

to delightful San Diego, to great Los Angeles, to lovely Santa Clara Valley, to appealing Palo Alto, to the engrossing and altogether fascinating old misions, and good-bye generally to the grand, broad, dignified kingdom of California. Good-bye, but not farewell.

Robert Louis Stevenson concludes his Inland Voyage thus:

"Those are not the most beautiful adventures that we go to seek," but our trip proved an exception to his doctrine. This California adventure was one we did go to seek, and it was altogether delightful; and one of the most potent factors to assist in making it so, was that my traveling companion was my daughter, Kate, who proved to be also my competent adviser, friend and guardian, and a postgraduate in guiding my devious steps clear of Los Angeles automobiles, motorcycles and other swift devices of Satap.

Should some critical reader declare I had been too reckless in the alternative use of the first personal pronoun, singular and plural, let me explain that on this excursion being somewhat out of my usual longitude, I ventured to take some latitude with these troublesome parts of speech.

Taking a retrospect of California, I see fruitful valleys, unexpectedly large to one accustomed to the Rocky Mountain country; great stretches of foothills suitable for grazing, agriculture and vineyards; league after league of thrifty orchards lying in the sunshine; stately oaks, pine, cypress and pepper trees; great stretches of beautifully moulded sand dunes of that sunshiny tint so happily and abundantly used in the buildings in that state, bringing them into harmony with the country itself; long mile after mile of fascinating sea coast, white with tumbling surf; and, over all, the splendid sunshine, lightening and making glad the whole goodly land.

Walter Matheson.

Vancouver, B. C., April 1, 1913.