

there in hope of enjoying some Indo-Mexican dainty, but the fare is commonplace Americano. In going around the village a sense of great peace comes over your soul, as you think of the wild rush in Los Angeles. Here life is long, and what you should do today you put off till tomorrow. A Mexican drives into town as we stand there and stops his team and a leisurely group gathers and long and unhurried talk follows. But we cannot trifle with time as these villagers can for we have only two hours in which to see the noted Mission San Juan de Capistrano located here. An alert Mexican boy shows us through the mission, or rather what is left of it, evidently a sightly pile in its day. This youth was unburdened with reverence, and addressed Father O'Sullivan as though conversing with a playmate. "Father," he bawled across the field, "I have lost the key of the Chapel, let me have yours," and "Father take a look for my keys when you go out." But that holy man merely smiled kindly allowance for the over-weening confidence of youth.

The kitchen with its furniture built by monks so long ago, the kitchen table covered with tough bull hide, the fire-place, the culinary utensils wherein like "The monks of Melrose, they made good fat brose on Fridays when they fasted."

These old kitchens in their day sent out to the refectory plenty of good cheer, for game was plentiful, and Indian hunters proud to serve the Padres with the fruits of the chase. Good store of venison filled the scrip of the friars and they could verify the old song wherein it is said.

"No baron or squire or knight of the shire
Lives half so well as a Holy Friar."

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"In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board."