

There certainly is an element of sturdiness in the oak, for while the branches of most trees start up or down, the oak boldly pushes straight out.

A tree that is not to the manner born is pushing to the front in California at a wonderful rate. This is the Eucalyptus, which apparently finds the soil of California as suitable as that of its native land, Australia. It is a wonderfully rapid grower, and soon pushes its leafy height above the average trees of its new habitat. It is a graceful evergreen tree, but annually sheds its bark. The Southern Pacific Railway Co. has planted rows of Eucalyptus trees along side of its track for hundreds of miles, finding it suitable for ties. Farmers plant it along the boundaries of their land and on each side of the lanes, and thus grow their own firewood, for the branches may be freely cut off and the tree cheerfully and promptly pushes out new ones. After the earthquake—if in Frisco you say “after the fire”—a rich man to give employment to needy sufferers employed several thousand men to plant slips of the Eucalyptus on the side of a mountain; now the timber that has resulted is valued at several million dollars. So in the Eucalyptus we have a desirable immigrant, and the same may be said of the sturdy Australians who find their way to America.

As we come say within two hundred miles of San Francisco, the orchards become more numerous, always a pleasant sight, especially to one from the mountain country.

A pleasant week of sightseeing is spent in San Francisco, to me an interesting and delightful city, taking trips to the Sutro Heights with splendid gardens and arboretum, and its grand heights overlooking the Golden Gate, and the grand bay which the Franciscan monks named after Saint Francis of Assisi. Sightseeing around the city to a hundred and one points of interest, the most interesting thing to me were the people in the streets and the varied displays