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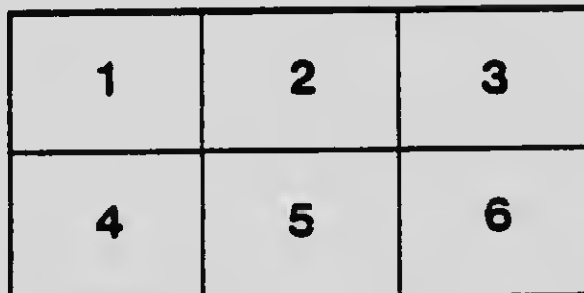
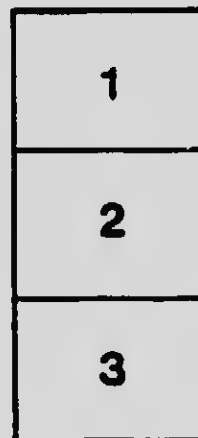
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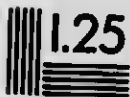
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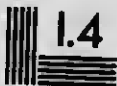
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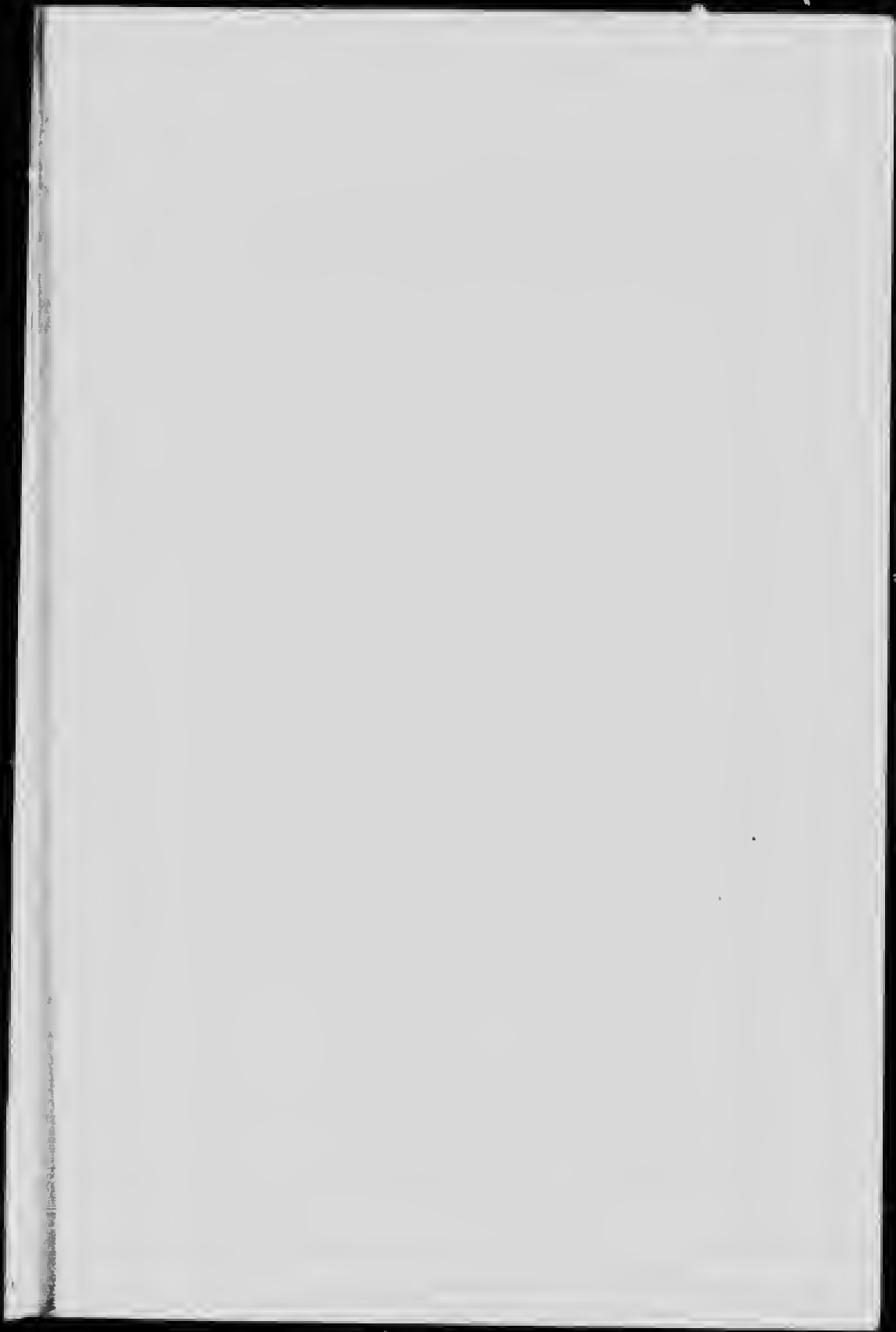
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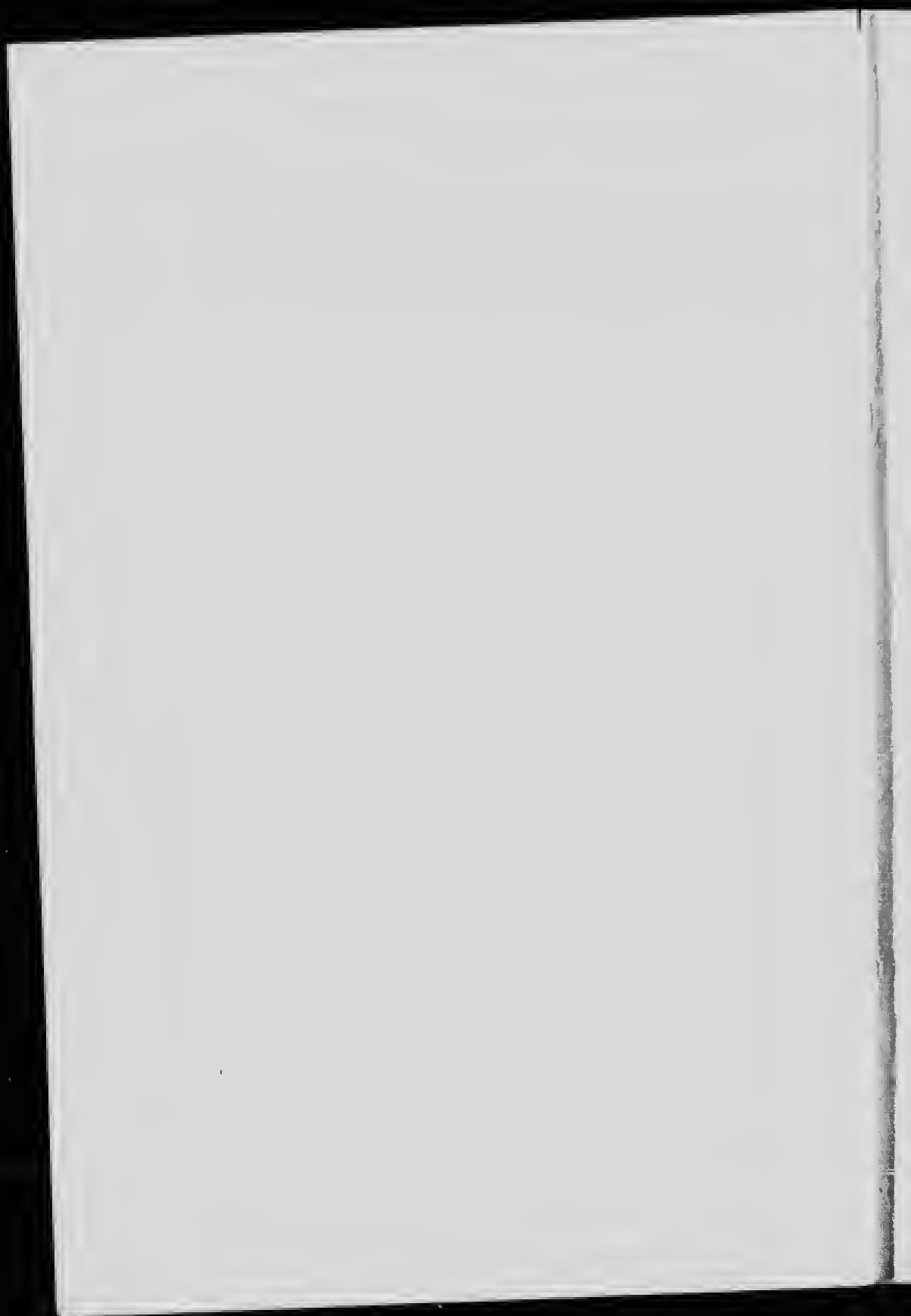
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Seeing Canada and the South

BY

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Windsor, N.S.



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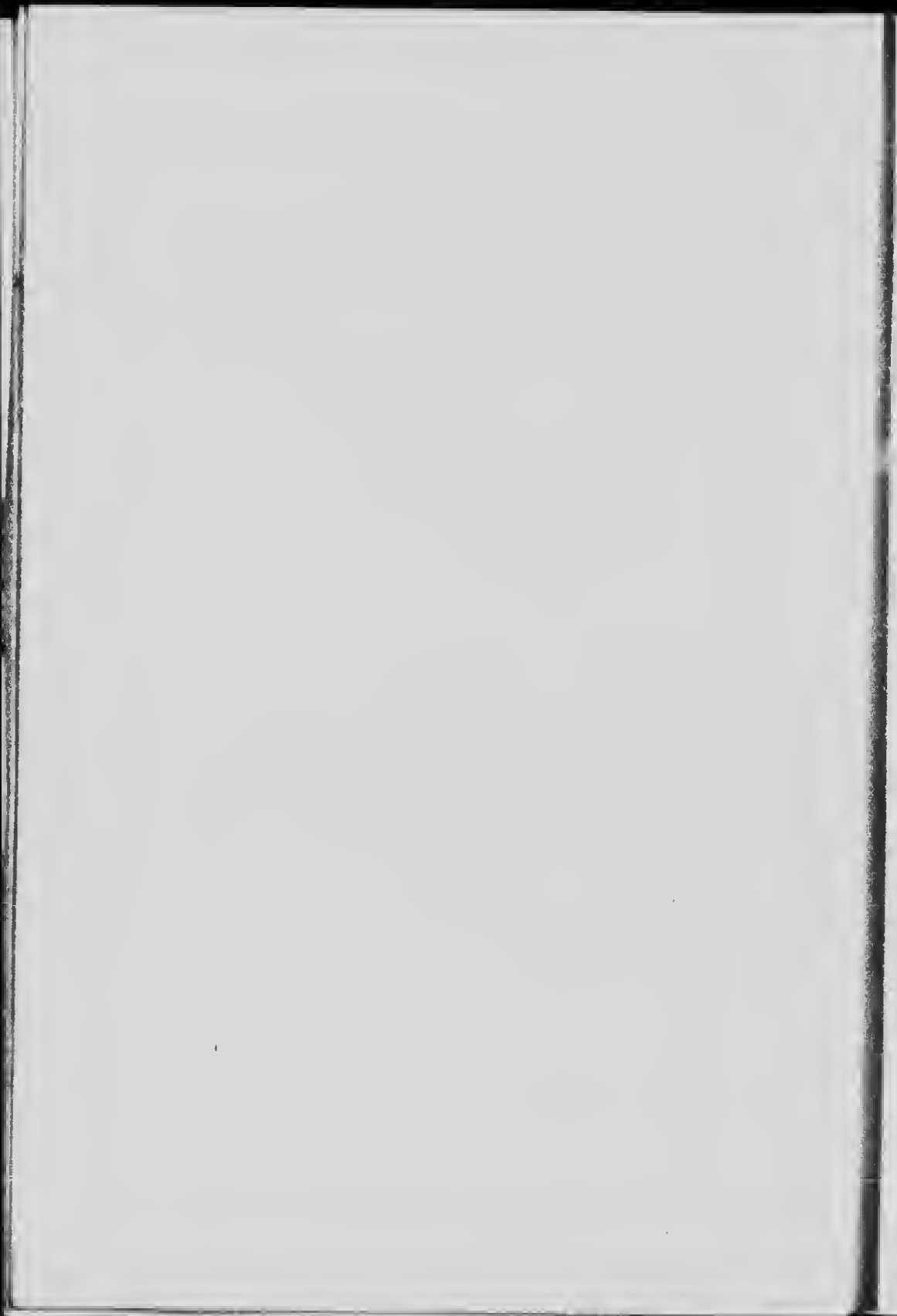
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PREFACE.

THE following pages were written five years ago, while the impressions of travel were still fresh. Publication was delayed, partly because it was feared that some of the views expressed were too advanced for the times. Such an extraordinary forward movement of international opinion has developed since then, however, that it is hoped that the ideas outlined will at the present time sink into the public consciousness without too great a splash.

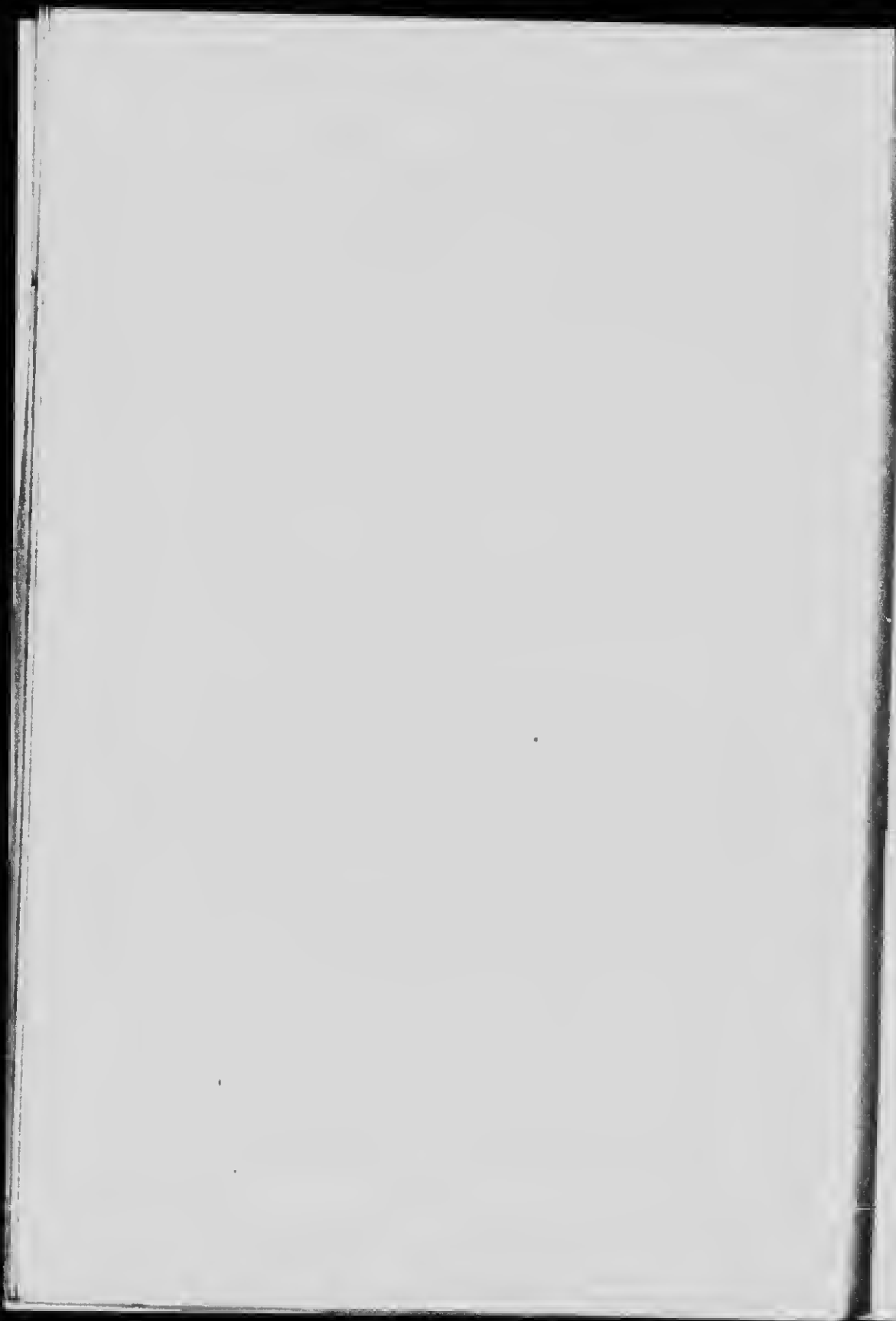
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Windsor, N.S., March, 1911.



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SEEING CANADA AND THE SOUTH

CHAPTER I.

NORTH OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

My interest in the North-West began in the sixties, when Viscount Milton and his brawny friend, Dr. Cheadle, brought out their book of travel. Milton and Cheadle were two adventurous Englishmen, who conceived the idea of crossing the great plains of British North America, then held by the Hudson's Bay Company, and climbing the Rockies to the Pacific. This they accomplished by the aid of a sturdy Indian and his boy, Joe. Their book, written in an attractive style and spiritedly illustrated, first touched the popular imagination as to the possibilities of the vast Assiniboian and Saskatchewan country. Dr. Hind had been out there before Milton and Cheadle, and had published works about the region, but his books, for some reason or other, failed to win the success which, no doubt, they merited. I heard his lecture on the North-West in the winter of 1869. Milton and Cheadle discovered the mysterious Headless

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Indian. They also found a crazy Englishman wandering about reading "Paley's Evidences" in the most perilous situations. Their book, attractively published and pushed with skill in its sale, made a hit.

The next to stimulate curiosity about this country was the late Rev. G. M. Grant. He acted as Secretary of Sanford Fleming's expedition from ocean to ocean, and his published diary, and even more, his graphic descriptions in his lectures and conversation, made the country much talked about.

Then the North-West got into politics, and we had the awful unpleasantness of the Pacific Scandal, followed by the hard times, which unfortunately coincided with and for some years followed the McKenzie régime.

About the year 1879, the Rev. C. B. Pitblado, a Halifax clergyman, visited Manitoba, and, on his return, lectured on the subject. He was a good, plain-spoken, truth-telling Scotchman, but perhaps somewhat deficient in imagination. He described faithfully all the mud and the flies and the hardships that a colonist might expect to fight, and doubtless sincerely hoped to encourage immigration; but somehow, the impression left on the mind after listening to him was that Manitoba would be a good country to stay away from.

And now we have the Canadian Pacific Railway, with the Canadian Northern going, and the Grand Trunk Pacific in sight, and everybody, at

trifling cost and with slight trouble, can see "the whole business" for himself.

After a glance at the Windsor Street Station, Montreal, and a fine view of Parliament Hill, Ottawa, passing around through Hull, we had our first experience in New Ontario, with its sanguine and brainy speculators. Happening to notice at Renfrew that there was a branch line running about twenty-four miles to Eganville, I made some inquiries in the smoker about its object. Why, I asked, should the company push a railway of that length so far to accommodate a town of only some fifteen hundred inhabitants?

It seems that the Canadian Pacific Company wanted to keep the Canada Atlantic Railway out of that territory, and, to effect this purpose, built the Eganville branch. But the C. A. R. people, nothing daunted, kept right on and put in their branch, and now the little town has all the benefits of two great railway systems, one on the north and the other on the south. But there is considerable trade there, too. In the back country, up that way, there are two settlements, one of Germans and the other Poles, who have the thrifty qualities of their race, selling all they can and eating what they cannot sell. Just now they are digging up the stumps of red pines, the trunks of which were cut down fifty years ago or so, and burning them for the acetic acid, tar and other substances which they contain. I was shown by a passenger an analytical

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report, stating that the stumps yielded \$30.50 per cord. Deducting \$12.00 for labor, etc., there is a clear profit of \$18.50 per cord, and the supply is considerable.

Another source of wealth in New Ontario is the silver, cobalt and copper mines of North Bay and Sturgeon Falls. A valuable mine was discovered by a blacksmith. He saw a fox which he wanted to kill, and aimed a blow at him with a hammer. The fox escaped unhurt, but the hammer struck a vein which the blacksmith observed to glitter with ore. There was some trouble of a lawsuit connected with the areas, to escape which the blacksmith, for a slight consideration, sold his claim to two poor men, Timmins and Bell. They won the lawsuit, developed the mine, and demonstrated the value of the property so successfully that it is said each of them has refused five millions of dollars for his share. Fabulous stories are told of the richness of the silver nuggets taken out. A miner returned from the Yukon and said that he had never seen such ore in that favored region. The deposits of cobalt are also very extensive and valuable. About eighty miles farther along are the famous copper and nickel mines of Sudbury, the greatest in the world. I believe that all the rocky northern shore of Lake Superior will yet be found to be as rich in valuable minerals as that running from North Bay to Sudbury. It looks all alike.

A grey-haired man nearly seventy-three years of age, but still tough and wiry, going along towards North Bay, told me the story of his life. His ancestors were United Empire Loyalists. I know the type well, and at once recognized in him the tall, angular build and the mental alertness of the old New Englander. He had farmed in various sections of Ontario, as had two or three generations of his family before him, but with no particular success, making a comfortable living, but not achieving fortune. He had lately invented and patented a cattle-guard, of which he showed me the specifications, and all that day he had been out with a gang of men in the cold and wet, trying to get it in for a test under the directions of railway officials; but the difficulty of working in the slushy, half-frozen ground had prevented their demonstrating its practicability. He was confident, however, that it was all right, as would be proved on the morrow, and was on his way home to Sturgeon Falls, happy and talkative. He said that Sturgeon Falls is as rich in mineral deposits as North Bay. His guard is laid horizontally over the rails, so that when the cattle step on it trying to go over, their weight on the wooden straps causes a kind of fence to rise up and bar their progress across the track.

After the rains of the last two days the temperature had been steadily lowering, and on getting out at Chapleau Station next morning a little after daylight for a cup of coffee and a

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sandwich at the restaurant, the scrub trees and rocks and lakes were covered with an inch or two of snow. It was the 21st of October, but stepping on the snow on the platform in the keen, crisp air was like going out on a morning in January.

The sun came up after an hour or two, and in three or four hours the snow had all disappeared where we were, but signs of it were seen as we went along that afternoon.

We had a Buffalo engine-driver with us, a little, chubby-faced fellow. He had worked on the Pere Marquette line, and was going to Winnipeg looking for work. Having the instincts of a sportsman, the sight of the numberless lakes on both sides of the railway threw him into transports of delight and admiration.

"If I settle in this country, I'll come out here and fish in some of them ponds," exclaimed he, shaking his head at you convincingly. "I suppose I'd need to bring a boat, though, to get them. There are trout in there sure—there where that stream runs. And great hunting, too. A man back there told me he saw a moose put on the train this morning that weighed fourteen hundred, and was bigger than any bull he ever saw. The hunter put four balls into him before he brought him down. The moose was browsing among some trees with three others when he sighted him."

There was a good-looking, well-dressed young

fellow, also bound for Winnipeg, who had worked as a street car conductor in a New England town. He had the look of an Americanized French-Canadian.

"I had trouble with my wife," he said, "and left her. Marriage didn't turn out as I expected it would. I wanted to keep house and have a home of my own. But she didn't like to keep house—wanted to board. You know what that is? So she's gone off on a visit to some of her relations, enjoying herself, and I sold what stuff we had, left half of the money for her, and brought the rest with me. She can get a divorce if she wants to. I hope I can get a job in Winnipeg for the winter."

A tall, blonde young man sat silently tugging at a pipe until, observing that he was an Englishman, I asked him what he thought of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. I brought down by that question a regular avalanche of facts and arguments, statistics, and deductions from them. He appeared to be perfectly familiar with the whole question of Protection. It was, he declared, the high price that helps. Low prices are no good to anyone. He illustrated this point by the ruinous custom of Canadian lumbermen shipping lumber to England and selling it there at auction on a certain day in the week, instead of waiting for an order from England before shipping. He said he had come out looking for an opening for his father and himself. They were in the building trades.

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"What is that?"

"Carpenters. I am a carpenter. We work differently in England from what they do here. I worked six months for a man in Ontario. But they don't do the fine work here that we do at home. Rabbeting has nearly all gone out here. They nail everything they can."

We had Lake Superior whitefish for dinner. Towards the afternoon we came out on the shores of the great lake at Heron Bay, and until dark revelled in magnificent views of scenery. Old Pere Marquette was in ecstasies. "The greatest scenery I ever saw in my life," he kept assuring everybody, running from the smoker to his seat in the car. "Look at those islands out there, so high out of the water. Why, the Thousand Islands are nothing to them."

At Nepigon, late in the afternoon, we took on a car filled with tanks carrying live trout to stock a stream somewhere West. An employee scooped up some three and four-pounders and showed us them, to the great delight of the engine-driver.

Glorious beaches of fine clean sand for bathing, ideal fishing streams, and deep rock-cuttings were constantly coming into view as we sped by. At Jackfish are the high coal chutes of the C. P. R. Coal is brought by water to this point and poured down into the engine tenders. After passing round the bay, the curve being so sharp that, by one sitting pretty well back in the train,

the engine can be seen, a tunnel a couple of hundred yards long is entered. The hills rise nearly straight, in places hundreds of feet above the track. Rosspoint seems to be the headquarters of the fishing industry on the lake. Here there is quite a fleet of steamers, launches and boats. A file of well-dressed Indians were noticed going over to a trading store.

Before many years, when Winnipeg will have doubled in size, these beautifully wooded reaches and bays will no doubt be paying summer resorts.

The headlands at Thunder Cape are wonderful. Blomidon has a great name, but here are to be seen a succession of bluffs rising boldly out of the lake, rivalling the Nova Scotian promontory in grandeur.

The twin towns of Port Arthur and Fort William were approached too late to permit of a good view. A saloon opposite the station at the former appeared to be doing a rushing business. Some woodsmen came out, jostling and laughing and singing. These towns are believed to have a great future before them, akin to that of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Fort William boasts the largest grain elevator in the world. The grain crop is brought here from the prairies for shipment on the lake.

Towards evening a hurly English-looking official, with florid complexion, side-whiskers and wearing a gold-braided cap, passed through the train, asking each passenger his occupation.

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"Builder," replied the Englishman. "Drove an engine on the Pere Marquette," said the sportsman. "Tourist," answered I; and so on.

Then we began discussing his object in making these inquiries. One passenger thought he was in the Customs. Another thought he had some connection with the police; but we finally came to the conclusion that he was looking after immigrants coming into the country. The Government is careful to keep track of the influx of settlers, with an eye to their future movements.

In the morning we were gliding along over the prairies of Manitoba, realizing Sir John A. Macdonald's prediction, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Sir William VanHorne's stock farm, with its fine barns and other buildings, was noticed, with its herd of Dutch-banded cattle. A quarry, from which is got the light stone conspicuous in the architecture of Winnipeg, is also on the left. A line of steel towers stretches across the prairie, which will carry into Winnipeg the power for its tramway and electric light service from Lac du Bonnet, a lake twenty miles or so distant. A number of the capitalists who are building up the city are interested in the project. Lots will be sold along the suburban electric railway when it is completed, and, by the sale of these, the investment will "make good." Winnipeg is being exploited by thoroughly up-to-date methods, electricity being utilized to the utmost.

A few farmhouses here and there, surrounded

NORTH OF LAKE SUPERIOR. 17

by poplars or Manitoba maples, alone serve to vary the monotony of the level prairies as you approach Winnipeg.

Having landed, and walked through the spacious waiting-room, we reached Main Street through the sombre cross-street that runs by the station. The big new railway hotel is about half-finished. Main Street was swept by a cold wind that made us drop our grips and put on gloves. The bitterness increased until the following morning, when it was intense.

CHAPTER II.

WINNIPEG AND BRANDON.

WINNIPEG is the most cosmopolitan town in the Dominion. You might walk along one of the principal streets in almost any outlandish garb and nobody would turn his head to look at you. They are used to everything of that kind. Throngs of immigrants, dressed as they left home, are constantly passing through the streets in the neighborhood of the railway depot, hurrying to their train or their boarding house. The employment agencies, with long signboards giving the rate of wages and describing the class of laborers wanted for certain work, are thronged by young men. Winnipeg is a young men's town. They are everywhere. The streets and the theatres, the churches and the hotels are full of them.

In Winnipeg the street cars do not run on Sunday. The people will not have them. They would be very convenient for people who have to go a long way to church. But the churchgoers have grappled with this matter and solved it by establishing branch churches in different localities, so that none of their people will live at more than ten minutes' walk from their place of worship. Some denominations, like the Meth-

odists, had valuable land in or near the centre of the city, and, having sold it, had the money to erect handsome churches outside. They say that with Sunday cars would come in Sunday baseball and excursions and other baneful amusements, and they will have none of them.

The social evil was formerly confined to Thomas Street, but, it is hinted, at the instance of property-owners in that locality, who felt that its presence kept down the sale of lots, the quarter was raided and its denizens scattered all over the city. The demi-monde are said to be well-behaved on the streets, and do not hold up the midnight wayfarer as they do in New York and Toronto.

Nothing surprises the visitor more than the grandeur of the leading hotels, which compare favorably with those anywhere.

Rents and fuel prices are the great drawbacks to residence here. No kind of a respectable house can be rented for less than fifty dollars a month, and hard coal is \$10.50 per ton.

The hotel offices are lavishly decorated with mounted heads of deer, moose, musk ox and other fauna of the West, making a very characteristic and tasteful ornament. One of the most noticeable features of social life in the West is the open bar. Everywhere liquor is sold and drunk with the utmost publicity. "Barroom" is painted clearly on the door, which often stands open. The sign, "Spirituous liquors sold here" is

sometimes displayed on the front of hotels. Passing along the principal street of Calgary, in a leading hotel, a curtain, half-drawn aside, reveals the long bar, thronged to its full length with thirsty customers. It is surprising how little drunkenness is seen, too. Occasionally a man may be seen somewhat unsteady in his movements, but no one pays any attention to him, and I never saw any noisy or quarrelsome drinker. I suppose the hotelmen can afford to sell a less injurious brand of liquor than the illicitly sold, poisonous stuff of the East, which drives people mad and eats out their kidneys.

They set a first-rate table in the hotels, and the service is excellent. All of the delicacies provided in the East, together with some local dainties in the way of game and fish, are catered in abundance. Venison and grapes on the bill of fare lend a new flavor to the romance of the West. To sit down at such repasts in a large dining-room full of young fellows from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, hustlers, the bulk of the population of the country, brings back your college days to you vividly.

People are coming in from every quarter to buy land. While I was in Winnipeg the papers said that a wealthy colored man from the State of Mississippi was in the city. He had purchased large tracts of land on previous visits, and was now adding to his holdings. He talked of plant-

ing a colony of negroes on them. The climate would be too rigorous for Southern natives, he thought, so he purposed to bring in negroes from the Northern States. The negroes who were stolen from the plantations and brought to Nova Scotia during the war of 1812 by Admiral Cockburn soon became acclimatized. They apparently found the Northern air as salubrious as that of the Rappahannock and Chesapeake Bay from which they were abducted.

There was a good deal of typhoid fever in Winnipeg, hospital patients and others dying of it almost daily. I noticed the fever placard on a house in a cross street near Main. The difficulty in most of these prairie towns is in getting fall enough for the drainage. The city is constructing a big drainage canal some distance out, where the Doukhobors are to be seen working in large numbers.

The church element in Winnipeg is quite interesting. I went to hear Rev. C. W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor") on the morning of my arrival. He is a man of considerable influence in the community. In his church his weight may be estimated from the fact that he called for a Thanksgiving Day offering of \$1,000 for a local nursing mission. He has a very quiet manner and delivery in the pulpit. His sermon contained allusions to the lives of several literary men in illustration of the influence of personal character. Church-going is a habit still popular in the West,

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in marked contrast to the East, where it has largely died out, the male part of the population especially being lax in this respect. A gentleman told me that he had recently gone into three churches in Winnipeg on a Sunday evening a little after service began, but was unable to get a seat in any. They were all filled, the young men being strongly represented.

From the top of the Union Bank of Canada, the only eleven-story bank in the Dominion, a great view of the prairie, with a train speeding in the distance westward, was obtained.

The site and part of the walls of old Fort Garry are preserved in a little public garden by the river. The Y. M. C. A., conducted on the most modern principle, with swimming pool, gymnasium and lunch room, looks after all the young men who will avail themselves of its advantages. A visit to the big newspaper establishments, one of which runs eleven linotype machines, gives one an idea of the intellectual requirements of the population. You can get newspapers here cheaper than in any other place I have ever seen. The boys sell in the evening three of the big dailies in a bunch for five cents. Walking home with a wad like that in his hand, the tired resident has quite enough to engross his evening.

By the cemetery gate a public monument marks the grave of John Norquay, the gigantic half-breed Premier of Manitoba. Norquay is

said to have been an exception to the common run of half-breeds, who are described as being lazy, cantankerous, and generally no good.

It is interesting to make a tour of the city on the different street car lines, and hear the motor-men and conductors tell about the price of land inside and in the suburbs. They begin by asking you whether you are going to buy land, and then give you some surprising figures. A man had a \$200 lot adjoining the property of a big brewery. The brewery company paid him \$13,000 for it. A creditor, not being able to get anything else out of an old claim, accepted a bit of land from his debtor, who considered it of no value, and the creditor now can get \$20,000 for it.

A corner lot a mile or so away from the business centre, the ordinary valuation of which would be seven or eight hundred dollars, you are told is held for eight thousand.

I decided not to buy any land in Winnipeg on this visit.

A survey of the Prairie City is not complete without an inspection of the engines which operate the electric light and traction plant. The works in the power-house are on an immense scale, and give an idea of the saving which will be effected when the power is transmitted from the suburban lake, du Bonnet. There is a nice little opera house, in which vaudeville was the attraction. The drop curtain is appropriately decorated with the figure of an Indian, seated on

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his horse, surveying from a bluff the distant city. The audience, composed, as usual, largely of young men, was very free and easy, joining in the choruses of popular songs, and having a good time generally in a quiet, good-natured way.

After two days of somewhat vigorous wind the air became toned down on the morning of my departure westward. Leaving Winnipeg and sailing, so to speak, out on the boundless prairies, was one of those distinctly memorable occasions in one's life which we put in a class by themselves. They have somewhat the effect of a re-birth. Life all of a sudden becomes richer and grander and vastly more worth living. It is like starting out in life again. There was a light layer of white frost in the black ditches and fences along the railway. Soon we came to the huge piles of chaff, marking the track of the steam threshers across the prairie, and solidly piled stacks of wheat. Lonely houses stood at great intervals. Some fall ploughing was in progress; in one place five gang-ploughs were marching along in echelon, turning up the rich sod. Many passengers got on and off at the stations as we came to them, all well-dressed and healthy-looking. This is one of the things which rather surprise the stranger. Considering the newness and roughness of the country, one has half an impression that he would note a correspondence in the dress of the inhabitants. But

he is quite mistaken. Nothing distinguishing the people of Manitoba or anywhere else on the line of railway from the inhabitants of the other older provinces is detected.

I got talking to two young fellows who had come out from Ontario for the harvesting, and had partly paid for a ticket to the Pacific Coast and return out of their wages. They had worked north as well as south of Winnipeg, at Strathclair and Carman. Up north at Strathclair, the man whom they had helped found oats at sixty cents a bushel more profitable to raise than wheat. The water there in the sloughs (pronounced *slews*) was very bad, having alkaline ingredients, and being unfit for drinking.

There are great varieties of soil in the North-West. In Manitoba the farmer has the advantage of the rich sediment that washed down from the Rockies eastward. As you near the mountains, the stones left behind in the great subsidence are encountered.

The Rev. Robert Whittington, D.D., of Vancouver, Superintendent of Methodist Missions, was homeward bound. He is very hopeful of the future of the missions, and believes that if he had three contingents of the young Indians, from seven to twenty-one years of age, he could settle the Indian problem. In his opinion, British Columbia is a greater field for the farmer, no less than the miner, than the country east of the Rockies, and he says this with a competent know-

ledge of the whole of the North-West. The panorama of the great prairies continued unbroken until nightfall.

Mr. Ferrier's team was waiting for us at the station at Brandon, just as Dr. Whittington said it would be, and soon we were descending the highland on which the city is built, and crossing the Assiniboine's shallow channel, I marvelling at my great luck. I wanted to see the Experimental Farm, though without the slightest expectation of doing so, and here I have only to come up to the station and meet a carriage ready to drive me past its very gate.

The air, with the wind on our backs, was pleasant, with a certain dry crispness in it, and so clear that the prairie—rolling here—could be seen for miles around. A branch of the railroad runs away to Souris (locally pronounced Sooris), Five rows of elms, Manitoba maples and the handsomest spruces, limbed right down to the ground, mark the approach to the Government farm. Carefully measured plots showed where experiments had been made with varieties of grain in order to test their rate of growth. The roads are smooth and well kept.

The Methodist Indian Institute is finely situated on rising ground, facing Brandon. Ninety-one children were in attendance, all the way from five to eighteen years of age. Some little fellows—four-year-olds—I saw carrying armfuls of wood round the corner of the building.

The Institute is thoroughly clean, and the native pupils are fat and contented-looking. The Indians, strange to say, have a decided taste and aptitude for arithmetic. It seemed very strange to see them, the children of the forest and the vast dim lakes, seated at their desks, toiling away at fractions and proportion. The most elementary ideas have to be carefully taught them. They have to be taught how to get into and out of bed.

The building is heated by hot air, and, by an ingenious device of Mr. Ferrier's, graduating the tin pipes so that the heat is all utilized, is kept comfortable all the winter. The Principal spent five weeks this summer travelling by canoe to all the principal Indian camps on the northern lakes. He pointed out the route on the map. He brought back children for training wherever he could find them. The parents are not at all anxious to have them educated.

One of the teachers comes from Halifax County, N.S. She says she finds the children as a rule apter than those she had taught at home.

We were shown through the root-house, where potatoes and turnips and huge carrots were piled up to the ceilings for winter consumption. An adjoining farm Mr. Ferrier tried to persuade the Conference a few years ago to buy for \$6,500. It could not now be bought for double that sum.

Everything in the way of garbage is utilized and turned into manure for use on the farm.

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Land, though, in Brandon is variable in value, like it is away to the southward. Often a comparatively valueless district adjoins one of the most fertile. It is never safe to purchase land north or south without previously making thorough tests of its quality. Intending immigrants and colonizers should bear this in mind.

Returning, we visited the stock barns of the Experimental Farm and the agricultural museum. The air had been delightfully clear and tonic going over, but as we recrossed the Assiniboine the breeze in our faces was keen and piercing.

Brandon is a pretty town, with streets well laid out, handsome residences, with hedges and maples, and up-to-date verandahs and lawns. A good idea of the depth and luscious fertility of the soil could be obtained by watching the progress of a sewer excavation, which a large party of laborers of various nationalities—"Douks," Galicians, Italians and others, under a German boss—were making in rear of the town. They were working at a depth of twenty feet or so. A high carriage, running on rails, carried along the buckets of earth as they were hoisted. Farther back the depth was greater. Strongly timbered side-work kept the moist, rich soil, free of any stone, from tumbling in. And the shades of the loam gave weight to the theory that these great prairies were merely the bottom of a vast ocean which, by subsidence, was drained into the Atlantic.

The Douks and "Galatians" are in high favor as laborers. I saw a large party by the railway station laying a new bit of track with the heavy eighty-pound rails with which the old fifty-eight-pound rails are being replaced. They are slow-moving but sturdy and persistent fellows, good-natured-looking and able. They have abandoned the sheepskins which they wore on their arrival here, and dress in thick, substantial clothing. One boy I noticed with a sheepskin cap, cut down, perhaps, from the paternal tile. Out there they have no doubt that in a few years any restlessness among them will have passed away, and they will be the backbone of the country. One hopeful sign is that they may be heard speaking English among themselves. Any immigrants who do that are sure to get on. It shows that they have cheerfully accepted the situation.

At dinner a young Englishman sat opposite, and somewhat different from most of his nationality, opened the conversation. He had held a commission in the —th, an expensive British regiment, and, having contracted typhoid fever whilst out harvesting, had been laid up for seven weeks in the hospital, from which he had been released only two days previously.

"They said I had a close call," he remarked, and from his emaciated, though delicately handsome features, I could well believe it. I handed him my card.

"I haven't any now," he smiled weakly. "I had a hundred when I left England."

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He said he was a native of Moretonharpstead, Devonshire, the village in which my mother was born, but his family lived in Lincolnshire. He was very glad to meet me, and remarked that had he not just come out of the hospital he would have missed seeing me. I told him to guard carefully against a relapse.

He was hopeful of a complete recovery; but from the feeble way in which I last saw him pulling his shrunken limbs up slowly by the haluster, I am afraid he will never see home again.

A mile or two in the rear of Brandon may be seen the Exhibition Buildings. The houses of the Douks, one-storeyed and banked to the windowsills with manure, surrounded by kitchen gardens, are scattered over the highland. A woman by one cabin was trying vainly to rouse a man from a pile of wood on which he was lying.

I noticed, first here, and more particularly in Regina, a style of house thoroughly adapted to climatic conditions. It is built square, about twenty-five or thirty feet each way, with a bungalow roof some twelve feet from the ground, having windows only on the southern side, and fronted with a roomy verandah. Inside a cottage like that I should suppose one might keep warm in winter at a slight cost of fuel, and be comfortable all the year round. Rows of them, painted green, struck me as being a characteristic and pleasing feature of the North-West. There is no

sense in trying to live in the skyscrapers of the East when the mercury is forty or fifty degrees below zero.

There was a performance of the play, "Dora Thorne," in the Town Hall, a long, plain apartment, like a church, in the evening. The company were well up in their parts, but had not a spark of Thespian genius among them. The low comedian, who was also the manager, had the business of his part "down fine," but he played it without the slightest bit of fun in the rendition.

A common feature on the west-bound C. P. R. train is the colonist car, full of Chinamen returning to the Flowery Kingdom. There was one on this train containing twenty or thirty. They say that a Chinaman, with luck, can save up in five or six years in this country three or four thousand dollars, on which he can spend the rest of his days in comfort in China. I strolled through the car, where some of them were sleeping, stretched out on their berths with all their clothes on, their eyes unshaded from the strong light, five or six others in a group having a supper of bread and butter, chunks of meat and raw apples, and some watching and occasionally making a brief remark or two to a party of five or six who were playing dominoes. They presented a weird and interesting spectacle, taking no notice of the curious visitor.

CHAPTER III.

REGINA AND CALGARY.

It was half-past ten o'clock when we reached Regina. The wind had become cold again, and as we stepped out on to the platform and across an unlit square, looking for the hotel, the prospect was very depressing. A man on the platform assured me that the one hotel was full-up. He had just come from there. But he had two beds in which we would, however, have to "double-up." The doubling-up process not commending itself to us, we followed a slim young man in a sealskin coat, or what appeared to be such, along the board sidewalk, which sounded loud under our feet, to the hotel, and, pushing open a draughty door, got inside. It was quite warm with its hot-water heated radiators, but the management had made no provision for possible arrivals by the train, and was, as our informant had said, unable to give us a single bed. We decided to stay, even if we had to sleep in our chairs. So we sat and watched the crowd of loafers and steady boarders have their say, and, gradually tiring out, get away to their beds. The night clerk, a bright-eyed, thin, cheerful Englishman, who had served in South Africa, told us

that the "kid" was making up cots for us in the upper hall, if that would do. He was a very philosophical fellow, not particular how he arranged things so long as he could make folks comfortable. One night, he said, a guest came in, and, having consented to lie on the floor, the clerk pulled down an armful of boarders' coats which were hanging in the alcove of the office, and threw them on the floor. The guest having stretched himself on these garments, the clerk covered him with all the rest of the coats hanging there. The guest said in the morning that he never slept better in his life.

"Well," added the clerk, laughingly, "as long as the coats were not working they might as well be used for sleeping on as not. Out in South Africa, I've slept in my wet clothes in a ditch often."

That is the kind of a fellow he was. About half an hour after midnight the "kid" announced that our cots were ready, and we ascended the stairs. My cot was a few inches too short for me, and I had hard work to keep my toes under the quilts. Whenever the front door opened, a blast of cold air swept up the stairs and through the hall from the street. We turned out at daylight. After eating a substantial breakfast, I made out into the frozen streets and walked round the straggling town. Such cold I never felt in my life. It was piercing. Ordinarily, on a cold day anywhere else, you feel like running

or throwing your arms about, or otherwise stimulating blood-circulation. But the cold of Regina seems to take all the energy out of you, so that you hardly feel like breathing. It grips and holds you as in a vise. A man who went out there in the first rush westward twenty years ago told me that that country would never be populated by anybody but a lot of Russian serfs. The Indians, in winter, bandage themselves about the loins with strips of skunk skin to keep from freezing to death. I could well believe it. Dogs, one of which followed us all through the place, abound. The low, square, four-sided, roofed houses showed very few of the inhabitants. This being Thanksgiving Day, the 26th of October, a number of rosy-cheeked young people of both sexes of the town came in to dinner. They set us a good table, providing, among other delicacies, wild duck and venison. A colored man and woman—the only ones I saw in the North-West—playing a guitar and mandolin, sat by the entrance and sang the sweet songs of "Dixie," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginia," "Old Black Joe," and, with their slow, soft, cooing African voices, brought tears to the eyes of many a lonely boy "far from de old cabin do'."

The dinner was a most enjoyable function, and, the spirit of sociability increasing, a gentleman from Ottawa asked two of us to join him in a visit that afternoon to the headquarters of

the Mounted Police, about two miles outside the town. A good plank walk runs the whole way. The first buildings approached are the old administrative buildings and the residence of the Governor of the territories. They are comfortable, unpretentious edifices.

The Mounted Police quarters are businesslike-looking, too. These consist of cottages for the officers, barracks, stables, riding pavilion, jail and church. A very tall English trooper looked out of an upstairs window in the barracks and mincingly asked us if we wanted him to come down.

"Well, I will do so," said he, graciously. He called up another regular, who presently despatched to us our guide, a very good-looking and well-set-up young fellow, a bugler from Ottawa, who showed us round and explained everything.

The Mounted Police occasionally have great times tracking criminals through the ditches, where they hide. The long grass affords a complete protection, and every inch of the ground has to be examined by the troopers. From the top of a "butte" (pronounced bûte) the eye can take in a great expanse of prairie.

Our bugler said he could not show us into the prison without a special permit. In the jail-yard Lonis Riel was hanged twenty years ago. The place will always have a melancholy interest on that account.

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The bugler, without warning, having pushed open the door of the long, low building, used as a church, where the Episcopal service is celebrated, an officer confronted us, revolver in hand. He was in charge of a squad of criminals who were cleaning the church.

Prisoners may be incarcerated in the prison for any term not exceeding two years. Prairie thieves are constantly being brought in.

The riding pavilion is a large, oval-roofed building, where troopers are instructed in the drill and management of their steeds.

As we walked at a swift pace, in order to keep as warm as possible, along the plank walk, returning to town, we met a picturesque group, composed of a trooper in a Stetson and full uniform, mounted and galloping along, trying to catch another horse which had escaped from its rider. Neck and neck they came sweeping along the road, but the fugitive was determined not to be caught, and, after being headed off once or twice, when we saw the last of him he was still going. Shortly afterwards we came upon his master on foot. He said, "Oh, it's all right," as we spoke to him.

Behind some outbuildings near the railway station we saw a huge traction engine, capable of plowing no end of acres a day.

On getting to the hotel again, it took us about half an hour after our morning stroll to get warmed up.

Our sable musicians again entertained us at tea.

We took in a concert in the Methodist Church in the evening. Local talent supplied the programme. Every time the door opened a blast of that Regina wind blew in and fairly froze our vitals. The wind had now gone down, but it seemed, in the darkness, colder than ever. We tramped back to the hotel, and my friend, as I left him to catch the 10.30 train for Calgary, said, "Well, I'm glad I don't have to go out again to-night. Such cold as that I never felt in my life."

"Well," cheerfully responded I, as I made my way down and out into the silent street, "It will be warm in the cars, anyhow."

And when I had crossed the square and ascended the platform and found that the train was an hour and a half late, I looked at a thermometer hanging outside the ticket office. To my surprise it was only 26 degrees—six below freezing.

They say you don't feel the cold out there, it's so dry. Perhaps you don't, but I prefer the damp cold of the Atlantic to the fearful dry cold of those hyperborean plains.

We waited in the shabby waiting-room with a pretty uncouth-looking crowd, or looked along the track for the train, till nearly twelve o'clock, when the west-bound express arrived, whereupon we boarded it, and sped along over the endless

prairies in the darkness. Occasionally a bright light outside marked the spot where a pile of chaff was burning. In the morning the prairies were still with us, but the country was apparently stonier and the soil lighter. We had left the great rich wheat lands behind us and had come to the ranching district. Herds of cattle and horses were seen now and then until we reached Calgary. A coyote (pronounced kyote) was seen a hundred yards or so from the track, slinking along, and once we thought we saw a huffalo, but it was probably a shaggy ox. A farmer and his wife sat just in front of me. They were taking a trip to the Rockies after visiting a married daughter, who lived on a farm south of Winnipeg. This was their second trip out here. The farmer thought farming prospects in the West all right. "It's just this," observed he. "Down with us, in Nova Scotia, a farmer, with hard work, will make a comfortable living, and that's about all. But out here, in ten or twelve years, with the same capital and industry, he can accumulate thirty or forty thousand dollars' worth of property."

When I want to know anything nowadays there always seems to be a man waiting round ready to tell me all about it. So, when I got off the train and enquired casually, "Well, what is there here in Medicine Hat?" he was standing there on the platform, primed full of information for me.

"Natural gas!" said he. "Come right in here and I'll show you." He led me across the platform into the waiting-room and showed me an acorn stove, with the lambent gas flame playing over the stones.

"How do you turn it on?" I enquired.

"With this tap under here," replied he, pointing to the cock on the pipe in front of the stove. "That burns all the time, night and day. Nobody ever bothers to turn it off. And look here," added he, leading me out again and pointing to a gaslight in a lantern hanging on the corner of the station. "That burns all the year round. It is never turned off. We have natural gas enough here free for a city of thirty thousand inhabitants. It will make Medicine Hat the manufacturing centre of the North-West."

"Can it be condensed?"

"Yes. When the Governor-General was here, they condensed it and lighted his car all the time he was out here."

"How much does it cost a year?"

"It costs me only two dollars and a half for fuel and lighting. The city, you know, only assesses us for the four thousand dollars that it costs to run it.

"A man moved across the river, and carried the gas by a pipe to his house on the other side. This is going to be a big city, and we've bought three thousand acres for a park."

I should like to have stayed and investigated

further, but the train moved off just then. With coal ten dollars and a half a ton in Winnipeg, I should think Medicine Hat had a fair chance for greatness.

The branch of the Saskatchewan on which this hopeful town is built is quite shallow here, but it might be made navigable, I suppose, by dredging.

I saw a fine representative of the great native tribes, standing, silent and lonely, wrapped in his red and yellow-striped blanket, over blue trousers, and wearing a battered Stetson, on the Main Street. Several squaws were selling mounted beeves' horns at the station. These were almost the only Indians I saw in the West, excepting the pupils of the Institute at Brandon.

A picturesque young Englishman, whose deep red face indicated a hard drinker, got into the smoker this morning. He had evidently been some years in the Territories, and had acquired much local knowledge and got acclimatized. He wore a battered Stetson, a brownish jacket buttoned over a blue sweater, free-flowing tie and blue trousers tucked into limp-topped long boots. He said that all of the hotels out there were now run by men who had formerly served as bartenders. He was a great cigarette smoker, lighting another as fast as one was burnt out.

I asked him whether he had been out getting in the harvest.

"Yes," he replied, "ranching. I can get credit in the hotels in Calgary. Spent my wages."

I saw him later, seated with his back to the window, in one of the less-fashionable hotels, evidently beginning to run up a score for liquidation in future harvestings.

A man who had been in a hospital told me that some of these young English settlers are most helpless characters. He had seen them come into the hospital with their shoulders frozen, apparently unable to take ordinary care of themselves. He was inclined to take a pessimistic view of the Englishman of to-day. The Boer war, he thought, revealed a lot of things by no means flattering to the sons of the Lion. Out here in the North-West, he said, there was plenty of evidence of the same kind.

On entering a hotel in one of these towns, one generally notices a sign conspicuously displayed, intimating that baths may be had on payment of twenty-five cents, and, walking about the streets, you frequently see the inscription on a sign-board, "Hot and Cold Baths." Such notices are seldom or never to be seen in our Eastern towns. Englishmen and others used to such conveniences, when they are out ranching and roughing it on the prairies, are not able to do much bathing unless they happen to be in the neighborhood of a river. On coming into town, I suppose about the first thing they feel the need of is a good plunge, and the signs indicate the effort to meet such a demand. If cleanliness be next to godliness, one would judge from this that the dwellers of the plains are correct-living people.

The theory is that, ages ago, a great sea rolled over the Saskatchewan and Assiniboian prairies, from the Rocky Mountains to Ontario. As the waters retreated from the Rockies on their way eastward to the Great Lakes, and so to the Atlantic, they carried with them the weight of the rich soil and deposited it in Manitoba. That is where the great wheat belt lies, while, as you approach the Rockies from the eastward, the soil becomes thinner, until, about Calgary, it is little more than a mass of cobble-stones with fine, gritty dust between them. Fine, strong grasses flourish here, affording abundant nourishment for horses and cattle on the ranches.

Whether the theory is correct or not, it fits the facts very well. After leaving Regina, the country is noticeably rocky, and there is no attempt at cultivation. A coyote slinking along a hundred yards from the railway may attract attention. There are no trees on the vast plains, but by the river reaches may be seen thousands of cattle and horses. It is a cattleman's paradise.

The climate becomes milder as you approach Medicine Hat, but in Calgary you are in a distinctly different atmosphere. The temperature here is very equable. In summer the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains, seventy-two miles distant, may help to temper the heat of summer and at the same time impart a tonic quality, whilst in winter there is only a slight snowfall and cattle graze in the open.

The town has more of the frontier freeness of life than those to the eastward. Cavalier-looking fellows, wearing Stetsons, abound. The large Hudson's Bay Company's store recalls the romantic period of North-West history. An extensive irrigation work is in progress, which, when completed, will make a tract of 5,000,000 acres cultivable. The country has every requisite for successful ranching. I climbed a steep hill about ten minutes' walk in the rear of the town, which, with a little trouble and at slight expense, could be converted into a fine observation park, and got my first view of the Rockies. They threw aloft their high shoulders seventy-two miles away to the westward, snow-covered, serene, magnificent.

I was shown through the Methodist Church, a handsome, light-brown stone building, which cost \$60,000. It is built in the modern rotunda style, with polished pews and a fine organ. In the basement are a parlor and reading-room and a gymnasium. These quarters are open all the time to any young man in Calgary. When I was in the gymnasium some young fellows, stripped and dressed for the game, were having a game of basket-ball. It is difficult to imagine such an innovation in one of our churches in the East. In the West, the idea is to let as many as possible partake of such advantages as are going.

An acquaintance told me that those places in the Maritime Provinces, Halifax, St. John and

Windsor, and the rest of them, would never be much bigger than they are now. "They won't grow any more," said he. "They have had their period of development. Of course, they will improve with time; improvements will be forced upon them. But they will never take the lead again. Halifax was quite a bustling town when I first remember it, fifty years ago, with the army and navy helping, and the fishermen, and some shipping, and the trade of the Province passing through; but it is as quiet as the grave now. They get up at ten o'clock in the morning, and don't do any business to speak of."

"St. John, before the fire, was doing something, too. They're making great efforts to galvanize her—spent a million dollars on a grain elevator and harbor improvements this year, I hear; but she's had her day, and is out of the running. They have three or four better hotels in Winnipeg than any in Halifax or St. John, besides the C. P. R.'s million-dollar hotel, which is well under way. It's things like these that show what a city is."

They say they have hardly any night at all in summer at Calgary. The sun has hardly set when it reappears on the eastern horizon. From eleven o'clock p.m. to three o'clock in the morning is all that can be called night.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROCKIES.

I HAD to rise at three o'clock in the morning to catch the train that would take me to Banff. That is a local peculiarity. The inhabitants become so accustomed to it that after a while they think no more of boarding the train going west or east at three or four o'clock in the morning than they would at the corresponding hour in the afternoon. They just have to accustom themselves to the train hours or stay at home. And so it happens that at every station along the line all through the night people are getting on and off. Night is very surely turned into day.

I got up all right, paid my bill, and went out in the darkness, and, with another passenger, started in the hotel bus for the station. After we had gone a few bus lengths, the waiter called us back in order to take in a belated family, consisting of a man, a woman and two children. With some grumbling, our driver turned back. Having at length got to the station, we found that our train was an hour and a half late, so that it was nearly daylight when we got on board. In the meantime, we sat in the waiting-room with a considerable company, talking about time-

tables, and mines, and the like. The coal mines of Canmore and Cochrane are a little farther on.

The base of the Rocky Mountains, and the country in the neighborhood, may be described as a mass of light-brown or yellowish pebbles of all sizes, but mostly small, rounded perchance by the rolling action of the waves through countless ages, and intermingled with sand. However fine this may be, it is still said to be distinct particles of sand. Thus the stuff thrown up by a gang of laborers in the streets of Calgary seemed to be a mass of cobble-stones, which only needed to have the sand which was sparsely mixed with it taken away to form fine paving material. The hill from which I first saw the Rockies is composed of it. The heights of the Rockies are masses of huge, flinty, jagged rocks.

As day dawned we approached the foothills, or footstools, of these mighty children of the Devonian Age. The sight was inspiring. The train moved more slowly climbing up the grade, and giving one a good look at the peaks, first low, then gradually increasing in height and grandeur until we reached the wonderful group which forms the stately setting for the Valley of the Bow, called Banff, the National Park. The air was delightfully crisp. The Bow River ran lazily over its shallow bed. The tourist season being past, there was plenty of accommodation in the hotels. In the height of the season visitors come here at the rate of a thousand a day.

After making arrangements for a drive in a three-seated huckboard through the park in the afternoon, we visited the Cave and Pool. Here the famous sulphur haths are located, open overhead but boarded up around the sides. The waste water outside flows over a rockery, with a jet of water rising gracefully in the middle, and then icing up all the flowers and wild plants for some distance around, rushes, smoking, down into the valley, where it joins the river. A very comfortable hathing-house, well-heated, invites the visitor to indulge in a hath in the tepid sulphur waters. Two of the party obeyed the call and were soon splashing about on the pebbly hottom, and shouting to the rest of us, shivering on the platform, to come in and have the hath of our lives. After a while they were joined by others, to the number of a dozen, swimming and diving and having great fun. They didn't want to come out in a hurry. A lady, whose husband was in, was afraid of his taking cold, it being then about zero, and every now and again called vainly to him to come out. One man told me he came up to Banff from Brandon last February, suffering with a had attack of grippe. He stayed in the sulphur hath an hour and came out cured. He had a folding camera with him, which he placed on the edge of the pool, and then, having mounted the round rock, covered with glittering, frozen plants, got me to press the bulh and take a snapshot of him in his

bathing suit. They stayed in an hour or so, and then reluctantly came out and dressed. Half a mile away, in the valley, some young people were skating and playing hockey.

At the pool you walk along the steep bank to where the water issues from the mountain-side and you see the blue sky through a hole in the roof. The smoking blue fumes of the hot sulphur emerging from this hole first betrayed the presence of the spring.

After dinner five of us got into our buckboard and drove up Sulphur Mountain to where the water is led out of an iron pipe about four inches in diameter. The water is so hot that you can hardly hold your hand in it. Here there are several hotels with their own hot sulphur baths, in one of which a lady was bathing, and having great fun with her male friends, whom she was laughingly beseeching to "Be good." Then we drove down and round the road, where skaters were enjoying the ice, and round to within sight of the C. P. R. Hotel, now closed for the season. It has already cost \$200,000, and they are going to build a new wing on it this winter, to cost \$100,000. A band plays in the courtyard during the summer. Visitors come from all over the world. Driving round here, a good view of the low, wide falls on the Bow is obtained. Then we went round and saw a herd of forty buffalo in the paddock, together with a considerable collection of bears, wolves, deer and badgers and other

wild animals of the Rocky Mountains. A high wire fence keeps them in, and they live in caves as nearly as may be like what they had when captured. Returning, we met two ladies cantering man-fashion along the road. They were throwing back their heads in the intense joy of it.

In taking change for money in silver in Banff, examine it in order to make sure that it is not Straits Settlements silver, which bears a strong resemblance to Canadian silver. It is said to be brought into Canada by Chinamen, who are very expert in passing it off on the unsuspecting, but cannot be induced to accept it. It is not Chinamen alone who pass it, either. I brought away from Banff a nice new Straits Settlements fifty-cent piece received in change, and I had no dealings with Chinamen. It will not pass on the train or in Vancouver, and is said to be valueless. Do not take it unless you are collecting souvenirs and that sort of thing.

In the evening I crossed the bridge over the Bow, and by starlight counted the tree-clad peaks which surround Banff: Tunnel, so-called because they at one time proposed to push the railway through it, Cascade, Edith, Simpson Range (including Cathedral Top, Sulphur and Rundle, 9,665 feet high), a scene of perennial beauty. The next morning we expected to leave by the early train, but were misinformed as to its make-up, being told that it was a "baggage"

train," carrying no first-class passenger cars. So we had to wait until nearly twelve o'clock before the second section came along. So I took in the Government Museum, which contains an interesting collection of stuffed animals and curios peculiar to the neighboring region. The air was delightfully crisp and invigorating, but not apparently very cold. I was considerably surprised to hear that it was about ten below zero. They don't keep thermometers there for fear of frightening strangers, but a clerk in the curio store, who had dipped a pitcherful of water out of the Bow, told me he could tell by the way the water froze around the edges that it was eight or ten below. Wonderful country, where you feel the cold when it isn't cold, and when it is really cold you do not feel it at all!

It is after leaving Banff that the finest scenery is met. All the afternoon you live in the company of some of the grandest heights on earth. We hoped to see the great ice field at Glacier before dark, but the long autumn night descended whilst still we were far from it, and our train would not go fast. However, we made up for it next morning by having a good look at the rugged river scenery as we descended the mountains into British Columbia. The coast fog characteristic of the Pacific hung low down the mountain sides. For a long way the river reminds one of the Whirlpool Rapids, Niagara. There is one magnificent picture struck out as the Fraser is

forced to rush down between narrow, column-bordered banks in the gorge called Hell Gate.

Swiftly the temperature moderates until, approaching the low, fertile lands at the foot of the mountains, you come into a region of farms and vegetable gardens, and find your warm clothes a burden, for summer has come again. We had reached the Pacific Coast, the goal of so many tired hearts. Soon the shipping of Vancouver came into view, and the endless strings of cars of the railway terminus. Faces of Chinese and Japs lend an Asiatic glow to the crowded picture of life in this busy metropolis of the West.

CHAPTER V.

VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA.

THE sightseer will be busy in Vancouver. There is a Chinese quarter and a Japanese quarter, a subtropical park, the highest sawmill on the coast, and a Carnegie public library. The streets are full of Chinese and Japs. These are gradually working out of their exclusive devotion to the laundry art, and here and elsewhere on the coast, on both sides of the line, are working into the restaurant business, running tailor shops and going into general trade. The Jap gave up his pigtail some time ago, and the Chinaman is surely, if slowly, following his example. There is a Reform party, with headquarters in Vancouver and New Westminster, and branches in all the leading cities in the States, whose aim is to establish a representative government in China after the English model. They employ a travelling organizer and are very active. In St. Louis, the league branch is drilled in the evening by U. S. sergeants. A merchant of New Westminster assured me that in ten years' time there will not be many pigtails left.

"You bet ye' life," said he, "Chinese smarter than the whites. Our children smartest in the

schools. Japs—look what they've done in thirty-five years. We are five or six hundred millions. Just wait till we've reformed."

The Chinese meat shops, with their curious oily sausages, meats, vegetables and eating vessels, are a study. In the Japanese quarter is a detention hospital, with its rows of clean, white-quilted cots. The Japs have also a bookstore, where you may purchase conversational guides in English and Japanese. They live in detached cottages like Europeans, but the Chinese stick to their closely built barracks, with long, dark passages running through into narrow yards.

Vancouver, in 1884, was burnt out, only one house surviving. There are very few traces of the fire now, only an occasional cellar overgrown with rank, trailing plants. The city is built right back to where the charred remains of the woods are standing. One peculiarity is seen in the streets, which run parallel to the waterfront, some of them ending at the harbor. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company owns all the land along the waterfront and monopolizes the use of it.

Stanley Park is an interesting place. Here are to be seen huge red firs a hundred feet or so high, great spindling trees growing out of fallen trunks, and tall maples and pines. There is quite a menagerie in the park, with seals, "jump" deer and beavers gnawing branches of trees. The Siwash Rock is a landmark on the shore.

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The Carnegie Library is a brown-stone building in the form of a rotunda. The books and reading-room are below, and upstairs is the museum, well filled with curios illustrative of the Pacific Coast region, and lighted by five circular lights in the dome. You can get a good look at it through the large glass doors.

The Hastings Sawmill is worth a visit. Here may be seen the huge trees cut up by bandsaws and run through a variety of machines, to be transformed finally into boards and sheathing. The refuse is pulled along by machinery on to rollers and dumped on to a burning pile in the water.

The *Princess Victoria* leaves for the city of Victoria at two o'clock, and the sail out of the harbor is delightful. Immense flocks of gulls, white and glaucous, crowd around the steamer and fill the air. They follow her across to Victoria. When a lot of food is dumped into the sea they settle down upon the waters for a meal. Victoria is approached through a long channel among heavily wooded islands. It was quite dark when we got to the wharf and took a bus for our hotel.

The climate of British Columbia is so mild and the beauties of scenery are so great and varied that it might well be called a lazy man's paradise. Families with a little means resort here from England and the older provinces. The stimulus to exertion may not be so great as in more rigor-

ous temperatures, but the getting of a bare livelihood is probably easier. If ever the struggle for existence becomes keener, though, the result will be seen in the emergence of a class of "poor whites."

After dinner, attracted by a mellow-toned bell, we strayed into a Roman Catholic church in the neighborhood, where vespers were being celebrated, and heard a solo well rendered by a youthful chorister.

The greatest sight in Victoria is the Parliament Building. It cost a million dollars. On the left of it is the Natural History Museum, a very extensive and well-arranged institution, and in the rear, the mineralogical collections, in which the underground wealth of British Columbia is effectively illustrated. The Parliament Building is a magnificent pile. The Governmental offices are located there, and upstairs is a valuable collection of the native woods and grasses, as well as the fruits and flora of the Province.

After a visit to Beacon Hill Park, which contains a valuable collection of wild animals, we took a car for Oak Bay, a very pretty summer resort.

Victoria reminds one strongly of Halifax. It is very English, and there is an air of repose about the streets distinctly reminiscent of the Nova Scotian capital. Standing on a street corner waiting for a car, you might easily fancy yourself in

Halifax, the people passing by look so much like those of the latter city. A placard in front of the street cars announced a lecture in the basement of the Episcopal Cathedral by the Governor, Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere. The subject, it was said, was "Forestry." There is a trotting park and a golf links at Oak Bay, to the latter of which an English-looking lady in our car was carrying a bagful of sticks. Oak Bay is well sheltered and admirably adapted for boating. The inhabitants of the waters may be examined in the season through glass-bottomed boats. All out around this district are pretty summer residences, some of them being quite stately, and there are large hotels. After lunch we went down to Esquimalt and saw the celebrated drydock. A small revenue cutter was being warped into the wharf.

Here we went down on to the gravelly beach and shook hands with and paid our first respects to that dream of our boyhood, the glorious old Pacific. Its waters were softly lapping the shores, and the humid air was full of the witchery and the mystery of the Far East. I felt, I suppose, something like Balboa did when, first of Europeans, he gazed on that vast tide,

"Motionless, on a peak in Darien."

We walked down to the *Princess Beatrice*, a very clean and comfortable boat, in a light rain. A Customs officer examined our luggage before

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allowing us to embark. The harbor lights and the city electrica were shining in the starlight as we made out.

They do their best to live up to the motto which I saw stuck up somewhere in an office:

“Early to bed, early to rise;
Hustle like thunder, and advertise.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE SHASTA ROUTE.

THE *Princess Beatrice* arrived at Seattle about daylight. A big stern-wheeler, with a local geographical name, was lying up in the dock above us, and a smaller one of the same name was at our bow. Huge advertising names on the warehouses proclaimed a U. S. town. Newsboys were tearing through the streets, the restaurants were crowded with breakfasters, and there was the excitement which communicates itself to you as soon as you cross the border. You, too, feel like running and rushing and hollering, and coincidentally begin to want something to drink.

There is an enterprising man in Seattle who has a taste for moving mountains. He perched the biggest hotel in the city on top of the loftiest peak, and then went to work with steam shovels and scooped out the side of the mountain up to the cellar of his hotel. He now intends to erect on the new base an eight-storey block, the roof of which will reach up to the basement of the hotel, to be connected with the new block by an elevator. From the top of the hill you have a good view of the city stretching all over the hills to the north and east. New houses, run up in

blocks, follow the streets as far as the eye can see. The growth of Seattle in the last few years has been phenomenal. We got into a car and rode out to Green Bay. The houses, which at a distance have a dingy appearance, on closer inspection are seen to be quite modern, freshly painted structures, with lawns being laid out where lately the tall timbers grew. The natural channels of water will be helpful to the city as it grows, preventing overcrowding and giving air and elbow-room. Skirting a great sheet of water, the street railway brought us back to the main square, where there stands a tall totem post. The carved Indian legend column is a feature of the great cities of the Sound. In Victoria a German has one seventy-two feet high on his front lawn, and in his shop he keeps an assortment of all sizes, which he sells from a dollar up. A negro minstrel band was playing in the square to a large crowd. The street car system centres at this focus.

After enjoying the lively scene for some time, we got into the inter-urban train and started for Tacoma. The route lies through a very fertile marsh belt, utilized by market gardeners for raising their supplies. After a few miles outside the cities there is not much building, and the train thunders along at a great rate of speed.

Tacoma bears apparently very much the same relation to Seattle that Victoria does to Vancouver. The former are the well-built and pre-

sentable residence cities, the latter the devil-may-care hustlers, where the business is done. Tacoma is built on the side of a steep hill, which we ascended by easy grades, terrace after terrace, through successive vistas of noble mansions, with perfectly trim lawns, stately churches, clean pavements and broad streets, thinking we would finally reach the summit, from which we could have a good view of the country around. We never reached it. The streets were still stretching out their well-shaded lengths when we got tired and gave up the pursuit. There are many handsome business blocks also in Tacoma besides the massive town hall.

When I boarded the train for Portland that night a young woman with a baby was singing:

"In the shade of the old apple tree,
Where the love in her eyes I could see."

in which I accompanied her as well as I was able in a song which I had not previously heard. I heard it several times afterwards, and also a parody in the vaudevilles. Another tall and strongly built young lady was helping her entertain the baby, and a young man, who had a sister whom he was going to visit in Portland, was trying to entertain both ladies. Another young man, with a silent wife, stood by the back of the chair, volunteering reminiscences of his experiences on the way from the Middle West. He had narrowly escaped figuring in a collision. A

colored Pullman porter had come through the car after they were done eating, saying, "Any scraps for the dog? Any scraps for the dog?"

Whenever he showed himself in the car again he was followed by shouts of "Any scraps for the dog?"

The train began going ahead and then pulling up with a succession of jerks. "When the train does that, the engineer's mad," he explained, and, thrusting his head out of the car window, called out to the driver to stop it.

At the first stop for refreshments the first young man went out and got some sandwiches in a bag, which he brought in, saying in the tone of the dining-car conductor, "Lunch in the dining car."

With such light amusement we went along for some hours until we came to the mighty Columbia, formerly known as the Oregon River, and were ferried over in the train. And then I did a thoughtless thing, and came near missing my passage. I had seen the cars start on the ferry, and, on arriving across the river, run on to the railway, and went to look again. When I got back to my car I found the vestibule door shut and the train beginning to move off swiftly. It almost took my breath away, and, calling in vain, but, of course, not seeing a person, I half-despaired of getting aboard. The next car was also locked, but the Pullman following was still open. This gave me a ray of hope, and, mustering up

all my nerve as the last Pullman rushed by, I gripped the upright bar and swung myself aboard like an old brakesman. I shall always remember that feat with great pride and self-complacence. I had often watched with admiration the boys in the street catch a moving train that way, but never for an instant imagined that I could do it. I never fancied that I was born to figure as the man on the flying trapeze. But the thought of being left on the shore of the Columbia at five o'clock in the morning, pitch dark at that, put a strength into my arms that I had not previously dreamed they possessed.

Darwin says that a man is born with the arms of an orang-outang, and meant to reach up and hold, and hold, and hold, and I believe he is right.

"Goble, Houlton, Scappuse, Portland," recited the young woman with the baby in a kind of comical, excited falsetto, but there were other stations intervening which she forgot. Someone to whom I was telling this adventure afterwards said that a man and his wife had the door of their car slammed to on them like that, and they were made to ride hanging on to the car steps for about forty miles, but they sued the company and got heavy damages.

On going through the sleeper to my car, I found the end door locked. After a while I asked the conductor of the Pullman whether it would be permissible to unlock it.

"Certainly sir," he politely replied.

But the train conductor seemed to have got wind of it, and somewhat fiercely wanted to know, as I was washing the cinders and grime off my hands, where my ticket was. I told him good-naturedly that it was in the next car, and I had come in here to wash my hands. He looked at me somewhat suspiciously, but said no more, and walked away.

Portland was doing the honors for the nation this year as the Exhibition City, but the Fair closed a fortnight before my arrival. After a preliminary saunter about the business quarter, with its short blocks, I boarded a car and made out to Observation Hill, meeting again my Pasadena friends, whom I had first met in Banff, and whom I had been "running across" every day or two for a week since. There is a tower, scaled by an elevator, on top of this hill, from where, on fine days, you have a great view; but the clouds hung all around the horizon that day, and we did not ascend.

We took another car and were soon at the Fair grounds, which, having paid twenty-five cents, we entered. The most characteristic piece of architecture, the Forestry Building, put up by the State of Oregon, was standing, and, in spite of the strict orders of the guards to admit no one, we were suffered to get inside the portal of this and other buildings. The Forestry Building is built of immense trunks of trees in a rough

state. Double rows of columns down the centre remind one of the temples of Karnak. Glancing at the Art Gallery, a most peculiar-looking structure, resembling a long, dark tunnel, we went along the Trail, being the Midway feature of the Fair. There were a fine semicircle of totem posts and a Siwash war canoe at the end of the Government Building. My! but by this time that old exhibition tired feeling, which I know so well, had taken hold of us, and we could hardly drag ourselves back over the Trail, the staff ornaments of which had been stripped off, and by the rest of the buildings, and into a car for the city and lunch.

Portland is brilliant by night, with long rows of electric bulbs glittering down its business streets. I met a couple of travelling friends, whom I had left the evening before to get a good night's rest, in Seattle. They said that a murder had been committed there that night, a bartender having shot a friend of his wife's dead in the street, and some robbers having held up and stripped a street-car motorman and conductor in the outskirts.

"Well," I remarked, "you had a lively time after I left Seattle last night."

"Oh, we didn't know much of it. We were in bed by half-past nine."

All of this country, covering 1,300 miles, was formerly known as California. The old miners spoke of it as California, and prospected from

one end to the other of it. The great states of Washington and Oregon have been carved out of it, and still California remains one of the largest States in the Union.

Hydraulic mining was here pursued during the height of the earlier gold fever with the greatest energy, whole mountains being washed away by the terrific force of the monitors directed against them. The debris was washed for dust. You still see the wooden mains carrying the water. Occasionally the ruins of a miner's lonely hut are passed as the train rushes by. The line runs through Cow Creek Cañon, thirty miles long. This was one of the great scenes of hydraulic mining operations in the fifties.

Coming out of Central Point, 447 miles from San Francisco, we saw a big orchard of apples and pears.

There is still valuable timber standing on the mountains, though at too great distance from a market to make it worth shipping.

In the afternoon we came to the celebrated loop, in traversing which you can see several lines of your railway below you. We stopped at several points to let other trains crawling slowly up the steep grade go by. Crude petroleum is used in the engines on this route and on the other divisions of the Southern Pacific Railroad as well, being more easily carried and more economical than coal. It does away with the nuisance of flying coal dust and cinders, too, but

the air is full of the smell of oil. Occasionally, a lonely prospector was met, going up a steep path, his little burro or donkey loaded high with his miner's tools and food and camp outfit.

Mount Shasta marks the junction of two mountain ranges which form the boundaries of the Sacramento Valley. It comes into view late in the afternoon, but for two hours we ran towards or round its base and had a good view of it. Shasta Springs were reached at seven o'clock in the evening. On getting out of the train the sound of many waters strikes the ear, and the electric light playing over the fountains lends its lustre to the water which comes tumbling down the hillside. A kiosk is built over the springs, and a table running round its sides is filled with beautifully printed folders and pamphlets proclaiming the beauties and residential advantages of Los Angeles and other California towns.

At one or two other stations in the morning we had seen handsome buildings filled with specimens of the fruits and other products of the locality, and there is a large collection of the kind here. It is all part of a large advertising scheme, in which Los Angeles takes the lead. She was taken hold of some years ago by the most enterprising and persistent boosters whom probably the world has ever seen, and, reaching out far and wide, they have been eminently successful. A man was calling to passengers to take all of the free literature they wanted; tourists were running about, dipping cups into

the broad basin and trying the sparkling waters, generally with an exclamation about their pungent flavor.

We passed through Sacramento before daylight next morning. The station is in rear of the city. A man pointed out to me the dome of the capitol, far-shining with its electric light.

"All of the city is over that way."

Shortly after starting again we crossed the river. At dawn we were coming into a low country crossed by many streams. I looked with some interest at the rambling, low buildings of Benicia, always associated in my mind with John C. Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," the talk about whose celebrated mill with Tom Sayers was one of my early recollections. Here our train was ferried over to the other side of the Straits. I watched the huge network of intercrossed machinery in the land end slowly and ponderously, but noiselessly, drop down to a level with the rails on which the cars stood on the ferryhoat, but did not take any chances, as at the Columbia, of losing my train. We had a large party crossing over from Oakland that morning, and the air was delightfully mild and refreshing. The city gradually loomed into view through the mist, Nob Hill standing out prominently. The *Chicago* armored cruiser was lying out in the harbor. On coming out of the ferry house, we saw buses and cabs, and the street cars revolving on their turntables, as we made our way up to the rush and roar of Market Street.

CHAPTER VII.

SAN FRANCISCO AND THE ANGELS.

It was the day before the mayoralty election, and as I walked up Market Street a long procession of teams, wagons and other vehicles, in single file, came down, each having inscribed in blue print on its sides election promises, boasts and menaces by Partridge, the "Fusion" candidate. By "Fusion" is meant a coalition of Republicans and Democrats. Schmitz, the Labor candidate, denounced the same as a combination of corrupt politicians, office-hunters and other objectionable characters. All the blank wall spaces around the city were placarded with portraits of Schmitz, a somewhat sinister countenance with a pointed beard, and embellished by quotations from his speeches and papers. The street was full of people hurrying along, reminding one of Broadway, New York. Tall buildings occasionally reared their stately fronts over the surrounding stores, the *Chronicle* newspaper office and the new Flood building, built on the site of the old Baldwin Hotel, and the theatre, being conspicuous. After strolling along enjoying the sights until the buildings became of a more uniform appearance, and the struggle for exist-

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ence apparently less keen, I got into a car and went out to Golden Gate Park. That was a glimpse of Paradise. Masses of tropical shrubbery, trees and flowers bordered perfectly kept walks, all well watered and cool. Opposite the conservatory I sat down on a bench and enjoyed the reposeful scene at leisure. There were very few visitors in the park at that early hour, and the silence was unbroken, save where an occasional cab or bicycle or auto went by. There is an immense aviary farther along, where eagles, parrots and a great variety of other birds live in the branches of huge trees. The museum contained in the Egyptian Building, commemorative of the Mid-winter Fair of 1894, holds a valuable collection of paintings, bronzes, marble statuary, Japanese and Chinese bric-a-brac, and relics of the Pacific Coast native tribes. Not far away is a statue of a stalwart young miner, marking the spot where the first sod was turned in the work of the Fair buildings.

A walk through the conservatory revealed the flora of the tropical regions. Huge papyri, ferns, cacti and other exotics reared their stately lengths to the top of the building. Outside, masses of fuchsias, like lilac bushes with us, callas, cannas and other flowers filled the hollows and pressed against the walk borders.

The city alone has spent \$30,000,000 on this park, outside of private and corporate donations, which have been considerable.

After leaving the park I went out to the Cliff House, where great numbers of pleasers were lounging on the clean sand of the beach, drinking in the cafés or watching the huge seals stretching their light-brown bodies on the rocks. The beach is unfit for bathing owing to a strong and very treacherous undertow. At most you see a few boys wading by the edge. Great waves slowly gathered themselves together, and, running in, smashed themselves into foam.

Above the Cliff House is the private garden of Adolph Sutro who, from humble beginnings, amassed a fortune. It is full of rare plants and flowers, and is elaborately garnished with busts of all the great men of history. It is open to the public between certain hours, and is much frequented. Returning to the city by the Cliff route, we passed the rock which the ill-fated steamer, *Rio Janeiro*, ran on five years ago. Rounsfell Wildman, Consul to Hawaii, a former editor of the *Overland Monthly*, the best-known magazine of California, together with his family, was lost. It is believed that the ship lies deeply embedded in the sand, as no trace of her except a part of her cabin has ever been recovered.

Out this way we have a fine view of the sand-hills upon which San Francisco is built. Every plant and blade of grass in the park was planted there, and is kept alive only by irrigation. Men were busy with scrapers, levelling off the sand dunes and laying out town lots. It is likely that

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if the present boom continues, in four or five years the city will be built out solidly to the Cliff House. It is said that San Francisco has enlarged her population by 175,000 since the census of 1900. Then it was 300,000; now it is estimated at 485,000.

We took in Chinatown that evening. Our guide made us wait half-an-hour until he could get together a party of more than three. So we joined another party with a capital guide, one who spoke Chinese, having been born on the confines of Chinatown and having lived there all his life. He showed us the meat shops, with the expensive eggs, packed in black mud and imported from China. They are said to be perfectly preserved in the mud. Anyhow, a Chinaman will pay two or three times as much for these eggs as he will for California-laid eggs of the freshest. Then we went into a druggist's shop and saw the clerks making up prescriptions. They took the various ingredients out of many small drawers, all unlabelled, the clerk having a perfect knowledge of their contents, and, after weighing, put them all together in a large parcel. No matter how large the dose, the Chinaman takes it at one gulp, not in many small ones as we do.

In a goldsmith's shop we saw the clumsy tools with which they carve out wonderfully delicate designs on rings. The guide asked the boss where his assistants, of whom he employed eight, were.

"Gone to the theatre."

The guide explained that the Chinese had gone wild over an actor just come over from China on a salary of five thousand dollars for the season of six months. He was one of the best who had ever appeared in San Francisco.

We were also shown a swell restaurant, the one in which President Roosevelt was entertained by Chinese merchants. Meals in this apartment, a sombre-looking room, are never served at a less price than ten dollars a plate. They had birds' nest soup, made of the nest of a bird which puts itself literally into its work, and other delicacies of the rarest and costliest, and it is said that the Rough Rider dipped into everything.

In an outer apartment meals are served at three dollars a plate, and such a meal was being partaken of by a club of eight or ten Chinamen when we passed through it. They did not object to our watching them for a few moments.

One of the largest emporiums of dry goods and fancy articles of all kinds is that of Sing Fat & Co. We were introduced to the proprietor, an oily-looking individual, seated in a kind of closet at the entrance to the shop, something like a spider, keeping an eye on his clerks and the business. His real name, we were informed, is Bong. These queer-sounding names, Sing Fat, Hop Lee, Wun Lung, and the rest, are said to be adopted whimsically to amuse Europeans. Sing Fat, or Bong, is a millionaire. His salesmen are

bright young fellows, most of them wearing no pigtail. His well-lighted and well-kept shop is a veritable museum.

Then we visited the joss-house, or church. The building and fittings are said to be worth \$80,000 or so. Two ornaments presented by the Empress of China are valued at \$5,000. This woodwork, while apparently common moulded designs, closer inspection reveals to be delicate carving of the most intricate patterns. Visitors are asked to buy curios of the attendants near the door to contribute towards the support of the temple services. Highly polished brass padlocks, costing two days' work of a workman in China, are sold for thirty-five cents.

They have no congregational services in the joss-house. Each worshipper comes at any time that suits him, says his prayers or sacrifices, and goes away.

The theatre is the best sight in Chinatown. There 2,500 Chinamen, with their hats on, congregate nightly, crowding right up to the stage, some of them even resting their arms among the footlights. Women and children sit by themselves in the right-hand corner of the gallery. Seats are reserved for Europeans on both ends of the stage; these are the boxes.

The great attraction this winter is the actor above spoken of, a man of about thirty-five, with rounded features. The night of my visit he took the part of a young woman who endeavored to

dissuade her sister, who proposed to marry an enemy of the family. The sister who wanted to wed was represented by a woman, the widow of a former actor on this stage, being the only woman who has ever been allowed to appear on the boards of a Chinese theatre. The actor, powdered and painted, tottered on to the stage gorgeously dressed in women's attire, and, in a squeaky, high-strung falsetto, conversed with the woman. His representation of a Chinese young lady, I suppose, must have been perfect, else the vast audience would not have tolerated it. He was said to be a good, all-round actor, and could take any part. Then three grey-bearded men (only grandfathers in this strange race are allowed to wear beards) met on the stage and conversed about weighty matters of state and a war which it seems was in progress. Whilst so engaged, a warrior, a terrific fellow with huge moustache, swaggered on to the stage with his toes turned squarely out, and with striking gestures narrated the events of a great battle. When he described some startling feat the orchestra came down with a clash of cymbal and gong. The dialogue seemed to be sung as in an opera. The orchestra, seated or standing at the back of the stage, is quite a feature. The primitive musical instruments of the Chinese are seen here in perfection. We visited a musician at his house, and he played a variety of Celestial fiddles, etc. The guide said he was the only man who can play

English airs on the one-stringed fiddle. A couple of mischievous boys came into the room and listened. On the way out we passed the oldest man in Chinatown, a grey-headed veteran. After enjoying the stage performance for a while (I should have liked to stay longer) we were taken behind the scenes and shown the company at rest. The valiant warrior was seated on a high stool, and blandly grinned his acknowledgments of our compliments. The leading man was chatting with the widow actress. I was so elated at finding myself in company with such a distinguished man that I shook hands with the great tragedian, and was only restrained by questions of etiquette from shaking hands with the widow. The leading man seemed somewhat surprised, but managed to return a "How do you do?" to my salutation, or somebody else said it for him, as I hurried away. His hand was wet with perspiration.

Then we were shown the sleeping apartments of the troupe, which are mere closets. After that we descended to a more sinister set of retreats, and visited an opium den, Murderer's Row, and the place (now cleaned out by the city authorities) where two hundred persons slept nightly. Near the latter, in the darkness, we came upon a victim of opium, morphine and other narcotics. He was an Irish-American, thirty-five years old. Having acquired the morphine habit whilst undergoing treatment in a hospital, he had he-

come so enslaved to it that he now almost lived on it. He bared his arm and showed it to us, all covered with red puncture marks where he had injected the stuff. He said his whole body was red like that. He took a dose of morphine every hour and one of cocaine every eight hours. He now could not live without the drugs. But his existence was only one of torture. He took no solid food but a little sweets, and they were bad for him. If he could eat fats they would operate as an antidote. He wound up, as most of these exhibitions do, with a request for a tip.

Some forty murders had been committed in Murderer's Row, a dark, narrow alley, in which the city now keeps a powerful arc light. High-binders, thugs and members of rival clubs used to come here and settle their differences in the darkness, and it was no uncommon thing in the morning to find one or two corpses with the big, businesslike-looking knives affected by the Chinese toughs sticking in them.

The keeper of the opium joint was very amiable. He sat cross-legged on a divan and took a morsel of sticky opium out of a vial and slowly baked it over a lamp. This is called "making the pill." Then he put it into his ruler-like looking pipe and smoked, after tendering it in turn to each of us, who declined with thanks. The dope had no apparent effect on him. He was hardened to it. He had been smoking opium

for forty years, and was still fat and care-free. His habit of eating freely of fat saved him.

Frequenters of the place were lying in the bunks built up to the ceiling. Poor victims who cannot afford to pay for a smoke, come in and inhale the smoke of the others as some solace. The authorities allow the Chinese to use opium, but punish Americans when they catch them smoking.

The Chinese population of San Francisco is estimated at from 23,000 to 30,000. The streets and lanes of the quarter are full of them by night, smoking, chatting and strolling. We noticed an old woman leading a girl, held fast by the wrist, down a passage.

The guide knocks at a door and says if they have not gone to bed we may see a typical family. The door opens, and entering, we find a woman and four children—two boys and two girls, named, respectively, Thomas and Johnson, Mary and Ida. The youngsters stand in a row and sing songs in Chinese and English. An infant is shown fast asleep. The woman is a widow, who makes a living by contributions of visitors.

After coming out, a little girl ran out and gave our guide a cigar. Another child had previously done the same, probably to keep in his good graces.

Passing along Dupont Street, we paused a moment to watch a barber giving a customer an

ear-shave. The Chinese are so particular about the care of the hair that they have long steel instruments with which they cut the hair out of the interior of the ear. Another Chinaman was having a shampoo, and was wringing the soap and water out of his mane with both hands, letting the liquid flow into a tub. The barber shops are furnished very plainly, the elaborately upholstered American barber chair not being used by them. Their business will probably increase when the pigtails are altogether discarded.

I saw the sacred drama, Ben Hur, the following night. It was said to be the last time it would be seen in San Francisco with all accessories. It has striking scenes illustrative of the life—Greek, Roman and Jewish—of the time of our Saviour, but has no more dramatic connection or understandable plot than the hook. Simonides, with his endless speeches, is an old bore; Ben Hur is a ranter. The chariot race, elaborately contrived as the stage machinery is, gives us no more idea of the rush and mad excitement of a real race than would the sight of a lot of horses in a treadmill, which, in fact, is all it is.

An enjoyable trip, taking in the principal islands, was made to Sausalito, across the harbor, where they "play the races."

About the greatest sight in the city, in its way, is the Mark Hopkins house, now incorporated

with the State University at Berkeley as the Institute of Art. Hopkins was one of the builders of the Union Pacific Railway. You open a door, marked self-closing, and having paid a janitor twenty-five cents, find yourself in a magnificent hall, into which, on the opposite side, three doorways open into as many great rooms. A gallery runs around the upper storey, on the right end of which is a large pipe-organ. The richest woods have been used in paneling the hall and the immense rooms. Ebony also has been freely made use of in the mantelpieces soaring to the lofty ceilings. In one room is a huge Japanese bronze group. Wardrobes and hook-cases of the most exquisite workmanship line the walls, which also support a large collection of paintings. In one of the bedrooms is a painting illustrating Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp." The baby is in a box on the table, the form of its dead mother barely traceable on the bed, and the miners are filing into the room, "Kentuck" holding up the finger that the baby has bitten, and the tall form of John Oakhurst, gambler, with his tawny moustache and silk high hat, just inside the door. "Stumpy" is watching the "Luck," demanding contributions for the orphan. It brings tears to the eyes with the old feeling that thrilled you when the famous story appeared in the *Overland Monthly*.

But the house, with its grandeur! To think that any mortal man would want to live in such

a place! This is a frescoed rhyme, done with splendid, long, illuminated capitals on the ceiling of the bedroom:

“Here, gentle sleep,
On downy wing
Soft hovering,
Sweet vigil keep!
Bring tender dreams
Like fleeting gleams
From Paradise,
Till day hath lent
The Orient
Morn’s sweet surprise!”

Think of trying to sleep under an inscription like that. I could never sleep a wink in that room. I would be reading the lines all night. Mark Hopkins did not live long in his mansion, but died soon after it was finished. The man who married his widow soon got tired of trying to live in it, too, and moved away East.

The cost of the house is unknown, but it is estimated at two or three millions.

“Too much to put into a wooden house,” says the Secretary. “It ought to have been built of stone.” But they didn’t build much in stone here in the seventies. Stone would have been more durable, I suppose; still, with care, wood selected with the trouble that the materials of this house were chosen with will last for hundreds of years very likely.

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Coming out of the place, and walking along to take a look at the palatial dwellings of the other Pacific railway builders—Stanford, Crocker and Huntington—I met a man coming towards the house.

“Have you been in there?” asked I.

“No,” replied he.

“Then you’d better go in. It’s worth five dollars.”

The shades of evening were gathering on Nob Hill as I descended to the Postoffice. A fine oil portrait of Hopkins, who appears from it to have been of a thoughtful and benevolent countenance, something like the face of a prosperous apothecary, hangs on one of the walls. It is not at all the kind of face which one would associate with a rough railroad builder in the sixties. His long, thin beard, covering the lower half of his face, looks as though it had been carefully combed.

I started for Los Angeles on a lovely morning by a train called “The Coaster.” The route down the valley of the coast, between low ranges of hills, was delightful, reminding one of the Annapolis Valley. This, though, is a real garden, being highly cultivated for many miles. You pass Cypress Lawn Cemetery ten miles out of the city, with its lovely vistas of palm-shaded lawns, and catch a glimpse of a gate and bit of wall, in the Spanish mission style, of the Palo Alto University. Miles and miles of orchards—

prune, plum and peach—stretch away on either hand to the mountains. They are pruned low so that the fruit can be easily picked from the ground. Farther south the land, as in the North, is not all good. A gentleman on the train was looking for a village near Metz, where some friends of his from Ohio had been induced to locate. The land there is dry and barren, and he knew they had been swindled. He had surveyed through a large part of the neighborhood for irrigation prospectors. He pointed out the checks put in to confine the water. Some of this land can be reclaimed by irrigation; other lots are worthless under any treatment. Farther down, at the stations, the Mexican element in the population becomes more noticeable. Swarthy faces of cabmen and porters are seen about the train.

The full moon was shining on its mysterious waters as, nearing Surf, we ran close beside the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Far off was, scarcely discernible, a single sail, while here and there along the beach could be seen fragments of some old wreck. The surf beat sullenly on the sand. At one place the train stopped for a while between two stations, and, climbing a fence surmounting a knoll, I enjoyed the sight for some minutes. This piece of road was completed only four or five years ago, and shortens the old route through Tulare and Fresno by ninety-odd

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miles. Its construction presented some unusual difficulties that were but slowly overcome.

We passed San Luis Obispo about three o'clock. This town is coming up again after several lean years, and is enjoying a measure of the tide of prosperity which is now sweeping over the West and South.

Spreckles' sugar-beet factories, grinding four thousand tons of beets a day, are working at Salinas.

Running along down towards San Miguel, we had the nearest to an accident that has occurred in my experience in railway travelling. The train slowed down in the desert, and all hands got down to see what was the matter under the forward chair-car. One passenger picked up a bit of wood and tried to stop with it a hole in the air-brake connection, which had blown out.

"Can I help you, Ned?" cried the engine driver, running back to the conductor, who was somewhat puzzled by the mishap. After a few minutes' consultation the conductor decided to proceed, and, waving his hand forward, jumped on board, and all the passengers scrambled in after him.

In the evening, at San Buenaventura, two dusky, bright-eyed women, with gay mantillas on their heads, and wearing red and yellow striped blouses and skirts, entered and took possession of the train. They were gypsies, dis-

guised as Spanish fortune-tellers. They went through the cars, sitting down by any passenger who happened to be sitting alone, and importuned him to have his fortune told.

"Look out, now," shouted a cynical old traveller through his nose. "They'll steal. That feller she's settin' 'longside of will be missing his watch when she leaves him. They're fonder of stealing' than tellin' fortunes, any day."

But the women were not disconcerted thereby.

In Los Angeles all of the attributes of climate and situation and soil that characterize California seem to be present in perfection. There is a fruit called the pomelo, which has the skin of a Valencia orange, but resembles a small pumpkin in size. It is eaten like a pineapple, after being sliced and strewn with sugar, and is said to be very appetizing. From what has been said, it might be supposed that I was about to establish some sort of ingenious likeness of the big fruit to The Angels. It would hardly be safe to do so, but I noticed the pomelo—extra fine specimens the Secretary pronounced them—in the Chamber of Commerce just before leaving the city, and I merely mention the fact.

The country about Westlake Park is beautifully built up with every variety of bungalow cottage, with pergolas and porticoes. When you make a lawn about your house here it stays made. In the East, it has to be made practically every spring.

The crude petroleum industry has had its day. The city authorities, I heard, had given the proprietors notice to have them all closed by next July. Not because of any failure of the supply, certain reports to the contrary notwithstanding, but simply because the land is worth more in building lots. I saw a man who has had charge of eight pumps for three or four years, and he said that there was apparently as much oil below as ever. But it is a great sight, the forest of pumps rising up in the woods and in front and back yards, and everywhere else hut in the middle of the streets, and weirdly, silently, moving up and down always.

Pasadena comes nearer my ideas of Paradise than anything I have ever seen. Broad streets and sidewalks, perfectly kept, wide lawns, with full-fruited orange trees and date and fan-palms, and low-roofed cottages and mansions in every style, make up an attractive place of residence such as I have not seen elsewhere.

On a side street, off El Molino Avenue, I noticed two girls at work in a field, and going over, found them picking strawherries. As fast as they filled the boxes they left them between the rows and filled others.

"How long will the season last—until Christmas?" I asked.

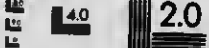
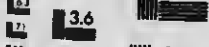
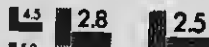
"Yes, if the frost doesn't take them; or all winter, if the season is a good one."

They sell for ten cents a box *now*. The sea-



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son beginning there in mid-November corresponds to our spring. The leaves, which have been brown all the summer (corresponding to our winter) now turn green, and so rapid is the change that it can be noted from day to day. This transformation awakens the greatest surprise in visitors from the East. The change was noticed out on the desert in the cactuses and other unfamiliar vegetation. The recent rains had made them sprout.

The ostrich farm is worth a visit. One hundred and sixty-eight of these huge birds are to be seen stalking about, sitting on their eggs, or poking their open mouths over the paddocks for food. Chickens also are running around. The birds are kept all together in one pen until they mate, when they are given a paddock to themselves. They take turn about sitting on the eggs, one by night, the other in the daytime. The feathers are manufactured here, and a couple of hundred of hands are employed.

A triangular plot of ground in the heart of Los Angeles was cleared as the site of the new Postoffice, and the city has a reasonable prospect of future greatness, considering that it is said that in the fortnight just preceding my visit 30,000 persons had come in to stay. It has profited by the competition of railways more than San Francisco, where the Southern Pacific Company has hitherto held undisputed sway; but the Santa Fé people have now secured an entrance,

and have prepared the ground for their terminals. Los Angeles is a favorite convention stamping ground, the mild climate attracting the delegates.

On leaving the city, a little girl about ten years of age sat beside me and soon acquainted me with her family's wanderings. Her father, sitting opposite, was an invalid, and early in the summer had gone to Halifax to recruit. But the bracing air of Halifax was too rough for him, and they had then come to Los Angeles. The rains early in the week proving inauspicious for his recovery, they had resumed their journey, this time to Phoenix, Arizona. They would get off at Maricopa. They had sold all their furniture twice. In New York they had occupied three storeys; in Los Angeles they had furnished a flat. In the former city school books were provided free. They had to buy them in Los Angeles, and had paid three dollars for them; but when they sold them they got only one. They had always had a berth on the train before this time. So she prattled on in the ingenuous way of children until some gaily-attired immigrants going out of the station with their bags and bundles attracted her attention.

"They're Germans, I suppose," said I.

"We're Germans," responded she quickly.

"We pass through the Chinese quarter going out," remarked she. "I'll show you it. There it is."

Sure enough, there was the long street, with its crowded hives of Celestials, shops and everything characteristic with which I had now become familiar.

The family had become thoroughly acclimatized, as there was nothing Teutonic in their appearance or accent. The mother was a very quiet, handsome, ladylike person. Her little boy was thirteen years old.

The country was gradually assuming a more unfertile cast. Long reaches of grass or other uncultivated soil alternated with orange and nut orchards or vineyards. Of the latter, the Italian Vineyard, near Ontario, comprising 30,000 acres, was the most remarkable. It has been set out five years, and the big stone wine house will come into use before long.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE DESERT.

A CURIOUS change in the character of the alkali wilderness is going on at Salton, 155 miles below Los Angeles. Coming along, we noticed sacks filled with rock piled for a long way beside the track. These are used to keep the track down, as the water rises mysteriously under the ties. The water, which was at first supposed to leak through the big retaining dam of the Colorado River at Imperial, is now believed to flow through great fissures made underground by earthquake shocks during the last summer from the Gulf of California. A sea once flowed over this country, but it disappeared long ago, and its place on the map has been marked here and there by dry lakes. Now, by another convulsion of nature, the ancient sea is coming again into its own.

Since last spring the waters of the Colorado River seemed to be "seeping" or leaking through the Imperial dam. The leaks were stopped, but still the water kept on rising in the old Salton basin. Forehanded landholders became suspicious and sold out their properties to the Southern Pacific Railway Company, which now owns about all the land. The rails were removed

to higher ground, and three spur tracks were laid, but still the water kept creeping up and overflowing them. The company will ultimately have to lay one hundred miles of new track up north among the mountains. The water rises at the rate of half an inch a day. In the course of a few months, it was believed, in place of the desert, with its dry lakes, there would be rolling the waves of a great salt lake, comparable to that of Utah, a hundred miles square.

Our conductor had a group of passengers around him, explaining the phenomenon to them. One of them, a man with a moustache and goatee, explained to me his theory, which led up to a belief that the new Salton Sea would be a good thing for that country.

"I intend to write an article on this when I get home," said he.

His view of the matter is not generally entertained, the use of a salt lake not being apparent.

About noon a number of men came down to the station with armsful of boxes containing four or five huge oranges, and with bunches of big green grapes filled in between them, which boxes they sold for twenty-five cents each. The grapes were toothsome, but the fat oranges proved on dissection to be a good deal of a fraud. When the thick, pulpy skin had been peeled off and the loosely connected sections easily pulled apart, there was found to be little juice, and with that went a queer bitterish after-taste.

"They're big and fine-looking, and that's all there is to them," remarked a fat man, dressed something like a parson, who was going to Yuma.

"What are the Indians around here like?"

"They're no good," replied he. "You'll see some of 'em around the stations down here. The squaws sell beadwork, and pick up something besides, and the bucks get it away from them. The children are sent to school, and some of them are smart. Then they return to the reservation, and when their clothes are worn out they resume the dress of the tribe. If you happen to meet any of them after that, and speak to them in English, they answer, 'No sabe.' Deny even that they know English. You'll see some of them down here."

We came upon some of them that night, and I recognized them instantly.

I enjoyed this cruise down through Arizona and New Mexico greatly. As a hoy, I had read with great interest the accounts in *Harper's Magazine* in the sixties and early seventies by J. Ross Browne and other horseback travellers, of all this alkali country, but I had never had the slightest idea that I should ever see it myself. All these places—Yuma, Gila City, Tucson, Zuni—were like old familiar haunts, and the sight of the postlike cactuses, the prickly pears and the interminable yellowish plains filled me with exquisite pleasure.

There was recently quite a boom in land about

Imperial, a settlement of which great things were hoped. It was nearly eight o'clock when we got to Imperial Junction, and very dark. On getting out of the car the ground was wet, the foot sinking into half-mud. I asked a railway employe whether it had been raining there.

"No; the company puts oil on the alkali around the yard to keep down the dust."

At Yuma we found a number of the Indians on the platform. Two squaws were seated with their stock-in-trade—purses and other head-work—spread out before them, silently waiting for purchasers. A tall "huck," wearing a black cap with glazed peak, shaded by a big strap and huckle, stood very erect and dignified, with heavy matted hair, holding some toy bows and arrows in his hands. These were some of the survivals of the fierce Apaches who formerly made it hot for settlers about there.

"I bought a purse here and gave fifty cents for it when we came through six weeks ago," remarked the German invalid sadly as the train moved on. He had eaten little during the day, and that he could not digest, he said.

We arrived at Maricopa about four in the morning. I had slept for some little time before this with one eye open, thinking I would be wanted when we got there. The family got up, and, as I arose, the lady remarked, "My husband is not very strong. You'll take this?" pointing to a dress suit case, "and that," another case

belonging to an old lady sitting by them, but not conversing, so far as I had noticed, "she's under our care."

She picked up a big square pasteboard box, and following me, carrying the two suitcases, they went out of the car. I then noticed that her husband who, sitting down, had seemed not particularly feeble, was barely able to walk. We walked along in the twilight to the station a hundred yards farther on.

"Well," thinks I, "this is an odd job for me—carrying haggage in the wilds of Arizona at four o'clock in the morning for people I don't even know the name of." I left them in the waiting-room and went through into the lunch-room, where passengers were drinking a cup of coffee.

On returning, I saw the family again, the father sitting on a bench and the boy and girl staring sleepily around. They were waiting for the branch line train, and expected to reach Phoenix at six o'clock. I shook hands with them and wished them good luck in Phoenix, but I am afraid that this was the last stage in the life journey of that poor fellow.

I was afterwards told on the train that Phoenix would help him if any place would. The air in this health resort is very dry and not cold, as it is apt to be, for instance, in Denver.

I meet some of the most extraordinary people travelling. They tell me their troubles, and give me their theories of life and religion.

All that day the country was of the most rugged character—fan-palms just coming up, like tufts of grass beside the dried-up old palms with their tall flower-stalk. This flower or seed-stalk is carefully cut out when the palm is cultivated in lawns or gardens. One would hardly think that the dwarfed specimen of the desert could be made into the lordly tenants of the park. Irrigation does it. Prickly pears and scrub cottonwood, and a low growth called greasewood, which burns fiercely when set on fire, cover the land. Mesquite also abounds. Low hills were everywhere in sight.

A "bit" is twelve and a half cents. This information is for the benefit of Eastern readers. They all understand it out West and South.

"Two-bit lunch?" asked a Chinese waiter in a Pantano restaurant. "All light." He put up three ham sandwiches for twenty-five cents.

The regular station meals, ordered an hour or two before arrival, are six bits, or seventy-five cents. Circus "barkers" from 'way down East, when I was a boy, used to call twelve and a half cents "one Yawk shilling."

A commercial traveller told me a story about how surprised a friend of his, who sold only expensive hats, was at the buying capabilities of very unpretentious merchants down this way. The hat man arrived at a town where he expected to make some sales, but, to his great disgust, found that it was built up of only adobe. Just

for the fun of the thing, he went into a little shop and told his business.

"Yes," said the merchant, "I'd like to buy some hats. Where are your samples?"

"It would not pay me to bring my samples to your miserable village," kindly explained the salesman. "I left my trunks over at Benson."

The merchant pocketed the insult, but quietly inquired whether the drummer had any illustrated catalogues.

"I have that," replied the drummer, and produced one.

"I'll take one hundred of your best five-dollar hats," said the merchant.

"What?" yelled the astounded drummer, "and pay for them?"

"On the spot," said the merchant.

The drummer nearly had a fit, but recovered sufficiently to write out a note for the price, which the merchant discounted.

"Yes, sir," gleefully cried my informant, "discounted his own note then and there. Knocked him silly. And what's more, that fellow went into another little adobe shop in the next street, and the shopkeeper did the same thing—took a hundred five dollar hats, and discounted his own note for them."

"I suppose the merchants would get their own out of them?" I remarked.

"Oh, yes. They'd sell the hats for ten dollars each. But in this country you never can tell by appearances how much a man's got in the till."

CHAPTER IX.

EL PASO AND SAN ANTONIO.

It was an hour after dark when we reached El Paso. Having had no conversation with anyone in the car except the man who was going to write an article when he got home, explaining his theory of the Salton overflowing mystery, I approached him on the subject of a hotel in El Paso. He hastily said, "I don't know whether I'll stay there or not. I—I—have business."

I said I only wanted to know whether he could name a good hotel there.

"Oh, ask the conductor," he replied as if he were afraid of something. I suppose he took me for a confidence man. I soon got to a very comfortable hotel, where an orchestra played during dinner. A mining convention opened on Thursday, and there was going to be a special bullfight for the entertainment of the American visitors. There had been one this afternoon—a good one. After dinner I went along by the city gardens, where alligators play in the water of a grotto, until I came to the street car. The streets were quite muddy after recent rains. In the car the Mexican element was conspicuous. Ladies with shawls over their heads, swarthy

lads and girls, talked a language quite new to me. When we came to the Rio Grande and stopped, a Mexican customs officer boarded the car and asked each one whether he had any dutiable goods. Having examined a parcel or two without finding any, he let the car proceed. It was a very dark night, and nothing could be seen of Juarez when we stopped at the square. Not understanding the Mexican language, I thought I had better wait until the morning to make a more thorough search. There was a little laughter among some young people as they got out; otherwise the town was in perfect stillness. So we rapidly left Juarez behind, but before we crossed the river this time a U. S. customs officer examined us.

Getting out of the car, I walked up the street a little way, and, seeing a big strip of cotton hung across the street proclaiming evangelistic services, just opening under the guidance of Rev. Mr. Updyke, I went into the First Christian Church of the Disciples of Christ. The plain interior was well filled. The regular minister was delivering some introductory remarks, and then Mr. Updyke took the floor. He was quite fluent. His most striking statement was given as an inducement for young people to become converted. He said that they needed to begin with the children, as later conversion was a matter of great difficulty.

"There are 300,000 fallen women in the

United States," said he, "of whom 30,000 belong to California."

On the conclusion of his address, an organization after-meeting was announced, and the congregation went out.

Next morning I got into a car and went out along the Rio Grande to Smelter, where is located one of the largest ore furnaces in the United States. All the rough work is done by Mexicans, of whom there are two considerable settlements, one within the smelter walls and the other down by the river. A long row of adobe dwellings, when you see one Mexican village you see all. The adobe is simply buff-colored mud dried into bricks a foot square and three or four inches thick. Piles of these adobe bricks are commonly seen drying by a village to be used for repairs, I suppose, or in any sudden building boom.

Youngsters running about playing, happy and contented; women having tidied up the house after breakfast, sitting idly or gossiping with neighbors; no attempt at sewerage or hygienic measures; some pigs and a great many dogs; men all away at their work; such is the ordinary appearance of the adobe villages.

They appeared to be working over a very deep bed of old dumpage at the smelter, having dug a hole thirty or forty feet deep right in the main approach to the works. The worked-over ore was shovelled into big crates, raised by machin-

ery inside the smelter, and deposited apparently in or near the retorts.

I met here a young man who had worked in the mines in Colorado and had come here looking for a job. But it was no use in trying to get one as he could not compete in wages with those Mexicans. They worked for \$1.10 or so a day; he could not afford to work for less than two dollars a day. The Mexicans are the Chinese of this region. He had hoped to be able to cruise around longer, as he was getting over a lame back. "But," he remarked sadly, "I'm at the end of my string."

He had walked out from El Paso, and was going to walk in again.

Returning, I met in the car two gentlemen who, having obtained a pass, had been shown through the works, where 1,500 men are employed. They could not understand the processes, however.

Determined to see as much as I could of the city, I took another ride out towards the park and racetrack. This is a big affair. A long kind of exhibition building, full of booths and saloons, fronts a garden with walks and flower-beds and, I dare say, during the season, chairs and tables. A boy having charge of some blooded racers in stables nearby told me that he thought the undertaking rather a failure.

El Paso is building out in this direction a good deal, and, returning to the city, there appeared to be many visitors in the lodging-houses.

In the square was set up a big square block of grey granite for a drilling contest to show forth the prowess of miners in boring stone. A grandstand occupied one side of the square, overlooking the granite block.

Juarez, on a fine afternoon, is an interesting place to stroll through. The first building to visit is the cathedral, of great antiquity, very plain inside and out. The usual pictures illustrating the pathway of Christ with His cross are on the walls.

The jail was more interesting. Noticing a number of soldiers in full dress, some of them with fixed bayonets, standing or sitting under an archway, I paused, and presently one of them called and beckoned to me. I went across the street, and they made way for me to a barred doorway, inside of which was a courtyard with several persons walking about. A young, good-looking man, wearing a black derby and an overcoat, spoke to me in English, and having asked where I came from, told me he was from Ontario. He had driven an engine in Montreal, and had also been in British Columbia. Asked what he was in there for, he said he had got into a scrap with two fellows in a mine, but his time was nearly up and his papers were being made out.

"You can come in here for twenty-five cents," he added. "There's a murderer here—a fellow who murdered his sweetheart—and a crazy woman, and others worth seeing."

The prospect was not very alluring, but I paid him the quarter, and pushing open a barred gate, he admitted me to the courtyard. Inside of this again was the prison courtyard proper.

"Here!" cried he, calling the murderer, who promptly showed himself. He was a handsome fellow, in the Mexican style, of about twenty-eight years, with nicely trimmed moustache and carefully kept clothes.

"He's spent three thousand dollars on his case. He's been condemned to be shot, but his lawyers are trying to have his punishment commuted to twenty years' imprisonment."

"Why did he murder his sweetheart?"

"Jealousy. The Mexicans are very jealous. Here's the crazy woman."

There was not very much to be seen in there, but he had some flower-stands worked in colored wools which the jealous lover had made, and sold for twenty-five cents. Americans bought them in order to have something to show that had been made in a prison, and it helped the prisoner to pay his lawyers.

Very few of the soldiers and officials accosted owned to the slightest knowledge of English, but the shopkeepers speak our language fluently and correctly. I tried on one of the big, magnificently embroidered Mexican hats. They have them in white and terra-cotta. The price is ten dollars. They are heavy, and I thought they would be warm in summer, but I was assured

that this is not the case. The hat, either in wool, felt or straw, is the one article of attire which the natives stick to. They are seen everywhere and certainly add a very picturesque feature to the nationality.

The bull-ring, erected by a late physician at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, is perhaps the chief sight. It is solidly constructed of stone or adobe in the shape of a Roman amphitheatre, and seats several thousands. To barely inspect it empty costs ten cents, but when there is a bull-fight seats range from fifty cents to two dollars in price. The street cars all bear in front white paper placards, with the inscription in big type:

**JUAREZ BULL RING
NEXT SUNDAY
EXTRAORDINARY BULL-FIGHT.**

There is a quaint public garden, with walks and trees, in Juarez, but the gates were closed that day.

On the American side of the river there is a large adobe settlement also. The inhabitants seem to have no idea of any change in the ways of living.

There is a prejudice against El Paso in the South. They say it is a border town, full of fleecers and toughs, ready to skip across the border at any moment when found out. I felt very sorry to leave El Paso, the hotel clerk seemed so

sincere in his regrets that I was not going to stay longer.

We "pulled out" of El Paso at eight o'clock on Monday evening, and arrived at San Antonio, Texas, Tuesday night at 10.30. We were in the desert all day. I had some idea of going on to Houston, but I was advised that San Antonio was a better town for the sight-seer, and I did not like the car, there being altogether too many babies in it. There was quite a series of odd things on the way. We passed Langtry, the station near which, I remember hearing some years ago, that the Jersey Lily had bought a ranch. Somebody must have pulled her leg infamously in persuading her to purchase land down there. You might just as well talk about ranching at Windsor Junction, N.S., so completely are you out of sight of land. Here Justice Roy Bean administered, as stated on his sign on an abandoned grey building, with front veranda, "Law West of the Pecos." Then about noon the porter announced that the next stop would be at High Bridge. This information was followed, as usual, by somebody who knew a little more than the other passengers saying it was the highest bridge in the United States. I supposed that we would stop on one side or the other of the bridge when we came to it. But our train steadily advanced out on the tall, spider-like structure until it reached the middle, when it stopped right there and gave everyone a chance to take a good look at

the muddy, yellow Pecos River flowing 321 feet below. I remembered that General William Shafter, the Commander-in-Chief in Cuba, was in earlier days called "Pecos Bill" on account of his exploits among the Pecos Indians. And here was the Pecos water, rushing down its narrow channel between two immense enclosing walls of buff stone, and I poised in mid-air overlooking it and wishing myself almost anywhere but just there. There was a time in my life when I could go aloft on board ship and help furl sails, but nowadays these dizzy heights have lost their charms. Still, it was a wonderful thing to be there, whether I liked it or not, and to be informed that Pecos Viaduct is 321 feet high, 2,180 feet long, and has a weight of metal of over 3,000,000 pounds.

An interesting event that morning before coming to Del Rio was watching a porter hang out a sign labelled "For Whites" on the corner of one car, and on the corner of the next car, "For Blacks." This notice heralded our entry into the Black Belt of the South. The distinction thus set up between the two races is maintained as long as you stay in the Land of Dixie. From this time on, colored faces vie with those of Mexicans, Indians and Chinamen. Sellers of toothsome pecan kisses came up to the platform at Sabinal, 643 miles from New Orleans, where twelve huge cotton bales, with the soft white stuff protruding under the sacking, were piled on the planking.

On entering a street car in San Antonio, in which there were seated some negroes, I noticed that the lower end was partitioned off "For Blacks," the color line being set up the same as it was in the railway cars. There is no crossing that line.

The wayside fruitsellers brought us tamales (pronounced tamahlay) for lunch. Tamales are sausage-like mixtures, apparently of red pepper and finely cut-up corn and meat and other things, are quite toothsome, and are sold for ten cents a dozen. The Mexicans make very satisfying walnut cakes, like pancakes, also.

San Antonio is a delightful town, in the Spanish style. There are six of the old missions—one or two of them in a good state of repair—which well repay a visit. They still worship in the Mission of the Immaculate Conception. A rotund, German-speaking, red-whiskered fellow, who said he was an Indian, showed us through, opening the door with an alleged gold key. He kicked a settee several times to produce for us the echo, which reverberated through the aisles and up into the helfry. The wood carving in all of the missions is remarkable, and the solidity of the walls speaks well for the energy of the builders. The Alamo (accent on the first syllable) on the central plaza has an historic interest, having been defended by the celebrated Davy Crockett against the Mexicans in 1836. There he met his death, and his bones were burnt.

Only the walls are now standing. Adjoining it is the front of the monastery which was connected with it, but is now a grocery store. It was just before coming down here to die in the Alamo that Colonel Crockett made his farewell address to his constituents who had rejected him at the polls, saying, "You may go to h—l, and I'll go to Texas."

On Government Hill is a force of 9,000 troops, to be increased to 21,000 when the handsome new white pressed-brick barracks are completed. It will then be the largest military post in the United States. In case of a Mexican invasion these troops are kept at San Antonio to hurl back the surging columns as the high tide of the Rebellion was broken and flung back at Gettysburg.

Out in this direction is one of the handsomest residence sections, displaying many high white houses with generous verandahs and Grecian columns in the old Southern style.

Another pretty suburb is Hot Wells, where invalids are attracted to try the sulphur baths, said to be very efficacious in diseases of the blood and nerves. All about the wells is built up with sanatoriums, cottages and the other accessories of a first-rate health resort.

On the way out the International Fair grounds are passed. The Igorottes, or the celebrated dog-eaters or head-hunters of the Philippine Islands,

who were first exhibited at St. Louis last year, and had just come on from San Francisco, were perched up on top of a platform, with all their bags and bundles about them, and their long black manes done up in loops. A crowd of loiterers, in which the African element was conspicuous, surrounded the platform, watching them.

The building; were very lively, with men and women setting up the decorations in the booths, saloon men inviting you to drink, restaurant men inviting you to eat, women riding by astride of southern blood mares, and general hilarity in the air. They were going to have a big time, commencing on Thursday, and don't you forget it. It seemed to be my luck on this trip to be always a little too early or a little too late for the great big shows. I was too late for the Portland Fair and too early for the San Antonio one, while I was too late for one bull-fight and too early for another. About the best thing I saw, on the whole, was Chinatown, San Francisco. That was something really worth going a long way to see.

A darkey boy, seeing me looking into some stalls, laughingly asked me whether I had horses. I suppose he took me, with my grey suit and beard, for a southern planter. They generally called me Captain, and sometimes Colonel.

As we were going on to the grounds in a straggling crowd, a colored boy bungled a little

in getting under a stray board in a fence, for a moment stopping the procession. "Hm," said a fat white man, "He'd be quicker than that if he was stealing chickens."

The boy looked round, smiling, as much as to say, "Now, you might have kept that allusion to yourself." The other darkeys took no notice.

CHAPTER X.

SOME FREE THINGS.

I WAS riding in a street car on Government Hill, San Antonio, considering the wonderful wealth of resources of these three countries, Canada, the United States and Mexico, the strength of the people, their friendliness, and the extraordinary variety of their industries, when the thought occurred to me: why should not the people of these three great nations enjoy all of the advantages whilst suffering as few as possible of the disadvantages of each of them?

What are the obstacles in the way of the consummation of such a plan?

Governmental?

No. The present forms of government might continue in the exercise of their several activities without clashing in the least. Religious, racial or other differences also interpose no insuperable barrier.

What, then, are the chief hindrances?

Customs barriers.

If a customs union were inaugurated, the people of Canada, the United States and Mexico would enjoy the products of all their territories at a minimum cost. To such a union Canada

could contribute her lumber and her minerals, her wheat and her fish; the United States her sugar and her cotton, her sub-tropical fruits and her corn, whilst Mexico could bring in all the marvellous wealth of the tropics.

The government of each country would, of course, continue unchanged, the United States flying the Star and Stripes, Canada the Union Jack, and Mexico her Tricolor. Amelioration of manners and usages ingrained by centuries might safely be left to the slow, but efficient, processes of education and reason. No political change whatever is needed. Uniformity of election laws and local governmental customs would no more be required than between the various States of the Union. New York has one constitution, Massachusetts another, Pennsylvania a third. Neither dreams of interfering with the state rights of its neighbors.

It would be impossible to bring the people of Mexico or of Canada to give up their peculiar laws and customs. The rights of language and religion guaranteed by treaty to the Province of Quebec forever prevent Canada from entering into any relations calculated to infringe upon these. It is said, and probably with truth, that Pitt put the language and religion guarantees into the treaty with the French to insure Canada's never being amalgamated with the United States. Its isolation was abundantly secured, but the resources of twentieth century statesman-

ship are sufficient to override the narrow bounds of eighteenth century policy. Under these, Canada can participate in the benefits from which she was apparently shut out.

Let us glance briefly at the evolution of this idea in history. Mexico was conquered by the Spaniards. Gradually a strong, if somewhat autocratic, Republic has been built up there. The United States obtained her present territory by conquest from England and Mexico and by purchase from France and Russia. England conquered the territory of France in America, and, by uniting the Provinces in 1867, formed a Republic in everything but name in the North. Since that date no progress in the unfolding or development of this movement has been made save in the gradual increase of trade relations and postal facilities. The United States now imports from Canada sixty-two millions, and forty-six millions from Mexico; she exports one hundred and forty-one millions to Canada and forty-six millions to Mexico.

The next natural step is the establishment of Free Trade between the three countries. By this means the whole continent will at length be exploited, trade will flourish, and wealth and enlightenment have free expansion. The question may be asked, how would the joint expenses be met?

By duties, such as they have in England, for revenue only. Besides, this coalition would be

so self-sufficient in the way of resources that it could raise the tariff as high as it liked against any outsider who would not reciprocate. Canada can produce in perfection everything that flourishes through the temperate belt to the far North. Mexico can produce nearly everything requiring a tropical sun to mature it. The United States, whilst not having the capacity to produce wheat as hard as that which grows in the Canadian North-West, nor perhaps such tropical fruits as can Mexico, yet possessing in a great degree the characteristics of both the others, has a range and variety of resources nowhere else to be found. Among them they supply about everything in the way of necessities or luxuries that man requires for his sustenance or pleasure. They are, or might easily be made, in every respect self-sustaining.

It is to the natural interest of everybody to get all he reasonably can out of the continent which he lives in. Policies of nations outside are of little concern to us.

The idea which we should try to grasp is the essential unity of the interests of the inhabitants of this continent. A good illustration of the benefit of working together is afforded by the results of the postal union. Middle-aged people can remember when the letter postage was ten cents. The number of letters mailed then was comparatively small. But now that it has been reduced to two cents, the question of postage is hardly thought of. Everybody mails all the

letters he wants to without a thought of the cost. And the amount of matter passing through the mails is infinitely increased, to the betterment of all social relations.

Commerce would increase in a like ratio if goods were free of duties. Cleared of hampering customs regulations, trade would increase to a degree previously undreamed of. Capital would be unlocked and made available for investment wherever there was a prospect of reasonable return.

The United States owes its prosperity largely to the freedom of trade prevailing within its borders. But suppose the States, individually, had the power to erect tariff walls against one another, New York against Pennsylvania, Illinois against California, and so on, and, on account of fancied profit or a desire to injure, availed themselves freely of the privileges, would not the result be disastrous to all? Or suppose, as unhappily was the case for a few years in the nineteenth century, one section of the Republic happened to be hostile to the other, and trade privileges were thereby curtailed, would not the loss of such privileges be felt severely by all?

Any argument favoring freedom of trade between the several States applies with tenfold force to freedom of trade between the United and the great states to the north and south of her. These countries are the natural market of the United States. Instead of carrying her products

by long and expensive routes overseas, all she requires for this market is a few coasters and the railways which will soon be crossing and re-crossing the borders like the automatically working parts of a huge shuttle. As those countries increase in population and accompanying power of production, their demand for and consumption of the output of the United States will correspondingly increase. Every dollar put into the Canadian North-West or the mines of Mexico increases the wealth of the United States by one dollar. It becomes, then, the plain duty of the people of the United States to help build up those countries to the utmost. The so-called policy of the Open Door commits the United States to the building and support of a most expensive fleet. China and the Far East can be successfully traded with only under the protecting wing of a powerful and costly navy. The continuance of that trade is at best very problematical. China is showing unmistakable signs of waking up and becoming modernized after the hustling fashion of Japan.

The military part of the plan is first being attended to. An army of a million and a half is said to be now in process of formation. This, before long, in that teeming hive of humanity, China, may easily be increased to two or three millions of armed men. Outside of China, the Chinese are by no means apathetic, but, on the contrary, are taking swift note of passing events

and preparing to adapt themselves to and to take advantage of them. They are drilling nightly in St. Louis; they are actively organizing, and possibly drilling also, in many other of the larger cities of this continent. In the face of two or three millions of Chinamen armed with the best rifles, and with a phenomenal capacity to use them, the question will be not how to keep the Door Open, but rather how to keep the Lid On. The saving in military and naval expenses alone would make the cultivation of the friendliest trade relations between the neighboring nations of North America a duty. The strength of one is the strength of them all, and anything that tends to weaken any of them must act prejudicially against the others. Hitherto, government, no less than modes of living, in North America has been more or less an experiment. Ideas have been borrowed from Europe. The political outlook has been dominated by conceptions arising out of European history. Spain and France and England have exploited the continent with an eye, as was but natural, mainly to their own interests. The time has now come when the people of this continent must awake to the realization of the fact that the country, as a whole, belongs to them, and that its future development must be moulded in accordance with such plans as will naturally embody their highest aspirations and ambitions.

The people of North America, inheriting what is the best in the great cultured nations, and dis-

ciplined by a struggle of three hundred years with the material peculiarities of their environment, are in a position now to make the most of their advantages. The rankling memory of old feuds, for which the present generation cannot be held responsible, but from the baneful effects of which, nevertheless, they suffer, has operated mischievously in preventing the nations from coming together for discussion of the best way to promote the common good. But present tendencies make for peace, if sometimes at the cost of reasonable compromise. The extension of business connections, postal treaties and understandings, the freer mingling of peoples through the cheapening of travel and many other influences all tend to make people reflect upon these matters.

The Canadian or the Mexican protected manufacturer might raise a cry of protest on the ground that manufacturers in the United States, with their vast superiority in manufacturing plants, could flood the markets of the former. But the history of the New South proves the fallacy of this contention. The Northern manufacturer after the Civil War was as strongly intrenched as he could be, but as soon as the South began to manufacture it was at once shown that the local manufacturer has an unshakable superiority over the outsider, even when he is only as far away as the Northern States, and to-day the manufacturers of the South are as flourishing as their

brethren in the North. And so Canada, with her vast and almost untried water-power, will always be able to manufacture for herself, and so will Mexico. Nowadays the transmission of electricity is almost the main element in the manufacturing problem, and well-watered countries, like Canada and Mexico, need fear no competition in manufacturing.

The position of these nations, geographically, is unassailable, but there seems to be always an undercurrent of fear of outside aggression. Either Canada, the United States or Mexico might be attacked by a European power. A friendly understanding among the former along the lines of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, would forever allay that apprehension, for what nation under the sun would ever dream of attacking the people of North America?

From Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, the defensive legions could be mustered.

President Roosevelt says that the United States should possess a naval fleet a little stronger than the fleet of any other nation. The President is a good man, and the people of the United States can pay for such a fleet if they want it; but if there was a good understanding between the United States, Mexico and Canada, the United States would need no more of a navy than Mr. Cleveland goes fishing in. Armies and navies, except for police purposes, could be largely dispensed with.

It may be said that England would object to Canada coming to such an understanding with foreign countries because the treaty-making power rests in England alone. When the trade treaties with Germany were found to stand in the way of the proposed preference to England, the Canadian Government found no difficulty in denouncing them. There is no reason to suppose that England would offer any serious resistance to an understanding so obviously to the advantage of Canada. Since 1867 England has not actively interfered in the affairs of Canada. She has confined herself to the task of sending out a representative in the person of the Governor-General. Besides, there is a general belief that there exists some sort of an understanding, almost tantamount to an alliance, between England and the United States, so that the Mother Country would be in it, too.

Closely connected with this measure is another, that of Free Personal Railway Transportation. The greatest obstacle to the development of these countries has been the difficulty of getting from one part to another. This may be illustrated by the slowness with which the Western States of the Union were opened up, as compared with the rapid development of the Canadian North-West. It is remarkable what was accomplished in the pre-railway era, when the plains had to be crossed in prairie schooners, the settlers being shut out by months, and in some cases by years, from com-

munication with friends at home. The railway builders were, as a rule, men of limited means, and the United States Government gave the Union Pacific contractors about all they asked, just as the Canadian Government with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. It was seen that transcontinental railways were indispensable, and the governments liberally rewarded those men who had sufficient nerve and enterprise to carry these great undertakings through. There is a dark side to the picture, though.

The time has come in the history of industrialism when the people, by virtue of their sacrifices and their contributions to the world's wealth in the past, have a right to enjoy free personal railway transportation. On the side of the beautiful Golden Gate of the Transportation Building at the World's Fair, Chicago, was inscribed an observation of Macaulay's, to the effect that nothing has so much contributed to the spread of civilization and the betterment of human conditions as improvement in modes of transportation. At the opening of the nineteenth century mankind travelled pretty much as they did in the first century. It was the utilization of steam and the practical application of electricity, the fruit of the brains of men sprung from the people, that transformed the closing half of the nineteenth century. Men of ability are often seriously hampered by their want of funds to carry them to the point in the country where

they could turn their brains to account. If free personal transportation were provided, the country would reap the benefit, and in the long run would be the richer for it. A start in this direction might be made by making the railways free to certain classes, such as immigrants, students, laborers and invalids, and gradually extending the privilege to others. Fears may be entertained that respectable people would refuse to avail themselves of the privilege, regarding it in the light of an alms. It should, however, be put in the same category with free schools, churches, public halls and many other institutions, of which no one dreams of not availing himself.

Emigration to the United States is increasing so rapidly that it has become a serious question what to do with it. If there were a good understanding between the United States and Canada in these matters, the influx could be easily handled. The Italian Minister recently requested President Roosevelt to assist him in helping poor Italian immigrants to get out of the cities on to the land. If those settlers could be taken free on the railroads to where they would be a useful section of the community, the President's generous promise to assist would be more easily available. As fast as the immigrants arrive at Ellis Island, instead of allowing them to settle in or near New York or the other large cities, they could be sent at once to the North-West and settled where their labor is needed. With the

money gained by the cultivation of wheat, oats and the other staples, the settlers would buy cotton, sugar, furniture and all the other products and manufactures of the South and East. Thus, as fast as the country became settled, the market would naturally enlarge and have the power to absorb all of such imports as could be sent in for a hundred years.

We stand on the threshold of a new century without fully realizing its tendencies and possibilities. By comparing the present outlook with that at the beginning of the nineteenth century we shall be in a better position to estimate the progress to be made in the twentieth. At that time the autocratic theory in government, whether despotic or parliamentary, prevailed. Napoleon Bonaparte was at the height of his fame and power. A few men, like Adams and Jefferson, had full swing in the United States. An Alexander held the vast domain of Russia in the hollow of his hand. In England the word of a few men like Pitt and Wellington was law. The people were of very little account. They were looked upon as so many units to be managed industrially and commercially, or in war times to be driven like brutes to the slaughter. The nineteenth century, however, as it advanced, was remarkable on account of the number of men of strongly marked character who were able, in the surging tides of revolution and unrest, to keep their heads above water and to very much

enlarge the field of individual activity. Such men as Disraeli and Bright and Gladstone, in England, Webster and Lincoln in the United States, Mazzini, Garibaldi and Cavour in Italy, Joseph Howe in British America, and many others, in various ways made the outlook for the masses more hopeful. But towards the end of the third quarter of the century the vast increase of wealth accumulated by the toil of the masses under laws not designed in any way to bring about such a result, came under the control of a comparatively few men, working in the concealment of huge industrial and financial corporations.

To-day we may fairly be said to be living in the age of corporations. These concerns control the parliaments of England, the United States, France and Canada. In the best days of the nineteenth century, say from 1830 to 1880, it was quite possible for any man of clearly marked thought and forcefulness to get a seat in parliament. That day has gone by. The people are almost as completely shut out from any participation in the real work of legislation or government as they were in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The extension of the franchise, designed to give all of the people a direct share in the work of government and legislation, has been twisted by these parties so as to serve their ends alone. They use their money so as to make the blind and stupid votes of a corrupted section

of the electorate swing the result in their favor every time.

Thus it is that all of the wealth in these countries is being rapidly concentrated in the hands of a few enormously wealthy men. These men are rarely distinguishable, mentally or morally or physically, from the mass of the comparatively poor men by whom they are surrounded, but they have simply taken advantage of certain privileges which laws, often designed for quite other ends, give them, to grah the fruits of the lahor and brains of the rest. This has been done so swiftly, too, that but very few thinkers have so far been aroused to a sense of the immensity of this latter-day creation. The intelligent part of the electorate is only just beginning to grasp this idea and to endeavor to estimate its importance. It will be the work of this intelligent section, in the new century, to devise means quietly hut effectively to resume its rightful prerogatives, and to defeat the ends of the corporation managers and their corrupt and servile constituency.

Hitherto, men have been in the hahit of considering themselves as sectionally differentiated, one man hailing from a State, as New York, or a Province, as Ontario or Nova Scotia; but before many years a man will accustom himself to the idea of his citizenship in the whole continent. With freedom of travel will come a sense of proprietorship in the larger state.

One great drawback has been the ingrained

tendency to look at the affairs of this continent as they might appear to a European. Emerson, sixty or seventy years ago, noted this imitative cast of American literature. More recently, Swinburne emphasized it by saying that Poe's was the only original note of poetry—where the other singers were tuneful at all they were imitative. The same remark holds good in politics and statesmanship. Because England, forced by the exigencies of her insular position, must maintain the largest and most expensive navy in the world, writers like Captain Mahan hold that the naval policy of the United States should duplicate that of England. They fail to see that the naval strength of England is primarily the confession of her inherent weakness. The strength of the United States, and though to a less extent, in some ways, Canada and Mexico, lies in the fact of their compactness and their ability to supply their necessities out of their own resources. But England must keep her seaways open and clear of pirates and other enemies or she is lost.

Because England has a chain of islands all over the globe, the school of writers referred to sees in the distant and unhealthy Philippines a legitimate field for the energies of the United States. Of course, the ostensible retention of the Philippines is for purposes of trade. But the United States, as before stated, has all the markets on her northern and southern borders that she can supply for a hundred years. The

Canadian and Mexican markets, if properly cultivated, will be the easiest and richest outlet for the productions of the United States.

The nineteenth century witnessed the gradual coalescing of the units composing the confederacy of these nations respectively, signalized in its progress not without considerable conflict and bloodshed. The twentieth century will be characterized by a general appreciation of the essential unity of the interests of the peoples of this continent, a consequent relaxation of trade restrictions and a peaceful settlement of debatable positions.

CHAPTER XI.

SUGAR CANE AND COTTON.

IN the morning we were going along through broad stretches of riceland.

"You depend altogether upon your rice," one farmer said to another, "but when the water ruins it, you have nothing left to fall back upon."

There was a large crowd in the spacious dining-room at Lafayette, partaking of a six-bit dinner. Occasional fields of cotton were now seen, looking oddly like low raspberry bushes surmounted by white bolls. It was growing warmer steadily as we neared the Gulf of Mexico. The negro element in the population assumed the preponderance. Then the sugar plantations came into view. A field of sugar cane at a little distance looks like a cornfield. Here and there rises a tall scaffold, with ropes and other gear suspended from the crossbar. These are used in hoisting the cane into the carts in which it is carried away to railway cars or to the sugar mill. The cars are sometimes run on a track laid right into the field. The cane is sweet up to within a short piece of the top, which is broken off. The stalk is a pretty shade of

violet, glistening in the sunlight. The air is filled with the saccharine fumes. At one station there was a load of the cane standing. One of the passengers called to the darkeys in charge of it, and they ran over and gave us a number of the long canes. The tips having been broken off and thrown away, the canes were slit into long strips, and as we moved off we had a whole trainful of passengers chewing sugar cane.

Great piles of cotton bales, filled to bursting, were seen at most of the stations. In the low, swampy lands, board walks were raised above the water, on which the negroes crossed to their cabins.

“De ole home ain’t what it useter be;
The change makes me sad and forlorn;
For no more you’ll hear de darkeys singing
Among the sugar cane and corn.”

I was not in a position to tell whether the darkeys were singing, but they seemed cheerful enough.

Over the swamps great trees loom up, their branches trailing long strings of moss into the water, reminding one of Moore’s lines:

“And all night long, by her firefly lamp,
She paddles her light canoe.”

And as we neared New Orleans the air became

close and oppressive. Soft flies, that crushed between the fingers when you touched them, came into the cars. We were in the region of yellow fever.

Considering the advisability of a stay in New Orleans, a San Antonio gentleman summed up his observations with the pithy advice: "Don't let a mosquito bite you."

"The disease is carried by mosquitoes, isn't it?"

"It's been proved to a demonstration that it is."

"Is there any fear of the fever now?"

"No, not now; but all the summer we had the whole frontier of Texas guarded by men with shotguns in their hands, who had orders to shoot anybody who came across from Louisiana."

"Would a person who was taking it have a chance to get away and get rid of the fever?"

"Well, not much time. You take it one day; the next day you have the black vomit, and the third you're either getting better or they carry you out in a box. You haven't been reading up about it."

A little Jap was in the train, spending most of his time, when somebody was not engaging him in conversation, reading a newspaper, serenely oblivious to the charms of the country through which we were passing, which he did not seem to notice at all. He asked unconcernedly whether there was any danger of taking yellow

fever in New Orleans, and of course was assured that there was not. Surely if the Jap could face it I ought to. But I thought I had contracted a slight touch of malaria in El Paso, feeling a feverish heat in the palms of my hands. So I debated the question until the shades of night were falling, blotting out the fascinating landscape, thinking one moment that I must surely spend a day at least in the Southern capital of so many attractions, and the next that I could afford to take no chances. So we got to New Orleans and the Jap left me. The Illinois train was waiting for us after we had been ferried over the Mississippi, and, as a last appeal, I asked the ticket-taker at the gate about yellow fever. He laughed, as he exclaimed, "Why, certainly, no danger at all. The President was here the 18th."

"How long did he stay?"

"Came in the morning and left at night."

"Ah, the night's the time when the mosquito would get in his work."

"Well, a great crowd came in from all around to see him."

"The President travels with a bodyguard of policemen and private detectives, who would take good care that no mosquito got a lick at him."

"Well, you might stay over night, and go up in the morning train," observed he, good-naturedly. Then he called a car porter over and propounded the question to him. The porter confirmed his advice. I hesitated.

"Well, the train is going this minute; you'll have to decide."

"I'll go," said I. The porter grabbed my bag and we ran and boarded the train just as she started for Chicago. As I settled myself into my chair, I had the pleasant feeling of having my face set homewards again. The story seemed to have got about, for in the dining-car a mahogany-colored waiter told me that there was no danger of yellow fever at all. He had lived in New Orleans all his life, and had never had it.

"Oh, you're immune," returned I; "but I'm susceptible to fevers. I've had scarlet fever and typhoid, and don't feel like tackling Yellow Jack."

Down there they say New Or-leans, placing the accent on the first syllable, and if you ask anything about New Orléans, they at once correct you, saying New Or-leans.

Speeding along in the train towards Memphis, a clergyman, living in Texas, gave me considerable information about malaria and yellow fever. He and his wife both suffer from the former, he having contracted it twenty years ago. It can never be completely driven from the system, but a dose of quinine taken at the right time will keep off the paroxysm. All of the Gulf country is more or less malarial. Malaria, like yellow fever, is communicated by the sting of a mosquito, but the malarial mosquito is of a different breed from the yellow fever mosquito. Malaria

is revealed by a hundred different symptoms. Any attack of indigestion, headache, or lassitude may reveal its presence. But a person generally will need to reside for some time in the malaria belt before becoming permanently inoculated. There was some danger still in New Orleans. There were isolated cases of fever.

Next morning we arrived at Memphis, the great centre of the cotton and lumber industries of the South. Seen from the car window, the great want of all this Southern country is paint. The cottages would be very much more sightly if they were even occasionally slushed down with whitewash. It is odd that the decorative idea never seems to have taken much hold of the Southern darkies. Their cahins are as untidy as those of their kin in Nova Scotia. Grey shingles and rough fences, where there are any fences at all about their huts, give a dismal impression to the wayfarer.

Coming up to a station that morning, I noticed two such figures of "Rubes" as the caricaturists love to draw. One fellow had a chin beard which turned as if it had been made up in a hraid and one part of the hraid had slipped and got off. The other, an old man, had the regular long, corn-hroom whisker. They both wore caps, and their waistcoats or other front wear were carelessly unbuttoned. Neither appeared to have any particular business about there, but had evidently merely strolled down to see the train come in.

One is apt to think that the draughtsmen of the comic papers must draw largely upon their imagination in making up sketches of rural life, but here were two as perfect specimens of the "poor white" as any of them ever drew.

Two gentlemen were discussing the convenience of the Illinois Central Railway to business men. "Why," remarked one of them, "I'd rather get aboard the train and come down to New Orleans to do business than I would drive outside of Chicago ten miles to see a customer."

Another told me he spent two months every winter in Los Angeles, where he held lots near Westlake Park. This shows over what an extent of territory in the States speculators and financiers carry on their operations. The great railway systems make it possible.

A couple of farmers were discussing electrical interurban trains. One of them made the usual remark about the needless expense, and the wisdom of a man's using his own team when he wanted to drive into town.

"Yes," replied the other, "that's all right p'raps for you or me, but when our children want to drive into town to their church or the theatre, on gettin' out of the wagon their clothes is all mussed up, and anybody can tell they came in from the country some'ers. But when they go by the interurban they get out of the car and walk into the church or the theatre lookin' as smart as

anybody. And I tell you it makes a lot of difference in the pleasure a person gets out of a thing like that, whether he's in good trim or lookin' like a clodhopper."

It was well along in the evening when the train began pulling up every five minutes or so at the numerous street stations which mark the entry of the trains into Chicago.

On arriving at the Union Station, I asked the conductor whether the Wabash trains ran out of this station.

"No, you take ——'s bus and go over to Polk Street Station."

Waiting outside the station in the midnight wind, the cupola light of the Auditorium could be seen. Arrived at Polk Street Station, the first thing apparent was that Chicago was considered a place requiring police protection. Several of the force were in the waiting-room, alert and observant of everything going on there. A big placard was posted up on the wall, warning you against pickpockets, and further saying: "Do not let confidence-men entice you outside of the station." "No pickpocket or confidence-man will entice me outside of this building to-night," said I, mentally.

A man in a long overcoat, apparently very much absorbed in his own thoughts, was sitting on a bench, and having answered in the affirmative my question whether he would be sitting there a little while, I told him to keep an eye on

my bag and umbrella, and made into Fred Harvey's good old-fashioned restaurant and had a warming bowl of clam chowder. On my return he was still seated there, with the same self-centered air, but a uniformed railway official was also seated by my things, evidently with the determination to see that nobody walked off with them. Upon my appearance he got up and walked away. I heard afterwards that a policeman was seen to come up to a respectable-looking woman, and, pointing to the door, order her out of the station. She departed instantly.

I first visited the Windy City in 1882, eleven years after the fire, of which hardly any signs were then remaining. It was a bustling town and everything was enjoying a healthy rush. On my next visit, in 1893, the city had increased enormously in size and had achieved the height of her ambition—the Columbian Exposition. There was a feverish sense of bigness, resulting in an unhealthy overgrowth, that continued for some years after the World's Fair had closed its doors. The efforts of the Two Million Club were unavailing, and the population remained stationary or fell off. When I passed through there in October, 1904, the streets seemed comparatively deserted. Save for Michigan Avenue, the splendid lake driveway, where hundreds of automobiles were silently speeding, there was a desolating stillness in the streets. A spell seemed to

have settled down upon the formerly rushing metropolis of the West, and to hold it helpless.

In the night, through the medium of the Wabash system, we dropped down to Detroit, arriving about eight, in good time for breakfast. The C. P. R. train for Toronto did not start till 12.30, and for this I was thankful, as I had always passed through Detroit in the night, except once, and then it rained all the afternoon, so that I had never been given a good chance to see this charming lake city. So, after breakfast, I boarded a train at Cadillac Square and went on Jefferson Avenue to the water tower, and, returning, took in Belle Isle Park. Everything in Detroit is Cadillac: Cadillac Square, Cadillac Café, Cadillac Auto, and so on, just as in Seattle everything is Rainier, and in Sacramento everything derives from Shasta. Returning, I went out a long way on Woodward Avenue, and enjoyed the view of the residences and churches on that really magnificent boulevard.

In Toronto the principal topic of interest was the attack on the Plumbers' Union by the City Solicitor. Important developments had been made, and more were looked for.

Notre Dame, Montreal, at six o'clock in the evening; all in darkness save for a stray electric bulb here and there; the great altar dimly discernible by its candles; a white-surpliced form occasionally lighting up the gloom in scattered pews; worshippers, having said their prayers,

singly stealing out; the gorgeons wall coloring of the great church a mere mass—this is one of the great spectacles of French Canada. To come in out of the windy street, with its crowds of shoppers and business people hurrying homewards, the electric cars clanging through the half-lit thoroughfares, newsboys shouting the evening papers, clerks getting out of spacious doorways of banks and insurance blocks, is to enjoy as great a contrast as is imaginable.

When I was last here St. James's was but just finished, the pews had not been installed, and announcement was made of an organ recital soon to be given by a famous Parisian organist. Now it was draped with black, and the catafalque of a dead priest, cardinal-covered, faced the altar.

Another good late afternoon sight in Montreal is the library of McGill University, with its pretty reading-room thronged with students poring over the treasures of the book-shelves, the lights softened by the stained-glass windows.

The only incident of much local interest in Montreal was the unwillingness of a portion of society to see an actress in a play of what they apparently considered questionable morality, the performance of which was to be for the benefit of the unemployed of London, England. The affair was finally compromised by the actress cutting out the second act of the play, in which it was alleged the most flagrant violation of propriety occurred, and filling in the gap with recitations.

In St. John, labor troubles were paramount. The union struck for higher wages than the steamboat proprietors were willing to grant, and attached to our train was a car bringing a batch of dock laborers from Montreal. The St. John Chief of Police, with some policemen, was at Fairville, where the car was detached in order to be run in to St. John by a separate engine. Some St. John dock laborers were also out to see the arrivals, but no demonstration was made. Public feeling in the city was apparently adverse to the strikers. Having laid out a million dollars in erecting grain elevators and improving shipping facilities, the city did not feel like supporting a movement calculated, if persisted in, to drive away a considerable source of business. Excepting a disposition to hedge in one instance, the newspapers strongly deprecated a continuance of the strike, and urged the reasonableness of the scale of wages paid by the steamship people.

