

cess, so far as I could see the net product was a collection of rounded fragments of white quartz. A seedy looking native son comes along offering for sale some alleged moonstones in a bottle of water at the apparently low price of fifteen cents for the lot, but none of our crowd bit or ventured to invest.

After a strenuous week of sightseeing in Los Angeles, we left on a beautiful bright summer morning in midwinter for San Diego. In spite of some minor drawbacks we left with a pleasant recollection of our week there, and an impression of the brightness, energy and public spirit of the people.

We stopped over a few hours at Capistrano, a village made up almost entirely of Mexicans. At the depot were three bright, black haired, black footed and bare footed boys playing marbles in Spanish, so to speak. They played with all their might, and following the immemorial custom of boys of all climes and all times, vociferated loudly, especially the one who was in the wrong. Their most frequent cry was "Metra, metra" which alluded in some way to measurement, the offender having probably hunched up closer to the hole than was contemplated by the rules.

While the train men are unloading some freight they are watched by a crowd of leisurely Mexicans with the same feeling probably of the Indian who said, "It is easy to watch the white man work."

We walk around the hamlet and foregather with an aged and leisurely Mexican laborer, who with his grandson is taking a nice soaking sun bath. We fall into conversation and give him some fractured Spanish talk the like of which he had doubtless never run into before. "Yes, this nino is his grandson." "Yes the child is Dos Annos old." "No, he does not own a rancho but herds the cows." The nino knows what a nickel is, however, and brightly smiles his thanks without words, though urged by grandpa to say "Muchas gratias" to the Caballero. There is one tavern kept by an Indian woman, and so we dine