

eyed, bediamonded and arrayed in latest mode of Madrid, the lights of many candles, the lovely music of the Spanish stringed instruments, the vivacity, gayety, the laughter, the songs in the delightful soft many voweled Castillian tongue, the flashing eyes of lovers quick to flame in jealousy; the feasting, the hilarity and the mirth and music that made the old house echo, the jingling of the caballeros' swords, the long line of horses champing their bits outside; every soul gone from earth a hundred years ago, and the hospitable old mansion under the rule of another nation.

"Where is the laughter that shook the rafter

Where is the rafter by the way."

In this town is the oldest frame dwelling built in California. This too is now a melancholy ruin lingering reluctant on the stage. Then there is the old Spanish Custom House, now partly occupied by the Salvation Army, a more peaceful and more useful militant force than the Spanish soldiers who used to guard it.

Through the older part of the city are still standing the adobe dwellings and walls, their red tiles forming an attractive contrast to the mellow golden tint of the buildings. The narrow windows of these centenarian dwellings are all protected by iron bars, good solid bars, strong enough to resist the potent ardor of the fondest lover to break in or the most loving Juliet to break out to her Castillian Romeo. Yet in all ages love laughs at locksmiths, so doubtless it sharpened the wits of the lovers to find a way to circumvent these bars. Taken altogether these adobe monuments give a fine retrospective smack of the days that are gone.

Monterey as a whole is an easygoing place, such as an old time California town might be expected to be. It is surrounded by a fine agricultural and fruit region.

The Presidio adjoining covers several hundred acres, and has a garrison of 1,200 of Uncle Sam's sol-