

cordant lines through an extravagance of trees, shrubs, flowers, vines, "rioting over the wall."

On the whole, I call Palo Alto a mighty good town to live in. It is a place where the people, in the words of the prophet of East Aurora, are "doing things," and you meet right and left men and women who are adding to the literature of the country, and those dreaming of all sorts of reform and progress. I formed the delightful acquaintance of a man deeply engrossed in Celtic literature, who is engaged in the bold task of re-writing the Celtic legends, and fairy tales of Ireland. Nothing small about him.

The University is the dominant figure here with its 1,600 pupils, its great President David Starr Jordan, with the strong staff of scholarly assistants, its princely endowment, splendid buildings and equipment, the breadth of its tone, and the democratic spirit of both students and faculty.

One of the institutions of learning that brings credit to Palo Alto is Castilleja School for Girls, of which Miss Mary I. Lockey is the founder and successful head. The very attractive buildings were planned by this capable lady, who has therein impressed her fine personality. The management of the school is of the sanest, and in every detail the eye of the master, or rather in this case the mistress, is in evidence. I cannot think of a school on the continent where girls could have more careful supervision combined with all reasonable freedom. In fact, it seems a place where a pupil may acquire fine scholarship as well as the social graces. It is a fine feeder for Stanford University, whose influence hovers about it.

After a sojourn of three weeks or more in this modern Athens I continue south through the orchards of Santa Clara, then through a somewhat broken semi-mountainous region to Pajaro, where we change cars. The broad Santa Clara Valley is so well planted and cultivated that it gives one the impression of one great orchard.