

we had a glorious 40-mile auto ride along the surf-tormented shore, stopping at various points of interest, a longer stop at one point where the surf fairly goes mad and leaps and roars in a great white mist of flying foam.

Then a railway ride of something over half a day, and we stop off at Paso Robles (Oak Pass), at the big hotel to which one may go to be relieved of his ailments in the warm lithia springs and mud baths. We did not find this a place of much interest and felt no inclination to linger. In coming from Pacific Grove to Paso Robles we pass for a long way through large ranches, one belonging to Mr. Spreckels of sugar notoriety and containing 13,000 acres, another of 15,000 acres and another of 22,000 acres. The latter we read in the papers a few days later had just been sold to Lewis of St. Louis the man who publishes the Woman's Daily Newspaper, and who organized the University City project, and Great Correspondence School in Missouri. This California ranch which cost him eight hundred thousand dollars he will convert into another University Colony, and as he has apparently been successful in his past venture I hope he will do as well or better with this one in the Golden State, for these great ranches look too lonely with only a few far scattered workmen's tenements in sight, and a thriving colony of settlers with comfortable homes, the farm buildings on every 40 acres would be a much more cheering sight for those who believe that the land is for the people.

From Paso Robles we journey on to Santa Barbara, a perfectly beautiful town of ten to twelve thousand people. It lies on a gentle slope to the ocean, has a splendid bathing beach, fine hotels, beautiful private homes with luxuriance of flowers and trees, broad streets, and all clean and shapely. All day one hears the thundering of the fine bold surf that frets the shore, and lying awake in the watches of the night it is uplifting and solemn music.