the rendezvous of innumerable water fowls which offer to the hunters sport not to be found in any other place within a hundred miles of Los Angeles.

A considerable part of the lands is rented out to tenants, who reap bountiful, never failing harvests from the rich alluvial soil which produces everything man may choose to cultivate, in abundance and perfection, from the humble bean to the delicious orange.

Mr. Carson makes a specialty of breeding fine stock. His flock of fine Shropshire sheep has no peer in the country; his two hundred horses are of the very best blood; and every one of his herd of hundred thoroughbred Durham and Jersey cows is a beauty. Five hundred acres planted to alfalfa furnish abundant feed.

There is no more lovely, beautiful and hospitable home throughout the land, than the private residence of this old California family, whose members are noble in soul and pure in mind. Here the past does not clash, but harmoniously intermingles with the present. The best traits of by-gone days are not only religiously preserved but also strictly observed. It is the ideal, perfect home where love and mutual respect rule supreme, where the very air breathes nothing but content, tranquillity and happiness.

On a slight elevation, surrounded by five acres of flowers, lawns, shrubberies and trees (among the latter the finest soft shell walnut to be found in the whole State), lies this jewel of a home presided over by a father, who despite his sixty-six years is as full of spirit and health as a youth of twenty-one, and by a lady who preserves all the charms of girlhood enhanced by the halo of virtue and motherhood.

At a few paces from the modern residence is the old adobe house with its vine shrouded "portal" and cool, large rooms replete with the memories of a happy past. The floor of the "sala" is well worn by fleeting steps of many a happy couple which in by-gone days followed the swift rhythm of some forgotten dance. The bed chamber with its massive bedstead of hand-carved and highly polished rosewood joins the principal room and then follows the chapel, where by special dispensation from the pope, mass was said during Don Manuel's old age. The altar is of the purest white surmounted by a beautiful crucifix. On one side is a statue of the Immaculate Virgin, a perfect master-piece of Barcelona art, and on the other a statue of Saint Joseph. On the walls hang a fine painting, imported direct from Rome, of the patron saint of the ranch, Saint Peter, and a splendid picture of Saint Paul Ferrer, brought by the first missionaries from Spain by way of Mexico. A unique relic is kept in the yard, the first hack ever brought to California. The wheels, springs and silver-inlaid iron work are very nearly as perfect as the day on which this pioneer of carriages left its Boston shop.

With just pride do the descendants point out these treasures to the visitor, and the words "This was my father's room, this my father's chapel, this our 'sala'" strike a sympathetic chord in whosoever likes to dwell upon the past.

Sloping gently down from the former and profoundly idealized home is a beauty of an old orchard with a multitude of fruit trees and flowers which no so-called modern landscape gardener is allowed to tamper with. There a sixty year old fig tree offers shade, roses grow in profusion, and hidden away is the old but now dry well.

Mr. Carson and his amiable family do not only respect the old homestead, but even extend their love to the old servants. Instead of turning these tried and faithful friends over to the tender mercies of some public institution Mr. Carson provides for all their needs. One Indian was tenderly cared for until at the ripe age of 103 years he passed to a happier state, and another had his eyes closed by loving hands after having passed the century mark. This may not be business, but it is something far superior: it is true charity and love of human kind.

It is with deep feeling that the visitor turns his steps from this hospitable mansion, but he goes away knowing that even if "onward moves the cycle of time" and the tread of improvement tends to obliterate the traits of yore, there yet remain places where everything noble, pure and good of Spanish-California life prevails.





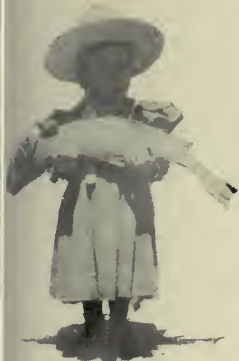
## BEAR VALLEY.

F. P.

**E**VERY Tuesday and Friday during summer and fall a stage drawn by four stout horses leaves San Bernardino at daybreak and, traveling the six miles of orange groves and alfalfa fields in which the mountains bury their feet, begins the thirty-five miles of mountain road which rises 8000 feet above sea level and ends at an altitude of 6600 feet at Knight's resort, in the heart of the Sierra Madre. For five hours the climb is steadily up the south side of the range into a more and more refreshing atmosphere, and where the manzanita, buckthorn, laurel and chaparral have replaced the heavier timber long since destroyed by fire.

At noon the 5000 foot level is passed and the stage is fairly in the big timber country. A relay of horses and a hearty meal at Fredalba Park, a last glimpse of the checkerboard of orchards and fields far below, and the stage is off for the summit 3000 feet still higher. Aside from the excellent mountain road, the work of man is no longer manifest. Undisturbed nature is everywhere. The breath of the valley does not reach this altitude where the snow-plant blooms in July and the cool, invigorating atmosphere is scented with fir and pine and the sweet mould of centuries. The racket of the business world falls far short of this one, and silence is broken only by the chirrup of the chipmunk or the cough of the grey tree squirrel in protest to the intrusion. The swiftly

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C. M. Davis Eng. Co. Photo. by Knight.

A BEAR VALLEY LAKE TROUT.



Mausard-Cullier Eng Co.

THE STAGE EN ROUTE.

Schnell Photo.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

BEAR VALLEY LAKE.

I. Senior, Photo.

moving shadow of an eagle's wing crosses the road, while, frolicking under some distant pine may, not unlikely, be seen a trio of deer ere, recovering from their surprise, they scamper away.

Assuredly this is a stage route, driver included, which has no defect to modify the constant enjoyment of the trip. No hot dusty levels, no desert, no sameness even of the beautiful, but a novel and constantly changing panorama, which, after looking down from magnificent distances upon the haunts of man disappears into the haunts of the deer and trout. Everywhere is the park-like forest carpeted with pine needles, with glimpses of the clearest blue overhead and richest patches



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

I. Senior, Photo.

HOTEL, DINING-HOUSE AND PARLOR AT GUS KNIGHT, JR.'S RESORT.



of shadow below. The stage climbs intervening ridge after ridge to dash down again along precipices, between peaks and through fern-preempted little valleys only to climb other ridges, or round other points until Bear Valley, some two miles wide by twelve long, makes a break, in the surrounding forest. To the right of the route at this point is the



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

I. Senior, Photo.

EVENING AROUND THE PARLOR FIREPLACE.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

I. Senior, Photo.

A TYPICAL CABIN.

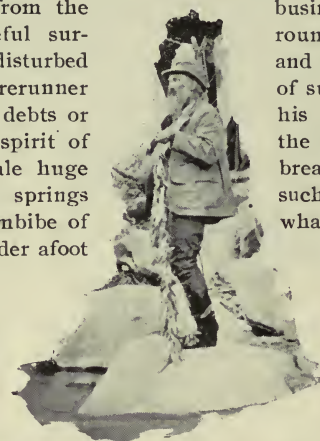
famous Bear Valley Dam which has converted the greater part of this valley into a lake, thus impounding the water from the surrounding watershed for the orange groves forty miles or more distant.

During the rainy season the basin is one expanse of water which encroaches on the timber, but during the summer a low neck of land

divides it into two lakes, around which fat cattle graze. Crossing this and penetrating the forest for a mile the stage reaches its destination.

The dinner bell is ringing and passengers are soon discussing a meal which for quantity and quality is a surprise to all. Man as well as nature is generous here—there is no meter on anything. Mountain beef is famous for its superior quality and tenderness, real fresh cream is always in evidence in this dining-room, while the richest of milk is plentiful.

The isolation from the novel and peaceful sur-rest. Sleep is undisturbed and brings no forerunner could forget his debts or Yielding to the spirit of ambition is to inhale huge drink from cool springs would not dare imbibe of lowlands—to wander afoot through the climb, to fish, eat as one seldom and other games when the un-us-form a bright the dark and is a general gath-cabin parlor fireplace, where the piano and guitar accompany the dancers or enliven the games which may hold sway.



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo by T. P. Lukens.

BROOK TROUT.

business world and the roundings bring the fullest and refreshing, and morn-of sultriness or care—one his girl at Bear Valley. the place, one's only am-breaths of pure ozone, to such quantities as one what passes for H<sub>2</sub>O in the or horse back grand forests, to and to hunt, and to eats elsewhere. Polo are convenient and, ually brilliant stars patchwork between stately pines there ering in the log around the roaring

The excellent class of people who frequent this camp, the variety of pastimes for old and young of both sexes, the neatness, order and conveniences are a surprise to the one who, finding nature in the rough, contemplated a rough time all around.

Doctors visit this resort but not to practice, for what with the convenient springs of sulphate of magnesia, of iron, and pure seepage from winter snows registering 10° above freezing, pure air and plentiful exercise, one is soon fit for most rigid military examination.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Photo. by Knight.

FUN FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



Experiences there are for the choosing hardy enough for any mood, and no one so well knows the best trout pools, the most likely haunts of the deer or the necessities of the camp as Mr. Knight, but as is the case with most things remarkable there is generally "a woman in it," so it is at this resort. The assurance of a woman in camp assures not only the finishing touches which perfect such a place, but the presence of other women, and Mrs. Knight is therefore the center of a social circle of ladies and gentlemen who make out to succeed in their ambition to have a restful good time.

### A STRANGE WELCOME.

Good morning, Mr. B—, present hands—well! The one who shakes hands with you is bound to know it, although despite its grip your fist is exceedingly soft—how do you account for the latter?

The speaker, who had stepped into the well ordered and equipped wholesale commission house of Ballou & Cosgrove at San Diego, stopped to draw breath and the rejoinder, "Will you kindly step over to the corner of the room and wash your hands?"

What? Wash my hands! that was attended to ere I left my hotel for your place. Are you a quaker, or do you seek cause for a declaration of war?

Neither, my dear sir, but kindly dip your hands into that glass of cream, rub it in thoroughly and your questions will be answered.

Wonderful! I would not have believed it, my hands were actually *dirty*. What is the stuff?

Cream of Lemon, no one uses soap in this establishment, for this cream is not only a more thorough cleanser, but leaves the hands in better condition.

I would be pleased to know more about it.

Well, it is made by us from the whole of the lemon, but come with me and I will show you through the factory.

This visit disclosed fragrant tiers of choice selected lemons, another compartment where they are thoroughly cleansed, and the pulp mill where the whole is ground preparatory to being cooked. Then a department where flexible metallic tubes are filled with the cream and hermetically sealed and neatly labeled and packed for market. Numerous heavy boxes labeled for shipment testified of the demand.

It is perfectly pure, explained Mr. Ballou, and contains neither chemicals, fatty matter, nor soluble potash—one could eat it with impunity if he chose. This makes it superior to any known preparation for the complexion, as it not only removes all traces of tan, softens and feeds the skin, prevents wrinkles, but has no bad effect.

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I am already convinced, Mr. Ballou, and would like to purchase a quantity.

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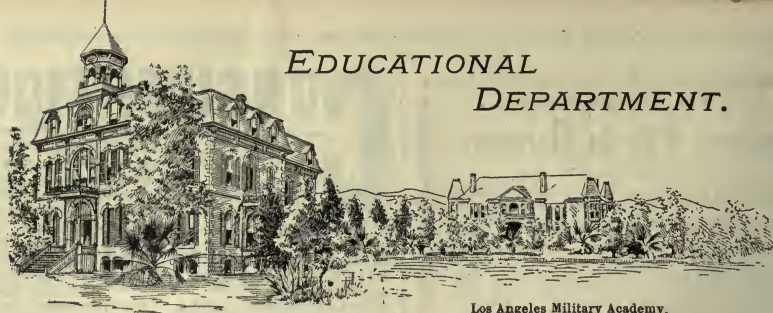
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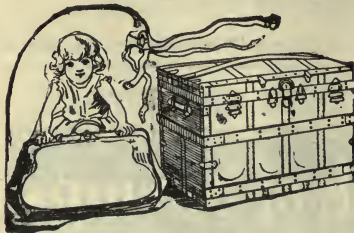
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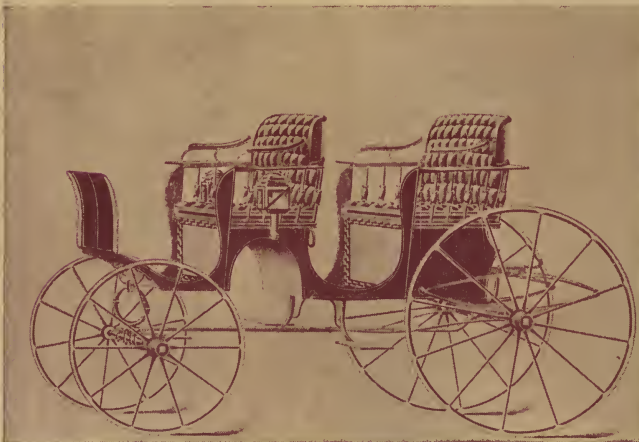
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### CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1898:

	PAGE
The Sunburst, by Wm. Keith .....	Frontispiece
The Conquest of Mt. Tacoma, illustrated, by J. Edgar Ross.....	169
A Transplanted Tea-Garden, illustrated, by Williard M. Wood.....	177
The Orange at Home, illustrated, by S. M. Kennedy.....	180
A Soul in Bronze, Constance Goddard DuBois, illustrated by Alex. F. Harmer...	188

(SEE NEXT PAGE)

---

In the Lion's Den, by the Editor..... 198  
 That Which is Written. Reviews by the Editor..... 201  
 The Angle of Reflection, by Margaret Collier Graham..... 203  
 The Land We Love, illustrated..... 205  
 The Manila Expedition, illustrated..... 208  
 Educational Advantages of Los Angeles City and County, by Chas. Cassat Davis 212

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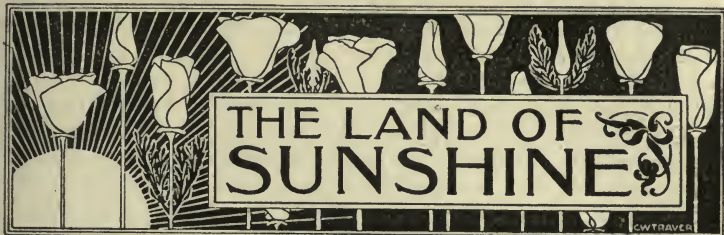








"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 9. No. 4.

LOS ANGELES

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

## THE CONQUEST OF MT. TACOMA.

BY J. EDGAR ROSS.



HOUGH America has many great peaks, mountain climbing by regularly organized Alpine clubs is still comparatively an innovation. Portland, Oregon, is the headquarters of an energetic club of mountaineers called the Mazamas. This club has, in the four years of its existence, done a great deal to bring mountaineering as a science and a recreation into favor with the people of the Northwestern States.

On July 19, 1897, the club and its guests, about 50 persons in all, left Portland in a special car for Tacoma, Wash., where they were joined by other parties from the surrounding country and the East. Three days' staging conveyed the party to Longmire's Springs at the foot of Mt. Tacoma. Here a pack-train was waiting to convey their tents and provisions up the trail to timber-line, where the ascent proper began. About thirty tents were pitched on the mountain side near where Paradise river leaves the glacier of the same name and goes plunging over a precipice to make Sluskin Falls. This spot is well called Paradise Park. No words can describe, no imagination can conceive, the natural beauty and grandeur of the surroundings.

Before you, grim and foreboding, Mt. Tacoma looks down from a height of 14,500 feet. Behind is stretched the rugged Tatoosh range. To the right and left are mighty glaciers and deep, unexplored cañons. On every hill, in every dale, smile fragrant wild-flowers in unnumbered variety.

For several days the weather remained unfavorable for the ascent. One of the party, despite the protest of the experi-

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enced, insisted upon attempting the ascent alone and in weather when no sane man would venture upon an unknown mountain. He failed to reach the summit but succeeded in getting lost, and would no doubt have perished had not a half-dozen hardy mountaineers braved storm and darkness to go to his rescue.

On Monday morning, July 26, the weather seemed favorable and it was decided to begin the ascent at once. Lightly laden pack-animals can, without difficulty, reach an altitude of about 10,000 feet on Mt. Tacoma. Horses were loaded with sleeping bags and two days' rations for the entire party and started for the camping place, while the 66 climbers followed slowly up the steep fields of snow on foot.

On the east side of the mountain, about 3000 feet from its summit, a great shelf of rock called Gibraltar extends outward for about half a mile. The top of Gibraltar is nearly level, while the sides are almost perpendicular, and in places more than 2000 feet high. On the south side, about 1200 feet from the top, a narrow ledge runs the entire length of the wall. From this ledge a spur of loose rocks, called the Cleaver, extends far down the mountain side. Near the foot of the Cleaver the mountaineers spent the night, unprotected save by their sleeping bags.

With the first rays of morning the ascent of the Cleaver was begun.

No lifelines were used here. It was found necessary to test each rock, for some, though large and apparently secure, were so balanced that the slightest weight was sufficient to start them. Despite this caution a rock did sometimes start to rolling; but at the cry, "Look out below!" alpenstocks were thrust out and it was always stopped in time.

Gibraltar was reached at ten o'clock and here lifelines were stretched. This is considered the most dangerous part of the ascent, and without the lifelines a misstep or the loosening of a rock might mean a fall of a thousand feet.

The tedious climbing of the morning, and the danger ahead, so disheartened some that they gave up at Gibraltar and returned to camp.

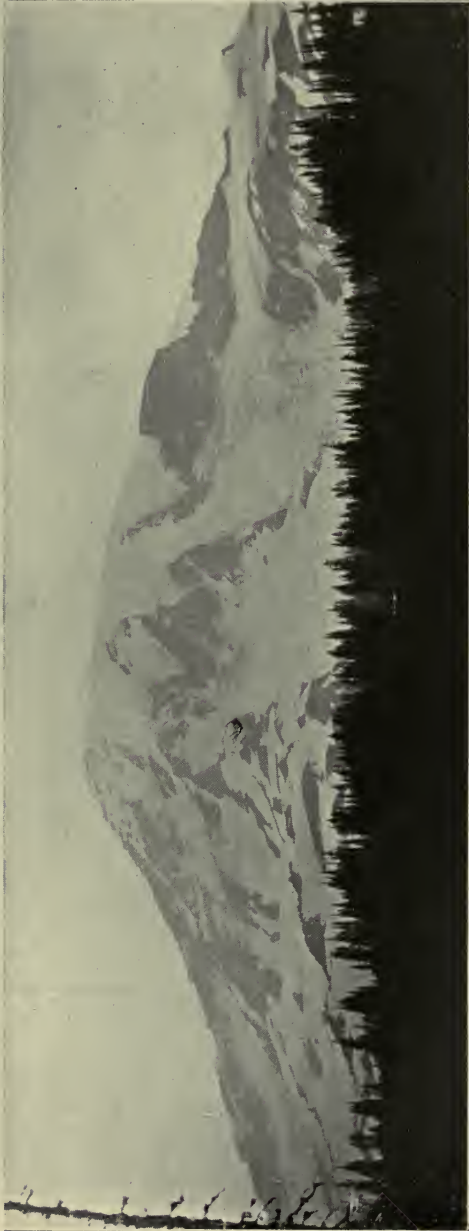
It required two hours to pass the rock. Then after a short detour around a crevasse they climbed a steep bank of ice to the top of Gibraltar, where a short stop was made for lunch.

From Gibraltar to the summit extends a field of ice so hard and smooth that one might skate upon it, and so steep that it would be impossible to ascend it without well-spiked shoes and an alpenstock.

Under the guide's direction a lifeline was dragged forward to its full length and then made fast to an alpenstock planted firmly in the ice. The climbers then came up the line hand over hand. But for this aid of the lifelines many of the party would have failed to reach the summit.



Several crevasses were crossed upon convenient ice-bridges or gone around, and offered slight obstacles to the progress of the party.



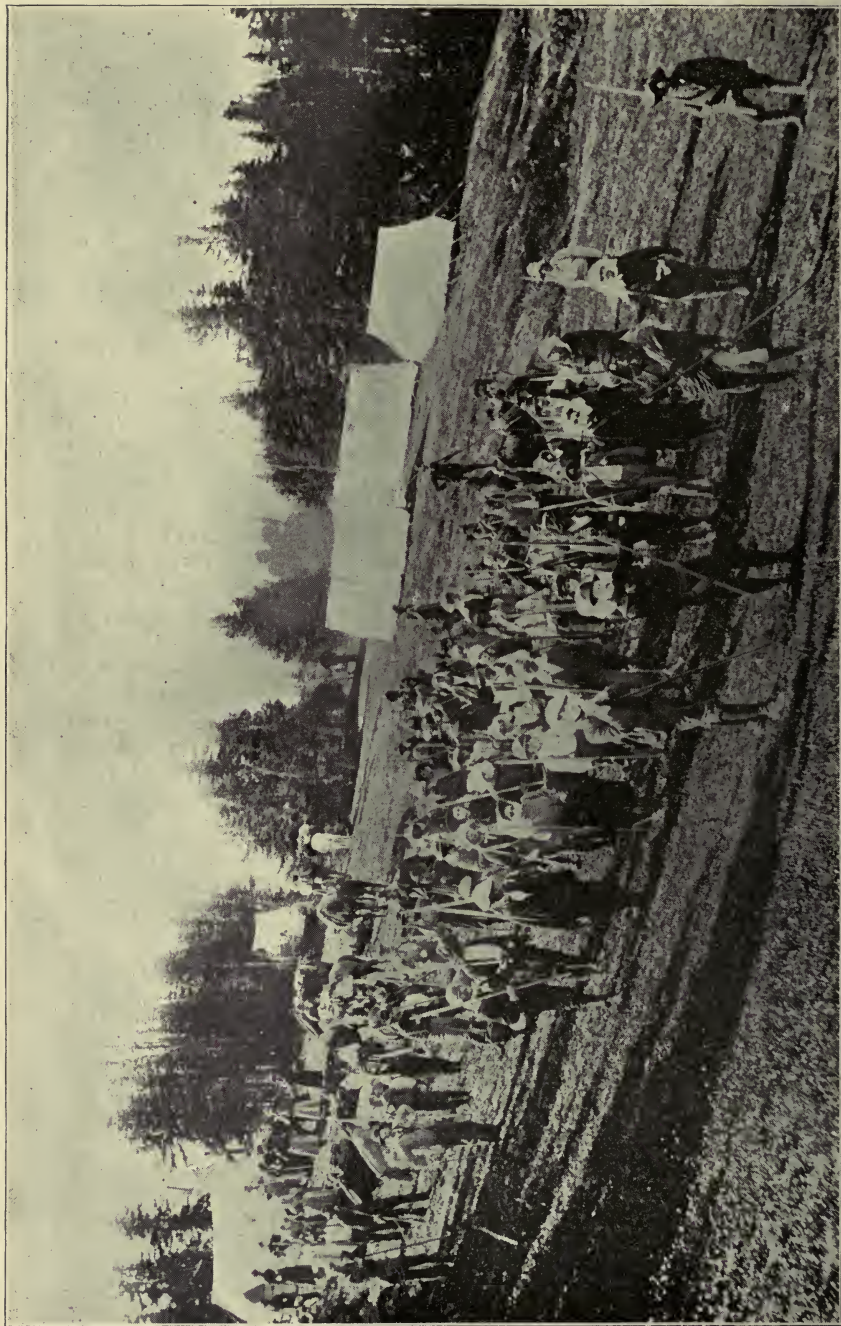
MT. TACOMA FROM THE SOUTH.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Before reaching Gibraltar many had discarded coats and superfluous clothing because of the great heat. But during the last of the ascent a biting wind blew from the east and those who were lightly clad suffered greatly from the cold. All were heartily glad when the crater was reached and they were able to sit down upon the warm rocks out of the wind.

There are two craters upon the mountain, but only one was visited by the Mazamas. This is about half a mile in diameter. The depth is unknown as it is always nearly filled with ice and snow. Around the rim the rocks are kept warm by the steam that still comes up from the old fires.

At the outer edge of the ice there are always ice caves. Sometimes these are very large, but





usually they extend only a few feet under the ice. It is customary in climbing Mt. Tacoma to make the ascent in one day, spend the night in the ice caves in the crater and descend on the second day. Because of the difficulty of carrying blankets for so large a party, only eight of our fifty-one successful climbers were able to remain at the summit. They took observations to determine the height, temperature, and velocity of wind. That night they burned forty pounds of red fire as a signal to the world that the ascent had been successful, and next day they sent heliographic messages to Tacoma and Seattle.

The main body of the Mazamas remained on the summit less than an hour. This gave little time for sightseeing, and



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

ON THE SNOWFIELD.

many were greatly disappointed at being compelled to hurry away from so glorious a point of vantage after having struggled so hard to gain it. Yet all realized that delay was dangerous, and when the guide called for them to fall in for the descent but a few minutes were spent in forming the lines.

The lifeline was fastened around one man's waist, and behind him, three or four feet apart, came the rest of the party holding the line in the left hand while the right was left free to use the alpenstock. The guide and one assistant drove their alpenstocks into the ice, and, giving the life-line one turn around them, let it out as the party worked downward. When the end of the line was reached a halt was called while the guides, with apparent disregard of their own danger, hurried forward to secure a new hold on the line. This line, held per-



A BOUQUET OF WILD FLOWERS FROM MT. TACOMA.



fectly taut, and always at hand, gave the climbers great confidence and they went rapidly down the ice field to Gibraltar.

Despite their haste the sun had already sunk before they were safely past Gibraltar. At this point they began to straggle; and the guide, wellnigh worn out by two days' work and worry, and believing all danger past, made no attempt to keep them together.

The foremost reached Camp Muir, where the previous night had been spent, at 8:30 p. m., and the last of the stragglers two hours later. After a cold lunch some crept into their sleeping bags and prepared to spend their second night on the



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CLIMBING "THE CLEAVER."

mountain. Others, impatient to get down to a warm supper and comfortable bed, decided to push on.

The party was completely disorganized. No attempt was made to keep it together, nor did anyone wait for the guide. In fact, no one, not even the guide, dreamed that danger lurked on the flat snow fields, where in daylight a child might play in safety.

The night was clear and still, and the temperature just below freezing point. The trail made in the ascent was followed without difficulty over the snow, but where it crossed a moraine it was impossible to follow it in the darkness, and sometimes difficult to find it on the snow beyond.

Some of the parties had little difficulty in keeping the trail,

and reached camp between ten and eleven o'clock that night. Others lost their way entirely and wandered about until daylight.

Edgar McClure, professor of chemistry in the Oregon University, was among the first to leave Camp Muir, with a few friends. He lost the trail when little more than a mile from the camp in Paradise Park. Coming to a spot where the incline was much steeper than usual, they saw at the bottom a dark object that some thought was a crevasse, and others a pile of rocks. Professor McClure went ahead to see if it was safe for the party to descend there. He had gone but a short distance when he lost his footing and slid fully 300 feet to the rocks, where he was instantly killed.

Professor McClure was well known and universally esteemed in the Northwestern States. His mountaineering was undertaken solely in the interests of science, and his death was a sad blow to a large circle.

At noon on the day following his death, after an impressive service in camp, the body was started for Tacoma.

That night another but less serious accident occurred. The party that remained on the summit over night did not start down until late in the afternoon. They had some difficulty in passing Gibraltar, and when they reached Camp Muir it was already dark. Rather than spend a third night on the mountain, two young men attempted the descent. They lost the trail and slid down the same bank of snow where Professor McClure had lost his life the night before. More fortunate than he, however, they fell into a crevasse that had opened up that very day. One went down twenty-five feet and was wedged in between the walls of ice in such a manner that he could scarcely move. The other went down about ten feet and after a long struggle succeeded in climbing out. Finding that he could be of no assistance to his companion he made his way down to camp and gave the alarm. A party at once started to the rescue of the imprisoned mountaineer. They found him still conscious, and practically uninjured by his four hours in the ice.

The accidents that brought the otherwise enjoyable and highly successful outing to so sad a close were the first of a serious nature to attend the Mazamas' yearly excursions.

San Francisco, Cal.





## A TRANSPLANTED TEA-GARDEN.

BY WILLIARD M. WOOD.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. A TEA-HOUSE.

CALIFORNIA possesses one of the most unique bits of landscape gardening in America — a miniature Japanese tea-garden, faithfully reproduced by some of the Mikado's "little brown men," in the prettiest portion of the Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. During the successful Midwinter Exposition of 1894, the Japanese tea-garden was accounted one of the chief attractions. Extensive alterations and improvements have been made.

This delightfully oriental spot covers about half an acre of ground and is surrounded by a four-foot fence of rough California redwood, in a severely plain yet attractive Japanese design.

The *Tori-no-mon*, or main entrance-way, is almost twenty-five feet in height and is a marvel of workmanship. Neither nail nor bolt was used in its construction. Hundreds of hand-carved pieces of wood—brought over from Japan—have been dovetailed together in a complicated and bewildering pattern, such as only the native carpenters can execute.

Passing through this picturesque doorway—which excels in style and finish the structures erected to stand permanently on Wooded Island, Jackson Park, Chicago—one leaves behind all thought of being upon American soil. Immediately to the right of the entrance, there is an airily constructed arch of bamboo. Light green vines twine gracefully through the mazy strips. Passing under this arch one beholds one of the smaller tea-houses, with pretty, grass-thatched roof and open sides. Many visitors may be found resting upon the cosy soft circular mats of straw placed upon the benches, viewing the bewitching scene.

A stroll on the long bridge spanning the miniature lake re-



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

veals hundreds of well-fed goldfish—mostly of the beautiful fan-tail variety, and occasionally an immense carp of yellowish-olive color, with its sides slightly tinged with a golden hue



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. A TEA-HOUSE.



and fins of violet brown. Several narrow, rippling streams of fresh water flow through the grounds, adding greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene.

Bordering upon the water's edge are many dwarfed trees, plants and shrubs, each with a peculiar beauty of its own. Resting upon the water are the green leaves of many species of water-lilies and other aquatic plants.

Here and there, set on rockeries, and in queer little nooks and corners, are beautifully decorated urns in blue and gold, ancient-looking rusty metal lanterns, stone bowls and other odd bits of the Japanese handiwork.

The two diminutive water-falls not only charm the public, but attract the ruby-throated humming birds, California wild canaries and little English sparrows. These cool, inviting spots appear to be their favorite drinking and bathing places.

With difficulty one climbs the steep steps of the beautiful crescent-shaped wooden bridge that spans the broad pond (under it antique lanterns of fantastic designs are hung), and towards the west, near the high board fence, finds in a separate enclosure a pair of Japan's sacred storks. It is reported that these birds are the only ones living in captivity in America. Their plumage is exceedingly beautiful, with the long, soft, black-and-white feathers in contrast. The only bit of bright color on the birds is a patch of vermilion on the top of the head like a Turkish turban.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. THE BRIDGE.



A number of persons may always be found around these tame birds, feeding them with sweets. Considerable attention is also attracted to the collection of Japanese fowl. The tails of some of the cocks reach a length of three feet. All of these birds are treated by the native attendants with as much consideration as children.

Towards the left of the entrance one may ascend the odd, zigzag steps which were hewn out of the stump of a huge pine tree, and from the top is a fine panoramic view of the entire fascinating enclosure.

The main tea-house is probably fifteen feet square and has a grass-thatched roof. Numerous comfortable benches are within. For a small fee, imported tea of an excellent quality is served with a tea-pot of boiling water, and a few odd-shaped wafers, and a "cute" little Japanese porcelain cup, saucer and tray. These are brought by a comely maiden, clad in the becoming costume of her country. A number of these serving-maids are always in attendance.

Visitors delight to sit on the sunny side of the large tea-house, overlooking the main pond, for there they may amuse themselves by throwing tiny bits of sweets in the water and watching the goldfish as they rise to the surface for a nibble.

Up the slope behind this oriental tea-house are several buildings, all of Japanese design. One represents a residence of the higher class, and in the main room may be seen handsome screens, water-colors, and bric-a-brac. A splendid collection of modern Japanese musical instruments form an interesting attraction.

An especially fine collection of dwarfed cypress, pine and bamboo trees is now being exhibited in quaint pots and jars by the dwellers in this little garden. They are valued at many thousands of dollars. Not one is above two feet in height; many in fact are only six inches high. All seem to be in a healthy condition. A portion of the roots of some species are exposed, showing clearly the queer knots and bows into which they were originally placed by the deft hands of the ingenious little brown men.

The crysanthemum exhibit is also worthy of a visit. Many rare varieties may be found among them.

The snap shots accompanying this sketch were taken on one of our winter days—January 1, 1898.

Everything within the enclosure has been presented to the Park Commissioners, and the public may enjoy the many sunny walks and shady nooks, and a cup of well-brewed, delicious tea, served in the most charming manner.



## THE ORANGE AT HOME.

BY S. M. KENNEDY.



LET the reader picture a land of sunny days, mild nights, blue skies and soft breezes; a land where summer and winter are so harmoniously blended that it becomes difficult to tell where the one leaves off and the other begins. It is in such a land that this golden fruit flourishes.

Although the orange is now a familiar fruit everywhere, it is really a native of only one country, and it has been in comparatively recent years that the rest of the world has known and cultivated it. The early Greeks, Romans and Egyptians knew nothing of the orange, and yet in their countries today it grows in great abundance. Away in the north-eastern portion of India the orange was first produced, how long ago no one can discover. From there it spread into western Asia, and thence to Europe. It made its way into Arabia and Syria, then in the 11th century to Italy, Sicily and Spain. It was the Spaniards who first introduced it into America, early in the 16th century. At the present day in many of the West Indies, Florida and Mexico, there are districts which are literally overrun with wild oranges.

The orange derives its name from the Latin *malum aurantium* (golden apple). It is said to have something like eighty varieties, but the dis-



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IRRIGATING AN ORANGE GROVE.

Photo. by Maude.

inctions between many of them must be very slight, and all can be traced to the sweet or China orange, and the bitter orange or Bigarade. Not only is the orange one of those fruits which are naturally disposed to sport, but it is also affected by climate, soil and other conditions, hence the great number of varieties. It is the chief of the citrus family, of which the lemon, lime, citron, shaddock and pomelo or grape fruit are conspicuous members. The best known varieties of oranges are the Mediterranean Sweet, Malta Blood, St. Michael and Valencia. Then there is the Mandarin, first brought to Europe by the Portuguese, and its sub-variety the Tangerine, a tiny affair not much bigger than a walnut. The Mandarin, or noble orange, originated in China, and in that country is held in high esteem, and much used as presents to the mandarins. Its flavor is rich and aromatic, and the rind is peculiar in that it separates



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GATHERING NAVELS.

Photo. by Graham &amp; Morrill.

spontaneously from the pulp. This variety is often spoken of as the "kid glove" orange.

But it has been California's distinction to bring to perfection the Navel orange, a variety of superior excellence, seedless and very sweet, and with a small protuberance at the upper end, from which it takes its name. It is the earliest in the market and is the prime favorite for size and flavor. Nearly thirty years ago the Department of Agriculture at Washington heard of a variety of seedless orange which grew in Bahia, Brazil, and through the U. S. consul there had about twenty young trees shipped to Washington. Of the number received only one lived, and this, the parent of all the navel trees on this continent, is alive and prospering today. A story is told of a Californian, seeing the sights of Washington, whose guide conducted him to where this celebrated tree stands. When told its history, the man from the Golden State reverently removed his hat and stood with head uncovered.



"You seem impressed," said his companion, in surprise.

"Why, man," he replied, "I ought to be impressed. I made fifty thousand dollars out of Washington Navels in California!"

A number of young trees propagated from this one at Washington were sent to growers in Florida and California. In Florida, for some reason, they have not done well; but in California they have increased so rapidly, and are in such demand, that other varieties of oranges are likely to be crowded out in the near future.

An orange orchard exerts a great fascination over the stranger from colder climes. The tree is an evergreen and blossoms early in February, and the orchard continues in flower until the last of March. The blossom is a pure white of the most exquisite texture, and its fragrance is so great as to be almost surfeiting. As a typical flower to wreath the head of a bride, nothing could be more delicately suggestive of beauty, purity and sweetness. But those who have seen it only in the bridal wreath, have but a poor idea of the real blossom. The fruit sets in March or April, and attains its maturity ten to twelve months later, when the tree blossoms again. Blossoms, green fruit in all stages, and gold-ripe fruit are visible on the one tree at the same time. The contrast of these with the dark green of the foliage forms a fairy-like picture, and those unaccustomed to such scenes are apt to think they are in an enchanted land. The orange clings to its stem with great tenacity, and it is not unusual to find fruit of a former year still on the tree when a second crop is attaining maturity.

Orange groves are not only picturesque but very profitable. In California, a good deal of exaggeration has been indulged in regarding the money in orange culture. Writers have told of profits of \$1,000 per acre made from orange orchards. This of course is absurd, although that amount may really have been made in some very exceptional cases. From \$200 to \$300 per acre is a good profit, and that is not infrequently made from well kept groves. But although a good grove will yield a greater return per acre, for less labor, than almost any other kind of orchard, there are occasionally bad years when the profits are small, because of short crops or low prices. That so large an area of land has been set to citrus fruits, and that such large amounts of capital are being invested is proof of the general profitableness. The exports to the East from Southern California during the season of 1897-98 are estimated at 12,000 carloads of oranges and 2,000 carloads of lemons, each car containing 334 boxes, and every box holding 75 pounds of fruit. Some idea may be obtained from this of the extent of the citrus industry on the Pacific slope. The orange is a hardy tree and will stand considerable ill-treatment. But to do well and get the best returns, the prime requirements are a rich mellow soil, well drained, a warm situation and plenty of water convenient for irrigation.

To the stranger, unfamiliar with the work, the process of turning one variety of orange tree into another is intensely interesting. This is called "budding," and requires a considerable amount of delicate and skilful labor. The navel orange has no seeds, and this variety is in

the greatest demand. How the first navel tree was brought into existence no one knows; it was probably a freak of nature. But now any amount of them may be turned out by "budding." This is accomplished by taking a young tree grown from a seed, and at a certain season of the year inserting a bud from a navel tree under its bark, about six inches above the ground. If the operation is successful, the seedling is turned into a navel tree. But if the grower so desires, he may turn that navel tree into a lemon tree, or a grape fruit tree, or back to a seedling again, by the same process. The writer has seen a tree bearing six distinct varieties of oranges. Budded trees are deemed profitable bearing five years from time of planting. Seedling trees, which are now seldom planted in California, begin bearing on a profitable scale at seven or eight years.

The orange tree has its enemies. The most annoying ones are the red and black scale. These are parasites and are most difficult foes to dislodge when they attack the leaves and fruit. Washing, spraying and fumigating are frequently resorted to, and even cutting the trees back has sometimes been necessary. But in recent years the State government of California has discovered that in Australia there exists an insect called the *Vedalia cardinalis*, whose great delight in life is to prey upon the orange scale. Now, through the State Horticultural Commission, growers are supplied with this useful insect, free of expense, with results that are usually satisfactory.

Experienced growers know the great market value of the external appearance and color of the fruit, and with this in view it is not an unusual thing to see blood orange trees scattered here and there among a grove of navels. The blood orange, in addition to having a crimson color inside, has a rind of a dark red hue, and a little of this shade introduced into the rind of the navel orange adds a considerable amount of richness to its appearance. The task of conveying the coloring substance from one tree to another is left to the bees. During the blossoming season, when the bee is busy, it flies from tree to tree, taking up a little honey each time it alights. In this way the pollen of one flower, sticking perhaps to the bee's feet or wings, is mixed with the pollen of another flower on a different tree, and the result is often wonderful. The fruit of the navel trees, which ordinarily is of a yellow golden color, acquires a shade of reddish gold.

The value of the orange is not confined to the fresh fruit alone. The wood of the tree is hard, heavy and close-grained, and is particularly suitable for some purposes of manufacture. The leaves are distilled in considerable quantities, and from them is produced an aromatic tonic containing useful medicinal properties. From the rind is made a valuable oil, and also a candied peel highly prized by cooks. The blossoms furnish an essence which is a delightful perfume. The favorite liqueur "Curaçoa" derives its delicate flavor from the rind of the bitter orange. From the juice of the fruit wine and brandy are manufactured, and last of all, there is orange marmalade made from juice, pulp and rind all commingled. It is a rather curious thing that the greatest amount of





L. A. Eng. Co.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS AND RIPE FRUIT.

Photo. by Maude.

marmalade is made in Scotland, where oranges could not possibly grow.

Under favorable circumstances the orange tree grows twenty-five to thirty feet high, and graceful in its proportions, the trunk being upright and the branches symmetrical. It is very long lived, and in Cordova, Spain, there are a number of monster trees known to be 700 years old. The average tree requires fifteen years to come into full bearing, but delay is compensated by its persistent prolific tendencies, for it bears abundantly from fifty to eighty years or more. An ordinary tree bears from 500 to 2,000 oranges in one season, the amount varying according to the nature of the soil and climate, and also the size of the fruit. It is said that 20,000 oranges have been borne by a single tree in the Azores, and half that number have been counted on individual trees in Louisiana and Florida.

See pp. 206, 207.

Los Angeles, Cal.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE HOLDUP.  
(See next page.)

Drawn by A. F. Harmer.



## A SOUL IN BRONZE.

A NOVEL OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS.

Author of "The Shield of the Fleur-de-lis," "A Modern Pagan," "Columbus and Beatriz," "Mariha Corey," etc.

### CHAPTER III.

DOROTHEA'S scream had followed the pistol shots. She had seen a man fall beside her, and then roll face downward from ledge to ledge, staining the rocks with blood. She held herself in place as the stage bounded along, grazing the angles of the jutting rocks, twisting and swaying about the dizzy spirals; and with bated breath she waited for the end, the death which must come in the likeness of that which she had witnessed. She had time for self pity at the thought of her youthful face and form so grievously torn and mangled.

The pace slackened; the coach stopped; Antonio descended from his seat, and with the reins in his hands looked in at the door.

"You must climb upon the seat and hold the horses," he said. "They are quiet now, but quivering with fear. They must not start until I have laid the dead man decently upon the seats here."

"The dead man—a robber?" queried Dorothea.

"No, the driver. He was shot before I could get the pistol."

"And you killed the robber?" she asked.

"Not unless the fall over the rocks killed him," he answered. "I shot him in the shoulder and his horse ran."

Dorothea buried her face in her hands. The horror of death struck a chill to her heart.

Antonio mistook her thought. "And now it is I you fear," he exclaimed. "An Indian! You dread them all as savages. Here, take the pistol. See, it is loaded. Now you are safe—are you not?—and will climb as I beg you upon the box. There may be others, accomplices. We must make haste. We have an express with money which must be delivered."

Begun in August number.

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Dorothea allowed him to take her arm and assist her to mount the box. She held the four trembling horses well in hand while Antonio with difficulty raised the blood-stained body in his arms, and descended, staggering under his burden, which he placed upon an improvised bier within the coach. She did not blench nor turn away her eyes from the sight, and when Antonio returned and took his place beside her she relinquished the reins and pistol together.

"Take it," she said. "I am not afraid." Then she fainted quietly away upon his shoulder.

Antonio's heart was filled with strange emotion at the soft pressure of her head upon his shoulder. He looked down upon her, wondering what it were best to do. She had taken off her veil, and her hat was pushed back upon the forehead where loose curling locks were set astray by the wind. The death-like pallor of her face gave it the pathos of helpless appeal. The various methods for her restoration which knowledge suggested, prudence rejected. It was with a pang of anguish that he realized that he could be to this beautiful girl an object of fear and aversion.

"Why must it be so?" he thought. "Am I not clean in soul, strong and pure in body; well taught in all the knowledge of the whites, and with a skin no darker than some of the foreigners whom I have seen at great gatherings in London or Paris with beautiful fair women listening with smiles to their talk, or pouring their tea? It is only in America that race prejudice is strong, and we, the true Americans, are the marks for every shaft of scorn. Yet my dear lady, Mrs. Leigh, was raised high above this by the loftiness of her mind, which people blamed as eccentricity, insanity even. Now she is gone and I am left alone—separated on the one hand from my people, and on the other from those whose equal I am in mind, but in nothing else. I must sink to the level of the one, or rise to that of the other. Which shall it be?"

He began to understand the cleverness with which Mrs. Leigh had planned his life in order to insure his avoidance of this consciousness which now dawned upon him with all the force of a sudden revelation. During his school and college life she had contrived to secure for him an entrée with the members of certain athletic organizations; for although these bodies are stiffly conservative and strictly unbribable, a clever woman of boundless wealth has means of influence of which those who yield to it are half unaware. In fact, she chose only such schools of learning as she found above the race-prejudice which characterizes certain ultra American institutions.

Buried for the most part among his books, Antonio asked no more of his fellows than a condescending admission to their sports, a condescension upon which he never presumed.



His vacations had all been spent in the rapid journeyings about the globe, with which Mrs. Leigh had planned to fill every vacant space of time; and in her society, and in that of her companions, he had fallen naturally into the place she had appointed for him, as guide and courier to the party, as private secretary and trusted friend to her alone. He had been absolutely dependent upon her for his motives in life; he had thought and studied only to give her pleasure; he had planned for no future beyond that of obedience to her will. Lacking her guidance and support he felt that he was an anomaly, a weak and futile thing. What place was there for him on earth?

Dorothea stirred and opened her eyes. Her vision was clouded; the blood sang in her ears; she remained leaning on Antonio's shoulder unconscious of this support, and in that moment when her bewildered look passively met his, Antonio's heart gave a bound and then stood still. She raised her head, pushed her hat squarely into place, leaned back upon the cushion and said in a quavering voice, "I am rather ashamed of myself. I have fainted, I believe."

"I believe so," replied Antonio.

Her eyes brightened with returning courage. This Indian was a simple soul with a good face, kind, mild and dignified. She was safe with him, and only the horror of the burden within the coach remained, and that she must try to forget.

"I have always lived in the city," she said, as much to herself as to the Indian. "I am not prepared for these startling adventures."

Antonio made no reply. He was struggling to crush within himself the very thought of the emotion which had set his pulses tingling. For a fleeting moment he had known what love might be. Now with a new and bitter pang of revelation he saw that he was inevitably cut off from all the best and tenderest joys of life. He had climbed too far above his lawful place, yet he could never reach and keep a higher level. Custom and prejudice would drag him down.

"How far is it to the town where we can stop, where the dead man can be laid?" asked Dorothea nervously.

"I have not been over this road for fifteen years," he answered, "but I think there is no nearer place than Hilton, a little town we pass through. It must be ten miles from here."

"Where have you been this fifteen years?" asked Dorothea for the sake of making conversation. Under the circumstances it was necessary to talk, even to an Indian.

"At school and college in the East," he replied, "and during vacations in Egypt, Palestine and India; later in France and England."

"Oh, you are a rich man then," said Dorothea.

"I have not a penny. The friend who did this for me is dead."

"I wondered if there were any rich Indians," she said. "I shall soon know all about them and their ways, I suppose, as the aunt whom I am going to visit is teacher of the Indian school at Casa Blanca."

"You will live at Casa Blanca?" asked Antonio.

"Yes, it is to be for the present my home."

"I am sorry for you," said Antonio gravely. "With your fear of the Indians you cannot be happy there."

Dorothea smiled as she looked up at him. "If they are all like you I shall not be afraid," she replied.

"But I thought you had a horror of me."

"Oh, no; how stupid of you! I can tell a good Indian from a bad Indian. That was a silly speech I made, and I little thought that after all I should have to ride miles and miles by your side with that terrible thing behind us in the coach. It is my punishment, I suppose."

Antonio made no reply.

"Where is your home?" asked Dorothea. To a gentleman she would not upon first acquaintance have put categorical questions, but a question is in most cases the only form of conversation that can be used with an inferior.

"My home, like yours, is to be at Casa Blanca. I belong on the reservation there."

"Oh," said Dorothea; and she made no attempt to continue the conversation, but spreading her parasol, leaned back in her seat and fell to observing the scenery.

The road, having climbed the steep grade, debouched upon a rolling mesa, or high table land, at whose further edge a line of jagged mountains cut the horizon. Part of the land had been reclaimed for cultivation, and a wide field of barley stubble lay beside the highway, defended from encroachment by the ubiquitous barbed wire fence.

"Look," said Antonio, "at the little birds upon the ground."

Dorothea followed his glance, and saw that where each fence-post cast a narrow shadow, a row of little birds sat one beside another in the limited shade.

"How comical they look," she said laughing, "ranged like scholars in a class."

"When all the birds are faint with the hot sun," quoted Antonio, "but here are no cooling trees where they can hide."

He spoke as he would have done to Mrs. Leigh, who, he was sure, would quickly have responded, "Nor does that parched barley stubble suggest the 'new mown mead;'" and her look would have met his with a smile.

Dorothea only stared. Perhaps she did not know her Keats; perhaps she thought Antonio forward in parade of his learning.

It was indeed very hot. The horses sweated at their task, and the continuous cloud of dust in which they moved stuck



to their flanks and backs, and turned their coats to rusty yellow. It powdered Dorothea's hair and eyelashes, while the unfriendly sun burned her cheeks and the tip of her nose. She was not happy nor comfortable, yet uttered no complaint.

Antonio's stoicism surpassed her own, for it was not until they had crossed the mesa, and stopped in the welcome shade of some cottonwood trees where there was a well, that Dorothea noticed, as he prepared to water the horses, that one of his arms was disabled and his coat-sleeve stained with blood.

"You are wounded!" she exclaimed in concern.

"Yes, the robber gave us two shots before I hit him. One finished poor Joe in there, the other went through the fleshy part of my arm. I had to shoot with my left hand. That is why I did not kill him. I am very glad it happened so."

"Oh! Oh!" said Dorothea, "how selfish and unthinking I have been! I noticed, too, that you drove with your left hand. Let me help you with the horses—but first roll up your sleeve and let me look at your arm."

"No, you would faint again at the sight of blood; that is why I said nothing. I thought perhaps I ought to bind it up, for the bleeding began to make me dizzy; but my clothes stuck to it and closed the wound. It is best to leave it so."

"What must you think of me?" she said. "I am brave when there is need. Let me wash the wound and bind it with a handkerchief."

Antonio shook his head. "We ought before long to come upon a man who can do it," he said. "It is strange that we have gone so far without meeting a wagon."

"I dread to meet people, for they would stop us and annoy us with morbid curiosity and questions," she replied.

"I should be glad to find some one who could ride inside with the dead," said Antonio. "I do not like to leave him at the mercy of these jolts. He rolls from side to side. It is pitiful to see a corpse so disordered."

"I will sit there if you wish," said Dorothea, growing pale.

"No, no, I only wish that I could find some other way for you to make the rest of the journey. Ah, there comes a wagon. We do not meet it, but it overtakes us."

A light wagon, drawn by two spirited chestnut horses, drew up, and the occupants, two young men, leaped out. "We heard there had been a hold-up, is it true?" cried one.

"Yes, by——, and here is poor Joe Williams dead," exclaimed the other, springing upon the step, and looking into the coach. Both raised their eyes at the same moment and caught sight of Dorothea on the box, and they mechanically removed their hats while they gazed in fixed surprise. Antonio drew them aside to spare Dorothea the annoyance she had

feared ; but after he had been minutely questioned and cross-questioned, Dorothea alighting came to his relief.

"Do not keep him talking any longer, if you please," she said. "He is badly wounded. Will you not dress his arm?"

"I was about to ask that favor," said Antonio, "though the wound is a trifle ; and also that one of you gentlemen will take the young lady in the carriage with you and drive on ahead. It is too hard for her to sit here in the hot sun, knowing all the time that the dead man is close behind her."

"Oh, I do not mind that," she said. "At first I felt a great terror, but now I have become used to it."

"But it will get on your nerves badly, so long a strain. The Indian is right," said the taller of the men. "Please seat yourself in my buggy. Nelson, go with the Indian, after you have looked at his arm."

"If you will drive," said Antonio to the young man who came forward, "I will sit inside with the corpse. I feel that I owe him that respect."

Thus it was arranged, and Dorothea, taking the advance in the light open buggy with spirited horses whose owner set them a spanking pace, drew a long breath of relief.

"It was terrible!" she said. "I am so glad to be free from it." Nature met her eyes with a smiling reflection of her happier mood. The open mesas were for a time at an end, and the road wound upward between large live oaks whose gnarled and twisted branches made arabesques of shade upon the ground. A tiny stream ran beside the road, keeping green the grasses and shrubs that bordered its course, while the quivering leaves of the cottonwoods danced overhead. A cool breeze blew, and a buzzard, balancing himself against it, soared aloft with wide-spread, unflapping wings.

"It was a most unfortunate tragedy, and I am sorry that you should have witnessed it," responded the young man. "Nelson and I were coming up the grade when we met a riderless horse, and further on we saw a man half way up the side of the cañon crawling from rock to rock. Then we met a boy who had been shooting rabbits on the mesa, and he told us that he had seen the stage go by with a dead man in it, so we whipped up and hurried after. But now let us talk of something else. Is this your first visit to California?"

"Yes, I have always lived in New York, and lately spent a year in Valparaiso."

"And you will fancy us a lot of blood-thirsty desperadoes ; but I assure you it is the most peaceable country in the world. Young ladies ride about everywhere alone, and nothing ever happens."

"After this I prefer that things do not happen," replied Dorothea. "I will welcome the monotony of Casa Blanca."



"You do not stop at Hilton, then? I am sorry for that, for I live there. I am a lawyer, Harry Burke, at your service. I have clients who live at Casa Blanca. Do you know the Wilsons there?"

"I know no one, I have never been there; but my uncle's widow, Señora Aguilar, is teacher of the Indian school."

"Oh, I know Mrs. Aguilar. We anglicize the title," answered Burke. "She is a particular friend of mine, and a charming woman in spite of her enthusiastic fondness for the Indians. I am sure you will be very happy with her, or, at least, that you will be very fond of her. I cannot promise that the life there will be altogether congenial to a young lady accustomed to gaities and a large circle of friends."

"I have never had many friends," said Dorothea, won to confidence by the good-humored glance of his honest brown eyes. "I have had rather a lonely life, until lately when I have been with my father at Valparaiso; and there we had society, or at least crowds of people to talk to, eat with and dance with; but of real friends none at all, I think."

She spoke a little sadly, and Burke answered kindly, "You will find plenty here, I hope. We are, as a rule, warm-hearted, well-meaning people, and I can answer for one or two who will stand the test as real friends. I have told you that your aunt has given me that place with her. Perhaps you will be kind enough later on to include me in your list."

"I am sure that gratitude should dispose me to friendliness," said Dorothea, smiling. "You rescued me from an uncomfortable position. My journey is so much pleasanter than it might have been."

"If I remember, it was the Indian, not I, who should have the credit for suggesting the change. I am afraid I should not have thought of it, though it gives me great pleasure to be of service. I was intent on the thought of the murder, and to be honest I did not consider your position at all."

Dorothea felt a secret chagrin. She would have preferred that he had accepted her thanks even if he did not altogether deserve them. A woman never appreciates the blundering honesty that fails of the chance for a compliment.

"At any rate I may thank you for the enjoyment I find in your easy carriage and fine horses," she said.

"I hope you will have many drives behind them," he replied. "I could drive blindfolded over every road between Hilton and Casa Blanca. You will often see me there."

Dorothea had removed her gloves, and now she pushed back the rebellious locks from her forehead. Burke noted the delicacy of the hands and the polished brilliancy of the rosy nails. It was the hand of an aristocrat, and confirmed the impression made by her voice, although the dust and sun had

done their worst in transforming Dorothea's outer person, even her face, into the semblance of a daughter of the people.

"I suppose I must look like a fright," she said in self-conscious deprecation.

"We give up caring about looks out here," he replied. "It is not safe in California to judge people by their clothes."

"But my clothes were very nice when I started," she answered naïvely, "please give me credit for that."

"I do," he said. "I give you credit for much more."

His tone expressed such sincere admiration that Dorothea, who had a moment before been wishing for a compliment, now withdrew within herself like a little frightened snail.

Arrived at Hilton, Burke conducted Dorothea to a seat upon the hotel porch, thickly shaded with vines, where he had a table set with lunch, and himself prepared to make tea.

"I know the capabilities of the place," he said. "Being a bachelor, I am condemned to take my meals here. They range from bad to indifferent. I have a private stock of tea and know how to brew it. By the time my horses have had their dinner, the stage will be here. We shall learn when the inquest is to be held, and I will drive you on to Casa Blanca."

Dorothea paled at the thought of an inquest, wondering whether she would be summoned as a witness; but she made no allusion to her anxieties. Burke watched her with pleasure as she sat opposite to him at table. His thirty-odd years had made him fastidious, and it seemed to him that he had always made conditional to his recognition of feminine perfection the possession of hands like Dorothea's and grace of movement such as hers.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WHILE Burke and Dorothea sat at the table, an open farm wagon, drawn by two shaggy horses, approached the inn. Its occupants were a woman in a sunbonnet and gingham gown, an old Indian who acted as driver, and a half dozen dark-skinned, smiling children who sat upon the straw behind.

"It is Mrs. Aguilar," said Burke, springing to his feet. "I will bring her to you," and he advanced hatless into the blazing sunshine.

"How do you do, Harry?" said the woman in the sunbonnet, giving him her hand as he aided her descent. "I came down today to meet the stage. I have not seen you since I got the letter, so you do not know the news. I am to have a guest, a niece of my husband, who is coming to live with me. I am just a little afraid to meet her, and yet I could not wait. Good old José and the children came with me—

"Dear Mrs. Aguilar, I must venture to interrupt you. Your



niece is here waiting for you on the porch. I had the pleasure of the first meeting, and now I will leave you together."

Dorothea appeared, holding out her hands.

"My dearest child, how did you manage to fall from the skies? I am so glad to see you, and so surprised!"

A kiss was exchanged in the depths of the sunbonnet.

"Come here Manuel and Martha, Anna and Samuel," said Mrs. Aguilar. "This is my niece, Miss Fairfax, come all the way from South America to see us. They drove the ten miles just to be the first to meet you, my dear. How well you look, and how pretty you are! You don't mind my saying that, do you? And you are just a little bit like your uncle; the curve of the mouth and chin is like him."

She held Dorothea's hand, and pressed it warmly and lingeringly. She was tall and slight, and stooped a little as if worn with the hardships of her lot; but she was full of tireless energy and cheer. Her voice was charming.

"Come, José, water the horses, and give them their barley and then we must go home. No time for stopping at the store today. Miss Dolly will sit between us. There is room."

"I am afraid I must wait for Mr. Burke's permission to leave," said Dorothea. "The coach was held up, the driver killed, and there is to be an inquest."

Mrs. Aguilar was loud in exclamations of wonder and distress. Poor Joe Williams! She knew him and his wife, who had a six months' old baby. How sad, how tragic, how trying for Dolly! She would stay with her of course, and José could stable the horses under the cottonwood tree by the brook. They could drive home by moonlight if necessary.

Burke returned when the stage drove up crowded closely by curious outrunners who swarmed about it on foot and on horseback, attracted from all quarters by news of the freight it bore.

The corpse of the murdered man was carried on an improvised litter to an undertaker's shop near by. The coroner was summoned by telegraph.

"It may be twenty-four hours before he arrives," said Burke. "You can come down again if necessary, Miss Fairfax. Meantime I hope you will allow me to take you the rest of the way. I am going to Casa Blanca this evening. I have business with a client there, and tomorrow my horses will be again at your disposal."

"Oh, Harry," cried Mrs. Aguilar before Dorothea could reply, "It is not true that you are going to bring that suit against the Indians?"

"I am afraid it is, Mrs. Aguilar, but do not think too hardly of me. I must do my client's work."

"The devil's work!" she answered energetically. "I did not believe it of you. No, Dolly need not use your carriage.



We have room to spare. I came ten miles for the sake of her company. You do not mind sitting a little close, dear?"

"Not at all," replied Dorothea, looking somewhat doubtfully at old Josè who stood waiting orders.

"We will go home, José, home at once."

Burke was chagrined that Mrs. Aguilar persistently avoided his look, and that under the impulse of her authority Dorothea was led away without the opportunity for a farewell.

She bowed and looked after him a little ruefully when he passed them on the road, his horses spinning onwards, while the heavy wagon creaked and lumbered up the long ascent.

Antonio was left to trudge the ten miles to his destination, but he was not alone. A group of Indian youths found more interest in attaching themselves to his company than in hanging upon the outskirts of the crowd, or peering through the darkened windows of the undertaker's shop.

Two or three rode bronco ponies. The others, like Antonio, went on foot, and the sociability of the riders kept the pedestrians buried in a cloud of dust, and often in danger of being trodden under foot. Good humor prevailed; and a trifling discomfort seemed only to furnish cause for merriment. Their welcome of Antonio was tinged with a shade of awe. They knew he had been to college, wore fine clothes, and was reputed to possess fabulous wealth. At the same time he was one of them, a member of the tribe, speaking their language, and associated with their earliest recollections.

"Do you remember, Antonio, how we climbed the cliff and stole the eagle's eggs?" asked a good-looking young man shyly.

"Why, Felipe, is it you?" responded Antonio. "I should never have known you for the round-faced boy of eight who was my rival in every sport."

"And I remember," said another, "the day that Antonio left us, how we peeped from behind the house and watched the carriage and the lady in it, and Antonio beside her, ready to cry, but braving it out and full of his importance."

"And you wished it was you," said Felipe.

"No, not then, but later when we heard how rich he was. It must be a fine thing to be rich."

All echoed this sentiment, with wistful glances at their mate.

Antonio longed for solitude. He was unused to sociability, and the demands of curiosity wearied him. Half way to the rancheria he found an opportunity to free himself.

Two broncos came clattering down the stony grade, one ridden by an aged Indian woman, the other by a younger one carrying in front of her a two-year-old child. At the sight of the procession advancing upwards, both nodded greetings.

"Who are they?" asked Antonio, with a vague stir of recollection.



"Ha, ha," laughed Felipe. "You have become a stranger indeed! That is Angela and Marta, your grandmother and sister. This is Antonio Lachusa," he called out, completing the introduction, and his companions smiled broadly, realizing the humor of the situation. Marta did not smile.

"I will leave you," said Antonio. "I will stay with them for awhile;" and after some debate of the matter, his escort reluctantly departed, cheered by the consciousness of the unusual news which they carried with them to Casa Blanca.

Angela was deaf and did not realize that the stranger was of interest to her, so she urged her horse onward at its slow shambling gait; but Marta paused, held out her hand, and looked shyly at her brother.

"You are welcome," she said.

"And you to me. Whose is the child?"

"Mine," said Marta.

"And who is your husband?"

"I have none," she replied.

At sight of Antonio's face, she bent her head and wept. "Oh, brother, brother, why did you come back?"

"I came back to my home," he replied, "but I find it dishonored. I feel now that I have no home."

"It was not my fault, brother," she sobbed.

Antonio ground his teeth. "And the man?" he gasped.

"If I tell you, you will wish to kill him, I know it by your face."

"Yes, I would like to kill him," he answered.

"Promise me you will be patient."

"I will be patient," said Antonio. "An Indian is not allowed to avenge his honor. What is left him but patience?"

"He is the postmaster, and store-keeper," she said, "a rich man, and a white man. He sells liquor to the Indians. One day he gave me a glass of cider with a drug in it."

Antonio staggered and pressed his hand to his forehead.

"I must follow grandmother," said Marta, regarding him with a mournful look. "We are going to visit Manuel's wife at Leona. She has a fever and wishes grandmother to nurse her, and I will work for her till she is well. It is a change. We have been hungry at the rancheria. Now you have come, brother, we shall all be rich."

He made no reply, and Marta after lingering awhile in silence shook her bridle and moved on with drooping head.

Antonio stood in the middle of the road where she had left him. The afternoon sun beat fiercely upon the dusty highway. Behind lay the world of wide thought, high endeavor, eager ambitions; before him, the rancheria, narrow, barren, poverty-blighted; but he had no choice, he must go onward.



We have had mighty good war news all along ; but the best war news yet is that the war is over.

The stage new woman stumps abroad to redress the wrongs of others, while her own children sit ragged and unkempt at home. There are better rôles for a nation.

The army and navy of course did their humble part as instruments, but we have official assurance that God gave us the war. The Spaniards were praying, too ; but it is notorious that the Creator of the Universe understands no language but English.

We all know good young women who have married drunkards to reform them. We all know how they come out. If the nation takes the semi-barbarous millions of the Philippines to reform, it will show as great prudence and get the like results.

AGAINST  
ODDS. The chief beauty of the climate of the East is that a person may survive it for years. Such Easterners as have not been sunstruck up to this writing stand an excellent chance to escape till another season. Still, they may take pneumonia this winter.

GONE  
OVER THE DIVIDE. A good and typical Westerner went down in our first Cuban engagement—Capt. "Buckey" O'Neill, of Prescott, Arizona. A quiet, scholarly, polished gentleman, who looked more like an Eastern doctor than like an Arizona Rough Rider ; a man noted for extraordinary courage even in a country of brave men, an honest official and a good citizen—that is the "Buckey" O'Neill the Lion knew and mourns. He was the Western "all-round man"—editor, writer, sheriff, judge, mayor, scout, miner, scholar. Also a hero.

A MAN  
AND A PLACE. The man who can write history and make history so strenuously well as Theodore Roosevelt does both is a rare good blend. There is nothing atrophied about our Teddy. Hedid, at the outset of the war, a thing which in anyone else would have been theatrical ; but he knew and believed in the cowboy ; and Roosevelt and his Rough Riders have covered themselves with genuine honor. Indeed, the finest fighting of the war was theirs.

As to the literature of the war, there has been thus far nothing else so manful and so American as Roosevelt's sharp letter to our incompetent Secretary of War. It was not at all discipline, but it was all the finer for that. Roosevelt was not writing for himself. He knows what discipline is. When the other commanders (all brave men, too) didn't quite care to do it, Roosevelt assumed the personal risk of telling his "superiors" the truth for the sake of 20,000 American soldiers. Nothing less than a Roosevelt earthquake would stir the stolid dolt whom an inscrutable fate has left at the head of our War Department.

Alger was never anything but a dull, lucky man. He never would have been in the cabinet but for political debts. He would not have been Secretary of War if anyone had dreamed of war as possible. His shameful record with reference to the San Pedro Harbor matter is public



property. His war record in the rebellion was not exactly a proud one. And now by his usual incompetency he has so jeopardized the lives of our army in Cuba that an officer who is infinitely his superior in mind, in integrity, in reputation, has to be "insubordinate" to avert a terrible calamity.

Politicians are already trying to use this against Mr. Roosevelt to nip any ambitions he may have. It will not work. When Americans have to choose between the misfit Secretary of War and the hero of the Rough Riders, it will not take them long.

The Lion has a deep admiration for real missionaries. It doesn't take a tenth part as much courage to be a brave soldier as to be a true missionary. But he has little use for the impertinent parasites who take a missionary job because they cannot earn \$40 per month so easily anywhere else—and he has personally known many hundreds of this class on our own and other frontiers. And the cool impudence of some of the societies which send these philistines out to convert poor people from one christian church to another is beyond belief; as their brutality in parceling out the spoils of war is past tolerance. Certain ignorant Eastern church bodies are just now dividing the swag of the Philippines—blissfully unconscious that six million of the eight million Filipinos are already members of a christian church, And everyone who knows these weak-tea crusaders knows that their missionarying will be applied not to the two million pagans but to the six million christians.

HEROES  
AND  
HIRELINGS.

Just as these pages go to press the sad news comes that John Comfort Fillmore died suddenly during his vacation trip East. Here is a serious loss to scholarship and science in the United States. Prof. Fillmore was the foremost living authority on the folk-music of the American Indian. He had done more original work on this important line, and was better qualified for that work, than any other person living. By the time another, as well fitted by nature, can master the technical part of this specialty, much that might now be gathered, and would have been gathered, had this man been spared a very few years—will have been lost beyond recall. His death makes an irreparable gap in the scientific study of our aborigines.

THE  
VACANT  
CHAIR.

To the LAND OF SUNSHINE there is double loss. Prof. Fillmore was one of its official family, a member of its staff, a valued contributor and personal friend. Ever since he came from Milwaukee to fill a chair in Pomona College he has identified himself with this magazine. Some of the last work he was destined to do was for these pages. A genuine student, competent and whole-hearted in his work and risen to its head, a man personally beloved by all who knew him, he will be widely mourned as one of the few whose place cannot be filled. God rest him!

To the United States at large it was a proper joke to have a stupid millionaire for Secretary of War, so long as all he did was to rob California. But when there came war, and this same incompetent caused hundreds of American soldiers to lose their lives, and put thousands more in jeopardy, the humor of an Alger in the cabinet rather lost its edge. The lesson is that it never pays to put the wrong man in office.

NOT SO  
FUNNY  
NOW.

It is a beautiful thing to believe that our country can take care of any problem. But it isn't business. We haven't done well with the Indian problem, the Negro problem, the Chinese problem, the labor problem. Only a constitutional and irremediable dunce will maintain for a moment that our general politics are in good shape. Why hunt, then, for new troubles before we have proved ourselves able to take care of the white elephants we already have?

ENOUGH  
ALREADY.

THE  
RIGHT  
MAN.

Californians know Shafter. He squelched the California end of the Debs rebellion, when governor and militia generals turned coward. At Santiago he has been the same Shafter. Even better and even braver than his military conquest was his drumming the yellow journals out of camp. The only pity is that he did not hang the infamous Sylvester Scovel. And in general, the most valuable thing in the war was the muzzling and censoring of our indecent press. Why not continue the good work?

THE BEAM  
IN OUR  
OWN EYE.

Now that we have more or less set our neighbor's house in order, it may befit us to remember that we have some unwespt corners of our own. As Americans care enough for liberty and mercy to go to war against another nation for injustice to weaker races, Americans would, if equally aroused, stop our own equal brutalities. For they *are* equal—except that we always see our neighbor's sin bigger than our own.

For seventy years this republic permitted its citizens to buy and sell men, women and children like cattle at the block. We partly atoned for this disgrace—the greatest in history—by the bloodiest war ever fought by man. It was nominally (and in part truly) to free our slaves. It nominally freed them—but then we rested on our oars. Negroes in the United States are not free today—not half so free as they are in every Spanish-American country. There they sit down with you in first-class hotels, theatres, trains, anywhere. Here they do not. By law they can vote; in fact most of them cannot. We have in the United States about ten million negroes, as the result of our slave trade. Every man who does not need a guardian knows that the bulk of these negroes, who are in the South, have not the rights of freemen. Their franchise is a farce; they are barred and herded on trains, steamers and in hotels. And it is a rare month in which we do not roast one alive on a bonfire or riddle him with bullets. You and I personally do not do it; but citizens of our country do.

Ever since our forefathers colonized a slice of America, we have infamously entreated the Indians (the original owners of every foot of soil in the United States). Decent Americans who care to know a little but typical part of our record in this respect can read Helen Hunt's *A Century of Dishonor*. The damning facts in that remarkable arraignment of a nation *are* facts. No one has ever been able to controvert them.

Today we are maltreating the Indians as brutally as ever, under pretex of humanity. We are forcibly educating their children in the schools away from home; schools generally run by ward-heelers; schools which too often prostitute the girls and ruin the boys, and invariably break up the family ties. We still appoint to be Indian agents persons whom we would scarcely entrust with our ash-heaps. And the land in severalty matter is—as every one knows except the Eastern philanthropists who swallowed the glittering bait thrown out by sharpers—a deliberate plan to rob the Indians of their land. And out of about three million Indians, we have wiped out, in one way and another, all but 250,000.

We haven't done much for the Chinese—except to exclude, ostracise, blackmail and occasionally mob and murder them.

And in the face of all this—and more in kind—there are optimistic ninnies who believe we are just the right guardians to adopt a few more millions, from inferior races.

Nothing more pointed, nothing more just has been done in journalism this long time than the *Argonaut's* (Aug. 1) pillorying of the United States Senators who panted to recognize the Cuban Republic. It draws upon them the deadly official record of their own speeches a few months ago.





## THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

There is only one thing more worth-  
less than the average book of the day—  
and that is two average books.

A great many people—and those whose regret is most flattering—will miss the *Chap-Book* keenly. For it was, and is not. Its vogue among the knowing was the most sudden and perhaps the most cordial in recent periodical literature. And it was deserved. The quaint fortnightly was independent and self-respecting. It enlisted many of the most distinguished writers; and by and large did honorable service to literature. It was also remarkable as a new idea, in which it continued unsuperseeded. Flattered by its popularity, more than a hundred "similar" ventures were started (similar except in brains and taste); but the *Chap Book* was the only one which ever attained real standing, and almost the only one which outlasted the first year. Herbert S. Stone, the editor, has made its hundred issues good.

Regret at its demise is tempered by content with its *hic jacet*. It has been absorbed by the *Dial*, than which there could be no more honorable legatee. The *Dial* will still be edited by Francis F. Browne, who founded it and has brought it up to its present rank as the best purely literary journal in America.

A very handsome and worthy edition of the poems of Charlotte Perkins Stetson, *In This Our World*, has been issued by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; and it is pleasant to see these remarkable verses given the setting they deserve. Mrs. Stetson (who is of the *SUNSHINE* staff) is a class by herself. Her muse is less lyric or dramatic than polemic and brilliant. The human feeling in these poems far outweighs their sense of music—though there is no serious fault to be found with the metres. But Mrs. Stetson believes there are battles to be fought—as there are—and she is the very one to fight them. She finds a *casus belli* at every corner, and improves it. But her warfare is as unlike the usual maundering as the equally common dallying. Her mode is a curious combination of swift, direct hitting with uncommonly unmixed intellectuality. It is something like finding hard fists on a disembodied spirit. No one has to agree with her in everything; but no one with a mind can fail to admire the astonishing quality of her expression. No other person now known to be extant shows so razor-edged a sarcasm, nor has so straight a sight to the logic of the things she does see. An admirable portrait graces the volume. \$1.25

The English-speaking student of our Coast history will welcome Fray Zephyrin Englehardt's *The Franciscans in California*. It is very badly printed; but this is forgiven when we note that the work was done by unskilled Indian boys at the Holy Childhood Indian School, Harbor Springs, Mich. Father Englehardt's tribute to his order is well deserved, and should be in every California library. Incidentally he "takes a fall out of" the unreliable Bancroft. The book may be had from the above school.

LOVE'S

LABOR

It is a pity that an earnest woman should not know better than to write such a book as Frona Eunice Wait's *Yerma, the LOST. Dorado*. It is doubly a pity that such ill-advised stuff should find a publisher—particularly in California. It is saying little to say that this is the most absurd volume ever printed on the Coast.

Mrs. Wait has read not wisely but too much. She has remembered or noted hundreds of unrelated facts, and she has woven them, with little constructive skill, into an alleged story of San Francisco, something over 11,000 years ago. The aborigines in those days, according to Mrs. Wait, had forgotten more than we ever knew. They had houses, homeopathic remedies, cattle, gold, diamonds, silks, piped water, cigarettes, whipped cream, brandy, malleable glass, patent leather, Cuban matchetes, opera-glasses, universities, hospitals, Navajo blankets, African ivory, Chinese sandalwood, Lapland caribou, and a world of like trifles. They knew the Spanish language (having the gift of prophecy) and traded with all the quarters of the earth. They knew more about astronomy and other sciences than the world will ever know again; and believed all the theosophist rigmaroles which a few weak minds cherish to this day.

This might be amusing if it were readable; but the story is so lost in a chaff-pile of esoteric nonsense that only heroic resolution can thread it out. Doxey. San Francisco.

PLAYS

TO BE

*Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*, by Bernard Shaw, is a work which is bound to attract attention. Mr. Shaw is known, even in America, as the dramatic critic of the London *Saturday Review*; and as author of Richard Mansfield's play, "Arms and the Man." The three "Unpleasant" plays are contained in the first volume, with an excellent portrait; the four "Pleasant" ones in Vol. 2. Of Mr. Shaw's great cleverness there can be no doubt, nor of the excellent possibility of his dialogue. The plays are mostly dialogue, but it must be remembered that they were rather written to be read than to be acted. *Arms and the Man* is perhaps the most successful of the seven, from any point of view; it opens with plentiful and spirited action—which, alas, greatly "peters out" later on—and "Capt. Blountschli" is the most vital character in the two volumes. The most depressing play is *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. But all are highly readable. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago, 2 vols., \$2.50

WAR

AS IT

If one must have war stories just now, it is as well to pass over the potboilers of the uninformed and go back to the most wonderful story ever written of any war, Emil Zola's masterpiece, *Le Debacle*. Indeed, those who do not read war stories should read (or re-read) this tremendous revelation of the truth of war. A handsome new edition, under title of *The Downfall*, translated very well by E. P. Robins, has been issued by the Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

FOR

BOYS.

A fairly planned, fairly written story for boys is *The Rainbow of Gold*, by Joseph A. Altsheler. It recounts the adventures of some lads in the overland trip to California in 1849; and while the author is evidently a "closet" traveler, and knows neither the West nor its life except by easy reading, the story is considerably above the average in plausibility and in telling, and will be enjoyed by boys. The Continental Publishing Co., N. Y. \$1.00.

Nothing—not even the certainty of immediate detection—daunts the literary thief. He is foreordained to scorn—and a new fatuity of him blossoms every hour. John Northern Hilliard is the current example. In the Chicago *Times-Herald* of July 18 he has an article on words "Taken from the Enemy"—which article is stolen, body and breeches, from *The Awakening of a Nation*, Chap. XIV. The *Times-Herald* has since shut down on him.



## THE ANGLE OF REFLECTION.

BY MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

ANY man or woman who is willing to open all the doors and windows of his soul and let a strong wind from the north blow through it at the risk of losing such light rubbish as is not too heavily weighted down by prejudice, should read Tolstoi's "What is Art."

Very few who read it will agree with the author; but the exercise of defending oneself against the elements—for certainly the great Russian is one of the elements—is vigorous and blood-stirring, and even in the flush of victory one may have an uneasy consciousness that some of the snugly-fitting theories in which he had clothed his ignorance have given way at the seams, while the Slav's comfortable peasant blouse is intact.

That art is tainted by commercialism, and that commerce is not even tinted by art, even the wayfaring man knows. It would be strange if he did not, since the statement is placarded at every turn of the road. That he does not know what art is, and that (even though far from a fool) he does not much care, has always troubled those of us who insist upon something universal, something basically human in the highest art. When, therefore, we read that art is the transmission to others of feeling which the artist has experienced, and that to do this he must "stand on the level of the highest life-conception of his time;" must experience feeling and have the desire and capacity to transmit it, as well as a talent for some one of the forms of art, we are likely to congratulate the writer upon having thus happily stated our own favorite theory. But when he goes farther and declares that the highest life-conception of our time, in its practical application, "lies in the growth of brotherhood among all men—in their loving harmony with one another," and makes the advancement of this ethical principle the test of reality in art, we make haste to remember that it is Tolstoi after all and that someone has called him rather aptly "the locoed novelist."

Of course it would simplify matters greatly for some of us to be able to apply this test to any production masquerading in the form of art; to ask ourselves whether it arouses in us any feeling which tends toward the brotherhood of man; whether it causes us to do justice, or to love mercy, or even to walk humbly with our God. But distressing complications would arise concerning the artist. How is a man to transmit feeling for a living? For the artist must not only live, but in these days he must live well—as well as other people; which in his case means as well as the people who invite him to dinner because he has written a book which they have not read, or painted a picture which they do not understand. And to live thus well he must write more books and paint more pictures; he must study the public taste. Small wonder that with such a text-book he sometimes, if not all times, falls below "the level of the highest life-conception of his day." In art nothing fails like success.

True, the real thing succeeds, and we have the real thing among us today. But to dig it out of the mass of counterfeits is a weariness to the flesh. When we learn to discriminate between books and literature, between painting and pictures, between execution and music, between acting and the drama, we shall cease to talk of art as a profession.

Writing is a profession, and painting and acting and modeling and singing are all professions, but art in its highest and permanent sense is not a business but an influence.

And because of this, because influence is a subtle thing and easily ignored, large numbers of men and women who have a talent for some of the forms of art, for color, or sound or words, are quite serious in

thinking themselves, as the world is quite serious in calling them, artists. They may entertain, they may interest, they may amuse, but they do not influence. And failing to influence they do not survive. The world calls for countless and ever new entertainments, interests and pleasures, but the human soul yields to a few great forces.

In all our efforts, then, to leave the artist out of his art we must fail, since he is its essence. The distinction between real and counterfeit art begins where the artist leaves off. We want him in his art, but we want his spirit, not his personality; his emotion, and not his tricks of style. We do not want to be lost in admiration of the *way* in which he influences us; we want to be permeated by his influence. Indeed, the real artist has no methods, no mannerisms. He has only an earnest, throbbing desire to make others feel what he feels.

But if sincerity were all, then artists were as sands of the sea for numbers. To feel is not art. But to transmit feeling, to make it infectious, as Tolstoi says; to move another soul, and to move it onward — this is the highest art. It is not given to every earnest soul to inspire earnestness; but if it is not given to every man to convey what he has, neither is it given to any man to convey what he has not, and therefore all those who have learned only the form of art—(and some have learned it surpassingly well) descend into oblivion, and their works do follow them.


Allowing that art is not a profession and cannot be taught or explained, what is to become of the art critic? If the test of art is its universal apprehension, what are we to do with the men and women who have devoted their lives to telling us what not to like? If only they would devote their energies to guiding us out of the bog into which they have led us, back to the primary colors, the chromatic scale and the alphabet, that we might take a fresh start—but that is hoping too much. Evidently Count Tolstoi is leading us into a brambly thicket.

Perhaps when the world's gallery of great things, or things that make humanity great, is more crowded, we shall pause a shorter time before each masterpiece; less will be said of each individual worker. But fame is not what an artist has made men say of him, but what he has made them do. As yet the walls of the temple of this fame send back a somewhat hollow sound. There is yet room. If art to be art must "make for righteousness" there is abundant room. Of making many books there is no end, of making literature there is scarcely a beginning. But the literature will be made. The voice of the artist may sometimes be drowned by the noise of the artisan's hammer, but it will continue to speak to the hearts of men.

If Tolstoi is right and professionalism and criticism and imitation have exalted the spurious art of a class above the real art of the people, the artist himself has not been deceived thereby. He has been judged by the critics but he has worked for the people. And even critics are human and respond to the touch of nature. True, they have reviled him sometimes for choosing his models from the people rather than from themselves; for delving in the earth when he might be groping in the air—but when he has pierced their complexities and touched the man, they have generally responded manfully. No doubt it has been wearisome work for the artist sometimes, and in his hours of gloom he has wished, under his breath, that the people would read his books, and look at his pictures and listen to his music.

But they are busy. Perhaps they may have time when the prophet's paradise of Tolstoi and all the others who have garrisoned the "forts of folly" is realized and there are no more critics to support.





# THE LAND WE LOVE

AND HINTS OF WHY.



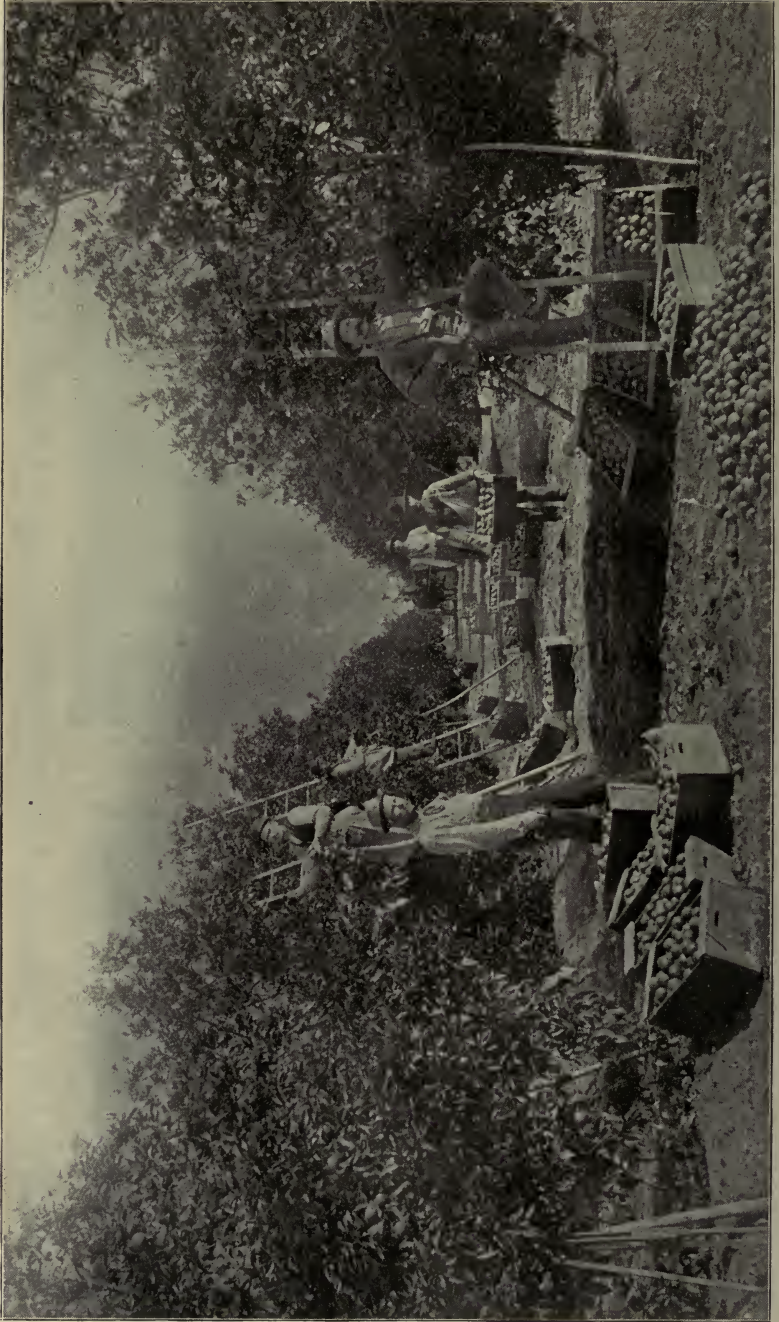
Mausard-Collier Eng Co

Photo. by Mrs A. F. Harmer.

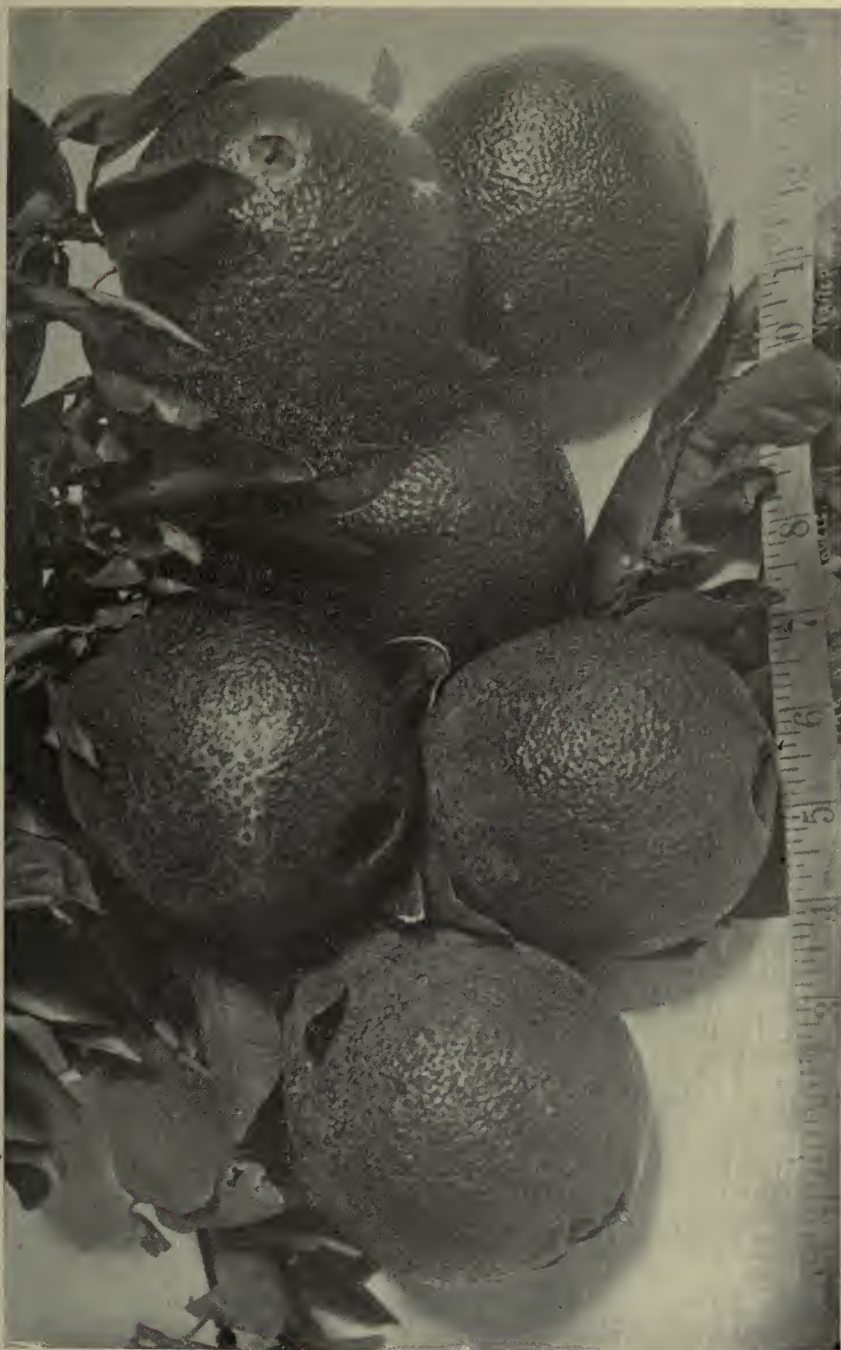
“THE HOMEWARD PLOWMAN.”



A JAPANESE TEA-GARDEN, SAN FRANCISCO.







L. A. Eng. Co.

WASHINGTON NAVELS.

Photo, by Maude.



THE THIRD MANILA EXPEDITION.

The Newport leaving San Francisco for Manila, with Maj.-Gen. Merritt on board.





Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE CITY OF PARA.  
Sailing for Manila with the Minnesota Volunteers.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE OHIO.  
Carrying Troops for Manila.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE NEWPORT.  
Carrying Gen. Merritt and the Astor Battery.





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THE FLAGSHIP INDIANA.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

POINT LOMA BY MOONLIGHT.  
(From the Coronado.)

Photo. by Fitch.

## EDUCATION IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY CHAS. CASSAT DAVIS, PRESIDENT LOS ANGELES BOARD OF EDUCATION.



OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE.

**S**OUTHERN California "has climate." Even the Easterners concede that. But they concede it airily, usually intimating that man cannot live by climate alone. No, nor by beans alone nor bread. But we have the climate, and we have also the beans and the bread in abundance. Those who have observed the colonial history of Southern California (for it was only discovered a couple of decades ago, and has been colonized) have seen a great stream of immigrants pouring in during the last few years. That stream contained some of the

best and most vigorous blood in New England, the new South, and the new Middle West, as well as contributions from the enterprising of other lands. Here Bostonians and Chicagoans touch corners with Denverites and Montrealeans, Charlestonians and Londoners; and all, casting aside their old affiliations, at once become loyal and enthusiastic Southern Californians. These strong, fresh spirits, filled with generous emulation, and broadened and fired by contact with their fellows from all quarters of the land, amid new scenes and vast possibilities, merge rapidly into a new community, buoyant, alert and progressive, which crowds the old, easy-going, contented, thriftless Spaniard off to the side, and makes Southern California today probably the most distinctively new-American community in our land.

New America, the product from the crucible after the fiery fusing in the successive struggles for individual and religious liberty, for political liberty, for national unity, and for human freedom, is essentially law abiding and intelligent. Los Angeles, with a smaller police force for its size than the majority of cities, has less than its quota of turbulence and crime, notwithstanding its foreign and unamericanized population.

Not only is this community law abiding, but it is intelligent. The census of 1890 gave many surprises. The comparison of California with the other States on the subject of education and illiteracy was one of these, to Eastern people at least, for California was a "frontier," "new." Take the following States as a group: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and measure California with them in this particular. The illiteracy of these States compared with that of California is as 6.2 per cent to 7.7 per cent of the whole popula-



CHAFFEE COLLEGE,  
ONTARIO.

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Eng.  
Co.



tion, which of course embraces our large Chinese element; if the white population is considered, the comparison is 5.9 per cent for the East to 4.5 per cent for California; if the native white be taken, the figures are 2.3 for the East, 1.7 for the West; if foreign white population be taken, they are 15.6 for the East, and 10.5 for California.

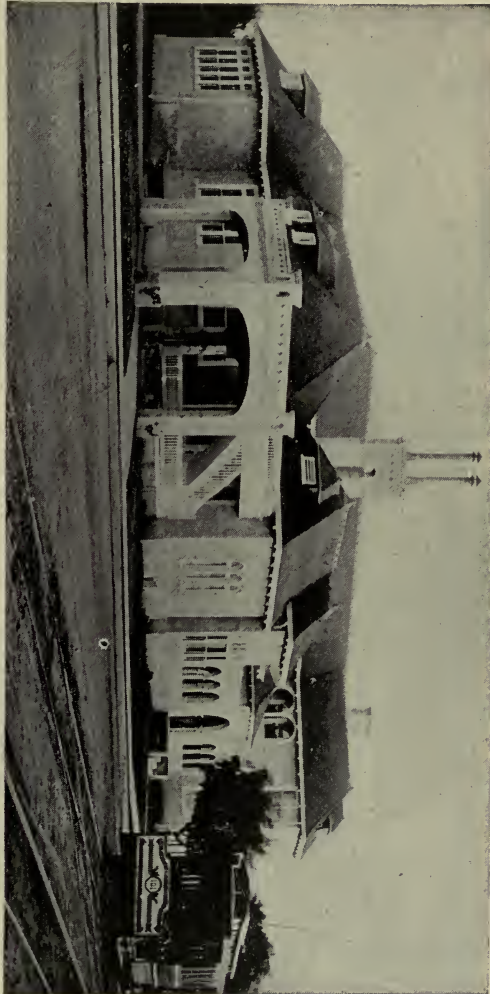
These figures were made eight years ago. During all that time Southern California has received many thousands of immigrants,\* which would still further accentuate the differences indicated by these figures. It would be unfair to this locality to fail to remind the reader that the census figures embraced Northern California as well as Southern; and that the northern end of the State has not been favored by such immigration at all as the south has had.

These figures are significant, as also are those indicating the habit of reading as shown by the use of the public libraries. The average number of books annually circulated per citizen in eleven cities of the Union, as ascertained in December, 1893, is as follows:

San Francisco	.47
Cincinnati,...	.85
Chicago.....	.90
Cleveland .....	.99
Baltimore .....	1.02
Newark .....	1.49
Detroit.....	1.53
Boston.....	1.61
Minneapolis	2.02
Jersey City...	2.11
Los Angeles..	5.30

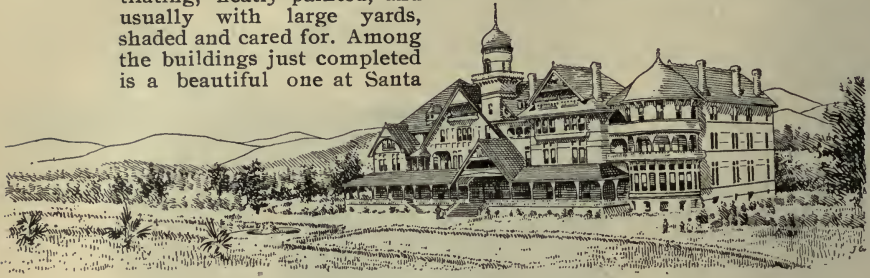
A people of this type would be expected to foster education. That expectation is not disappointed. The traveler in Southern California is impressed with the prominence of school-houses in the country and city — not small, cramped, uncared-for places, but roomy, well built, neat and often handsome structures, even in remote districts. In the towns and

A LOS ANGELES KINDERGARTEN.



\*Population, Los Angeles 1890, 50,395; 1898, Est. 110,000. School Census, 1890, 10,867; 1898, 24,766.

cities they are often architectural ornaments and rightly the pride of the localities. In Los Angeles the newer buildings are fine specimens of schools, modern in their appliances for heating, lighting, and ventilating, neatly painted, and usually with large yards, shaded and cared for. Among the buildings just completed is a beautiful one at Santa



LORDBURG COLLEGE, LORDSBURG, CAL.

Monica ; while Long Beach has a new high school in the Mission style of architecture, in which not only that city but this whole region rejoices.

Public spirit and intelligence go hand in hand. The people believe in education and cheerfully vote any needed tax for bettering the schools. In Los Angeles the charter limits taxation to one dollar per hundred, but permits twenty per cent of that dollar to go to the schools. Other localities do as well. Not only do the people insist upon the primary schools, but they will have high schools. Where a settlement is too small to bear the expense of a high school alone, it will unite with one or two adjoining settlements and put up a "union" school. That is done by the vote of the people who pay the taxes, for there is no line between the tax-payers and non-tax-payers in these elections.

The schools of Southern California rank fairly with those of the



American Eng Co.

HIGH SCHOOL. (LONG BEACH.)





Mausard-G. Ilier Eng. Co. ST. VINCENT COLLEGE, LOS ANGELES.

rest of the country, and so far as can be judged at Los Angeles they are above the average; the comparison is made by the Eastern people



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

NORMAL SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES.

Staples, Photo

spending the winter here, whose children, taken from the home schools, are placed in ours. As to the high school there can be no question. Berkeley and Stanford, in accrediting, place it, with one or two others, at the head of the list in the State, and not below any of the country.

At the foundation of the schools is the kindergarten, perhaps the most important branch of the entire system, as by it the mind of the child is first opened, and taught to see, and compare and think. Last year this department in Los Angeles prepared 2,376 children for the regular work. So valuable is this preparation and so cherished by parents and the body of teachers, that this year it has been further strengthened by the appointment of a special supervisor of recognized ability and highest standing.

Another department of great value and of growing popularity is that of manual training. Los Angeles has nine rooms given to this work, and the pupils of the several schools go in turn to the rooms for in-



C. M. Davis Eng Co.

LOS ANGELES HIGH SCHOOL.

Staples, Photo.

struction. The work is voluntary and the accommodations are insufficient. So attractive is this work, and so beneficial in its effects on the pupils under its exceptionally efficient head, that, during last year among 2,000 pupils, there was not a case needing corporal punishment, and only one needing reporting. And this notwithstanding the long marches to and from the Sloyd rooms.

Especial attention is bestowed on hygiene. There is daily calisthenic work for fifteen minutes; constant inspection is made of the plumbing and sanitary conditions; and there has been inaugurated a complete system for an annual examination of the eye-sight of all the children, by the best known oculists of the city. A similar system for a periodic inspection of all the schools to detect diseases, especially those of a contagious character, is being perfected under the guidance of leading physicians. In addition to these too often neglected matters, the city has adopted the plan, when freshening up the rooms of old buildings,



of tinting the walls and ceilings, instead of retaining the ugly and harmful glare of white; and in doing so, has introduced harmony of coloring by which the child's esthetic tastes may be aroused and cultivated, instead of being blunted while his eyes are blinded with the old discords in black and white.



A DEPARTMENT OF THE "GIRLS' COLLEGIATE SCHOOL," LOS ANGELES.

The State has located one of its Normal schools at Los Angeles, with a strong corps of teachers, and another has just been determined on for San Diego.

Southern California is fortunate in having, besides an excellent public school system, quite a number of private, denominational and technical schools of respectable standing. It would be difficult, for instance, to point out any in the country doing better practical work than Throop Polytechnic Institute at Pasadena, which last year had on its rolls 216 students. Its graduates are admitted without examination at Stanford and the State University, and full credit is allowed for its college work at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and elsewhere. In addition to the usual scientific studies, the pupils are trained in completely equipped shops in wood-work, iron and steel forging, pattern making, and machine drawing and construction. Girls have special courses in cook-



LOS ANGELES BUSINESS COLLEGE—GENERAL WORK ROOM.

ing, sewing, clay modeling and wood carving. The Institute is substantially endowed, has well appointed buildings, and a full corps of competent and enthusiastic teachers. The Los Angeles Academy, modeled after Phillips Andover and the Boston Latin School, with good buildings and large grounds, is new, but offers excellent preparatory training, with a military cast and drill. Its work is such that Stanford and other colleges receive its graduates unquestioned. The community also possesses girls' schools of fine standing, in charge of women of culture and intelligence. The Marlborough, St. Agatha's and the Girls' Collegiate School of Los Angeles, and Miss Orton's school at Pasadena, are all of this type.

To a number of small schools of various kinds must be added Business Colleges of good character at Los Angeles and elsewhere. Business education is so sought for that thorough courses in the several branches have been incorporated with the work of the Los Angeles high school; and a number of colleges in this vicinity have also felt it necessary to provide for it. The Classical School for Boys at Pasadena is another good type of the private school.

At Lordsburg the Dunkards have established a college, with a magnificent building, in which collegiate, scientific, and business courses are offered to students. A few miles beyond Lordsburg



is Pomona College, undenominational but established by the Christian church, with an increasing endowment, having this last year over 250 students, more than 100 of whom were in the college department. In addition to the college proper is a fine building used as dormitories for young women, and a new science hall, now being erected by a twenty-five thousand dollar gift for that purpose, in which provision has been made for complete chemical, physical and biological departments. A few miles past Pomona, at Ontario, is Chaffee College, a part of the University of Southern California, with a faculty of fifteen, giving academic edu-

cation of a high grade to both sexes. And just beyond the limits of Los Angeles, on the north, is now being completed a large, handsome building by the Occidental College, which has outgrown its old quarters. This college is one of the evidences of the public spirit of the Presbyterians here. The Catholics have, in addition to their usual





POMONA COLLEGE (CLAREMONT).

parochial schools at various points, boarding schools for girls at San Diego, Los Angeles and Ramona, and are about to open others at Pasadena and Pomona. At Los Angeles is St. Vincent's College, with full collegiate courses, enrolling as students over 150 young men.

The most important of our institutions, after the common schools, is the University of Southern California, with its main departments at Los Angeles. It embraces colleges of Liberal Arts, Theology, Medicine, Dentistry, and Music, and Schools of Oratory and Art, and a preparatory academy. The Medical School's nearest neighbor is at San Francisco. It is a strong school with a faculty of high standing, and has just been housed in a new home built and equipped for it. The college of Theology is the only distinctively ecclesiastical feature of the University, which is under the general control of the Methodists, though its faculties, other than that of the Theological School, embrace teachers of various creeds. The College of Music is of sufficient importance to occupy a separate building, and with the usual fittings has also a good sized pipe organ. The Scientific Departments are modern and quite complete, and contain as well as the laboratories for chemistry, physics,



UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.





SANTA PAULA HIGH SCHOOL.

biology, and bacteriology, a full equipment for courses in assaying. The University is striving honestly to merit its name, and considering its youth and the comparative newness of this region, it is succeeding. Its importance will be recognized when it is remembered that its faculties embrace over 50, including a number of names well known in educational circles, and its students number about 500.



AZUSA PUBLIC SCHOOL.





THROOP POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, PASADENA.

This review of the schools of Southern California, pointing out the new and costly edifices which have been erected lately, when this part of the country has been suffering from a series of bad years, shows the attitude of this people toward education ; and taken in connection with its admittedly law abiding character, and its small and lessening propor-



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

WILSON SCHOOL, PASADENA.

Graham, Photo.

tion of illiteracy today, gives ground for the claim that Southern California will, in course of time, come to be, if not the center of learning in America, at least its most highly educated and cultured community.



Midwinter Diversion in Los Angeles  
A Turnout from one of Southern California's Private Boarding Schools—Los Angeles Military Academy.

G. M. ...



## The Development of Intelligent Manliness.

**T**HE great use of education is to prepare us for "the pursuit of happiness," which is the best aim of life, and which becomes a higher and higher aim as education raises its standard. The most complete and lasting happiness of which we are capable comes from a sense of duty done. To achieve this is the noblest human aspiration, as it is the crowning glory of education. The training of the cadet at West Point is only incidentally the technical training of the soldier; it is, above this and above all, the forming of the character, the implanting of a high standard of duty and the inciting of an ambition for its unremitting performance. It develops an intelligent manliness, which pursues the happiness of always doing one's best.—*Major G. E. Waring, Jr., in August Outlook.*

## Los Angeles Academy—Military

A Classical and English Boarding and Day School—Reopens Sept. 14

\*\*\* It is an ideal place for the training of boys into that best product of modern civilization—an American gentleman—and the boys themselves are the best example of the good effect of the healthy outdoor life and military discipline—*L. A. Times, Dec. 17, 1897.*



LOS ANGELES ACADEMY.

MAIN SCHOOL BUILDING. SURROUNDED BY A CAMPUS OF FIFTEEN ACRES.

Beautifully located near the foothills west of Westlake Park, at terminus Westlake Branch of Traction line—White cars.

### Some of Our Patrons.

Hon. G. Andrade, Consul from Mexico.  
Major S. N. Androus, State Senator, Pomona.  
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W. A. Combs, A. T., & S. F. R. K., Chicago.  
J. A. Craig, with Craig, Stuart & Co., City.

Frank A. Gibson, Cashier First Nat'l Bank, City.  
W. S. Hook, Manager L. A. Traction Co., City.  
Seth A. Keency, Capitalist, Denver, Colo.  
E. M. Sanford, Attorney at Law, Prescott, Ariz.  
John Singleton, Yellow Aster Mines, Randsburg.  
R. A. Stuart, with Craig, Stuart & Co., City.  
I. N. Witherspoon, Grocer, Riverside, Cal.

Boys as young as eight years are received. We are desirous of taking boys early—before lazy or inaccurate ways of thinking and doing are developed. Eastern parents whose sons cannot stand the severe winters of the East, find the location of Los Angeles Academy especially suitable—in fact, an ideal home for their boys. Our illustrated catalogue tells what the school has done, what it is doing, and what it hopes to do. Mailed free upon application. Address postal to

GRENVILLE C. EMERY, A. M., Principal,  
Master in Boston Latin School for fourteen years.  
(See cut of cadets, preceding page.)

**WALTER R. WHEAT, MANAGER**  
P. O. Box 193, Los Angeles

## TENNIS AT SANTA MONICA.

BY HARRY B. LUMMIS.

**E**NGLAND spends £25,000,000 a year on outdoor sports; well spent, says Mr. Price Collier, as it comes back not only in bone and sinew, but in the soul qualities of steadiness, endurance, loyalty, truthfulness, resourcefulness and gentleness, that make the Anglo-Saxon the arbiter of the world's destinies.

And in tennis, "that king of games and game of kings" perhaps as much as in any other form of sport, the training of eye and hand and heart is perfected.

The annual tournament given by the Lawn Tennis Association of Southern California is the event of the year at this game on the Coast; and the meet just closed marks an era of unprecedented success in every phase, athletic, financial and social.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. ROWAN & OVERTON VS. OSBORN & PEDLEY.  
Rowan "smashes."

At the 1898 tournament during the week ending, Aug. 20, there was nearly twice as large an entry list as in any former year; there was more than twice as great an attendance and the enthusiasm mounted daily.

Play started out Monday morning at 10 o'clock, in All-comers Singles before a good audience, which kept increasing all the week; and which, from its enthusiasm and its appreciation of the niceties of the play, must have been composed for the most part of ex-champions at least. Thanks to a perfect management which never let the court lie idle a moment the interest never flagged but steadily increased, and culminated Saturday when the finals of the Mixed Doubles and the Consolations; and the Championships of the Ladies' Singles and the All-comers' Doubles were fought out.

This last match was the most exciting tennis of the meet and the fastest, and came very close to deposing the established kings, who barely rubbed out winners.

The average of all the play was much faster than ever before, and men dropped out in the first round who would have been sure of the semi-finals at least a few years ago.

Still in spite of the infusion of new blood and the hot pace none of



the championships changed hands; and only in the All-Comers' Doubles were the old laurels seriously threatened.

Lewis Freeman, in spite of his winter's rustication in the mountains, had little trouble in winning for the third time the massive silver trophy that represents the All-comers' Championship, gaining it to have and to hold for himself and his heirs forever.

But in the Doubles with his wiry-partner, O. S. Picher, champion of Stanford, he came very near losing to that new team, Bell & Braley. In their five-set match the winners were harder to pick than thorn apples until the very last point was played. The challengers can win that honor next year if they choose, and if they keep improving on their present form as they have started, for a few short weeks ago they were not a team at all.

The play of little Miss Violet Sutton, a new-comer on the courts, must have given the lady champion a bad quarter hour before their match. But the game proved comparatively easy, Miss Marion Jones saving her title by her clean Law-fords and her superior steadiness, while a sympathetic grandstand threw discretion to the winds and white gloves pattered madly.

According to the form shown last week it is obvious that Freeman stands in a class by himself. He plays the fierce Campbell net game, and is invincible at it. The other players might be grouped into a closely graded second-class that includes Bell, Picher, Braley, R. A. Rowan, Bumiller, and perhaps Daggett. Hendricks, B. Rowan, Overton, Welcome, Way, Sinsabaugh, and M. Manning make a third less distinct class, while the others, "also ran."

As a social event the meet was also notable. The company that overflowed the grandstand was the elite of the city. Refreshments were served every afternoon at the courts, and Mrs. Jones entertained the tennis folks at a delightful party at Miramar.

The week closed with a ball at the Arcadia Hotel, where the war of the week was forgotten for joys less stern.

A complete score of all the events is appended.

ALL-COMERS SINGLES.

1st ROUND.	2d ROUND.	3d ROUND.	SEMI-FINALS.	FINALS.
Overton beat Jones default	Hendricks bt Overton 6-4, 4-6, 6-1			
Hendricks beat Buck 6-0, 6-0				
Bell beat Chapman 6-3, 7-5	Bell beat Rowan 5-7, 6-1, 6-3	Bell beat Hendricks 6-2, 6-3		
R Rowan bt McGilvray default			Bell bt Braley 8-6, 6-1	
B Rowan bt W Manning 6-4, 6-4				
Cosby beat Britton default	B Rowan beat Cosby 6-2, 12-10	Braley beat B Rowan 6-1, 6-3		
P Rowan bt Waring 1-6, 9-7, 6-3	Braley beat P Rowan 6-4, 6-2			Picher bt Bell 7-5, 5-7, 3-6 6-3, 6-2
Braley bt Daggett 7-9, 6-3, 6-1				
Lillingston bt Pedley 6-8, 7-5, 6-2				
Bum'lr bt M Manning 6-4, 7-5	Bum'lr bt Lillingston 6-2, 6-2			
Osborn beat Sutton 6-1, 6-3	Osborn beat Acker 6-2, 4-6, 6-4	Bumiller beat Osborn 7-5, 6-4	Picher bt Bumiller 6-0, 6-3	
Acker beat Fowler 6-0, 6-0				
Haskins bt Wilson 6-4, 6-1				
Way beat South 6-3, 4-6, 6-1	Way beat Haskins 6-1, 6-1	Picher beat Way 6-4, 6-1		
Picher bt Sinsabaugh 6-2, 6-1	Picher beat Welcome 6-0, 6-1			
Welcome bt Wallace 6-1, 6-2				



FREEMAN'S NET-PLAY

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## CONSOLATION SINGLES.

1ST ROUND.	2D ROUND.	3D ROUND.	SEMI-FINALS	FINALS.
Lillingston a bye	Lillingston bt South			
South a bye	6-1, 11-9			
Daggett abye	Daggett beat Wallace	Daggett bt Lillingston		
	6-1, 6-1	6-3, 6-4		
Wallace bt Welcome			Dag't bt Sins'b'gh	
default			3-6, 6-1, 6-4	
Haskins bt Fowler				
6-1, 6-1				
Sinsabaugh bt Wilson	Sinsab'gh/bt Haskins	Sinsabaugh bt Way		
default	6-2, 6-3	6-1, 9-7		
Osborn beat Sutton	Way bt Osborn			Dag't bt H'nd'ks
6-2, 6-0	6-1, 7-5			6-2
Way beat Cosby				2-6
6-3, 6-2				7-5
Hendr'ks bt Chapman				
8-6, 6-1				
Pedley bt P Rowan	Hendricks bt Pedley			
6-0, 7-5	6-3, 6-2			
B Rowan bt Acker	B Rowan bt R Rowan	Hendr'ks bt B Rowan		
6-4, 6-2	6-8, 6-4, 9-7	5-7, 6-2, 7-5		
R Row'n bt W M'ning				
6-4, 6-4				
	Buck bt Waring	Overton bt Buck		
	default	8-6, 6-2		
	Overton bt M Manning			
	8-6, 6-2			

## MIXED DOUBLES.

1ST ROUND.	2D ROUND.	FINALS.
Freeman and Miss Sutton beat	Freeman and Miss Sutton beat	
Bumiller and Miss G. Jones	R A Rowan and Miss M Jones	
6-3, 6-4	7-5, 6-3	
R A Rowan and Miss M. Jones bt		Freeman and Miss Sutton beat
B Rowan and Miss Seymour		Bell and Miss Sterling
4-6, 6-3, 6-1		6-8, 6-1, 6-1
Bell and Miss Sterling beat	Bell and Miss Sterling beat	
Hendricks and Mrs. Hendricks	Daggett and Mrs. Seymour	
6-2, 6-2	8-6, 6-1	
Daggett and Mrs. Seymour bye		

## ALL-COMERS DOUBLES.

1ST ROUND.	2D ROUND.	SEMI-FINALS.	FINALS.
Acker & Lillingston bye	Way and Rowan beat		
Way & R A Rowan bye	Acker and Lillingston		
	6-3, 6-2		
Overton and B Rowan bt	Bumiller and Welcome bt	Bumiller and Welcome bt	
Osborn and Pedley	Overton and Rowan	Way and Rowan	
6-2, 6-2	7-5, 6-4	6-2, 6-1	
Bumiller and Welcome bt			Bell and Braley beat
Manning Bros.			Bumiller and Welcome
6-3, 6-3			4-6, 6-4, 6-1, 3-6, 6-0
Chapman and Cosby bt	Bell and Braley beat	Bell and Braley beat	
South and Sutton	Chapman and Cosby	Hendricks and Sinsabaugh	
6-4, 6-4	6-4, 6-1	6-2, 6-2	
Bell and Braley bye			
Hendr'ks & Sins'b'gh bye	Hendr'ks & Sins'b'gh bt		
Waring and Butcher	Waring and Butcher		
bye	3-6, 9-7, 6-2		

## LADIES' SINGLES.

1ST ROUND.	SEMI-FINALS.	FINALS.
Miss Sutton beat Miss Seymour		
6-0, 6-1		
Miss Alice Jones bt Mrs Hend'ks	Miss Sutton bt Miss A. Jones	
6-2, 8-6	6-1, 6-2	
Mrs Seymour bt Mrs Ruthven	Miss G. Jones bt Mrs Seymour	Miss Sutton bt Miss G. Jones
default	6-4, 9-7	6-2, 6-2
Miss G. Jones beat Miss Sterling		
3-6, 8-6, 8-6		

## CHAMPIONSHIPS.

## ALL-COMERS' DOUBLES

Freeman and Picher beat Bell and Braley 6-1, 5-7, 1-6, 6-1, 6-1

## LADIES' SINGLES.

Miss Marion Jones beat Miss Sutton 6-1, 6-1

## ALL-COMERS SINGLES.

Freeman beat Picher 6-1, 3-6, 6-1, 6-1



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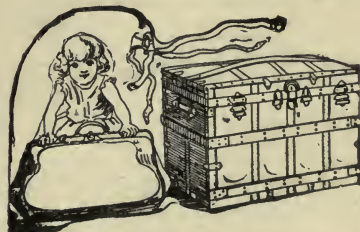
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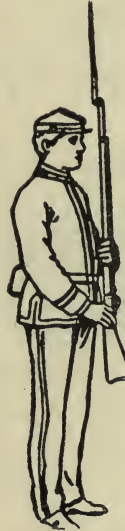
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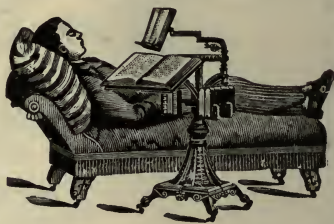
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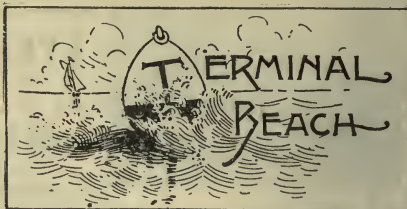
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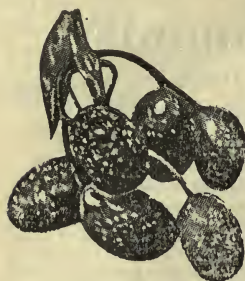
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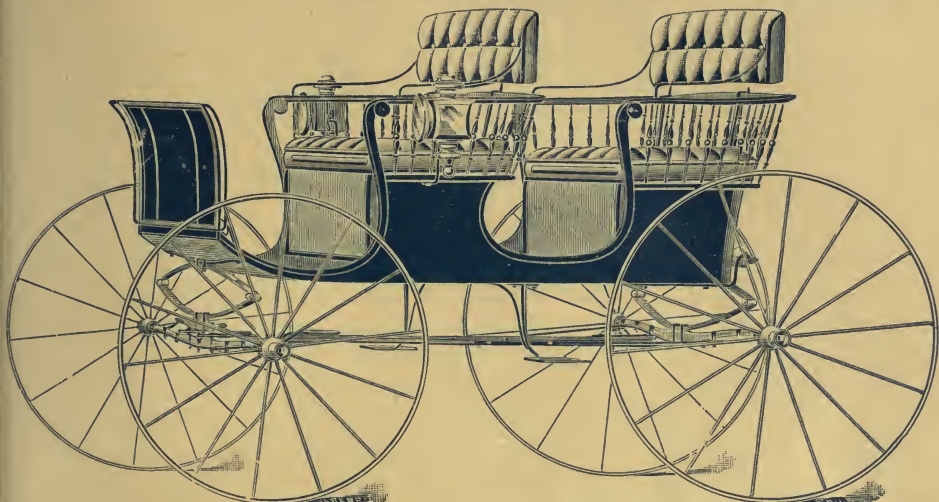
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OCTOBER, 1898

Vol. IX, No. 5

FICTION NUMBER

GREAT STORIES

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SUI SEEN FAR  
CONSTANCE GODDARD DuBOIS

"LOS PAISES DEL SOL DILATAN EL ALMA"



# SUNSHINE

THE MAGAZINE OF



## CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST

EDITED BY  
CHAS. F. LUMMIS

WITH A SYNDICATE  
OF WESTERN WRITERS

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## CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1898:

	PAGE
The Phantom Ship.....	Frontispiece
The Sing-Song Woman, a Chinese story, by Sui Seen Far.....	225
Snake Worship Among the Navajos, illustrated, by Dr. Washington Matthews...	228
The Foreigner, a story, by Grace Ellery Channing .....	235
A Soul in Bronze—a California novel, by Constance Goddard DuBois, illustrated by Alex. F. Harmer.....	241
In the Sierra Madre (poem), Julia Boynton Green.....	255

(SEE NEXT PAGE)

In the Lion's Den (by the Editor)..... 256  
 That Which is Written (reviews by the Editor)..... 258  
 The Angle of Reflection, editorial department, by Margaret Collier Graham..... 259  
 Baja California, illustrated..... 261  
 Santa Monica, illustrated.....

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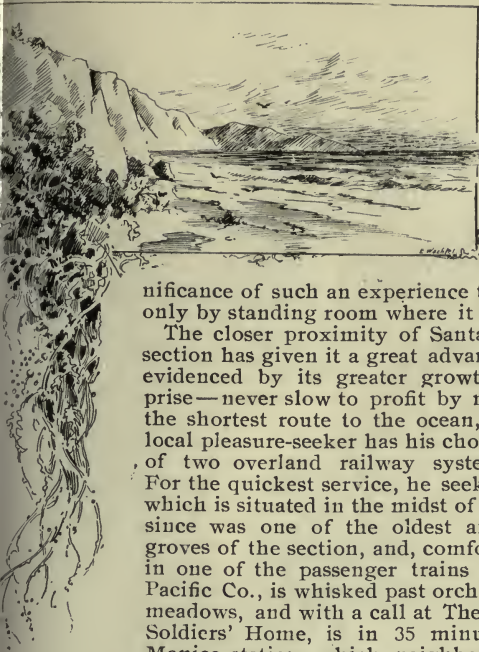
MIDWINTER SCENE IN FRONT OF THE ARCADIA, SANTA MONICA.

Jackson, Art.





' SANTA MONICA,  
'THE NEWPORT OF THE PACIFIC.'



WHEN the writer left December blizzards for a climate where nature justifies the effort for a permanent home, Southern California proved full of pleasant surprises.

The most novel of them all was a Christmas bath in the ocean at Santa Monica, followed by a luncheon which included freshly gathered strawberries. Could every Easterner well able to enjoy it but comprehend the full sig-

nificance of such an experience there would be a migration limited only by standing room where it is June all the year.

The closer proximity of Santa Monica to the metropolis of the section has given it a great advantage over other coast resorts, as is evidenced by its greater growth and popularity. Railway enterprise—never slow to profit by natural advantages—has also taken the shortest route to the ocean, with the result that the tourist or local pleasure-seeker has his choice, for 50c round trip, of branches of two overland railway systems and a modern electric line. For the quickest service, he seeks the Arcade depot at Los Angeles, which is situated in the midst of what a few years since was one of the oldest and finest orange groves of the section, and, comfortably ensconced in one of the passenger trains of the Southern Pacific Co., is whisked past orchards, gardens and meadows, and with a call at The Palms and the Soldiers' Home, is in 35 minutes at the Santa Monica station, which neighbors the charming grounds of the Hotel Arcadia. From this point the train, passing through a tunnel in the intervening bluff, emerges upon an immense



Los Angeles Eng. Co.

Photo. by Rile, Santa Monica.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC DEPOT GROUNDS, SANTA MONICA.



L. A. Eng. Co.

THE LONGEST WHARF IN THE WORLD, "PORT LOS ANGELES."

Photo. by Rile

pavilion known as the North Beach Bath House. This was built by the Jones estate, which has large holdings of Santa Monica country and town property. It rivaled at the time anything of the kind on the coast. Its cool verandas and its roof observatory and its warm salt water plunge, 50x150 feet in area, and varying from three to nine feet in depth, draw immense crowds of pleasure seekers. In front of the pavilion is an enjoyable beach and surf bathing. A feature, shared by no other Pacific Coast resort, is a 20-foot board walk which extends from the North Beach Bath House past the Arcadia Hotel and, like that of Atlantic City, for several miles along the surf.

Continuing westward from the pavilion the train reaches the area protected by Point Duma, where the Southern Pacific Company has constructed the longest wharf in the world. Its magnitude can be comprehended from the cost of its construction, which was about \$1,000,000. Passenger and freight trains traverse its entire 4620 feet. Eight hundred and sixteen feet of coal bunkers, 36 feet high by 30 feet wide, with a capacity of 8000 tons, occupy a portion of its business end, where, with an



additional 384 feet devoted to freight sheds, depot, café, etc., there still remains ample elbow room for derricks, steamer passengers and devotees of the rod and reel.

Those seeking Santa Monica who desire frequent service and scenic route take the observation cars of the Los Angeles-Pacific Railway, otherwise known as the Santa Monica electric line. It comprises 70 miles of railway, and not only connects Los Angeles with Santa Monica and the Soldiers' Home, but also, by a parallel line, opens up the fertile country along the foothills of the Caluenga mountains known as the "frostless belt" a section fast becoming famous both for its orange, lemon



Am Eng. Co. SECTION OF THE LONG WALK. Photo. by Engelbrecht

and fig crops and as a charming location for a suburban residence. This is one of the fastest suburban lines on the continent. At places it runs at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour, and its average is over twice that of Boston's suburban electric lines. Its cars leave the famous exhibit hall of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce every half hour. The route emerges from Los

Angeles upon a magnificent panorama of mountain ranges, orchards and villas and about three miles from Santa Monica and to the right of the route is the picturesque group of buildings of the National Home for Disabled Veteran Soldiers.

Though it may be winter, the warm sunshine and welcome breath of the ocean is everywhere as the car enters the suburbs of Santa Monica, affording glimpses down well graded streets with shaded flower-bordered sidewalks, and passes along the edge of the bluff overlooking the broad bay until it stops in front of what is always an objective point to every



Am. Eng. Co.

THE WARM SALT WATER PLUNGE.  
(North Beach Bath House.)

Jones, Photo.



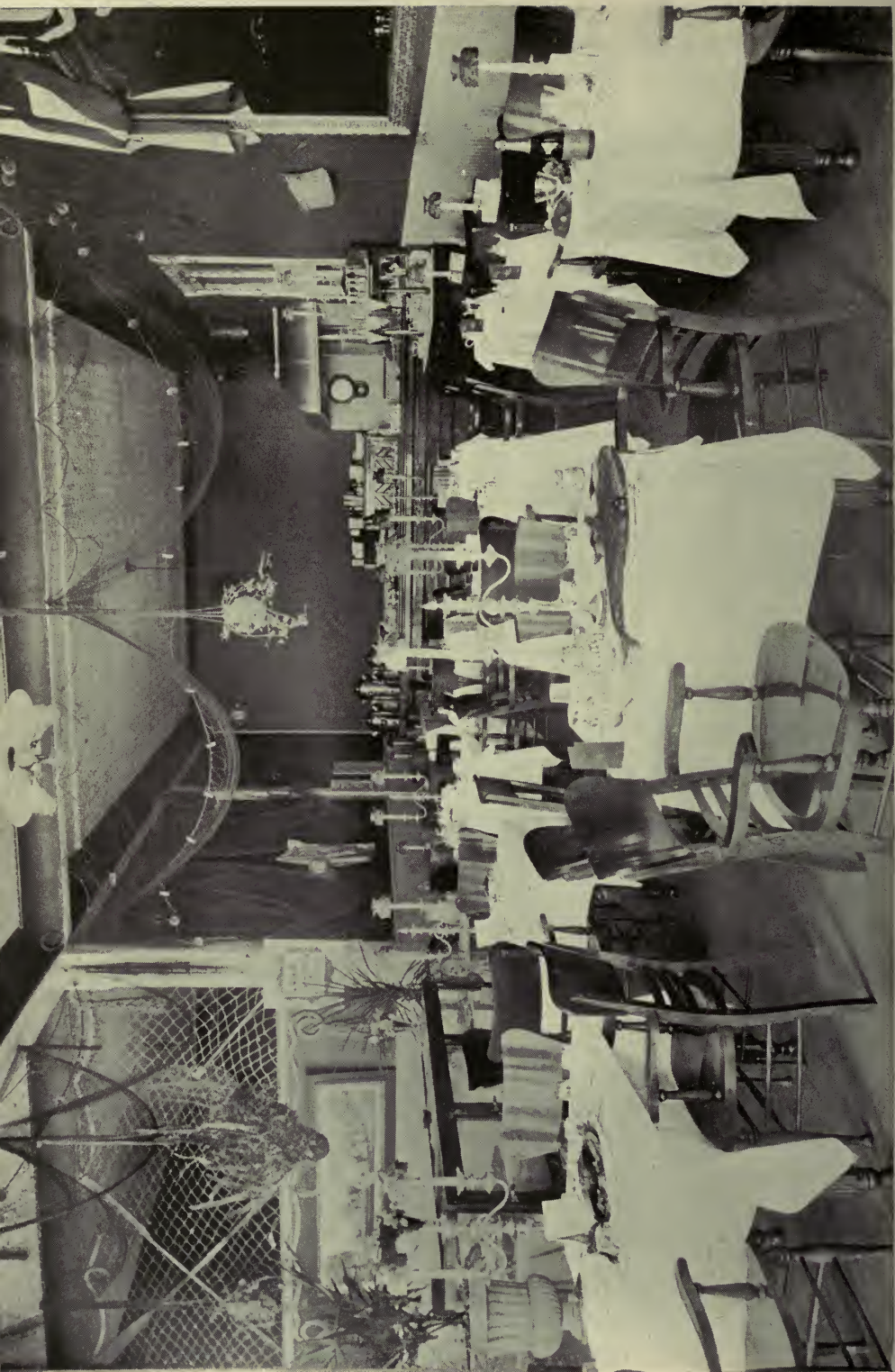
LAND FRONTAGE, HOTEL ARCADIA.

tourist and pleasure-seeker — the resort's caravansary, the Arcadia. The magnificent landward and ocean view from this modern resort hotel, situated upon a projecting bluff immediately overlooking the ocean, its unique and convenient appointments, which render it almost a complete city in itself, its hot salt water baths, its interesting surf bathing and its enjoyable beach have made it the Mecca of both summer and winter tourists and local pleasure seekers. Everything about it is new and up to date — new lawns, flowers, furniture, bath houses, beach arbors, walks, new health, new vigor, and even new sunsets. From a charming pagoda









THE ARCADIA'S FISH GRILL ROOM.





one can look down upon the phosphorescent surf of moonlight nights, and from it music by the stringed orchestra of the hotel has the charming effect characteristic of music on the water.

A glass-enclosed, dainty ocean breakfast room finished in white, adds to the pleasant ocean prospect also enjoyed from the tables of the larger dining-room. Perhaps the most unique of all the features of the hotel is a fish grill room, where every marine edible can be had on short order. Appropriate tapestry paintings adorn its walls, which are draped with ropes, anchors, nets and other marine paraphernalia, everything, even to the silverware, being characteristic of the ocean. Indeed its larder is at the very door of the hotel, in front of which a pleasure and fishing pier has been constructed. From it, and from the row and sail boats at hand, are made large catches of barracuta, yellow tail, Spanish mackerel and jewfish.

To the semi-tropic spirit of Southern California add the spirit of the ocean and the result is one of the most charming localities—Santa Monica, famous for its refreshing summers and its balmy winters. Moreover,





L. A. Eng. Co. DISEMBARKING ON OCEAN AVENUE, SANTA MONICA. Photo. by VanBuskirk.

when it is borne in mind that it is not only the suburban residence of many of the leading business men of Los Angeles, but boasts a permanent population of about 3500, it goes without saying that its school, church and social advantages are of the best. A first-class sewerage system



and the very best of domestic water systems, well kept streets and stately edifices, bespeak local intelligence and energy; but after all, the healthful sea air, the drives, the hunting and the beach attractions will continue to be the charm which transforms visitors into enthusiasts, and eventually into citizens.









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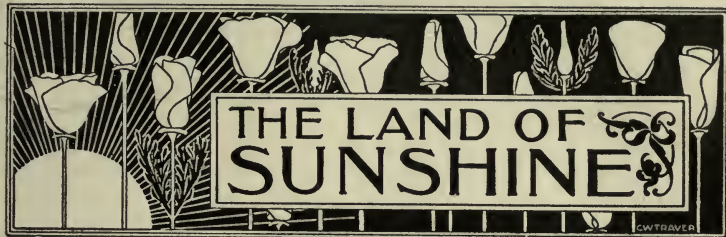
THE PHANTOM SHIP.

Photo. by Fitch, San Diego.





"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 9, No. 5.

LOS ANGELES

OCTOBER, 1898.

## THE SING-SONG WOMAN.

BY SUI SEEN FAR.



**L**AE CHOO, the Chinese actress, threw herself down on the floor of her room, and propping her chin on her hands gazed up at the narrow strip of blue sky which could be seen through her window. She seemed to have lost her usually merry spirits. For the first time since she had left her home her thoughts were seriously with the past, and she longed with a great longing for the Chinese Sea, the boats and the wet blowing sands. She had been a fisherman's daughter, and many a spring had she watched the gathering of the fishing fleet to which her father's boat belonged. Well could she remember clapping her hands as the vessels steered out to sea for the season's work, her father's amongst them, looking as bright as paint could make it, and flying a neat little flag at its stern; and well could she also remember how her mother had taught her to pray to "Our Lady of Pootoo," the goddess of sailors. One does not need to be a Christian to be religious, and Lae Choo's parents had carefully instructed their daughter according to their light, and it was not their fault if that daughter was a despised actress in an American Chinatown.

The sound of footsteps outside her door seemed to chase away Lae Choo's melancholy mood, and when a girl stepped across her threshold she was gazing amusedly into the street below—a populous thoroughfare of Chinatown.

The newcomer presented a strange appearance. She was crying so hard that red paint, white powder and carmine lip salve were all besmeared over a naturally pretty face.

Lae Choo began to laugh.

"Why Mag-gee," said she, "how odd you look with little red rivers running over your face! What is the matter?"

"What is the matter?" echoed Mag-gee, who was a half white girl, "the matter is that I wish that I were dead! I am to be married to night to a Chinaman whom I have never seen, and whom I can't bear. It isn't natural that I should. I always took to other fellows, and never could put up with a Chinaman. I was born in America, and I'm not Chinese in looks, nor in any other way. See! My eyes are blue, and there is gold in my hair; and I love potatoes and beef, and every time I eat rice it makes me sick, and so do chopped-up dishes. He came down about a week ago and made arrangements with father, and now everything is fixed and I'm going away forever to live in China. I shall be a Chinese woman next year—I commenced to be one today, when father made me put the paint and powder on my face, and dress in Chinese clothes. Oh! I never want any one to feel as I do. To think of having to marry a Chinaman! How I hate the Chinese! and the worst of it is loving somebody else all the while."

The girl burst into passionate sobs. The actress, who was evidently used to hearing her compatriots reviled by the white and half-white denizens of Chinatown, laughed—a light rippling laugh. Her eyes glinted mischievously.

"Since you do not like the Chinese men," said she, "why do you give yourself to one? and if you care so much for somebody else, why do you not fly to that somebody?"

Bold words for a Chinese woman to utter! But Lae Choo was not as other Chinese women, who all their lives have been sheltered by a husband or father's care.

The half-white girl stared at her companion.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"This," said Lae Choo. The fair head and dark head drew near together; and two women passing the door heard whispers and suppressed laughter.

"Lae Choo is up to some trick," said one. The other shrugged her shoulders.

## CHAPTER II.

"The Sing-Song Woman! The Sing-Song Woman!" It was a wild cry of anger and surprise.

The ceremony of unveiling the bride had just been performed, and Hwuy Yen, the father of Mag-gee, and his friends, were in a state of great excitement, for the unveiled, brilliantly clothed little figure standing in the middle of the room was not the bride who was to have been, but Lae Choo, the actress, the Sing-Song Woman.

Every voice but one was raised. The bridegroom, a tall, good-looking Chinaman, did not understand what had hap-





Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

pened, and could find no words to express his surprise at the uproar. But he was so newly married that it was not until Hwuy Yen advanced to the bride and shook his hand threateningly in her face, that he felt himself a husband, and interfered by placing himself before the girl.

"What is all this?" he enquired. "What has my wife done to merit this abuse?"

"Your wife!" scornfully ejaculated Hwuy Yen, "she is no wife of yours. You were to have married my daughter Mag-gee. This is not my daughter, this is an impostor, an actress, a Sing-Song Woman. Where is my daughter?"

Lae Choo laughed her peculiar rippling, amused laugh. She was in no wise abashed, and, indeed, appeared to be enjoying the situation. Her bright defiant eyes met her questioner's boldly as she answered.

"Mag-gee has gone to eat beef and potatoes with a white man. Oh, we had such a merry time making this play."

"See how worthless a thing she is," said Hwuy Yen to the young bridegroom.

The latter regarded Lae Choo compassionately. He was a man, and perhaps a little tenderness crept into his heart for the

girl towards whom so much bitterness was evinced. She was beautiful. He drew near to her.

"Can you not justify yourself?" he asked sadly.

For a moment Lae Choo gazed into his eyes—the only eyes that had looked with true kindness into hers for many a month.

"You justify me," she, replied with an upward pleading glance.

Then Ke Leang the bridegroom spoke. He said, "The daughter of Hwuy Yen cared not to become my bride, and has sought her happiness with another. Lae Choo, having a kind heart, helped her to that happiness, and tried to recompense me for what I had lost by giving me herself. She has been unwise and indiscreet, but the good that is in her is more than the evil, and now that she is my wife, none shall say a word against her."

Lae Choo pulled at his sleeve.

"You give me credit for what I do not deserve," said she. "I had no kind feelings. I thought only of mischief, and I am not your wife. It is but a play, like the play I shall act here tomorrow."

"Hush!" said Ke Leang, "you shall act no more. I will marry you again and take you to China."

Then something in Lae Choo's breast, which for a long time had been hard as stone, became soft, and her eyes ran over with tears.

"Oh, sir," said she, "It takes a heart to make a heart, and you have put one today in the bosom of a Sing-Song Woman."

San Francisco, Cal.

## ✓ SERPENT WORSHIP AMONG THE NAVAJOS.

BY DR. WASHINGTON MATTHEWS, U. S. A.



WE have evidence, in the myths of the Navajos, that much of their rites is derived from the same sources as those from which the Moquis\* have derived theirs — from the lost inhabitants of pueblos and cliff-dwellings now in ruin in New Mexico and Arizona. I have reason to doubt that ceremonials and symbolism come directly from the Moquis; but I think both have drawn largely from common sources.

Believing this, I have sought assiduously among the Navajos for examples of snake worship, and I have found that they exist; but I have not found that in any of their rites they handle or introduce live serpents in the manner of the Moquis.

The Navajo shows his reverence for the serpent in various ways; but the most obvious evidence of this reverence is the fact that under no

\*Dr. Matthews now follows the Bureau of Ethnology in writing "Navaho" and "Moki." This magazine — for reasons of etymology, and of the usage of centuries, already fully set forth — follows the historic spelling. —Ed.





Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE "WHITE HOUSE" OF CHELLEY CAÑON.

Photo. by Taber



circumstance will he kill a snake. If he comes across a coiled serpent in his path, he will either pass to one side or, lifting it gently with a stick, will throw it away. This custom is referred to in one of the Navajo gambling songs which I published in an early number of the *American Anthropologist*. (Jan. 1889.)

Yúnani achitéel, yúnani achitéel, yúnani achitéel e e e. Hádi sisláshi. hádi sisláshi, hádi sisláshi e e e.

This is translated:

I threw him yonder, I threw him yonder, I threw him yonder. I wonder where he lies, I wonder where he lies, I wonder where he lies.

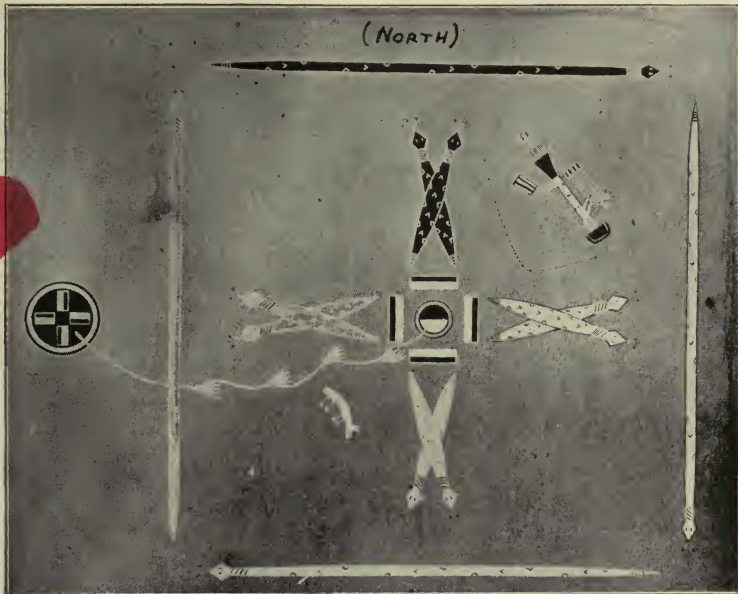
This song was sung about a snake. The word for snake does not appear in it, but the songs in the game of *kesichè* or *moccasins-in-a-row* are all about animals; we know from the form of the verb used here, that something long and flexible (like a rope) is thrown, and hence nothing but a snake can be referred to. It is stated in the myth of *kesiché* that in the first game ever played by the animal gods in the old days, a snake was thrown, in the manner I have described, from one opposing party to another—i. e. from the diurnal to the nocturnal animal gods—and to this act the song refers.

Like races of the Old World, of whom we have record, these Indians regard the snake as possessed of extraordinary wisdom. They think he is a great listener, that he hears and understands the language of man, and that he might make evil use of the knowledge learned from men. For this reason it is that their sacred myths may be told only in the winter season; that their most sacred rites may only then be performed; for at that time the earthly snakes are hidden in the earth and at that time too (by a strange coincidence) the celestial serpents (the flashes of crooked lightning) are hidden.

Fig. 1 is a copy in black of a colored illustration to a paper of mine in the *Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*. The original was in five colors. It represents a picture about twelve feet square, drawn on sand, with dry powdered colors, on the floor of a Navajo medicine-lodge in the great nine-days' rite of the mountain chant. Such a picture I have been accustomed to call, in my works, a dry painting; but others call it a sand altar; and as it is analogous to the Moqui snake altars described by other authors, I may not improperly designate it as a Navajo snake altar. It represents the home of snake gods and the visit of a Navajo prophet to this home accompanied by a Navajo Wind God. I have elsewhere described this picture and shall here only briefly indicate its meaning.

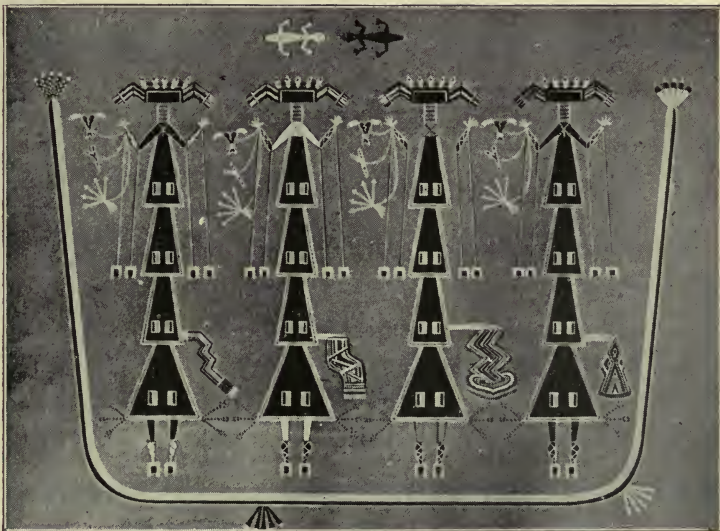
In the center of the picture is a circular figure representing a bowl of water sprinkled one-half with sacred charcoal and one-half with meal; this symbolizes the house of water; in which, according to the myth, the snakes dwell. Closely surrounding this figure are four parallelograms in red and blue, bordered with white, which represent the *shah-bitlól* or rafts of sunbeam, the favorite vessels on which the Navajo gods travel, when they have a long journey to perform expeditiously. External to these rafts and represented as standing on them are the figures of eight serpents—two white serpents in the east; two blue, in the south; two yellow, in the west, and two black in the north. Such is the system usually employed by the Navajos in symbolizing, with color, the cardinal points of the compass. Outside of these snakes are four more of much greater length; they form a boundary to the picture except in the west where the symbol of a sacred mountain lies beyond them. These external snakes correspond in color with the internal ones, and they are represented as following one another around the picture in the direction of the sun's apparent course, or sunwise, the proper ceremonial circuit in all Navajo ceremonies and sacred pictures. In the northeast of the picture is seen the Wind God who guided the Navajo prophet to the house of the snakes. In the extreme west is a





Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

FIGURE I.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. FIGURE 2. NAVAJO SNAKE-ALTARS.

black circular figure which represents the mountain of Dsilyáithin (meaning Four Trails under a Mountain) from which place the Wind God and the Prophet, as the myth tells us, set out on their journey to the home of the Snake Gods. In the original picture the symbol of the mountain was in relief—which I have not attempted to represent—a little mound of sand about ten inches high. The description of the mountain, which I shall not now recount, as given in the myth is duly symbolized in the picture. From the summit of the mountain to the middle of the central waters is drawn a wide line in corn-meal with four footprints depicted in the same material to represent the tracks of a bear, and immediately south of this line is the figure of a bear which is used as a symbol of the Navajo prophet. The bear in the sacred language of the shamans is called Dsilyi Neyáni, which signifies Reared in the Mountains. Such also was the name of the prophet; hence the bear becomes a symbol of the prophet.

Unlike the altars of the Moquis, the altars of the Navajos have an ephemeral existence. They are destroyed the same day they are made. When the ceremonies connected with them are concluded, the pictures are erased; the sand on which they were drawn is carried some distance from the medicine-lodge to the north, and there it is thrown away, not to be used again.

There are many more things concerning this picture which I might relate and many elaborate ceremonies, songs and prayers connected with it, which I have already described elsewhere, and which I shall not relate now; but I shall take occasion, instead, to make a slight digression on the subject of the ceremonial circuit for reasons which will presently be manifest.

This is a subject which has already been discussed at length in the scientific press. The ceremonial circuit, as indicated in this picture is, among the Navajos, always in the direction of the sun's apparent course. This direction, I find called in Webster's Dictionary, *sunwise*; but I find in that eminent authority no term for the opposite course, and I do not believe we have any well established word for it in the English language. Among the Scotch there are well-known words for both circuits; they call *sunwise deasil*; the opposite *widdershins* and in the semi-pagan ceremonies that still exist among the Scotch peasantry both circuits are recognized—*deasil* for rites that bring good luck—*widdershins* for those that bring bad luck, i. e. for the rites of witch, craft. With the Moquis the ceremonial circuit is *widdershins*. I have some wild conjectures as to the origin of these different circuits, which I am not yet prepared to inflict on the public. The Moqui system of symbolising by color is radically different from the Navajo. Such are some among the many reasons I have for believing that the Navajos have not derived their rites directly from the Moqui, as some persons suppose.

This picture is drawn, as I have said, in a great nine-days' rite called the Mountain Chant; but the myth pertaining to this ceremony tells us that the picture originally belonged to another rite, that of *hojòni hatàl* or the chant of Terrestrial Beauty. This latter rite I have never seen, I learn that it is now rarely practiced among the Navajos, that much of its work is forgotten and that but few of its priests still survive. It is a dying cult. But I have reason to believe, from all I have heard of it, that it embodies the formal part of Navajo ophiolatry; that it is, in short, the Navajo snake dance.

The serpent has been held sacred by man, in all countries where it exists and in all ages, for reasons that have been discussed by special students of ophiolatry. The fact that many serpents can cause death by biting or otherwise, is of course a potent reason for this reverence, as is also the fact that the snake moves in a mysterious manner. The royal son of David was puzzled three thousand years ago to know how a snake



moved; and the scientific investigator of the XIXth century was equally puzzled until within a very few years.

But among the Navajos, at least, I am inclined to think that the principal reason for snake worship is that the snake is a symbol for lightning. In fact I suspect it is more than a symbol and that it is in a certain way, to the Navajo mind, identical with the lightning; that the difference between the serpent and crooked lightning is the same as that which exists between man and the anthropomorphic gods. Men may be translated to heaven and become gods—so the Navajo legends tell us—and gods may appear among men, assuming the form and functions of ordinary humanity. The lightning moves as a serpent; its stroke like that of a serpent is death; the earth is its home; it descends from above to the bosom of the earth and there disappears as does a serpent. The Navajo for snake is *hlish* or *klish*, that for zigzag lightning is *atsiniklish* or the flaming serpent. The association of the serpent with lightning may be one reason why serpent worship is supposed to bring rain. The god of serpents is *Klishtso* or the Great Snake. There seems to be more than one of these, for among the local divinities mentioned in myths we find *Klishtso* dwelling in different localities. He is mentioned in many myths. In order to show how he is associated with lightning in these tales I give an extract from a long myth pertaining to the *kledje halal* or Night Chant, a great nine-days' ceremony of the Navajos, the public rites of which have often been witnessed by white people who have given to it the name of the "yaybichy dance."

When this ceremony was performed in the ancient days, by the gods who dwelt in the Chelly Cañon, over the twin\* human prophets of the rite, the first people of mortal descent who had ever witnessed it, these gods on the fifth day of the ceremony divided among themselves the rich sacrifices in shells, turquoise, pollen, tobacco, feathers, etc., which the supplicants had given them, so the tale tells us and then goes on:

"On the morning of the fifth day when Haschéyalti, the Talking God, returned from burying the kethawns, the *yei* (gods, genii) uncovered the baskets containing the jewels, feathers, pollen and other treasures and found that all these things had increased marvelously during the night. Now all this wealth was divided among the assembled *yei*. The division, to insure justice, was made by four. Haschéhogan the House God of Tschintyel, in the east, Haschéyalti the Talking God of Tschintyel who sat in the south; the House God of Kininaékai† who sat in the west, and the Talking God of Kininaékai who sat in the north. From the hands of these the House God of Chusca, gave out spoils to the males who stood around and a goddess of Chusca gave them to the females. Owls, foxes, and other animals were there and each got his share. But Haschéjini (Black God) the chanter (medicine man) got more than all the others. He got a share of the jewels equal to that of any other and in addition he received the five sacred baskets, six sacred buckskins and the embroidered blankets. He got, too, most of the feathers and the different kinds of pollen.‡

"Haschétsó (literally, Great *Yei*, or Great God, a thunder god) and *Klishtso* (The Great Serpent) lived in a house near by, and an insect *Dòntso*§ stood guard for them. His usual place was at the smoke-hole of their house where there were two big black rocks; now he was in the medicine-lodge watching the division of the treasures, but he was so small that no one observed him.

"As soon as the division was completed, *Dòntso* ran home and got to his place on the top of the lodge. \* \* \* From there he told

\* These twins were half divine, they were the children of Haschéyalti the talking God of Tschintyel and a Navajo woman. One became blind, the other crippled, the blind boy carried the cripple on his back and thus they traveled. To cure them of their ailments the rite was performed.

† Literally "House of the White Horizontal Streak," the well known White House in the Chelly Canon.

‡ This passage is intended to inculcate the propriety of giving a goodly fee to the medicine-man.

§ I do not know what this insect is but it is probably one that, in some way, gives forewarning of a storm.

Haschêtso what he had witnessed, and he named all the precious things he had seen divided. It was because Haschêtso and Klísh̄tso were so inclined to wrath that they had not been invited. Haschêtso rose from his couch and asked where all this took place. The insect replied that he had seen it in a medicine-lodge at the foot of the hill. Great Snake, hearing this, rose in anger and said: 'Why was I not invited? Let me go over there at once. Come with me, my elder brother.' But Great *Yei* said: 'No, it would be better for me to go alone. I have a better mind than you. I can speak better.\* I shall go alone to these holy ones and tell them what I think of their conduct.' On the north side of the door there was a black fog, on the south side a black cloud; the cloud was folded with lightning inside. As soon as Haschêtso pulled the cloud aside to pass out, lightning flashed, thunder pealed, and rain fell. As he ran down on the black rocks toward Tsèhintyel, it rained on his path and lightning struck in all directions around him, smashing trees and rocks. When the *yei* in the medicine-lodge beheld the violent storm they said: 'Haschêtso is coming.' They were alarmed and all fled to Tsèhintyel except four—the twins, their father and Haschèjini, the chanter, or priest, of the rite. The twins and their father were alarmed although they fled not; but Haschèjini was not afraid. 'I fear not Haschêtso,' he said. 'I am the owner of all fire, that is why I do not fear.' As Haschêtso approached the lodge the lightning struck violently all around it.

"He ran into the lodge and roared in an angry voice: 'I hear you have had a great dividing and giving out of precious things among you here. They were given freely to all, but I got none. Why was I not bidden to come and get a share?' 'All that you have heard is true,' said Haschèyalti. 'and if you are angry I will prepare a smoke for you. That is all you care for. The turquoise and other precious things are of no use to you.†' Hearing this Haschêtso spoke to his storm-cloud: 'My cloud, I have been promised a smoke. Cease to rain and cease to lighten.' The cloud withdrew itself a little way off toward the side from which it had come, and although it still staid threateningly near, the rain ceased to fall and the thunder was heard not. Haschèyalti then made for his visitor a cigarette which he painted black, filled with mountain tobacco,‡ sealed at the end with moistened pollen and lit with the sun. When the visitor had finished his smoke, he received a goodly store of finished beads, and a bag of tobacco. Haschêtso was a chanter too, but he knew only seven songs. Haschèjini gave him twenty songs and Haschèyalti gave him ten, so that he had now thirty-seven songs to sing when he treated the sick. He said he was thankful for what he had received; that the songs would help him in his healing rites; that he would enjoy smoking the tobacco; that the jewels would look well upon him, and that he did not care to possess any of the other things. They told him he must divide with Klishtso. 'It is well,' he said, 'I have nothing more to do here. Go on, my children, treat the invalids well.' And then to the twins: 'Farewell my grandchildren.' He departed and went over to where the black cloud hung. As soon as he was hidden within its folds the thunder began again to roar and the lightning to flash, and these continued until he got within the door of his house."

Such is one of many instances in the myths where the Great Snake is associated with the lightning.

But among meteorologic phenomena it is not only the lightning which is associated with the serpent, the rainbow also appears to be, and by the Navajos it is said to be feathered. The different colors of the bow

\*This refers to the loud voice of the thunder.

†This passage probably refers to the sacrifice peculiar to this god which is described as a black cigarette without the accompaniment of broken shells, sacred powders and feathers such as other gods receive.

‡Dailo nato, (*Nicotiana attenuata*) a species of tobacco growing wild in New Mexico and Arizona.



are thought by them to be due to colored plumage, to be feathers of different colors, and in one of their dry paintings they make an attempt to depict this feathered bow by putting four clusters of plumes on it. (Fig. 3.)

I am often inclined to think that the well known feathered serpent of the ancient Maya worship may be related to this feathered rainbow of the Navajos, and that it is a symbol or a deity of the rainbow. I think the suggestion at least worthy the consideration of the students of Maya archæology.

Washington, D. C.

## THE FOREIGNER.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

H, my dear," said Cousin Anne, "I feel like a—a foreigner!"

Marian laughed mischievously.

"Well, you are—any New Englander is, outside of New England."

Cousin Anne looked down at the orange-grove, and up at the rose-vines swinging over the veranda.

"I never ate breakfast out of doors before," she said, "nor indeed any meal, except at a picnic. *Do* you think the morning air can be quite healthful?"

"I have never thought about it. We always do—unless it rains—you can see the mountains so much better," answered Marian, peeling an orange.

Just then Cha Lee came out and deftly slipped a plate of hot cakes in place of the cold ones. His white sleeves flapped, and his straw shoes flopped, and his pigtail was braided with blue silk. Cousin Anne regarded him furtively, and drew a long breath as he disappeared again.

"I don't see how you ever get used to having him about."

"Why not? He's a harmless heathen."

"Oh, it isn't that, but a—a foreigner—a man!"

"Just wait until you have tasted his croquettes, and studied his bills, Cousin Anne! He's an embodied economy. And isn't he more picturesque than an Irish biddy—or a down-East help?"

"Picturesque—oh yes! But—well, dear me, I had no idea it would be so exciting to come to California—one's own country! What with Indians, and Chinese, and that person in the peaked hat next door—"

"That person in the peaked hat," replied Marian, "is Don Arturo, our Spanish neighbor, though really his mother was an American; and he is a great friend of papa's, and as learned as can be. We have only a scrap of a rose-garden, but his is splendid. I shall take you to see it. And now, Cousin Anne, if you will go and walk in ours, *I* will go and interview Cha Lee. Or, would you rather rest in the hammock?"

"At this hour! My dear, I should feel wicked!" exclaimed Cousin Anne, scandalized. "Isn't there some dusting I could do? I have always been accustomed to employ myself about the house in the morning."

"You may dust anything you want to, cousin—only, I'm afraid you'll get Cha Lee into bad habits. But you must make up your mind to one thing—to live *out* here. I shall bring my work down soon. You might pick a few roses for the table. We don't put them in the house; what is the use, when we are always out ourselves?"

"Very well, my dear. I will take a little turn in the garden," said Cousin Anne, obediently. "I will get my hat and sunshade."





WHERE THE FOREIGNER FOUND HERSELF.



Marian stood watching with a tender amusement the slender, prim little figure in its wide "garden-hat," sedately pacing the walk. She was very fond of Cousin Anne, and not a little triumphant that she had lured her so far from the home-nest in which she and two other sisters had passed their repressed lives.

Marian's visit had been an excitement to them all; but her proposition to take Anne, the youngest of the three sisters, back to Southern California with her, had created consternation in the whole village where the "Asham girls" were as much a part of the public interest as the minister's sermon, or the town vote. California was the end of the unknown to them, and stood for vague but lively impressions of mining camps, millionaires, phenomenal fruit crops, and general abandonment. ]

Anne herself had declared the thing impossible, but with a brightening of the gently fading cheek, and a light in the still pretty eyes which seemed to bear out Marian's frequent assertion, "Anne is a great deal more like me than anyone knows."

But Marian bore all before her—she always had her way. Moreover, there was a silent circumstance which pleaded for her to all their hearts. She had lost her mother the year before. "And what a young thing like her can do out there all alone with only our brother, who is buried in his books, and heathen servants and foreigners, passes me," said Anne's mother.

In the end Anne came; and all the way across the wide continent the eyes grew wider, and her pretty subdued manners of the New England gentlewoman grew more and more fluttered and impulsive. She had never been farther than Boston in her life, and all the sealed springs of that life were being broken.

"Dear Anne," thought Marian tenderly, as she sat down on the steps and began sewing. "I should like to be able to imagine what all this is to her."

Presently a light hurried step drew her glance from her work. Cousin Anne was hastening toward her with evident excitement in her manner.

"My dear," she exclaimed breathlessly, "he—he spoke to me!"

"Who?"

"The foreigner."

"Don Arturo—well, why not?"

"I was just trying to reach one of those immense pink roses near the hedge—I never have seen such roses—"

"The La France—yes—"

"And as it was quite over my head, I was stretching for it—when he leaned over and bent it down to me, and took off his hat—I suppose it is a hat—most politely."

"Well," said Marian mischievously, "What did you do?"

"My dear—what *could* I do? I took the rose, and I *hope* I thanked him, and I came away at once. A strange man, my dear!"

"Poor Don Arturo! he knew, of course, you were a friend of ours—he is such a quiet, nice man!"

"I have no doubt he is, my dear Marian—but I never spoke to a foreigner before—except an Eye-talian grinder one—and he was not a gentleman. I—I hope he will not think I was rude," she said, anxiously.

Marian looked at her, smitten with sudden compassion and wonder. It was evident this was an event of magnitude to Anne; what a gauge, then, of the uneventfulness of her past. The younger woman's heart ached with the sense of the void revealed. Aloud, she only said:

"I am sure Don Arturo will not think you rude—and that you couldn't be rude, Cousin Anne, if you tried. There," she added, holding up her work critically, "I believe that is finished."

"My dear," exclaimed Cousin Anne aghast, "What are they?"

"Bicycle knickerbockers, of course. You wouldn't want me to break my neck with innumerable petticoats?"

"My dear, do you think it proper?" stammered Cousin Anne.

"They go under a short skirt — more shame to me. I've not had the courage to leave it off altogether. Now, I'll run in and dress. Joe is going to bring my bicycle round. I am afraid I have forgotten how to ride, almost."

Joe, the "outside man," promptly appeared with the bicycle. His black visage looked positively home-like to Cousin Anne, who did not regard him as a foreigner in the least. She was of the staunchest Abolition stock, and every colored man her friend.

"Do you ride, Joe?" she asked with timid affability.

"No, mum, I don't," Joe responded promptly. "I *have* tried, but it is the activity of the thing that troubles me — it's the activity of the thing!" he repeated with solemn dignity.

"H'm — heap spendee money — heap costee!" came a voice from the rear, at which Cousin Anne jumped. Cha Lee, calm and immaculate, with a long floor brush in his hand, stood surveying the wheel disapprovingly.

"Spendee heap money — bime-by blake him. Buy old one — heap cheap!"

"Cha Lee," said Marian, coming out cheerfully, "you too muchee talkee — too little workee!"

Cha Lee grinned and moved away murmuring:

"Allee samee — — heap spendee — bime-by blakee neck."

"There now, Anne, *is* there anything the matter with my suit?"

"It looks very nicely, now, that it is on," admitted Cousin Anne honestly.

She watched from the step while Marian rode up and down, practising mounts and dismounts, circling, and the other innocent joys of the amateur, and finally dismounting, breathless, declared herself shockingly out of practice.

"It looks very easy and pleasant," said Anne, wistfully; then with a sudden change of tone, "Oh, my dear, there is that foreign gentleman coming up the path!"

She rose to take flight, but Marian detained her laughingly.

"He will not eat you — and he comes every day to see papa. You will have to meet him presently.

"Good morning, Don Arturo! I am afraid papa is out; and you have brought back the book, I see. This is my cousin, Miss Anne Asham. She is making us a visit."

Don Arturo removed his *sombrero* with grace, and bowed low.

"I have already introduced myself across the hedge," he said, with a smile. His voice was low and musical — "distinctly musical," thought Cousin Anne, recalling all she had read of foreigners. She felt her cheeks flush, but bowed with dignity. And as Don Arturo turned to Marian with a message for her father, Anne ventured to glance at him. He was a grave, kindly, spare-faced man of middle age, simply, almost shabbily, dressed, but the very negligence of his garb was as a touch of foreign splendor after the rural overalls and shirt-sleeves, or formal rigidity of "store-clothes" in Smithville. "And your cousin," said Don Arturo, pleasantly, with a glance at the wheel, "Does she ride too?"

"Ah, no!" said Anne, blushing.

"I suppose it is the activity of the thing which appalls her — as it does Joe," laughed Marian. "But I don't despair of converting Anne yet."

Don Arturo glanced with a little shade of approval at the new-comer.

"Ah, Miss Marian," he said, "I fancy your cousin will rather ride, as our ladies do. You must let me send over my good Rosabel."



"Oh," said Anne, blushing, "I have not ridden since I was a girl!"

"Surely," said the Don, "that is not so very long ago."

And Anne blushed still more.

"It will be the very thing," said Marian, decisively. "And I want to bring my cousin over to see what a real ranch is, Don Arturo, and a real Gold of Ophir rose."

"The ranch," replied Don Arturo, with a melancholy smile, "is only a reminiscence — ten acres, out of a thousand; but it and the garden are yours — and your cousin's."

He bowed again gracefully, and walked, a stately and picturesque figure, down the path beneath the oranges.

Marian turned with a smile to Anne.

"There! you see he is not so fierce, after all."

Anne's cheeks were pink and her eyes bright.

"My dear," she said, "I shall write this home. To think of talking with a live Spaniard! And what beautiful manners he has!"

The pretty color was in her cheeks again that afternoon as she walked with Marian through Don Arturo's garden, while Don Arturo himself picked all his choicest roses for them; and placing chairs in a little arbor, presented them each with a glass of his oldest wine.

This, for Anne, constituted an orgy. Wine was a thing only to be produced seriously and with due form upon the occasion of the minister's annual visit, or in cases of illness. To sit with one's lap full of roses, and be deferentially waited on by a foreigner — a Spaniard (she persisted in counting out his American mother) was a dizzying experience. She had never been the recipient of so much attention since her young days — never of such a kind.

"What *will* they say at home;" she thought, with a sense of escape and triumph.

Subtly, in the days that followed, the life crept again through the old unused channels of feeling. She could not follow Marian, overflowing with vitality, but day by day she made unconscious steps over the edge, into that freer life.

"Cousin Anne!" said Marian in pretended horror, "where is your hat?"

Anne coming up the veranda steps stopped and raised a guilty hand to her head.

"My dear," she faltered, "I get used to seeing you without yours—"

"And you find the sun doesn't kill you after all," said Marian with a little caress.

Or it was: "Anne, can this be really you, wandering about in the night air without a wrap?"

"It is such a mild night, my dear, and the shadows of the pepper trees are so very beautiful."

But even Marian was a little startled when one day dismounting from her bicycle she said merrily.

"I am sure you could ride, Anne, if you would try." And Anne answered earnestly:

"My dear, I really believe I could; only I never could bring myself to wear knickerbockers."

"Come and try at once," said Marian excitedly. "Don Arturo," she appealed to him as he came up the path, "Help me to persuade my cousin!"

Don Arturo was constantly coming up that path. Anne no longer felt any impulse to run from him; it had even fallen to her more than once to entertain him when Marian's father was too deep in some abstruse subject, and Marian herself off bicycling.

Don Arturo shook his head smilingly.

"No," he said, "the bicycle is very well for you, Miss Marian, but your cousin will like my good Rosabel better. And to-morrow, if she allows, I shall bring Rosabel over, just to try her here in the garden."

"Oh!" protested Anne feebly; but Marian said—

"Do please, Don Arturo. Anne can wear my habit perfectly."

The next morning the "good Rosabel" made her appearance, and Don Arturo with her. Anne was assisted to the saddle, and Don Arturo walked beside. The high cypress hedge formed a kindly barrier to passing eyes, and Anne soon regained, not only her confidence, but a mild young sense of happiness and exhilaration. It was the first time since her childhood that she had deliberately shared in anything livelier than a walk, or gayer than a church picnic, for the pure physical pleasure of it. The picturesque figure of Don Arturo walking at her side, through the brilliant grove and garden—all made Anne question dizzily if this were really she—Anne Asham.

When Don Arturo lifted her down, Marian, who had come out to the steps to watch the return, stood wondering at her cousin. She scarcely heard the Don's farewell assurance that he should bring Rosabel again tomorrow.

"I wonder if Anne knows how pretty she is," thought she. "Anne do you know how pretty you are, when you forget yourself and are a little excited? Your cheeks are as pink and your eyes as bright!"

"Ah, my dear! it is just your kind way of saying things," replied Anne; but there was a little tremble in her voice. It is no small thing to have your youth return!

"No, I meant it," said Marian, honestly. "You are ten times prettier than I ever shall be; and your hair is all shaken and soft. You look like a girl, Anne."

"My dear," faltered Anne, "I think it must be the climate. I have not felt so young for years; but we must remember that I am really thirty-seven!"

"That is just a perfect age, the very time to begin to enjoy life. And you will leave your hair loose—so?"

"If—if you think it will not look untidy, or as if I were—trying to be young."

"I think it looks *sweet*," declared Marian, with a hug.

The next day Don Arturo re-appeared with not only Rosabel, but his own Diablo, in all its magnificence of Mexican worked leather saddle and bridle, silver-studded and black with age. "He might as well ride beside Miss Anne as walk," he said, smilingly.

And if Don Arturo on foot was a subject for romance, what shall be said of Don Arturo—or any Don—on horseback?

After this the lessons went beyond the garden limits and took in the country far outside. Marian went with them on her bicycle once or twice, but everybody knows horses and bicycles have a different gait; and while the former are good for plunging down the bank of an arroyo, fording the arroyo itself, and tracing the rocky bed of ferny cañons, or scrambling a chaparral-sided hill at need, the latter assuredly are not.

Thus, as the days wore on, it was through eyes which saw the country ancestrally, and loved it so, that Anne came to see and love it too. A land beyond any country of romance, which it was hard to identify as a part of the prosaic "States" she knew.

Yet, strangely enough, it no longer seemed a foreign land to her. She had long since ceased to recall in flashes of dizzy feeling that here was she, Anne Asham, riding about a strange country in company with a foreigner. It had come to be as normal as to entertain the minister in the front parlor at home. There is a young girl, and all a young girl's romance, shut up in the heart of every woman who has not lived out her own. That woman remains always sixteen—as Anne was.

It was a lovely, warm, June afternoon, just deepening to dusk, when Marian, searching high and low for her cousin, found her at last in the twilight of Anne's own room, where she had already looked once. No



wonder she had overlooked her, for Anne was kneeling—actually kneeling—by the open window, her head buried on her arms, like a child.

"Is she crying?" thought Marian, with a start of dread. She hesitated a moment, then went softly forward and touched her.

"Anne"—she faltered—"Anne."

Anne raised her head instantly. She was not crying.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "Oh, my dear." She looked so young that Marian gazed at her silently.

"Anne," she said at last, her own heart beginning to beat fast, "What is it?"

"I have promised to marry him," said Anne. "And, oh, my dear—I have only just remembered that he is a foreigner—a Spaniard! What *will* they think of me at home!"

"You *darling!*" was Marian's feminine and irrelevant reply.

Pasadena, Cal.

## A SOUL IN BRONZE.

A NOVEL OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS.

Author of "The Shield of the Fleur-de-lis," "A Modern Pagan," "Columbus and Beatriz," "Martha Corey," etc.

### CHAPTER V.

HE "white house" which gave the name of Casa Blanca to the Indian reservation, the postoffice and the small settlement about it, was a long, stuccoed building, erected in Spanish style around three sides of a courtyard upon which the doors of the dwelling rooms opened, those of the upper story giving upon a gallery supported by round wooden pillars and enclosed with ornamental lattice work. The court

once boasted a fountain set about with palm trees and rose bushes, but the basin was now empty; a headless goddess held a broken urn; the palm trees were dead, and, lacking the necessary irrigation, the roses had ceased blooming during the summer drought.

The house had been built by an Englishman who had sunk a fortune in an unsuccessful gold mine, and at last deserted it and his property together, selling at a loss to the present owner, a retired merchant and speculator, who still had hopes of the gold mine which he was preparing to capitalize. The white house, now called "Wilson's," was occupied by the senior possessor of the name, his wife, two daughters and the hus-



L. A. Eng. Co.

Drawn by Alex. F. Harmer.

"FLUNG A SHOWER OF RED BLOSSOMS UPON HIS HEAD."



band of the elder of the two, who kept the postoffice and conducted a productive gin-shop, dignified by the name of store, on the outskirts of the Indian reservation.

Burke's chestnut horses turned into the carriage drive unguided; he flung the reins to the stable boy, and entered the paved courtyard which echoed to his tread. At his approach a hand stole out from the trellised balcony and flung a shower of red blossoms, plucked from a climbing vine, upon his head. He caught the falling flowers and looked up with a smile as he fastened one in his buttonhole.

As he disappeared within the doorway, the young girl who had been watching him with shining eyes sprang from her hiding place among the vines and unceremoniously entered her sister's room.

"Nell," she said, "Harry is here, and I will tell you something. I am sure he means to propose tonight."

"Nonsense, child! He has never had a thought of such a thing," replied her sister, a pretty but careworn matron of twenty-five, who stood at a mirror adding a finishing touch to her toilet by the application of a powder-puff. "Tell me, Bess, do I look like a fright? I cried my eyes out last night, and I show it, I know."

"You look all right; besides, no one cares. It is only Harry, and he is mine. I have first lien on him, is not that the legal term? I must begin to learn them, I suppose." She twirled about the room in high-heeled slippers which displayed her pretty feet.

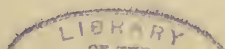
Her sister regarded her with severity, and remarked, "There is many a slip, you know. I advise you not to be so short with other men, and not to wear your heart on your sleeve. Harry is a great flirt, but he never means to marry. He told me so himself."

"You are quite in his secrets, I know. At least you fancy so; but he has told me things he never confided to you, naturally."

"He comes here to talk business with papa, and he amuses himself with you, Bess. A married woman sees through these little affairs which a girl takes so seriously."

"You say that, Nell, because you wanted him yourself; and he did flirt with you outrageously—and left you to console yourself with Sam Jennings. As for wearing one's heart in a conspicuous position, why is Sam so consumed with jealousy, except that you are evidently still interested in Harry?"

Mrs. Jennings bit her lip and cast an angry glance at her sister who pirouetted up to her, and placed an arm about her waist while she added, "Poor old Nell! Don't be cross because I am happy! Harry is deeply sorry for you. He told me so himself."



Mrs. Jennings wrenched herself with a convulsive movement from her sister's grasp. "You are a serpent, Bess!" she exclaimed. "In spite of your pretty face you have a wicked heart. I wish Harry joy of you."

The subject of this conversation was meantime seated in a room on the ground floor dedicated to the occupancy of the Casa Blanca Mining Company, whose framed prospectus occupied a conspicuous place above the mantelpiece. Mr. Wilson sat opposite his lawyer, leaning upon the table where a map was outspread between them.

"Here is the line," he said, "where I claim that the Indian reservation encroaches on my land. Because it includes the newly discovered borax mines, my enemies say of course that my claim is fraudulent. The truth is, these lands have been very loosely surveyed. The Indians steal all they can get, and build their adobe huts, hunt and fish upon my land; and I say nothing until something like this occurs to give value to my boundary line. Then I assert my rights."

"I hope it is so, Mr. Wilson," answered Burke. "I should like to work for you with a full conviction of the justice of our case. I do not like to argue on the wrong side. I am never so sure of myself."

"Well, you can study it up. You will find that it is so, and I depend on you to convince the Court that it is so."

He arose as he spoke, took down a decanter from the shelf and filled some glasses that stood upon a tray, adding, "Here's to our success."

Burke drank the toast in silence. The afternoon was spent over books and papers. At the supper table Burke took his place as an expected guest greeted with smiles by the ladies, and with an indifferent nod by Mr. Jennings.

"It is a long time since you have been here, Harry," said Mrs. Wilson.

"Three whole days," said Bessie laughing. "What an age!"

"It seemed long to me," said Burke. "Hilton is not a cheerful place of residence. In fact when not in town at court, I live on the road to Casa Blanca."

"Why not at Casa Blanca?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"Perhaps some day," began Mrs. Wilson, then she choked the end of her sentence and a laugh together in her handkerchief.

Bessie looked from one to the other of her parents with alert intelligence; then she met Burke's glance frankly but with heightened color. He felt himself on the verge of a perilous situation, and, though he was sure his will had no share in creating it, he realized that he had not perhaps resisted hitherto the current of events. Feeling an immediate necessity for do-



ing this, he gathered himself together and remarked with an effort, "I had an adventure today. The Governor stage was held up on the Johnson grade, the driver was shot dead, and a passenger brought the stage in safety as far as Hilton, after disabling the robber and protecting the express box. My adventure was the rescue of a charming girl who took refuge with me in my buggy and lunched with me at the hotel."

"Who was she?" asked Mrs. Jennings, smiling at the sight of Bessie's clouded face.

"She is a far-away niece of Mrs. Aguilar at the school, and is on her way to visit her."

"Oh," said Bessie, "I thought she was a lady. Mrs. Aguilar's niece, how very droll!"

"She *is* a lady," said Burke. "She might be a princess. She has the most beautiful hands I ever saw."

"I did not know you cared for hands," said Bessie, "though men always notice one's feet."

"What nonsense," interrupted Mr. Wilson. "Tell us about the hold-up, Burke."

Burke described the incident.

"How well you talk, Harry," remarked Mrs. Wilson, "I can always see things just as you picture them."

"That is what tells in court, mother," said Mr. Wilson.

"That is why he wins over the juries."

"And the women," added Mr. Jennings with a harsh laugh.

"Thank you," said Burke with a bow.

"Who brought the stage in?" inquired Mr. Wilson.

"A young Indian, a stranger to me," Burke answered.

"Perhaps it was the famous Antonio Lachusa," remarked Mr. Jennings. "We heard of his coming a while ago. Some of the young bucks came over to my place and celebrated by indulging in copious supplies of firewater which they wanted me to charge to his account. 'Not much,' I said. 'I must see some of his wonderful wealth before I credit anything to it.' They say he inherited a fortune from the white woman who was crazy enough to adopt him."

"Why does he come back now?" asked Mr. Wilson discontentedly. "A man like that is sure to be a dangerous spirit, and as matters stand at the rancheria a word from him would be like adding a spark to tow. I wish you would go down this evening, Burke, and see how things are going. I would be glad if you could gain some influence with this fellow and persuade him to leave the neighborhood, at any rate until our suit is settled."

"I will see what I can do," answered Burke.

"Hark!" said Bessie. "They are firing a salute as they do when the priest comes. He must be an important personage, and is he really rich? Who ever heard of a rich Indian?"

## CHAPTER VI.

ANTONIO had entered the rancheria at sunset. He lingered on the road, climbing here and there to a well remembered height. He recognized the hillside where he had met the mountain lion; the distant cliff where he had found the eagle's nest; the hollow where the humming-bird nested in the manzanita bush. The face of the country had been somewhat changed by the clearing of fields, the felling of trees, and the building of roads; but in nothing did he recognize so great a change as in the rancheria itself. It looked so small and shrunken; the adobe houses mere diminutive huts; the valley a narrow gorge; the mountain no longer the imposing mystery which it had been. He had to assure himself that these things must have remained unaltered. The change was in himself. He could not return unobserved as would have suited his mood, for the whole reserve was out of doors and awaiting him. The old Captain, the present incumbent of that office, the judge, and a number of the old people of importance in the tribe, advanced in procession to meet him. He was led into the tumble-down adobe building which served as council chamber, where addresses of welcome were made; then he was taken to each of the houses in the settlement, where he was received by the women with shy smiles and awkward handshakings which hid some fluttering heart-beats. To the marriageable young women it was as if a fairy prince had come among them. He was so handsome, so well-dressed, and withal so rich.

To Antonio it was like a dream. He recognized these people who were his kith and kin only by name. A few of the old men and women were as he had known them, only more withered, wrinkled and bent beneath the increasing weight of years. There were his uncles, aunts and cousins, his godparents and their families, all of whom stood in a relation of close intimacy with him, and yet to them his heart gave no warmer response than to the rest.

"If it were Marta, who happy and innocent should come to meet me; if my father and mother were alive, it would be different," he thought. No one noticed any lack in his manner. Reserve and self-control are habitual with these people who with their well-bred dignity are nature's aristocrats. Antonio's smile was ready, and his words gentle and friendly. He listened with proper respect to his elders, and ate of the feast spread in his honor, after which he smoked a solemn *cigarro* in the council chamber. It was here that old José made a speech in which he revealed to Antonio the state of affairs at the rancheria. He spoke in the language of the tribe, and Antonio's heart was stirred by the unforgotten accents which had



a power possessed by no other tongue, however enriched by learning and cultivation. This was the language which he had heard from his mother's lips. It aroused dim recollections, vague associations, undefinable emotions. In its perfection it was heard only from the old people.

José concluded his speech by saying: "It is the rich who are plotting against us. They covet our lands. I appeal to you, Antonio, to use your riches to secure our rights. They say the American courts are all in the interests of the rich. The poor man has no chance of justice. Work for us, Antonio! Our Lady has sent you back to us in our time of need. How can they say that they have a claim upon our lands? They have been ours from time immemorial. Look at yonder mountain; no man knows how long it has been there; no man knows how long our people have been in this place. It is true we are now but a handful; and little by little we have been pushed aside from the wide plains where our cattle used to range, from the fertile valleys where now the white man plants his corn, to this barren corner where it is hard work to live, where we are poor and hungry. If there is wealth in rich mines here, it is ours, and is given to make up to us for the unfriendly soil. Even in its poverty we love this spot, for the dust of our dead is here. Now they would take this from us and leave us nothing. Surely this must not be. We beg you to help us, Antonio. You are our hope."

Antonio rose and bowed, as he said, "I thank you, elders and friends, for your welcome to me. I return to be one of you. If I had riches they should be at your command; but this is all the wealth I bring, two hands to work for you, a heart and brain to feel and think for you. The beloved friend who gave me my home and education promised that I should be a rich man, but she died suddenly, leaving me without a penny. It is the will of God. But if you rely upon me, I accept your trust. I will use in your service the education that has been given me. I know something of the white man's law, and will appeal to it for your protection."

Disappointment fell like a thunderbolt upon the assembly. Antonio Lachusa, the pride of his race, was an ordinary mortal, a poor, unconsidered Indian!

José spread out his hands in a gesture of despair.

"You can do nothing if you are poor," he said. "Have we not wise men among us, older, more experienced than you? It is money alone that we need—money! That is the only thing that can give power in this world."

"That should not be so," said old Pedro, a man of ninety years and more, who was a pious Christian, fasting on Fridays and wearing a rosary next his heart. "The priest will tell you something different. Does he not say that righteousness is power?"

"That may have been so in the old day," answered José. "It is the white men who upset all things. They are rich and can do as they please. At the store they sell us our groceries, our cloth and calico, a third higher than to the next white man who buys the same goods. They buy our corn and barley for a third what they pay to the white man. Then they say we are ungrateful and haggle over prices. They call us thieves when it is they who are the thieves. Would they submit if we took the gold-mine which is dug on the next hill-side, on land which is by rights fairly ours? Yet they claim the borax-mine on our land, and blame us for wishing to defend it."

Antonio drew a long breath when he found himself at last alone beneath the stars. Returned to this land of crystalline atmospheres, he wondered at the brilliancy of the heavens. All the unfamiliar stars of the fifth and sixth magnitudes, obscured in countries of humid skies, came out here and took their rightful places, changing the outline of the constellations. The milky way shone with the light of a second moon. Antonio thought of Belmont and its lovers and its starlit sky. His heart thrilled now as it had never done before at the memory of the restrained passion of Lorenzo's speeches. He realized heights and depths where his thought had never penetrated, infinities of feeling which were as remote from him as the infinities of distance in which the planets move. Was he happier because he could apprehend what had been hidden? Was he more fortunate than his fellows, to whom these patines of bright gold were only twinkling lights, since he knew the laws of astronomy, and had covered pages with the calculations of the higher mathematics? "Yes, yes," he answered to himself, "I suffer more, but it is god-like to suffer with open eyes. If only I may make something of my life, so that it shall be worth while!"

He walked past the school-house through whose open windows he saw Dorothea and her aunt in the little front room where the light of the lamp shone full on Dorothea's head, turning her red-brown hair to burnished gold. Her eyes were bright with animation as she talked. Antonio paused involuntarily, and stood looking at her as he had often stood lost in contemplation before a picture in the Dresden gallery. A footstep startled him, and turning quickly he found Burke at his side.

"It is my Indian friend," said Burke. "Is your name Lachusa?"

"Yes," answered Antonio. "And yours?"

"Oh, I am Mr. Burke."

"I have heard of you," said Antonio. "You are Mr. Wilson's lawyer."



"They have already told you about me," said Burke, smiling, "and nothing good, I am sure. But a lawsuit, you know, is not a matter of sentiment. I must do my duty. They tell me, Lachusa, that you are remarkably well educated. Now I should like to feel that I might depend on you to influence the others of the tribe, who are as ignorant and emotional as children, to take a common-sense view of this matter. I think I can promise that Mr. Wilson would be willing to settle the matter out of court, and even to pay a little for the disputed land, though it would be like paying for his own."

"Of what use would be the money?" asked Antonio. "It would be spent soon, half of it for drink which is furnished illegally to my people by Mr. Wilson's son-in-law. We could not buy new homes, and the old people, the women and children, would be cast adrift. No, Mr. Burke, the land is ours and you seek to rob us of it under the name of the law. We must fight you at law if we can, though we are poor and ignorant, and you are rich and wise."

They had walked up the road during this conversation, and were now opposite the Casa Blanca gardens, where the white house gleamed fairy-like through the trees, and the sound of a piano thunderously echoing a movement of Die Walküre came through the still night air.

"But you are an exception," remarked Burke. "You are both rich and wise."

"I was left without a penny," answered Antonio. "The will which I once saw drafted on paper was never signed. But what does it matter? It is possible to do much without money."

"No, there you are mistaken," said Burke. "Poverty is a crime or the imputation of one. If you are to fight me at law the first thing you must do is to look about for means to raise it. Mrs. Fairfax of course will be your friend. She thinks she has found the means through an Indian Association, formed of certain sentimental people in the East who love the poor Indian and are interested in his affairs. I tell you this because she herself will tell it to you when you meet her. But I would suggest that you do not depend too much on this aid. Sentiment is a fine thing, but it has its limitations, usually at the point where it attacks the pocket book."

"Mrs. Leigh was President of an Indian Association," said Antonio. "I have sometimes spoken at their meetings. I might still have some influence. Thank you for the idea."

"You may have it for what it is worth," said Burke. "I will leave you here. Think over what I have said. After tomorrow I will begin the suit. It will then be too late."

## CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Burke returned he found Mrs. Jennings at the piano, while her husband, at the other end of the room, was engaged in an animated conversation with his sister-in-law.

"Oh, Mr. Burke," called Bessie, as he entered and approached her, "Sam has a piece of news for you. Your princess is not a princess after all. We have decided that we can not even call upon her."

Burke felt his heart throb with an indefinable anxiety, not from the manner of the threat, but because something told him that he was punished for mentioning Dorothea's name in this society.

"What do you mean?" he inquired as carelessly as he might.

"Why, Ed. Fairfax is an old chum of mine," said Mr. Jennings. "I know him from A to Z. Do you know why he lives in South America? It is because he prefers the climate to that of Canada," and he gave a harsh laugh which Bessie echoed musically.

"Go on, Sam, explain," she said. "Mr. Burke looks sceptical."

"Well, in plain English, he robbed a bank where he was cashier, after repeatedly forging his father's name on drafts, and was saved from the penitentiary only by the indulgence of the old man, whom he drove into his grave. He is a blackleg and a sharper, a professional gambler, as well as a reckless speculator in wild-cat schemes. He has had some correspondence through an agent with my respected father-in-law concerning our property here, the Bonanza Mine. We may make a deal with him if all goes well. Fairfax does not know that I married Wilson's daughter, or even that I am in this part of the world, and I don't want him to know it just yet a while."

Mrs. Jennings had ended her music when Burke appeared. She now whirled about on the piano stool and exclaimed, "For reasons of your own, no doubt. Mr. Fairfax knows you, I suppose, as well as you know him."

"See what it is to have an admiring wife!" said Jennings. "One so full of love and confidence!"

"Come, come!" said Bessie. "Don't quarrel in public. It is not good taste. Well, Mr. Burke, what do you think about it? Don't you see that we cannot call on this man's daughter?"

"In that you will of course do as you please," Burke answered gravely. "She is a lady, and one of the most attractive girls I have ever met. She will be very lonely if she makes no friends here. I hope you will not prejudice others



against her. She cannot be held responsible for her father's sins."

"But I shall think it my duty to tell my friends what I know of her family," said Bessie piously.

"Oh, her family's all right, as far as that goes," said Jennings. "Aguilar was always boasting of his blue blood. He was her uncle, you know; and the Fairfaxes are very respectable. Ed was the black sheep. I have nothing against the girl, and Nell may call on her if she likes, if she will promise to contrive that Miss Fairfax does not mention my name in her letters to her father. This is very important."

"Why should I call?" replied his wife. "Mrs. Aguilar has never been on my visiting list, and her niece is more nearly Bessie's age than mine. The matter does not really concern me."

"Well then, let us drop the subject," said her sister.

Burke forced himself to appear at ease and interested in the further conversation of the evening; but his blood was hot within him. Never had the injustice of petty standards and narrow judgments seemed to him so inexcusable. Never had the sisters appeared in so unamiable a light. The affluent good nature which prevailed at Casa Blanca had been one of the advantages which had counterbalanced a certain homely vulgarity in the minds and manners of the family there. They were good-hearted people, he told himself, enjoying their newly acquired wealth and the prestige it gave them in that limited society, and willing to share enjoyment and spread good will about them. Of late the atmosphere of the place had changed, or was it that he himself was disenchanted? The family skeleton which rumor had long assigned to a place in the Jennings apartments, had come somewhat shamelessly into view. The controversy with the Indians had served to embitter Mr. Wilson. Bessie, who had always commanded Burke's admiration, had become, under the disturbing influence of Dorothea's entrance into her social horizon, both unreasonable and unkind.

Mrs. Jennings's keen eyes noted Burke's altered mood, though Bessie with a young girl's happy obliviousness to everything beneath the surface was quite unaware that her liveliest sallies were no longer of effect. When they met on the landing of the stairs for a moment while goodnights were being exchanged, Mrs. Jennings bent near him and murmured, "If it will please you, Harry, I will call on Miss Fairfax. You are like a child with a new toy. You have been sulking all the evening because we will not admire it as much as you do. Is she really charming enough to make you forget Auld Lang Syne?"

"The toy is not mine," he replied. "I have no claim."

"Except that of discoverer," she answered. "You have found out that she is a lady, and that we are barbarians. You used to praise the simplicity of our life here, and find the genial warmth of our climate reflected in our natures. Ah, the good old times! How easy it is for a man to forget!"

She looked down upon him, the light of the candle which she held falling full upon her face and revealing the pathetic droop of the mouth, and the glint of tears in her eyes.

Burke, distinctly remembering the past, knew that she exaggerated the importance of the admiration which he had given and the terms upon which their acquaintance had been founded. Questioning himself seriously in the solitude of his room, he could not feel that he had been to blame, that he had trifled with her, or that at any time he had given more than the natural share of homage due from a young man to a pretty girl whom he meets daily. That one day he had awakened to the consciousness that he was being urged beyond his intentions by the pressure of circumstances, that he had detached himself to a certain extent from Casa Blanca and its inmates, and that Eleanor's marriage to Mr. Jennings had been viewed by many in the light of a heart tragedy, with himself as principal actor, he knew, having often bitterly reviewed the case without bringing himself to judgment. Since then Mrs. Jennings had chosen to maintain an attitude which often annoyed him, but to which he perforce submitted. She made it appear that all that had been suspected and implied had actually existed, that he had loved hopelessly, and that an unkind fate had divided them. It was to avoid this position that he had attached himself openly to Bessie during his frequent visits at Casa Blanca, making her the object of his attentions at the risk of repeating with the younger sister the misunderstanding of his motives. While honest examination led him to seek his bed that night with a clear conscience, Mrs. Jennings lay awake dry-eyed but heart-stricken, and Bessie felt the anger of jealousy, than which nothing is more cruel, and marked the unconscious Dorothea as its victim.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. Aguilar wondered that the neighbors were slow in calling upon her niece, and she was both pleased and relieved when Mrs. Jennings, in summer finery and plumed hat, tripped down the dusty road one afternoon and knocked at the school-house door. She seated herself in the chair offered with enthusiasm by Mrs. Aguilar, and surveyed Dorothea with deliberate criticism. She recognized that she was not only beautiful enough to be her rival in Burke's fancy, but also that she had the indefinable air of distinction which had impressed him.



"You seem to be out of place here, Miss Fairfax," she said. "You ought not to live in a two-roomed house, and your hands are quite too pretty to spoil with work."

Before Dorothea had appeared she had been visible in the rear room engaged in the homely occupation of washing dishes.

"You are quite right," exclaimed Mrs. Aguilar. "Dolly is used to something so different. I fear she will not stay with me long."

Dorothea was a little embarrassed by this opening of the conversation, but she answered frankly, "Of course one misses luxuries that have always seemed necessities; but it is good for us to learn how the other half lives, and everything is comparative. Our simplicity seems luxury to these Indians."

"Oh, the Indians do not interest me at all," said Mrs. Jennings. "But if you stay in this house you will hear of nothing else. Mrs. Aguilar thinks them perfection."

"Hardly that," said the teacher. "But I wish to help them on the weary way upward. They have taken the first step towards better things. The next should be easier for them."

"Well, do not let us talk about them," said Mrs. Jennings, "for they bore me to death. Papa is in a rage over their obstinacy which will make it necessary for him to go to court in town these hot dusty days. Then Mr. Burke is there so much that we see nothing of him. You have met Mr. Burke, I believe," and she looked keenly at Dorothea.

"Yes, I drove with him several miles at the time of the hold-up, and again when I went to attend the inquest. He was very kind about making that as easy for me as possible. I have not seen him lately."

"Nor have I, for that matter," was the answer. "We are such old friends that we really think it strange if we do not meet six times a week."

"I hear some interesting rumors about Miss Bessie," said Mrs. Aguilar smiling, "I believe she will not remain Miss Bessie very long."

Mrs. Jennings answered coldly, "People will gossip in a little country place. It is the only amusement they have. But Mr. Burke is decidedly not a marrying man."

Dorothea pondered this statement, which seemed rather enigmatical. Mrs. Jennings struck her as an eccentric person, and that lady feeling instinctively that she was not making as favorable an impression as she had meant, began to talk about general topics in a friendly way. At last she said, "One thing is so odd, Miss Fairfax. My husband used to know your father intimately years ago."

Dorothea's face brightened at the mention of her father.

"But the strange thing about it is that Sam is particularly anxious that your father should not hear of this from you, so please be careful in your letters not to mention it, or even to let him know that Samuel K. Jennings lives within a hundred miles of you. I don't know Sam's reason for this. He seems to have some grudge against your father, in a business way, no doubt. Large speculators are always likely to make enemies in business, you know, and your father is a sort of Napoleon of finance, I believe. He is negotiating for the purchase of the Bonanza mine here, it seems, and Sam would not have him know for the world that he is connected with it. I speak of this as something that may interest you, but of course you will not mention it."

Without waiting for Dorothea's reply she arose and took her leave.

"What a curious woman Mrs. Jennings is," said the girl musingly.

"She is a very unhappy woman, as married to such a man she must be," replied her aunt. "She married out of spite, and a woman who will do that must expect to break her heart. She was engaged, they say, to Harry Burke, and he broke the engagement or they quarreled, and she married Sam Jennings within a month."

"Could Mr. Burke do such a thing?" asked Dorothea.

"No, I do not believe it," said Mrs. Aguilar. "If it were so, he would not be calling constantly at the house, and be paying his addresses, as they say, to her sister."

"Perhaps it is Mrs. Jennings whom he cares for still," thought Dorothea; but she said nothing, and within an hour was engaged in writing as follows to her father:

"I miss you constantly. The life here is so different from anything I have known. I am set down in a little valley among the mountains, and the horizon of my experience is as limited as is possible, yet even here dramas of destiny are being played, interesting enough to those concerned in them, though I am quite an outsider and can do nothing but look on and philosophize. The villain of the play is a Mr. Samuel K. Jennings whose morals are deplorably bad, though this does not seem to place him beyond the pale of society since he is son-in-law of Mr. Jerome Wilson, the rich man of the place. He keeps a store and sells liquor to the Indians, which does not seem to be thought wicked, though it is against the law. I have heard that he used to know you years ago, and that he is very anxious to remain unknown to you. He is interested in your speculations, especially in the sale of the Bonanza Mine here. And now, darling papa, I have found you out. If you are planning to buy the mine it is to come here and live with your own Dorothea. How happy I am at the thought! I can hardly wait to receive the answer to this letter. How could you expect to keep a secret from your inquisitive magpie? Do not try to have secrets from me. I shall find them out every one."

Cause and effect are proportionate, but the law of accumulated force is so obscure in its application that we sometimes



wonder when the fall of the pebble starts the avalanche. Mrs. Jennings's communication was a pebble thrown at random, with no motive except the desire for revenge for a hundred petty slights, a hundred stabs of malice, since hatred filled the place of love. Custom and conventionality held her in check, and she could only act against her husband in secret, striking blindly like an angry child; and walking homewards she felt a child's trepidation in the memory of her act of rebellion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

Four nights we twain have lain at rest

Far up upon the Madre's breast.

We thought we saw her wondrous eyes

Look down upon us, deep and wise,

And full of witching mystery —

It might have been the stars, maybe.

We felt her balmy breath, we thought—

It may have been the fragrance brought

From mountain blooms. We heard her sigh,

We heard her sing; such melody,

We told ourselves, no ear divines

In simply wind in mountain pines.

We plucked her gown's rich garniture,

The snowy styrax, heavenly pure,

Unearthly sweet; the dogwood stars;

Vetch, rosy as the shield of Mars.

And round her throat like laces broke

Soft lilacs with the blue of smoke.

We heard her laughter, too, so clear,

So musical, so limpid! near

Where we held breath to hark, a rill

Frolicked and romped or took long naps

Neath brooding boulders; this perhaps

Was what we heard; more sweet by half

To think we caught the Madre's laugh.

O, it is much of good and grace

To sit at foot and see her face,

To hold her garments' hem and feel

The vital influences that heal;

But up, up where those currents start

How sweet to know the Madre's heart!



In the late war the Spaniards killed 350 American soldiers; Secretary Alger about 1700 more.

Spain, too, thought an Imperial policy her "heaven-sent duty" and her business chance. She knows better now. Her colonies ruined her. And we seem to be getting ready to learn by the same stupid methods.

This Den cannot be accused of want of veneration for the President of the United States. But it is sorry to note Mr. McKinley's over-exercise of his ears. There may be use in the President's knowing "what the people want." But Abraham Lincoln—the greatest president this country has ever had; the greatest American—conducted an infinitely greater war not by asking the people what they wanted but by asking his conscience and his God what was right. That is the difference between re-election and immortality.

THIS  
CANTING

WORLD.

The jest and riddle of this contradictory planet are never solved. Here is "the most civilized nation on earth" gravely preparing to become a war power; and "barbarous Russia" the first nation in human history to make the sane, manly plea for peace. All the crowns of the Czars are not so bright as the one Nicholas will wear in history. It will outwear even our President's war-laurels.

CAME

HOME

TO ROOST.

For once we have paid dearly and soon for our pernicious politics. Generally the accounting is by slow and hardly perceptible rotting of the national system. A man branded by our bravest soldiers (like Custer and Sheridan) as a skulker in our civil war; a man who since that war has become a millionaire mostly by unscrupulous acquisition of government timber-lands and the destruction of our forests—why, we thought nothing of it when he was made Secretary of War. But when war came, this shameful perversion of our government cost us 2000 American lives—that is, our incompetent cabinet officer killed nearly seven times as many of our soldiers as the enemy did.

HUNTING

ITS

HEAD.

President Martin Kellogg has resigned his post at the head of the State University. This is California's chance. Mr. Kellogg was a good man. He is white



with honorable years. But if he ever had an opinion it was hidden under a peck. The Lion has nothing but respect for the man who has done the best he could with what God made him; but California is larger than any man, and the magnificently endowed State University merits the best that God makes.

Complementing Mrs. Hearst's imperial gift, which will give the University probably the noblest college buildings in America, Miss Cora Jane Flood has just given the institution about three millions of dollars.

A president like the one Stanford University has is worth more to a college than three-million-dollar bequests and peerless buildings—for a college is not money but character. Berkeley should have as good a president as Stanford has—if there is any way to find him.

This Den had the honor to suggest Theodore Roosevelt for the place; but "Our Teddy" is probably too busy with the smaller affair of the New York governorship—though the Lion still believes the place should be offered him; and that Mr. Roosevelt would be wise to accept.

Of the candidates in the field, only two are possible. The "foreigners" aren't big enough to pay for transplanting. Wm. Carey Jones and Bernard Moses are both professors at Berkeley now; the one quiet, deep, and the right hand of Mrs. Hearst; the other brilliant and magnetic. The Lion admires both men, though in varying degrees and for unlike reasons. He has a notion, however, that Berkeley needs a man of national reputation, such as Stanford's president has; not only a first-class man, but a man whom the whole country knows to be first-class.

If President Adams of the State University of Wisconsin knows no more of modern scientific history than he confessed in a recent lecture in Los Angeles, he would be better placed in a kindergarten than at the head of a college. Local geniuses have given as absurd reviews of South-American history, but a college president never before, in this remote frontier.

The attempts to discredit General Shafter come all from the newspaper correspondents—some traitors, some only fools—with whom he disagreed in their common journalistic notion that the newspapers are the United States. And the American people seem to have sized the matter up pretty generally.

For a long time importunate telegrams from the Far East implored us not to forget that the United States was indebted to Consul Rounsevelle Wildman for Aguinaldo. Somehow the telegrams have ceased. But we will not forget.



## THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

The literature of the war correspondents has swamped the type foundries with the demand for capital I's.

A STORY  
OF  
HEROISM.

A genuine apostle himself, the second archbishop of New Mexico, the late J. B. Salpointe, had a particular right to tell us of *Soldiers of the Cross*—meaning thereby the missionaries to Arizona and New Mexico from 1540 down to date. Bishop Salpointe was one of these later soldiers. He served in the ranks (coming to the Southwest in 1859) and rose to generalship by his unusual talents; from parish priest among Indians to archbishop of an enormous and important diocese.

It would be ungracious to criticize from a scientific standpoint a book so generous to the reviewer's works; above all, a book by a man whom the writer knew and revered despite their differences of creed. Bishop Salpointe's book is wholly unscientific; and in several matters of history is wrong. But it is sincere in all things, accurate in its presentation of the territories forty years ago, and valuable wherever it relates directly to the story of missionary work in New Mexico and Arizona. The book is printed by the Indian boys in Rev. Florian Hahn's excellent "St. Boniface's Industrial School," Banning, Cal., and can be procured from Fr. Hahn.

A GOOD  
BOOK ON

Much the most readable and most instructive of the new crop of books on Alaska is *The Rainbow's End*, by Alice Palmer ALASKA. Henderson. Made like a "real" book—and not like the trashy catch-pennies—its contents merit the dress. Mrs. Henderson, without being rigorously scientific, has traveled to better purpose than ninety-seven out of every hundred of our beprinted tourists. She has seen well, questioned insatiably and written down her results in a straightforward, illuminative and congenial fashion. The net product is decidedly above the average of books of travel, as it is much more entertaining. A number of halftones from photographs illustrate the volume. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

Scholarship on the Pacific Coast sustains a distinct loss in the death of Mary Sheldon Barnes, of Stanford University. Mrs. Barnes was not only author of the familiar *Barnes's School Histories* which are in use throughout the United States, but was also doing large service in more exact historical work, particularly with reference to California. Her peculiar fitness for these tasks and her great earnestness in them will not easily be replaced.

The September *Book Buyer* has the latest (and an excellent) photograph of Joaquin Miller. It also quotes a poem from Charlotte Perkins Stetson's new volume.

Wm. Doxey, the San Francisco publisher whose taste is doing so much for this Coast in the making of attractive books, is issuing a handsome and satisfactory vest-pocket series of "Lark Classics." The *Rubáiyát* came first; and is now followed by Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads*. 25 and 50 cents.



## THE ANGLE OF REFLECTION.

BY MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

IT is no new thing for men to gird themselves and go forth to battle for principles good and bad. Neither is it a new thing for young men to go in search of adventure and excitement in the dimmest corners of the earth. But it is a somewhat novel thing for a small army of men to ride booted and spurred into the experience of shot and shell with the deliberate intention of noting every phase of that experience and giving it to the public. This is what the newspaper correspondent of today has done, and to judge from experience he has done it thoroughly. Never before in the history of war have we had such detailed and realistic recitals of emotion and physical sensation.

We have been told how a man feels when he sees a button shot from his neighbor's coat. We have learned the precise state of mind engendered by a drop of blood on the tip of a dead Spaniard's nose. We have been informed as to the exact variations of pitch in the sound of a death-dealing Mauser bullet.

This is certainly war from the inside. The men who have given us all this have not been at the rear but at the front. There is a modern self-consciousness about it, but it is bravery all the same. The bravery of science. A man giving his body to be shot that he may tell us his minutest sensation may be a ghastly form of realism, but assuredly such men have the courage of their introspections.

And courage is a strange, fascinating, incomprehensible thing. Or is it our admiration of it that is incomprehensible? For some of its manifestations we have rather ungracious names, but most of us profess a certain respect for it in the abstract. The man who risks his life at foot-ball is not exactly a hero, but we try to see in him the raw material of heroism. We imagine him developing a willingness to suffer in other and better causes, in which, alas, we too seldom find him.

There is no use to complain of the courage of the American man, who is the American soldier and sailor, nor was there any need of war to prove it. But since the war has come and gouge and the pen of the newspaper correspondent has been almost literally dipped in the blood of the killed and wounded; since the rush and roar and magnificent noise of it have reached our ears through the medium of cool and courageous literary talent at the front, impressing us anew with the valor that is ours, may we not hope that there will come back to us out of it all young men brave enough to conquer primaries and defeat "the push?" Men daring enough to scoff at him who says there is no help for political corruption? Men who are willing to live for the country they were so nobly eager to die for?

Perhaps we are asking too much. There may be a division of labor in morals as well as in mechanics, and one man may give his body to defend what his soul could not have devised and but feebly comprehends. The love of country, like the love of kin, is not always a question of desserts.

The willingness of men to come to blows in defense of their honor is not confined to the honorable. It would be as hard for one to tell why the Star Spangled Banner brings tears to his eyes as to tell why he loves his mother. And yet if the young men who are being mustered out of bloodshed would turn some of their splendid energy to the corruption which has made the official blunders of the late war possible, their children's children might not love their country more, but they would certainly have more reason therefor.

There was no need of war to prove the bravery of the American man, neither was there need of war to bring out the philanthropy of the American woman. Her effort to humanize the sorry spectacle is but a part of the general scheme to which she is lending herself these latter days. A scheme which seems to be founded upon an acceptance of evil rather than upon its removal. So skillful has she become in alleviating woe that there is danger of her making the way of the transgressor easy. But since she must be about what she sincerely believes to be her master's business, it is no doubt a good thing that she has been diverted from the tenements to the tents. From the tramp, whom she has created and who lives, moves and has his being in her generosity, to the soldier, whom she cannot hurt, however little she may be able to help him.

The bitter disappointment of thousands of women throughout the land, that there was no demand for their services in hospitals and on transports, was largely due to patriotism no doubt, and yet it bears witness to the fact that there is much latent energy in their ranks, which is afraid to venture forth at any call save that of mercy.

Already philanthropy begins to be a drug on the market, and who knows but the time may come when women will urge men to fight that they may bind up their wounds?

Now that the war is over and good women may lay down their Red Cross, and look about for another, it would be a happy thing if in an hour of insight they should decide to prevent some of the want they are so fond of relieving. To free us from the sight of busy mothers hurrying about all day in the service of pauperism, while their daughters grow up about them with only the thinnest wall of circumstance between them and this same destitution. A wall which may be shattered at any time by a turn in finance or in the health of a man who is doubtless proud of his helpless women folk. The working girl is an easy problem. She has solved herself—but the idle girl, the girl smothered in chiffon; the girl peering through the mist of enforced inanity in search of excitement and sensation; the girl who so easily makes over into the sad faced woman who "*must* do something" and can do nothing, this girl well fed, well dressed, well lived—she is the problem. And since her father and her mother have forsaken her, may the Lord take her up!

All the wise men of the east and west tell us this girl should prepare herself for marriage and maternity. Sincere censure has met her for her failure so to do. But what man the world over deliberately prepares himself for an occupation which, once learned, he must not seek?

The girl prepares herself to marry when she piles cheap roses upon her hat and sews cheap lace upon her gown: to marry, but not for marriage. Imagine a class of self-respecting girls devoting themselves to the study of the care of infants and thus acknowledging their candidacy for an office which the whole world esteems honorable for a woman to hold and a shame for any woman to seek!

Nor does matrimony solve the problem. Most of the helpless women, whose helplessness saddens the lives of those who would help them, have been married. Nothing in this work-a-day world solves the problem but work. Sweetness, serenity, dignity, self-sacrifice—all the qualities that go to the making of the highest motherhood and the noblest fatherhood are no protection against poverty. And honest work does not endanger these qualities in a woman more than in a man. It is in idleness, or in the frivolous activity which is worse than idleness, that the danger lies.



## BAJA CALIFORNIA.



O hear us talk in the United States one would think we had the only California—and, indeed, with our usual happy faculty of knowing nothing about anything just across our own barbed wires, most of us are hardly aware that there are two. Yet in fact the Golden State is New California; the great peninsula which belongs to our sister republic of Mexico is the original California—and was the only one for nearly two hundred years. It was discovered by Cortez, three and three-quarters centuries ago, and was colonized and converted by the Jesuits about one hundred and sixty years ago. They planted their missions up and down the peninsula nearly forty years before the Franciscans came to found, in Upper California, the noble old missions which have attracted tens of thousands of tourists. If Americans had as much enterprise anywhere else as they have at home, Old California would have been overrun by them long ago. But in all the rich lands next door south of us the Englishman, the German, the Frenchman and the Italian are far more in evidence than the all-fired Yankee. Commercially we have never learned to reach out beyond our own borders; and foreigners—or, we should rather say, Europeans—are, all down the length of Spanish America, and up to our very doors, plucking the business plums that would seem logically destined to fall into American laps. But these men from across the salt have discovered the structural fact that business plums, like other plums, are governed by the law of gravitation and drop only into such laps as get under them. They can't go hunting laps. And sometimes even the ready lap isn't enough—there needs a little shaking of the tree as well. Possibly now that the war has set our horizons to expanding, and we are realizing at last that there actually is some geography outside the United States—geography with chances for pleasure and business in it—we may remove this anomalous state of things, and the Americans of the United States may acquire a voice in the markets of the rest of America. Certainly the commerce of the vast reach of country, almost infinite in its productions, between us and Chile, is worth incomparably more to us than the commerce of Hawaii and the Philippines—and carries no dangerous problems.

Of course the strangest thing in the world is for an American to be blind to a business chance. But the next strangest is that he should be blind to opportunities for pleasure—for no nation tries harder to have a good time, nor spends more money in the attempt. Yet ninety per cent. of the Americans who travel do it much after the fashion of automatons on an excursion wire. Mexico, Central and South America are at least as interesting as Europe, and far less hackneyed—but how many of our pleasure seekers know anything about them?

This strange ignorance of our business men and tourists as to our



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Photo. by Schlattman, Hnos., Mexico.

PORFIRIO DIAZ, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.





GOV. A. SANGINES.

neighbors in the New World is partly because there are no Cook's Excursions. The routes are not so cushioned. They are more out of the way—and few tourists care or dare to go off the beaten track. It has been our own experience in our California that the tourist is (tho' unwittingly) scout for the business man. Easterners came over just to see what this fabulous State looked like, anyhow; to measure just how many kinds of prevaricators the Californians were, with their big stories of a climate that neither froze people to death nor roasted people to death, and of fertility beyond the credulity of the Yankee. They saw for themselves. They had their

curiosity satisfied. Most of them either went home, sold out and moved to California, or simply staid here and let an agent gather up their home strings. In a decade about 150,000 of them have abandoned the East and become Californians. And it is a conversion that sticks. None of them backslide.

It is probable that the next decade will witness a smaller but somewhat similar migration to the Senior California. A land much like our own in its physical geography; with soil as marvelously rich, with

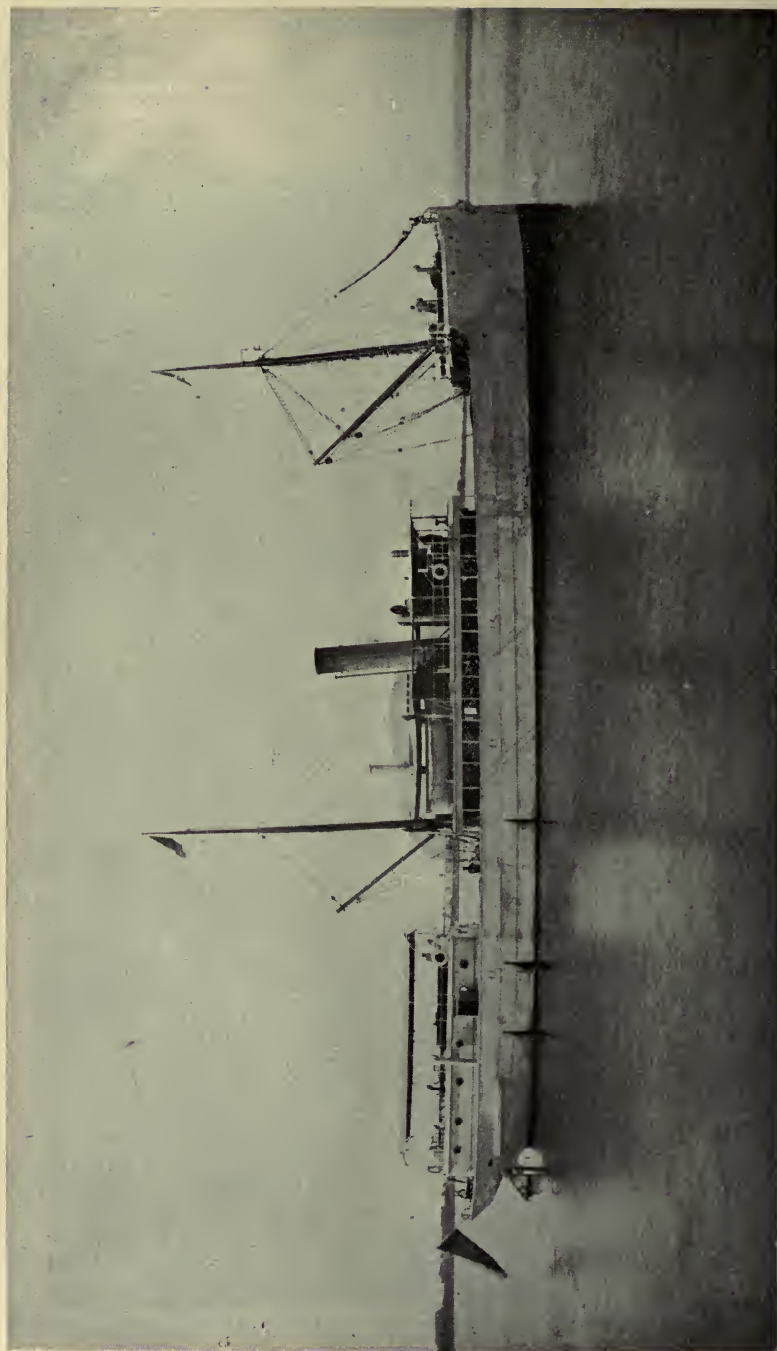


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THE BANDSTAND ON THE PLAZ.

Photo, by A. W. Lohn.







scenery as noble, with climate every whit as delicious and healthful, the Peninsula needs only to be known. When Americans come to understand it, its population will grow fast enough—and with its population its prosperity. It is a better country than our Eastern and Southern States. Our California is better yet; but the United States has no other corner to match it for climate.

As every well-informed person is now aware, Mexico has become under Diaz the most law-abiding of countries—and with magnificent laws to abide by. Life and property are nowhere safer—not even in the best city in the United States. Foreign visitors and immigrants are treated not only with exact justice, but with high consideration. The right sort of American can always make a success in Mexico. The mistake of some has been to suppose that because they had failed in everything at home they had a sure thing of success “down there”—with rather too much accent on the *down*. Just so, there came some to Los Angeles, for instance, to teach the ignorant Angeleños how to live and move and



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WOODCHOPPER'S CAMP IN THE SAND-DUNES. G. H. Paine, Photo.

have their being—the would-be instructors having been failures in the very cities in which their proposed pupils had been successful. As a broad rule, the man who is incompetent in one place is incompetent in all. God has not made any country nor permitted any town, where chronic failures will succeed; and this is as true in Mexico as anywhere else. It needs brains, it needs energy, it needs decent human consideration of your neighbor and customer, to “make a go of it” anywhere on this mundane football; and *that* is true of Mexico.

For the first time, now, it is easy and comfortable to visit the land of the Aztecs. Across the Mexican Gulf is not an ideal voyage; and by rail the routes are long. But now we can go from Uncle Sam's California to Porfirio's California so easily, so comfortably, so quickly and by so interesting a route that the trip is bound to become popular.





Leaving Los Angeles at a comfortable hour of the forenoon by the superb "Surf Line" of the Santa Fé route, passing through the richest corn, alfalfa, walnut and dairy regions of the State, and down the very beach of the blue Pacific to San Diego, one of the most attractive of cities, famous the world over for its bay, its climate and its hotels, the traveler is at the threshold of another country. Tens of thousands have visited the poor little frontier hamlet of Tia Juana—just because it was in Mexico. It is just as easy now, and incomparably more interesting, to see a better sample of Mexico.

Taking the comfortable steel-hull steamer "St. Denis" (302 tons net register, 161 feet long, 26 beam, 11½ knots, triple expansion engines) the tourist leaves San Diego in the evening and wakens at daybreak, after a quiet night, at anchor in the superb land-locked bay of Ensenada de Todos Santos, Baja California.

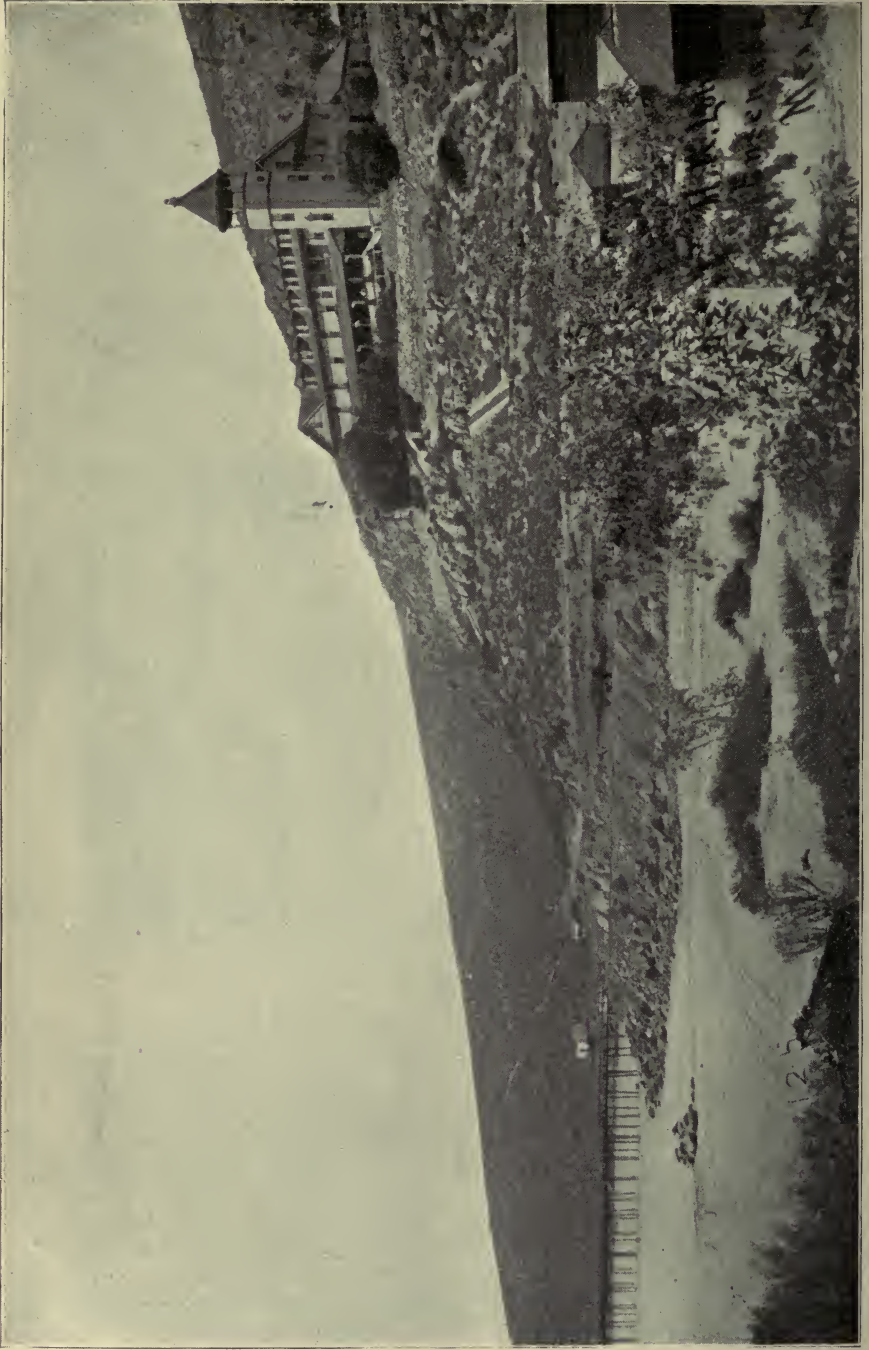


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THE BAND ON THE PLAZA.

Photo. by A. W. Lohn.

Here he finds what was worth coming for—and many surprises thrown in for good measure. The pleasant town—a happy combination of Mexican quaintness and English comfort—with its charming plaza, where the military band makes music in the admirable Mexican fashion, the social event of the day; its unspotted cleanliness; its *cuartel*, customhouse, and other characteristic earmarks—these give him the instant and agreeable consciousness that he is "abroad." If he have in his composition the remotest trace of artistic sense, the magnificent scenery will feed it for just as long as he may elect to stay—a landscape that never wears out. The exquisite semi-lune of a bay, still as a millpond, blue as the waters of Capri; the abrupt mountain ranges, capped by San Pedro Martir, which leaps skyward 11,000





feet above the sea from whose approximate level he views it; an atmosphere that touches everything with the magic finger; and over all a sky no land on earth can surpass and very few can match.

And to enjoy this, he has not to "endure hardness," as in many of these southern lands. One of the greatest and pleasantest of his surprises (or her's, for there is nothing on earth to prevent ladies from making this trip precisely as they would travel an equal distance in the United States) will be the accommodations. The Hotel Iturbide is named after the first emperor of Mexico, but it is an English hotel, with all the comfort the phrase implies. With 53 large, airy rooms, excellently furnished; a fine dining-room and excellent table, a porch one never forgets—eighteen feet wide and one hundred and thirty long—the Iturbide is a comfort. It stands on a fine bluff overlooking (almost overhanging) the sea and a couple of hundred feet above it. The



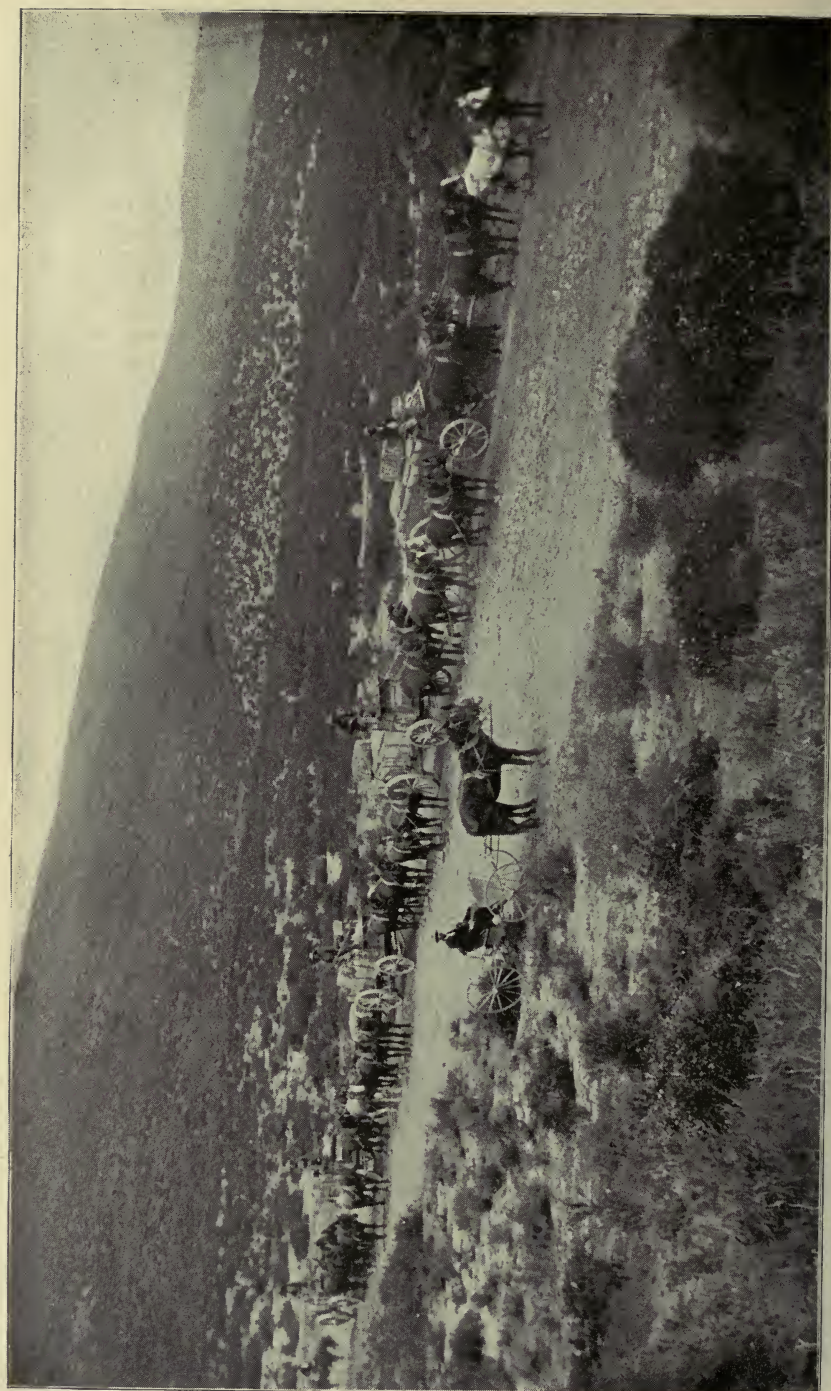
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MEXICAN RESIDENTS.

Photo. by A. W. Lohn.

great porch faces east, and is an ideal lounging place; and the whole hotel will rather jolt the average traveler's preconceived notions of the discomforts of traveling in Mexico.

There is plenty of diversion for those who are not content to dream in cozy corners. It is well known that Lower California is a paradise for the sportsman. Probably nowhere else in the wide world is such quail-shooting. That game of birds, the California quail—to which Van Dyke has paid such glowing tribute of an expert—is there by the million. There *were* such flocks in *our* California, "before the gringo came"—but there are not now, nor the tenth part of them. And no matter how multitudinous, this wariest and swiftest of birds is never tame sport. In the winter there is fine duck-hunting—more kinds of ducks (with geese and swans thrown in) than the Eastern crack shot ever dreamed of. Excellent deer-hunting is within a few miles'





drive of the hotel ; and further back (but still not remote) are the big-horns and antelope.

The beautiful bay is unsurpassed for bathing and surf-fishing ; and from boats there is superb sport with the yellow-tail, barracuta and other game fish. As for rowing and sailing, there could be no more perfect sport. A really superior golf links has recently been completed ; and tennis and other civilized sports are fully provided for.

There are charming rides and walks all about — particularly about the long, bluff, sea-cliff, to Punta Banda — with its hot springs, "blow-hole," natural aquarium and varied other attractions—the old mill and the venerable ruins of the Jesuit Missions.

The most exigent tourist finds here abundant interest and diversion. There is excellent society, too — English, American, and of the best old families of the Dons. For a town of 1500 people, Ensenada is particularly fortunate in this respect.



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THE LOCAL MILITARY.

Photo. by A. W Lohm

But pleasure and sight-seeing are not all of the Peninsula nor all of Ensenada. It is a country of vast agricultural and mineral potentialities, which are now being steadily and conservatively developed. Under irrigation that fertile soil produces every crop in remarkable measure. For stock-raising the country has a great future ; and in mining the results already obtained are an earnest of what is to follow. Under the liberal and beneficent colonization laws of Mexico, and directed by conservative English enterprise, the settling up of the Peninsula has at last fairly begun. That it will progress in an increasing ratio, no one who knows the country and the circumstances can reasonably doubt. The fact that a false start was made ten or a dozen years ago, when unsubstantial boomers tried to build a country on wind, has nothing to say against the present enterprise, which is not "boom" but a sound, conservative and business-like undertaking. From every aspect it is a foregone conclusion that Lower California cannot much

longer be ignored as an opening for capital, for home-seekers, for health-seekers and for "just tourists."

The original concession by the Mexican government of an immense body of land in Lower California was to Luis Huller, a German speculator. He sold out to the lamented International Company, of variegated fame; and that company at once proceeded to "boom" its property on a basis almost wholly atmospheric. The doings of those days were widely bruited, and left many sore spots. The Peninsula—and particularly the neighborhood of Ensenada—has to this day hardly recovered from the set-backs these wildcat operations gave to its legitimate development. Exaggerated claims, inflated prices without any foundation in productive or commercial value—these are uncomfortable things for any country to live down.

The International Company, however, in turn sold out to the Mexi-



Mausard-Collier Eng Co.

Photo. by A. W. Lohn.

THE CUARTEL—BARRACKS AND PRISON.

can Land and Colonization Company, Limited, the parent of all the English companies now engaged in developing the Peninsula; and with that transfer the curse of wildcat speculation departed. It was the dawn of business methods in Lower California, after a long era of brass-band "promoting."

Not that the new "outfit" learned it all at once. Foreign companies in the New World never do. They always have a good deal to learn—and something to unlearn. Among the first of their lessons is to discard their sturdy European faith in what American sellers told them.

It took the Mexican Land and Colonization Company a good while to get down to bedrock; to realize that the prices to which the International's boom had boosted lands were fictitious—and to apply the remedy. Land down there is worth money—around Ensenada it is worth a good deal of money. But the boom prices were out of reason,





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Photo. by A. W. Lohn.

A COSY CORNER AT THE ITURBIDE; OVERLOOKING THE BAY.



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SAN QUINTIN FLOUR MILL.

Photo. by A. W. Lohn



for they were not based on the earning-power of the land—and any other valuation is fictitious and perilous.

Conservative men are generally slow; and the new company was. But it got the hang of things, brought prices to their normal standard and pushed the development of agricultural lands. The aim of the boomers had been to sell town lots; the larger wisdom of the new régime was to encourage colonists who would bring that unsurpassed soil under cultivation and make wealth for the country and for themselves. The town-lot boom is gambling, like mining-stock speculation; the actual colonization of a country is the precise reverse.

Under this legitimate policy of turning naked lands into farms instead of into dice, and making citizens instead of gamblers, the country has progressed steadily year by year, without any of the back-slidings which so often attend colonization enterprises.

\* Estates whose titles were uncertain under the concession (because of the old Mission grants) have been bought up by the company and leased to colonists for grazing lands—thus gradually awakening the in-



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo by G. H. Paine.

COMPANY'S OFFICE, BANK AND CLERICAL, FORCE.

terior of the Peninsula, while the coast lands are being aroused to agriculture, particularly in wheat-growing.

In 1891 a subsidiary corporation, the Lower California Development Company, having for directors very much the same men who were on the board of the parent company, was formed in London and took over 475,006 acres of the parent company's lands, beginning a few miles north of Colnetta and running south to Rosario. This vast tract includes some of the richest mesa lands, probably, to be found in the whole world. The company has cleared and improved large tracts, and, wherever water has been applied, with good results.

It has also taken over the steamship line and greatly improved the service to the United States. Instead of four trips a month to San Diego, six and seven are now made, and on better boats. Those who were deterred from making the journey by the smallness of the craft that plied to Ensenada, can have no fault to find with the first-class "St. Denis."

The Lower California Development Company, which has already ex-

pended a million dollars in the work of improvement and maintenance, has in turn formed a subsidiary—the San Quintin Milling Company, whose headquarters are at San Quintin, the starting point of a projected railway line (already surveyed) to Tia Juana and Yuma. The San Quintin mill is of the very newest description and turns out flour of the highest quality.

The present endeavor of the Company is to encourage smaller holdings and diversified farming. It is realized at last that to depend upon wheat altogether is a mistake. Fruit trees under irrigation yield enormous crops; and alfalfa, irrigated, gives three heavy cuttings, without fail. Garden vegetables are planted and gathered every month in the year. Cattle-growing is highly successful; and mining has a brighter outlook than ever before. Labor throughout the Peninsula is abundant and cheap.

Under the able colonization laws of Mexico, settlers can import for personal use, free of duty, household and personal effects, farming implements, seeds, horses and cattle for use and breeding, tools of trade or implements of profession, building material and machinery of any



L. A. Eng. Co.

RESIDENCE OF SR. PEDRO RENDÓN.

Photo, by G. H. Paine.

kind for manufacturing purposes. Nor is there any hardship in living under that enlightened and progressive government with Porfirio Diaz, one of the greatest statesmen of the century, at the head of the nation, and with Gov. Augustin Sangines in charge of the Peninsula.

In the "old times," prices were high in Ensenada not only for lands but for the necessaries of life. Now, thanks to increased importation and reduced freight rates, this inconvenience no longer exists.

The personnel of the Lower California Development Company is thoroughly substantial. The directors are all men well known and of good standing in England. The chairman of the Company is Mr. Chas. Cheston, and the head offices are at 4 Moorgate street, London, E. C. Much of the success of the Company's operations is due to the clear-headed and efficient resident manager at Ensenada, Mr. Packard.

Now that Americans are beginning to think of business opportunities outside the United States, it may be they will turn attention to this large opening next door. And American tourists will "learn something to their advantage" if they include Ensenada in their itinerary.



## LA JOLLA BY THE SEA.

**T**HOSE who visit Southern California year after year, as well as the resident sight-seers, never omit to pay a visit to the "Gem of the Pacific," LA JOLLA, the most unique as well as the most charming of seaside resorts.

To visit San Diego and not "take in" this, the loveliest spot by the sea, would make the visit only partly completed. Nowhere on the Pacific coast are to be found such marvelously beautiful attractions as at La Jolla.

Here the sandstone cliffs, grotesquely carved by the ever restless waves of centuries past, with settings of pleasing back country scenery, form never-wearing impressions upon the sight and mind.

Time and again one returns to view, from different points, Cathedral Rock, Alligator Head, Gold Fish Point, Cathedral Pass, Fisherman's Bridge, and other curious carvings of the sea.

The seven immense caves, which naturally form the center of interest, impress themselves so vividly upon the mind as never to be forgotten. During low tide these caves (the largest over five hundred feet in extent) can be readily visited, and the grotesque interior so delights as to prove a source of pleasing recollection.



The bathing, all the year round, at "Bathing Cove" with its sandy beach and clear water, and Alligator Head as its natural breakwater, stands unrivaled on the Pacific Coast. Those who delight in piscatorial pursuits find here no end of success. Barracuta, Yellowtail, Mackereel, Sea Bass, Rock Cod, etc., abound.

Shells and sea mosses in great variety reward the industrious seeker for Neptune's Gems.

Thus it is that La Jolla is not only the ideal summer but the winter resort for pleasure or health seekers alike.

The real artistic instinct discovers at La Jolla material worthy of brush or pen, whilst the "snap-shot artist" finds here the very acme of ambition in endless variety.

Accommodations of every nature are at hand, from the comfortable hotel to tenting on the beach, and all at reasonable compensation. Pleasant homes, churches and refined people make La Jolla socially agreeable.

La Jolla is but fourteen miles from San Diego and the thirty minutes ride over the San Diego, Pacific Beach and La Jolla Railway is in itself a pleasurable diversion.

Additional information can be obtained from Herbert Dabney, General Manager S. D., P. B. & La Jolla Ry., San Diego, Cal.

---

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## “NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WIDE WORLD”

“**OUT** of failure I will build success.” The determined little woman who thus gave expression to her ambition had worked for many weary months to accomplish what, she fully believed, would reward her with fame and financial gain.

She had conceived the idea to convert the lemon, not only a part of it but the *whole* lemon, into a compound which should take the place of soap, as a toilet article, to cleanse, beautify and keep in healthy natural condition the human skin.



MRS. ANNA C. GRAPEWINE, THE INVENTOR OF  
“CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON.”

Fully conversant with the superior qualities of the lemon in this direction, she also knew that the acid in the lemon in its virgin condition did not fully accomplish the desired result, nor could it be kept readily available for toilet purposes under all circumstances.

Lemon acid, in combination with commercial toilet soap, was nothing new, but as *all* soaps contain fatty substance and alkali in combination, the effect upon the delicate human skin has proved far from satisfactory, hence her determination to produce a purely lemon compound which would overcome every objectionable feature. No trouble was experienced to “cream” the lemon; to retain *all* the good qualities

of the lemon proved more difficult, but to make a Cream of Lemon which would contain no foreign chemical substance and still preserve all its valuable features and keep perfectly under all climatic conditions, arctic or tropical, proved the stumbling block from the beginning.

Time and again her husband and friends who knew of her attempt advised to drop it. She simply would not do so, but kept up her experiments month after month until even her faith and courage were nearly exhausted. Then at the last minute came the inspiration—“happy thought”—which solved the secret, and the celebrated “Cream of Lemon” of today was a newly born fact.

The secret to produce an infinitely superior article, in place of commercial toilet soap of the highest reputation, was her reward for the years of labor and the many hard earned dollars spent in her effort for success.

The “Cream of Lemon” now glories in the proud distinction of “Nature’s Own Toilet Soap,” a result born of the intelligence, perseverance and pluck of “Only a little woman”—Mrs. Anna C. Grapewine.

The next important step was to place it on the market in convenient commercial shape. This was accomplished by using the collapsible tube from which any quantity can be drawn and the balance remain clean and pure to the last drop.



It is a pleasure to be able to record that at once the Cream of Lemon became a favorite with all who gave it trial and kept making friends, until today thousands of homes have discarded the use of soap and use only "Nature's own soap" to cleanse, beautify and keep the skin in perfectly healthy condition. It is as safe and healthful for the baby as for grandma.

Those who have not yet given this natural compound a trial can readily prove for themselves the truth of the inventor's claim, "Nothing Equals it in the Wide World."

Wash your hands and face with the best of toilet soap perfectly clean, rinse until the water remains absolutely clear; dry well. Now apply Cream of Lemon, and the result of what you supposed to be clean face and hands will surprise and at once convince you.

As a matter of fact it was only the surface which the soap cleansed, and at the same time filled up the mouths of the pores, stopping the healthy, natural breathing of the skin, and thereby producing that unpleasant feeling common to the use of all soaps, to overcome which and



FILLING TUBES READY FOR SHIPPING "CREAM OF LEMON."

to counteract the roughing effect "skin lotions" are applied to still further kill the delicate texture of the skin and ruin the complexion.

The use of Cream of Lemon causes a diametrically opposite effect. It cleanses the pores and skin perfectly, nourishes and softens the texture of the skin and gives that refreshing feeling a healthy and perfectly clean skin imparts. Cream of Lemon soothes irritation and eradicates unhealthy condition of the skin's surface. It is the article par excellence to use after shaving, for shampooing and the bath; especially gratifying is its use after sea bathing. Herein lies the great success which Cream of Lemon has so far achieved. Without question it is the most pronounced discovery to prevent untimely wrinkles of the face, and other imperfections detrimental to a perfect complexion.

In this connection it is timely to say that because of these superior merits it has, within a short year, increased its manufacturing facilities from a ten by twelve room to a commodiously arranged brick building of twenty-five by one hundred and twenty-five feet with basement of same dimensions.



MR. C. E. GRAPEWINE'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

The main floor of this building is devoted to the manipulation of all its branches for the handling of the completed cream. In the basement the electrical machinery necessary for the grinding of the lemons into pulp and converting the same into cream ready for the "apulcanizing room", a word coined by the manager, Mr. C. E. Grapevine, where all the secret manipulating of the Cream of Lemon is done. So well is this process kept secret by Mr. and Mrs. Grapevine that the many attempts made to produce cream of lemon have resulted only in producing a worthless imitation.

The inventor of the Cream of Lemon has been in attendance at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, Neb., in the interests of the California Cream of Lemon Company's business, and thousands have thereby become conversant, through actual trial, with the merits of this wonderful compound of the lemon. Thousands have purchased it from her, taken it to their homes, and converted others from the use of soap to that of Cream of Lemon.

The genuine Cream of Lemon as made only by the California Cream of Lemon Co., if not for sale in your own locality can be had by sending to the company direct, when full information will be mailed you.

All former arrangements as to special agency for the United States have been changed, and orders from whatever source must be addressed to the California Cream of Lemon Co., San Diego, Cal.





# Southern California's Great Hotel Completed.

**T**HE HOTEL GREEN and ANNEX, which will be ready for occupancy by Nov. 1st, 1898, places Pasadena and the surrounding section in the very front rank as to hotel facilities. The most fastidious winter visitor, or the globe trotter who has learned from wide travel how to judge, will find in this handsome moresque palace nothing more to be desired. Its location is central from all Southern California points of interest, and only half an hour from Los Angeles.



Photo. copyrighted by Putnam, 1898. THE NEW HOTEL GREEN.

Absolutely fire proof. The skeleton contains 1,460,000 pounds of riveted steel; 50 tons of channel iron are in its partitions; 60,000 yards of expanded metal in its walls and 90,000 sq. ft. in its floors; 1,250,000 brick, 3,000 bls. cement and 400 tons of Alpine plaster were used in its structure.

Each floor has toilet and wash rooms, and every suite a private bath, finished in tile and equipped with French porcelain lined steel tubs, marble wash stands, etc. Each room has bell and telephone connections with the office, and is lighted by gas and electricity. The building has 100 fire places, with equipments for steam, gas and electricity; wide stairs and rapid transit elevators render all portions easily accessible. In the basement is a double standard gauge bowling alley, and a shooting gallery, while from the roof-garden is a magnificent view of the surrounding country. In the middle of the garden is a 60x60 ft. ball-room or sun-garden. Through an underground tunnel flat cars transport trays across the street from the culinary department. The two buildings are connected above ground by a handsome covered bridge, under which pass the street cars of the city. The bridge is 205 feet long and of sufficient width to accommodate electric chairs for the conveyance of guests to and from the main building and the annex, as well as a promenade 12 feet wide.

Being a few steps from the center of Pasadena and two overland railways; an electric line at its door connecting Pasadena with the mountains, Los Angeles and the ocean; with every internal convenience and an experienced management, the hotel has no rival in the section.

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**I**T is made entirely from fresh selected San Diego County lemons.

**C**REAM OF LEMON cures and prevents sun-burn, freckles, tan, chapped hands and lips, pimples, and all other skin blemishes, and irritation.

**I**T RESTORES faded complexions and removes wrinkles.

**U**SED in the bath it leaves the skin delightfully soft, white, smooth and velvety. It cannot be excelled for babies' baths. It keeps the skin sweet and pure and prevents all irritation.

**W**E WILL send a three-ounce sample tube to any address in the U. S. for twenty cents in coin.

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The Colorado and California Mineral Developing Company is a stock company, regularly organized and doing a developing, prospecting and promoting business. They have large properties which they are now developing, and will in the near future build a large mill on one of their mines.

While they are actively engaged in developing on the outside, they are just as busily engaged in their offices in promoting and selling mines; they have opportunities of securing good properties that the average promoter does not have, they being operators in mines, a great many mines are presented to them that otherwise would not be presented, as the average mine owner does not like promoters.

This company is composed of honorable business men, having such names at its head as Gail Borden, etc., known the world over, who are trying to elevate the promoting industry. So far as they are concerned, they believe by honestly representing the mine owners as well as the prospective buyers, they will fill a long felt want. They are always willing to give their best advice in matters pertaining to their business, and will answer all correspondence cheerfully.

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## Early California History

### Father Crespi's Diary....



A Record of the First Journey made by Europeans  
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A History of the early Missionary work on the Pacific Coast, the founding of the Missions and the selection of the sites which are the large cities of today.

**The Los Angeles Times** is now running in its Sunday Magazine section a fine translation of the hitherto inaccessible diary of Father Crespi, the Franciscan friar, who, with a party of soldiers, made the first journey through California in 1769.

It is a plain account of the hardships and wanderings of the little band of Franciscan friars who left Mexico in 1767 to establish and take charge of the missions in California.

This famous diary is the accurate record of that tour of exploration, during which sites were selected for the missions and for the pueblos, which have since become the leading cities of California.

It is the story of this first overland expedition ever taken by Europeans in what is now the State of California that is told with such graphic simplicity in Father Crespi's diary.

Every Californian or person interested in California should prize highly this work, the first chapter of which appeared in THE TIMES of August 7th. The complete translation of the diary will appear in the Magazine Section of the SUNDAY TIMES every Sunday for twelve weeks from that date. The price of the SUNDAY TIMES for three months is 75 cents; 1 year \$2.50; the Daily and Sunday 75 cents per month. THE TIMES is the leading daily paper of the Southwest, and largest paper on the Pacific Coast. Send for sample copy.

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

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## Mission Memories.

"Mission Memories" is the title of an attractive volume of the booklet style, yet too large to be classed as a booklet, which has been issued from the press of Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Co., of Los Angeles. It contains views of the Franciscan missions, and is the first volume of any kind to be published which contains one or more views of every mission in the State. It contains no reading matter beyond giving the location of each mission and a brief introduction. The photographs are representative of the missions as they are today, and nothing more need be said in Pasadena as to quality than that they were taken by Mr. A. C. Vroman of this city. 200 negatives were made during the past year—of some of the missions but one; of others as many as twenty. Much attention was paid to interiors.

The engravings are fine, the paper used of an excellent quality, and the binding is a dainty white leatherette. To the enthusiast on missions the collection will be invaluable; to the tourist, a charming souvenir of California; and to all an interesting compilation of beautiful and historical views.—*Pasadena Star*.

## A California Souvenir.

One of the most beautiful things ever issued from the Los Angeles press is Mission Memories, a handsome book of plates of the California missions, printed by the Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Co., of Los Angeles. The printed plates show views of all the Franciscan missions in the State, and they are presented in an attractive manner between covers of yucca, making altogether a novel souvenir of the Pacific Coast.—*Evening Express, L. A.*



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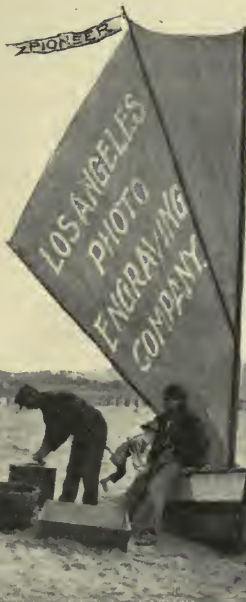
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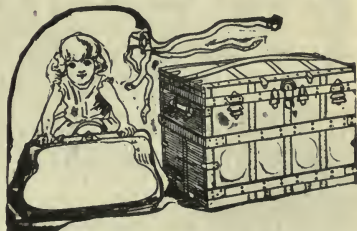
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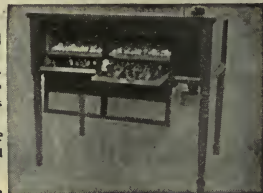
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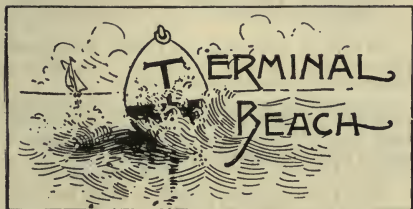
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Vol. IX, No. 6

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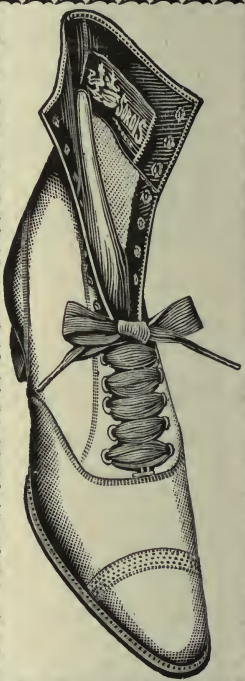
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## CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1898:

	PAGE
Frontispiece by L. Maynard Dixon.	
In Old Manila, illustrated, by Juan del Rio.....	279
From Hawaii, illustrated, special correspondence.....	289
Summer Birds of the Redwoods, by Chas. A. Keeler, illustrated by Louise M. Keeler.....	293
A Soul in Bronze, a California Novel, by Constance Goddard DuBois.....	298
Sun and Orange, poem, by Julia Boynton Green .....	309

(SEE NEXT PAGE)

---

	PAGE
In the Lion's Den (by the Editor).....	310
That Which is Written (reviews by the Editor).....	313
The Angle of Reflection, editorial department, by Margaret Collier Graham.....	315
Return of the Seventh Regiment, illustrated.....	317
Battery D.....	318

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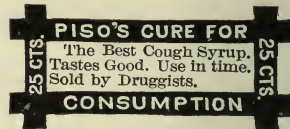
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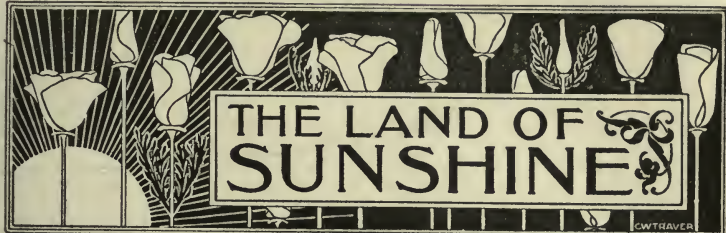
Drawn by L. Maynard Dixon.

See page 298)





"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."




Vol. 9. No. 6.

LOS ANGELES

NOVEMBER, 1898.

## IN OLD MANILA.

BY JUAN DEL RIO.



THE Philippine Islands were discovered March 12, 1521, by the great Portuguese navigator (sailing under the banner of Spain) Ferdinand Magellan, as we call him, in the voyage which discovered Cape Horn and the Straits of Magellan, and just before he was killed by the barbarians of Cebù. His lieutenant, Sebastian de Elcano, continued the voyage until he had encircled the globe, for the first time in its history. Magellan named the islands San Lazaro—St. Lazarus.

The colonization of the islands began in 1565, when Miguel Lopez de Legaspi took possession of them for Spain. He first (in 1567) called them the Philippines—after Phillip II—and founded Manila, the capital, in 1571.

The Philippine Islands are about 1400 in number. They are occupied mostly by barbarous tribes. Comparatively little is known of their geography to this day, so uncivilized are most of them. The total population is estimated at eight to ten millions, of whom an overwhelming majority are Indians. At least thirty aboriginal languages are spoken—which gives some idea of the utter non-civilization of the archipelago. Over two million Filipinos speak the Visaya tongue; a million and a half the Tagalog; half a million the Cebù. There is also a considerable element, in the Spanish towns, of Malays and other half civilized peoples. Manila alone has 30,000 Chinese. The Tagal Indians form a very great majority of the population of the capital.

The chief island of the group, Luzon—on the western side



ON THE BEACH AT CAVITE.





CALIFORNIA TROOPS DISEMBARKING AT CAVITE.

of which Manila stands about midway—is over 350 miles long. Its area is something like 40,000 square miles, of which area the United States has seized and now controls about the four hundredth part. Mindanao, the next largest of the islands, has perhaps half the area of Luzon.

Manila, the ancient capital, from which the galleons sailed yearly to Mexico—frequently gobbled by the English pirates who preyed on that inoffensive commerce for more than a century—has had a romantic history which cannot be detailed here. It is a charming and picturesque city, in which the old has not yet been elbowed out—though the electric light and the horse car and an English railroad 100 miles long have



IN CAMP AT CAVITE.

Photos, by courtesy of the San Francisco Chronicle

come in to companion the architecture of a bygone day. Its ancient splendors are rusty—as most things Spanish have become since the day when Spain was the most superb and the most enterprising of nations; before she had been bled and



SOME OF AGUINALDO'S INSURGENTS.



corrupted by her colonies. A century and a half ago that world-wide and observant traveler Father Pedro Murillo Velarde wrote of Manila as "the proudest and most magnificent city of the Orient." His "History of the Philippines" (in Spanish, of course), a beautiful piece of typography, was printed in the city of Manila in 1749. So handsome a piece of book-making had never been done in the United States until the present century was some decades old.

Though in so huge an archipelago there are many varieties of climate, the whole Philippine group—lying between China and Borneo—is to be classed as tropical. The chief products



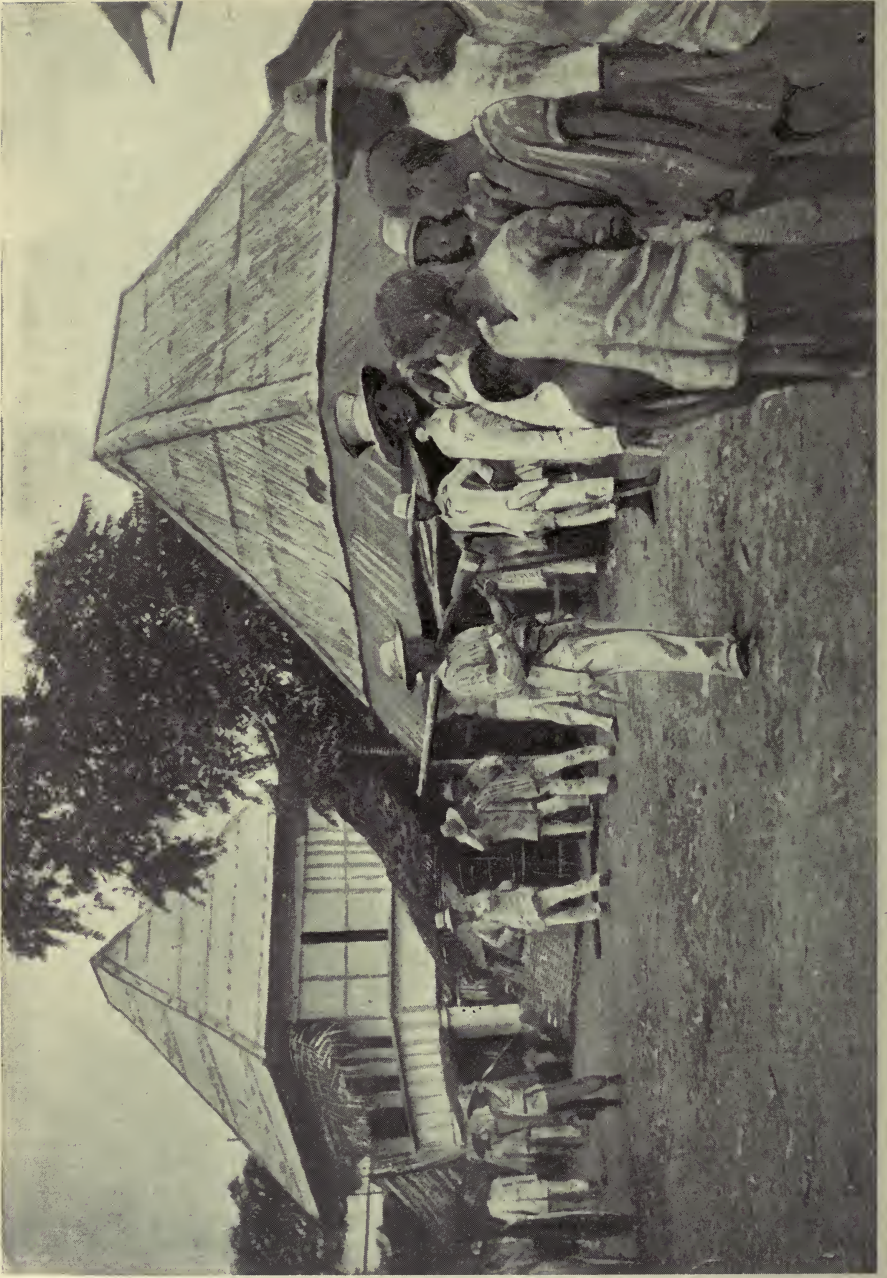
10TH PENNSYLVANIA PREPARED FOR AN ATTACK.

are tobacco, coffee, sugar-cane, rice, hemp and other hot-country staples.

Of the Manila of to-day, the following paragraphs from letters by Brig. Gen. Harrison Gray Otis are instructive :

The most striking thing to an American visitor in Manila for the first time is the quaintness and air of past grandeur that pervades the old city. To pass through the massive gate that pierces the great moss covered wall surrounding the town is like stepping back into the age of feudalism—an age so different from our own that everything connected with it seems strange and picturesque.

The city of Manila, founded over three hundred years ago, lies on



IN OLD MANILA.





CORREGIDOR ISLAND, AT ENTRANCE TO MANILA BAY.

two sides of the Pasig river, a stream of about one hundred yards in width, navigable for light-draft craft, and spanned by three bridges. On the left bank of this river lies the old portion of the town, known as the walled city, surrounded by its ancient fortifications and solid masonry which still shows evidences of great strength despite the ravages of time and earthquakes. Within these walls are the official buildings, the great cathedral, and numerous other public edifices. On the right bank, opposite the old portion of the town, runs the Escolta, or principal street, on which are situated the shops and bazars. The cafés and stores of this thoroughfare are animated with a great throng of



THE 10TH PENNSYLVANIA AS IT REACHED THE TRENCHES.

moving humanity drawn from every corner of the inhabited globe, jostling and talking in remarkable confusion.

The official and commercial classes live outside the walled city, where



CALIFORNIA TROOPS WADING ASHORE AT CAVITE.



the residence district is less crowded and where there is more foliage to ameliorate the heat, although the streets are very narrow, varying from twenty-five to forty feet in width.

A striking example of the sumptuously built and furnished official residences of the old type is the former dwelling of the Spanish Admiral situated on the river bank a short distance from the Governor-General's palace. The edifice is of solid and imposing appearance, surrounded by beautiful gardens, brilliant with rare plants and blooming flowers. On one side of the residence a descent is made from the upper story to the water's edge, that the occupants may go and come in their launch with perfect ease.

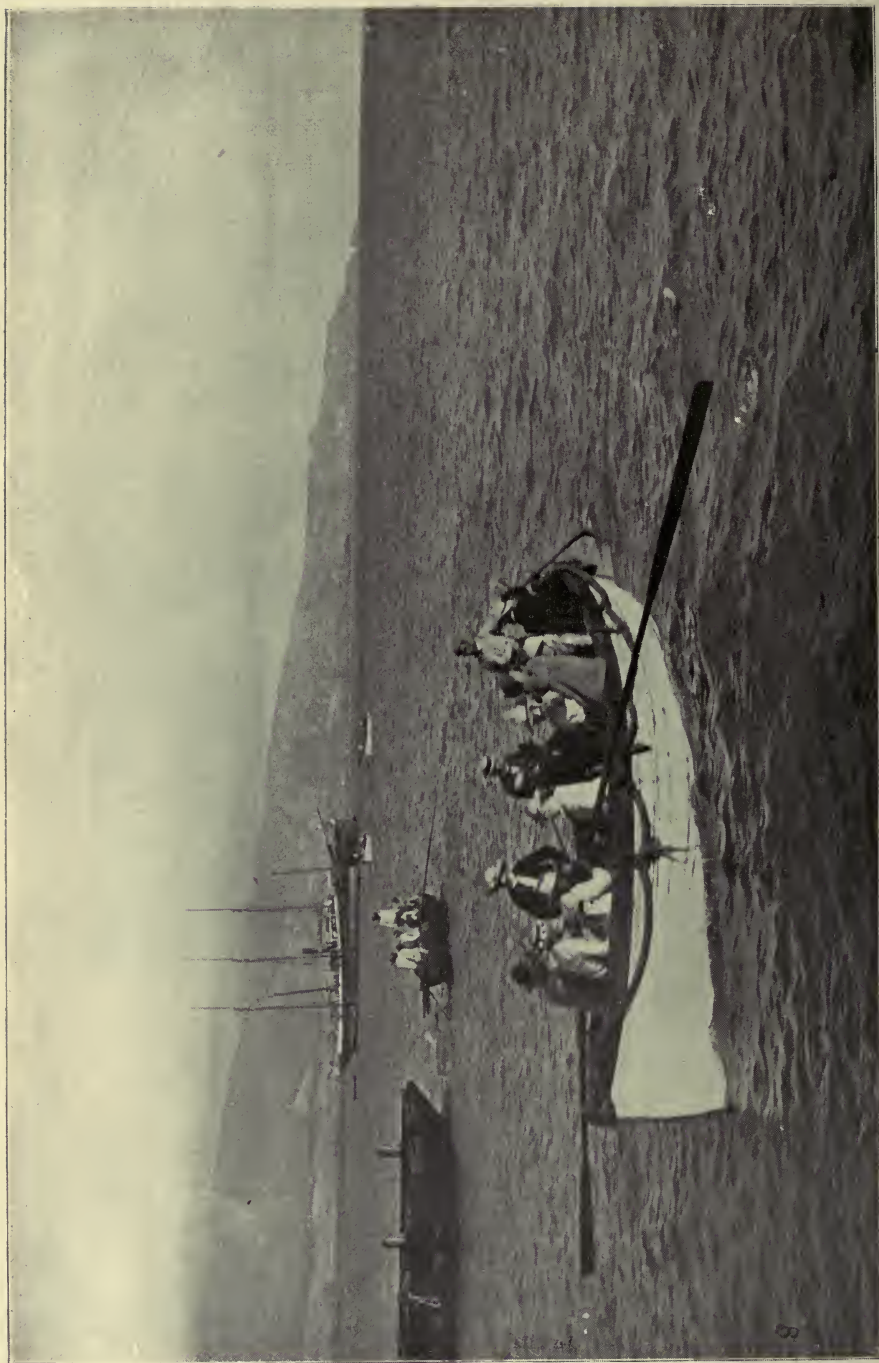
The native quarters are largely located by themselves, although the high-peaked roof of a grass hut is often seen standing beside a preten-



CAPT. FILLMER AND HIS MEN (1ST CAL.) IN THE TRENCHES  
AT MANILA.

tious European structure. The fashionable promenade of Manila is along the bay front, where all classes gather in the evening to drive, walk or lounge. From this promenade the beautiful bay affords a fascinating picture with its burden of foreign and domestic craft. Here war and merchant vessels of all nations are crowded together, while queer little native boats and the peculiar Spanish steam *casco* ply between the shore and the larger ships, presenting a scene of varying interest and activity.

The natives, as seen in the city are generally small, with slight bodies and small limbs. The women are bony and hollow chested, but often possess smiling and intelligent faces. Their garb is scant, although not





objectionably so, and consists of a waist of some gauzy, colored goods, with a skirt reaching about to the knees. These women are great cigar smokers, and even small children indulge in cigarettes.

The usual beast of burden in the Philippines is the domesticated buffalo, a short, heavy beast of the color of a mouse, and with the hide of a rhinoceros. Most of the transportation in the city, however, is done by Chinese coolies, who work in pairs, and carry great bundles of provisions, household goods, and other articles swung between them on a long pole.

On a peninsula immediately across the bay from Manila lies the curious old town of Cavite; a place of absorbing interest with its historic buildings, arsenal, navy yard, and monastery. Here are the moss and vine-covered walls along the water front against which insurgent prisoners were executed, and upon which can still be found numberless bullet marks; here old cannon are mounted which seem to have been treated with so much contempt that they have neither been spiked by their former owners nor displaced by their recent captors—some of them old, mouldy Long-Toms, covered with verdigris and possessing most calibres which appear to measure sixty pounds—and a little distance away the late Comandante-General's palace rears its massive walls. This building, now the headquarters of Gen. Anderson, is of antique design, with numerous spacious windows protected by heavy latticed shutters, and a red tiled roof, while the courts are floored alternately with brick, cement, stone and tiles, in plain and parquet patterns. The exteriors and interiors are white, with cornices of light blue, yellow, and other colors, the whole structure impressing one with an idea of amplitude, massiveness and comfort, although it is at present much out of repair.

About the building are fine grounds with flowing fountains, pretty lawns, and luxuriant shade trees, of varieties peculiar to the tropics. The frequent rains and cool breeze which blows through the trees keep the place fresh, cool and habitable. But in the town proper, which once contained nearly 20,000 inhabitants, are to be seen the most characteristic sights, the streets being especially interesting. The strange signs; the confusion of natives, Americans and Spaniards; the fruit peddlers squatted by the wayside; and the soldiers of the different branches of the service—infantrymen, cavalrymen, Red Cross men, all in their many-colored trappings—form a rare feast of life and variety to the eye of the observer.

This queer little stronghold of old-time ideas and customs has at last surrendered to the progressive influence of the New World, and has emerged from the past into the present; but it is to be hoped that modern plainness will not entirely supplant medieval picturesqueness in these old Spanish settlements.

## FROM HAWAII.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE trip of the United States Commissioners to Hawaii and around the islands, in order to see for themselves the general sentiment of the natives and to enlighten the people in regard to the new territorial government, was one round of festivity. Each place visited appeared to vie with the others in showing a lavish hospitality that made the visitors wonder how such results could be achieved so far from a great city. The natives showed much interest in the speeches of Senators Cullom and Morgan, Representative Hitt and Judge







Manward-Coller Bldg. Co.

BANQUET GIVEN BY THE PRINCESS KAUIULANI TO THE COMMISSIONERS.





Frear ; but they betrayed far more interest in the movements of the ex-Queen who accompanied the party during the greater part of the journey. Her object in joining the Commissioners was evidently to have an opportunity to meet them informally and to show them in what regard she was held by the natives. She created a very favorable impression on the Commissioners by her modesty and her fairness ; and certainly the natives in all the places visited showed that they still retained their old feelings of allegiance and regarded her as their ruler though she had been deposed. One of the great results of the trip was the enforcement upon the natives of the fact that the monarchy was dead and that there was no hope of its resuscitation. Among the natives there seemed to be a general idea that annexation was merely a temporary political device, and that the royalists would once more come into power when American statesmen grew tired of the novelty of a mid-ocean territory. Senator Cullom settled all doubts on the point by the most emphatic statements that annexation was permanent, and that whatever might be the solution of the Philippine problem Hawaii would henceforth remain under the American flag.

F.

Honolulu, Sept. 2, 1898.

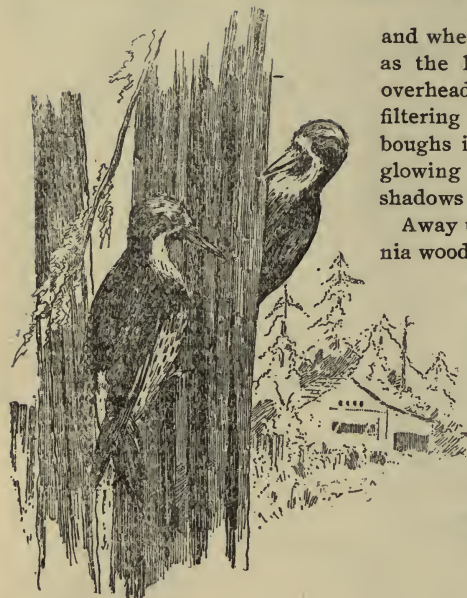


BY CHARLES A. KEELER.

**A**MONG the coast valleys and lower mountain ranges of Northern California flourishes the peerless redwood tree, second only to the big tree of the Sierra Nevada valleys. In the more northern portions of the range it grows in vast forests, but in Sonoma county, and thence southward to San Francisco Bay, and below, its domain is invaded by the oaks, madroño, manzanita, and chaparral. In this region during the midsummer season, when the fog hangs in an almost perpetual curtain over San Francisco Bay and the land adjacent to it, it is a delight to slip away among the secluded redwood groves and see what the birds are about—to lie in the dark shade of foliage and watch the play of life in the branches overhead—to stand by a stream where a mother sandpiper is leading her nimble young along the pebbled shore,

Illustrated by Louise M. Keeler.





CALIFORNIA WOODPECKER.

and where the trout flashes in the silver stream as the kingfisher, with ominous rattle, flies overhead. Here all is beautiful! The sunlight filtering through the tracery of drooping boughs is transmuted to a flaming rose color, glowing amid the cool greens and the purple shadows that invest it.

Away up in the top of a dead limb a California woodpecker is cheerily rapping away, while a pine squirrel scampers gaily up the trunk, chattering shrilly as he frisks over the rough bark. We catch the infection of joyousness from the light-hearted creatures, and feel that we have come to participate in a summer revelry. From a mass of poison oak in a little ravine below, a jack rabbit, with long erect ears, bounds over the open mountain side into the nearest covert. A gray squirrel whisks his beautiful long tail at us as we pass, and barks as if he had a bone in his throat. Far and near the birds are busy in the happy toil of rearing a

family; and many of their human cousins could learn a lesson from their devotion and discipline.

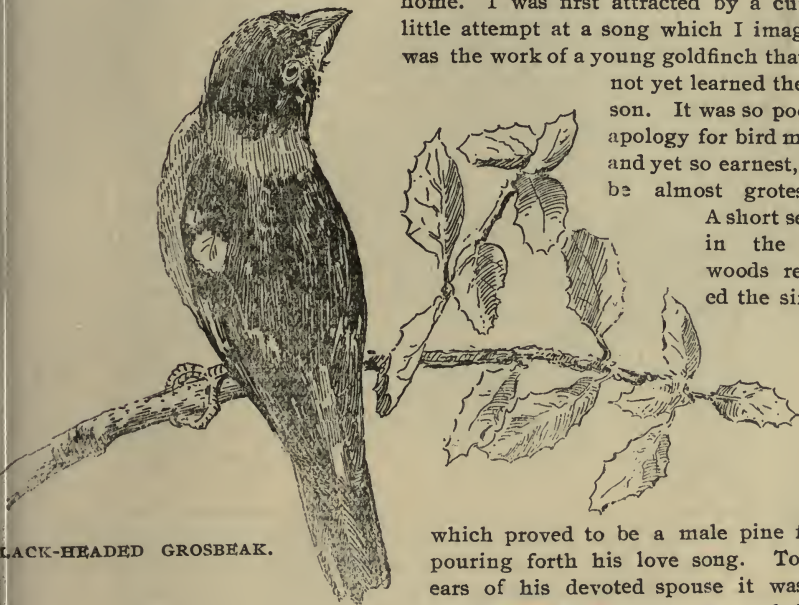
Let us roam the winding trails together with great caution, for a careless step or the snapping of a twig will make a solitude where an instant before was a medley of animated life. One of the first notes to attract our attention in these vast forest halls is the high, nervous chattering of a band of chickadees, and we find no difficulty in gaining a very close view of the restless little birds, clinging head downward to the redwood sprays more than half the time, alert and animated, continually uttering their *chick-a-de-de-de*, and acting as if the whole forest were theirs. The red-backed chickadee of California is a somewhat more showy bird than its Eastern quaker cousin, with its cap of brownish black, its coat and vest of chestnut red, its black cravat and immaculate shirt front. It is a happy, companionable little fellow, chattering to its family light-heartedly amid the illimitable wastes of the forest.

The Western house wren is another familiar friend of our redwood rambles. With the exception of a shade of difference in the color, it is the same blithe bird that builds in countless wren boxes and nooks about gardens and farm yards throughout the Eastern States. Here it does not penetrate the redwood pastures as does the chickadee, but prefers the edges of the forest, singing its merry song amid the tangled shrubbery. The harsh clatter of one of these birds attracts us to a blackberry bush, where the busy little fellow is bustling and bobbing about with erect tail and quivering wings. Remain quiet for a moment



and his loud chatter subsides to a low crooning, as he flits about the dead underbrush, picking up a stray insect here and there on the bark, and occasionally breaking out into his liquid, melodious, happy-go-lucky song. Near at hand the blue-fronted jay is sounding his succession of loud, short, slightly harsh notes, occasionally varied by a harsh, peevish, emphatic squaäk. Impudent fellow that he is, with his elegant plumage and beautiful crest, he may well feel his independence in these far-reaching forests of primeval grandeur, where the dainty hoof-print of the deer is more familiar than the step of man.

Here also, for the first time, I discovered the pine finch in its native home. I was first attracted by a curious little attempt at a song which I imagined was the work of a young goldfinch that had not yet learned the lesson. It was so poor an apology for bird music, and yet so earnest, as to be almost grotesque. A short search in the redwoods revealed the singer,



BLACK-HEADED GROSBKAK.

which proved to be a male pine finch pouring forth his love song. To the ears of his devoted spouse it was no doubt sweeter far than the melodious

tones of the thrush, and so, I trust, it served every purpose in sweetening these two fair lives.

Perhaps the most interesting of our redwood birds are the woodpeckers. Their lives are so completely apart from the rest of the bird world that they seem to dwell in a realm of their own. They are inhabitants of the bark of the trees, and from morning to night devote themselves to exploring its every cranny and crevice. Note their strong spear beaks; their stiff pointed tails with which to brace themselves against the tree trunk; their toes, two in front and two behind, to give them a firmer hold in climbing; their thin necks, and bright, alert eyes. What a wonderful adaptation of structure to environment! With sharp, nervous, decisive blows the woodpecker hammers the bark to which he clings. Soon the insect for which he has been probing is dislodged. Quick as a flash the long slender tongue, which is tucked away as far

around as the back of the head, is darted out, and the unlucky grub is impaled upon the barbed tip.

There is one of our woodpeckers, and this the commonest species found among our redwoods, which has become famous the world over from its curious habit of storing acorns in the trunks of trees. A dead redwood is the favorite receptacle for its store, and I have seen trees of this sort as completely riddled from top to bottom with acorn holes as if filled with a charge of grape shot. When the acorns are in proper condition, the birds will bore holes in the red woods selected for the purpose, and flying off to the oak trees, return with an acorn of just sufficient size to be firmly lodged in the receptacle prepared. In this manner an entire tree may be filled, but for what purpose observers do not seem to have determined fully. The general opinion is that acorns will in time rot and accumulate insects, thus furnishing a ready food supply for these far-seeing providers. It is, nevertheless, difficult to understand why this particular species, living as it does in a land of unremitting plenty, should have developed this habit, while other woodpeckers in more rigorous climates neglect to make similar provision for the future.

This interesting bird should be more generally known, as it is so conspicuous in its dress and habits, so generally distributed and abundant throughout the State of California, and so famous among scientists for its singular habit. Its head is surmounted with a cap of flaming scarlet. Its back is a dark glossy blue-black, the same color appearing on the breast also. Its under parts, with the above exception, are white, tinged with sulphur yellow, while a patch of pure white appears on the wings and rump. The note of the California woodpecker is a loud *ka-rac'-ka, ka-rac'-ka, ka-rac'-ka*, although its most familiar call is the resonant rapping on the dead limb, which may be heard at a surprisingly long distance in the forest silence.

Other woodpeckers there are in these far-reaching wildernesses of forest land—the great log cock, with one exception the largest American representative of his family, the more humbly attired Harris's woodpecker, adorned with only a dash of scarlet on the back of his head, and otherwise black and white; and at times the little Gairdner's woodpecker, his counterpart in miniature.

There is another bird which, if we are attentive in our redwood rambles, we shall be sure to meet, which in habits is somewhat like a woodpecker, although the little fellow is not more than half the size of the smallest of that tribe. Its manners are much less animated as it quietly creeps about the great redwood trunks, uttering a low, faint, lisping monosyllable. It is the Western brown creeper, a bird more nearly related to the kinglets and wrens than to the woodpeckers, despite its habit of climbing about the bark. Its bill is too curved and slender for boring holes, so the little fellow contents himself with such insect food as he can pick up in the crevices of the bark. A sharp eye is necessary to detect this pigmy of a bird, as its back is streaked with brown and gray in perfect harmony with the tree trunk. So perfectly do its colors blend with its surroundings that I have sometimes been unable to dis-



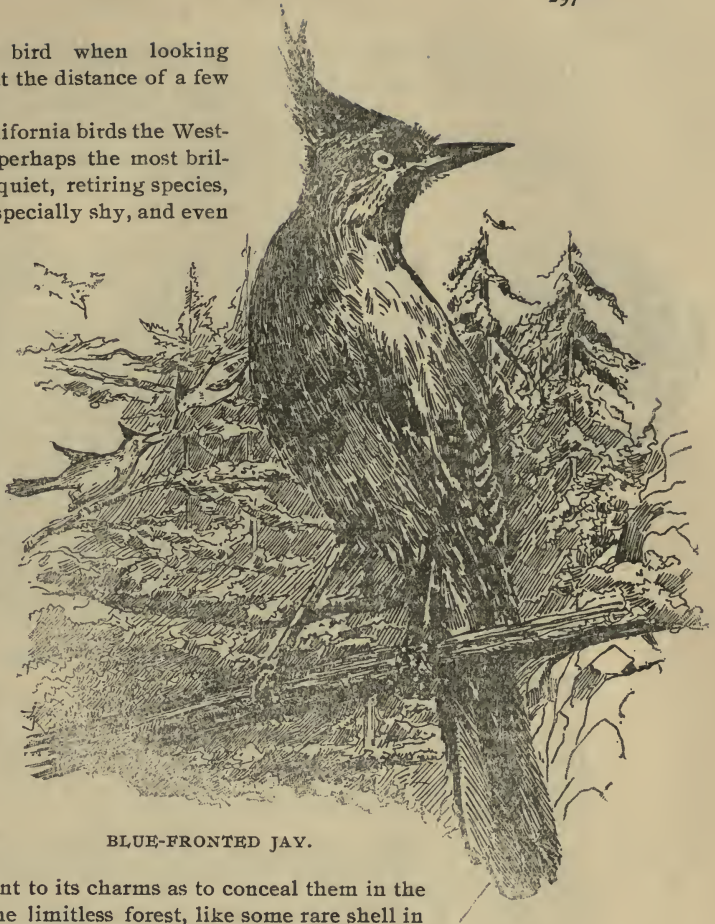
tinguish the bird when looking directly at it, at the distance of a few yards.

Of all the California birds the Western tanager is perhaps the most brilliant. It is a quiet, retiring species, although not especially shy, and even ventures out of the seclusion of the forest, at times, to sun itself on some adjacent fence-post. The general impression is of a golden bird with a scarlet head and black wings and tail. There is something wonderfully beautiful about this quiet, unassuming bird, so richly endowed by nature, and

yet so indifferent to its charms as to conceal them in the seclusion of the limitless forest, like some rare shell in the depths of the sea.

I cannot think of the redwoods without recalling a host of beautiful birds that tenant them—the exquisite violet-green swallow, the shy wood-pewee with its sad, sweet strain, the warbling vireo and the imperial thrush. Evening brings its own wonders, when the bats fly mysteriously out of the gloom, and the chimney swifts, with fluttering cork-screw flight, come winging above us with their chattering calls.

Berkeley, Cal.



BLUE-FRONTED JAY.



## A SOUL IN BRONZE.

A NOVEL OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS

Author of "The Shield of the Fleur-de-lis," "A Modern Pagan," "Columbus and Beatriz," "Martha Corey," etc.

### CHAPTER IX.



DOROTHEA had entered with enthusiasm upon her aunt's work of philanthropy among the Indians. Without this outlet, life at Casa Blanca would have been monotonous.

One morning she descended the hill while the fog still hung like a silver mantle upon the shoulders of the mountain, and the quail were calling in the thickets where they had nested and taught their young to fly. She entered the open door of an adobe hut in which she was a frequent visitor, and she found, as always of late, both Antonio and his sister bent above a bed of blankets where a small child lay gasping its life away. Antonio sprang to his feet and met her with a bow and a sudden brightening of his dark eyes, while Marta raised her head and nodded solemnly.

"The doctor was here again last evening; what did he say?" asked Dorothea.

"That it is only a question of a day or two," replied Antonio. "We have watched through the night, for though I begged Marta to sleep she would not shut her eyes. Today I must go down to Hilton, but Felipe's wife will come in to-night; Marta must sleep or she will be ill."

"I will stay with her tonight," said Dorothea.

Antonio's face glowed, and Marta, bending her head, began to weep silently.

"It is what she has been wishing," said Antonio, "that you should be with the child when he dies. Not even Mrs. Aguilar is such a comfort to her. She says that when little Fernando was well he would always laugh when you spoke to him. She thinks he can know you even now, and she will not let the Indian women so much as look at him. They are all angry with her about it. She says their wails frighten the child, and she will not adopt their remedies, since she has more faith in the doctor you have sent. What grieves her most is that Fernando has not been baptized. The priest comes here only once a year, sometimes not even that. He has not been here since the child was born, and though Mrs. Aguilar tells her that she herself, or good old Pedro, may baptize him in case of necessity, Marta fears that the child cannot be happy in



eternity unless the Church receives him in baptism. I am going to Hilton to telegraph the priest to come, but if he does not, you will try to comfort her, will you not?"

He looked lovingly at his sister, and she followed him with eyes of devotion while he said his farewells and left the hut.

The grandmother came in soon after and bent to scrutinize the child.

"Stand aside, Nana," said Marta querulously, "your shadow falls upon him. The doctor says he must have sunlight and air."

"But he can have neither here," said Dorothea, who understood the Spanish that Marta used and answered her in it, while with Antonio she had spoken in English. "Shall we not carry him out into the air, it is so fresh and fragrant now?"

"No," said Marta, "I will not leave the house. Here when people come I can shut my door upon them. Outside they would crowd about, and each would have some remedy for his illness. Old Diego is medicine-man, but he is so old that he has nearly lost his mind, and I have no faith in him. He wishes me to bind an amulet of eagle feathers tied to a stick upon him, and to grease him with the sacred rattlesnake oil. I would do it if I dared disobey the priest, who told me once that these amulets were the same as idols; but if Fernando dies all my people will tell me it is because I denied Diego, yet I would not dare to displease the priest—at least until the child is baptized."

The torture of Marta's mind, hesitating between two opposing beliefs, struck Dorothea as pathetic in the extreme, but she could not suggest any other consolation than the hope that the priest would come in time.

Mrs. Aguilar did not oppose her niece's benevolent purpose to pass the night with Marta, and when the full moon rose Dorothea took her way by a little winding path behind the garden of Casa Blanca to the isolated corner where Marta's hut stood in its tiny corn-patch. As she came from the shadow into the brilliant light, Burke, who had been standing at an angle of the path, advanced to meet her.

"It is so long since I have seen you," he said, offering his hand with a radiant smile. "Your aunt quarreled with me about the lawsuit and almost forbade me her house. I should have risked her anger, however, if I had been here, but I have been at court in town."

"Your friends must have missed you greatly," said Dorothea.

"But you have not cared at all! Of course not, since I am only a new acquaintance to you; yet I cannot explain to you what you have become to me in the comparatively short time that I have known you. Lately I have thought of you con-



stantly, and have felt a certain anxiety, as if you were in a position where you needed my help—why, I can hardly tell. But I fear you do not find the society at Casa Blanca exactly congenial to you."

"Society, if that means the Wilsons and their circle, has left me for the most part alone. I have exchanged a few formal calls."

"I feel responsible for your disappointment in us," said Burke, "for I told you that we were genial, warm-hearted people, who could be counted upon to be good neighbors; and as a rule it is so in California, much more than elsewhere. The perpetual sunshine warms our souls. But this unfortunate lawsuit has set people by the ears. The Wilsons are angry with your aunt for her enthusiastic championship of the Indians, and they include you in that, I suppose."

"Their opinion is not of the slightest consequence to me," she replied. "As individual characters I consider Marta Lachusa and her brother vastly superior to the Wilsons."

"And you are going to watch tonight with Marta's child," said Burke gently. "Leonore, who cooks at the Wilson's, told me that, and I lay in wait for you. I honor you for your warmth of heart, though I wish it did not carry you so far. You should not roam about at night alone."

"I am sure it is quite safe," she answered. "The Indians are peaceable and harmless. They know and like me."

"They are harmless unless they are drunk," said Burke. "That entirely transforms their character."

"And it is Mr. Jennings who sells them the liquor! Oh, Mr. Burke, I have seen so many unfortunate results of it! Instead of bring a lawsuit to drive the Indians from their homes, you should be engaged in prosecuting that man."

"I wish it could be done," he answered. "He is my particular *bete noir*."

Dorothea suddenly remembered her suspicion concerning Burke's unforgotten attachment for Mr. Wilson's eldest daughter.

"How beautiful the moonlight is," Burke remarked. "Why is it that the moon seems made to shine for youthful lovers? I am no longer young, but still——"

"Was that a snake?" cried Dorothea, as a black shadow glided sinuously across the path.

"No doubt; a harmless gopher snake, most likely. Are you afraid of them?"

"Not as a rule," she replied, "but for some reason the sight of it made my blood run cold."

"The half light makes you nervous," he said. "All terrors are more active by night than by day. As I was saying, I had almost believed that I had grown too old for love. In youth



it comes to us as a vague and beautiful dream which touches the imagination more deeply than it does the heart. But when in middle life it comes upon a man like a sudden revelation, it is an imperious passion for which he would risk the world. Do you know, Dorothea, there are plants that send up stalk, bud, and blossom in a single night? Do you believe that there are cases of love at first sight?"

Dorothea's heart beat fast. She half suspected that these were the words of a trifler, and an instinct of prudence verging upon fear led her to ignore them.

"There is the light in Marta's house," she said. "What a forlorn little place it is, half tumbled down, and without windows, no beds, no chairs. I wonder the people can be so patient! There she sits all alone with a terrible fear. Is death always terrible, Mr. Burke?"

"There are two great powers that rule this world. I question about one, and you about the other. But at your age, Dorothea, love should be nearer to you than death. Perhaps you will think over the answer to my question, and another that I mean some day to ask you?"

Burke left her at Marta's hut and returned by the way that he had come, feeling that he had shot an arrow into the air and doubting whether it would find the lodgment that he wished.

## CHAPTER X.

MARTA sat huddled upon the floor in the chiaroscuro of the candle beam invaded by the shadow of the narrow room. Her eyes were fixed in a terrible stare which the sight of Dorothea did not relieve.

"What is it, Marta?" she asked.

"I am sure the priest will not come," was the answer in the very accent of despair, "and then my child, my innocent child, must suffer in fire forever."

"Oh, no, Marta, it is not true! The priest could not tell you that! You did not understand him. The dear Lord loves little children. He held them in His arms. He never could condemn an innocent thing. If He takes your child it will be safe with Him."

Dorothea sat upon the floor and held little Fernando in her arms. He opened his dull eyes and smiled into her face.

"There, there!" said Marta, beginning to weep with joy, "it is the first sign of life he has given all day. It is a good omen. He will get well!"

Dorothea remained still and rigid, hardly daring to breathe for fear of disturbing the soft slumber into which he now sank. Marta stretched her weary limbs beside her, and worn with long watching, herself fell asleep.

The hours dragged slowly. The moonlight waned and gave place to the first flush of dawn, and as the candle flared and sputtered in its socket Dorothea noticed a change in the child's face. She had never seen death, but she recognized its presence, and she woke Marta who started at a word.

"Call Angela," she said quietly. "He will not live till the priest comes."

Marta ran distracted into the open air. In the moment of anguish she begged help of all she met. Old Diego was awakened and entreated to bring the amulet and the oil. Marta grovelled before her offended neighbors and begged them to come and wail with her that the evil spirits might be frightened away. She asked the prayers of the pious Pedro, and that he should bring his rosary and the blessed candles left over from the Easter services.

They found Dorothea seated with an uplifted face, the dead child stretched upon her knees.

"His breath went in a little sigh, Marta," she said, "but do not be frightened. I baptized him with water from the *olla* just as I saw it was the last moment; and I prayed to the dear Lord to receive him. He is as safe as if the priest had used the holy water and oil and salt and said every prayer. Trust what I say."

Later in the day Dorothea took a long walk over the hills. She could not rest within doors. The look in Marta's eyes haunted her. She wanted time to think; to let her little plummet into the depths of that unknown sea on whose borders we all stand wondering.

She sat down on the dry carpet of leaves beneath an oak tree, and leaning against a rock looked up at the sky where at a great height motionless cirrus clouds had taken the shape of tall white lilies standing rank on rank, the asphodels of heaven. Watching them, her eyes grew heavy. By degrees her head sank lower, and in the stillness of the encompassing solitude she fell asleep.

Antonio had returned from a fruitless errand. The priest could not come from his work in the city to this outlying quarter of his parish at an unaccustomed season simply because a young Indian child was dying. Antonio would have been surprised if he had prospered in his quest. He had gone with the sole intention of pleasing his sister, doubly endeared to him by their common care of Fernando, who had wound himself about his uncle's heart. By one of those compensations which underlie the evils of fate this child had been for a short time the sunlight of two lives.

When Antonio reached the rancheria and heard that Fernando was dead he had no courage to meet his sister, so he



took his rifle and made his way up the hillside, following an unfrequented path; and so came in sight of Dorothea asleep beneath the oak.

At the moment he stopped electrified by terror. Upon the sunwarmed rock, close to her head, a rattlesnake had coiled itself. Her hand moved in her sleep, and with a skirr the snake lifted its head to strike at its unconscious victim.

Antonio raised his rifle. "Pray God she does not waken!" he thought as he took aim and fired. The report roused Dorothea, while a detached splinter of the rock slightly wounded her forehead. The snake had fallen headless upon the ground. Antonio, rifle in hand, rushed forward at her scream.

"You have shot me!" she cried. "How dared you fire so near me? How wickedly careless you have been!" and half sobbing with fright she wiped a few drops of blood from her forehead.

Antonio bent over her to assure himself of the trivial nature of the wound; then he picked up the rattlesnake and pointed to its severed neck.

"It lay there on the rock," he said, "ten inches from your face. It was about to strike, and I shot its head off."

Dorothea sprang to her feet, and in the sudden reaction from her terror extended both hands in gratitude.

"You shot it, Antonio, and saved my life! How can I thank you? How brave, how good, how clever you are! No one else could have done it!"

She trembled with nervous excitement, as she stood looking down upon the mangled snake. She did not notice that Antonio from excess of humility did not accept her offered hands.

"It was hard," he replied, "but I knew I could not, must not fail. Too much was at stake."

"I can never, never thank you!" she repeated.

"It is a joy to me, I need no thanks," he answered. "It gives me a reason to be glad that I have lived."

#### CHAPTER XI.

ANTONIO was working in an uplying field which commanded a wide view of the mountains that lay naked and scarred beneath the dazzling sun. There was no glamour in the morning light. The chaparral was withered and dusty; the flowers had faded from the mesas; but Antonio's heart was glad as he worked. This was the nature which he loved. These rocky heights were more beautiful than wooded hills. The barren mesas were more satisfying to him than a velvet lawn. In such a scene the imagination is stirred by possibilities withheld, as a woman charms most who piques by her denials.

He was grubbing grease-wood roots from stubborn ground.

Two antiquated oxen assisted in his work. The sweat started upon his forehead, and the animals panted at the task; but Antonio had no mind to complain of its difficulties. At a dollar a day he felt well paid, and his fancies sang like birds within him. Supplementing every source of joy was the consciousness that he loved. It was a hopeless love, "the desire of the moth for the star;" but happy in the very quality which raised it above the doubts and fears of passion, and rendered it invulnerable to rebuff. Antonio knew no wish as yet except that he might serve Dorothea, and the joy that set his pulses bounding was the consciousness that he had saved her life. She could never forget him. Every happiness which the years might bring her was bestowed by his hand.

When the sun marked high noon, he unyoked his oxen and led them to rest in the shelter of a solitary oak. He threw barley hay upon the ground to them, and sat down to lunch on half a loaf of bread with water from his canteen, and thus refreshed began to meditate upon the problems of his life.

He knew that he owed it to himself not to degenerate into a mere grubber of roots. Cincinnatus at the plow was Cincinnatus prepared to lead men. Antonio was ambitious for himself and for his race. Since his return he had studied conditions at the reservation and had decided that his people needed a leader. They were Israelites waiting for their Moses. Poverty was their tyrant. He was not sure that they were prepared to accept him as their head, for with the loss of his fortune he had lost prestige among them. The elders, moreover, suspected in him a lack of sympathy with the traditions of the past. With the younger men he had some influence, as one who had acquired a measure of that right for which all instinctively yearned—the right to think, and be, and act on a level with the white man.

The annual election for Captain of the tribe was soon to be held. Antonio had offered himself for the office. He was wondering what he would do if elected; how best to serve the interests of his people. The lawsuit decided in their favor (as in justice it must be) the coveted borax mine would be theirs. Intelligent management might so direct it as to remove forever the shadow of famine that hung upon the reservation. Each man should have a common share and all should have enough. Then education must reach beyond the scope of the government school. A university should be founded, in which youth might be trained to the state required for intelligent citizenship, which could not always be denied his race.

All these schemes might become realities if he possessed his millions. Now he recognized that they were only dreams. But as he yoked his oxen to the plow and resumed his work, he felt a joyous consciousness of power, and a belief that his



future could offer no more difficulty than the upturning of the gnarled and stubborn roots which were to furnish his employer with a store of winter fuel.

At sunset, he took his fellow laborers to their well-earned rest, carefully watering them at the brook in the pasture before presenting himself at the ranch-house to receive his dollar; then he made his way home by a short cut through the chaparral. The tough branches of the greasewood smote him, the manzanita tugged at his hair, and in more open spaces the white-sage brushed him closely, anointing him with its aromatic scent, to which the black-sage and blue-curls added yet heavier perfumes as he plunged through the fragrant thickets which overspread the hillsides.

At the foot of the hill near the school-house he came upon an agitated crowd, the center of which was a wagon wherein sat those older members of the tribe who had been summoned to town as witnesses and principals in the lawsuit. His heart bounded anxiously.

"How did it go, José?" he cried, peering over interposing heads and shoulders. José recognized the voice and turned his head in sullen despair.

"Lost! Lost!" he replied; and a groan followed the words; but before Antonio could continue, a new speaker took up the thread of an interrupted discourse. It was to him, and not to the dignitaries in the wagon, that the people were listening with that intensity which is more flattering than applause.

"Who is he?" asked Antonio of Felipe.

"A newcomer, Marco by name," was the answer. "A clever man who will right our wrongs."

"A ranting demagogue," commented Antonio uneasily.

It was evident that interruption would be ineffectual. Marco's was the tongue of the glib orator ready with specious arguments of the sort that dazzle ignorance. His premise was the fact, fondly believed (and founded upon history), that the land from horizon to horizon belonged to the Indians. His conclusion was that it was to be restored to them by the government at Washington—that vast central power, as absolute and incomprehensible as the forces of nature—and the gist of the matter was that it was through him, Marco, the trusted counsellor and go-between, that Washington was to treat with the tribe at Casa Blanca. The law could not be relied upon to do them justice, but Marco would go direct to Washington and lay the matter before the President. Money was necessary for his journey, and this his audience were prepared to furnish, the hat being already in rapid circulation. The poorest man present, in rags and lacking a meal, was stripping himself of a day's earnings to contribute his mite.

Antonio made his way to the fore, and mounting upon the wagon-step demanded attention.

"Do not believe a man whose first appeal is for money," he said, in the language of the tribe. Marco had used Spanish, a vile patois at that. "This man is a deceiver. He is not even of our tribe. He is the sort of a man who fattens on the misery of others. The President has no use for his advice. Such as he have no influence at Washington."

Here, as if by accident, Antonio was jostled from his perch. The horses, that had stood with hanging heads, now started forward at the cut of a whip. Marco, who seemed to have foreseen the movement, had swung himself into the wagon and was borne in triumph to the council chamber, where he continued his harangue. Antonio was left with a small following upon the hillside.

"It is no use," said Felipe, "They will believe him. I am not sure myself but a dollar given him might be well invested. *Something* must be done. You, Antonio, have neither money nor influence. We are to lose our homes unless we can raise the six thousand dollars for the appeal."

"Are the bonds fixed at that?" asked Antonio.

"Yes; five hundred for Wilson, and six thousand for us. They pretend that it is because there are several of us in the case."

"What injustice!" exclaimed Antonio under his breath.

"It might as well be six million," continued Felipe. "What a pity you have not your money. They were saying before you came that you acted as if you possessed the fortune you expected. You wished to be Captain and to rule where older heads should have first place. If you had money, that would be different. Marco makes definite promises, and he asks nothing except the chance to prove his word. You seek first of all your own advancement. Marco might have been Captain if he were born in the tribe."

"Fortunate for us that he is not. Felipe, you are my friend, and I count upon you to call a meeting of the younger men at nine tonight by the big oak in the hollow. I will be there to give you reasons why you should trust me and not Marco. Secure a majority of the voters if you can."

## CHAPTER XII.

AT the appointed hour, while Marco was treating his intimates to the forbidden firewater at Jennings's saloon, while the more conservative Indians were dancing the old wardances with mystic wailing chants to the rhythm of the sacred rattle, while the women were wailing over their jeopardized hearthstones, Antonio stood beneath the oak tree and disclosed his purposes to a handful of his comrades.



He appealed to their intelligence, he treated them as men who might one day rank as equals of the white men and share the privileges of the country whose first-born sons they were. Vain demands and useless complainings would win no favor at Washington. They must use the machinery of the law. An appeal must be filed, by which they might maintain their rights.

"There is no absolute justice in the matter," he concluded. "We are not here to demand what once was ours, but only that to which we can establish a legal claim. Our wishes cannot guide us. We must have a reasonable hope. There is hope in an appeal. Will you trust me? Will you give me your votes? Will you secure me a majority if I raise the amount of the bonds?"

"Six thousand dollars!" commented Felipe breathlessly.

"Yes, yes, if you do that you shall be Captain!" So his audience pledged themselves in tumultuous enthusiasm, and the meeting broke up.

Through the shadows of the misty mantle which the mountain had drawn about its shoulders, the dwellers on the reservation met and passed at midnight on the homeward path. Marco and his boon companions made the darkness ring with shouts and drunken laughter.

"I choose the postoffice land for my share," said old Diego, "the postoffice, and the store, and the sweet crackers in the window."

"I'll go halves with you and take the grog-shop," said another. "Think of it, whiskey all you want—rivers of whiskey!"

"I'll take the white house," said a younger man. "I'll drive old Wilson out, and burn it down! Whoop! Hallo!"

"Drunken dogs!" growled one of a couple of horsemen who passed at full gallop, and he laid about him with a riding whip to such effect that the most unsteady of the revelers lost balance and fell, being saved from the trampling hoofs only by that providence which shields the drunken. The younger horseman reined his mount long enough to observe that no one had been injured, long enough therefore to hear a full share of the curses which fell upon him at recognition; then with a heightened angry color he followed his friend, and dismounted at the door of Casa Blanca.

"Well, it is no wonder they are angry, Burke," said Mr. Wilson, who had already recovered his good-humor. "Poor devils, they lose, we win. It is the way of the world. Come into the dining-room. I see a light, and from what I know of my girls I guess that on receipt of my telegram they brewed some punch to welcome us. Fact is, I hear a fiddle. They've asked the neighbors in and are dancing. I wonder what they

take us for? Perhaps *you* can ride thirty miles and then dance at midnight. *I* could when I was young."

"I can hardly dance in riding costume," said Burke.

"But it is very becoming," said Bessie who had suddenly appeared. "We are here to congratulate you, Mr. Burke. We will forgive you dust and everything. You are the conquering hero, since you have won us our case. I knew you would. I believe you win in everything you undertake."

Burke followed her among the merrymakers, a dozen or so, who were whirling to the strident notes of an ill-tuned fiddle. He went the more willingly, since through the open door he had caught a glimpse of Dorothea Fairfax.

She had turned pale when she overheard Bessie's words, and she hardly answered Burke's greeting, though his eyes forced her to recognize the joy he felt at sight of her.

"It has been so long since I have seen you!" he said, noticing how well her evening dress became her, her lovely neck and arms partly revealed among its laces and ribbons.

"I must go home," she stammered.

"But you will dance with me before you go?"

"Not if the case has gone against us. Not if all the poor people down there are homeless."

"Do you blame me very much?" asked Burke.

"I am not here at any rate to congratulate you," she answered. "I did not understand Miss Wilson's purpose. I did not know you were expected. I did not know the suit had been decided."

She spoke hurriedly, in agitation. Burke saw that her only wish was to escape.

"I am not going to dance myself," he said. "I am not dressed for it, nor in the humor. May I see you home?"

"It is only a step. I can go very well alone," she answered.

Burke accepted no rebuff, and ran for her shawl, unheeding Bessie's protests except to promise a quick return—foreseeing that he might perjure himself.

Dorothea was absent-minded and unresponsive. Burke began uneasily to recognize the barrier between them.

"Pray take my arm," he said, "and come upon this side of the road, for some Indians are coming and they are all drunk tonight. They are rude and insulting, as I have found to my cost."

"Not all of them, I am sure," she answered with a dangerous spark in her eye. "I happen to recognize these as my friends, and I will relieve you of the necessity of accompanying me further by joining them."

Burke bit his lip in vexation, as she ran forward and put her arm around the shoulder of a weeping woman who leaned



towards her and looked up trustfully into her face. "What is it, Marta?" she asked. "Why is she crying so, Antonio?"

"I came home late," replied Antonio, "and I found Marta was gone, no one knew where. I have been seeking her everywhere, and found her at last in the graveyard, stretched on Fernando's grave, praying that she might die now that she can no longer own the ground where he rests."

Marta's sobs burst out afresh.

"But we are going to appeal the case," he continued. "She must not give up yet!"

"Oh, can you do that, Antonio?" asked Dorothea eagerly; and the heads of the two were bent together as they walked on, forgetting Burke, until words and forms were lost in the darkness.

Burke stood with bowed head, frowning. The discomfiture was as unwelcome as unexpected. His love for Dorothea, which had tinged every thought for weeks, now sprang into new and imperious life at the urgent touch of jealousy. Scorn and anger contended within him. It was impossible that he could be jealous of an Indian he told himself. He could never think so ill of his beloved. But the enthusiasm of philanthropy often makes personal appeal to women who deal with affairs always in the concrete. It was this which had thrust him suddenly beyond the range of Dorothea's sympathies. He stood as the oppressor of a helpless race in whose cause she had taken arms. He realized that he was deeply, irretrievably in love, and bound first of all to win love at its own price. It was not his part to haggle over the merits of these precious Indians. Let Dorothea fix her own value on them and he would accept it. He was almost ready to argue upon their side in the appeal; and arriving at this conclusion he laughed aloud at his folly, turned on his heel, and made his way to the White House, avoiding the music and the dancers; and reached his room to seek his bed, but not to sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SUN AND ORANGE.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

Charged with the memory of a royal folly  
The sands of Pactolus still shine, they say.  
The end of avarice is melancholy,  
Content lies hid in gifts of every day.

But here the Kingly Touch is full of blessing.  
Our faithful Midas fingers these green spheres,  
Gentle and warm, persuasive and caressing,  
And lo! at last the precious gold appears.



The Philippines are a "chance," not a duty.

It is wonderful how many people cultivate the kind of moral eyesight which makes a thing that was wrong before it was done right after—and solely because—it has been done.

Grace Ellery Channing, author of *The Sister of a Saint*, has become associate editor of this magazine; and Margaret Collier Graham, author of *Stories of the Foothills*, writes a regular department in it. The simple announcement needs no boasting to make it stronger.

WHERE'S  
OUR  
GOODYEAR?

The rubber crop grows shorter, and the demand longer. An inconceivable fortune awaits the discoverer of an adequate substitute for the boiled sap of the *Cahuchu*. Rubber up to \$2000 a ton, and not a he-Yankee of us all experimenting to utilize the elastic that is going to waste in the kind of conscience that can convince itself that Hawaii asked to be annexed to us, and that God wants us to civilize the Philippines because we think we can make money at the job.

"ET NOS  
MUTAMUR  
IN ILLIS."

This talk of "the good old times" isn't wholly senile, after all. In the abolition days, for instance, no one thought of proposing that the Negroes be taken from their Southern masters and given to Northern masters—who would of course have been better masters because they didn't understand the Negro so well. A good master is just as bad as a bad master, when it comes to the scales of human freedom. Every man is entitled to have no master at all—or else the United States is a colossal lie.

OUR  
PERFECT  
FALL.

Another California summer is laid away with its forebears. A good summer, as they are all. No one died of it. For six months the sun has shone; and it has never once struck down a human being nor a dumb beast. No one has lost a night's sleep by it, nor spent a gasping day.

With October a subtle change befell. The air began to sparkle, and a delicious chill possessed it. The summer hazes were gone, and the mountains came marching in from their summer distance. Another blanket had to be laid upon the blankets that covered us in August; and a million new stars upstarted in the clarified sky. The only thing the rest of the United States knows that remotely suggests it is the Indian Summer of the East; and a California October is as much more delicious than that as that is more delicious than an Eastern spring thaw.

SHALL WE  
HAVE  
HIRELINGS?

From all over the United States comes the cry of our volunteers to be mustered out. It is no still, small voice, either. But if we are to be Imperial we must have big armies in our colonies. The Philippines alone, with eight million people—of whom more than half are direct savages, and more than half the other half only as civilized as our Apaches—will not be exactly a "two-company post." We shall need at least 50,000 soldiers there, if we take and keep these islands.



But Americans will not do garrison in the Philippines. That is evident now, even to those too stupid to have foreseen it. What then? Shall we go around the world to put a yoke on savages; and hire an army of Hessians to keep it there?

While we are looking around for foreign lands in which to "plant the banner of civilization," it might be well to turn our greedy glance on Illinois. That is said to be a rich country—wherefore it would repay missionarying. As to its need of our unselfish offices, there cannot be the penumbra of a dubitation. The Philippines are mostly black-and-tan, but they never had a Tanner.

In Roosevelt's Rough Riders (so he tells the Lion) there were about fifty men of Indian blood; and they "did as well as anyone, and were treated the same as anyone else by officers and men." Well, why not? Shouldn't the First Americans be American, if they have a decent chance? And what sort of an American is it that won't "treat them the same" when they earn it?

Mr. Roosevelt isn't one of the "Indian lovers," but he is a man. And what we need in all our national relations with the weaker—the Indian or the Negro or the Chinaman or the Kanaka—isn't half so much "philanthropy" (as the word is debased) as it is manliness.

The fear of God and of good English (one of His most excellent creatures) is not in them that talk of our "retaining" the Philippines. People "retain" what they have, not what they haven't. We have two towns out of an enormous archipelago of 1400 islands and eight million people. We can, of course, take the rest; but until we take we cannot retain.

Notoriously inaccurate all his life; an observer who never saw anything so big as his own superiority to it; a traveler who counts the scheme of creation devised merely as a screen upon which to project the image of his cleverness; not even a kindergartner, as yet, in any phase of war; and already in his youth a byword of unequaled vanity, Richard Harding Davis is not quite the person to impeach our old war-dog Shafter. Richard is a nice thing to look at. He is brave in his way; and he is unearthly clever. But beside a man, like the one of Santiago, he is a poor little chattering mannikin.

Mr. Davis tries to tell us that Santiago de Cuba was won in spite of Shafter; solely by the skill of the captains and the valor of the line. Well, Shafter knew the officers and men, perhaps. It may even be that he expected them to do what they did. Generals before now have been known to plan a campaign with some reference to the number and character of their men. Anyhow, "the old man" took Santiago. No greenhorn's theories are valuable as against that fact.

The animus of this disgraceful attack on Gen. Shafter is that he failed to recognize the divinity of the gentleman who has stood godfather to a brand of cigarettes, and displaced, in the United States, all other proverbs of conceit, and treated him (and a few other of our intolerable Bandar-log) "just like common reporters." Fahncy! It is an unspeakable pity that Scribner's Magazine—one of the sanest, best and highest-toned periodicals in the round world—should have been so hungry for war news as to swallow this swollen young man's brilliant but indecent "getting even" with Shafter.

People who ought to know better—and do know better whenever they have a rush of brains to the head—are talking a great deal nowadays about our "moral obligation" to take the Filipinos and other half-civilized peoples "under our protection." Hm! A moral obligation, no doubt, to treat them as philanthropically as we have treated our Indians—whom we rob and oppress until they turn,

and then kill off for their rebellion. As philanthropically as we treat the Chinese—proscribed, disfranchised, and occasionally mobbed. As philanthropically as we have treated our Southern Negroes—deprived (in the teeth of the Constitution and our laws) of their right of suffrage, herded apart as if they were pariahs, and lynched every week in the calendar.

Nay, verily ! We haven't any "moral obligation" to do anything to the Filipinos except to give them the freedom we prate so much of—which can be given only by leaving them free from us. Conscience has but one line of conduct ; and if we can collectively hush our pockets long enough to hear our conscience, we shall leave the Philippines free from Spain, free from the United States, free from any and all masters, to work out whatever destiny they can earn.

WHY  
SHOULD WE

The United States is in many ways the foremost nation of the earth. Why ? Because it has had vast armies and a bigger navy than anyone else ? Nay ! It has had neither. It has grown from nothingness to supremacy without them—and very largely because it hadn't them. More than half its population is here today because it had not these burdens, and other nations had. Millions of immigrants have come to the country which was not taxed to death for the maintenance of a great fighting machine ; nor trampled by an autocracy of soldiers ; nor cursed with compulsory military service.

All other countries have gone backward under the régime our professional fools are trying to introduce here. We have gone forward without it. So let's change !

It is very much like saying to a man who has come to fulness of years and honor :

"Here ! You must carry a revolver !"

"But I never did such a thing. I don't need it. Everyone respects me, and I am too large and powerful to be jumped by footpads. I have lived my life and made a fortune and acquired an honorable name without carrying weapons. Why should I begin now ?"

"Ah, but you have new responsibilities. That you are mature and rich and honored shows that the Almighty wishes you to make other people stand round."

We all know what a respectable man would say to that sort of logic.

But a nation is simply you, and I and the other fellow ; at least two-thirds of us respectable. And it cannot dodge the rules which bind one man to honorable conduct.

Rome has to howl, to keep its vocal chords in trim. A year ago it was because "Butcher" Weyler began to starve the reconcentrados (whom we finished). Today it is because Hon. Russell A. Alger, Secretary of War of the United States of America, has been starving American soldiers. And yet we deem the Yankee clever at a "swap."

Governor of New York it is—or is to be—and we cannot have Our Teddy at present. But perhaps by the time his term is over another of its figureheads will be obliging enough to die or resign ; and the Lion unanimously requests Mr. Roosevelt to remember that he is wanted then as president of the University of California.

How much easier to be polite and clever away from home ! Santiago and Manila, and a score of other foreign names, are a pretty good taste in the American mouth just now. But how about Virden ?

The only trouble with the battle of Santiago is that it was "fit" without asking that eminent military expert Richard-harding-davis how to fight it.





## THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

We look to be in danger of learning again, via London, who are our prophets. Joaquin Miller, the most untamed and booted, but the most inevitable, of our poets, would hardly have been known to an American audience if England had not discovered his extraordinary genius; and he is not the only one who has to leave his provincial surroundings to be found.

Those who know how to think do not need to be told that Ina Coolbrith is a poet—a word, by the way, which these pages never mean to take in vain. Those who reflect with their hearing (as do most) now stand in the way to arrive at the same knowledge. For England has discovered her, and there is a large Coolbrith boom in London. The *Outlook* (the English, not the American, periodical of that name) is sponsor of it, and has given the most generous appreciations of a California poet whom California has shamefully neglected. "As inspired a writer of verse as any now alive," says the *Outlook*. "Reading such verse and wondering at the dim recognition awarded such singer by her compatriots, the arid provincialism of the bulk of United States criticism comes forcibly home to us."

No beast can be more biggoty than the Lion against the barber's itch writers who infest us; but it really does seem to him time that Californians in particular and the country by-and-large, at least went through the motions of intelligence with regard to the few writers we have who are absolutely genuine.

Theodore H. Hittell, whose monumental work on the history of this State has already been noticed in these pages, has now issued, for use in schools, Book I of a *Brief History of California*. This first book, which treats of "Discovery and Early Voyages," is an earnest of the excellence and value of the series, and is remarkably free from inaccuracy. True, the bay of San Francisco is not "the most spacious and magnificent harbor in the world;" and the account of Fray Juan de Padilla, the first martyr of Kansas, is inexact. But I know of no other book in this line which escapes with so little criticism. The Stone Educational Co., San Francisco.

*The New Economy*, by Laurence Gronlund, the collectivist author of *The Co-operative Commonwealth*, aims to present, "A Peaceable Solution of the Social Problem." It is earnest, ambitious and thoughtful; sounder than such essays are wont to be, and withal an interesting contribution to a subject we shall all have to think of, whether we will or no. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

Merton Leland Miller has printed *A Preliminary Study of the Pueblo of Taos, N. M.*, the results of his three months in that interesting village in 1896. The paper is a creditable one, leaning largely on Bandelier; and is marred by few errors of fact or of judgment. Such misspellings as "d'Alvarado" and d'Arellano" should not appear here; and even a new student of the Southwest should not quote Prince and Poore and Davis as authorities in history. University of Chicago.

Laird & Lee, Chicago, have published a very convenient *Practical Spanish Instructor*, vest pocket size, with 5000 words and phrases in Spanish and English and their pronunciation. It is a useful booklet just now, though its pronunciations are not exact—for instance it wholly disregards the y sound of ll and ñ. Cloth 25 cents, morocco 50 cents.

The passenger department of the Santa Fé Route has issued a very handsome brochure of *The Moki Snake Dance*. Aside from the barbarism of misspelling Moqui, the booklet is far above the average of such publications. Walter Hough appears as author; but the pages bear everywhere the earmarks of C. A. Higgins's excellent taste.

The Los Angeles *Times* is doing rather unusual service for a newspaper by publishing serially in the Sunday number a translation of Father Crespi's diary of the first overland journey in California. This important document has hitherto been inaccessible to students who are limited to English.

The *Critic*, in its new magazine form—the size of the LAND OF SUNSHINE—is certainly much more attractive and convenient than it was as a folio. So far as permanence goes, the monthly number is easily worth the four weeklies; and in character it is the same old *Critic*—if not more so.

Louis J. Block, the Chicago poet, has issued a handsome little volume of *Capriccios*. Like all Mr. Block's work, the prose and verse are exalted—perhaps a trifle overhead—full of high thought and high expression. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

The *Arena*, long a by-word as asylum for the slightly underdone, has again suspended publication. Not, alas, that our supply of Aching Voids is running short. Perhaps the matter with the *Arena* was that it had lucid intervals.

Dodd, Mead & Co. are bringing out a new volume—somewhere about his twentieth—by Charles Frederick Holder of Pasadena, a member of the SUNSHINE staff. It is a book for boys, and is entitled *Treasure Divers*.

Gelett Burgess, the lineal ascendent of Larks and Purple Cows, is "having fun with" the village of Lunnon, where the townspeople inclined to take him as seriously as our blissful East did.

Way & Williams, of Chicago, have transferred their publishing business to H. S. Stone & Co., probably the most successful young publishing firm in the country.

The Harpers are issuing a magnificent two-volume edition, illustrated by Eric Pape, of Gen. Lew Wallace's historically ridiculous but stirring romance *The Fair God*.

The Doubleday & McClure Co., N. Y., have made an innovation in the habits of publishers. They send any of their books "on approval."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are issuing this fall *The Black Curtain*, a California novel by Flora Haines Loughead of Santa Barbara.

Another of the attractive "Lark Classics" is out—Kipling's *Departmental Ditties, The Vampire, etc.* Wm. Doxey, San Francisco. 50 cents.



## THE ANGLE OF REFLECTION.

BY MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

It has been urged against the successful American that he is unwilling to retire upon acquiring a competence and thus make way for others, but continues to accumulate with selfish disregard for the struggles of younger men.

PENNY  
WISE

Since young America is the son of his father, it is not likely that he is greatly disheartened by the competition of his elders; but this does not make the charge against them unworthy of consideration. If a sensible man—and the American business man is sensible to the verge of bigotry—refuses independent leisure when it is within his grasp, it must be for one, or two, or all of three reasons: love of power, inability to entertain himself, or increasing demand upon him.

Strangely at variance with our old school reader is the fact that wealth has come to be synonymous with influence in our modern vocabulary. It would seem that the revised copy books read, "Knowledge of money-making is power." But the control of one's fellow men through money is in reality a very crude and brutal form of power. It is the corporal punishment of the school of life; as far removed from vital personal influence as the sting of a lash is from the grasp of a hand.

AND POUND  
FOOLISH.

If the successful citizen is fond of power, why not cultivate a liking for some of its higher forms? If he enjoys using his fellow men, why not use them to some social good purpose? It may be well to exact of a man that he shall demonstrate sufficient ability to take care of himself and his own (in other words "to make money") before we are willing to heed his voice in public affairs; but once demonstrated, why should he go on reiterating it to the exclusion of everything else? Why not forsake mere money getting and give at least a part of his energy to his municipality and to his state?

WHY NOT,  
INDEED?

The question is as far from being a new one as it is from being satisfactorily answered. America has need of a leisure class in politics. Not idlers—of such Heaven knows we have enough and to spare everywhere—but successful men who are neither too old nor too busy to lend a hand in the guidance of the public business.

LEISURE,  
NOT LOAFING.

The man who is "in politics" for his bread and butter is a dead letter morally. If he is there to help some other man butter his bread, he is for the time being a moral cipher; and so long as the management of affairs is given over to him and his kind the public coffer will be a crib, and those who eat there cattle.

Today the decent, industrious, non-office-seeking citizen enters politics only to correct abuses—never to prevent them. He waits until things are malodorous from neglect and then rushes in, laying about him vigorously with one hand and grasping his nose with the other while he calls aloud for approval that he subjects himself to such discomfort for the public safety. When it is all over

THE POUND  
OF CURE.

and he is properly disinfected he returns to his counting-room or to his desk and informs you that he "has had enough of politics; it is too filthy for him." And who has a right to blame him? Certainly not those whose daily shirking has made his sacrifice necessary.

TOO BUSY  
TO LIVE.

And why do good men shirk public duty? The answer takes us back to the beginning. They must make money. When they have made it, they must take care of it; and thus the leisure each one dreamed would be his when success came is postponed until he occupies the smallest piece of real estate his wealth has ever purchased.

"MADE"  
AND WASTED.

There is no cure for inordinate commercialism but the cultivation of taste. Nine-tenths of the money spent for luxuries in America today is spent for things which the world were better without; gilt and plush and tinsel abominations paid for in the blood of good men and true, and demanded by the ignorance of women as good and true as they. We are wont to excuse this misdirected energy lightly. "Of course," we say, "they want their families to have what other people have." Forgetting that other people have every form of vice which goes by the name of art or ornament, and that other people's having a thing is too often a good reason for avoiding it.

"AS OTHER  
PEOPLE DO."

The man who employs sixteen hours of the day in earning money, and not one hour in learning how to spend it; who measures his wants and those of his family by what "other people have" instead of by what they ought to have, is largely responsible for his own overwork. A thorough knowledge of what is good and desirable and beautiful—in other words taste on the part of men and women alike—would go a long way toward lightening the burden which seems to be cramping our men, by substituting a definite, well grounded, attainable ambition for that indefinite, ever-shifting, unattainable something called fashion.

REFINED  
SIMPLICITY.

It is only to the highest refinement that simplicity is possible. Indeed, the highest refinement *is* simplicity. To the crude of soul a small income means squalor, and in his hands it becomes squalor. Having no standard he scrambles for wealth, not to carry out his own plans, but to do "as other people do;" and having attained it he builds, buys and bequeathes out of the fullness of his purse and the emptiness of his mind, making the world an uglier place by his efforts, and excusing himself from any public duty in consequence.

BOTH  
TO BLAME.

Are women to blame? In so far as they create the demand for senseless superfluities—yes. Since they are half the people, doubtless half the wisdom and half the folly shall die with them.

Theoretically, contentment is the result of gratified wants, mental, moral and physical. Supply is the dividend, demand the divisor and happiness the quotient. How few of us remember that the quotient may be increased by lessening the divisor as well as by increasing the dividend! And shall we relapse into barbarism by requiring little? Not if we insist that that little shall be of the best, shall have permanent mechanical and artistic value, shall be a joy, not only today but forever.

South Pasadena, Cal.





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lit sleigh rides of the season to the sugar camp, when you all sat together on the hay in the bottom of the big bob-sleigh box? Ah, the merry sugaring-offs around the boiling caldron of sirup, and the wax you made on the adjacent snowdrift. Not often have you seen such maple sugar as that, have you?

Would you recognize the real thing were you to come across it in this far away corner? You think you would. You have met its glucose and maple flavor imitation. Well, then, you will be interested in knowing that we, too, came from the East, and, having never severed the ties which bind us to the old Vermont sugar bush, we receive direct large quantities of the pure article. It comes in twenty-five pound tins—original packages—which you can purchase entire or in part for melting into sirup for the table or for candy pulls and sugaring-off festivities. You can also buy it in cakes from four ounces to four pounds each. They are delicious—the purest, sweetest, most wholesome sugar made. The prices are right, also. All our prices are, whether for candy, ice cream or ices, by mail, express or otherwise. Our soda fountain is one of the largest and most complete in the West, and therefore affords the greatest variety of and most refreshing drinks.

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

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Every one has heard or read of fireproof walls and fireproof floors, etc., that invariably burn on provocation, but Homer Laughlin has given Los Angeles a business block which could not burn under any circumstances. On the evening of the 20th inst. the proprietor of a dressmaking concern, which occupies a suite of rear rooms on the third floor of the Laughlin block, by mistake carefully turned the current on an electrically heated flatiron, and leaving the iron on a wooden table, closed up the establishment for the day. Aside from the cracking of the heavy glass to one of the doors of the apartments, no external evidence was given of the mischief taking place within. When, however, the doors were opened, the tables and furniture had parted with a large portion of their anatomy, a dummy figure had been burned beyond recognition, while the carpet and draperies had disappeared, but the room itself sustained no injury a few brush-s of tints to the walls and a glazier could not restore. A can of gasoline and some old rags in the fireproof closet of the apartments also escaped. Talk about insuring against your neighbors—such a building bears insurance a plenty.

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A new home industry is the manufacturing of a sauce for meats, fish, soups, gravies, etc., known as Williams Sauce, and which closely resembles the famous Worcester sauce. The sample bottle of Williams Sauce sent to this office is certainly the equal if not the superior of its older rival. The people of this locality can therefore afford from selfish as well as patriotic reasons to give preference to the home product. Home industries give employment to our people and keep within the limits of its locality thousands of dollars. Readers should be fair enough to at least give the local product a trial by including a bottle in the next order sent their grocer.

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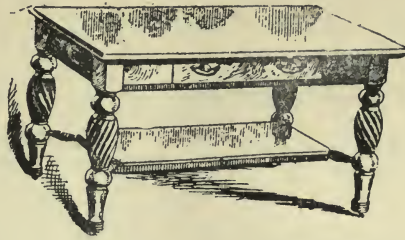
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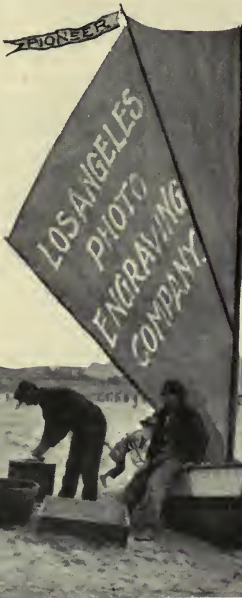
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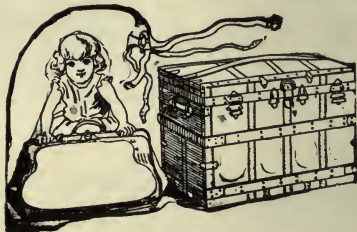
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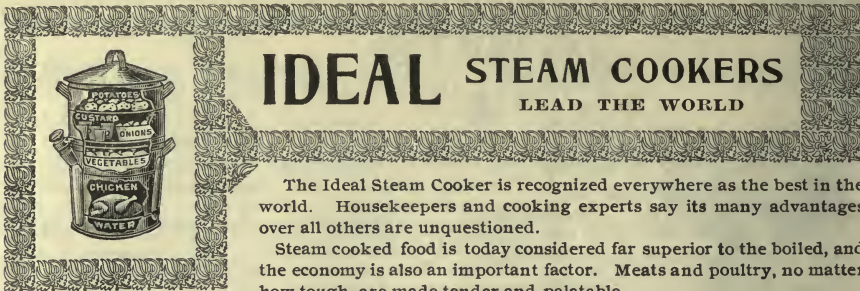
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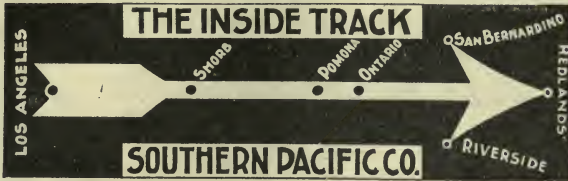
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\*Except Sundays. Offices, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., 4th and Broadway, Los Angeles



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5:30 pm	10:45 pm
	1:30 pm
	5:30 pm
	7:00 pm

Theater Train Saturdays only—11:30 pm

Trains Leave Redondo for Los Angeles:

Every Day	Sundays
8:00 am	7:00 am
11:00 am	8:00 am
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