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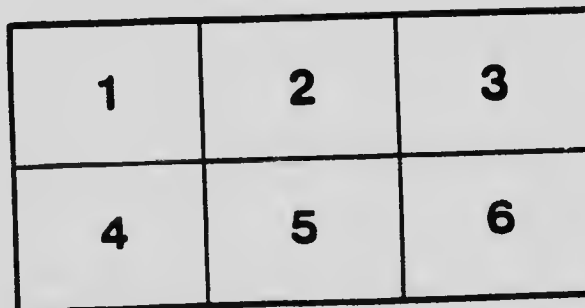
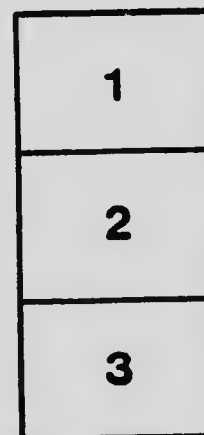
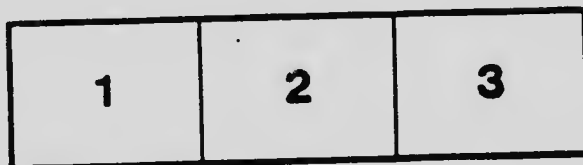
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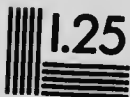
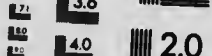
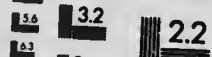
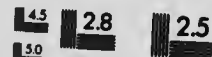
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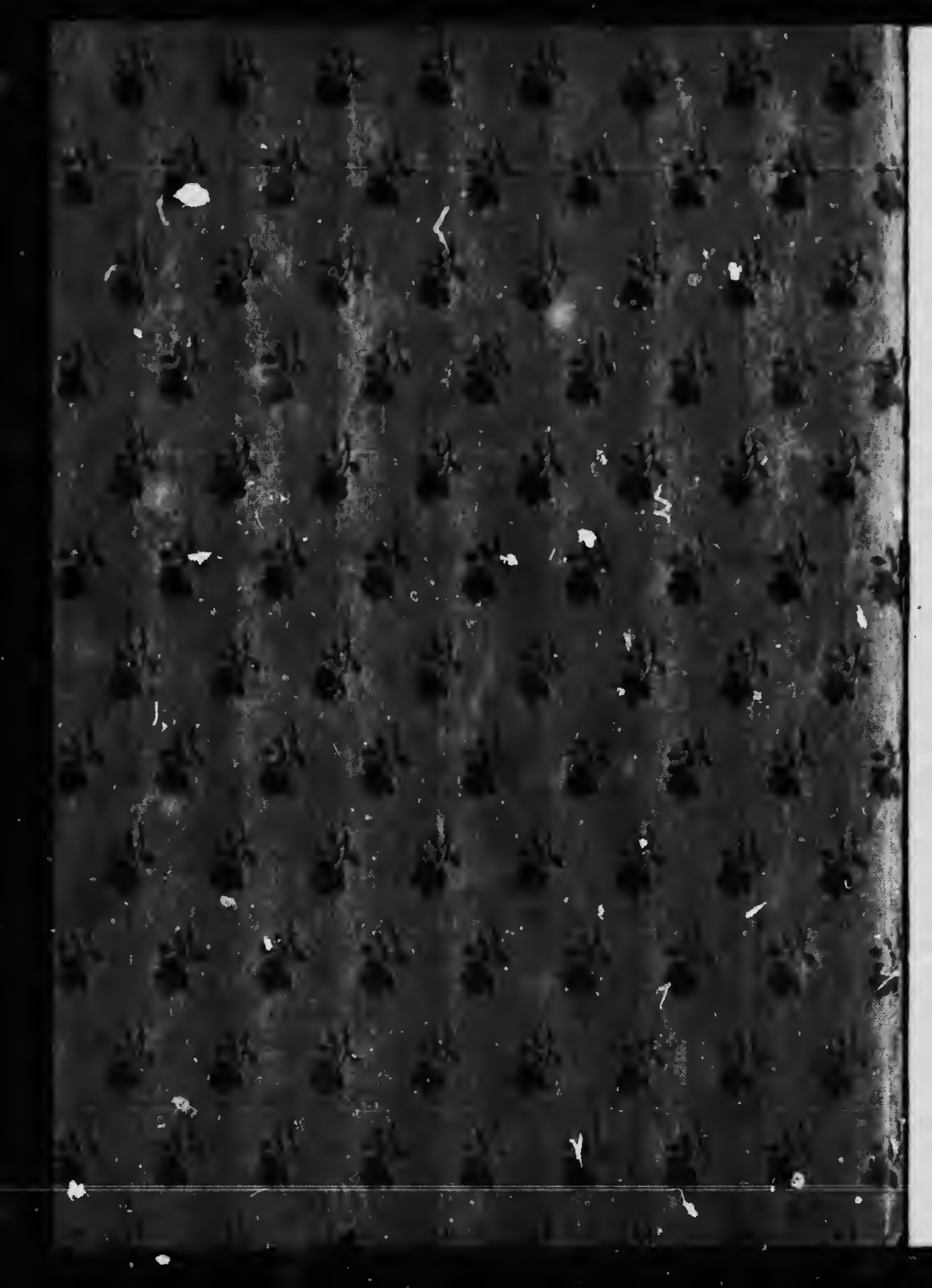
Southbound

*Vancouver  
to Tio Juana*

A Mid-Winter Night

*"And madly danced our hearts with joy  
As fast we floated to the South"*



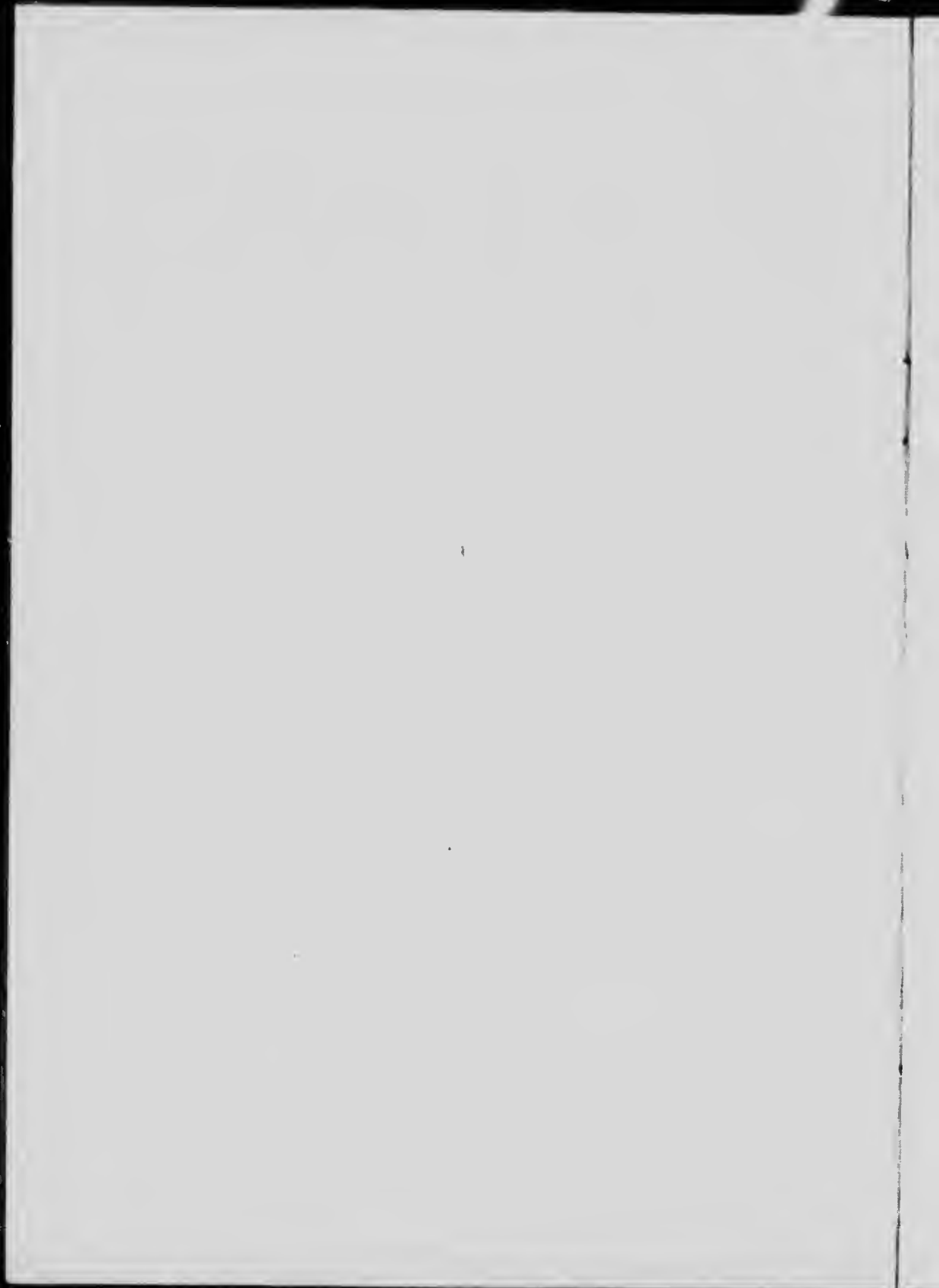




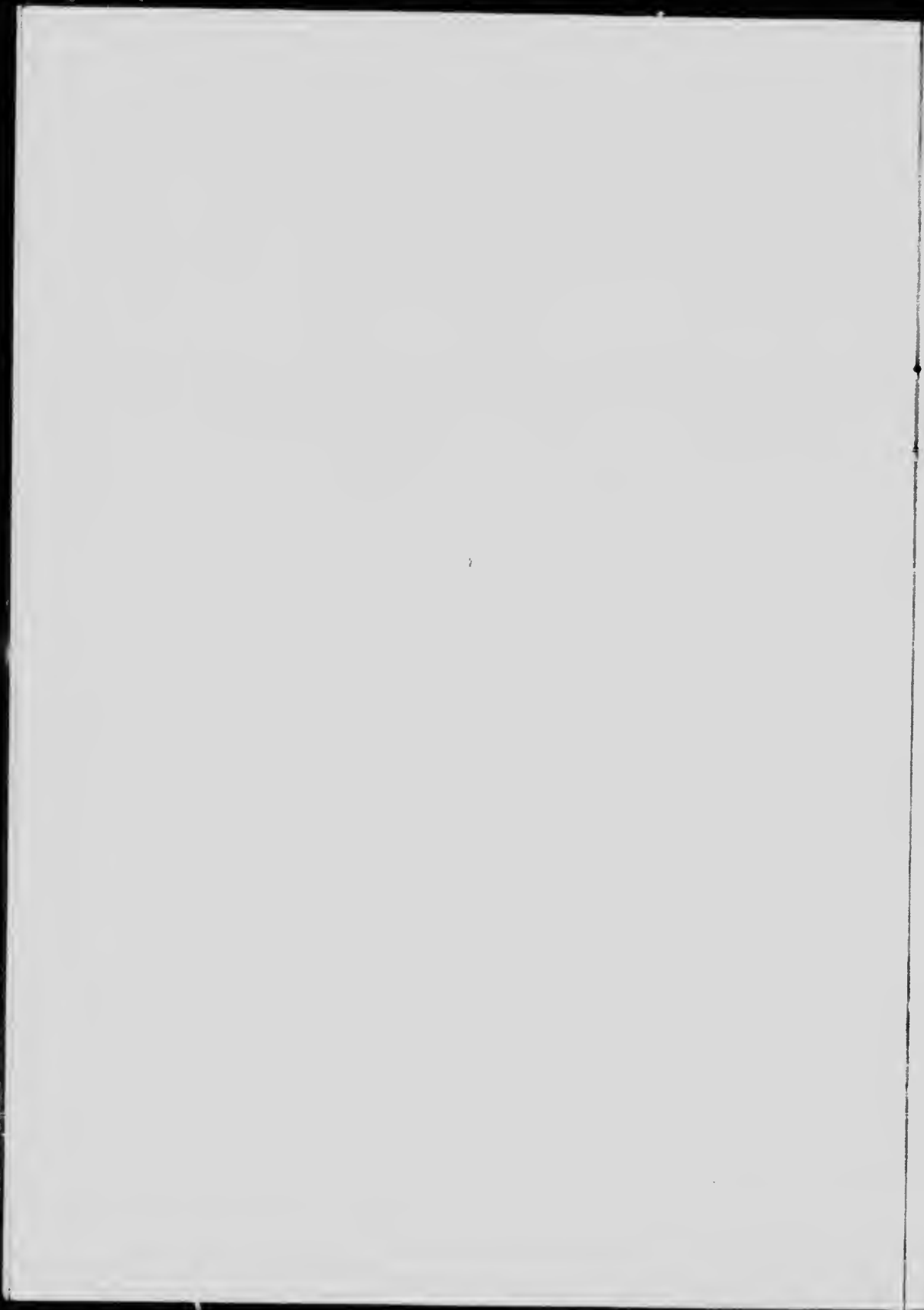
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# Southbound





DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND  
MATTHEW R. SCOTT



## Southbound



T last the talisman is in my hand, and the beginning of the end of the long daydream draws near. I have for years longed to make a trip from the 49th parallel to the Mexican border, with occasional bolder thoughts of even venturing into that region of leisure and revolution.

The talisman is a brown railroad ticket, one of the delightful kind that unfolds like a concertina, and so reaches from hand to shoulder, on the principle that the longer the ticket, the longer the ride.

The kindly members of my thoughtful household have packed my trunk with practiced skill, and I am called to listen to the principle on which it has been done; what articles go here, and what there, so that I may lay my hand on any article in the dark. I listen, a species of coma stealing over my brain, as I know that after my first stopover, confusion will reign therein in an adverse ratio to its present smug tidiness.

At the G. N. R. depot, Vancouver, B. C., as I approach the Plutonic porter of the parlor car posing in somber dignity at the car step, I have a guilty feeling that he eyes me with a certain suspicion that I will attempt to enter the car unclad in the authority of the proper ticket. I hasten to dispel this illusion, and he unbends enough to permit me to enter and to transport my own baggage.

The first look into the car gives a pleasant impression of homeliness and comfort. The fact that it is a chair car, good wide comfortable chairs, makes it seem easy to be at home there, and I sink down into a green cushioned chair prepared to enjoy the first stage of my long dreamed of trip.

In a brief time we are running along the bank of the Fraser River, deep and broad, nearing its destination with its mighty volume of water, to enter into the Gulf of Georgia, an apt illustration of the lines,

“The streams flow into the river,  
And the river flows into the sea.”

Just a little more than a hundred years ago, bold Simon Fraser of the Hudson Bay Company discovered this great river, following it from its diminutive source in the mountains to the point where its two mouths empty their enormous deluges of fresh water into the sea, which for miles out changes the color of the salt water by its vegetable and earthy deposits.

We reach a point opposite New Westminster, the one time capital of British Columbia, and cross on the splendid bridge erected by the Provincial Government. In crossing one gains added admiration of the Fraser as he views its broad bosom from this point of vantage. In so doing the dream arises of the coming day when, that mighty stream will be animated by the craft of many nations on its wide expanse, helping to carry on the traffic of the world.

By and by we leave the Fraser and run through the wonderfully beautiful meadow lands of Delta, the brilliantly green fields flecked here and there with the fortunate cattle privileged to crop the abundant verdure.

Then we come to the placid waters of Boundary Bay shimmering in the sun like “A line of light across the world” and for a delightful hour follow close to its shores the curvings and meanderings of its lines until we come to the 49th parallel, when it loses its name and nationality. And so we ride on all the way

to Seattle along the splendid margin of this inland sea, the eyes enriched and the imagination uplifted by a long succession of glorious glimpses of Old Ocean and of the varied beautiful forms and shapes the unresting sea carves out of its earthen boundaries.

The entire ride from Vancouver to Seattle following this route, is a glorious and imposing vision of forest, stream, and shimmering sea beach, the memory of which is a permanent possession and an uplifting impulse.

From Seattle to Portland the journey was continued at night but it was not all a blank, for, awake in the watches of the night, I raised the curtain of the sleeper and enjoyed the ever new delight of watching the panorama of hill and dale, forest and meadow, farm and farm house, with occasional swift passage through some town or village, where scattered lights showed that some of the burghers had not gone to rest when the hens retired.

I have always considered this marshaling and marching past in review, as it were, that is afforded from a sleeping car window is ample compensation for being an indifferent sleeper, "cribbed, cabined, confined" and almost confined in the narrow cell of a sleeping berth.

The train rolls into Portland at seven in the morning, always an agreeable hour I think to come into a city.

Portland is surely one of the most attractive cities on the Pacific coast. The long reign of the mossback has passed, though one may still notice a hint of that era in the shape of a rundown tenement whose sands of life have nearly run out, the property of the man less common in the west than he used to be, who will neither build, improve, nor sell. The people of Portland are no longer in that category, and abounding progressiveness and cultivated taste are evident in the manner in which both business and residence districts are built up. And with all this I do not own

a solitary town lot there. After three delightful days, including Thanksgiving dinner under the hospitable roof of Dr. James P. Panton, I continue my journey southward.

Leaving Portland in the evening I missed seeing by daylight that part of Oregon which the train traverses, and in the next forenoon I found myself in the state of California, which Joaquin Miller so aptly calls, "The land of old, the land of gold," and an extravagance of sunshine filled the air that forenoon, justifying its baptismal name of "The Land of Gold."

The train was following the valley of the Sacramento, a somewhat insignificant stream when one first strikes it towards its head, but hour after hour it attains more dignified proportions, and at its debouchment into the Bay of San Francisco it demonstrates that it is that freak of nature whose mouth is larger than its head, which at first seems a paradox.

Rumors prevail about the car that we are approaching Mount Shasta and soon that liberally advertised personage—for a great mountain is surely a personage—makes his appearance, I say **his** advisedly knowing that the rules of grammar assert that the male embraces the female, which may be given a broader generalization than the grammar man intended. At first the feeling was a little disappointing, owing to the fact that one sees the mountain endwise, but as the train winds on we continue to have glimpses of Shasta from new points of view until finally he bursts on one's vision snow crowned and majestic, so that one sees his great length with its various saddles or forks, giving the idea of several adjoining mountains. Altogether from the time Shasta was sighted until we passed all his various panoramic changes, nearly two hours passed by, so now I take off my hat to Shasta. The thought occurred, what a glorious place to spend a holiday in exploring and climbing and gaining a more intimate footing with the old chap. And all along the progress of the entire journey through California so very many attract-



ive spots came into view by valley, mountain, lake, stream, seaside, and forest, each beckoning me to stop off right there and revel in its compelling beauty.

A pause of a few minutes at Shasta Springs and all the passengers step briskly out to drink—strange to say without money and without price—of the bounteous rushing spring whose effervescent waters have a pleasantly acid nip, probably from the mineral with which it is impregnated. On a fixture, according to theory, cups were to be had by dropping a nickel into a slot, but this was merely a theory, the fact being that the machine was out of order, so the cups could not be had, and so while many adopted the custom of our primeval ancestors and drank out of overflowing hands, many of the fastidious and unresourceful went away sadder and thirstier men.

Now we are running through mountain valleys, and spots are pointed out where there are fine copper prospects, but this fails to excite us who are post-graduates in mineral prospects, and years ago forced into the belief in the correctness of that old missionary hymn wherein it sings that "Every prospect pleases and only men (prospectors) are vile."

The train—the swell Shasta Limited by the way—now rolls through broadening valleys, and orchards begin to be in evidence, the trees in long precise rows and coated as high as the limbs white with a washing of lime. The oak now becomes frequent, and continues to be more frequent as we go south until we reach the region where the cypress is prominent. The oaks are usually Live Oaks wearing their green leaves all the year round. A splendid sturdy tree, always a gratifying picture in the landscape and worthy of the old English song, whose refrain is:

"Here's to the oak, the brave old oak

Who has ruled in the green woods long,

Here's health and renown to his broad green  
crown,

And his fifty arms so strong."

There certainly is an element of sturdiness in the oak, for while the branches of most trees start up or down, the oak boldly pushes straight out.

A tree that is not to the manner born is pushing to the front in California at a wonderful rate. This is the Eucalyptus, which apparently finds the soil of California as suitable as that of its native land, Australia. It is a wonderfully rapid grower, and soon pushes its leafy height above the average trees of its new habitat. It is a graceful evergreen tree, but annually sheds its bark. The Southern Pacific Railway Co. has planted rows of Eucalyptus trees along side of its track for hundreds of miles, finding it suitable for ties. Farmers plant it along the boundaries of their land and on each side of the lanes, and thus grow their own firewood, for the branches may be freely cut off and the tree cheerfully and promptly pushes out new ones. After the earthquake—if in Frisco you say “after the fire”—a rich man to give employment to needy sufferers employed several thousand men to plant slips of the Eucalyptus on the side of a mountain; now the timber that has resulted is valued at several million dollars. So in the Eucalyptus we have a desirable immigrant, and the same may be said of the sturdy Australians who find their way to America.

As we come say within two hundred miles of San Francisco, the orchards become more numerous, always a pleasant sight, especially to one from the mountain country.

A pleasant week of sightseeing is spent in San Francisco, to me an interesting and delightful city, taking trips to the Sutro Heights with splendid gardens and arboretum, and its grand heights overlooking the Golden Gate, and the grand bay which the Franciscan monks named after Saint Francis of Assisi. Sightseeing around the city to a hundred and one points of interest, the most interesting thing to me were the people in the streets and the varied displays

in the store windows; but more interesting and more wonderful than all, the knowledge that these people had created an eighth wonder of the world in building up in six years this great city after its double baptism of earthquake and fire, at an expenditure it is claimed of over six hundred million dollars, a fact unparalleled in the history of the world. Beside this it has put in a water system sufficient for two million people, and built school houses almost without number. And added to this it is spending unreckoned millions in the erection of palaces and attractions in which to entertain the world in 1915. And yet some people say San Francisco has no enterprise. Market street is one of the greatest streets of the world, and is always a place of interest with its glittering show windows and the hurrying crowds that tread its pavements.

Crossing the great bay we make a visit to Alameda, and spend a delightful evening under the hospitable roof of Leslie Bates, who was in 1882 a brother pioneer in the Yell wstone Valley, and spicy reminiscences of Billings in the Grass Root days are the order of the evening.

A visit to Berkeley with its grand University of California in its ideal picturesque setting among the forest trees on a royal sloping hillside is another interesting memory. The open air Greek Theater is a charming feature of the place. This is certainly a center for spreading education and advanced ideas, and by its merits is constantly adding to the number of its 3,500 students privileged to call it their Alma Mater.

Another side trip was made to Oakland, a flourishing place where I think it would pay to buy real estate. Here we spent a reminiscent hour with F. E. Cornish, a former Helena friend of the old Montana days.

Having seen my fellow travelers—my brother and his wife—off on the U. S. transport for Honolulu, I am off to Palo Alto, that delightful University town,

which takes its fine tone to quite an extent from the great Stanford University, and from the fine people who settle in that town to give their children the benefit of its broad teaching.

Palo Alto is a level town in the Santa Clara Valley, and is built one might say in an oak grove, these splendid trees being so much in evidence. It was gratifying to see civic authorities have some sense of the eternal fitness of things, and that Mr. Gradgrind has no influence in their counsels, for I observed throughout the town in numerous places that when a great oak was found to be in the middle of the highway or where the pavements should be, it was not cut down as it would have been in so very many places, but the roadway or pavement was curved to go around it, and so leave it unharmed to be not only a cheering and beautiful object to the eye, but also a spiritual comfort to those of deeper observation.

According to the terms of the deeds of the original townsite of Palo Alto the sale of intoxicants is prohibited within its borders, a precedent followed by the people of a large adjoining area. So the product of the saloon, is no longer found loafing round this beautiful city, nor are several other of the numerous other evil concomitants that find in the saloon a congenial haven.

The enormous moral weight which the liberality of the men of California has added to the voting power of the State in the way of voting power for women will doubtless continue year after year to restrict one of the greatest threats to America, the saloon, and this in its turn will more and more make California sought after by those who are looking for a good State to settle in.

I saw no poor houses or shacks as one may see in the poor quarters of almost every town. The average house is attractive and nearly always adorned with vines and flowers, and even when one does run across a freaky dwelling nature gracefully conceals its dis-

cordant lines through an extravagance of trees, shrubs, flowers, vines, "rioting over the wall."

On the whole, I call Palo Alto a mighty good town to live in. It is a place where the people, in the words of the prophet of East Aurora, are "doing things," and you meet right and left men and women who are adding to the literature of the country, and those dreaming of all sorts of reform and progress. I formed the delightful acquaintance of a man deeply engrossed in Celtic literature, who is engaged in the bold task of re-writing the Celtic legends, and fairy tales of Ireland. Nothing small about him.

The University is the dominant figure here with its 1,600 pupils, its great President David Starr Jordan, with the strong staff of scholarly assistants, its princely endowment, splendid buildings and equipment, the breadth of its tone, and the democratic spirit of both students and faculty.

One of the institutions of learning that brings credit to Palo Alto is Castilleja School for Girls, of which Miss Mary I. Lockey is the founder and successful head. The very attractive buildings were planned by this capable lady, who has therein impressed her fine personality. The management of the school is of the sanest, and in every detail the eye of the master, or rather in this case the mistress, is in evidence. I cannot think of a school on the continent where girls could have more careful supervision combined with all reasonable freedom. In fact, it seems a place where a pupil may acquire fine scholarship as well as the social graces. It is a fine feeder for Stanford University, whose influence hovers about it.

After a sojourn of three weeks or more in this modern Athens I continue south through the orchards of Santa Clara, then through a somewhat broken semi-mountainous region to Pajaro, where we change cars. The broad Santa Clara Valley is so well planted and cultivated that it gives one the impression of one great orchard.

At a station before reaching Pajaro a young woman entered the car and attracted attention by her evident deep grief, sighing and finally weeping. At Pajaro this was explained, for here a funeral cortege was awaiting the arrival of a train. The contrast was sharp; here we were bound on a delightful pleasure excursion, she to help bury her dead.

"Each must drain his cup of sorrow,  
You today and I tomorrow."

Journeying on we leave the mountains behind and come to the old Mexican town of Santa Cruz, fronting on a fine bay, the name instantly suggesting the perilous and seductive beverage called Rum. The most noticeable feature during the train's brief pause was a fine strong odor of salt, suggestive of a giant dinner of dried codfish.

The railway follows the curves of the water until we come to Monterey, the capital of California under the Spanish regime, fronting on what must be one of the most beautiful parts of old Ocean, the Bay of Monterey. The shore line runs in a giant curve around to Santa Cruz. There is a sloping hard sand beach, up which the breakers send the milky surf. The bay is a deep blue, possibly from the depth of the water, and many fishing boats were rocking at anchor there, while in the distance the white sails of others formed a satisfactory contrast to the blue of the water.

We stayed over at Monterey a couple of delightful days, saw the long wooden house where Governor Alvarado dwelt when representing the Government of Mexico in 1781. A generous house in its time, but now like some threadbare decayed person who had fallen from the high estate of better days. One could call up a vision of this mansion as it was nearly a century and a half ago, a state reception, the Governor and his staff in their bright official trappings, the caballeros in their swashbuckler costumes, the senoras and señoritas gay daughters of Eve, vivacious, sparkling

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

"Where is the laughter that shook the rafter  
Where is the rafter by the way."

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

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

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

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

diers. On the front overlooking the bay are earthworks erected by the Mexicans, and here the American forces routed the Mexican army making a clean job of it. To celebrate the victory a monument stands there, and from each county in the State is a stone contributed to the monument. On the edge of the earthworks is a striking life-size monument of Father Junipero Serro, the great Franciscan monk, who founded nine of the first missions in the State. At his feet is carved his boat, from which he has just stepped for the first time on the place where he was subsequently to found a great mission.

The House of Del Monte is here, a spacious and attractive place with a marvelously fine garden, in which is a maze that takes one much longer to make an exit from than to enter.

But to me the crowning object of interest in Monterey was the house occupied by R. L. S., the beloved, during his sojourn there. In itself a common enough dwelling, but fancy clothed it in glory as with a garment because this grand spirit had lived beneath its roof tree. Somehow he seemed more real to us after looking on this tangible reminder of the abode which this great man made honored by living in. 'Twas here that while negotiating for apartments he discussed with the amazed landlady what might have been had the American Colonies remained a part of Great Britain, predicting that the seat of empire would have been moved across the Atlantic to New York.

Along the coast a couple of miles is Pacific Beach, a prim town dedicated to the use of the followers of John Wesley, for here in the summer is the Mecca of the Methodists of the Pacific coast. It is a delightful place for the various summer meetings held here. The zoological classes from Leland Stanford University do their summer study and exploration on the coast at this point.

From here through the courtesy of friends from Everett, Wash., sojourning at the Pacific Grove Hotel,



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

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

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

“’Tis the voice of the Great Creator  
Who dwells in the mighty deep.”

We stroll through the beautiful streets, and as we pass one attractive dwelling after another we agree that Santa Barbara would be a goodly place to dwell in.

The mission buildings of Santa Barbara stand on a commanding elevation a short distance from the city, and were erected under the energetic supervision of that ancient Franciscan rustler, Father Junipero Serro, about 1787. A guide is assigned to us, a young Franciscan monk, clad in the rough robe, a cord around his waist and a capote like that of the French voyageurs hanging down from the back of his neck. He is a courteous young man, possibly from Holland, but with a note in his accent that is almost Hibernian. Evidently a student, his vigils have given him a look of refinement. He shows us the paintings, St. Michael in fighting costume, the Virgin Mary, portraits of some of the fathers who helped found the mission. All these paintings even though they did come from Spain are very poor daubs indeed, but in the ancient stronghold of the mission, and from their long association with one generation after another of the good fathers, they have acquired an odor of sanctity to the good brother who shows us around. He points out the handiwork of more than one hundred years ago, the beds, the chairs, the tables, and the old stones from the grist mill, which versatile holy men built and which for more than a century ground the grain, sifting into from day to day through attrition a part of their granite structure, the daily bread of the mission, say nothing of that given away to the ever present group of Indians that paid allegiance to the mission. A lively sense of good homemade bread doubtless rendered the Indians more amenable to the teachings of the good fathers as to the bread of life. Apparently these missions in their day took the place of the tavern or stopping place that was to succeed

them, and it must have been a lively and busy spot in the surrounding wilderness, with the fathers in their priestly robes, the cattle, sheep and horses of the mission, their Indian herders, the clacking of the mill wheels, the concourse of Indian women, the games and laughter of the papooses, for some fifteen hundred Indians made the mission their headquarters under the protection and guidance of these Franciscan pioneers.

We step into the chancel, our young guide dropping onto his knee and making the sign of the cross. This is a tall room adorned with figures of the Christ and of the Virgin Mary. In the crypt, another large room, are buried seven of the old fathers who as young men came with Junipero Serro and helped found the mission, spending a long life of service and self-denial for the conversion of the Indians, and we may well say of them as Sir Walter Scott sings of his Medieval knights,

“Their bones are dust, and their good swords rust,  
Their souls are with the saints we trust.”

The stone steps of the chapel were worn smooth and hollow by the thousands of feet moccasined and otherwise, of the pied flock that through the years of long ago, sought this shrine for the peace of their souls and for absolution from their sins. In fact the mission was the one place for the cure of souls in that wild region. As some one has said, “The world had the ague and the church had the quinine and owned the drug store.” There was just one church. No Third Methodist or Second Baptist to appeal to.

Inside the wall in the burial ground outside, are buried 1,500 Indians and quite a few distinguished Spaniards, judging from the inscriptions, the Spaniards each in a masoleum, the Indians in trenches, in three layers or floors so to speak. These missions were built with Indian labor, and with such crude tools as they had and their lack of skill, it is wonderful what fine structures were erected. They are always

in strategic positions like the old military posts in the United States, and like them have indicated the starting point for future cities to spring up about their ruins.

Among the curios the guide points out a section of a grapevine planted over a century ago twenty inches broad. Just think what a flood of wine this vine has poured forth during its hundred years of life on the mission walls. How after its ruby life blood has served to warm the heart of the reverend fathers, and added a touch of gaiety to their meetings, when with the Irish songster they asked each other the question,

"Why should all the gaiety be  
Confined to the Laiety?"

The next stage of the journey was from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles; a fine ride following for quite a distance within sight of the ever restless surf.

The first impression of Los Angeles business district was that the streets were dirty and untidy, indicating that some civic department was absent or asleep, or that people were too busy to clean up and were believers in the old Scottish maxim that "Dirt bodes luck." The dirty streets were a comparatively small matter to speak of when one could write whole reams about the beauty of the dwellings and resident streets, the splendor of its business blocks, its fine transportation facilities, the many attractive outings to be made by trolley, the numerous fine churches, the vim and go of its people, more especially noticing the Jehu-like speed of its aut mobiles and motorcycles, sometimes not inaptly termed "Go-Devils."

Talking of autos, it strikes me that when some men acquire an auto, especially when bought on the installment plan, the speed germ finds a lodging in their brain, or in the locality where their brain is supposed to be, and a feeling of disdain arises in them regarding pedestrians. Such an one goes whirling

along, as it were, in his equity of redemption, making his horn sound a warning, not to say threatening, something between a cough and a hiccup,—let us be broad and say hiccough—which means to say “Get off the Earth.” But such autoists are in the minority, and certainly do not include those thoughtful souls who drive round to our residence and take us out for all sorts of delightful drives. The entire public is indebted to the autoist as a powerful factor in bringing in the era of good roads over the country, and good roads are always the forerunner of advancement. This nervous anxiety of the motorist to get somewhere in a hurry lends a fresh zest to life in the effort in the congested regions, to save one’s life while crossing the street.

In Los Angeles as in all other places in California where tourists most congregate, it seemed that the farmers constitute a large proportion of the traveling public, indicating that these producers have not suffered from the increased cost of living.

Here we had the great pleasure of attending the Unitarian Church and listening once again to the always acceptable preaching of Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin, a sane, discriminating, comforting discourse, and it recalls past days in Helena when he was held in such high esteem and where his name is always a pleasant memory to his friends of that place. With him we journeyed to San Gabriel about an hour’s ride by trolley, and witnessed in the evening the “Mission Play,” in which the engrossing story of the founding, progress and decay of the California missions was skillfully portrayed. A large temporary structure had been erected in this village, in which most of the people were Mexicans. The actors of whom there must have been nearly two hundred men, women and children were practically all Mexicans or Indians, and some quality in their physical and mental makeup rendered them ready-made actors. During a performance of more than two hours there were no signs of awkward-

ness or gaucheries on the part of men, women or papooses, but plenty of fire and action, for evidently they took the matter very seriously. The scenery was good and the costumes were striking, full license being given the performers to put on all the gay colors they choose, and at night performances especially the general color scheme was enchanting. The whole story of the rise and fall of the California missions covering a period of over a century is depicted, the splendid conception of bringing to Christ the Indians of the almost unexplored country, the zeal of the priests, their many hardships and discouragements, their self sacrifice and devotion to their great work, the other great feat in erecting so many stately buildings with defective appliances and unskilled labor, the fruits of their long endeavor in the conversion and baptism of thousands of the Indians, and then the passing of California to another power, and the decay of their cherished mission. Reference is made in the play to "El Camino Delrey," a great highway extending from the southern boundary of California northward beyond San Francisco. This connected the various missions and is a good highway today. This great road once traversed by the monks and their followers is now serving the same purpose for the touring auto.

By means of trolley trips we visited a lot of seaside resorts, Santa Monica, Redondo Beach, and many others. A run out to Pasadena, the retreat of the men of seven figures, proved interesting. Money and brains have been freely used in building up and beautifying this far renowned residence region, flower, vine, shrub and tree doing their part as a setting and surrounding of the architectural effect of its dignified mansions. Let no man come hither with a thirst for the wine when it is red, for, lo, the town is dry. I spent a delightful afternoon with J. B. Backus, a boyhood friend, who after a long and honorable professional career rests under his own vine and fig tree in this delightful retreat. To one like him possessing the life long

habit of work, retiring means simply a change of work; so now in a fruitful garden he bends his back to till the soil, train the errant vine in the way it should go, and do the thousand and one things to be done in gardening, an occupation first carried on by a remote ancestor of his "In the green fields of Eden."

Venice, a tract of land partially covered with salt water and lying along the coast, was acquired by a gentleman whose renown is indicated by his title, "The Cigarette King." He dug a lot of canals which drained the remainder of the land, put in forty or fifty handsome cement bridges, built a number of palaces imitating those of Venice, including "The Bridge of Sighs," and its palace and prison on either hand, and called the place after the water-embraced city of the Adriatic. The place is given over to all kinds of fantastic games and dances, and appliances for inducing winter tourists to part with their nickels, and do absurd and grotesque feats they would not dream of at home. For instance, I paid a dime for the privilege of a fifteen-minutes rides with some other kids ranging in age from six to sixty, among the maizy marshes of Venice on a train of cars something larger than a soap box and of a similar school of architecture, a feat I would not have dreamed of attempting in prim Vancouver even had the management given me a season's ticket. Phonographs grind out grand opera, brass bands play night and day, the "barkers" keep up a constant chatter as to their respective shows, and joining in and drowning this everlasting clamor is the booming of the surf, saying "Ye are but creatures of the day but we have been giving out our music since the morning stars sang together." The whole scene brought to mind a passage in Pilgrim's Progress wherein it reads, "And I came to a Great City the name of which was Vanity Fair." Near Venice the trolley car stops and we are all invited to spend half an hour on the beach gathering moonstones. We indulge in this semi-marine adventure with varied suc-

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

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

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

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

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



there in hope of enjoying some Indo-Mexican dainty, but the fare is commonplace Americano. In going around the village a sense of great peace comes over your soul, as you think of the wild rush in Los Angeles. Here life is long, and what you should do today you put off till tomorrow. A Mexican drives into town as we stand there and stops his team and a leisurely group gathers and long and unhurried talk follows. But we cannot trifle with time as these villagers can for we have only two hours in which to see the noted Mission San Juan de Capistrano located here. An alert Mexican boy shows us through the mission, or rather what is left of it, evidently a sightly pile in its day. This youth was unburdened with reverence, and addressed Father O'Sullivan as though conversing with a playmate. "Father," he bawled across the field, "I have lost the key of the Chapel, let me have yours," and "Father take a look for my keys when you go out." But that holy man merely smiled kindly allowance for the over-weening confidence of youth.

The kitchen with its furniture built by monks so long ago, the kitchen table covered with tough bull hide, the fire-place, the culinary utensils wherein like "The monks of Melrose, they made good fat brose on Fridays when they fasted."

These old kitchens in their day sent out to the refectory plenty of good cheer, for game was plentiful, and Indian hunters proud to serve the Padres with the fruits of the chase. Good store of venison filled the scrip of the friars and they could verify the old song wherein it is said.

"No baron or squire or knight of the shire  
Lives half so well as a Holy Friar."

\* \* \*

"In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted hospitality;  
His great fires up the chimney roared;  
The stranger feasted at his board."

The old chapel has high walls and pews, but the latter are a comparatively late innovation as in the old days the worshippers stood or squatted during the services. The tall candlesticks are of solid silver and came from Spain. To come from Spain in the eyes of all these mission guides is sufficient to give a dignity and almost a sacredness to the object, as in the case of the ancient paintings found in all these old missions so awfully awful that for once we may assert that old age is not necessarily venerable. This like all the other missions had in its palmy days a great quadrangle with high adobe tile covered walls, but the gnawing tooth of time has torn down much of the walls and the buildings, though ample is left to give one a fair idea of the beauty and dignity of the whole place. In openings in the front wall are the four large bells of the mission that for more than half a century summoned its faithful rich and poor, white, yellow and red to their devotions. These bells whose musical voices used to sound over the surrounding hills and valleys are now cracked and their melody flown forever. Father O'Sullivan told us they were still rung annually to usher out the spirit of the dying year and to welcome its successor. The Father is in charge and administers spiritual comfort and everyday advice to his flock in the village, a fine looking affable man.

The ostrich farm was one of the points of interest we saw in the suburbs of Los Angeles, any place being a suburb of Los Angeles that is not more than 100 miles distant from the city hall. Instead of being scattered about in distant fields the birds were in bunches or bands—whichever is the more appropriate term. They were in comparatively small yards so one could approach within 8 or 10 feet of them which is about as close as prudence would admit. There were fifty or sixty of these giant birds, all quite as much interested in us as we were in them. The tipping custom is now so firmly fastened on the country—undesirable immigrant—that even the ostriches

have caught on, and it has become good form with them to follow the tourist round with a wary eye to a tip in the way of any light indigestible dainty from a ten penny nail downwards. On this occasion some one handed "Bob Evans," the largest of the ostriches, a good sized orange. It went gracefully down the long hose-like neck and it was with a weird fascination we watched its bulging progress until it disappeared somewhere in the basement of his digestive apparatus. "Bob Evans," like his naval namesake, was a scrapper, for some slight breach of ostrich etiquette he chased another of his band around the enclosure kicking vigorously forward with his great right foot, with almost the identical motion of a football specialist. The carriage of these creatures is a peculiar one, something like a camel, and with the same combination of sulkiness and dignity.

But the attractions of Los Angeles were too numerous, and we had to cut this part of our trip short, for our faculty for expressing further wonder was about worn out. Probably among the best things that we did not see was the trip to Catalina Island in the glass bottomed boat with the beautiful sea gardens at the bottom of the ocean, but we reserved this for another trip.

San Gabriel, out from Los Angeles and reached by trolley, is mostly occupied by Mexicans and Indians. The feature of this sleepy little hamlet is the fine old mission of San Gabriel, one of those founded by that marvel of energy, piety and worldly wisdom, Father Junipero Serro. This is a cut above the other missions built in that early period in being of stone instead of adobe, and so involving a more serious problem for the builders in the absence of modern appliances to handle and raise the ponderous material. We were met at the entrance by a youth of eighteen or twenty, a Mexican, but enough imbued with Americanism to be clad in the latest brown suiting and one of those unattractive little flat topped hats that boys

of today sport. At the Santa Barbara mission the monk who guided us never hinted at a gratuity, but to this 20th century young Mexican American 'twas a "business proposition" and no chances taken, so he prudently collected his fee in advance, thus removing the unhappy possibility of some tourist of the absent-minded brand overlooking this important detail. In showing us through it was quite evident that the young gentleman had lost the simple faith of his bygone Mexican forefathers, for he seemed to be rather ashamed of the dignified old building and its interesting features, which shed a little light on how the monks of a century and a half ago made up some of the details of their daily lives. The chapel is high and dignified still in spite of time's corrosion. In the baptistry is a large basin beaten out of copper by the Indians. The mission records show that from the waters of this basin over seventeen thousand persons were baptised regardless of race, color or previous condition of servitude. This battered old font interwoven with the spiritual history of so many souls, may well be preserved as an honored and interesting link of the past. The kitchen and its homely appliances bring these venerables nearer to us. Here is their oven, here the pantry with its generous supply of drawers that would be the envy of a modern housewife, the pots, pans and even the great caldron wherein like the monks of Kintail they made,

"A good strong ale,  
The best that e'er was tasted."

There are some fine specimens of engrossing on parchment, of books written out in the abounding leisure of these long days of that bygone time. A Lamarche rose planted by the loving hands of one of the fathers a hundred years ago still thrives, and covers a trellis with its white roses emblematical of the purity of spirit of these men, who a century ago gave their lives to the uplifting of the dusky human

brothers that surrounded them. In the old cemetery, "There heaves the turf of many a mouldering heap," but the old monuments are gone and only the wooden and occasionally stone tombstones tell of an Alvarados, a Lopez, or some other Mexican man, woman or infant who has passed on.

We arrived at San Diego, that beautiful city of the sea, in the late afternoon, but there was still light enough to walk about and prospect for a congenial hostelry. This we were lucky enough to find in the King George Hotel. The royal title proved so appealing, so we speedily became guests under the roof of this monarchical tavern. And it proved to be all we had hoped for in the way of comfort and that feeling of restfulness that some places insensibly give one.

Our delightful three days' stay in the City of St. James were too short to do it justice, but one may not reasonably expect to exhaust all the possibilities in so short a time. The splendid bay is an uplifting picture, land-locked, and with most picturesque surroundings, sloping beach, towering headlands, and wooded hills. From my chamber window between midnight and dawn I hear with joy the breaking of one white-crowned wave after another, and the grinding of their waters on the sand subdued by distance, and I can better understand Longfellow's happy description "Music of the Waves."

"The night is calm and cloudless  
And still as still can be,  
And the stars come forth to listen  
To the music of the sea.  
They gather and gather and gather,  
Until they crowd the sky,  
And listen in breathless silence  
To the solemn litany.  
It begins in rocky caverns,  
As a voice that chants alone,  
To the pedals of the organ

In monotonous undertone,  
And anon from shelving beaches,  
And shallow sands beyond,  
In snow white robes uprising  
The ghostly choirs respond.  
And sadly and unceasing  
The mournful voice sings on,  
And the snow-white choirs—still answer:  
"Christe Eleison?"

Some of Uncle Sam's fleet were in evidence there, among them a couple of battleships in their ocean colored paint, the Colorado and California, a gunboat that during our stay was ordered to Mexican waters, some torpedo boats and other craft of the navy. The presence of the Blue Jackets on the streets of San Diego gives a cosmopolitan air to the place.

By auto we made the trip to Point Loma, the home of the Theosophic Colony founded by Madame Katherine Tingley. The site is a commanding one overlooking the bay, and is made up of 1,200 acres in a high state of cultivation and worked by members of the colony. The colony consists of two hundred adults and three hundred children. The communal buildings are picturesque and stately. It is said that thorough attention is given to the education of the children. It occurred to me that this peaceful place would appeal strongly to one wearied with the battle of life with its troubles and cares and unrest, and that for such an one, here was a haven of rest and peace with congenial associates. And still it would look to many like shirking the fight. But that is probably a matter depending on one's mental and moral makeup, and I am quite sure that for some this is what is "Rest and Peace."

"Oh! that I had the wings of a dove,  
Then would I fly away and be at rest."

Another memorable trip that we made by auto was to Tia Juana, Mexico. In passing through the

portals that indicate the international boundary line, a Mexican, a good-natured farmer-like person, came out of the little wooden custom house door and greeted us with "Buena Diaz." Our guide tells him that we have nothing dutiable, so he waves us an amiable permission to proceed, and we alight in front of a row of wooden shacks devoted to the sale of Mexican curios. As the first duty of a tourist is to buy postal cards, which like the poor we have always with us, we buy liberally to address and mail them, finding with glad surprise that Mexican two cent stamps can be bought for one cent. To a bargain hunter this opens up at once that scheme of buying out all the stock of stamps, but wiser thoughts prevail. I refrained from buying many articles that I wanted to buy because of an hallucination that I would be there again in a short time and then buy, and this idiosyncrasy has haunted me through life. It is said that a fault once discovered and acknowledged is half corrected. Backed up and cheered by this comforting suggestion I shall go to work deliberately the next time I visit Tia Juana or any similar place, and load up with everything that appeals to my taste. Tethered to a tent was a venerable burro whose motheaten coat and gray muzzle showed him to be no longer young. His drooping head and general sardonic look hinted that many years of intercourse with hard-hearted Greasers had imbued him with a depressed, not to say skeptical view of mankind. On being addressed he deprecated all advances towards acquaintance. No Greasers for him. On the tent to which the burro was tethered was a notice that a bull fight would take place that afternoon. But the burro's skeptical attitude was catching, and we too harbored a suspicion that the bulls would not be fierce or gory enough to justify the expenditure of two pesos.

But like the late lamented Tam O'Shanter we discovered that "No man can tether time or tide" and like him we must set off for home. So it is good-bye

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

Robert Louis Stevenson concludes his Inland Voyage thus:

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

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

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

Walter Matheson.

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





