

have caught on, and it has become good form with them to follow the tourist round with a wary eye to a tip in the way of any light indigestible dainty from a ten penny nail downwards. On this occasion some one handed "Bob Evans," the largest of the ostriches, a good sized orange. It went gracefully down the long hose-like neck and it was with a weird fascination we watched its bulging progress until it disappeared somewhere in the basement of his digestive apparatus. "Bob Evans," like his naval namesake, was a scrapper, for some slight breach of ostrich etiquette he chased another of his band around the enclosure kicking vigorously forward with his great right foot, with almost the identical motion of a football specialist. The carriage of these creatures is a peculiar one, something like a camel, and with the same combination of sulkiness and dignity.

But the attractions of Los Angeles were too numerous, and we had to cut this part of our trip short, for our faculty for expressing further wonder was about worn out. Probably among the best things that we did not see was the trip to Catalina Island in the glass bottomed boat with the beautiful sea gardens at the bottom of the ocean, but we reserved this for another trip.

San Gabriel, out from Los Angeles and reached by trolley, is mostly occupied by Mexicans and Indians. The feature of this sleepy little hamlet is the fine old mission of San Gabriel, one of those founded by that marvel of energy, piety and worldly wisdom, Father Junipero Serro. This is a cut above the other missions built in that early period in being of stone instead of adobe, and so involving a more serious problem for the builders in the absence of modern appliances to handle and raise the ponderous material. We were met at the entrance by a youth of eighteen or twenty, a Mexican, but enough imbued with Americanism to be clad in the latest brown suiting and one of those unattractive little flat topped hats that boys