

in strategic positions like the old military posts in the United States, and like them have indicated the starting point for future cities to spring up about their ruins.

Among the curios the guide points out a section of a grapevine planted over a century ago twenty inches broad. Just think what a flood of wine this vine has poured forth during its hundred years of life on the mission walls. How after its ruby life blood has served to warm the heart of the reverend fathers, and added a touch of gaiety to their meetings, when with the Irish songster they asked each other the question,

"Why should all the gaiety be
Confined to the Laiety?"

The next stage of the journey was from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles; a fine ride following for quite a distance within sight of the ever restless surf.

The first impression of Los Angeles business district was that the streets were dirty and untidy, indicating that some civic department was absent or asleep, or that people were too busy to clean up and were believers in the old Scottish maxim that "Dirt bodes luck." The dirty streets were a comparatively small matter to speak of when one could write whole reams about the beauty of the dwellings and resident streets, the splendor of its business blocks, its fine transportation facilities, the many attractive outings to be made by trolley, the numerous fine churches, the vim and go of its people, more especially noticing the Jehu-like speed of its automobiles and motorcycles, sometimes not inaptly termed "Go-Devils."

Talking of autos, it strikes me that when some men acquire an auto, especially when bought on the installment plan, the speed germ finds a lodging in their brain, or in the locality where their brain is supposed to be, and a feeling of disdain arises in them regarding pedestrians. Such an one goes whirling