

house. That, too, was run on a coöperative basis: and the product was marketed through an Association. It was all very simple. Each owner of a bungalow did as much or as little work as he pleased. He was credited with what he did and was charged with what he got; and his fruit was sold for what it was worth. And let us hasten to disclaim the idea that this system was in any way unique to Arguello: it is the usual thing in the fruit belts of California.

If the ghost of old Colonel Peyton should return and seek for the Corona del Monte of former days, he would be somewhat puzzled until in his wanderings down what he would never recognize as the Camino Real he came to the entrance of the Avenue of Palms. Then he would find himself at home. Nothing thenceforth he would find changed—unless he chose to turn right or left through the screen of shrubbery; in which case he would discover that here, too, the grazing had given way to trees and cultivation. But straight the old avenue led to the knoll and the Cathedral Oaks, and the little, homey, vine-covered, board-and-batten ranch house. And down the slope he would glimpse the whitewash of the great stables, the gleam of the duck waters inside the wire fence; he would even find the earthen *olla* full of cool water hanging under a tree. Should he ring the bell—if ghosts can ring bells—he would find it answered by Sing Toy, now old and wrinkled, but as white and starched as ever, a refreshment to the eye. Certain little things he might miss, like the feather duster that used to hang by the door; and certain new things he might not recognize, such as a tennis court down near Dolman's House, and indeed, a brand new wing to the ranch house itself! But Corona del Monte it still was.

This and the packing house were about the only things that induced a pause when the modern Arguellans drove, or more rarely rode, on this side of town. . . . The ranch was so quaint and old-fashioned, my dear, you ought to have come here as I did in the Old Times before Colonel Peyton died; he was the most picturesque old creature! He used to ride in the flower shows—pity they don't have them any more—on a magnificent horse and the most wonderful silver mounted saddle. Of course everybody knows the Boyds; they're quite nice, but peculiar