

RALPH'S SCRAP BOOK

CONTAINING HIS WRITINGS AND
ILLUSTRATED STORIES OF TRAVEL

PUBLISHED IN MEMORY OF
RALPH · EDMUND · BICKNELL

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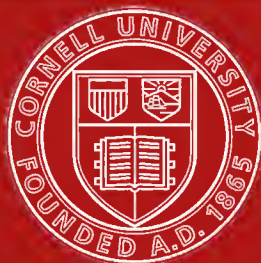
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Presented to
Mr Edward S. Gould + Family
Lawrence Mass

In memory of our dear Ralph
with the compliments of
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Tickenell.

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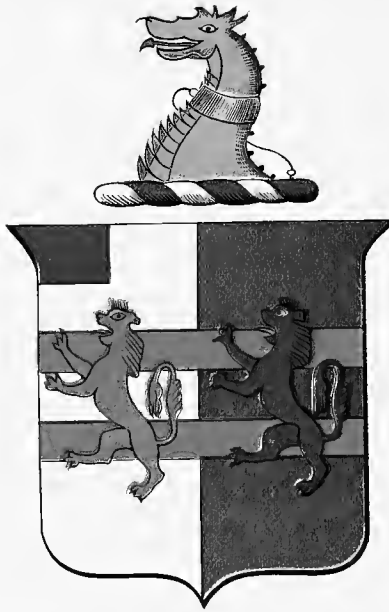
RALPH'S SCRAP BOOK

ILLUSTRATED BY HIS OWN
CAMERA AND COLLECTION
OF PHOTOGRAPHS, AND
COMPILED BY HIS FATHER,
EDMUND BICKNELL

*Dedicated to his friends and presented
to them in his memory*

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

1905



Birknell

THE BICKNELLS



IN connection with this volume and the Bicknell coat-of-arms prefacing its contents, it is perhaps not inappropriate to state briefly the origin of the Bicknell family in this country. In 1635, Zachary Bicknell, an English naval officer, his wife Agnes, and his son John, came to this country and settled in Weymouth, Massachusetts. Zachary died one year later, thus leaving his son John, from whom sprung the numerous progeny bearing the Bicknell name now scattered from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the gulf.

In 1879, a reunion of the Bicknell family then living in the United States, took place in Weymouth, when the Bicknell Family Association was organized. Enthusiasm ran high, the result of which was the publishing, in 1880, of a ninety-six page volume, containing order of exercises at the reunion, address of welcome by Hon. Thomas W. Bicknell, of Boston, president of the association, address by Hon. George A. Bicknell, M. C. of Indiana, reading of original poems, an original hymn, and a brief history of the Bicknell family.

The design for the Bicknell coat-of-arms belongs to the Bicknells of Spring Garden Terrace of

London, and may be properly claimed as ours. The adoption of this particular crest or shield does not preclude the possible or probable existence of other emblems in the possession of other members of our family, both in England and America. Its characteristic beauty is worthy of note.

At the Bicknell family reunion held at Weymouth, Massachusetts, September 22, 1880, the following hymn was sung at the close of the exercises in the church, before adjournment for dinner:—

FAMILY HYMN

Tune — "America"

Joyful we gather here, With brimming hearts to cheer, Each kinsman new. From north and south and west, Grateful for favors blest, We come, in loving quest, This scene to view, —	That warmth can ne'er depart From any loyal heart That owns our name. Unquenched by time or space, By Heaven's sustaining grace, In every age and place, It burns the same.
Our family, returned To this old home, where burned The earliest fire, Which, on this northern strand To warm their Pilgrim band, Was kindled by the hand Of our GRANDSIRE.	When Christmas time is near, We seek the homes so dear, At Love's glad call,— So, on this autumn day, The summons we obey, And come in full array, Each greeting all.

Right welcome to this place!
Welcome each cousin's face,
 Fruit of OUR tree!
Hail to each new found friend!
May heaven its bounty lend,
And may success attend
 Our JUBILEE.

— *Alfred Bicknell, Melrose, Mass.*

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HIS CHILDHOOD HOURS

THE MISSION OF THIS BOOK



NOT long after our boy was taken from us, I found myself in a study to know what he would have me do for him now that he is gone. His ambition in life was to become an author and a man of letters. Thus I feel sure that in no other way can I so fully do his bidding than to record his efforts toward preparing himself for such a life, and the evidence he left of promised success in his chosen profession had he been permitted to live.

This book is for private circulation. It is a tribute to his purity, brilliancy, and manliness; especially intended for his many admiring friends. This is why I have allowed myself to dwell upon his pure-minded, brilliant life to such an extent as might make it appear overdone to readers who did not know him. The mission of this book is to carry out this idea, and it is placed in the hands of his friends as a monument to his memory.

In a savings bank in Lawrence he left a snug

little sum of money, a portion of which he earned when a small boy with his little printing press. Knowing how intensely eager he was to pay his bills with his own earnings, and with my desire to make this a gift to his friends with all credit to himself, the cost of its publication will be paid in part with his own savings. I ask you in his name to accept it as a gift direct from him. May its pages keep his memory dear.

EDMUND BICKNELL.

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

1905



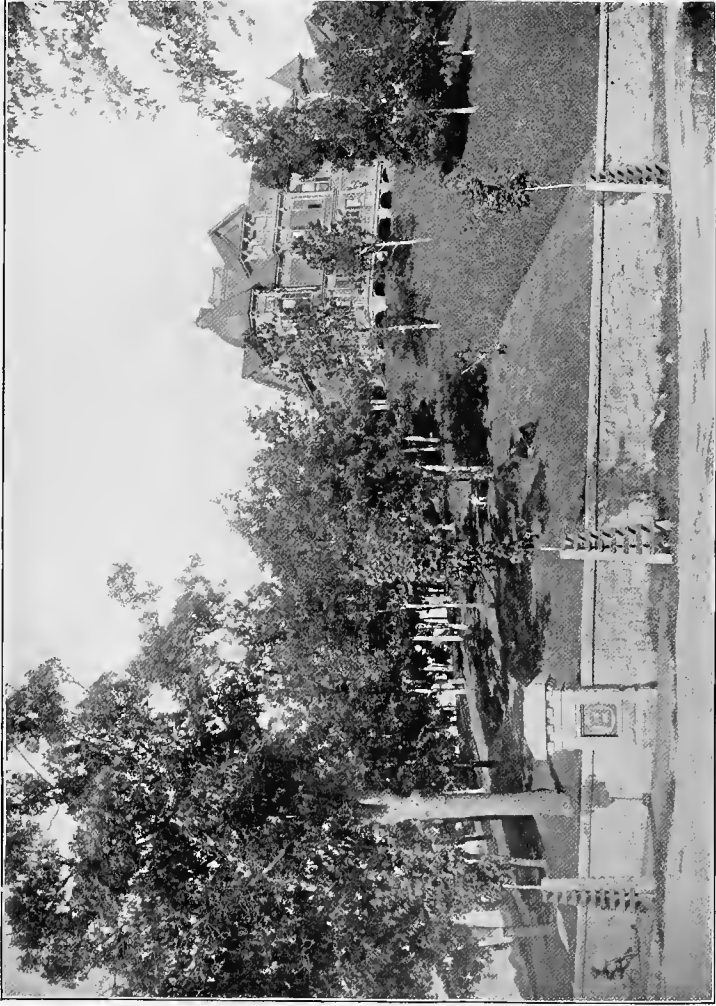
Ralph F. Bicknell

Joy! Shipmate, Joy!
Pleased to my soul at death I cry
Our life is closed, our life begins;
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore.

Joy! Shipmate, Joy!

— Whitman

NOTE.—The reason why the above occupies this prominent position is because Ralph was an ardent admirer of Whitman's works, and particularly because this little gem, among all his memorized quotations, was his favorite during his last sickness. He would recite this verse aloud repeatedly when his nervous condition was almost unbearable. From it he seemed to gain such sweet inspiration and such promises of relief and cheer as would soothe his nerves and beget renewed patience and courage.



GRANITE PARK — RALPH'S HOME IN LAWRENCE, MASS.

BRIEF HISTORICAL SKETCH



ALPH Edmund Bicknell was born in Lawrence, October 31, 1881. He passed to the great unknown March 31, 1904. In this brief historical sketch of his short stay with us in this life, I shall strive to prevent the mixing of eulogy with historical facts.

From his birth until fourteen years of age we had considered him a healthful boy. The fact, however, that he was a small eater and a light sleeper caused some fear, and yet we hoped that this handicap to a strong and vigorous manhood would be outgrown. During his last year in school he was business manager of the "Essex School Journal", in the columns of which many articles appeared from his pen. This little magazine was said to be the only publication of its kind issued by any grammar school in the United States. It certainly was a marvel of excellence, considering the youth of its editorial and business staffs.

His enthusiasm for his next step in the high school was intense. Even at this youthful age his ambition for education knew no bounds. The anticipated happy event of his graduation from the grammar

school, commanding as he did the admiration of every teacher in his school life, was not realized, though he received his diploma with all the honor therewith connected. It was in March preceding graduation that what has proved to be his fatal stroke came, to blast all his hopes and dreams of a happy and useful future. He took a sudden and severe cold which seemed to cut him down almost as suddenly as does the keen edge of the scythe cut down the grass. We took him to the office of our family physician, who examined his condition thoroughly, his lungs especially. When I have forgotten all else, I shall still remember the sad look on Dr. Lougee's face (for he loved Ralph) when he had finished and said to me, "Take this boy to the best lung specialist in Boston and follow his advice."

No time was lost in doing so, and Dr. Knight, of Boston, gave us a written report of the result of the examination, which was sad indeed. Only a few days previous he had seemed to us so strong, healthful, ambitious, and always so purely good that we could think only of success for his future and the joy that would come to us in after years because of him. Now it almost seemed he had been taken from us. Following Dr. Knight's advice, in less than one week, in May, 1896, we left business, home, everything dear, and our whole family was on the way to California, there to see to it that Ralph

should eat, drink, sleep, and live continuously in the open air. Pasadena was our headquarters. Securing there the best medical advice, we went directly into the heart of the Sierra Madre Mountains, 4000 feet above sea level and built a cloth tent, in which we lived for five months.

That troubles never come singly we were forced to realize during these five months. Almost in the twinkling of an eye Ralph's dear little baby brother, then only nine months old, was taken from us. Our cup of grief was now more than full. The little one was very dear to Ralph. The absence of his sweet smiles and charming presence in our camp life was keenly felt, so keenly that the effect on Ralph's condition was depressing.

Winter drawing near we came down from our mountain home, leasing a cottage in the foothills at Altadena, where we remained during the winter. The location, climatically and otherwise, was charming in the extreme, surrounded by roses and other flowers in great variety, orange orchards and fruits of many varieties. Let me quote from a letter which I wrote on January 16, at Altadena, and which was published in "The Lawrence Telegram": "The wilderness of orange and lemon trees, shrubs and plants is laden with golden fruit and blossoms. The air is sweetened with the perfume of orange and lemon blossoms, roses, and heliotrope. The

breakfast-table is beautified by large bouquets of roses, the size of which is measured only by the patience of the individual who cuts them. Both doors of the dining-room are wide open, allowing the pure, sweet-scented morning air to circulate at will. The perfume of orange and lemon blossoms, roses, and other flowering shrubs, is almost sickening."

Securing two saddle horses, much of our time was spent horseback riding. "Roughing it" was the doctor's orders, in accordance with which a camping-out trip to the Yosemite Valley was arranged. A "prairie schooner" was secured, fitted and furnished for board and lodging on wheels. In April, 1897, after the rainy season was over, our two saddle horses were hitched to the prairie schooner and the start was made.

The experience of this trip was interesting, instructive, and truly grand. Ralph was the "chef" for the expedition, which duties he performed cheerfully, methodically, and satisfactorily. He was extremely methodical in all his life's doings. The trip covered 1170 miles, consuming just fifty days time. Illustrated letters written to the "Pasadena Daily Star" while en route are published in this book. The dear boy never while he lived ceased to enjoy the memory of this fifty days experience. Who can say that its sweet memory will ever cease to give him joy.

Fourteen months in California and we returned to Lawrence, arriving on July 5. During the remainder of 1897, and until October, 1898, his time was spent at home in Lawrence, at Ogunquit Beach, and Conway, N. H. From October, 1898, until January, 1899, accompanied by his mother, he was at "The Home" in Denver, Colorado, which in reality is a first-class hotel designed for the comfort and welfare of health seekers. By his doctor's advice, and to escape the unpleasantness and danger of spring weather in Colorado, they went to Gaudalahara, Mexico, returning to Colorado Springs in May, 1899, where they remained until autumn, returning to Lawrence in October. From then until January, 1900, Ralph spent his time at home in Lawrence, when he again went to Colorado Springs.

This was his first venture alone in the West. Only young men who have been driven from home sick and alone, can know the severe test to their courage such a parting gives. Only parents who thus part with their only child, can know the grief of the parting or the constant anxiety which follows. The fact however, that Ralph was a marvel of courage, and that his fight for life knew no bounds, served in a measure to soften the grief. He had now studied the features of different Colorado health resorts, until he was satisfied that, all things considered, Colorado Springs should be his "cure

chasing home", as he called it. In July following he had a serious attack of typhoid nature. It was so serious that his mother and I went to him. Colorado Springs is nearly 6000 feet above sea level. For a change his doctor advised us to take him to Manitou Park, a favored health resort in the mountains, 1500 feet higher than Colorado Springs.

When we had secured a place and moved him to Manitou Park, I returned to Lawrence, leaving his mother to nurse and care for him. Here they remained nearly three months, when they came down from their mountain home to locate at Colorado Springs for the winter. Ralph was now so much improved that his mother came home in December. Each year during his eight years of sickness he improved in the cold weather, and each year his hot weather "set back" was greater than the gain in cold weather. In April, 1901, his mother was called to him again. The high altitude had so wrought on his nervous system that his doctor now advised that his mother go with him again to California, where they arrived April 21. After two months in California they returned to Colorado Springs, and again went into the mountains at Manitou Park, where they arrived June 28. After securing good accommodations for him, his mother left him again for our home in Lawrence. There he remained until September, when his condition had so im-

proved that he came home to Lawrence, arriving October 1.

This was his last home visit. It was during this home visit that the photo was taken from which the reproduction was made that appears as frontispiece in this book. That likeness, so good of him, shows that he was at that time the picture of health. How deceptive! The dear boy's life even then was day by day being cut down by that terrible disease, tuberculosis. The best of care, with an abundance of nourishing food, had kept for him an outward healthful appearance.

December 2d, he again started for Colorado Springs. This time he secured a room opening on a large piazza, where he slept in the open air nights with no regard to weather conditions. In addition to an abundance of bed clothes, a large fur robe was on his bed. With his person clad in the warmest night robes and bed socks possible to obtain, and with a home-made nightcap covering head and face to prevent freezing, leaving breathing holes only, there he slept in all kinds of weather, many nights with the thermometer below zero.

The following July his annual "set back" came, and a despatch came from his doctor at Colorado Springs for his mother to again go at once. This time the doctor advised as a change that they go to the mountain foothills near Palmer Lake, get a

cottage, that they might be alone, so his mother could get for him the best of nourishing food and cook it herself to his taste. As in previous years the change caused rapid improvement. On October 1st they said good-bye to their last mountain home, and came down to "The Springs" once more to settle in winter quarters. Ralph had now so much improved that in the latter part of October he felt reconciled to have his mother come home again. He was now at the private boarding house of Mr. A. F. Holt, formerly druggist in Broadway, Lawrence. That he was left with Lawrence friends who would take an interest in him, partially relieved our anxiety. Ten more long months of monotonous yet patient and heroic "cure chasing" and the last stroke came, from which he never rallied.

In August, 1903, he had an attack of typhoid fever, when his mother was again called to his bedside. The best effort in medical skill by his faithful doctor, together with the joy of his mother's presence, and her tender care and tireless nursing, soon drove away the fever, but the effect on his strength and wasted form, after eight years of constant fighting, was too much to be overcome. Seven long months of the sweetest patience, unbounded gratitude, and most heroic reconciliation ever put forth by man, and the end came.

No warrior or general ever fought a braver battle.

None deserve greater praise for heroism. Had his case been simply disease of the lungs a complete cure would have long since been accomplished. It was the many complications, all of a tubercula nature, that baffled every effort to bring about a cure.

Who can say that the victory he has gained is not many times greater than would have been the cure for which he so desperately fought.

All our duties are within our reach.

Let us love and labor.

Let us wait and work.

*Let us cultivate courage and cheerfulness—
open our hearts to the good—our minds
to the true.*

Let us live free lives.

*Let us hope that the future will
bring peace and joy.*

Above all let us preserve the veracity of our souls.

— Ingersoll

NOTE— All quotations made in this book are Ralph's own selections. They are taken from the blank leaves of his several diaries, copied therein in his own handwriting.

HIS PURE AND BRILLIANT MIND



IN connection with this historical sketch of Ralph's life, it seems to me fitting that words should be spoken eulogistic of his patient, brilliant, pure-minded, energetic, sympathetic, and heroic nature.

Would that I were capable of doing justice to that task. While considering his active brain, his babyhood cannot be forgotten. As I said in his "brief history", he was always a light sleeper. When a child in the cradle he would seem to be in a sound sleep and wide awake in the twinkling of an eye. Awakening from a sound sleep his eyes would open wide as if worked by an automatic machine, without a yawn, or a movement of a limb. So lightly did he sleep that it seemed he could feel one's noiseless approach to his bedside. To get into the house in the night-time without awakening him was a delicate task. As unnatural as this may seem, the picture is not overdrawn.

This proved in his infancy unusual activity of brain. When only a little tot three years old he was intensely interested in pictorial publications, particularly "Puck" and "Judge". Many times

have I taken him on my knee and been made to blush for my stupidity, because he would grasp the idea of the caricature artist while I was dreaming. He became interested in the daily papers while very young, and surprised older people with his knowledge of the events of the day. Unlike most boys of his age, his interest in newspapers was centred in the editorial columns. Before he was twelve years old he had twice read the Bible through; not because he had ever been asked to do so, but because he seemed thoroughly interested in it. To me this seemed a marvelous act for a boy under twelve years of age.

In his school life we found it necessary to hold him back rather than urge him ahead. Study was a continuous pleasure to him. He loved his teachers, and they in turn admired his sweet disposition, enthusiasm, honesty, and manly conduct. During his school life never to my knowledge did he have an enemy.

The intensity of the disappointment that came to him when he was made to realize he must be separated from everything dear to his boyhood, cut short indefinitely of all the happy dreams of future school associations, only to flee to the far West for his life, was truly pathetic. This gave his courage a severe test, yet his well developed reasoning powers came to the front. He realized that we had

sought the best advice possible, and he resolved to follow the same with a will. Never did he falter from or betray that resolution. He denied himself at all times of every pleasure that would in the least antagonize the advice of his physician. He was true always to his mother, his father, and his medical adviser, and never untrue to himself.

He was an energetic student all his life. His determination to educate himself was eagerly continued through his eight years of "cure chasing". His diaries tell the story of his never-let-up energy. They commenced on January first and ended not until December thirty-first. A well-kept diary is almost universally a decided task. To him it seemed a pleasure. In the fly leaf of nearly all of his diaries will be seen in his hand writing the following quotation:—

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander
time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

— Benjamin Franklin.

To him wasted time was worse than money thrown in the fire. Always supplied liberally with selected reading matter, and with a long list of correspondents, added to his newspaper and magazine articles he found no idle moments. No trashy literature ever occupied his time or poisoned his brain. He made a special effort to become acquainted,

and to associate, with men and women from whom he could learn. Among the most enjoyable friends he made in Colorado Springs were clergymen and college professors. His wonderful store of knowledge of the events of the day, of men and things, and his untiring historic research, ancient and modern, made him such a conversationalist as caused these learned men to marvel.

As his physical condition weakened, it seemed that his mental brilliancy quickened. Unlike most sick people, he never failed to greet his callers with a smile, and sent them away full of admiration. When asked how he felt, his answer was never a complaining one. Forgetting self at all times for the enjoyment of his friends, his conversation was ever in his original humorous style, and on such subjects as he knew were interesting to his callers.

He was sympathetic to a fault. To be brought into contact as he must necessarily be in a health resort, with many poor sick persons who had not the means to obtain medical attendance, nourishing food, or the comforts of life, gave him great sadness. Little do his friends know of the good cheer he has caused by kind word and deed. His appreciation of a kind word or act toward himself, no matter how small, was unbounded. It came from the heart, and it amounted to enthusiasm. Hard indeed, must be the heart and selfish the nature that would

ever tire in an effort to cheer and help such a boy.

Would that I could paint a picture in words so real as to show his friends how cheerful, patient, grateful, and heroic was every day and hour of the seven months of his last sickness. His mother's presence was a mountain of cheer to him. Her tender love, tireless nursing, and soothing touch were received by such cheer and true gratitude as to turn his terrible suffering into sweet patience, and his last sick-bed into heavenly inspiration.

Even with all his suffering it almost seemed that those last seven months, soothed by his mother's presence and sweetened by the inspiring result of the fruits of his pure and studious nature, were the dearest seven months of his life.

God gave to us this precious boy,
His coming filled our hearts with joy ;
Why should he thus be taken away,
To leave us lonely day by day ?
Big-hearted, noble, brilliant, pure,
Brave, patient, his cross to bear,
Sweet-tempered, always full of cheer,
Memories all how sweet and dear.
Loyal in every act and deed,
Student of Nature, art, and creed,
His short life knew no idle time,
So eager to improve his mind.

What shall we say of this short life,
So good, and yet so full of strife?
Filled with love and inspiration,
Life to him was adoration.
Yet with all his desperate fight
He knew the morning, not the night.
How shall we ever come to know
The cause of all this earthly woe?
His wish to live was so intense,
Yet death his only recompense:
What we call death is life beyond,
The summons came, he must respond.
'Tis sad, yet joyful evermore,
Free from pain on the other shore;
Disappointments all left behind
Heavenly joys his there to find.
Nature's laws being disobeyed,
He the painful penalty paid.
May joy be his forevermore,
With friends in heaven to part no more.
How sweet to think when we are done,
With all our earthly battles won,
The joys of heaven he'll gladly share,
That same sweet smile will greet us there.

SELF - EDUCATION



THE work of compiling this memorial volume, as a monument to our dear boy's memory, has given me the most inspiring experience of my life, and forced me to admit that I did not fully know him. In order to do justice to his worth, so far as my ability allows, I have been obliged to study his life work while absent from home. It is thus that I have been made to partially realize how far he had gone in self-education and his nearness to perfection in spirituality.

The reader must bear in mind that all the work from his pen published herein was done at and previous to the age of eighteen years. By advice of his physician he wrote nothing for publication thereafter. Thus, it is seen, that beyond such evidence of literary talent as is published in this book, he added four long years of hard study.

A personal peculiarity was, that in his home correspondence he said very little of self, and thus it was that I found myself far behind in knowledge of his work.

Among the many good things in Ralph's manly

make-up was modesty. Boasting of any good or kind act, or good work he had done, was to him distasteful. He thought well of and had confidence in himself, yet anything he accomplished which was creditable never became known, other than in a modest and dignified manner.

His admiration for men who do something, originate something for the betterment of humanity, and who dig down into the depths of their undeveloped brain after originality of expression, was intense.

What surprises us most is what he accomplished in the last four years of his life. Always at work, always patient and cheerful. As he grew weaker and nearer the end, it seemed that his mind became clearer and grasped his work as never before.

From a letter received from a dear friend of Ralph's nearly a year after he passed away, I quote the following :—

“Now, in regard to what you are doing to perpetuate the memory of dear Ralph, the idea is beautiful. As the years go by, it will be a constantly increasing source of satisfaction to you and your wife that you have done this. I cannot conceive of anything else you could do that would be such a lasting monument and so gratifying to your hearts and to the hearts of his many warm friends,—and also to him if he is looking on, as I believe he is. It was a great work he did in self-educating himself,

a great work even for a well man; and all the time he was studying to make everybody cheerful about him. He was wise beyond his years. I feel that I am a great gainer for having been close to him while he sojourned with us in Colorado Springs. I shall carry in his friendship and example a benediction to the end of my days on earth."

None know so well the height he attained in literary culture and spirituality as does his mother. Seven long months did she watch over him during his last sickness. Such a sweet disposition, such patience, such cheer, such thankfulness for his mother's presence, such gratitude for every effort in his behalf and every kind word, such a sympathetic nature, and such a brave, pure-minded boy.

No pen can ever paint a picture worthy of an attempt to describe these seven months' experience, or the earthly parting of this mother and son.

Sad, indeed, yet how joyful.

FAREWELL

Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth of your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return — not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain —
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with you!

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night —
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles;
Too blest if it tells me that, mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'ed, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy!
Which came in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd!
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!

— *Thomas Moore.*

NOTE—The poems herein published not his own are all from a special collection made by Ralph, all of which he committed to memory. He was an enthusiastic admirer of poetical genius. These selections are among those he specially admired.

THE PEN HE LOVED SO WELL



UT for his pen and books, the months and years of lonely, nerve-trying, discouraging “cure chasing” would have been unbearable. His pen and books were his dearly beloved, ever-present companions. His love for them soothed his lonely hours, and filled his fertile brain with the sweet food and charm of inspiration. They were the best that man could produce. Nothing short of the best would ever satisfy his nature.

His striving toward perfection in all things was unabated persistence. His pen was no exception. Hours, days, weeks, and months did he sit in cold winter weather in the open air on his piazza, clad in the necessary outfit for a zero sleighride, writing with his fountain pen. He could use no other, because the ink would freeze.

The pen represented by the accompanying cut was among his most cherished belongings. It was secured after many unpleasant trials with other makes, and its nearness to perfection was to him a source of much joy during the last four years of his life.

THE LAST STROKE OF HIS BUSY PEN

Colorado Springs, Colo. March 31, 1901 No. 515
The Exchange National Bank
of Colorado Springs, Colo.
Pay to the order of W. F. Holt \$35.00
Thirty Five Dollars
Ralph F. Burkhead



ONLY three hours before Ralph passed away he asked for his check-book and fountain pen with which to write a check for his weekly rent and board bill. The cut shown above is a fac-simile of that brave effort. His nature was so intensely methodical that a time and place for every thing was allowed no deviation, forgetting self at any sacrifice for punctuality.

Wasted, worn, weak, and laboring with each

precious breath left of the life he loved so well, yet he could not and would not leave this work undone. The last stroke of his busy pen made his own signature, which paid the last bill that lay in his power to pay.

It seems hardly possible that such punctuality, self-reliance, indomitable will and bravery could ever stay with man to the very end of the tiniest thread which prevents the separation of the immortal from the mortal. Could there be stronger evidence of his belief that the payment of an honest debt was a sacred duty, wholly his own. None save his mother, who was with him, can ever realize the full meaning of this, his last earthly act.

*There is no duty so much underrated
as the duty of being happy.
By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon
the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves.
A happy man or woman is a better thing
to find than a five-dollar note.
—“Stevenson’s An Apology for Idlers.”*

HIS LAST LETTER



WHERE there no other proof of Ralph's unselfish and cheerful nature, originality of expression, loyalty, courage, patience, true friendship, enthusiastic interest in and knowledge of the events of the day (not a single day did he fail to ask for the daily papers, even to the last day he lived), this letter is enough to prove it all. Written, as it was, only two days before he passed away, when his heart had almost stopped beating, respiration so quickened, and exhaustion so painful, fighting with that tenacious courage against the coming of the last breath which was so dangerously near, he said, "Mother, I must, I must write to Dad today," and he did. Such loyalty, quickened by such unselfish determination, is true heroism. Many times from utter exhaustion did he lay down his task for a reinforcement of strength before the letter was completed. The last literary act in life's drama of a boy whose whole life was made up of pure thoughts, sympathetic acts, and charitable deeds. It is a precious letter, the writing of which was a heroic act.

So long as I live shall I keep and cherish that

letter as a true representation of the character of the dear boy who wrote it. His big-hearted forgetfulness of self will never cease to be inspiring.

The letter follows:—

CURE CHASING HEADQUARTERS.

GEN. W. A. SHEPARD, Commanding.

S. D. BICKNELL, Chief of Staff.

TUESDAY, MARCH 29, 1904.

DEAR DAD:—

I am afraid this will be a sorry attempt at letter writing, for Sonny has had to get back to pencil again, and he has lost all gumption for letter writing or anything else. Not so it seems with my indefatigable Dad, who seems to be rushing around with even more than his usual alacrity.

Are you expecting to equal your last Easter sales record? Hardly, I fancy, under present conditions.

Is there danger of the Arlington's wage reduction being followed by other mills in town? What a knock down the cotton corner got tho'! Guess there has never been but one successful corner, has there? And that is Rockefeller's unshakable clutch on oil.

We are awaiting with a good deal of expectancy the new style book. You have said little about it. Is it to be along the same lines as last fall?

We read with much regret of Mr. Collins' folks removal to Manchester. There are few enough such

conscientious public spirited men left in Lawrence — or any where else for that matter.

Mother gives you such full and expert diagnosis of my condition, that there is little left for me to add. That I am failing there can be no doubt. My cough is bad, and my heart is worse. Undoubtedly, it will be the heart that will take me off, so the Doc says.

Mother has more work and care than she by any right ought to have, but there seems no easy way out of the difficulty.

Mother's loving, unostentatious care, day and night, is all that makes life endurable to Sonny. A big lot of love goes with this from the hearts of Sonny and his trained nurse ("his mother") to their dear Dad and spouse.

Affectionately,

RALPH.

Note the cheer and originality of expression in the head lines.

Note the interest he takes in home affairs and the events of the day.

Note the true love and admiration of merit in others, and the heroic forgetting of self in such a weakened condition.

Note the gratitude for a mother's love and soothing presence, and sympathy for the unavoidable strain she must endure.

Could there be anything more inspiring?

LETTER FROM HIS PHYSICIAN



MINGLED with grief during the anxiety of his long sickness and the sad loss which followed, is a world of comfort because of the fact that no effort, time, or money, was spared for his comfort and cheer. If better medical skill was in the land, we knew it not. During the greater part of seven years while he was in Colorado he had one and the same medical adviser. Knowing Ralph's sincere belief in his doctor's knowledge of his case, his confidence in his skill, and believing, as we do, that the boy was spared to us years by that skill and untiring effort, altogether leaves no lack of duty on our part to cause regret. It is not too much to say that he and his doctor were attached each to the other, like father and son.

I feel that this book would be incomplete without this beautiful, sympathetic letter we received from his physician which follows:—

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.,
April 22, 1904.

E. BICKNELL, ESQ.,
Lawrence, Mass.

DEAR SIR:—

I wish there were words in the English language to express the sympathy such as we feel in our hearts, but

there are none. I am sure that you will easily believe me when I say that I sympathize with you and Mrs. Bicknell most heartily in your loss. I do not think there is anyone, outside of your family, who knows so well your loss as I do, and no one who had an opportunity of knowing Ralph's real character as I did.

Of course, there were things connected with his life from day to day that he would explain to me that would bring out his true character, perhaps more fully than it could have been brought out in any other way, and so long as I live I shall treasure those thoughts of his, the confidence he gave me, the wonderful strength of mind he showed, the wonderful courage he exhibited, and his unprecedented self-control, more than I can ever tell you.

During the Civil War we saw examples of bravery, but no soldier can look forward to the prospects of a battle without realizing that a very large per cent. of those who go into battle may go down, but that he will be saved.

Ralph fought a battle which he realized and knew could have only one termination, unless a miracle could be performed in his case. He fought a battle against odds that no soldier experienced. His battle was not only against the disease, as most people fight it, but it was against innumerable complications that proved absolutely incurable, and that he could see from day to day, week to week, and month to month, that they were not being controlled.

His faith and confidence in me and in my skill put me to the test more severely than I have ever been before, and more severely than I ever hope to be again. If he had been one of those young men without deep and strong attach-

ments, running first here and there, of course I should have had no special stimulus to control his complications. Relying on me as fully as he did, led me to seek the very best council I could find, to spend hours and hours in the closest possible study in all the best teachings and literature upon the subject of his complications. So that Ralph not only had the best I could give him myself, but the best that is known in the effort to control his complications.

I speak at length of his complications, because they were what took his life. I should certainly have controlled the pulmonary disease if the complications could have been controlled. Of course I noticed the weakness in his heart early in the case, but it yielded so kindly and easily that it did not complicate the case until the last few months, or especially since his fever last August.

I wish to thank you and Mrs. Bicknell for the marked respect and kindness you have shown me through all of this long struggle in Ralph's case. It has been a source of great comfort to feel that you trusted me, and that both of you were one with Ralph in this matter.

One thing I wish to speak of is in regard to the cremation. I have wondered since whether you did not after all feel that Ralph's unflinching request for cremation was not induced largely by his generous desire to prevent any possibility of the spread of the disease through an interment, and whether you had thought best, after talking the matter over together, to bury the body in your family lot. I shall await your answer with much interest, because it is a vital question to me. I explained to Mrs. Bicknell how Ralph and my wife had discussed this matter of crema-

tion, that their ideas were the same, so I shall be very glad of course to know what you decided was best to do in the matter.

I often think of the talks that Ralph and I have had in regard to the great hereafter, and so much hope that the brave boy is not disappointed in what he anticipated in the future. I wish I could see you and tell you about a most brilliant and beautiful appearance that came to me, when I was half asleep, the night that Mrs. Bicknell left here with the body. Ralph's face appeared in a shadowy background, just as plain and perfect as I ever saw it, and I never saw so beautiful and joyous expression upon a face as I saw in that background. It made the same impression upon my mind as was made many years ago when I was quite young, after the death of a special friend who died of consumption. I did not know of his death, but was awakened in the night by such a brilliant vision, I might say of his face, and in a most brilliant setting. I can never explain to anyone what a beautiful, joyous sight that was. It might be said that such an appearance could come to anyone who is thinking intently of another, but these are the only two times in my life that such a vision has come to me. I was so glad to have it come in Ralph's case, because it was so much like him, and so much like the talks we have had together of the future world. You know that I am getting old now, and I can hardly tell you what a pleasant thing it has been for me, although constantly filled with sad apprehensions, is this coming into my life at this time of Ralph's acquaintance.

He had ceased to be merely a patient. Long ago I

looked upon him as a very dear friend, whose mind was cultivated way beyond my own, and, as I used to tell him, that when we met in the future world he would have to come down out of an exalted position to show me around.

Since it was utterly impossible to save Ralph's life, we should not mourn for him, for it seems selfish in us, as you suggested in your letter, that we should wish it otherwise. For since it is true that such a mind could not find a body capable of carrying it any great number of years, we can only rejoice in the fact that he came into our lives, and try not to mourn that he could not stay.

Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Bicknell. I shall always think of you both with kindest remembrance, and hope that your experience in Colorado Springs will not prevent your coming here again if you ever come west.

Yours very truly,

W. A. SHEPARD.

*Better than blind assent is conscientious denial;
better than the passive acceptance of the most important truth
is the loyalty to truth which
refuses to speak until it can see.*

— Ten Great Religions

HIS CORRESPONDENTS



DURING Ralph's long sickness, the many health resorts he visited made for him many acquaintances which grew into strong friendship, and which made for him a long list of correspondents. His bright letters never failed to capture the admiration of his correspondent.

The young newspaper man who accompanied us on our camping trip to the Yosemite Valley, and who corresponded with him for seven years, said in a letter to me: "In all my experience I never met a more lovable, cleaner, and brighter young man than Ralph. I feel richer for having known him as intimately as I did. I will cherish his many letters to me as the brightest epistles I possess."

He had many correspondents who never faltered by the wayside. They stuck to him from the beginning of his sickness until the end came. Let me say to them who did so, you will never quite know to what extent Ralph's gratitude went out to you. He may have told you as best he could in his best selected language, but words can never tell how grateful he was for such effort on your part. His letters home brought with them a mountain of joy

mixed with tears, — tears of joy, and sad tears as well. Such depth of thought, such evidence of diligent study, such wise reasoning on matters in general, and such originality of expression, have many, many times forced tears of joy down the cheeks of those who knew and loved him best.

So true was he in his home correspondence that never did we fail to get two letters each week, until he became so weakened by his last sickness he was not allowed to write so often. Sad indeed was the day when his weakness forced upon him this neglect of what he looked upon as a solemn duty. Words cannot tell how much his bright letters were missed.

*For thought is the quickest,
and the longest
and the saddest thing in the world.*
— H. S. Merriman's "The Sowers".

Shakespeariana

*“The best in this kind
are but shadows;
and the worst are the worse,
if imagination amend them.”*

— From *“A Midsummer Night’s Dream.”*



THE greater part of two years during Ralph’s sickness was devoted to the study of Shakespeare. His manner of study at all times was strictly methodical and thorough. Among the numerous evidences of his untiring effort for self education we find a precious bundle labeled, “Shakesperiana.” The above cut is a fac-simile of that label made in an off-hand way by his own pen.

Enclosed in the wrapper of the bundle we find two separate packages. The one contains twenty-six letter-heads on which are selections copied from Shakespeare’s works, all written on both sides in an extremely fine hand and carefully arranged with

headings, titles, and prominent features in the margin, so as to give it the most possible ease for commitment to memory.

The other package contains thirty-seven letter heads written in a very fine hand on both sides. In the left hand margin of all are words he had jotted down in his study and while reading, of which he did not understand the meaning. At the right of each word is written the various definitions of the same, taken from the latest and best authority. He followed this method of reading understandingly from early boyhood.

While at home he had the latest and best authority close at hand. The several volumes of his Century dictionary were so heavy that he left them at home. While traveling from place to place, such words as he found in his study and reading that he did not understand were written (not with pencil, but with his ever present fountain pen) in the margin of his proverbial letter-head until he had a long list, when he would hie himself to the Public Library, consult authority and write against each word its several definitions.

It was thus that even while so young such a large vocabulary is found in his writings. And thus it was that learned men and women whose company he sought, marveled at his command of language used in conversation. His Shakesperian study proved a

great comfort to him in his suffering condition while on his last sick bed.

Nearly all the Shakesperian selections mentioned above he committed to memory. When it seemed that his suffering was too much to bear, his sweet patience and heroism would come to the rescue. From his large store of memorized selections he would find comfort in repeating verse after verse. While thus feeding the brain with the delicious thoughts he loved so well his poor, weakened, worn out body would seem to forget its suffering. What can be more admirable than a self-made man whose life has been so pure and studious as to thus fit himself for the trying months, weeks, days and hours of his last lingering sickness.

*“ Sweet are the uses of adversity, which like the toad,
ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his
head;*

*And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”*
— From “*As You Like It.*”

HIS FIRST POEM



MONG Ralph's manuscripts which never went into print, I find the following little poem. I find in it several words which I confess necessitated a consultation with the dictionary to define. Such inspiration as it contains came to him while sitting at a window in our home, which commanded a broad and comprehensive view of Lawrence and its surroundings.

By consulting good authority, I find each word in doubt fits the place admirably. Considering his age (only sixteen), and being his first attempt at writing poetry, I feel safe in saying that even the uninterested poetical critic will find in it depth of thought, knowledge of the meaning of words, and poetical merit deserving of praise. The poem follows exactly as he wrote it, with his name and date affixed:—

THE FIRST SNOW

Gone are the Summer's sunny days,
Past sweet Springtime's verdant mere,
Gone October's gorgeous leaf —
Winter — cruel Winter's here.
The wayside flower is of the past —
The daisy and the wild red rose —
The leaves from April's bursting buds
Are buried under Winter's snows.

The robin's merry song is hushed,
 To summer climes has the songster fled ;
 Songs of the wind from the Northland come,
 Chanting the requiem of the dead.

Dead hopes — the hopes 'twere brought with Spring —
 Dead joys — the joys with Summer come —
 Dead Nature — by November killed —
 Hypocrite! with his August sun.

Sun that warmed the dying trees,
 That caressed the flowers and yellow heath,
 Only to set with a villian's smile,
 And surrender to Night the keys of Death.

The Northland's doors were opened wide,
 Issues its army by Boreas lead ;
 Shortly is destruction done —
 The morning dawned — the Earth was dead !

But Ceres from her home on high
 Looked on her sear, brown fields of maize,
 Looked on her trees so cold and bare,
 Their arms in supplication raised.

Then from the souls of the naked trees,
 And the souls of the stricken flowers and fields,
 A prayer went up, a despairing prayer,
 And the prayer was heard by the God of Fields.

Down from the sky a mantle came
 Of spotless white, like fine spun ban,
 Lightly it fell on the naked Earth,
 And the Earth was hid from the sight of man.

The trees and fields returned their thanks,
Then turned to sleep; and in their dreams
Thought not of icy blast, but of
The gentle kiss of April beams.

And so, renewed from time to time,
Does Earth's garment of white remain,
Protecting tree and field and flower,
Till Springtime comes again.

RALPH E. BICKNELL.

My first poem, written on the first snowy day of the winter of 1897, Nov. 12



“ Down from the sky a mantle came
Of spotless white, like fine spun ban ”

LOOKING BEYOND



WE also find among his unpublished manuscripts, the little poem which follows. It is in his handwriting, unsigned. As he never allowed himself to quote without giving the author credit, I feel sure he composed it. Knowing he would scorn the credit of that which belonged to another, I took it to the public library at Lawrence, also the Boston Public Library, neither of which found any evidence of its authorship. Of course, this is not entirely convincing. Away from home, sick and alone, with nothing to encourage and everything to discourage, it is not unnatural that such inspiration should come to him.

Only a breath divides belief from doubt,
'Tis unuttered breath that makes man devout ;
Yea, death from life only a breath divides,
O haste to drink before that breath is out !

Lost to a world in which I crave no part,
I sit alone and listen to my heart ;
Pleased with my little corner of the earth,
Glad that I came, not sorry to depart.

Set not thy heart on any good or gain,
 Life means but pleasure, or it means but pain ;
 When time lets slip a little perfect hour,
 O take it, for it will not come again !

 O love, how green the world, how blue the sky !
 And we are living — living — you and I !
 Ah, when the sun shines and our love is near,
 'Tis good to live and very hard to die !

 Yea, what is man that dreams himself divine :
 Man is a flagon, and his soul the wine ;
 Man is a reed, his soul the sound therein ;
 Man is a lantern, and his soul the shine.

 O weary man upon a weary earth,
 What is this toil that we call living, worth ?
 This dreary agitation of the dust,
 And all this strange mistake of mortal birth ?

 If in this shadowland of life thou hast
 Found one true heart to love thee, hold it fast ;
 Love it again, give all to keep it thus,
 For love like nothing in the world can last.

*Obstruction is but virtue's foil — From thwarted light
 leaps color's flame —
 The stream impeded has a song.
 —Ingersoll's "Thanksgiving sermon"*

RALPH'S FIRST COMPOSITION



WHEN he was eleven years old, Ralph and myself visited a large paper-making plant. A man who knew the business thoroughly, took us through all departments of the mill and explained in detail the manufacture, from the wood from which paper is made, to the finished article.

Ralph's young mind took hold of the situation in a practical manner, which proved in a primitive way the activity of his brain which developed so rapidly and which never allowed practical knowledge to pass unnoticed.

With little delay after our visit to the paper-making plant, he handed me the following composition originated and composed entirely by himself because of what he had seen at the mill: —

HISTORY OF AN ENVELOPE

The first thing I can remember I was a tree growing in a forest with many other trees and I lived very happily until one day some men came and cut me down, threw me into a cart and hauled me to a yard, where I was piled up with other wood.

After staying in the yard quite a while I was taken into a large building and put through a great many machines until at last I was made into paper. I was then put through other

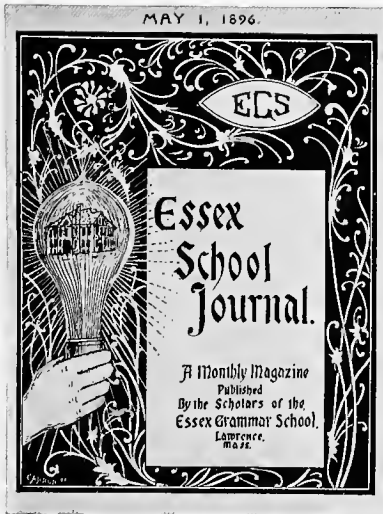
machines until I was made into an envelope. Then I was packed into a box and sold with other envelopes to a large business firm.

After a time I was sent to a printing office, and, after being put into the press, I came in contact with a piece of metal which printed the firm's name upon me. Then I was sent back to the firm and laid about until I was taken out, written upon and had something put into me. After having a stamp put on me I was put into an iron box, where I staid until a man came, unlocked the box and took me out. Then I went to the post office, had a round black mark put upon my clean white surface, was put into a leather bag and thrown upon a train. In a little while the train reached its journey's end and I was taken out with the other mail. Then a man with a blue coat put me in another bag and carried me up the street until he came to a house that had a name on the door the same as was on me. The postman took me from his bag and put me through a small hole in the door. Very soon a lady came and picked me up, tore me open, read what was inside and threw me into the waste basket and hauled me away.

But here I must close my history for I am afraid that I am pretty near my life's end. If I am not, I shall probably go through the same thing as before.



THE ESSEX SCHOOL JOURNAL



NO one thing during Ralph's short life gave him more genuine pleasure than his connection with the "Essex School Journal" as business manager. He was never quite satisfied unless doing something, and it must at all times be something worthy of the effort. The following is self-explanatory, coming as it did from a newspaper

which at that time ranked high in journalism makes it worthy of notice. As it contains the names of Ralph's associates who made the "Essex School Journal" deserving of such a "puff", and as I find it in Ralph's scrap-book among his own writings, I believe it is not out of place in this book.

A LEADER

“ESSEX SCHOOL JOURNAL,” a model of excellence
and named after the Boston contemporary.
—A Grammar School Magazine.

All journalists are naturally proud of their supreme effort, and they usually decide upon Christmas time, when everybody is happy, to issue that number which is to be their crowning publication. But of all those who have issued Christmas numbers this year, none are more proud and justifiably so than the scholars of the Essex Grammar School of Lawrence, Mass., for these young students have not only the honor of publishing the only grammar school paper in the State, but the fame of publishing a very excellent and interesting little sheet in pamphlet form which resembles more a magazine than it does the ordinary newspaper, and in fact is a magazine issued monthly. The little publication is called the “Essex School Journal,” and is in the third number, volume one.

The outside covers are in three colors, pink, bronze, and red, and the cover is in a very pretty design. For a frontispiece there is a very pretty half-tone of the school building, made from a photograph by one of the scholars, Miss Noyes. The designs for some of the department heads in this bright little paper were made from the original drawings of a pupil of the school, Albert A. Kerr, who was awarded the first prize in the school contest.

The paper is published entirely by the pupils, its chief aim being to advance the interests of the school, and by inducing the writing of articles for it to make the students practical.

The young business manager writes: "In naming it, Journal was selected for this reason; we knew that there was in Boston a paper of that name which was a model of excellence, and because we intended making ours also, a leader in its class, we bestowed that name upon it as an assurance of success. Whether or not the namesake is worthy of its precedent, I leave to your judgment."

The editorial column of this paper is certainly a credit to that department, and the manner in which the Armenian troubles in Turkey, the Atlanta Exposition, and other weighty subjects are treated speaks much for the ability of the young writers. The stories, personal and funny columns are all of them equally creditable.

The department of all others which deserves great praise is the business end, which is under the direction of Master Ralph E. Bicknell, the business manager. The following is the list of workers upon this prosperous paper: Editor-in-chief, Fred L. Collins; sub-editors, Minnie Arundale, Beatrice Castle, Helen Gallagher, Eleanor C. O'Connor, Nellie Searle, Nettie Thornton; literary department, Robert Galaher, John S. Edmond, Albert L. Kerr, Edward McAnally; school items, May Warburton, Ray Koffman; reporters, Frank A. Conlon and Herbert R. Freeman; secretary and treasurer, Edith Marlin; business manager, Ralph E. Bicknell.—[Boston Sunday Journal, Dec. 26, 1895.]



THE LAWRENCE DAM

“OUR GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY”



HE first issue of the “Essex School Journal”, mentioned in the historical sketch of Ralph’s life, was published in October, 1895. Just previous to his fourteenth birthday, 1895, was the fiftieth anniversary of the laying of the first stone of the magnificent dam which spans the Merrimack. The first article in the first issue was from Ralph’s pen. Written, as it was, before he was fourteen years old, I leave it to the reader to judge of its merit.

If the man who laid the stone which was the beginning of the magnificent dam which now spans that able agent of industry, the Merrimack, had had the slightest idea that the power that was pent up in the mighty river which he was obstructing in its course to the sea was to be the basis on which such a great manufacturing city as this was to be built; or had he known that the simple act of placing that stone in the bed of the Merrimack was to be the subject of an imposing celebration fifty years from that time, he probably would have been more careful about laying it. He might even have done it up in a piece of bunting with the word “Welcome” on it in order to be decorated beforehand and

avoid the rush. But he did not know, and the stone was laid without pomp and ceremony, and the decorating was likewise neglected.

In the same year that the first stone of the dam was laid, 1845, a charter was granted to a company of wealthy men who owned most of the land adjoining the site of the dam. It was organized as the Essex Company. The largest investor in the enterprise was Samuel Lawrence, although Daniel Saunders, popularly called the founder of Lawrence, was the originator.

Mr. Saunders' idea was first called "Saunders' Folly" and until he succeeded in interesting Mr. Lawrence and others it certainly seemed to deserve its name. With the receiving of the charter and the building of the dam, however, "Saunders' Folly" immediately began to grow and has been increasing in population and wealth ever since, and has long ago proved its original name to be incorrect.

Lawrence was for a time known as "The New City" and for two years answered to the name of Merrimack, but in 1847 its post office name was changed to Lawrence, in honor of its pioneer investor, Mr. Samuel Lawrence. Lawrence, Kansas, received its name from the same family.

In 1853 the town of Lawrence became the city of Lawrence, and its progress as a city can be judged from the fact that in 1853 its population was about 12,000 with 1,869 school children; in 1895, 52,000 people live within its limits and 9,000 children attend its public schools.

The event which commemorated the founding of our city was, expressing it justly, a grand affair and one which was creditable to the beautiful "Queen City of the Merrimack."

To describe fully the fine decorations, the sports, the parade, the enthusiasm, would be impossible for one not more omnipresent than the writer. He, whom nature had seen fit to limit to two eyes, could not be expected to see three events at once. However, the two eyes which I did have were more than delighted with the gay appearance of their city, and 51,999 other pairs of eyes were also.

The citizens and merchants did their share, and it was quite a large share, towards booming Lawrence by decorating, and Mr. Rainbow himself, could he have been present, would have been quite mortified by the exactness with which his colors were reproduced, and the colors were not only bright but were tasty also, and the display, as a whole, was very artistic. All along the line of the parade, vent was given to patriotism by the display of "Old Glory" and its equivalents, the red, white, and blue.

Morning, noon, and evening of both Monday and Tuesday were enlivened by the ringing of bells, which, in unison with the small boy's horn, the exploding cannon cracker, and the melodious sound of the cow bell dragged along the street by some youthful celebrant, made, all together, music far from heavenly. But it was a celebration, not a religious conference, and noise galore was to be expected.

The celebration began Monday morning with small sports on the Common. At ten the literary exercises took place in the Opera House. An eloquent speech was made by Gov. Greenhalge and fine addresses were given by Mr. Eaton, Mayor Rutter and Daniel Saunders. Miss Wetherbee read an original poem on Lawrence, which was well worthy of a Longfellow or a Whittier. In the afternoon occurred the

bicycle races, base ball game and a foot ball match on the Common. In the evening the stomach was used as a medium for advancing the interests of Lawrence, and the City Hall served as a meeting place for the prospective eaters. The banquet, like everything else, was an unalloyed success. Those that delighted in other than the material things of life listened to the thoughts of Mayor Rutter, Ex-Mayor Collins, Bishop Lawrence, Supt. Burke, and other prominent citizens of Lawrence, Andover, and Methuen.

Tuesday, however, was the great day. Stores and mills were closed and it was a general holiday. It was observed in Andover and Methuen, also, as was fitting to "Lawrence's two mothers," as Jas. H. Eaton called them.

In the early morning, "Mr. Black's pigeon fly" flew. It was followed by running races on the Common and a regatta on the river. Later came the test in human skill in water locomotion, the swimming contest.

The great parade started at 3 P. M. It was almost four miles in length and took an hour and twenty-five minutes to pass a given point. It was a success in every way and was the finest array of men, uniforms, etc., ever seen in this vicinity. At short intervals musicians playing popular airs would come into view, and it was not he that produced the most noise, but he that produced the sweetest melody, that received the applause of the people. The chief marshal and his staff, mounted on their lively horses, the gallant and soldierly looking ninth regiment, the brilliant uniforms and waving plumes of the different societies, the firemen, with their modest uniforms and shining engines, the various floats, and the bright ideas shown in the trades division,

made a picture that will last long in the memory of those fortunate enough to see it. Along the entire route the streets were lined with a bustling, jostling crowd of Lawrencians, Haverhillites, Lowellites, Methuenites, and numerous other "ites" all intent upon seeing the crowning feature of the celebration. Attic windows, which had not been visited for years, were made use of, roofs were called into service, and trees, and the tops of bill-boards were far from inaccessible to Young America. Lucky indeed was he that could view the parade from a sitting posture!

After the parade a Gaelic foot ball match was played on the Common.

The fireworks on Tower Hill and the ball at the City Hall served as the grand finale to Lawrence's golden anniversary. The scene at Bodwell's Park was one of splendor. Rockets were aimed at the stars, but, though falling wide of the mark, dazzled the eyes of the Seven Sisters, while fragments of some fell into the Long Handled Dipper, there to be kept in readiness for some future celebration above. Bombs made large holes in the nitrogen and oxygen composing the upper regions, and pin wheels and set pieces disturbed the peace of the atmosphere nearer to Mother Earth.

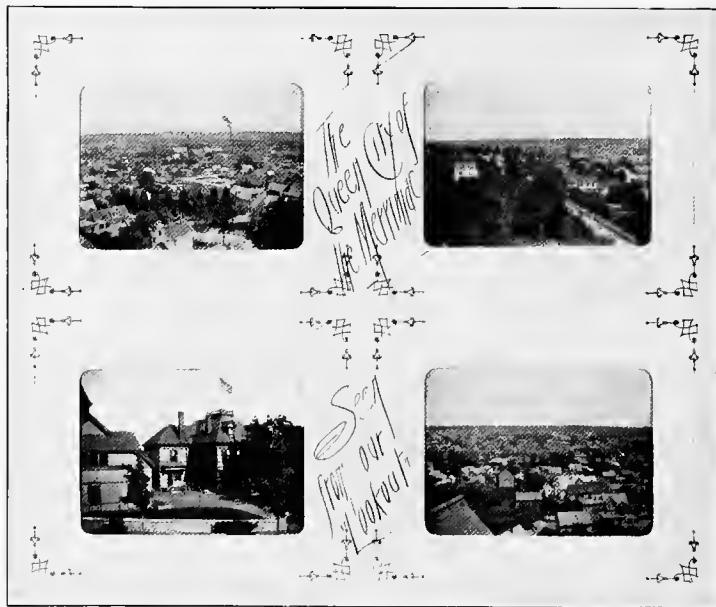
Worshippers at the shrine of Terpsichore found enjoyment at the City Hall. Those who preferred melody went to the excellent band concert on the Common, while those who desired a change of scene stayed at home and visited the Land of Nod.

It was a very good windup to a very good celebration, and it was really the best Semi-centennial Lawrence ever had.

The Semi-centennial is over. Nevertheless, "its soul is marching on."

Let us hope that, when the year 1945 arrives, Lawrence will have gone a notch higher than a mere city, and have become a metropolis, and let us also hope that its present school children will have become worthy citizens and representatives of Lawrence, of Massachusetts, and their country, the United States of America.

R. E. B. — GRADE EIGHT.



PHOTOS BY RALPH

Note—During the fourteen months we were in California, Ralph was much interested in amateur photography. In this, as in all his undertakings, he was satisfied only with the best results, as I think the reader will note in the photos credited him in this book. His photos, nearly all taken during these fourteen months, numbered 784, the greater part of which are tastily arranged in three photo albums with decorations, titles and descriptive matter all his own work. As souvenirs of the many places we visited while roughing it in California these photos are of inestimable value. The many illustrations shown herein, representing clusters of little photos accompanied by descriptive matter, are made from full pages of his albums.

MUSINGS AT MY WINDOW



HIS next article in the "Essex School Journal" appeared in No. 3, December, 1895. Considering his age, only fourteen years, I do not hesitate to venture a compliment for the work.

When Cornwallis, at Yorktown, gave up his sword to the victorious Washington, and, at the same time, England's fond hopes of subduing her colonies, fortunate, indeed, was that boy, who, by being an American, could share in the glorifications of the patriotic victors. When the cause of human bondage was forever crushed at Appomattox Court House by the surrender of the Confederate General Lee, a boy or girl that could participate in the rejoicings of the North certainly had cause for thankfulness. But now, one is not considered fortunate simply because he is in sympathy with a victorious army; wars and bloodshed of national importance are things of the past; and although inter-collegiate foot-ball matches do occasionally break out, and, for

a time, the old basis of victory and defeat comes into use, location and social condition are the prevailing standards by which a man's lot is determined.

For example, a person that resided in eighty degrees north latitude would not stand nearly as good a chance for a college education as one that was a native of the United States, nor could that man that lived in Florida enjoy the balmy New England winters that the man in Massachusetts can. To come down finer, Lowell hasn't a filtering gallery nor a Walter E. Rushforth, and Lawrence has, so it must necessarily follow that Lawrence is the happier city and its people the more favored.

But the resident of that elevation, known as Tower Hill, is the most fortunate of all, if for no other reason than the view. From that position, he can look on the surrounding city, on the streets, trees, rivers, the mills. He can see the spires of Andover and the nearer steeples and houses of Methuen. Far down on the horizon, the great Haverhill monument is visible and the large hotel on Ward's Hill. Up to the north —

But my introduction has already been too long.

Over to the south of my window, forming the meeting place of the earth and sky, where the clouds seem to touch, as if in friendly handshake, the trees and houses, is the sedate old town of Andover, the town of education.

Andover is not a new town, nor has it grown up in a night, but ever since the time when many of its sons surrendered their lives in the Revolution, and long before them, it has enjoyed a steady, though somewhat limited, growth. For many generations back, it could claim more inhabitants

than the region where Lawrence now stands, but, as is sometimes the case with offsprings, Lawrence became much larger than its parent and rapidly outstripped her.

Trees of many varieties clothe the hills in and around the town and form nature's boundary line between Lawrence and Andover. Here and there a bare field with a fence or a stone wall straggling aimlessly up its sides and losing itself in the distance interrupts the woodland, and occasionally a farm house with a road leading by it gives evidence of human habitation.

Coming into Lawrence, Phillips Hill is seen and the South Side depot. That large brick building near the depot is the shoe factory, which in some respects is like St. Patrick's church near it: the making of good soles (souls) being the chief aim of each. Farther to the left is the Essex's contemporary, the Packard Grammar School, and still farther to the left are the homes of North Andover.

Bringing your eye back again up the river, you see the Canoe Club house, and nearer the bridge is the Flour Mill, where the wheat from the vast prairies of the West is ground up and made ready for the consumer.

And now the river, the very heart of Lawrence, receives your attention. And what a beautiful river it is, too, rising far up in the pure New Hampshire hills, where no sound of busy loom is heard and where the noise of swiftly flying shuttles never penetrates. Meeting, like so many lives, with difficulties at first, its way impeded by overhanging trees and protruding rocks, its course hindered by narrow and winding channels, but, after much perseverance, overcoming the barriers that bar its progress, it sweeps out into

a majestic river, and, with its object of aid to man accomplished, it joins its mighty brother, the sea.

Almost like a continuation of terra firma and serving the same purpose, is the bridge that spans its waters. It is the connecting link between North and South Lawrence, and without it how inconvenient it would be! As I look, an electric car shoots across, and, as if exhausted, slows up on the other side and slowly ascends the hill. A pedestrian saunters along and lingers a moment to watch the waters play leap-frog over the dam. A boomerang train of freight cars goes over the railroad bridge, but changes its mind and comes back again, and when it has exhausted the patience of the people waiting at the gate it proceeds on its way, leaving the street once more unobstructed. Looking farther down the river, I see another bridge, but it is too far off to describe, although I have heard that it went by the name of one of the water-fowl family.

The mills, literally and figuratively the backbone of Lawrence, shield the river from the northern winds. From the Upper Pacific to the Russell Paper Company's works it is one mass of red brick, which, in the skillful hands of the masons, have been made to form workshops for the people. Regular rows of windows light the interior and assist the weaver to guide his loom. Many tall chimneys loom heavenward and, regardless of anti-cigarette leagues and reform societies, smoke furiously, emitting large quantities of that article which idly drifts away into nothing, untroubled as to its destination. As I watch the black smoke roll from their mouths, I think what an enormous driving power it represents and how much machinery is driven by the burning

coal, of which it is the product. Sometime, however, they may serve a different use than that of smoke conductors, for being already in position, how useful they would be as cannon should "Uncle Samuel" ever get into a quarrel with the Gentlemen in the Moon.

The offspring of the river, the canal, becomes separated from its parent and wends its way alone by the mills that line its bank. Slowly and sadly it flows as if in sorrow for its lost mother, but when its mission has been completed it is allowed once more to join the river, and, rejoicing at the meeting, splashes and tumbles about in joyous freedom.

The Briggs & Allyn M'f'g Co., makers of all sorts of wooden necessities, rises above the surrounding houses, and a little beyond is the Boston & Maine depot, where trains from all points of the compass stop to get a glimpse of Lawrence. How many stories of the evils of not being on time could this building relate were it given a tongue! How many tales of tardy people who "wait until the last minute," and of the teamsters and the hack drivers who pester with the query, "Hack, hack, Mister?" Many anecdotes it could tell like that of the old lady from the country who, on being asked if she wanted a hack, replied, "No, I don't want no hack. We got 'n old carryall to home that my son Siras got in Josh Williams' raffle, and that's jist as good, even if 'tis nigh twenty years old."

By the aid of my field glass, I see by the clock in the tower of the depot that it is half-past four. It is getting too dark to discern much, save here and there a large building outlines itself against the landscape, and off to the west the glow of the departing sun, the last effort of the dying day, lights the sky.

The glow in the west has entirely disappeared, except for a thin line of crimson along the horizon, and, like a poor imitation, electric lights begin to appear, and the windows of the mills take on a new lustre. Lights peep out from private houses where the evening meal is being prepared for the return of the father, and

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

The landscape has darkened, and with shadows of night that settle over the city, my thoughts revert to the past; and the present, with its life and reality, in fancy, fades from before me. The mills, the houses, the streets, and the bridge disappear, and, in their places, vast forests of uncut trees and acres of untilled ground stretch away to the horizon.

Where once the river was interrupted in its course to the sea, it now flows along tranquilly, unhampered. Where the City Hall stood, is nothing but a bog hole. Where the handsome blocks on Essex street were, is simply a tract of mud and water, seemingly unimprovable. Where the Rollins schoolhouse showed against the sky, now only forests are seen. Where the locomotive puffed its way through the city and anon startled the echoes with its whistle, now is stillness; no noise breaks the silence, except occasionally the song of a bird or the cry of a wild animal.

An Indian village rises on the bank of the Merrimack, and, issuing from the wigwams, smoke lazily floats away. A squaw is cooking venison, and the boys are trying their

skill at running. One of the tribe, gaily arrayed in brightly painted feathers, returns from the hunt, bringing with him a deer for food. Sports take place, and, when night comes, a religious dance is indulged in. Then a council is held and, silently smoking his pipe the while, the chief decides on an attack on a neighboring tribe for the morrow. The conference adjourns, and silence again reigns throughout the camp.

I awake from my reverie. The six o'clock bells chime forth and ring down the curtain of the past. But upon that curtain are painted the lives of those men who, by their courage and perseverance, succeeded in transforming that wilderness into a beautiful city, and an uninhabited region into a Mecca of manufacturing.

R. E. B. — GRADE VIII.

THE SWEETEST LIVES

*The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love enobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining record tells.*

*Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong.
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.*

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK



HERE is probably no event in a boy's life filled with more interest and wonder than his first visit to New York City. The article which follows, written by Ralph, appeared in "Essex School Journal", No. 6.

Had you been on the Fall River Line boat "Pilgrim", as she steamed into New York harbor one morning about a month since, you might have noticed a group of very countrified looking persons standing on the upper deck, who seemed very busily engaged in taking in the surrounding landscape. The general air and demeanor of the two younger members of the party bespoke the fact that this was their first glimpse of the greatest city in America, and that they were improving their opportunity to see as much as possible. On their one hand rose the imposing buildings of New York, on the other the spires of the City of Churches. Long rows of docks extend along the water front, and moored at their different wharves ships of all nations rock in the breeze; some unloading their cargo, some receiving it, and some preparing to weigh anchor and sail for other lands. Back a little from the wharves are the large warehouses and grain elevators, and a little beyond these the city proper begins.

The "Pilgrim" approaches Brooklyn Bridge, and though

it seems certain that her large smokestacks must come in contact with it, yet she passes safely under, and soon leaves that great structure far in the distance. Over to the left, the majestic Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island lifts itself from the morning mist, proudly holding aloft her torch which shall enlighten the world; and, on the right, Battery Park is seen.



PHOTOS BY PALPH

"COMRADES"— EDITOR AND MANAGER ESSEX SCHOOL JOURNAL

It is about seven o'clock now, and ferry boats and tugs begin to puff up and down the harbor, darting from shore

to shore, and sailing in and around each other until a collision seems inevitable. But the harbor pilots know their business and no accidents occur. The "Pilgrim" soon reaches her dock, the lines are flung ashore and fastened, the gang-plank is put in place, and the many passengers go ashore, the party before alluded to among them. If you had waited on the gang-plank, you would have discovered that the two boys of the party — those two farmerish looking ones — were none other than the editor and the business manager of the "Essex School Journal," who, with their masculine parents, had gone on a little trip to New York and Washington.

Someone moved that a little New York "grub" would now be in order, and the motion passed without opposition. It was carried into effect without delay, after which operation we started out on our day's tramp, resolved that nothing should escape our vigilant attention.

Central Park, New York's beautiful breathing spot, of which she is justly proud, was our first stopping place. We spent most of our time looking over the Zoological Garden, which contains everything in the shape of animals from an elephant to a guinea pig. Being our remote ancestors, the monkeys were perhaps the most interesting of the lot, although we were much disappointed in finding no family resemblances. The lion's vocal solos were also very entertaining to one of a musical temperament, while the swimming act by the hippopotamus was very well executed. As my father is in the furnishing business, he was naturally interested in the elephant's trunk.

Our time was limited, however, and so we left our friends

of the garden and took a stroll down the noted Fifth Avenue, where we saw the residence of the Vanderbilts, the house where Jay Gould lived and died, and other places of financial interest. Fifth Avenue is a very handsome boulevard, with broad, clean sidewalks and streets, and lined on both sides with the stately mansions of the rich. After a long walk down the avenue, we reached St. Patrick's church, which we entered. The interior of this noted cathedral is something grand, and, without doubt, it is the most magnificent place of worship in America. We also visited Trinity and Grace churches later in the day. The architecture of both is very handsome, but the interiors are not nearly so fine as that of St. Patrick's.

No electric cars, whatever, are allowed in New York City. Instead, the Gothamites are furnished with locomotion by the cable and the elevated roads, neither of which systems are in use anywhere in New England. The trestles over which "L" cars run, are built directly in the centre of the streets, about twenty feet from the ground. The trains are pulled by small steam engines, while the cars are unlike those in use on electric roads, being more after the pattern of railway coaches. The stations consist of a platform on a level with the track, and a flight of steps leading from the street below to the platform above. These stations are four streets apart. It seemed to me very strange to whizz along up above the street, to be able to look down upon the teamsters and pedestrians below, and to be in a position where you could look into people's upstairs windows as you rode along. However, the New Yorkers have got used to it and seem to take it in a very matter-of-fact way.

But to return to the very prosaic subject of ourselves. After reinforcements for our inside regions had been received in the shape of a good, substantial dinner, we made our way to the noted financial center of the town, Wall Street—the street on which the Western silverite is prone to heap his maledictions and curse, as the home of that species of insect known as the gold-bug.

Wall street is a short, narrow, and wholly unattractive thoroughfare, except for a few handsome buildings which are in progress of construction. It gives no indication of being the greatest money rendezvous of the United States; gold dollars weren't scattered over the pavements as I had expected, and no scraps of U. S. Bonds were lying in the gutter. In place of these, New York mud in large quantities was freely distributed over the pavements, and banana peels and old paper bags in profusion could be found where I had expected the U. S. Bonds to be.

Of course we went to the Stock Exchange; we shouldn't have seen New York unless we had. To the uninitiated, the Stock Exchange is a regular Bedlam, and noise and shouting is the chief attraction. A few of the men shout to each other, but more seem to shout just for the fun of making a noise, while the whole crowd act like boys generally. But good lungs are needful in their business. Nevertheless, in spite of all the noise and seeming confusion, more money is controlled under that roof than any other building in America; all the great railroads and stock companies depend on its decisions for success; and within its walls, hundreds of men have become millionaires in less than five minutes, and hundreds of less fortunate men have

lost all they possessed in half that time; fortunes are made and lost in a single day. We had no stocks on the market, however, so our stay was short.

Brooklyn Bridge was next attended to, and —

But it is no use for me to try to describe Brooklyn Bridge. Scripturally speaking, it would be like trying to inject a dromedary through a needle's eye. You can get no conception of its magnitude until you have seen it. But imagine a structure built of wood and iron, one and an eighth miles long, eighty-five feet wide, with two supporting towers at each end fifty-six feet higher than Bunker Hill Monument, and then imagine it being one hundred and thirty-five feet above the water, and perhaps you will have an approximate idea of Brooklyn Bridge. Upon this bridge are two lines of railway, a walk for pedestrians, and two avenues for teams. Brooklyn Bridge is the most wonderful thing I have yet seen that was wrought by human hands, and until I see something greater I shall claim that "America is ahead."

Our day ended with the ride back to the hotel. We rode through the "Bowery," on which, as much as anything else, the foundation of New York's fame is laid, and which has been the ideal theme of the later day comic song writers for many years. No danger of the "Bowery's" ever being forgotten with such masterpieces as "On the Bowery" and "Paradise Alley" to perpetuate its memory! But it was not nearly so forbidding a locality as I had expected, and I see no reason why the countryman should resolve to "Not go there any more."

It is needless to say that "our little beds" were never

more appreciated than they were after our hard day's work,
and it needed no opiate to carry us into the "Land of Nod."

R. E. B. — GRADE VIII.

*Nature repairs her ravages — repairs them with her
sunshine and with human labor ;
nature repairs her ravages, but not all.
The upturn trees are not rooted again.
The parted hills are left scarred.
If there is a new growth, the trees are not the same
as the old, and the hills, underneath their
green vesture,
bear the marks of the past rending.
To the ages that have dwelt on the past there
is no thorough repair.
— "Mill on the Floss."*

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN

O, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

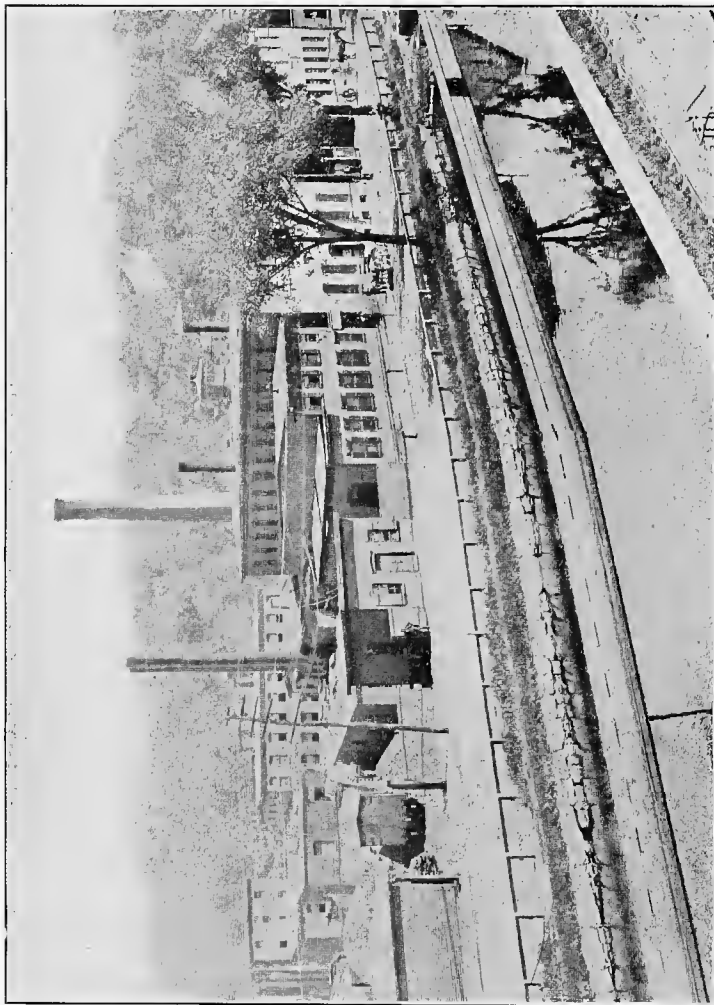
There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny —
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*



RUSSELL PAPER MILLS — LAWRENCE

HOW PAPER IS MADE



IN May, 1896, the ninth number of the "Essex School Journal" was published. The first article therein was by Ralph. Through his dealings in paper in a small way, because of his little printing press, he became acquainted with the foreman of the finishing department of a local paper mill. Said foreman took special pains to show him through the entire plant, explaining everything in detail. He (Ralph) was specially proud and deeply interested in Lawrence industries, and he enjoyed using such descriptive powers as he possessed, painting pen pictures, showing his appreciation and admiration of man's successful effort in the city of his birth. Thus he describes, at the age of fourteen years, what he had seen at

THE RUSSELL PAPER MILLS

What an admirable subject for so large a consumer as a school boy to write upon! But how many scholars there are (and I admit that, until recently, I was one of that number) that have no more idea of the process by which the paper that they use every day in school is made than they have of some difficult problem in astronomy.

But paper is a mysterious subject, anyway, and even after you have been through a mill and had all the intricate processes explained to you, there will still remain some things that you are not entirely familiar with.

A detailed description of paper manufacturing would, of course, be impossible, but a little insight into the manner in which paper, through the virtue of which we have books, papers, and magazines, are enabled to write letters to distant friends, do arithmetic, and greatest privilege (?) of all, write compositions, a little knowledge of this helper to man and school-boy kind might not be out of place.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Page, the foreman of the finishing department, I was able to go through the large plant of the Russell Paper Co., which is one of the largest concerns in New England, and there saw paper-making in all its glory.

Before we enter the mill, it will be necessary for us to employ a little imagination. Near the source of the Kennebec River in the wilds of Maine, growing in the forests that line the banks of the river was a tree, not a common, everyday tree, but one destined to become vastly more useful than many of its fellows. In its original state, however, it was distinguishable from other trees only in its being of the spruce variety. Perhaps, though, it was a poplar, as that species is as valuable to the paper manufacturer as the spruce is. Many years it had lived here, and its ancestors before it had been prominent citizens of that region. Its father had, at one time, been mayor, and its third cousin on its mother's side had once been alderman from ward 7, but had been convicted of selling cigarettes to minors and

removed from office, leaving the family in disgrace. But, lately, rumors of an invasion had been heard, and one day in the middle of winter, a man with a terrible sharp instrument called an axe, came up the street in which our hero lived, and, without the least warning, unceremoniously ended the existence of that promising young man.

His death seemed all the more sad because he held a good situation in a growing community, and such communities are said to be very favorable to the acquisition of wealth.

With others of its class, it was loaded into the hold of a waiting vessel, and after many days (for the vessel was propelled by sails, not by steam,) it reached Boston. Here it was put on a car and sent to the Russell Paper Mill, Lawrence, Mass.

The paper mill was the most wonderful place that I have yet visited. To think that great sticks of wood, larger than your mother burns in her kitchen fire, can be put into a machine and, after many complicated processes, come out a smooth, thin sheet of paper seems impossible. The myths of Æsop and Grimm are not to be compared with the achievements of modern machinery and enterprise. The ability to superintend the operations of such a mill seemed nearly incredible, at least, to me. But I know little of manufacturing on a large scale and maybe I exaggerate.

From the room in which the wood is made ready to the office, it is bustle, noise, and, seemingly, confusion. Over hundreds of pulleys run hundreds of belts, swift helpers carrying aid to the workmen. Men go from one room to another and back again, up stairs and down, each doing his

allotted work. The rumble of the machinery as it turns out yard after yard of snowy white, blue, pink, or brown paper, and, above all, the jar of all produces melody which was not composed by Mozart, nor played by Paderewski.

It is all right and proper in some cases to have "the last first and the first last;" but it would not seem natural to see paper put into the chopping machine emitting large junks of wood as finished product, so we will begin at the beginning and let the last come in its natural order.



"NEWSPAPER IN EMBRYO"

In the room where the work of making the paper is begun, about twenty-five men are employed. The introduction of wood, by the way, into the paper making business has revolutionized it and has greatly reduced the cost of paper. Before that time, rags were the only article that

was used in its manufacture. The finer grades of paper, such as is used in ledgers and account books, are still made from rags, but book paper, newspaper, and almost all writing papers are now manufactured from wood pulp. It is to the cheapening of paper that we owe the cheapening of books, and through the reduced price of books we have more universal knowledge. What a debt, then, is due the spruce and poplar trees, and to the man that discovered their hidden usefulness and utilized it for the benefit of man. As the sticks come into the mill, those that are too large are put through a splitting machine and then cut into pieces about two feet long. The bark is sawed off by a strange little saw, and the knots are bored out by a sort of drilling apparatus. The dust and dirt is taken off the sticks by a swiftly revolving brush, leaving them perfectly clean.

A machine something like a coffee grinder is the next receptacle into which the wood is put. This machine chops it up into small pieces about the size of a man's thumb. Its eating capacity is about one stick per second, and the rapidity with which it masticates them is simply marvelous. I asked the foreman if it was ever troubled with decayed teeth. He replied in the negative, but said that pieces were often broken off by chewing hard candy.

After the chopping up process, the small pieces of wood are put into a large, circular, iron vat called a "digester," which I should think would contain about as many cubic feet as there are in a small room. While in this vat, a liquor is added to it and the two are boiled. The liquor is made from water and sulphur and is prepared in the mill. It is almost impossible for a man to work in the room in

which the liquor is made, for the smell arising from the sulphur is very injurious.

When the chips of wood come from the "digester" they are pulp. Pulp looks something like dough, but is not nearly so heavy nor so hard to pull apart. The pulp, which is now unbleached, is pumped into canals which are arranged in different parts of the mill. These canals are about three feet wide and three and a half high. The bottom is on an incline, so that the pulp, which has been mixed with water, will flow through them readily. While going through the canals, the pulp is made finer by a kind of chopping arrangement, and is also bleached. When it has gone through one canal, it is pumped into another, and the process repeated.

There are two wood pulp processes, the "soda" and the "sulphite," the difference between the two being, that the fibres of the "sulphite" are longer than those of the "soda" and are not so easily pulled apart.

After the pulp is bleached and made as fine as possible, it is taken to a machine that makes it into thin sheets about one-sixteenth of an inch thick.

It is now ready for the machine that makes it into finished paper. It is immersed in the water, and then goes through a number of felt rollers which squeeze the water from it, and thin the sheets to the required thickness, leaving them in a damp condition. A succession of very hot rollers now serve as a clothes-wringer, and our paper is nearly completed. The finishing touch is accomplished by running the dried paper through five or six rollers made of chilled steel, which puts the gloss on it.

As the finished paper comes from the machinery it is wound on a sort of spool, which, with the paper on it, looks like a gigantic spool of thread. It is all ready now to be sent away to the company's customers, which are, to say the least, numerous.

The book paper is usually shipped in rolls, but card boards, blotting papers, writing papers, etc., are cut into pieces about twenty-eight inches by twenty-four inches, and sent out in bundles.

The Russell Paper Co. make no newspaper, the principal products being label, lithograph, bristol, writing and blotting papers.

The packing room is the busiest part of the whole establishment. After the paper is cut, it must be counted to avoid errors, and the way that the counters, who are women, reel of the hundreds and thousands is a revelation to him who is sometimes obliged to use his fingers as a counting machine, in order to determine how many months will elapse from April 23rd to the 23rd of November. But they have no puzzling examples in bank discounts, or perhaps they would have to employ the same method. Men do the paper up into neat bundles, which practice has made about as perfect specimens of the shipper's art as one could wish to see. No women are employed in this department, however, for fear that they might pin the bundles together instead of using string. Dexterous hands label the names of the customers on the boxes and bundles; they are put on board the cars at the door and sent all over the United States.

Such is a brief description of a Lawrence industry.

Cotton interests in Lawrence may overshadow those of paper, but without her paper mills, Lawrence would stand several points lower as a manufacturing city.

Nor are paper and cotton the only industries. Machine shops, flour mills, wood-working establishments, shoe shops, all contribute to the city's wealth and power, and Lawrence may well be proud of her varied industries.

R. E. B. — GRADE VIII.

*Humanity is not reformed with the club,
and if most people gave the energy they
spend in reforming the world, or their friends,
to reforming themselves,
there would be no need of reformers.*

— *The Honorable Peter Stirling.*

ENCOURAGING WORDS



HE extreme interest and earnest desire for the success of the “Essex School Journal”, which Ralph felt down deep in his heart, is shown by the following which was clipped from the columns of that little magazine after it passed into other hands. His loyalty and earnestness creeps into every line of this letter, which he wrote just before the beginning of the fall term to cheer and encourage the new staff, whose duty it was to take up the work which he had helped to establish, and, so far, make an acknowledged success.

If encouraging words could make us a success in our new position, the “Essex School Journal” would be the greatest periodical on earth. Appended is a specimen from the former brilliant business manager, now in California:—

MOUNT LOWE SPRINGS, CAL.,
August 22, 1896.

DEAR FRIEND, THE EDITOR: A few days will see the end of your vacation (for it is a fact that all vacations do

end, and much sooner than the same period of time spent in school). It will not now be long before you will again be back at old Essex, trying, with the combined efforts of the teachers and Mr. Brown, to get a little language, history, geography, arithmetic, etc., into your cranium. With the re-opening of school will begin your staff's first work in the journalistic line, and I sincerely hope that you will not only not drop the publication of the "Journal," but that you will conduct it in such a way as to put Collins, myself, and the other fellows entirely in the shade. You will, perhaps, meet with more difficulties than you imagine, but you won't falter, I know, and it'll come easier after the first issue. That you are the publishers of the "Only Grammar School Paper on Earth" is no small honor. You will see to it that old Essex doesn't lose the distinction of taking the lead in grammar school enterprises. I am sure that your interest in the welfare of "Our Journal" will increase with each issue. It did with me and I came to love it, with its leading articles, editorials, "Our School and Other Schools," "School Gossip," advertisements, etc. You may think I'm exaggerating, but I'm not, and you will love it, too, before you've worked in it long. Enthusiasm will be your greatest helper. Get the rest of the staff interested, become interested yourself, awaken interest in the whole school, and you'll be all right. I'll vouch that the paper will be in safe hands. If there is any way in which I can help you, I shall be more than glad to do so, and Collins will aid you all he can.

May the "Essex School Journal" prosper, both financially and in the merits of its contributions, as never before, and

may the excellence of the editorial department be such as to
startle the world!

Wishing you a large slice of the pie of success,

Sincerely,

RALPH E. BICKNELL.

•

*A friend of that most useful of all wisdom—
a knowledge of self and one's limitations,
A little matter concerning which nine men out of
ten go all their lives in blissful ignorance.
—“When Knighthood Was in Flower.”*



THE GREAT CABLE INCLINE AND THE UNIQUELY CONSTRUCTED
"WHITE CHARIOT"

OUR MOUNTAIN HOME



IT is safe to say that no subject on which Ralph ever wrote was he better posted on all the facts connected therewith than that of the Mt. Lowe Railway. It was at the extreme terminus of this wonderful mountain road that we lived for five long months in a cloth tent. Taking our meals as we did at "Ye Alpine Tavern," (also at the terminus of this road), entitled us to a free ride therefrom to Pasadena, distance about ten miles. His love for travel, his admiration for such courage and push as made this road a reality, and his enthusiasm for the unequaled scenic grandeur of the trip, altogether made him a liberal patron. A pen picture drawn by him, which follows, appeared in the Autumn number of "Bicknell Bros. Advertiser," 1899.

THE MT. LOWE RAILWAY

Push and Electricity are no respecters of persons, things or conditions. They tackle the world's impossible. The world looks on indulgently and smiles, but the combination



SHOWING SECTIONS OF MT. LOWE R. R. "CITY ON THE MOUNT" FRUIT RANCHES IN THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY PASADENA IN THE DISTANCE TO THE RIGHT

comes out on top. Verily they are the prophets of civilization, and what shall stand before them?

It is with conclusions something like this that you awake from your reflections as the conductor shouts "Ye Alpine Tavern, 5000 feet above sea level," at the lofty terminus of the Mount Lowe Railway. You are in the heart of the Sierra Madre Mountains. Perhaps you pinch yourself to ascertain if you haven't dreamed it all. But a good dinner is waiting to satisfy your material instincts, and you ask the clerk all about it afterwards.

The Sierra Madre Mountains, which Professor Lowe undertook to conquer for the benefit of Southern California, form part of the coast range of the Pacific slope. They rise abruptly in verdant grandeur from the foothills about forty miles from the coast and seventeen from Los Angeles. For wild, primeval beauty of peak, canyon and forest they are unexcelled. They are not gray, stern, forbidding fellows, these silent sentinels of the Southland, their outlines are rounded and graceful and their yucca-dotted coat is always green, even when Nature has changed her dress to yellow and brown in the valleys below. The front range is a



Contemplating the beauties of the valley
from the summit of Mt. Lowe

government reservation, both for game and timber; the great Architect's original is undisturbed. The woodman's

axe is not heard, nor the crack of the hunter's rifle, the clicking of the camera shutter instead and the scratching pencil of the poet.

In such a place it was that Professor T. S. C. Lowe began and finished his famous railway. A stupendous undertaking — one that might well baffle the skill of

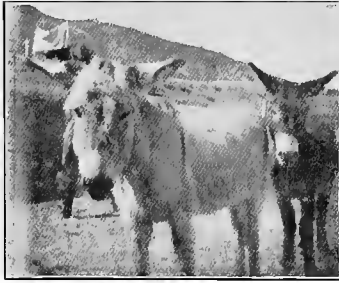


PHOTO BY RALPH

"Whiskers" (in the foreground) and "George" (in the background), Two worthies of Echo Mt

the engineer and the nerve of the capitalist. In its successful completion Southern California boasts not only one of the most wonderful engineering achievements of America, but the scenic route, barring none, of the world.

Moreover, the Mount Lowe railway is a new thing under the sun. Mountain railways had been built, but difficulties heretofore had been surmounted in different and more clumsy ways.

Southern California owes more to Professor Lowe than it



PHOTO BY RALPH

"The white chariot" on the last grade of the great incline. 48 per cent. In the distance is the Chalet

will ever pay. It would still have to put up with wilted cucumbers and soft butter had he not invented also the manufacture of artificial ice.

To accommodate the three comparisons of speech, there are three divisions of the Mount Lowe railway — grand, grander, grandest. The first is otherwise known as the Rubio division. To reach its lower terminus one comes by steam

from Pasadena. Arriving at the beautiful residential suburb of Altadena you find an electric car, much like the ordinary, in waiting, you materially flatten your pocketbook by buying a ticket, and your ride on the Mount Lowe railway begins.

Passing the orange groves, apricot orchards, and the homes of the rich, you strike the open foothill mesa of sage brush and greasewood. The walls of the mountain rise to forbid your further passage, but the surveyor has found a way, and the car enters



PHOTO BY RALPH

Fifteen minutes out — Mt. Lowe Trail



PHOTO BY RALPH

Isaac Jacob and his chum ready for a trip up the mountain

page, but the surveyor has found a way, and the car enters



GARDEN OF THE GODS
SHOWING "GRAND CIRCULAR BRIDGE"

the mouth of Rubio canyon. The scene grows finer and finer with every whirr of the motor under your seat. The open views of the valley give way to limited but not less beautiful ones; as the canyon narrows the way becomes more difficult; the rushing brook that flowed near the track when the canyon was entered is left far below; bridges over many tributary ravines are crossed in quick



PHOTO BY RALPH

On the summit of Mount Lowe after a Yucca Hunt



PHOTO BY RALPH

The big mountain fire from the valley, showing in the foreground Mt. Lowe livery stables.

succession till, after two miles and a half, the traveler is at Rubio pavilion. On either side rise almost sheer the walls of the canyon. A track goes up the less precipitous of these and disappears over the top. The "white chariot" is at the bottom. Before your shuddering is over, the car is filled, the conductor has telegraphed to the summit for power, the great cable groans complainingly and up you go. The great cable incline is the steepest railroad in the world. Beginning on a

60 per cent. grade, it changes to 62, to 58, and when nearing the summit, 48. That is, in every hundred feet you go

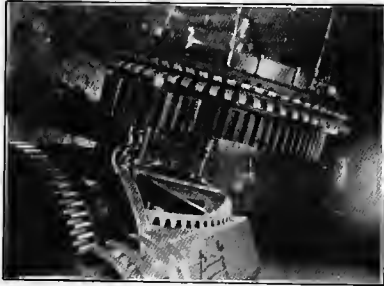


PHOTO BY RALPH

A portion of the incline machinery — Echo Mt.

forward you rise 62 feet. Try it in miniature with a yard stick. And why aren't you wrongside up? Because the seats of the "white chariot" are constructed on a bias to the floor, thus conforming to the angle.

The incline is operated by an endless cable, to which the cars

are permanently attached. The cable is tested to sustain a hundred tons. As the loaded car seldom exceeds five tons, any fears you may have had should be put in your pocket for more warrantable use further on.

At the moment the car starts up another starts down. They pass each other at a very ingenious automatic turnout exactly half way. The motion of the car is extremely smooth and easy — something like an advance sample trip on a flying machine, with the dubious outcome eliminated.



PHOTO BY RALPH

Papa on "The McPherson Trestle" the steepest bridge in the world

The first wonder on the incline is Granite Gorge, where all the workmen that could be crowded into the space wielded pick and shovel eight months before a single tie could be laid. Next is the McPherson Trestle, spanning Canyon Diablo — and the devil should be pleased with his namesake. The bridge is 200 feet long, and 100 feet higher at one end than at the other. At the upper end of the bridge you look out on the San Gabriel valley and the blue Pacific and you forget to be fearful — it is all so great, so grand.



PHOTO BY RALPH

Arrival of the "White Chariot" at Echo Mt.



PHOTO BY RALPH

No. 7 rounding Sunset Point—Mt. Lowe R. R.

The grade of the incline was such that at many points not even the surefooted burro could be trusted to carry materials for the wall and buttresses, and the workmen had to shoulder the burdens themselves. It may be remarked that "Don't walk on the track" signs are not a necessity, since nearly everyone has a

healthy respect for his equilibrium. The machinery for



THE OBSERVATION CAR ROUNDING "GRAND CIRCULAR BRIDGE"
"CITY ON THE MOUNT" IN THE DISTANCE

operating the incline, in keeping with everything else, is unlike anything before attempted. The electricity is generated by two methods — by water at Rubio Pavilion, and by gas piped eight miles from Pasadena. Every safety device of known value is employed on the machinery. Result — not only the most wonderful, but actually and admittedly the safest eight miles of track in this country of



PHOTO BY RALPH

One of the many canyon bridges
Mt. Lowe R. R.



PHOTO BY RALPH

Oak Grove — Mt. Lowe R. R.

An injury to passenger by accident has never yet occurred. The traveler is on Echo Mountain now, at an altitude of 3500 feet. Rubio Pavilion is 2200 feet. He rose 1300 feet in his journey up the incline. The Echo Mountain House is metropolitan, both in size and appointments, it supporting a postoffice of its own. Besides Echo Mountain's natural attractions, the visitor may gaze heavenward through the big 16-inch telescope in Prof. Swift's observatory nearby, or look at his antediluvian ancestors in a well appointed menagerie. Here, too, is the largest search-

light in the world, brought from the World's Fair, where it did service on top of the Manufacturers' Building. It has



PHOTO BY RALPH

World's Fair searchlight at Echo Mt.
3,000,000 candle power

the power of 3,000,000 candles. The best girl of the operator can read her novels by it in Los Angeles eighteen miles away, when it is thrown on the valley of a clear night.

But the conductor is getting impatient, and you board the open observation car for the

final four and a half miles over the Alpine division. Loss of adjectives and chills up the spinal column begin simultaneously. Pictures of mountains, of valley, of great, yawning canyons come and go in such combinations and with such kaleidiscopic rapidity that they cannot be reasonably classified. Better likened to Mahomet's famous tomb than to any thing else is this amazing Alpine division—partly of earth and partly of heaven; and as you look down a thousand feet



PHOTO BY RALPH

Rear view of "Ye Alpine Tavern"
Mr. Wentworth becomes chimney sweeper

into Los Flores canyon on one side and a thousand feet up toward the peaks on the other, you may think it is dangerously intermediate. You are getting to heaven, however, only at the easy rate of ten feet in every hundred.

Two miles out is the Grand Circular bridge—though every hundred yards of the way might well have special mention. The bridge forms nearly a complete circle

of about 400 feet, with a diameter of 150. A canyon, too, has to be dealt with on one side. It is perhaps the most marvelous thing on this marvelous road.

No Mount Lowe rattlesnake—and there are such, to the occasional consternation of visitors,—can twist himself half as much as does this Alpine division. The track turns upon itself in such a labyrinth that in one place nine tracks can be counted on the mountain

side, each, successively reaching a higher level. At the



PHOTO BY RALPH

"Inspiration Point". After the hardest half day's mountain climbing I ever had



PHOTO BY RALPH

Papa viewing the beauties of the San Gabriel Valley from Inspiration Point



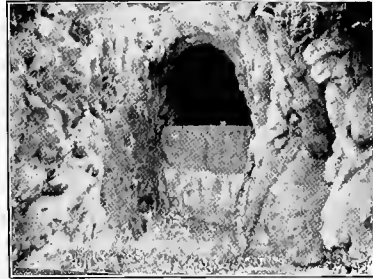
"Massachusetts Inn" Our cloth residence in the Sierra Madre



Necessity is the mother of invention. Mama does her ironing on a chair, assuming a prayerful position in so doing



Mama's corner in the Massachusetts Inn



Rainbow Spring, a half mile from our mountain tent

Interior Views of Massachusetts Inn and Its Water Supply

Grand Circular bridge you look down over 1100 feet and see the two ribbons of steel over which you came but a few moments before.

At Sunset Point you take a farewell glimpse of the San Gabriel Valley and enter into the beautiful forest of pine that covers the walls of Grand Canyon. Through this forest deer and even wild cats are often seen. Which but illustrates how, if protected by man, wild beasts come to lose their fear of him. Sometimes the car runs over a lazy rattlesnake basking himself in sunshine on the track.

A mile and a half back in the mountains, built as if to complete the lovely sylvan picture, with pines a hundred feet high stalking above it, is cosy "Ye Alpine Tavern." It is the present end of the Mount Lowe railway. A thousand feet are yet to be climbed to reach the summit of Mount Lowe, but the prospective railroad there is not yet completed.

No view of the valley is obtainable from the tavern. An excellent carriage road, however, connects it with Inspiration Point, or you can hire a horse or burro for a three-mile ride to the summit.

Suppose you take it—and it will repay you. Far below is the serpentine course of the Alpine division winding down to Echo Mountain—the "City on the Mount" they call it.



PHOTO BY RALPH

The Tavern's water-giving tree



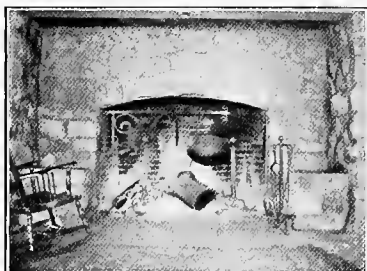
The Tavern's parlor, where ye female guests are wont to congregate



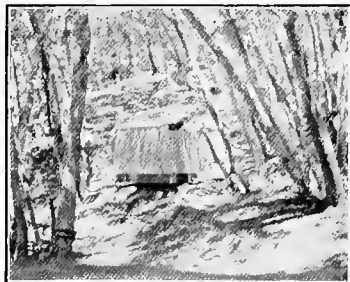
The Tavern's dining-room, where we have been served our daily meals since we became tavernites



The old Log Cabin near the Tavern



Ye Alpine Tavern's big fireplace, 16 feet across, where we took our grub during our tent life in the mountains



Our first residence in the mountains



A tree freak near Rainbow Spring

In and Around "Ye Alpine Tavern"

Then the great cable incline, then the flowery foothills, then lovely Pasadena and populous Los Angeles, then the enormous green groves and vineyards and ranches stretching to the ocean. "The Gems of the Pacific" — Santa Catalina and San Clementi Islands — and beyond, shimmering in the sunlight like a silver thread, the horizon of azure heaven and azure sea. It is a marvelous canvas, and not until you have ceased to appreciate the sublimities of nature are you like to forget it.

*The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.*

Longfellow.

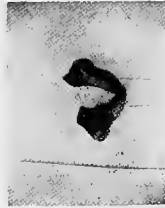
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A Few of the Alpine Tavern "Pictures"



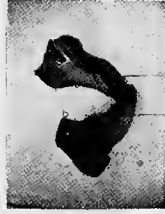
The "Old Kitchens by Home" — the
conscience of the Tavern's two lady-like chamber
maids — Rose and Hetty

"Comrades"



"Surgion Jem" — the quarters
of the conductor and undertaker —
Mr. Maguire and Mr. Leighton.

Place of fire-eaters' —
mountain climbing.



PHOTOS BY RALPH

IN THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS—MEMORIES DEAR.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

[A poem of Eugene Field's that touched the universal heart.]

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
 But sturdy and staunch he stands ;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
 And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
 And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
 Kissed them and put them there.
“Now don't you go till I come,” he said,
 “And don't you make any noise!”
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
 He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
 Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
 But the little toy friends are true,
Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
 Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
 The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
 In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
 Since he kissed them and put them there.

POLITICAL ENTHUSIAST



FROM a small boy Ralph was an interested enthusiast in political affairs, not only of the city, state, and nation of his birth, but of the whole world. When McKinley and Hobart were nominated in 1896, he gave vent to his joy



PHOTO BY RALPH

by the raising of the first McKinley and Hobart flag among the trees in the Sierra Madre Mountains. He made a photo of the same, which he enclosed in a letter to McKinley. The letter opposite is his answer.

WILLIAM McKINLEY,
CANTON, OHIO

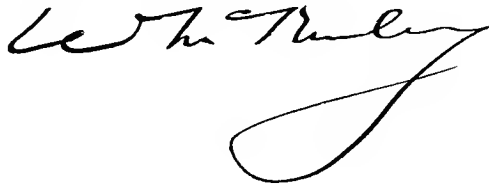
July 11th. 1896.

Mr. Ralph E. Bicknell,
Mount Lowe Springs, Cal.

My dear Sir :

The picture of the Republican
banner floating in the Sierra Madre Mountains
is much appreciated by me, and I thank both
you and your father.

Yours very truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Wm McKinley". The signature is written in black ink and features a large, sweeping flourish at the end of the name.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Lord Alfred Tennyson.

NEW MASSACHUSETTS INN



THE letter which follows is self-explanatory. For the benefit of the reader, however, let me say that the "New Massachusetts Inn" is the name which Ralph gave to our home in the foot hills where we lived during the winter of ninety-seven after leaving our cloth tent home in the mountain.

"NEW MASSACHUSETTS INN,"
ALTADENA, LOS ANGELES CO.,
California, Jan. 13, '97.

EDITOR TELEGRAM :

DEAR SIR:—It was nearly two weeks ago that two of the occupants of the "New Massachusetts Inn" became god-fathers. As a result, "Mount Lawrence" has been added to the list of the mountains of Southern California, and in one of the highest and noblest peaks of the front range of the Sierra Madre our native city has a namesake. When we took upon ourselves the task of being sponsors to as grand a mountain as the one in question, we were not unmindful that we were assuming a big responsibility. However, it required but little deliberation to decide on the name of the "Queen City of the Merrimac" as one in full keeping with the majesty of its recipient, and so "Mount

Lawrence" it is, and with the kind consent of the people hereabouts, always will be.

The ascent of "Mount Lawrence" is a difficult one, and the peak has had few visitors. Once, though, it had several regular inhabitants, miners, and about half-way up, an old abandoned gold mine, relic of the shattered hopes of some disappointed delver in Mother Earth, still remains proof against the attacks of washouts and landslides. But one is abundantly repaid for his hard climb when the summit is reached, for aside from his being able to boast to an admiring circle of friends of having succeeded in attaining the top, he has had the opportunity of beholding one of nature's most beautiful pictures in all its grandeur, the picture that she shows only in this "Land of Sunshine," her wonderful panorama of Southern California. One that would fail to be impressed by this revelation of nature must surely possess a heart of stone.

The christening ceremonies were not executed on a very imposing scale, but a party of only four (my cousin, Ed Barker, Willie Carter, papa and myself) couldn't be expected to make a very big demonstration. Setting up the pole on which was a flag with this inscription —

MOUNT LAWRENCE NAMED BY A MASSACHUSETTS BOY

and a salutation from the combined lung power of the four in the shape of three lusty cheers and the traditional

“tiger,” were about all; not much of a showing, but the best we could do.

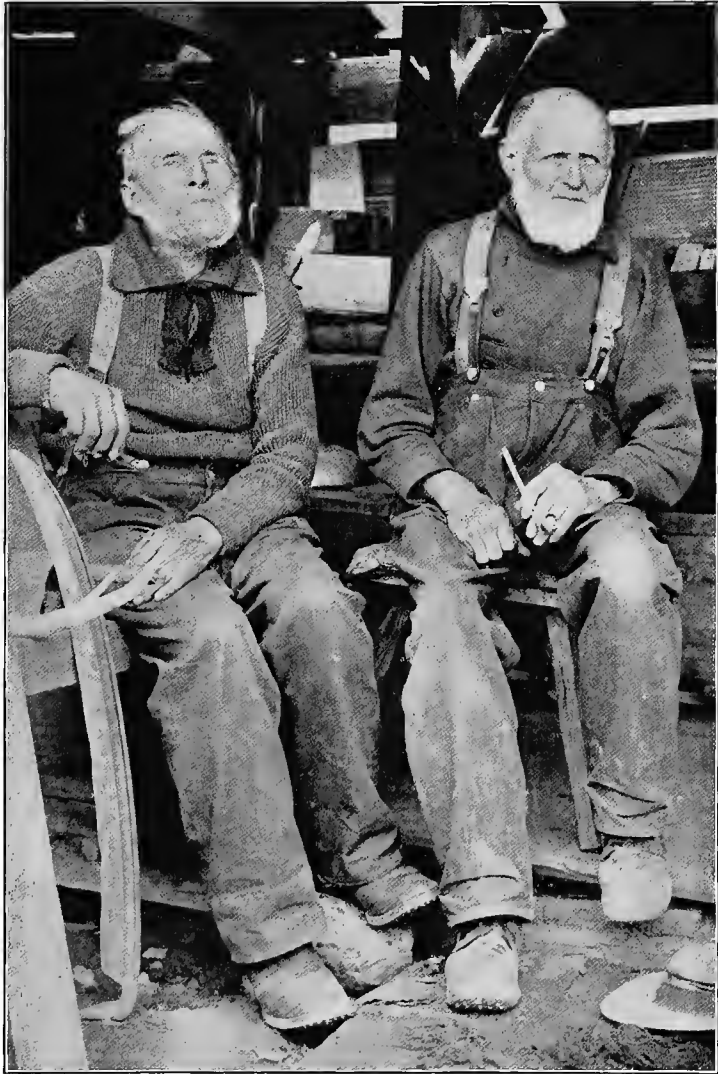
Would that a few dozen of our Lawrence friends could have been there to have helped us out.

Several times during the two weeks since the flag-raising, we have gone to “Mount Lawrence,” through our field glass. And though several feet of snow have fallen on the mountain since then, and the wind has blown furiously, the little pennant on “Mount Lawrence” still waves triumphantly. “Our flag is still there!”

Very respectfully, I am

RALPH E. BICKNELL.

*Health is the first of all liberties,
and happiness gives us the energy,
which is the basis of health.
Amiel's Journal.*



CHAFFEE AND CHAMBERLAIN

Known in one of Bret Harte's best stories as "Tennessee" and "Partner"

CHAFFEE AND CHAMBERLAIN



RALPH had a great big heart, always filled with sympathy for honest, untiring human effort, which ended in failure. Thus it was that he became so attached sympathetically to these old men. It was on our fifty days' camping trip to the Yosemite Valley that he met "Tennessee" and "Partner," whose personalities were the subject of one of Bret Harte's best California stories. (Chaffee and Chamberlain, their real names). The story of these two honest old men's lives impressed him, if possible, more forcibly than the wonders of Yosemite itself.

Two old forty-niners, honest, intelligent hard workers, had lived in this one spot where we found them, way up in the high Sierras, for fifty years. Ralph became so interested in them, and they in him, that he sent them many, many papers, books, and magazines, never failing to remember them at Christmas time. He also kept a faithful and interesting correspondence with them until they both passed away some two years since. So far as worldly

goods are concerned, their lives were a failure. With a long life of honest effort to their credit, who will dare say they are not now richer than a Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, or Morgan.

The following article appeared in "The Land of Sunshine," a California magazine, November, 1899:—

"TENNESSEE" AND "PARTNER"

One of the best of Bret Harte's early California stories — of renewed interest because now upon the stage — is Tennessee's Partner." We all remember "Jimmy," the long-suffering mule; "Partner's" unfortunate matrimonial ventures; "Tennessee's" rascality, and "Partner's" deathless loyalty.

The originals from whom Harte took the suggestion of his fiction are still living in California, on their little claim in the Sierras. In real life they are Chaffee and Chamberlain, two cheery old Argonauts who peg away with pick and shovel still, digging a modest livelihood from the earth, and but dimly concerned with the big world in which their fictitious fortunes nightly thrill an audience.

Their home is not a log cabin, as in the story, but a pleasant little home-like two-story dwelling built with their own hands. It is shaded by friendly trees and vines. A little distance away are a few scattered apple-trees; and the whole place is surrounded with beautiful, spreading oaks — the same oaks that have so often borne human fruit, both in literature and in reality. Inside, the home is comfortable and a model of neatness. Pictures relieve the rough-finished

walls, and a great fire-place takes up much of one end of the living-room. Books fill the shelves that occupy every available corner.



CHAMBERLAIN AND CHAFFEE
Their home in the high Sierras in the background

It was late when we reached their home ; but a kind-faced old man in the trellised doorway bade us welcome. "You can camp in the orchard yonder," said "Tennessee," adding : "You'll find some wood there that we cut specially for campers." Later, as we munched a tardy camp supper, he brought us some fresh picked strawberries. "There ain't many," he said, "but it's all we've got."

Two pleasanter old men than those with whom we spent that evening could not be found, or more sincerely hospitable.

Far from being of the rough and lawless school of Harte's fiction, "Tennessee" is genial, merry, open-hearted, and "Partner," not exactly the child-like bribe-offerer of Sandy Bar. They are well-read men, take newspapers and magazines, and converse in a manner rather surprising to one who tries to measure them by the story.

"So you come from old Massachusetts, do you?" said Chamberlain, while Chaffee nodded quiet assent now and then. "Well, so did we — or rather I did, for Chaffee came from Connecticut. We sailed early in the winter of '49, by the Horn. It took us 176 days to reach San Francisco. It was a big change from our steady New England home. Mining was the only thing talked about and gambling was the chief amusement. Men just back from the diggings, with their pockets full of gold, would stake their last ounce on the turn of a card. Almost every day there'd be a suicide or a murder.

"There were six of us New England boys. We had a tent and camped where the Palace Hotel is now.

"Chaffee was a wheelwright — I, a carpenter. There was plenty of work and wages were big. Common laborers got \$7 a day. We went to work at \$12 a day — ought to have been satisfied. But on the arrival of news from the mines great reports would be posted through town, and it didn't take us long to get the fever. We gave up our jobs and started for the mountains.

"At last we landed in Second Garrote. The store-keeper kindly offered us goods on credit, for fifty cents was the sum total of our cash on hand. We dug a hole in the mountain side, ran rafters across, put boughs and clay on the rafters,

made a fireplace and chimney, and thought we had a very comfortable mud hut.

“It rained for three days steady about the middle of April. One night, sitting in the mud hut, Pard and I saw little chunks of soil begin to drop. Pretty soon the whole thing caved in, and we left. We stayed in the store that night.

“We struck it rich at first — took out four hundred dollars in a few days — but then the claim went back on us. I got discouraged and proposed to Pard that we go to 'Frisco and work at our trade, but we didn't go. After a while we sold our claim and bought a new one — the one we own now.

“And you have been working it ever since?”

“Yes — we've never struck it rich, but we've managed to get along and build us a house. Chaffee works the claim alone now — I do the housework and a little gardening. Chaffee hasn't taken out fifty dollars in the last five years, but he's just as keen as he ever was. You can't down a miner's spirit.

“You and Chaffee have lived together all these years? Don't you ever disagree?”

“Yes, all these years — ever since '49. Ought to know each other, hadn't we? And as for quarreling” — looking at his wrinkled companion of fifty years — “I guess we get along pretty well, don't we Chaffee?” And Chaffee smiles an answer.

“How did you happen to know Bret Harte?”

“O, we never knew him — never saw him even. He had a friend in Second Garrote and it was through the friend that he heard of us and wrote the story. When Chaffee went to

'Frisco a few years ago he was introduced as 'Tennessee's Partner.' It was a big surprise to him."

"But where did Bret Harte get the hanging part of it?"

"There had been a man in Second Garrote — one Peters — charged with outraging a child. He got away, but parties started in every direction, and he was run down. They brought him back to camp and he confessed. Feeling ran



CHAFFEE AND CHAMBERLAIN

Under the "Historic Oak" where so many hangings have occurred

high. The prisoner was taken from the authorities, and a few miles outside of camp, in the moonlight, Judge Lynch held court.

"A spokesman was chosen. He asked what should be

done with the prisoner. Some said whip him — more said hang him. Chaffee made a very eloquent plea for turning him over to the courts. A vote was taken, and Chaffee's motion was carried."

"And was that all Harte had to build on?"

"Yes, but of course the main part of the story was Partner's faithfulness to Tennessee, and he told that all right."

Tennessee chuckled, "To think I have lived all these years with a rope around my neck."

We said good night to the two old gentlemen and retired to the abbreviated bunks of our camp wagon. The next morning we took a picture of Tennessee and Partner standing under a great oak that branches over the road near their dwelling — under a tree with a history — for many a grim figure has swung from those strong limbs the victim of Judge Lynch.

We looked back through the cloud of dust. There by the gate, their hands screening their eyes from the early morning sun, stood Tennessee and Partner. God bless them! — kind old men. May they ever be as happy as they have been and are. "Thar — I told you so! — thar he is — comin' this way, too — all by himself, sober, and his face ashinin'."

NOTE.—In 1903, Chaffee passed away, leaving Chamberlain entirely alone in this lonely mountain home. He (Chamberlain) notified Ralph of his loss, by which sad news Ralph's big heart, always overflowing with sympathy, was opened wide. He wrote the old man a letter in the most soothing language

at his command. The letter which follows is Chamberlain's reply. Written by a man 83 years old, who had spent fifty years in a mountain wilderness, it is a literary gem. One who reads it need not be told of the author's intelligence or self-education. Added to an incurable disease, which gave him almost continuous pain, the loss of his life companion was more than he could bear. Suffering and heart-broken, he took his own life.

Ralph continued to write him after he had passed away. His letters were opened by the man whose duty it was to take charge of the little they left, and from him Ralph received a letter telling how the poor old man ended unending trouble by his own hand.

GROVELAND, CALIFORNIA,
August 10, 1903.

MY VERY DEAR BICKNELL:—

I am still indebted to you for your kindness in sending documents. I am nearly rattled at the death of my dear Partner. Yes, he has crossed the great divide, and I pray the Giver of all Good that I may not lose my mind in this my hour of trouble. Yet what is my great loss is his greater gain. To live truly and nobly and to die beloved. What more can there be to that which we call life? We part from dying friends with sad and breaking hearts, and mourn at their loss. But why should we mourn? Death is

a relief to poor, suffering mortals. Death is the unfettering of the soul. The life beyond is but the continuation of this life, only enlarged, enriched, and ennobled. In fact, there is no death. What we call death is but transition from a mortal to an immortal state. And it depends on our lives here whether that state is to be happy or miserable, and I have no doubt that the state of my dear Partner will be a most happy one. Amen, so mote it be.

Now, my dear Ralph, thanking you for your kindness, and hoping you will excuse all errors in your loving friend,

J. B. CHAMBERLAIN.

*To mix with action,
to feel the stir of the world,
to be in the vortex of change.*

H. W. Mabie's "Life of the Spirit."

THREE FINGERED BILL



ONE who read the contents of "Ralph's Scrap Book" will doubt for a moment his promising future (had he been permitted to continue his work) as a writer on a wide range of topics, both in fact and fiction.

His nature led him to seek refinement at all times, yet, when brought face to face with the rough side of life (as his California experience at times led him), he took in the situation with such calm keenness as seldom failed to read human nature aright, and detect in a rough exterior much that was good in the heart that beat therein.

No human being ever became so low and degraded as to be entirely destitute of good.

No truly honest and courageous heart, even though covered with a soiled shirt, ever failed to find an admirer in Ralph, evidence of which is seen in his fictitious story of "Three Fingered Bill".

A GRUB GULCH REFORMATION.

From that memorable summer of 18—, when Three Fingered Bill had been rescued from the highway and

tended for weeks, during the succeeding sickness, by Miss Dorothy Dalrymple of San Francisco, Three Fingered Bill was a changed man. The extraordinary event — not of his being in the road, for that was a common occurrence, but of his exciting pity in that heroic position — had worked upon sensibilities that had formerly been wholly consecrated to ruin and revenge. Such instances of city sympathy were rare in Grub Gulch, and Bill was at a loss as to its proper classification — whether it should be construed as evidence of the supernatural or proof of Providence.

Exponents of neither of these ideas residing in Grub Gulch, Three Fingered Bill must needs come unaided to a conclusion. Bill himself didn't believe in thinking. It was too much work for no practical result. The event, nevertheless, took hold on Bill, as things that they can't explain always do on ignorant natures, and the sometime proprietor of the Lucky Strike was dimly conscious that some drastic departure from present principles must be accomplished.

I have said that Three Fingered Bill was a changed man. That is, he was some changed — a complete metamorphosis was incompatible with Bill's make-up and surroundings. To a casual observer, no change had taken place at all, except, perhaps, in the clothes, which were washed oftener than they used to be — the face likewise. One has to follow Bill's daily life to understand that different ideals were in the process of perfection — to notice that Pete and his whiskey were not patronized as of yore; to notice that the card table was courageously eschewed; to notice that he was more often in the cabin nights with Jim than with "the boys"; to notice that more work was put in on his little

claim; to notice that the small earnings thereof went into a piece of cast-off hosiery instead of into the coffers of the Marigold Saloon; and, lastly and unaccountably, to notice that Bill made a practice, seldom missing a night, of being round the hotel when the Yosemite coach rolled in.

The bulbous bloom of "red eye" on Three Fingered Bill's olfactory organ disappeared by easy stages, and his eyes were not as blear as they used to be. Bill was becoming unsociable, too,—from the town's standpoint—and by his usual absence from the nightly "functions" at the Marigold Saloon, Grub Gulch's code of etiquette was piqued beyond retrieving by the offending brother.

Be it said, however, that Bill was not held wholly responsible. A magnanimous feeling that his general sanity was impaired was rife in the camp, and when Bill's old haunts knew him not, his old companions, between drinks, wisely shook their befuddled pates and opined that "Bill was gittin' off." Could the change come but of a disordered mind, with no temperance agitator in town—no "preacher"—no priest?

Be it not inferred that Bill was a saint, for Three Fingered Bill was not a saint. Though many of his former vices were gone,—conquered how and for what Bill knew not,—his longing for revenge had lost none of its strength—none of its determination. To Three Fingered Bill it was not revenge, it was justice that he sought—justice for a great wrong. It occupied his thoughts by day, while he labored with pick and shovel on the flinty mountain side; he dreamed of it when the wind whistled through the chinks in his poor old cabin. In Jim he confided all, for he loved Jim and

respected him as he did but one other person—a person who lived not at Grub Gulch. And in the whole camp, however they might censure his convivial shortcomings, he had sympathetic allies. A miner hates nothing as he does rascality, and Grub Gulch itself was not less bitter toward the villian Deering than was Three Fingered Bill of the Lucky Strike.

It had been a cool day at Grub Gulch. Old Prob was booked to furnish many more warm ones before winter set in, for the first of October had not yet arrived. To be sure, the big stove at the Marigold had been lighted for several weeks, but it had had few admirers among Pete's patrons, and had stood awkwardly in the middle of the room, like a wall flower out of place. Some of the loungers had even intimated that "Pete was tryin' ter roast 'em out." The accusation was wholly unfounded, and something more than uncomfortable temperature would be needed to start the accusers, anyway.

Things were different now. Her face warmed into a ruddy glow by thoughts of coming conquests, the old nasty stove was surrounded by cold-handed humanity—gamblers, miners, bums. "Cold, ain't it?" remarked old David Farrar. "I disremember any sich turrible unseanuble weathur in the Gulch." David spoke from authority. It was the word of an old resident. From it there was no appeal, and some who had thought it quite uncomfortable saw their mistake and patronized the stove.

There was nothing remarkable about the group of bar room frequenters, except as they represented the elite of Grub Gulch society, but sitting a little apart from the rest,

where his presence would occasion the least inconvenience, was Thee Fingered Bill. The Marigold (so named by Pete not because he had botanical proclivities in it, but because the word had in it a suggestion of the yellow metal) did not see Bill often now — tonight only, because Jim had gone up to Chinese Diggings “on bisness,” as Bill explained.

The men broke up into twos and threes — some to gamble, some to drink, some to talk, some to simply sit tilted against the wall and dose. Bill was ignored. His former comrades had forgotten him since his reformation four years back. He was an innocent quite beneath the notice of respectable Grub Gulch citizens.

Pete was doing a rushing business — something more than a rusty stove was needed to warm the majority of his visitors. Those that drank were already drunk, those that gambled were mostly busted, those that talked had run out of subjects, — art, literature, and science being sifted to the bottom, — the man that dosed had gone to sleep. The sound of galloping hoofs resounded through the air of early evening. In front of the Marigold the clatter stopped, and Jim Martney rushed in. A wave of excitement ran through the crowd.

“Bill here — Bill Martney!”

Pete impassionately aimed a bit of expectoration at his immaculate cuspidor. “Well, what if he is? ’Taint nuthin’ ter me. He ain’t bought nuthin’ fer nigh four year. But I ain’t pertickler fer ter hev the buildin’ knocked down.”

Through the clouds of tobacco smoke Jim saw his brother in a dark corner of the gaudy place, and in a few hurried words his news was told. Three Fingered Bill sprang to his

feet—a different man than had sat down. A dangerous light shone from his unusually mild blue eyes, his face was pale with passion, and his hand nervously sought the derringer in his hip pocket.

“Yer all know me—or uster,” he cried. The curious crowd, now thoroughly interested, did not interrupt. “Bill Martney as was swindled outer his claim six years ago by that white rascal Derrin’.” Bitterness rang in his words. “Yer know I said I’d kill the devil if I ever gut a chance—kill the man as took frum me all I’d worked ter git. I’ve got a chance.”

It had been five months and more since Red Charley shot Fish Camp Lid in a little bar room misunderstanding. Things were getting monotonous, and anything in the shape of excitement was most acceptable.

“A few o’ you fellers ter help me an’ we’ll make short work uv it. A half er dozen of ye’ll do.”

A shout of approbation broke from the crowd. No thought of cards and liquor now. It was common cause against the hated Deering.

“Deerin’'s comin’ in the stage. Jim see ‘im up ter Chinese Diggin’s this arternoon. Lean Leander said he wuz the only passenger comin’ through—said Deerin’'d bribed ‘im ter keep mum. Leander wuz purty drunk, but I guess he wuz right—most the city folks hev gone home afore now. The stage goes through ter You Bet—don’t stop here. Fellers, we gut ter git the stage. Shel Deerin’ hang afore mornin’?”

The crowd howled a unanimous reply. Everybody in the Marigold volunteered their influence in the proceeding

—everybody except Pete and old David Farrar, who explained that he was “gittin’ too old fer any hangin’ business,” and further fully explained himself in the eyes of Grub Gulch by declaring that “he’d had lots uv experience.”

“It’ll hev ter be done quick, boys,— the stage ’ill be here in half ’n hour!”

The road branches a few miles south of Grub Gulch— branches, however, so slightly that you would think both roads lead to the same destination. Both roads are dusty, both are poor, and there really seems to be small choice. Of course there isn’t any guide board,—there never is in California,—and the traveler not versed in Grub Gulch traveling is reduced to the necessity of throwing up a cent or trusting to a Yankee ancestry.

To be sure, the roads do come out, eventually, at the same place, but they reach it by widely different directions. The one to the left is the “main traveled” stage route—a toll affair, that exacts a dollar and a half from private conveyances. The other belongs to the county, but it is sadly out of repair, and in spite of his allurements, as unhampered by toll tax, it is used but little. The original job of building has not been scientific in opposing yearly washouts and snow slides, and little gullies, big gullies, and medium sized gullies are frightfully numerous.

The one highway becomes two in a little open mesa—a peculiar opening, as if the dropping of a great live coal had burned a hole in the mountain’s shaggy covering. Only a scanty growth of sage brush, and buffalo grass, and grease wood covers the mesa.

In the twilight, almost deepened into night, a half score

of horsemen clattered out of the timber at the mesa's upper end. They came at a pace quite out of keeping with Grub Gulch's most approved method of getting over the ground, for Grub Gulch seldom hurried;—a pace, too, incongruous with that stillness that in the Sierras always comes with night.

At the almost imperceptible junction of the roads, half the horsemen flung themselves out of their saddles, threw their reins to their mounted comrades, and disappeared into the sage brush. The others waited impatiently. "Come, hurry up, there, Lean Leander'll be along in fifteen minutes." Then, as if plant life had suddenly become animated, sundry sage bushes and grease woods came out from among their fellows. "Here enough, Bill?" inquired one of the grease woods.

"Yes, string 'em across the road, and down it a piece,—an' do it quick. Chicago, yer stay here and see it's all right when the stage comes. Mind ye don't show yourself. And if yer let Lean Leander git by on the right road—the drunken fool—we'll hang ye stid o' Deerin'." Three Fingered Bill's timidity of four years' standing had disappeared,—in him was vested the authority of leader of the avenging committee of Grub Gulch.

The committee sped down the road and were lost in the pines. A slender moon that came up over the tree-tops looked casually down on the little mesa and saw only one road where there had been two.

"Gut yer 'golegers', fellers, case he should fight."

"Yep."

"Gut yer rope, Sam? All right, here she comes. Hear it? Git tergether yer stock of determination, fellers.

We'll make short work uv it, boys. Deerin', the d——d rascal, let him think his prayers while he's a-swingin'. She's a-comin' round the bend. Leander's singin', cussed if he ain't. The fool allus does when he's drunk. Reckless! —look the way he's drivin'! We kin never stop 'im the way he's comin'! Hev ter shoot the horses, won't we! All ready, fellers, I'll take the first one—great God—look —she's gone over!!

Up the road rushed the avenging committee of Grub Gulch—up to where the ill-fated coach had reeled over into the canyon. The men stood irresolute, looking down into the darkness. The groans of some one injured mingled horribly with the struggle of the hurt and terrified horses.

“Listen! Ain't there more'n two down thar? Seems like thar wuz. Go keerful, boys, go keerful.”

“Keerful be d——d. We want Deerin' ”

“An' we'll hev Deerin', dam 'im, dam 'im. Come on, boys!” and fired with the passion that no danger can weaken, Three Fingered Bill dashed down through the bushes toward his long-hoped-for justice.

A match sputtered and flared in front of the broken coach. “Who comes there?”

Three Fingered Bill stopped and sprang back. He threw up his arms, his staring face was white. “My God, my God, fellers, it's her—her—her. Her laying on the ground thar—dead! How in——” But a pistol shot rang through the night air, and the leader of the avenging committee of Grub Gulch fell.

How Dorothy Dalrymple was tenderly carried to Grub Gulch on an improvised stretcher of boughs and coats—

though the night was cold; how Doctor' Graff and Mr. Dalrymple watched the injured girl through that night of terrible suspense; how the avenging committee saw to the welfare of the drunken Leander is not pertinent to "A Grub Gulch Reformation."

It was just midnight when they laid Three Fingered Bill on a billiard table in Pete's saloon—it was too far to the cabin. The saloon was like an old home, though, to Three Fingered Bill; in it, in days past, had he drunk and gambled and sworn. The late loungers ceased their maudlin racket and skulked away. Pete shut up shop and turned in.

In the corner of the foul smelling place, on a gambling table reeking with slime and spilled liquor, a candle burned. There, his face on his arm, was Jim. A pack of cards, scattered in some drunken brawl, were littered about the floor.

The hours slipped away, and still the prostrate figure on the billiard table was rigid and unconscious. Jim bent over it and looked tenderly into the homely face. "Bill—Bill, don't go!"

The eyes opened and the lips moved. "Come—nearer—Jim. Put up the curtain so's I kin see the mountains." The rising sun was just painting the tips of the higher peaks. "Jim—is—she dead?"

"No, Bill, the doc says she'll pull through."

"Thank God," whispered the dying miner.

"Jim—I've been—on the wrong trail. Seemed like—I—dreamt—'bout—strikin' er—new lead. Seems—like—I see—her—a-showin' me—the way. Deerin'—gut away—didn't—he?"

“Yes, Bill, he gut wind uv it and didn’t come on the stage.”

“I’m — glad — Jim. If yer — ever — find ’im — Jim — don’t kill — ’im, Jim. I — don’t — want cher — to. Make — er better — strike — n’ I hev — Jim. An’ Jim — tell — her — ”

Jim pulled down the cheap red curtains and shut out the sunlight. Pete’s early patrons saw a bit of black cloth on the bar room door and did not enter.



The "Author", taken by himself

NOTE — This is certainly a freak in photography. Ralph had a keen eye for the beautiful in nature, and if any comical situation escaped his notice it must drop out of sight just a little quicker than thought. The above picture of himself, taken by himself, is proof of this sentiment.

THE MAN WITHOUT THE JOB

[Written for the Lawrence Telegram.]

Bowed by the weight of treachery he leans
Upon the fence and gazes at the ground
A look of hunger upon his face,
And on his back the burden of a wrong.
Who made him dead to reason and horse sense
That he should trust in politicians' words?
Puffing at his old "T. D."—a brother to the stove—
Who stamped the discontent on this bright mug,
This phiz that smiled before the plums were given?
Whose breath blew out the rosy hopes he had?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over politics,
To rule the wards, to search the caucuses for power
To feel the passion of a city job?
Is this the dream they dreamed who made the slate
And pillared all Ward Three with votes?
Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this;
More tongued with censure of a party's greed;
More filled with signs and portents for the "true"
More fraught with menace to Democracy.

What gulfs between him and the city hall,
Slave of disappointment, what to him
The honor that the peanut statesmen get,
What the percentage on a contract made,
The aldermanic snaps, the councilmanic fees ;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Cries protest to the voters for revenge,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O bosses, mayor and rulers in this town
Is this the end that you had counted on
This wrathful thing resembling thirty cents ?
How will you ever straighten out this mess
Get back the lost allegiance and the pull ?
Touch it again with party faithfulness
Make right all those forgotten bargainings ;
Perfidious pledges unfilled ?

O bosses, mayor and rulers in this town
How will the future reckon with this man
How answer his brute questions in the hour
When whirlwinds of election shake the world.
How will it be with Leonard and "de gang"
With them who promised what he never got,
When this dum-ed terror shall reply to them
Putting his answer in the ballot box ?

HONOR FOR LAWRENCE, MASS.

Last Monday, a party comprising Edmund Bicknell and his son Ralph Bicknell, Ed. Barker and Willie Carter, made the ascent of the first peak east of Mount Lowe. The peak has had but few visitors, and mountain lions and beasts are said to haunt that vicinity in numbers. However, nothing daunted, the courage of the aforesaid party, who were armed with nothing but a pot of black paint and a good lunch, rose to the occasion, and they made the perilous ascent without accident or profanity. The lunch being a free lunch, it was greedily disposed of to the whetted appetite of the four hungry climbers on their arrival at the mountain top, and the meal was only brought to a climax by reaching the pot of black paint. No one of the party was sufficiently versed in the culinary art to make the black paint a palatable dish, and even the wild animals did not show themselves as long as the said paint was in the paraphernalia of the party. Finally, a bright idea struck one of the members, and, selecting a



smooth downy spot on a flat rock in a conspicuous part of the peak, he wrote, in a large, broad, and graceful hand, "Lawrence Peak."

The name is in honor of the city of his home, Lawrence, Mass. Therefore, be it known by these acts and presents that the name of the first peak east of Mount Lowe is hereafter and forever Lawrence Peak. — [Pasadena Daily Evening Star.]

*The fool who knows his foolishness is wise
at least so far — but a fool who thinks himself
wise, he is a fool indeed.
If a traveler does not meet with one who is
his better, or his equal,
let him firmly keep to his solitary journey.
There is no companionship with a fool.
— The Buddhist Dhammapada.*

WON FIRST PRIZE



URING his first winter in Colorado at "The Home" in Denver, Ralph took part in a Book Carnival. He appeared as "Uncle Sam," drawing a white elephant. Since Ralph originated the idea, and his mother made the



costume and elephant, it seems only a fair deal that


the honors should be equally divided between them. The cut appeared in "The Boston Record," December 13, 1898, with the following comment.

"A friend of "The Record," who participated in the recent Book Carnival at "The Home" in Denver, sends us a photograph of his make-up, as shown above. He represented Bulwer-Lytton's "What Will He Do with It?" by a clever make-up as Uncle Sam, thoughtfully regarding his white elephant of the Pacific, the Filipinos."

*In death, if the Gods really exist,
there can be no terror, for they involve you in no evil.
If, on the other hand, there are none,
why should I care to live in a world
without God and without Providence?*

— *Marcus Aurelius.*

MODERN RESIDENTIAL CITY

N all his travels Ralph found no city more to his liking than Colorado Springs. His loyalty for old Massachusetts never wavered, and he never failed to love the city of his birth, yet he found in Colorado Springs a residential city just to his liking. He will tell you why he learned to admire what he termed the model residential city of the West.

COLORADO SPRINGS

It is said that Paderewski, questioned by an enthusiastic Bostonian, declared there was but one orchestra in the world the equal of the Boston Symphony—but with rare good judgment he neglected to name the other. There is only one other city in the United States that can be classed with Colorado Springs, but to provide for all possible personal prejudices we will not decide upon the other. Far be it from me to alienate the loyalty of one good Lawrencian—and in all Colorado there is not a filtering gallery, a Washington Mills “siren,” nor a ten thousand dollar pest house; in all Colorado there is not a Merrimack, nor can the grandeur of the Rockies wholly compensate for the quiet beauty of our New England hills. Moreover, there can be no possible

reflection on Lawrence, for Lawrence we are sure is not a "little city," however envious Lowellites may contend otherwise.

In the first place, Colorado Springs is not a typical Western town. Settled almost exclusively by Eastern peo-



SUNSET ON PIKES PEAK

ple of the best classes, they have brought to it an atmosphere of conservatism wholly foreign to Western ideals. Lacking that originality and unquestioning independence so characteristically Coloradoan, the Springs, (as it is usually called) is an alien in its own country. It is only a straw,

though a significant one, that whereas women horseback riders everywhere else in the state ride "on both sides of the horse," in Colorado Springs they still stick to the indefensible grandmother style. Whether to its advantage or disadvantage, a spirit essentially Eastern and not Western permeates Colorado Springs, and in mental attitude as well as in material surroundings you might as well look for the "wild and woolly" in Cambridge as in the community of Colorado Springs.

The first thing that impresses a newcomer to Colorado Springs is the streets, and if we have an appreciation of the artistic they will likely remain a continual source of admiration. The founders of the Springs were not embarrassed for lack of room—with fifty miles of unoccupied mesa on either side—and wisely deciding not to stint themselves in the construction of the streets, the result was every street a boulevard. Taking advantage further of a gravelly soil, naturally lending itself to a hard surface, and Colorado Springs has made for itself a system of streets that it would be hard to better. Not a street in the Springs is less than 100 feet wide and many are 140 (including sidewalks). The town, too, is laid out with a geometrical regularity that is refreshing after the cowpath method of—Boston for instance. Each block is exactly a tenth of a mile and there are a hundred numbers in each block. Pikes Peak avenue divides the city into north and south; Cascade avenue into east and west; so that if you know the name of the street and the number you can locate within fifty feet any house in town.

Modern streets must be cared for in a modern manner

and Colorado Springs does its sprinkling with an electric car which, holding about 17 tons of water, and with its long sprinkling arm spread out twenty feet or so, goes rushing through the street frantically ringing its bell to clear the way. The arm can be swung in if a team interferes, but bicyclists and pedestrians are supposed to look out for themselves. Not infrequently some one unmindful of the warning bell gets a gratuitous shower bath—and onlookers are unkind enough to laugh.

Supplementing its superior streets, the Springs has an excellent system of alleys, in which the sewer and water mains are laid and to which the unsightly telegraph poles are relegated. The streets are named for Colorado rivers and mountains; they may not be as easy for the Yankee tongue, perhaps, as time-worn High street, Main street and First street, but they are at least commendably original and with a little knowledge of Spanish (more than half the geographical names in the far West are an inheritance from its old Spanish conquerors) decidedly more euphonious. Nevertheless they are the despair and disgust of the puzzled tourist who, impatient of anything he does not understand, is too often prone to condemn whatever savors of innovation from his home standards. Whoever heard, he says, of a Tejon street, Conejos, Bijou, Uintah, Caramillo, Huerfano, Costillo, Cucharas, Cache la Poudre—and admittedly they are on the jaw-cracking order. But if only the great American traveler could cultivate a little more tolerance—a little more broad-mindedness.

In respect of beauty, the Springs is singularly divided. There is no distinctively poor section but all the expensive

residences are north of Pikes Peak avenue—north and south Colorado Springs are like two different towns. Pikes Peak and Tejon are the business streets, and on Tejon, Nevada and Cascade are the finest residences, Nevada and Cascade are prettily parked (that is with a strip of lawn in the center) and the most costly homes—and Colorado Springs is a city of homes—are on Cascade. It has been claimed that there are thirty millionaires on Cascade avenue. This is of course a Colorado story, but the palatial homes might well lead one to think it true.



THE FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS—COLORADO SPRINGS
Arch of welcome to the Colorado volunteers from the Philippines

All the streets of Colorado Springs are shielded by cottonwood trees which, growing very rapidly, have attained to large size, tho' Colorado Springs was an open mesa thirty years ago. In summer the flying cotton is a feature of the town. It fills the air like very snowflakes in July and accu-

mulates in drifts in the gutters ; is the ban of housekeepers in sticking on the screens and everything else ; has a sportive way of blowing into eyes and noses, and sticking tenaciously on everybody's clothes and is, together with the dust, a fruitful source of profane language in the summer season.

Since the opening of the Cripple Creek gold district in 1891 Colorado Springs has risen to considerable business importance. For a town of its size its business section is a model one, and is a delight to the eye from the neatness and good taste everywhere prevailing. As the business heart of the Cripple Creek country, more mining stock is bought and sold on the Springs exchange than in any other city of the United States. The sales for one single month of this spring were over seventeen million shares of a cash value of \$2,708,407. Cripple Creek is the richest gold field in the domain of Uncle Sam ; the enthusiasm is contagious, so that if a fellow comes to the Springs and gets well of one thing a violent attack of gold fever is likely to take its place.

Colorado Springs has an extensive system of irrigation which keeps the lawns and shade trees always green in summer. The water flows through the streets in sluiceways which take the place of gutters. Such abundant irrigation is urged against the Springs as a health resort, but its importance is overestimated. The soil is so sandy and absorbent that after a hard rain the streets are dry with a few hours sun, and what watering is done on the lawns affects the atmosphere inconsiderably.

Conducing perhaps more than anything else to the refinement and high moral tone of Colorado Springs is its perpetual prohibition. A clause inserted by the founders of the

town in the deed of every lot provided that the sale of intoxicating liquors on the premises should forfeit the lot. After one notable lawsuit the legality of the provision was sustained. Liquor for medicinal use is of course dispensed by the druggists, but there is not a saloon in town and "speak easies" are too dangerous to be profitable.

That Colorado Springs is a very wealthy town is evidenced by the scores of fine turnouts, strictly up-to-date and nearly all pneumatic or rubber tired. But it is in bicycles that Colorado Springs is surpassing — incomparable. Here King Richard would have amended his famous exclamation to "My kingdom for a bicycle," though he wouldn't have had to give that much for it. Nobody is too poor, too old, or too crippled to own a wheel. The popularity of the bicycle is astonishing, though it is easily explained by the excellent and level roads. Lots of women who would tip the scales at at least 200 use the silent steed, and look like loads of hay toiling up the street. The pathos of a fat woman on a bicycle trying to make headway against a Colorado wind! One old lady over seventy years old rides a bicycle; a wooden legged man seems to get along tolerably well; and several with only one leg, notably one very black colored man, go spinning about town with their crutches strapped to their wheels. How they get on and off is a question. The Springs must be a godly town, for the bicycles are all left out over night, half a dozen to a house, on lawns and porches and leaning against fences, with the utmost disregard of possible thieves. It is astonishing how the bicyclists pedal about with no reference to handle bars, how sitting back with the greatest unconcern, they turn corners

and perform all sorts of angles without apparently ever considering the necessity of a steering apparatus. But this is largely due to smooth streets, where are no stones or ruts or "thank-you-marms" to disturb their equilibrium.



A COLORADO VOTING PRECINCT

Where Sonny cast his first vote. Woman's suffrage incidentally illustrated

Colorado Springs is essentially a health resort, and there are so many doctors that you would think they would outnumber the patients. Those with big practices get rich, live in the best houses in town, and share with the druggists the perfectly legitimate occupation of bleeding the unhappy consumptive for all he is worth. While there is hardly a resident family in town but has a "lunger" past or active in it, the sick looking people that you see on the streets are

remarkably few. This is because invalids immediately improve, at least in appearance, on first coming, and in fact some of the healthiest looking specimens you could wish to see proudly lay claim to having once been sick. People are not ashamed to admit of punctured lungs in Colorado, it is rather a mark of honor. A visitor walking about town is struck by the frequency of the signs "Furnished Rooms" varied by "Rooms with Board" and "Rooms for Light Housekeeping." Some of the best looking places are boarding houses, and well to do families do not scorn to make a few dollars by letting a room or two.

Besides the churches, which are legion, the Springs has no fine buildings except an excellent high school, Colorado College, the most pretentious seat of learning between Kansas and California, and the National Printers' Home. I wish every "typo" in Lawrence could visit the Printers' Home; he might then be better reconciled to supporting it. Situated a mile out of the city on the summit of Knob Hill, it commands a breadth of mountain panorama that is not equaled in the United States. From the Spanish Peaks, dimly outlined on the far southern border of the state, almost to Denver on the north where the mountains dwindle to comparative foot hills, the whole Rampart Range of the Rockies is spread out to the daily gaze of the printers of Knob Hill. Just to watch the varying moods of the grand old Peak, its sunrise tints, its noonday shadows, its sunset glories, should bring oblivion of all the thousand past vexations — pied forms and illegible copy, hard rollers and slipping gauge pins — that the printer was heir to. The scenic attractions, accessible from Colorado Springs, are

many and of national reputation. North and South Cheyenne Canons, Manitou and the Garden of the Gods, Williams Canon and the Ute Pass resorts, the Cripple Creek stage road over Cheyenne Mountain, Pikes Peak, and its wonderful railway—all these, with a climate unsurpassed in America, have made Colorado Springs one of the famous summer resorts of the United States.

It is hard to realize as you saunter about the broad, pleasant streets of Colorado Springs, enjoying the sun, the air and the matchless blue of a Colorado sky, watching the electric cars and the busy wagons and the hurrying pedestrians transacting the business of a city of 25,000 people, that all this is taking place 6000 feet above the sea, a mile higher than Essex street, on a level with the summit of Mount Washington. This altitude is a convenient scapegoat for every ill of the flesh, from insomnia to a broken leg. If a doctor is at a loss to account for some mysterious symptom, he blames it on the altitude; the altitude, the native intimates, is responsible for many fearful and phenomenal things, and you finally come to believe that the altitude is the root of all evil not otherwise classified. The truth is that unless your heart is weak or your lungs badly affected, you will probably not notice the thin atmosphere at all, except to observe an increased sense of lightness and vitality and a renewed willingness to make a Cronje stand against all comers in this wonderful battle of life. Your pulse doubtless has gone up some. This is why such a small force of policemen suffices for the Springs, their heart doing several extra beats. But this much may be said for the danger of a high altitude: its effect on the most

careful cash account is immediate and alarming, and consumption of the pocketbook is a widespread malady, which has not yet been successfully quarantined. Let one of these deadly bacilli get working on a five dollar bill, especially in the vicinity of a drug store or doctor's office, and that particular "William" speedily sees its finish. Indeed, I have observed that in natural ratio as you get nearer heaven the higher things are. You can get a cup of coffee for five cents in Kansas; it costs ten in Colorado Springs; in



MR. F. A. HOLT'S RESIDENCE
Ralph's last home in Colorado Springs

Manitou it has risen to fifteen; on top of Pikes Peak they charge twenty-five—and it is discouraging to figure out what you'd have to pay for a little refreshment of Saint Peter.

To prospective health seekers let me say this: Try Colorado Springs first and Denver afterward. Denver is a fine city and an interesting place to visit, but it is a long ways from an ideal health resort. Any large city is, for a great center of population is incompatible with the best interests of the "cure chaser." The Springs is ten degrees drier than Denver, due to a sandy soil in the Springs, as against a nasty, muddy soil in Denver. There is no manufacturing in the Springs and hence none of the ill-smelling smoke that the smelters belch out over Denver every day. There are in the Springs all conveniences and amusements, except the ten-cent variety theatres, gambling joints, and prize fights which Denver monopolizes. In Colorado, the oldest exponent of woman's suffrage in the Union, prize fighting is a legal sport. A woman can use the sidewalks of Colorado Springs without polluting her skirts with the filth of tobacco chewers and worse, and there is in the little city at the foot of Pikes Peak a moral as well as material cleanliness which is unknown in its larger rival. Not much will be lost if you change your mind—try Colorado Springs first.

HIS LOYALTY



ONE of Ralph's most admirable traits of character was loyalty. His loyalty to his country, his state, and the city of his birth was intensely enthusiastic. His love for honest, manly sport was the same.

Our national game was his favorite. He studied the game from early boyhood. He knew it in all its fine details from A to Z. He knew all the "crack" players, and was thoroughly familiar with their specialty.

His loyalty to Massachusetts and home talent, and the high standing of the team when he was forced to locate in the West, made his enthusiasm for the success of "The Bostons" unbounded. Lovers of baseball will remember the year when the position of "The Bostons" took such a tumble. With his extreme loyalty for the team, the headlong tumble they took brought to Ralph such sadness and disgust as terminated in poetical inspiration, the result of which is seen in the little poem which follows.

A WESTERN LAMENT

O, the days away from home are often lone and drear
 At the best,
And there's not such joy in travel as might at first appear
 In the West,
But I managed to bear bravely the petty sorrows all—
The hopeless railroad sandwich, the neglected breakfast
 call—

 Till the sporting page betokened
 That the baseball games had opened.

 List.

 Wrong end of the
 Bostons at the
 With the

In the pedigree of Boston I have never been ashamed.
 In the nest

Of bold, bad Western cowboys and their like have I pro-
 claimed

 That it was best.

But my pride has now departed, and my tone is always
 humble

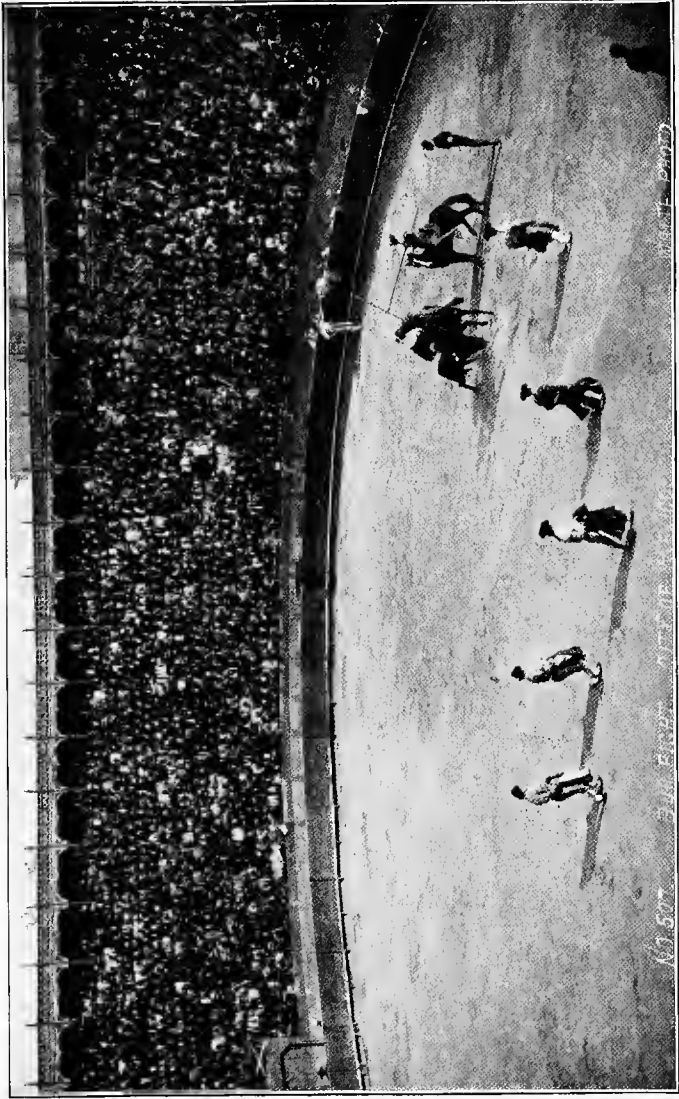
As I ponder on the things we used to do and on our tumble
 To inglorious defender
 Of position of tailender.

 List.

 Wrong end of the
 At the
 The Bostons

That the dust upon my cheek is sometimes furrowed with a
tear
 Is confessed,
As the story of defeat becomes a repetition mere
 As I had guessed.
And since Jonah and the Boston team have qualified for
mates,
My heart has proved its title to the class of heavyweights,
 And I dread to see the paper
 With the latest baseball caper.
 List.
 Wrong end of the
 Bostons at the
 Of the

(Written for the Boston Journal at Colorado Springs, Col., May 15.)



A BULL FIGHT—CITY OF MEXICO

MEXICAN NATIONAL PASTIME



IF it be true that because of its popularity baseball has become the national game of these United States, for the same reason it may be said that the extreme limit of hilarious enjoyment for the average Mexican is found in the bull fight. Perhaps in no better way can the real intellectual, moral, and sympathetic refinement of the American and the Mexican be compared than by the harmless game of baseball and the blood-curdling bull fight.

To Ralph, the bull fight was the lowest of the low down sports. Yet, while in Mexico, he must, to a certain extent, do as the Mexicans do, so he went to see the fight. How he was impressed by the performance can be seen by reading the article which follows.

WHAT MEXICO CALLS SPORT.

“Well, did you see a bull fight?” is the query that greets every returned sojourner in Mexico. Of course he saw one, else his credentials to a knowledge of Mexico are not genuine. The first may have been his last, and his opinions of the country may not have been improved by the exhibition, yet

the bull fight must be reckoned with in Mexico. It is as inevitable as the melodious "Si, señor" (yes, sir), and the big sombrero.

Your average American prepares himself for his first bull fight as for a dreaded ordeal. He goes forth with determination fixed and courage tightly screwed. He does his best to appear unconcerned as he buys his ticket and finds himself at last in the place where the bloody deed is done. But he miserably fails and — well, if his sensibilities will stand it, he stays it out.

The average Mexican bull ring is a hundred feet or more wide, with a structure like an amphitheatre, seats ranged in tiers, inclosing it. The amphitheatre is divided into two sections — the "sun seats," where the peon sits and shouts and swelters in the heat, and the "shade seats" none cheaper than a dollar and some as high as three.

The solid adobe wall at the top of which is the first row of seats forms the boundary proper to the ring, but set some six feet away from this into the arena, is a stout board fence as a city of refuge from infuriated "toro," (Spanish for bull). There are openings here and there — too small for toro, though large enough to admit a man — but oftentimes the hard pressed fighter finds it expedient to vault with short delay. Occasionally the bull, in raging pursuit, will clear the fence at a bound and run around inside, to the excitement of the crowd, but this is not often.

It is a picturesque assortment of humanity that shouts and stamps and cat-call sat the delay in the proceedings. Finally a bugle sounds, the band strikes up a characteristic air, and amid wild expressions of approval from the expectant throng

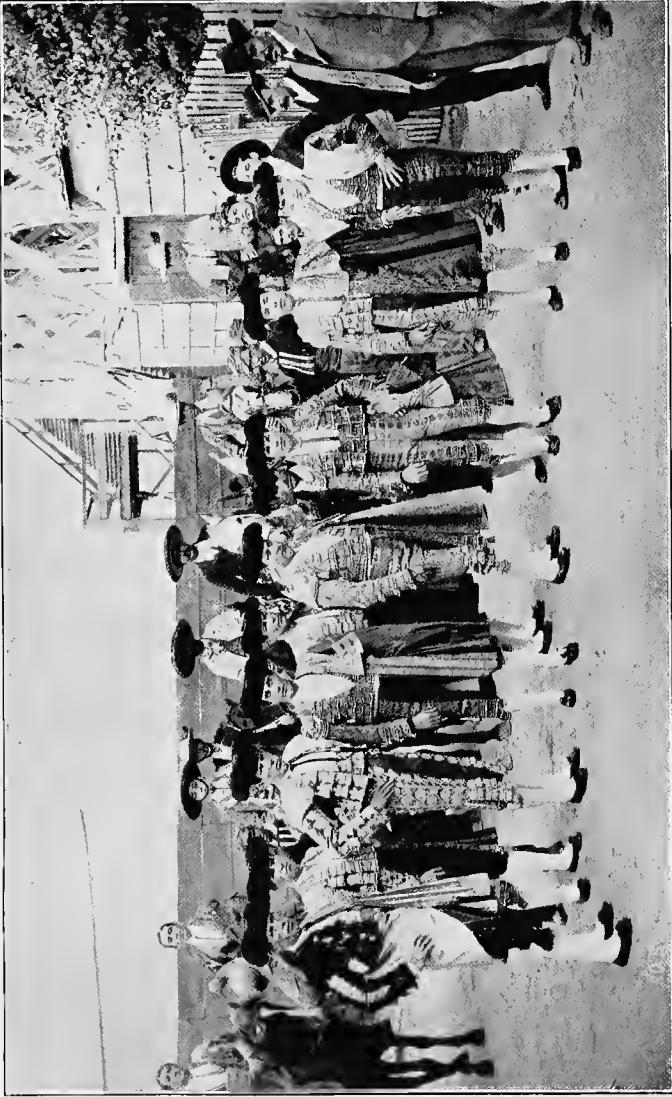
the squad of "toros" marches into the ring. They are no sooner ranged than the door of the bull pen swings open, toro rushes defiantly into the glare of the arena, and the "sport" is on. By this time there is a perceptible acceleration of heart movement in our average American.

It is necessary that the bull be ugly, and for days he has been starved and otherwise systematically angered. But not infrequently after he reaches the ring he is unresponsive to every effort to excite his ire, in which case he is sent back in disgrace to the corral and another victim is called to take his place. In this passive non-resistance lies toro's only salvation; it is, perhaps, the only case where cowardice is transformed and becomes a virtue.

The picadores (mounted fighters) move to the attack. The slaughter of the horses is an essential feature. As they are always either killed or badly wounded good stock can hardly be afforded, and the ones ridden are pretty bony specimens. They come into the ring blindfolded, not knowing their danger, and as a horse is too wise willingly to attack a bull, several men do nothing else than to goad the poor animals on to their destruction.

Waiting his chance the picador thrusts his long spear into the bull, and, stung to fury, toro turns upon the horse and rider. The picador's legs are safely protected, and the horns of the bull sink cruelly into the flesh of the blindfolded horse. The horse is always terribly gored — sometimes revoltingly disemboweled and his intestines strewn into the ring — and the crowd feasts its eyes and cheers!

After the picadores retire, the capeadors take turns in taunting the bull by flapping their red cloaks before him.



A GROUP OF BULL FIGHTERS — CITY OF MEXICO

Discomforted toro charges with the utmost confidence, but he is baffled by the cape before his eyes so that he seldom overcomes the agility of his tormentors.

Now the bandilleros are lodged. It is a scientific trick successfully to place these barbed sticks in toro's hide and escape his horns. Here is a good place to have it understood that years and years of practice are required to make a bull fighter. However, the great secret is that a bull always closes his eyes when he charges. The most skillful bull fighter in Mexico refused, though offered a large purse, to fight a cow.

When toro has been abused until he shows signs of tiring out, the matador, always the star of the occasion, announces to the attentive crowd that he will now kill the bull. He goes alone to the encounter and it is not long before his two-edged sword has penetrated to that vital part of the bull's neck where spine meets skull. An expert matador will sometimes kill his bull at a single thrust, but oftener from repeated stabs toro grows weaker and less antagonistic as streams of blood flow from his wounds and from his mouth, until at last he sinks to his knees and one of the fighters with a carefully directed dagger ends that number of the program. Then the bugle sounds again and a gaily decorated team of mules, jingling with bells, trots into the arena and drags dead toro out — to be afterwards sold to the penitentiary.

The crowd is at all times demonstrative. With their shouted and gesticulated advice to the toreros, mingling with the inciting strains of the band, the scene throughout a bull fight is sufficiently animated. When a matador makes a

specially scientific thrust, when a bandillero is placed effectually, when a capeador makes an unusually dexterous dodge, then the Mexicans wave their arms and vent their feelings much after the manner of an American base ball crowd when the home team makes a three-bagger. At uncommonly exciting stages, hats come sailing into the ring—good tiles and sombreros, some of them—at the imminent risk of being trampled. And if the matador, in a burst of condescension, puts one on for a moment—what unbounded joy and honor to the owner thereof! The demonstration, however, is not always favorable. An unhappy picador, ingloriously unhorsed, is pelted in perfect shower with a variety of fruit—eggs being too expensive—that probably makes him feel not unlike a Yankee hero who drops a fly with the bases full.

There is always considerable rivalry among the spectators to secure the bandilleros that have been in the bull. You can buy plenty unused, but for those stained with blood, enthusiastic tourists sometimes go deep into their pockets. The bandilleros are covered with gore and nearly all the tinsel paper with which they were originally decorated has been torn off in toro's efforts to dislodge them. They more resemble relics of barbarian warfare than elegant souvenirs of an afternoon's diversion.

It is interesting after the last bull has made his final exit (five bulls are killed in an ordinary fight) to watch the picturesque dispersing of the crowd. True connoisseurs of the gentle art, each is airing his individual views as they congest the gateway and, breaking through, saunter homeward down the narrow Mexican street. Then, in Monday morning's

paper — for the bull fights are all on Sundays or holidays — is a full account, bristling with Spanish technicalities, criticising the performance.

An American usually thinks a bull fight an unalloyed brutality — and it is. It panders to a lust of blood; blood is what the Mexican pays to see, and the more he sees of it the greater is his satisfaction. Of course it is indisputable that there is science in the art of the bull fighter and that science undoubtedly gives delight to the Mexican crowd, but in the whole exhibition there is not an element of true sport. The typical American is a lover of fair play — of an equal chance; it is not so much the disemboweled horses that disgust him at a bull fight; it is not even the consummate cruelty; but it is the absolute certainty of the outcome. Toro may create a temporary consternation by a well directed charge; he may vent the full measure of his wrath on an unoffending horse; sometimes he may kill a man — and an American involuntarily wishes it would happen oftener — but for poor toro, though bovine courage and perseverance be exhausted in the effort, is no hope of victory.

There is something pathetic, appealing, in the bull's dead body, with glazed eyes and still quivering limbs, dragged thoughtlessly from the ring. It is so palpably a lesson in the triumph of might. But the sombreroed crowd does not trouble itself with dampening reflections; it only laughs — or groans, perhaps, if toro has not bled sufficiently — and calls for another bull.

Notwithstanding that a people's amusements are a valuable aid in knowing the people themselves, it is idle to premise that one amusement is alone indicative — to suppose that the

Mexican is always what he is on Sunday afternoons. In spite of legislation and the influence of the best people of the Republic, the Plaza de Toros remains one of the most deeply rooted passions of the Mexican people. Mexico is not Mexico without it.

*The hands that keep are better far
Than lips that pray.
Love is the ever-gleaming star
That leads the way.
That shines not on vague worlds of bliss,
But on a paradise in this.
Ingersoll's "Declaration of the Tree".*

TIDD WAS SUPERSTITIOUS



O one who enjoys promptness of action and every day sociability, there is something in nature and human nature in California that creates enthusiasm. The moment the rains begin to fall in late autumn everything in nature jumps with joy. The long sleep of seed, from countless varieties of natural flowers, which dropped during the summer, spring into life so quickly and change the landscape so suddenly from a dusty brown into so many beautiful green shades and tints, that the transformation scene is charming. Not unlike cascades, Nature works wonders while you sleep.

It is this ever-existing wonder and charm in this "Land of Sunshine and Flowers" that finds within its borders so much interest for eastern people to write about.

Ralph's "Interrupted Wheeling" took its course along that portion of the route of our fifty days' camping trip to the Yosemite, which brought to him

the greatest charm in nature and in history. Thus it is that the descriptive and historical parts of the story are founded on fact.

This article appeared in the March number, 1900, of "The Land of Sunshine."

AN INTERRUPTED WHEELING

I may as well say at the start that my chum, Jackson Tidd, is superstitious. Generally, he is rational enough; he handles Greek with an ease that is exasperating; he handles the pigskin well, too. But I have known him to be blue for days because a dream went wrong; to give up a yachting cruise because it fell on the thirteenth. Banter at home and ridicule at college have failed to shake his credence in the preternatural.

His room-mate at college, I was spending the last month of vacation at Tidd's home in Santa Barbara, Cal. Two weeks were already gone when he proposed a bicycle trip to San Diego. The greenest of tenderfeet, I was nothing loth to learn something of the "land of sunshine." The very next morning, happening not to fall on Friday, found us, with cyclometers freshly set, skimming southward along Pacific Boulevard. Tidd had even gone so far, I afterward discovered, as surreptitiously to slip a dozen plates, tenderly wrapped in cotton batting, into my traveling case; an indefensible deception, as I afterward earnestly represented to him, but then, photography is Tidd's other fetish.

It was yet early morning when we reached Carpenteria, a little town famed as possessing the largest grape vine in the

world, owned by "Jake" Wilson, a genial old bachelor whose chief care in life seems the well being and reputation of his giant vine. A framework over one-fourth of an acre in size is required for its spreading branches, and my pocket tape measured the circumference of its trunk as seven feet ten inches. From eight to ten tons of grapes are its annual contribution to its owner. I was impressed by the possibilities of appendicitis, but on inquiry we learned that Jake didn't know what an appendix was. Under the shade of the old vine, in the primitive days of '50, was held the first election in Santa Barbara county.

Leaving Jake and his wonder we struck an up-grade that took us into the charming Casitas mountains. There was walking, to be sure, and the sun was eager, but the views were surpassingly lovely. Set in frames of varying green, Nature had painted a paradise of flowers by the roadside. Picturesque canyons, too,—sun-kissed glens, brooks that defy the traveler to pass without a drink.

There were many little ranches at intervals, where farming, however, is done on such a bias that the usual agricultural wagon is abandoned, and a wooden sled, not being likely to topple over, is used instead. Stopping at Ventura long enough to admire two acres of calla lillies (raised for seed), Tidd and I continued to Saticoy, in the center of the great bean-producing Santa Clara valley. We inspected a bean warehouse 400 feet long, with a holding capacity of 120,000 sacks of the Boston delicacy. A New Englander, I found it necessary to repress my feelings.

Another good day's jog brought us to Camulos, the chief scene of Helen Hunt Jackson's powerful novel "Ramona."

As a special privilege we were allowed to pass the night there; and next day were conducted over the place, which is the same now as when "H. H." transferred its beauty to the pages of her California classic. The house is a typical mansion of the old Spanish regime—a one-story, white-washed adobe, built round a court on three sides. The white walls and grated windows of Ramona's room are there as in the story, but "Ramona" was not there, nor ever had been. We had it on the authority of the delightful Spanish-Californians, whose home this is, and who were personally



A ROW OF HOUSES IN SANTA BARBARA

acquainted with Mrs. Jackson, that the character of "Ramona" is entirely fictitious—albeit several old Indian dames in Southern California claim to be the original.

A pretty little place of worship is the ranch chapel, with all its burning tapers and its crucifixes in miniature. One

little statue is 120 years old. Near the chapel is the set of bells, brought from Spain in the early days, that for a century have called master and servant to a common prayer. Queer old specimens they are, cracked and corroded, and with Spanish inscriptions. On hills beyond the house are the wooden crosses, too, mentioned in a well known book.

We found Newhall Pass a pretty "tough pull" while it lasted. It is probably the most costly piece of road-building in Southern California. The county carving-knife was sunk into the decomposed granite for a gash of fully a mile. At the summit the cut is a hundred feet deep and barely wide enough for a wagon. The wind was like a hurricane in the narrow defile, and Tidd and I were fairly blown down the other side and into the fertile San Fernando valley. One enormous composite orchard we noticed — of apricot, olive, orange, fig and almond — whose rows were two-and-a-half miles long, and uninterrupted except by the road.

A fine old place the San Fernando Mission must have been in the days of the Franciscan missionaries. One of the most picturesque of all the twenty-one that stretch from San Diego to San Francisco, it was in its prime one of the most complete, but the century since its founding has crumbled into ruin many of its thick adobe walls. In its habitable part a colony of ranchmen were living, and its stately corridors were littered with modern wagons and farming tools.

It is a reproachful commentary on our race for the new, that these noble specimens of the old are allowed thus to fall into decay. The California Missions are an inheritance of which any country might be proud, and 'ours is not so

rich in the past that it can afford to lose a single tittle from these monuments of the devoted pioneers.

The outer buildings of the San Fernando Mission are nearly leveled to the earth. The main structure [monastery] is still standing, though much of its peculiar red tiled roof had fallen in, and time and the rain had made huge breaches in its whitewashed walls.* Some of the old rude benches, on which the ascetic padre sat, remain in the rooms, and a picture of the Saviour now and then, but there is a pervading odor of mold and age.

An old stone fountain is still seen in front of the mission and a couple of gigantic palm trees. In the rear is the olive orchard, unkempt and overgrown. Blue sky and bare rafters roofed the chapel building and the grass was green on its sacred floor.† The original frescoing at the altar end still faintly colored its weather-stained white.

By a caved-in set of steps we descended into the mission dungeon. It was totally dark—a repulsive place, with a clammy damp floor of earth, suggestive of the grave itself. Tidd lit a match. “Christian-like, this hole! I can almost hear some poor devil groaning now.”‡ In fact the atmosphere of the place was not congenial, and when a rat ran close by my leg we rather hastily retired.

Sunning herself under one of the arches, an old woman who might have been Age personified was squatted on a low chair. “Venus realized!” Tidd muttered, “I must have a picture.” To this the ancient dame would not assent till a

* Roof and walls fully repaired by the Landmarks Club since Mr. B's visit. See this magazine for Oct., '97, and March, '98.—ED.

† Also now re-roofed by the Landmarks Club.—ED.

‡ The “Dungeon” of tourist fable was in fact merely a wine cellar. The only prisoners were the spirits of the 32,000 grapevines.—ED.

twenty-five cent piece magically changed her feelings. It is guessed at the village that she is a hundred and sixteen years old—one of the first converted Indians.

It is a hard road from San Fernando to Pasadena—through a comparative desert, where sagebrush and greasewood grow, and the lively lizard and horned toad hold forth. We turned off our main road to take in one of the many



MISSION OF SAN FERNANDO—THE MONASTERY

interesting places about Pasadena—Brown Mountain, the home of the anti-slavery agitator's sons, Owen and Jason. An extraordinarily poor road has been constructed for the convenience of travelers and up it we took our weary way. None too wide at best, it at places overhangs "Negro

Canyon" at a height of hundreds of feet. Away below — miles it seems — a brook dashes over the boulders.

Stopping to breathe at the summit I reflected on the strange nature (inherited doubtless from their peculiar father) that made hermits of these two men. When a pleasant home was to be had in the valley, they took the silent mountains for their companions and accepted gladly a solitude that most men would deem unbearable. On a few acres of level, the ground was tilled; a few sheep and a cow or two were kept, occasionally a job was obtained outside — this was the life of John Brown's sons.

The first abode was a small log cabin; later a frame house — but both have been destroyed. The grave of Owen is on a little knoll near where the cabin stood. A small pine tree, planted by his own hands, stood guard, and a plain wooden slab had this inscription: —

OWEN BROWN

— DIED —

JAN'Y 8—1899.

AGED 64 YEARS.

Nature's wild offerings growing about the flattened mound were its only decoration. But the very bareness was impressive, and "his soul is marching on." A fine monument has since been erected, at the completion of which memorial ceremonies were held.

"Well, ready for Pasadena, Tidd?" I ventured.

"I want you to snap my picture here first," he replied. "I'm in love with the place." So, he standing on a crag, I

pressed the button. "That's the first plate of the new dozen," he said—the dozen that he had smuggled into my case.

We registered at a Pasadena hotel for the night, and Tidd went out to hire a dark-room in which to develop. It took him a good while, and when he returned to our room he was evidently agitated. He sank into a chair and fell to studying a time-table. I looked on in amazement. "Tidd," I said, "are you possessed?"

"Not possessed, Bick — I've had a warning, and I leave for home on to-morrow's train."

Reason and ridicule had no effect. He was mum and melancholy as we steamed through the towns lately passed on our wheels. Neither was I jovial, when I considered that our trip was "gone up" beyond reclaim.

I could get not a word from him until, as the hills of Santa Barbara came in sight (perhaps thinking himself now tolerably safe) he pulled a plate triumphantly from his pocket and held it to the light. It was Tidd's Brown Mountain picture. Standing right above him, with outstretched arms, was a figure in white! The rest was much over-exposed. The figure, though very indistinct, was nevertheless discernible.

The train slowed up and we stood on the platform. In exchange for our checks the baggage-master gave me our abandoned wheels.

"Tidd," I said, between laughter and anger, "you're an aggravated case of chump. That plate—that 'warning' of yours that has spoiled the trip—is one that I accidentally pulled out while I was cleaning my wheel the evening we

were at Camulos. A part of the cotton stuck to it, and by shutting off the weak evening light made that strange figure. I had meant to tell you that the plate was spoiled."

But Tidd is still superstitious.



THE SAN FERNANDO CLOISTERS

HUMOR AND PATHOS



HAT Ralph's nature and taste for literature was tinged with humor is easily detected in nearly all his writings. It was his originality of expression in a humorous way that made him famous among his friends as an interesting correspondent. The story of "Aunt Rebecca's Birthday Present" is evidence of his humor and pathos.

AUNT REBECCA'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT

Uncle Nathan was decided. "Yes, Rebecca, I am agoin' ter Boston. Goin' this very afternoon, if I aint took with the rheumatiz afore then. Nephew Ezry 'n his wife hev been writin' fer me long enough."

Aunt Rebecca looked up from her kneading board in surprise. "Nathan Ramsdell, you agoin' ter Boston, alone! You aint been fer over twenty years. You'll git lost or buncoed er somethin' sure's preachin.'"

"If I aint been fer twenty years it's all the more reason I sh'd go now and take in the new things," returned Uncle Nathan. "And as fer goin' alone—you not bein' willin' ter risk it (disdainfully) with me, well, I aint no greeny."

With which Uncle Nathan disappeared behind the last "Summerland Agriculturist" and Aunt Rebecca returned to her biscuits. She didn't really wish to oppose, only to sound a note of warning to her venturesome helpmeet.

"The biscuits is uncommon good terday, Rebecca."

The old lady was pleased. "I took special pains with um, Nathan, seein' you warn't goin' ter git eny fer a week er more."

"It won't be more," replied Uncle Nathan. "I'd git hungry fer somethin' ter eat," with a sly wink across the table, "though Edith is a mighty good cook."

They reached the depot out of breath—half an hour to wait. The whistle of the approaching train was heard. It was at least a mile away. "Well, good bye, Nathan," said Aunt Rebecca excitedly, "take good care uv yerself won't cher, and be real careful bout gitting off the electrics. Land's sakes, Nathan, how cool you be. Anyone'd think you'd traveled all yer life."

"Well, I aint no greeny."

The train rushed up to the depot and stopped. Uncle Nathan kissed the wrinkled cheek of his old wife and clambered aboard. He encountered obstacles at once. The car didn't have any door.

"What you doing there? That's the mail car," shouted the conductor.

"Well I'm male an' I'm agoin' ter Boston," said Uncle Nathan defiantly.

"You're not going in that car—this way," and Uncle Nathan jounced into the nearest seat.

At the great Union Station, Uncle Nathan's trials and

admiration began simultaneously. "Gosh, it's bigger'n er dozen Jim Stephen's barn," he commented. "P'raps the p'liceman 'ill know where Ezry's place is."

It was a well known stock broking firm and the oracle in blue directed him, "Seven blocks up—third door on right."

"Wunder what all th' racket's about," the old man thought, as he stepped to the sidewalk from the portal of the station. People were running in all directions and everybody seemed excited. An' that infernal ringin', too. Seem's if 'twas right here."

The busy street was almost cleared. "Now's my chance to git across. Crowds! I wisht Rebecca wuz here. Why it's easiern walkin' acrost th' pasture to home."

He stepped from the curbstone and was half way across the street. "What was that shouting from both sides!" But he had read that country people in the city were often the victims of practical jokes.

"Come back, yer jay! come back, ye'll git run over!"

Uncle Nathan looked up. He had been picking his foot-steps, for the street was muddy.

But the warning came too late. A fire engine had dashed around the corner, and the great foaming horses were almost upon him. What would poor Rebecca do, rushed through his brain and then his head swam and things grew black before him.

The thing of steam was not a hundred feet from the dazed farmer when a little newsboy darted from the crowd. His "Records" dropped in the mud in the middle of the street. He grabbed the old man's arm and Uncle Nathan was dragged out of danger. But the newsboy slipped.

The engine was passed. Uncle Nathan could dimly see the thick black smoke and bright red cinders far down the street. Strange! what was the crowd gathering round him for? He was all right, only a little confused. Who was it that pulled him anyway? He'd see if such an insult were to be offered to one of the selectmen of Summerland.

Another big wagon came up and a limp little form was lifted into it. "I'm afraid he's done for," muttered the surgeon. The ambulance drove away and the crowd dispersed.

Uncle Nathan had not quite recovered yet. "Your er dandy, aint cher!" spoke up a man at his elbow. "Yer don't seem ter know that that young feller saved yer measly old life and lost his own doin' it. A pity your old carcass warn't in the ambulance stid o' his." "Saved my life!" and then it all came back to Uncle Nathan—the crowd, the shouting, the terrible horses dashing at him, the pull at his arm!

"What's his name? Where've they took him!" he cried.

"D'ye 'spose I know the names of all the newsboys in Boston?" answered the man, surlily. 'Twas the General Hospital ambulance, so I 'spose they've took him there, but it's d—d little you care." With which refined observation the man walked away.

Uncle Nathan was astounded. A human life sacrificed in saving his! No, it couldn't be. The newsboy would live. "O, God, let the boy live. For thy Son's sake, Amen," the old man prayed in the roar of the Boston streets.

“I’ll see Ezry erbout it, fust. He’ll know best what ter do.”

Ezra’s astonishment was great when he saw his old uncle coming through the office door. “Why, Uncle Nathan,” he cried, warmly grasping the old gentleman by the hand. “Well, you have given us a surprise. Edith will be so glad to see you. But what’s the matter?” for Ezra’s smile was not reflected on Uncle Nathan’s face.

“Oh, Ezry, I’ve had the most turrible time,” and Uncle Nathan explained it all to his sympathizing nephew.

By dint of much inquiry at the General Hospital, they at last found the nurse under whose care was the little hero. Uncle Nathan’s voice trembled as he questioned the nurse. “Is he hurt bad? There’s—there’s a chance, ain’t there, of his pulling through?”

“Yes,” replied the nurse, he’s not so seriously injured as we at first supposed. He has an ugly gash in his head where he struck the pavement, and a broken ankle where the engine wheel passed over it. The poor little fellow’s constitution will not stand many such knocks, though.”

“Can’t I see ‘im ternight!” Uncle Nathan pleaded. “I ain’t even thank’d th’ little feller yet—it all came so sudden.”

“No, not to-night. To-morrow.” Uncle Nathan was disappointed, but relieved.

“I’ll do th’ handsome thing by him when he gits well,” the old gentleman confided to Ezra on the way to Dorchester. Ezra smiled. He himself had experienced practical demonstrations of the old gentleman’s big heart.

Ten o’clock, next day, found Uncle Nathan again at the

hospital. "How's the little feller this mornin'?" he anxiously queried of the nurse.

"He's bright as a dollar," replied she of the white cap. "He stood his setting bravely. His head pains him considerably, but he seemed overjoyed by his breakfast. Said he was willing to have a headache so's he wouldn't have to go hungry."

"He did!" ejaculated Uncle Nathan.

"I think some country air would do him good a little later," the nurse remarked, with the merest tone of suggestion.

"I'd like ter see 'im alone, Ezry. Yer wouldn't mind, would ye?"

What took place at the interview between the old man and the young one nobody knew, but when Uncle Nathan joined Ezra his eyes were wet — albeit there was something like gladness in them. And when the nurse next gave the injured boy his medicine, the boy declared that Uncle Nathan was the "whitest gent he ever seed." Certainly a remarkable statement in view of the fact that Uncle Nathan was extremely brown.

"How old is he?" questioned Ezra, when the street was reached.

"Thirteen," though he ain't bigg'n a boy o' nine. He's a nice little feller — don't seem to think 'twas nothin' runnin' front of a fire engine fer an old man. He says he ain't got no mother, and his father's in jail. Says he don't live nowhere in pertickler—in packin' boxes mostly. What does he mean? He has the funniest lingo. I can't make out half of it."

"What's his name?"

“Tim. He says he thinks his other’s Wakely, but he don’t remember fer sure. I must write Rebecca all about it.”

“No, don’t,” Ezra objected. It would only frighten her and make her nervous for your safety. Don’t say a word about it.”

Uncle Nathan was evidently struck with an idea. His face lighted into a smile. “That’s so, Ezry, I won’t. I tell yer what I’ll do — I’ll —”

“Here’s our car!” shouted Ezra above the din. Uncle Nathan’s intentions were not revealed.

Uncle Nathan’s stay lengthened from a week into ten days: from ten days into two weeks. He wrote Aunt Rebecca that there were “so many things to see,” but he told Ezra that he wanted “to see the boy wuz used right.”

At the end of two weeks, however, Aunt Rebecca’s appeals could be no longer resisted, and Uncle Nathan’s Boston visit came to an end.

Life at the Ramsdell farmhouse went on as before, and Uncle Nathan grew famous for his stories of the New England metropolis.

Only regular weekly letters in a handwriting that she knew to be Ezra’s disturbed the old lady’s tranquility. Nathan had always confided in her before, but these letters he kept mysteriously to himself. Aunt Rebecca’s earnest inquiries did not result in the disclosing of their contents, and she fretted over it.

“They’re only business letters,” Uncle Nathan would say. “How dyr know but I’m spekulin’? I’ll tell ye all about it when I git ter be er millioner.” And then Uncle

Nathan would chuckle — much to good Aunt Rebecca's discomfiture.

"How'd ye like ter have a little boy, Rebeccy," said Uncle Nathan one night at the supper table.

Aunt Rebecca started, for the question was a weighty one.

"Say a feller erbout thirteen — er nice little feller that ain't gut either home nor parents. A little feller that could run o' errands for yer, and hold yer yarn, and p'hraps wipe dishes after er while — not to speak o' fillin' up a empty place in yer heart." Uncle Nathan's voice faltered near the end. His and Aunt Rebecca's only little George was with the angels.

"Why, Nathan, o' course I'd like ter. Ain't I allus told yer 'twe ought ter adopt some good little boy when we found one as we could love. He'd be sich a comfort ter us. He could help you on the farm, too."

"He wouldn't, though. He'd go ter school," said Uncle Nathan.

"You talk 'sif yer knew all about one, Nathan."

Uncle Nathan chuckled more audibly than usual.

"One forenoon, about a week before Aunt Rebecca's birthday, another of these mysterious letters arrived. Uncle Nathan read it while Aunt Rebecca was pouring the dinner tea. He ate his meal hurriedly, and afterward unaccountably disappeared upstairs. When he came down, he was garbed in a "starched shirt" and his best black clothes.

"Land's sakes! Nathan, where be you agoin'?"

"Ter Boston, Rebeccy. I'm agoin' ter git you a birthday present."

“Me, a birthday present? Can’t yer git it in Summerland? What yer goin’ ter git?”

“Dye think I’d tell. But it’s one you’ve been a wantin’ these many years. I shan’t be gone more’n er day er two,” he said, as he left his old wife at the station.

The next evening, two figures—a large and a small one—might have been seen walking from the Summerland railroad station in the direction of the Ramsdell farm. “You keep behind me, Tim, when we git to the door.”

“Back again, are ye, Nathan,” Aunt Rebecca said, as she opened the door at the sound of well-known footsteps. The rays of the kitchen lamp revealed but one figure in the darkness. “Didn’t git me any present after all, did ye?”

“Oh, yes I did,” replied Uncle Nathan. It didn’t come in er paper, if it is wrapped up; but here ’tis.”

“Land’s sakes!” exclaimed Aunt Rebecca. And then Uncle Nathan told all about it. And, then, two yearning old hearts were opened, and a small newcomer entered.

Not long after, Timothy B. Ramsdell applied for admission at the village school.

RALPH E. BICKNELL.

19 Bellevue Street, Lawrence, Mass.



NINE-HUNDRED-FOOT STATION IN THE PORTLAND MINE

CRIPPLE CREEK GOLD MINES



IN the September number, 1900, of "The Land of Sunshine," a California magazine, appeared an article written and illustrated by Ralph, entitled, "Fortunes Mended While You Wait." Colorado Springs is the home of multi-millionaires whose money came from the rich gold mines at Cripple Creek. Ralph's long stay at "The Springs", his many visits to Cripple Creek mines, and the keen interest he took in both, made him so familiar with facts and details connected therewith that the statements made in the article which follows can be relied upon as strictly authentic at the time it was written.

FORTUNES MENDED WHILE YOU WAIT

We were driving up Cascade avenue in the gorgeous after-glow of a Colorado mountain sunset—to the west, the mighty bulwark of the Rockies in silhouette against the crimson sky—over old Pikes Peak, a fantastic bank of cloud still holding a gleam of the departed orb; to the east, beyond the town, the darkening mesas stretching away to meet the distant plains of Kansas. "Whose palatial home is that on the right," I asked the driver. "That? Oh, that

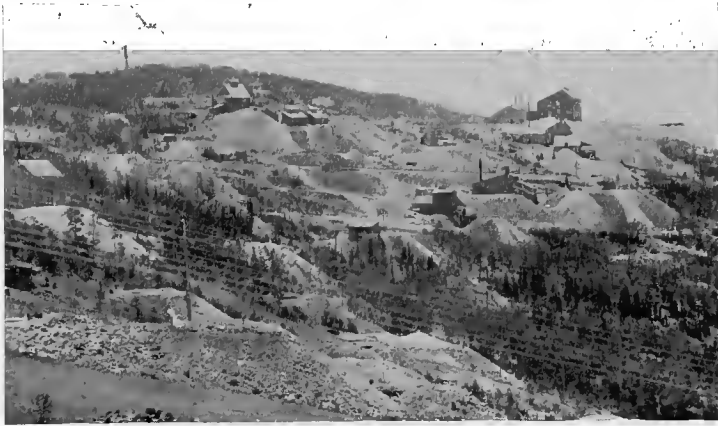
belongs to Smith, the Cripple Creek mine-owner." "That on the left?" "That's Jones's — he made his pile in Cripple." "The next one?" "That's where Robinson lives — struck it rich up at camp three years ago ; used to be a carpenter. The house on the corner is Brown's — sold out his claim a while ago for half a million."

And it is from some such introduction as this that the most conservative Yankee, presumed to be proof against all manner of enthusiasms, begins the very next day to look up the quotations on Cripple Creek. Thus is the gold fever contracted — the only malady from which the tonic air of Colorado gives no relief.

If you should assert to a citizen that lottery was the chief business of Colorado Springs, and that citizen was of the masculine gender and able-bodied, the sequence would doubtless be assault and battery — but what greater game of chance than mining? And more mining stock is bought and sold in Colorado Springs, perhaps, than in any other city of the United States. In nine years since the opening of the Cripple Creek country in '91, Colorado Springs has risen from a mere health resort to one of the stock centers of the country, whose quotations may be read in the metropolitan dailies with New York's and Boston's. Too late Denver has awakened from its lethargy to find that "the Springs" has built up a reputation too strong to be diverted.

When a town of 25,000 attains the business importance of Colorado Springs it is a lesson in the possibilities of concentration. Everybody in Colorado Springs is interested in Cripple Creek, if not directly, indirectly ; the big mines have their offices here; here the rich mine owners build their

homes, and Colorado Springs, as the heart of Cripple Creek, lives, moves, and has its being on gold and the prospects of gold. The mining exchange is unpretentious in appearance (a new and adequate building is projected), and though there are scores of broker's offices, and the brokers themselves quite the equal of their metropolitan brothers in lung power and excitability, there is little to evidence the enormous business that is carried on. Last January—one single month —



NORTH SLOPE, GOLD HILL

the sales of the exchange were 17,308,419 shares of stock of a cash value of \$2,708,447.

The stock exchange is the popular amusement, whether or not you are lucky enough to hold any "chances;" it displaces baseball and theatre, and the club is but a refuge for the ventilation of private stock opinions; the youth of Colorado Springs does not watch the morning paper for base hits,



THE TOWN OF CRIPPLE CREEK

errors, runs — he searches for the last quotation on “Portland,” on “Gold Coin,” the latest strike in “Jack Pot” or “Isabella.” Everybody seems concerned in stocks; it is highly edifying to listen to stock talk on the street, on the cars, at the table — I had almost said in church. At all events there are strictly orthodox members who hold investments on change and who discuss prospects and give current quotations with quite as much gusto as they chant the Creed or sing the Doxology.

Colorado Springs buys stock as a matter of course (when it has the money,) and with no more censurable idea of speculation than the New England farmer who keeps his apples against an expected market rise. “It may not pan out this month,” says Colorado Springs with abiding faith, “nor this year, but there's bound to be pay ore sometime.”

Nor is it hard to understand this enthusiasm, after a ride about Colorado Springs, when every other costly mansion that is pointed out is accompanied by the tantalizing explanation that “he made his money in Cripple.” When one of your neighbors goes to bed to-night poor and wakes to-morrow morning rich, the effect is not sobering, even though nine other neighbors are as poor as they were before. So Colorado Springs buys its stocks when the price is low, before a strike is made, at a few cents a share, and puts it away in a bottom bureau drawer and tries to forget it. Sometime, if not in this generation, in the next, he hopes to resurrect his dusty parchment credentials, and draw dividends, and ride in a rubber-tired carriage.

* * * * *

Forty miles from Colorado Springs by picturesque stage

over Cheyenne Mountain, or thirty by modern Pullman via the Colorado Midland Railway through Ute Pass, are the Cripple Creek gold fields, now the richest mining district in the domains of Uncle Sam. The story of Cripple Creek is the story of the mining supremacy of Colorado. In the production of silver, Colorado has led, since Nevada "petered;" but not till the opening of Cripple Creek did its gold output rival that of California. In '98 the Cripple Creek District brought to the surface 15 millions of the yellow metal; in '99 the production of the district reached the unprecedented total of 20 millions, leaving California in the rear and justifying Colorado's claim as pre-eminently the mining State of the Union.

Cripple Creek's history is rather exceptional among mining camps. Suffering the continual opposition of mining experts it never experienced a real excitement as in Cali-



AT THE FOOT OF MT. PISGAH

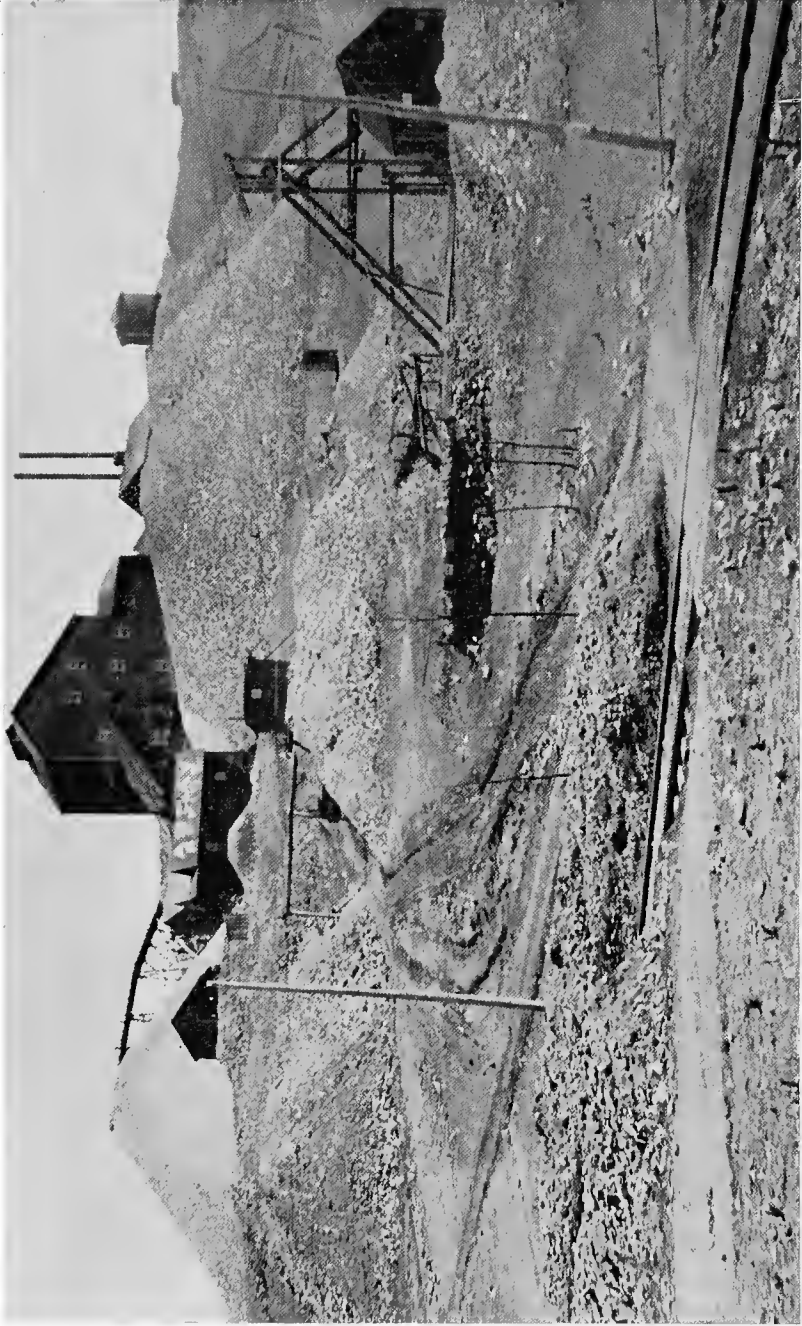


THE LAST CHANCE MINE

fornia or Alaska, never had a great inrush and frantic claim staking, but like Topsy it "just grewed."

There were prospectors in the vicinity in the early 'eighties who struck some promising placer gold, but when the find was brought to the attention of experts they declared that no gold could be there. After only superficial investigation further, no more was found, and indignation ran so high with the belief that the property had been "salted" that the men who first tapped this, one of the richest gold supplies in the world, were compelled to flee the country to escape a necktie of manila rope.

On the fourth of July, 1891, W. S. Stratton located the since famous "Independence" mine, and the rise of the present Cripple Creek district is dated from that time. Still, mining experts were incredulous; the country was not situ-



THE "ANCHORIA LELAND"

ated, they declared, for gold deposits; the geological formations were not favorable; pay ore was impossible. But "the best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley," and Mother Earth sometimes hid her treasures with a cheerful disregard of all formulas since established. Cripple Creek is remarkable not alone for its vast richness, but for its perhaps unexampled irregularities. Discovered against the tearful protest of the text-book, it continues a thorn in the flesh of the mining professor, for gold is being found not only in quantity but in rock in which gold was never before known to be contained.

It is said that a gold field so uniformly productive was never before worked. Now, at the end of nine years' continual exploration there are 350 producing mines, 6,000 patented claims, and profitless prospect holes innumerable, till it looks as though a giant breed of gophers had been at work in the land. There is not a deserted mine in the district; the "Victor" has sunk its shaft over a thousand feet, the average shafts in camp are from six to seven hundred, and still there is no diminution of the treasure that nature diffused at the bottom of Pikes Peak.

The sale of Stratton's "Independence" mine to an English syndicate for 10 millions brought Cripple Creek before the financial public in a very forceful manner; Cripple stock is now held all over the country, and London has large interests. In 1899 alone there were distributed to stockholders almost four millions of dollars, and the grand total of all dividends paid up to January 1, 1900, is \$11,093,560. Stratton's "Independence" distinguished itself during '99 by declaring dividends of \$250,000 as the result of six

months' production, and the "Gold Coin" remembered its shareholders at Christmas with a little matter of \$100,000—just extra over the regular dividend. During '99 the "Isabella" mine made the two greatest shipments ever recorded in mining annals; one in the summer gave a return of \$160,000 and one in December exceeded \$300,000.

The Cripple Creek district, including the towns of Victor, Independence, Gillett, Altman, Elkton and Anaconda, contains about 40,000 people, of whom half are in Cripple Creek proper. Cripple Creek is a town all either uphill or down—it depends upon which way you walk. Its principal street is an eye opener for Easterners who associate the word "camp" with everything wild and woolly. With fine substantial brick blocks, excellent stores, trolley cars and electric lighting, Cripple Creek is indeed a surprise. But the good impression ends with the several central streets,



A STREET IN CRIPPLE CREEK



MILLING WORKS OF THE "PORTLAND"

outside of which are nothing but unsightly shanties, and the ugliness that is inevitable where men live to make money and not a home.

As there are often two or three claimants to one Cripple Creek claim, lawyers and surveyors drive a thriving business; but, creditably to the good sense of the owners, most of the disputes are settled out of court. No miner in the camp works for less than \$3 a day, for the Union is all powerful — that, of course, for ordinary miners; engineers and other special employees receive much more.

National attention was drawn to Cripple Creek in 1893, when trouble with the striking miners became a veritable reign of terror. At that time "Bloody Bridles" Waite was governor of Colorado, and he ordered the State Militia to aid the strikers. The sheriff of El Paso county retaliated by calling out a thousand deputies to protect property, and a

conflict was imminent. Lawlessness prevailed at Cripple Creek. The strikers seized Bull Hill, blew up the buildings of one of the mines, roughly handled the mine owners, and a number of people were killed. Colorado Springs did not sympathize with the striking miners and its streets were patrolled constantly in fear of violence. While in conference with a Board of Arbitration at Colorado College, Governor Waite would undoubtedly have been lynched by irate Springs people had he not been hustled out by a back door and driven away. As it was, the Attorney General of the State was tarred and feathered.

Cripple Creek was nearly wiped out by incendiary fires in 1896, and its admirable business section is the outgrowth. In August, '99, the principal part of Victor was similarly burnt. But Western energy is not disconcerted by a little thing like that, and before the ruins of the town were cool the merchants were giving orders for new buildings and new stocks. There is an amusing as well as a pathetic side to a great fire—the business of a good-sized town accommodated in tents and makeshift shanties is a very curious conglomeration; business announcements hastily displayed assure you that undismayed shopmen are still doing business at the old stand, and the genuineness of fire sales when the rescued merchandise is sold over plank counters, supported by barrels, is not questioned. It is interesting to speculate what catastrophe would daunt the great American merchant. Destroying fire is often one of the few blessings that come in disguise, for with the wheat the tares are burned also. From its ashes Victor has already risen a finer town than it was before.

CAMPAIGNING AT "CRIPPLE"



URING the McKinley & Roosevelt campaign it will be remembered that "Teddy," with his immediate associates in campaign work, made a tour of the West. It will be remembered also that the corpse of the silver issue had been dragged into that campaign by the political silver magnates of the Democratic party.

"There was something doin'" at Cripple Creek when "Teddy" and other republican speakers discussed there the issues of the campaign. Ralph's admiration for "Teddy" and the party he represented was genuine. Mixing stale eggs and brickbats with the ten-dollar "tile" of his favorite vice-presidential candidate did not improve his opinion of the perpetrators thereof. Hence the following:—

"NEW HATCHED TO THE WOEFUL TIME"

(*"Macbeth", Act 2, Scene 1*)

In the mountain of the miner,
Of the Popocrat, the whiner,
Land of dreaming, where the scheming did not shorten
Teddy's say.

There's a silence broods, unbroken,
There's a name that's never spoken,
And an issue, darling issue, passed away.
Like the greenback, gone to stay —
'Nother issue passed away.

Seen no more the hearty greeting
Nor the kind, fair-minded meeting ;
Heard no more the gentle jeering, where the eggs and
brickbats flew.
Seen a touching dearth of gladness,
Seen an all-pervading sadness,
And an atmospheric tincture darkly blue ;
Lined not now with silver hue —
These depressing clouds of blue.

In the region of the ranches,
On the Platte and all its branches,
Land of farming, where a charming race of prophets
live and die.
There is mourning for a hero,
There is silver plumb at zero,
And a campaign spouter, sainted, in the sky.
Mac there also bye-and-bye —
In the Demopopic sky.

(Written for the Boston Journal)

JEREMIAH TIGHTFIST'S DREAM



HAT Ralph was a keen observer of human nature, that he was ripe in business methods far beyond his years (he was only seventeen when he wrote this), that he was up-to-date in the use of printers' ink, and that he had taste and power in tragedy is evidenced in "The Dream of Jeremiah Tightfist," which follows. Practical experience in the business world he had none, excepting only his business management of the Essex School Journal and his juvenile work with his little printing press. Yet no dust or cobwebs were on his ideas relating thereto.

Many bright catchy features found in Bicknell Bros. extensive advertising had their origin in his fertile brain.

JEREMIAH TIGHTFIST VISITS THE UNDERWORLD

It had been a bad day at the clothing store of Jeremiah Tightfist. As far as bad days went, Tightfist hadn't seen any other kind for years back, but it had been a little worse than usual. All day had he sat on his high, uncomfortable office stool, laboring with refractory figures. His rent was due tomorrow; it could not be met. Clerks were clamor-

ing for back pay. The insurance premium must be settled inside of a week. Failure or a fire-sale was fast becoming an absolute necessity to Jeremiah Tightfist.

A store front, gorgeous with red mark-down signs, had failed—unaccountably to Tightfist—to draw. Paint had been used unsparingly, but his clerks were undisturbed in reading the morning paper. The floor was innocent of outdoor mud; the nicely folded piles of pants and coats and vests were unruffled—the store was empty. The wax man, phlegmatically sitting near the door, smiled vacantly on the passing pedestrians, and dust settled calmly on his benevolent countenance.

A remedy for all this had been suggested to Tightfist by several callers during the day, but his father had used candles and candles were good enough for him. “No, darn your paper,” he had remarked, with the energetic obstinacy of a grouty ancestry. “It’s hard times; I can’t afford to advertise.”

Tightfist shut up shop at half-past nine and went home to his wife. Other stores had closed at six, but Tightfist might catch a few stray customers, you know, “My dear,” he said, “I’m hungry, tired and discouraged. Where’ll I find some of that mince pie we had for dinner?”

“In the refrigerator, Jerry—and come to bed soon.”

It must have been after midnight when Tightfist felt round for fallen bedclothes. But there were no bedclothes! Horrors!—he was on a stretcher, and two ghostly forms were carrying him. It was not an ordinary stretcher, but one constructed of 13-em columns placed at intervals, with two full-page “ads.” to hold them together.

“What’s the matter?—where you taking me?—who are you anyway?” he shouted, and tried to rise; but a 48-point headline held him fast.

“Jeremiah Tightfist,”—and the voice sounded hollow and far away—“try not to escape. You are dead, Jeremiah Tightfist—the worshipers of the gods have killed you.”

“Er—er—there must be some mistake.”

“Jeremiah Tightfist, the almighty rulers of the business world—Push, White Paper and Printing Ink, make no mistakes.”

Tightfist fainted from sheer terror, but an overdrawn statement in the “ad.” on his stretcher, sticking up unpleasantly, he revived directly, to find himself on the shores of a great black river. Myriads of eerie spirits were huddled round the bank. Among them Tightfist thought he recognized a former partner.

“Shades,” Tightfist faltered, “what is this terrible river, and of what mortals are these the unhappy ghosts?”

“Jeremiah Tightfist, this is the mighty torrent Competition. Once it was but a mere brooklet—a stream that might be stepped across—but years have swollen it, and now none but the friends of the ferryman, Advertising, can hope to gain the other side. These ghosts are of them that forgot the worship of the mighty Printing-Ink. Their fate is to wander here forsaken and forlorn.”

Tightfist’s shades got into an argument with Advertising. “By what right,” demanded the austere ferryman, does Jeremiah Tightfist cross my turbid waters. When did he reverence my god Printing Ink?”

“I — I’ve put out fliers, groaned Tightfist.”

“Yes, thou evil one,” returned Advertising, “fliers at fifty cents a thousand by the sweat-shop printing-office in the alley.”

“It is the express command of Printing Ink,” said the shades. “Forbid him not a passage.”

Great three-headed Auctioneer made a grab at poor Tightfist as they reached the other shore. The shades, however, threw him a green country customer, and he was satisfied.

They had left the stretcher on the other side of Competition, and Tightfist was walking now. “Who are all these sorrowing souls that weep among these melancholy byways?” he inquired.

“These,” returned the shades, “are the newspapers and respectable job-printers that such as you have killed.” Tightfist went up to a “Times” man he had turned away a month before, and tried to comfort him with promises, but the ghost passed him with averted look.

“And who are these?” Tightfist asked, as they came to different regions.

“These are they that, though deluded with false ideals, yet fell bravely fighting in the cause of Printing Ink. Here are the ‘literature managers’ of Bryan’s campaign and the man who had “sold them all when folks called for his bargains.”

“Yonder stream?”

“Is Veracity. There are these mistaken ones allowed to bathe that they may forget their former lies and return to life to try again.”

They were now come to the parting of the ways. One road led to the abode of the blessed—the other to the regions of the condemned.

On the face of Tightfist appeared the ashen hue of his favorite dummy, and he sank, imploringly, on his knees.

“Shades! in the name of Printing Ink, Shades, have mercy!”

“Ask no mercy, Jeremiah Tightfist, at the hands of them you forgot in life. For only a moment do we take you to that land where dwell the votaries of Push, White Paper and Printing Ink. There reigns prosperity eternal; there no storms of depression disturb—they are exempt from the hunger of a backward season, from the plague of a tariff-tinkering Congress. Look, Jeremiah Tightfist, there might you also have been—there with Bear’s Soap, Beecham’s Ills, Quaker Shoats, Bolumbia Bicycles, Poyal Taking Powder—with John Wanamaker and all the saints. Notice the fourteen-caret, marked-down halo round his brow?”

“I see. O, shades!”

“Jeremiah Tightfist! come.”

Before them rose the double-column walls of the City of the Condemned. A seething, fiery river of assignee’s notices flowed rapidly before the entrance, at which sat the terrible fury Publicity, waving a brass galley and the pied form of a late edition. The ponderous electrotype gate creaked on its hinges, and Trembling Tightfist was pushed through. Hissing creditors and great fire-breathing collectors glared on him, and on all sides the anguished of the damned.

“Who—are—all these?” Tightfist managed to get out.

“These,” replied the shades “are those that advertised but in time forgot their god and got out of date. Theirs is the greater torture.”

“This man with the office devil preying on his liver is he that put the skeleton’s cut in the patent medicine ‘ad.’ This unfortunate, with the thirst never quenched, is the advertiser that always gets in his copy late and then curses the newspaper. The one on the ceaselessly revolving wheel is the merchant that let his summer ‘ad.’ run till Christmas time. He rolling up hill the ever-returning stone, is the one that desecrated the rites of Printing Ink, bought a stencil outfit and made his own signs.”

Tightfist was overcome, and collapsed ingloriously. The majestic judgment seat of Printing Ink rose through the mephitic odors of decayed ideas — a splendid thing, founded on great blocks of honesty, with a colossal throne of perseverance. Grecian ornaments of wood type there were, and decorations in catchy cuts. Around the terrible Printing Ink stood his messengers — dailies and weeklies, magazines great and small, calendars, blotters, folders, hand-bills, show-cards.

Tightfist groveled at the monarch’s feet. “Mighty god” —

“No more, Jeremiah Tightfist. The just vengeance of the business gods you have despised is wreaked upon you. Go! and the pit of Ruin receive you.”

Tightfist struck the floor with a thud. He was effectually awakened, but he did not return to bed. He pulled

on his clothes and rushed from the house. There was yet time if he hurried. The night editor was rudely awakened from a stolen snooze, and the next morning an announcement in the center of a full page read:—

WE WANT YOU TO BUY CLOTHES
WE SELL CLOTHES * * * * *

Didn't know we sold them?
No way for you finding out?
Hereafter we advertise:

If you call you will buy. Come and see why.

JEREMIAH TIGHTFIST.

But the clerks in the clothing store of Jeremiah Tightfist folded the morning paper and went to work.



"Union, Sam
and Cuba"



Home of
East Bay
Hood girls.

- Pasadena's New Year Celebration -

"The Carnival
of Roses"



The Carnival
Chorus.

Pasadena High
School.



A Group of Floats

Erangeline



Third
Polytechnic
Gymnasium.



A Group of Tallies-Hos



Lincoln
School.

PASADENA OSTRICH FARM



IN the April number of the "Metropolitan" Magazine, 1898, the following article from Ralph's pen appeared, when its author was seventeen years old. Let me assure the reader that in his descriptive articles he took special care that no guessing was indulged in. He made no statements until he was reasonably sure that the same were true.

A DOMESTICATED ORIENTAL

Many of us Americans, not prone to look into our "infant industries," imagine that for her ostrich feathers — boas, tips, and collarettes — our milliner relies solely on the "Dark Continent."

We know, of course, that they raise some of the plumed race down in our sister continent of South America, but we never thought an invasion had been made into the domains of Uncle Samuel.

Even South America, though, is usually forgotten, and Brother Ostrich is pictured with his head buried in hot African sand, and his wife's eggs hatching under the torrid "Sol" of the Tropics.

But, like not a few other of our ideas, this one of feathers is a mistaken one. Right here in our own America — or in

that favored portion of it known as California — ostrich raising is already a paying business. Moreover, the American article is considered by connoisseurs even superior to the imported. We not only raise ostriches, but we raise the best — a characteristic Uncle Sam has of distancing his

competitors. When it is considered that the United States' annual importation of feathers amounts to three millions of dollars, one realizes that another and new American industry has a chance to fill out to comfortable proportions.



PHOTO BY RALPH

"Jim Corbett"

Only some thirteen years have gone by since Mr. Cawston, the present proprietor of the Norwalk Farm, brought over, in a sailing ship from Africa, forty-two ostriches. Their adopted country evidently agrees with them, for the ostrich population is every year rapidly increasing — this one concern at the rate of about a hundred chicks yearly.

The ostrich is pre-eminently a bird of peculiarities, from its extraordinarily long neck, with the great beak and saucer-like eyes at the end of the same, to its disproportionately lengthy legs and ungainly feet. In fact, an amateur observer sees little about an ostrich but what is radically dissimilar to all the rest of bird, man, and animal-kind.

A full-grown "long-neck" can usually tip the scales at

about two hundred and seventy-five pounds ; and if he hasn't stayed out nights and stunted his growth, he's about eight feet high. If Brother Ostrich's longevity is as extended as the usual, and he hasn't been prematurely "taken off" by an attack of indigestion, he lives to the same age that is allotted to man—"three score years and ten," and some have even exceeded this limit.

Both sexes are of a brownish color till they are eighteen months old, when the males turn black and the hens gray. At four they are fully matured and paired off.

After digging a hole in the ground with their feet—a lowly but inexpensive sort of nest—the hen begins laying an egg every other day. Laying an ostrich egg, by the way, is quite a contract, for it weighs three pounds and is about half as large as a Rugby football.

When an egg collection of twelve or fifteen has been made, the setting begins, in which Brother Ostrich kindly assists his wife, he doing the night work, without our civilized accompaniment of upturned tacks and sundry chair legs. The prospects for increased feather producers materialize in forty days. The "young hopefuls" are then expected to grow at the rate of a foot a month till they are six months old.



PHOTO BY RALPH

Brother Ostrich on Parade

Catiches have fully devel-
oped spines. Bottoms are a
leading
delicacy



"Jim Corbett"



Brother Patrick's parade.



X

The South Pasadena

Ostrich Farm



They sometimes assume
pudic functions



Sticking up an as-
surance with an
outdoor



King-keeping
is a favorite
distraction.



"Grover Cleveland"

The ostrich feathers are plucked every nine months, are graded into their various lengths and colors, and sold in San Francisco, the price varying from five to a hundred dollars a pound — the latter the long white plumes taken from the wings. Only those on the wings and tail are plucked — don't imagine Brother Ostrich as resembling the turkey "you had for dinner before you cooked it." The body feathers are shed once a year and gathered up in the corrals. Every feather has a selling price. There's nothing wasted in the ostrich business. Even the "bad eggs," blown, find a ready sale as souvenirs.

The ostrich is hardly an epicure. He will eat anything. Some things, however, do not agree with him, and his keepers see fit to limit his bill of fare to sugar beets and green alfalfa, the latter a kind of grass much like the Eastern clover. In connection with his food ideas comes the ostrich's most interesting feature — his take-care-of-anything digestive organs. In that line Nature has certainly shown partiality to Brother Ostrich. It is a fact, and no "California story" that an ostrich will swallow anything, the only specification being that it is small enough to enter his beak. If it will go down his throat it is never refused.

Shingle nails, clothes pins, tin cans, brickbats of any description are matters of not uncommon diet with this freak of nature. The writer has seen a young one — one whose digestive apparatus hadn't attained its full efficiency, either — partake of a piece of granite as big as a tennis ball and "gullup" it down with evident relish. Very convenient, isn't it, a taste that can enjoy anything from cast iron to a chocolate caramel?

Brother Ostrich's greatest delicacies are things of bright color and lustre, in proof of which it might be said that the attendant's coat — which was not one of "many colors," or he wouldn't have had the coat — was almost bereft of buttons through the whimsical appetites of his feathered protégés. Once (so the attendant informed me) a "long-neck's" hunger took a disastrous turn for its owner. A young society lady, wearing a flower-garden of a hat, got within too close proximity to Brother Ostrich, and he ate the bonnet.

Ostriches, however, are not without their troubles. In consequence of the frequent over-indulgence of their large-sized appetites, and of the peculiar substances with which that appetite is often appeased, indigestion has come to be the arch-malady of the plumed race. Indeed, indigestion is invariably the cause that brings Brother Ostrich to his end. For the relief of their valuable birds the management is sometimes compelled to resort to drastic measures. As an aid to Nature, half a gallon of castor oil is occasionally administered in one dose. If that operation fails to help him — why, one more "long-neck" is gathered unto his fathers." Happy, though rare, the ostrich that falls not victim to his own indiscretion!

Brother Ostrich is a remarkable fellow!

The South Pasadena Ostrich Farm, while but a branch of the celebrated Norwalk Farm, is quite sizable enough to satisfy the curiosity of visitors.

La Fiesta de Los Angeles - 1897

x

The Head



and Tail of the Sacred Dragon - 22.5 feet long - worked by 120 Chinese.

The Chinese Division



The Spanish Cobblers.

A Chinese Band from the Province of Szechwan.



Fair little horse-women

Gorgeous Banners from the Province of Szechwan

The First Parade

HIS POWER IN TRAGEDY



THE following little tragic story, written by Ralph, is another of his unpublished manuscripts. When or where it was written we know not. If the critic in tragedy will give it time and thought, I believe he will find therein power in tragedy unusual for so young a mind.

THE STORY THAT THE DOOR TOLD

It was a hot night in the little country town, but I had found a tolerably cool place on the hotel veranda. I had sat down about nine, tilted my chair against the house, and abandoned myself to lazy reverie, in which state Somnus must have claimed me, for the big brass lamp in the office burned low when I awoke. The scratching of a match to look at my watch grated harshly on the stillness of early morning. I got up, resolved to turn in, but as I pushed against the swinging door something spoke. I started back and looked about — no one near. Must have been the night wind sighing in the elms overhead.

“I am a door — only a door. Be not alarmed” — the eerie, unearthly voice came again. I am not a believer in the supernatural, and, as no signs of midnight violence were

forthcoming, I pulled me a chair and skeptically stared at my strange conversationalist.

Then something creaked on its hinges and continued: "I am not an ordinary door — you have perhaps observed it. I was not made for this country town — mine was a higher calling. Once I swung at the entrance to the — House. Boston silks rustled through me — Boston broadcloths. These scars on me are not all from cowhides; patent leathers made many of them. Have you never noticed these scratches that mar my glass? They are from the jeweled hands of the rich."

"I wish to unburden myself to you, my midnight friend. I have kept the story until I can endure it no longer. It is a terrible story, but it is true. I knew the parties well. I heard it from the mumbling lips of a poor insane woman that used of winter nights to huddle in my vestibule. From her crazy, broken sentences I have the truth of a crime that the courts will never punish. I knew the murderess — the law never will."

The door blew violently open and in the vestibule I saw the — God! how often had I seen her in the — Theatre, bowing before applause! I would have rushed from the sight, but my limbs refused to move. The door closed and began again.

"On a stormy April night, some few years ago, there registered at my hotel a young Englishman, by name Frank Dartley, a broad-shouldered, blue-eyed young Briton, recently appointed American agent for a big Sheffield hardware firm. With him he brought a beautiful English bride. They engaged a suite of rooms on the fourth floor, and settled

down for a quiet honeymoon amid the roar of New England's metropolis.

The couple had hardly left the office when a coarse, drunken looking specimen of humanity shuffled through me and eagerly scanned the register. "It's them," he muttered.

Sam, the boy that held me open for people, recognized the fellow as a stage hand at the —— Theatre, a second class amusement house on —— Street. "Hello, 'Schooner', what cher doin' here. Want er room?"

"Naw, only followin' orders. The Duchess likes ter keep up on all the swells as come." He shuffled out again, and the incident was forgotten.

A few weeks after a woman inquired at the office for Mr. Frank Dartley. She was thickly veiled and heavily clothed, but one of the bell-boys said she looked "mighty like the Duchess at the ——." The Duchess was leading lady of an English vaudeville troupe. She was a singer of ability, but her exhibitions of magic were what had packed the —— to the doors for a month and more. But, of course, it couldn't be the Duchess. What could the Duchess want with Frank Dartley.

Though it was nearly midnight, Dartley was not yet returned, and the woman, evidently disappointed, left a note. Dartley read it in the office when he came in later. His face flushed with anger as he finished its contents. He tore it testily, threw it into the waste basket, and strode off to his room. An inquisitive bell-boy, when the clerk was out, carefully picked up the fragments and put them together. The note read: —

MR. FRANK DARTLEY:—

You well know who I am—the Elsie Tainely that has followed you like a dog for years—the Elsie Tainely that you knew and loved in boyhood in dear old England. I am a woman you have wronged—wronged by not returning a love deeper a thousand times than any the milk and water thing you now call wife can ever give.

You say that my course in life has fixed a gulf between us that cannot be bridged. I say it can be bridged. The hope of my life is dead. I ask only to see you—to speak with you. If you refuse, there are more ways than one to gain one's end. You know my address—the—— Theatre.

ELSIE TAINELY.

“Whew!” exclaimed the bell-boy. But it was late and he threw the note back into the basket and went to sleep in his chair.

* * * * *

Ramjha, the little Hindoo whom the Duchess had picked up in her magic-gathering travels in the East, was in bad spirits. He had not been in favor with his mistress for some time past, but she had rebuked him more severely than usual. Ramjha loved the Duchess with the fervid devotion of a simple mind, but his heathen heart ached from ill treatment. Ramjha had made investigation of his own juvenile variety, and, with stray bits of information from “Schooner,” he was decided that Dartley was the cause of the alienation of his mistress' affections. In what manner or for what reason this could be Ramjha did not know, but that was immaterial to Ramjha. He was thinking on all his troubles when the Duchess came to him during the afternoon, and she did not find her usual salaaming servant.

“I wish you, Ramjha, to do a service for me to-night,” she began. Ramjha bowed surlily.

“It is of a strange nature, Ramjha, and you are to keep perfectly secret about it. If you tell but a single word to anyone, you know your punishment, Ramjha.” Yes, Ramjha knew the cruel rattan that “Schooner” used at the Duchess’ bidding.

“It concerns a friend of mine, a gentleman who lives at the—— Hotel.”

The eyes of the little Hindoo darkened, and his brown hands twitched nervously, but he said nothing, and the Duchess was engrossed in her own plan.

“This man comes in from New York on the 11.30 train. He will pass through K Street. Dressed as a hostler, you are to be lounging along the street. The clothes you will find in your room.”

Ramjha nodded.

“As he passes the third alley, a couple of men will attempt to rob him. You will make no outcry—the men are of my hiring. The man will be injured slightly. You are to go to his assistance after the other fellows have disappeared, call the police, say that the robbers have got away, and have the man taken to the hospital. Then come back and go to bed. You understand that you are to say nothing about this.” The Duchess frowned darkly. “And, Ramjha, leave those devilish things of yours in your room. You won’t need death-dealing needles tonight.” The Duchess turned away, and Ramjha smiled.

* * * * *

“Strange piece of business, this Elsie Tainely affair,”

said Dartley to himself as he hurried away from the depot. "The woman's persistency will drive me crazy." A cold fog had come in from the ocean, and he buttoned up his coat collar to keep out the chilling dampness.

"Deuced dark," as he turned into a little side street for a short cut. The dull illumination of an electric light through the mist was hardly better than none.

"To be sure, I did used to like Elsie, but that was long ago, before she choose wrongly between fame on the stage and obscurity at home. It is evident the poor girl isn't happy though with all her laurels. But, confound it, she seems to think I've compromised myself some way. I'll talk it all over with Helen, best way to do, and get her advice."

He had almost reached K Street when a hand was laid on his shoulder. It startled Dartley, and he turned angrily. "You are too familiar, boy. What do you want?" It was too dark to see his face, but the fellow's clothes smelled of the stable, and Dartley didn't associate with hostlers.

"I want talk with you."

"Extraordinary! Who are you?"

"No matter who I are. Come."

The cold barrel of a revolver was laid on Dartley's face. "What is this — am I to be robbed, murdered, boy," he gasped. "Here's my money, damn you, you wouldn't get it so easy, fellow, if I had my pistol or you'd given me a chance to fight."

"Still!" said the hostler. "Any noise, I fire." A thirty-two calibre bore enforced the command. Dartley was powerless but to obey.

“Stand 'gainst post here. That yight. I want tell secret. Don' want you tell secret after.” Dartley dared not shout or offer resistance. He could only bite his lip and glare at his captor with true English spirit. Adroitly covered with the revolver the while, he was bound fast to the telegraph pole.

The little hostler stood back, surveyed his prisoner and laughed. Dartley had heard such a cunning, devilish laugh before. Where had it been? The fellow stepped back to Dartley's side and stood on tiptoe to his ear. “Now all yeady tell secret. Take 'way 'gain my mistress — that my secret.” He pulled from his pocket a thing like a porcupine quill, and through Dartley's neck stuck it its whole length into the brain of his defenceless victim.

Dartley uttered no cry, no groan. An hour later a patrolman found erect against a post a cold stiff corpse. The muscles of its face were drawn into a horrible smile, and its eyes were open as in life.

* * * * *

The fog had disappeared before a west wind, and the moon shone out resplendent from beneath a bank of clouds. With a ghastly touch its light fell into the dead room of a city hospital and caressed the streaming hair of a woman bending over the body of a man she had loved. “This my private interview!” she whispered hoarsely. “This, O God, my retribution!” She lifted her eyes, gleaming with the brightness of an unbalanced mind, to where the moon shone. “This —”

Another woman advanced out of the darkness. Her face was white and set. She kissed her husband's distorted

face, and smoothed back his hair. She seemed unconscious of the other's presence, till, with minatory calmness, she spoke. "Woman — murderess — go! May He that forgives sins forgive yours. God knows that I never shall. I do not seek to bring you to the law, for the law cannot punish crimes like yours. Go!"

"You — you who stole my happiness — do you also curse me! By the God you call to witness, you shall not live to tell. I am not a murderess, but I shall be. Ramjha's poison has killed my darling — it shall kill you." Another thing like a porcupine quill performed its deadly work, and a murdered woman sank.

"And I — I, too." She fumbled for another needle — it was not there! With a cry that might have roused the sleeping forms behind her, she rushed to the street, and Elsie Tainely was swallowed up in the night.

* * * * *

"Well, had a night of it on the piazza, did you," said the hotel proprietor next morning. "Look as if you'd had the nightmare."

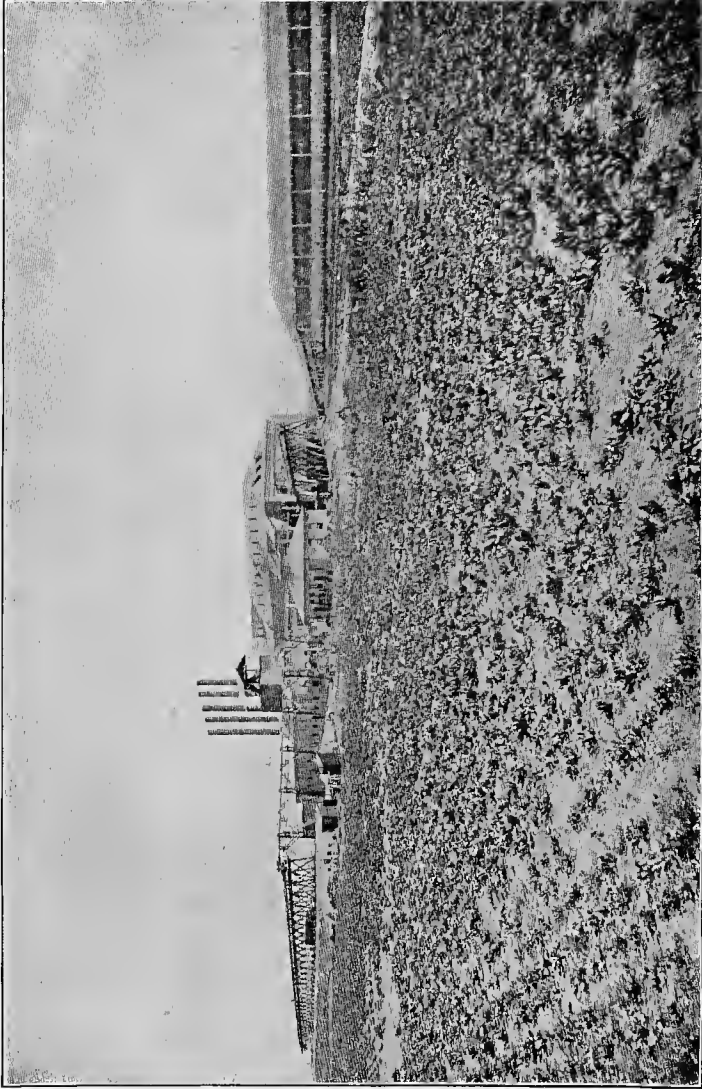
As I said, I am not a believer in the supernatural, but a scarehead in the Boston morning paper read: —

TERRIBLE DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

HOSPITAL PHYSICIANS PUZZLED.

MURDERER UNKNOWN.

No Clue for the Police.



VIEW OF BEET FIELDS AT LOS ALAMITOS

SUGAR CANE COMPETITION



T was during the first year of Ralph's sickness, while in California in our extensive travels about the state over land by train and on horse back, that we visited the two large beet sugar plants illustrated and described in this article. He took notes of what he saw and such information as he was able to procure on the spot. Later he secured the illustrations and other information from a reliable source. By a careful study of the illustrations and the accompanying descriptive matter, the reader who may take any interest in the manufacture of beet sugar, cannot fail to gain reliable information thereby. This article was written in his seventeenth year.

THE BEET SUGAR INDUSTRY IN CALIFORNIA

Beet sugar producing in California and the West is a firmly established American industry. With no political aspersion, it is emphatically not an idle dream of those protectionists whose "swaddling clothes" idea confirms illustration in tin plate manufactures. In the commercial inventory of California and Nebraska beet sugar is an important item.

It is but a few years since Uncle Sam began to think seriously of making beet sugar for himself, but the climate in which his experiment took root proved admirably adapted to the culture of suitable beets. American push and perseverance have done the rest. From a single factory at Lehi, Utah, the industry has grown to be the supporter of thousands of American citizens. Louisiana, with her vast fields of cane, may no longer boast of being the only sugar bowl on the map. Already Uncle Samuel is making big use of California's rich beet lands for the satisfying of his sweet tooth. With the perfecting of the product, Louisiana may well look to the far West for a dangerous competitor.

Until the appearance of American rivalry, Germany monopolized the business of making a substitute for cane sugar. As its offspring is still in his childhood, the Fatherland still does a large share of it. The youngster, though, is almost ready for long trousers, and with the ample protection that Mr. Dingley has given him, he should soon be able to cause his German parent to take a rear seat.

Germans, of course, are still principal experts and promoters of the scheme. The Yankees of the West, however, are not slow to perceive that beet sugar production has a great future. Gradually they have been initiated into the intricacies of the process—learned secrets that refused to be hid behind a long pipe and a beer stein. Before many decades we may hope to see the beet sugar industry not alone operated on American soil, but run entirely by American labor and American brains.

Beet sugar, as a sugar, has not, to tell the truth, yet attained the success of the product of Germany—which is

not due to the fact that the beets grown in this country are not as good as Germany's, for they are better, but present imperfections in the American process.

The consumers of beet sugar are largely the farmers of the Middle West. Beet sugar is not yet considered quite as good as that from cane, and we fastidious people of New England would find fault if our sweetener wasn't up to the scratch.

Dakota tillers of the soil, who have to deal with cyclones, blizzards, floods and droughts can't afford to bother much about such an insignificant article of diet. But beet sugar's commercial value is bound to increase with the added experience of its manufacturers. In the not far distant future, a near relation of the vegetable that we slice up for our dinner will furnish us with sugar for our tea.

Genial "old Sol" with his warm penetrating rays, is responsible for sweet beets, and sweet beets make sweet sugar. It is for this reason that in Southern California — the "Land of Sunshine" — we have the greatest beet sugar region on earth. It is a very simple deduction, for it is indisputable that the sun shines more in "American Italy" than it does in Nebraska, in Germany, or almost anywhere else.

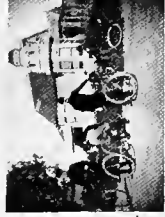
The largest beet sugar factory in California — the largest in the world — is at the little town of Chino, about forty miles southeast of Los Angeles. The town of Chino is a corner of Richard Girds' great ranch of 50,000 acres. California farms are on a different scale from those of Massachusetts. He himself laid out the town, runs his own railroad connecting it with one of the transcontinental lines,



Soberate Denny
near San Diego
highest town in the
West - 2000 ft from
the creek!



As came the river and we
could not get across. Jim
Digg's team, with Sam Digg
Mexican, built a trail of mules and
men.



The
Hotel
at Chas. on
the street
down my
town and
I have a great
consultation
of people
I expect in a
month
here



Consultation
of people
I expect in a
month
here



Dinner at Linderholm's
was a wonderful occasion



Mr. Hill lectured
and gave for the
country as he always
does



The party was
chaired by Mr.
Kearney



Sunday morning at a
San Francisco Valley church
I didn't get to sleep.

TRIP TO THE LEITAE AD RANCHA

JANUARY 24, 1911

PHOTO BY RALPH

A DAY "ROUGHING IT" IN BALMY CALIFORNIA

gave the sugar company land for their buildings, put considerable cash into the scheme himself, and was, until he lost everything a few years ago, leading man generally thereabouts.

The Chino factory cost over a million dollars. The mill is run by twelve boilers, of a total power of 2500 horses, and when in full operation — from July first till late Autumn — requires 300 employees. The establishment has the yearly capacity of transforming 62,851 tons of beets into savory sugar. The several buildings of the plant seem one solid mass of complicated mechanism, and a greenhorn wonders how the sweet stuff ever gets through without getting lost.

For five or more miles outside of Chino the moist land is so rankly rich that it exhales an odor resembling that of a full-fledged city dump. Weeds grow to be almost trees, and it is dangerous to leave your cane sticking in the ground — 'twill sprout. However, were the writer an agriculturist, he would prefer a little inferior grade of soil, minus the perfume.

In the vicinity of this gigantic sweetening concern 7000 acres of beets — not ordinary beets; sugar beets are white — were set out last spring and bought by the company. With the factory as a never failing market, beets are a very profitable crop for Chino ranchmen.

One of the several new California beet sugar factories is at Los Alamitos, not far from the town of Santa Anna. It is now in full operation, but when the writer was there the factory was still building, and the new born city that the concern had, magnet like, drawn around itself, was but a

few months old. The Los Alamitos factory, in its completion, is probably the finest equipped plant in this country. Its machinery, of the latest pattern, overcomes many of the troubles incident to earlier efforts.

It was a typical sample of those pyrotechnical Western settlements that yesterday were a wilderness and today are thriving towns—one of those places where everything is put together with shingle nails and mucilage and solidity is as yet unknown. Cheap frame houses were daily being erected; divers business enterprises were fast making their appearance; cloth tents,—temporary dwellings of prospective citizens—were growing up like toad stools, in a night. Los Alamitos gave every evidence of a genuine boom—one of the old school, after the pattern of the Southern California variety of ten years ago.

On the outskirts of the coming metropolis we encountered some new arrivals who had journeyed 400 miles, gypsy fashion, from the northern part of the State. They were halted in an open lot, discussing as to the best course to pursue, for they had reached the place only an hour before. A happy-go-lucky set, whose home was anywhere—good hearts, though, under the rough exterior.

Paterfamilias, a man by the name of Morgan Pratt, had brought with him his entire family of a dozen or so, and in their “prairie schooner” and a couple of other wagons were their worldly effects entire, from stove funnel to a bird cage of dubious practicability. This style of traveling is a favorite one in California, where no more storm is to be feared under the open sky than under twelve inches of the best pine boards.

The flower of
rising family



Some of Mrs.
Citricks
"Young
Hollywood."

Los Angeles

Chamber of Commerce

Application of the term,
"Some Pumpkins"



The Englewood
Hotel



A 200-pound one.



A general view



The Great Register
rec'd just broken in the
market - 4000 fringes -
may be 300 pounds.

Theirs was the same trouble as many others — they had been unable to find work and were in search of some. The mother of the family said they had been on the move most of the time for twenty-one years. Twenty-one years! She was tired, she said, of her roving life. She wanted to settle down and have a home. She was going to have a home, and her husband and sons were to have employment, and they were to be happy. The long-sought job had come. Perhaps an extreme case, but there are many such in the great West.

Claus Spreckles may make his millions out of the beet sugar business — his may be an unjust share — but Spreckles is not the only man benefited. Does Morgan Pratt care what Spreckles' fortunes are? Pratt is earning an honest living and a happy home. The beet sugar business is the means of his earning it.

IN THE TEMESCAL MOUNTAINS



WERE it possible for the reader to know all the circumstances and see the surroundings in connection with the story which follows, it would be thus made doubly interesting. During the winter while in California, and previous to our start on our fifty days' Yosemite camping trip, Ralph, "Noot," and myself went on a hunting trip covering about one hundred and fifty miles. While in the Temescal Mountains quail hunting a heavy rain set in, which forced us to crawl into the wood hut shown herewith, where we spent two days and nights. The hut, as you will see, has no windows. The wet, chilly atmosphere made it necessary to close the door and burn kerosene oil lamps, while awake night and day. The natives thereabout learned of our arrival, and they flocked to our hut for a smoke talk, to play cards, and swap lies with our party. The blood-curdling tales of a large band of marauders, who had many years ago secreted in a cave way up in the mountains the

product of their nefarious plunder, consisting of gold, silver, diamonds, and other valuables, in my case was soon forgotten. Not so with Ralph.

He had already developed a taste for fiction founded on facts. He said little and thought much, the result of which is this little story. It is nine long years since we had this experience. The reader can well imagine our surprise when we discovered this among his unpublished manuscripts. The reading so vividly carried me back to that nine years ago experience that I was powerless to keep back tears of joy and sadness. Joy, because of the unexpected record of this memorable trip made through the brilliant brain of our dear boy. Sad, because—you all know why.

“SHORTY”

Shorty they called him for short. Not that any of the boys at Baker's cattle ranch knew he had any other name, for they didn't. Shorty himself had almost forgotten,—if he had ever known,—and he had no use for a longer cognomen anyway. His nickname fitted his physical appearance admirably. He was slight of build, too,—the slighter in comparison with the brawny make-up of Baker's cowboys. Shorty was not handsome, but there was a beautiful simplicity about his big brown eyes, his fine black hair, and his dark, childlike face, that even the buffeting of mountain wind and rain could not remove. He was strong though. In one of the long round-ups, in which he occa-

sionally helped the ranch boys, Shorty's agile limbs were the last to tire.

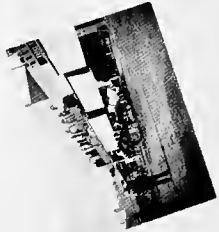
But Shorty was "queer." His Maker had slighted his mind as well as his stature. Never since infancy had the poor fellow's head been right, and his eyes had reflected naught but the reason of a child. Shorty's gentle and trusting nature, however, made him many friends, and a place was reserved for him in the hearts of the men at the cattle ranch, that was other than one of pity for his misfortune.

Shorty, in an honest cowboy way, was loved. He was not young, for it was many years ago that Baker had given him a few acres back in the canyon on which to raise the ranch supply of vegetables. Horse Thief Canyon they called it, for 'twas said that years ago it had been the rendezvous of a band of marauders. Shorty built a little hut under the right wall of the canyon, where some tall sycamore trees towered above it, and where in summer pretty mountain flowers perfumed the air. Shorty loved the flowers, and a little vase, that Jim Daley had given him, was always filled. "Ver perty flowers make eyes glad," Shorty confided to Daley. The creek that watered his vegetables below, rushed by on the opposite side of the canyon, a sweet lullabye to Shorty, when, weary from his day's labor, he lay down on his worn mattress to sleep. A humble enough abode it was—an old stove, some chairs, and a table, and a bed in the corner. Shorty had known no better, and to him it was home.

Nearly two years ago, a letter addressed to Jose Bantista Saiz, Temescal, California, had arrived at the postoffice.

"A Trip to Chinatown"

W Street in
Chinatown.



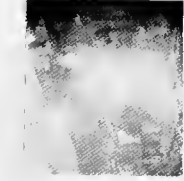
Remains of Los Angeles
Chinese vegetable
peddlers.



One of John's wives
the usual address: "I
bring you," is occa-
sionally brought!



In Los Angeles' "Flower Kingdom"



Instead of the young vice and ancient foot wear
after the fighting school couple of time for time
spirits take the form of a "blue-suit" on
green roads



Effect of the sun
woman's idea
in Chinatown.

A Colored
wedding party
a drawing card.



PHOTOS BY RALPH

SNAP SHOTS AT LOS ANGELES CELESTIALS

It lay unclaimed a month or more, and was in danger of the dead letter office, when Baker, dropping in one day, was shown it. Baker himself didn't know his poor half-witted Shorty's name, but he guessed at the letter being his, and the contents proved it was. Jim Daley read it to Shorty — Jim was Shorty's special friend among the boys at the ranch. It was posted at Pixley, a town in the wheat region of the great San Joaquin Valley. A friend of Shorty's only brother, a fellow workman, had written that Juan—Jaun, who had been to Shorty both father and mother, had reaped his last harvest of golden grain. Not a relative in the whole world but Shorty. Jaun had visited him sometimes, these visits being the sole events in Jose's life of monotony. His loss was felt deeply. He grew more sad as the days went by, more silent, his great brown eyes more wistful.

It was the twenty-fourth of December. A very dismal day it had been, too. The air damp and chilly, with a leaden sky. But Shorty had done his work just the same, and toward night he shouldered his basket, full of vegetables, to carry to Wah Lee, the cowboy's cook at the ranch house. He had emptied his basket. Lee had given him a loaf of bread and a special little Christmas cake, for his tomorrow dinner, and Shorty had started homeward.

“Hi, there, Shorty, won't cher stay over night? The boys is goin' ter have a little Christmas lay-out.” Jose's eyes brightened at the prospect, for “lay-outs” were a decided novelty to him.

“Yes, I ver much like stay, Jim. Tank, Jim.”

A motley lot it was that gathered round the long table in the ranchmen's dining-room. About every nation on earth

had a representative, for Baker's ranch was a large one. No very extensive scheme of decoration was indulged in, though a few sprigs of mistletoe from up the canyon were tacked upon the plain board walls, and some was twined around the big kerosene lamps. But, as Sam Jenkins observed, "What's the good of mistletoe anyway, when there ain't no women folks." However, the evening progressed merrily in spite of this all important omission. Jim Daley opened the festivities. "Gentlemen," said he, "I ain't no Chancy Dephew, but as the boys has asked me ter do it, I want ter thank Mr. Baker for furnishin' the eatables for this Christmas—er—er—celebration. I'll leave it ter the boys if Mr. Baker ain't the best boss this side Tehachipi. We wish ter tell yer, Mr. Baker, that we hope when the last round-up comes you'll get what yer deserves fer being so kind to us undeserving cowboys." Mr. Baker, who had come in to see the boys started, replied that he was very glad to do a Christmas turn for the boys that worked on the ranch. "Four cheers fer our boss, fellers," suggested Jim,' and the cheers were given so vociferously that the fellers immediately set to work to fill the vacancies left by the exertion. And how those good things did disappear. There's no need to name them, for Christmas good things are much the same the world over. It would have done your eyes good to have seen Shorty, though it might have caused you serious alarm for his future welfare. Shorty was almost jolly, if he didn't say much—he never did. Poor Chinese Lee was most exhausted when everybody's appetite was satisfied, and it was time to fill up the wine glasses, at which time, and as is common in such cases,

L. S. MOORE TRIP

JANUARY 25 - FEBRUARY 6,
1897.



"Held at Bent" - our
quarters while at Bent's
Ranch, Temascal
Aronzono



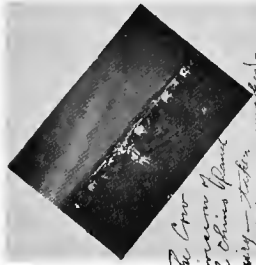
Bird's-eye view in
"Held at Bent," showing
the marked character of
the stream bed.



Bennie Ley and
his pet



The Ley family and
their pet at the house
- the old building
- including the number
at the Ranch



The Cow
Quarries of
the China Bend
Dairy - taken
just before our return.
Looking thence return.



I was caught just before
"Held at Bent" - Temascal
Aronzono



A
California
Ranch -
Held at Bent,
Temascal
Aronzono

PHOTOS BY RALPH

SCENES IN HORSETHIEF CANYON

everybody grew reminiscent. Memorable round-ups were recalled — cases of unusually refractory steers were recited, vicious bronchos had been broken by some of the boys. Everybody, but Shorty, who listened and enjoyed, had something to tell.

“Say, Jim,” spoke up some one during a lull in the conversation, “has anyone been up Horse Thief lately?”

“Yes, there were some fellows from Elsimore went up about a week ago, but they didn’t find old Van’s cave no more’n everybody what’s ben before has. Between you and me, boys, I don’t b’lieve there’s any cave or any gold either.”

“Of course there is,” remonstrated several voices at once. “Didn’t old 100-year-old Jeans down to Reno see it with his own eyes, and didn’t Van, soon’s he knew old Jeans found out, drug ’im with some magic stuff so’s he couldn’t find the place again?” Jim was silenced — this was conclusive proof that the rich cave existed.

“Hang wag,” said Harry Wardle, a new arrival from the country. “H’d like to run across old Van’s valuables. I’d buy me a colonel’s suit in the Hinglish Harmy.”

“Jake’s going to sing us a tune by — what dye call it — proxy. Come, Jake, bring the thing out.” The thing was a cheap music-box that had struck Jake’s fancy on a recent “blow out” in Los Angeles. Jake went into the store, was shown how to wind it up, and made the purchase on the spot — much to the loss of the liquor saloons.

Jake’s “thing” discoursed piece after piece to the great enjoyment of the cowboys, and the consequent elation of Jake. Harry declared ’twas “bettern any horchestra.” Meanwhile, Shorty’s face was a study. The poor fellow

was drinking in every sound that came from the strange box. He was enraptured. The natural Spanish love for music was in his blood. He had never heard the semblance of music, and the metallic notes of Jake's "thing" were the sweetest melody to him. Jim Daley noticed it. Jim's boy heart felt deeply for Shorty.

"Let's 'ave 'Ome Sweet 'Ome' afore we turn in," said Harry.

"I'm sorry, Harry," said Jake, "but 'taint on the list. We'll have 'America' "

"Well," sighed disappointed young Britton, "H'll 'ave to go."

The boys joined in the chorus, and as "Great God our King" rang through the banquet hall, they, one by one, betook themselves to bed. But Shorty lingered. He seemed in a trance.

"You'll stay over with me, Shorty," said Jim Daley. "It's a rough night outside. You can bunk with me."

"Tank, Jim," replied Shorty. "I'd rather home. Sleep better, Jim, home."

"Well, alright," said Jim, for he knew Shorty's eccentricities. "Merry Christmas to yer, anyway."

"Tank, Jim, you ver good, Jim."

After Shorty had gone, Jim called Jake and a few of his friends back into the room. "Fellers," Jim began, "we'd like to do a little Christmas business on our own hook, wouldn't we?"

"You bet," was the answer.

"I thought so," said Jim, and continuing said, "poor Shorty ain't long for this ranch, nor any other. He's get-

ting paler and thinner every day. Yer all know what a lonely feller he is, and that he ain't 'all there' He don't git much fun, Shorty don't. He ain't like the rest of us, but he was struck on Jake's box. Yer could see it in his face. And what I proposes, gentlemen, is that we all chip in and buy 'Jake's box''

"Hif it only played "Ome Sweet 'Ome", murmured Harry.

A shout from the boys showed that the proposition was deemed a worthy one.

"It'll be a d——d nice thing to do," said Sam kindly, though rather sacrilegiously.

The hat went round, and the box was bought, Jake throwing in a dollar of the cost.

"And now, boys, if it suits you, I'll take it up Horse Thief tonight. Shorty'll be asleep, and I can put it in the cabin, and he'll find it tomorrow morin'."

"That will be ha cute scheme," assented Harry, and once more the ranch boys, their rough hearts filled with a spirit that many a man of vaunted culture possesses not, sought their sleep.

* * * * *

The wind howled angrily across the broad mesa as Shorty hurried toward his "home" in the canyon. The rain, coming down in torrents, beat furiously against his face, but he bent his head and walked the faster. He was drenched when he reached the cabin, but he was quite oblivious of his surroundings. His thoughts were on the wonderful music-box. Shivering, he lay down on a pile of

turnips in the corner of the cabin. He got up with a start. "What I doin'," he said. "I crazy ternight." He pulled the bed clothes over him, and the king of the Land of Nod claimed Shorty as his own.

* * * * *

And then a strange thing happened. The canyon was filled with wild hallooing; the rocks echoed back threateningly. The clatter of many horses' feet was heard, and a troop of twenty mounted men galloped up the rough bed of the creek till they came to the Falls. Here Shorty saw them dismount and hitch their horses; and, laughing and shouting as if in the best of spirits, clamber up the mountain side and disappear. Shorty was terrified—for even the time of day had changed and it was late twilight. Who could these intruders be? No one that Shorty knew or had ever heard of, though they seemed to know the mountain well. Their dress was peculiar, too. Shorty had seen the like before, tho' the men were covered with swords and great horse pistols, and old fashioned guns. Shorty, too frightened to move, had been staring up the canyon, on which twilight had deepened into night, and listening to the pawing of the strange men's horses, when he felt a tap on the shoulder. Standing directly behind him was one of the strange men. Shorty sank to the floor, and the torch the intruder carried showed his face as white as a sheet.

"O don't be afraid, pardner," said the new comer, "I ain't goin' to hurt yer. I had orders from the guvner ter ask yer ter make us a little call," and the fellow laughed boisterously, as if it were the best joke ever perpetrated.

Shorty had not yet regained the power of speech. "Be de-lighted ter come, won't cher?" Without awaiting an answer, the man bound a silk bandage around Shorty's eyes, and led the trembling fellow up the canyon.

"Come, put some stiffening in yer knees, man," said Shorty's new acquaintance rather testily. "Yer gut some climbing before yer, but my eyes'll make up for the loss of yourn, — he, he, he, — and I'll promise yer some wonderful sights fore yer git back."

Shorty was somewhat reassured and sought his footsteps with more alacrity than he had at first displayed. It was hard going for Shorty. The stranger's hand led him over the more difficult places, but he stumbled over rocks and ran into bushes until he was sadly bruised and scratched. About midnight Shorty's foot struck a hard smooth floor. He knew it was midnight, because he heard many voices chanting "Hail to Christmas Morn."

"Shorty's blindfold was removed. He was in the famous robbers' cave that the boys at the cattle ranch so often told about. Yes, there could be no mistaking it. There were the heaps of gold and silver piled in heaps about the floor; there were the boxes of precious stones, with necklaces of pearls and diamonds hanging out; there were the chests of all sorts of treasures; there were the robbers, twenty or more, seated round the long rude table, quaffing ale and making merry. They turned as Shorty and his guard came in.

"Found him, did yer, Guan. Glad ter see yer, Shorty. A health to Shorty," and a glass of ale disappeared behind the earthen mugs of the twenty strange men. "Juan, (for

that's your real name), I will be brief with you, for Christmas night is set apart for our own private enjoyment." It was the man at the head of the table that spoke — Van himself. Shorty's heart rose some inches. What was to come next? "Juan, you, as well as I, are from a high old Spanish family. The families that owned this land before the conquest of the Americans. Perhaps we have both degenerated. But — enough of this — my life is of my own choosing.

"Juan," Van continued, "it has long been a custom of our band, outlaws though we are, men supposed to be beneath a kindly action. It has been our custom, I say, to remember some unfortunate when Christmas comes. This year the recipient of our favor is yourself. Wonder not how we can know your wish. Be it enough that we do, and have procured the means of gratifying it. Juan, Van gives you this."

As the leader spoke one of the men brought forward, on a low little stool, a music-box, one so like Jake's that it might be the very same. Shorty's eyes filled with tears. He bowed humbly and awkwardly before the robber king. He did not speak, but the look of gratefulness in his big brown eyes was from his heart.

"That will do, Juan," Van said. "I know you. I know your weakness. Your face has thanked me. Felix, lead him away. But hold," cried Van, "Juan, I give you more. This slip of paper, shown at any time to any of my followers, will procure you mercy and kindness. Felix, be gone. Jink, do you take the magic box and follow after."

Shorty was blindfolded again. The noise of resumed revelry grew fainter and fainter till it was lost in the howl-

ing wind outside. Felix's torch blew out and all was blackness. Shorty stumbled and fell. A great yawning abyss! Horrors, he had rolled over! Shorty struck the floor with a thud. His bed was a low one, and it didn't hurt him much, tho' it very effectually woke him up. "Ver nice dream" —but at this moment his eye fell on the beloved music-box sitting on the floor.

The storm had cleared away, and the moonbeams, shining through the windows, revealed a little slip of paper laid on Jake's "thing" Jim had entirely forgotten that Shorty couldn't read, and written on the paper was, "The Boys at the Cattle Ranch wishes Shorty a Merry Christmas." Shorty was dumfounded, tho' his delight knew no bounds. He had been to the cave! He must have been. There was the very music-box the robber had brought down for him. There was Van's slip of paper with his writing on it.

When some of the cowboys came up next morning, they found Juan with the most happy expression on his simple face, listening to the magic box, he having reverently wound it up as he had seen Jake do.

"Where'd yer git it, Shorty?" asked Jim.

"Van," answered Shorty simply. He said no more. He was listening to his magic box.

"He's kinder out in his head," you know, whispered Jim to the others.

On the way back to the ranch Jim suddenly burst out laughing. "Well, I'll be strung up, if I didn't forget Shorty couldn't read. He don't know it's from us fellers. But I glad we done it, ain't you, fellers?"

"You bet," said the others.



PHOTO BY RALPH

HORSETHIEF CANYON HOTEL WHERE SHORTY WAS BORN

It was here that our hunting party found refuge for two long days and nights from one of California's furious rainstorms, and it was here that our mountaineer visitors photographed the story of "Shorty" on the author's brain.

MONTEZUMA'S FALL



HE reader will perhaps remember that in the brief sketch of Ralph's life I said, accompanied by his mother, he spent the winter of 1897 in Mexico. While there he became intensely interested in that country. His nature was such that anything in which he became interested never failed to arouse an earnest desire to know all about its present conditions and past history. Thus it was that he gained such knowledge as his health would permit while there and continued the study of Mexican history well into the year following. He became interested in the study of the Spanish language, receiving valuable assistance from a lady of culture and refinement who accompanied his party from Colorado to Mexico, and who was advanced in the study of Spanish. He purchased the New Testament printed in Spanish and they spent much time together translating the same into English.

The many places of interest visited while there included Montezuma's grave which at all times is lavishly decorated with choice flowers and where all Mexicans do honor to his memory and humbly worship with all the devotion put forth at the shrine.

Among all of Ralph's literary work to my mind his story of Old Mexico and its conquest is the most scholarly. Compiled as it was by patient and thorough historical research and condensed as it is therefrom, it offers the hurried reader an opportunity to become acquainted with the principal details and facts in connection with that conquest worthy of appreciation.

His summing up of the personality of Cortez at the finish of the article is cleverly done. It clearly shows careful study of the history of his life, and it so condenses the characteristics of his personality with such concise and well selected language as cannot fail to please and impress the reader.

OLD MEXICO AND ITS CONQUEST

(Compiled mostly from a study of Abbott's "History of Hernando Cortez.")

Mexico was discovered in 1518, tho' not until after the exploration of the entire Atlantic coast, parts of South America and parts of the West Indies. Tradition says the first inhabitants of Mexico were the Toltecs, who migrating from the north, settled about the eighth century. They were driven out by the Aztecs about the thirteenth century, and going south are identified with the evidences of a past high civilization in Yucatan and Central America. Some, however, believe that the Toltecs were wholly mythical. The people inhabiting Mexico at the time of the conquest, were about equal in civilization to the Chinese nation of today.

They built large cities containing much massive and beautiful architecture. They wove cotton cloth, knew enough of astronomy to correctly determine years and months, practiced scientific irrigation in connection with their agriculture, and possessed a symbolic form of writing similar to the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Gold, silver, lead and copper were mined extensively, and in the working of these metals the Aztecs surpassed the artificers of Europe. Iron was not known, in the absence of which knives were made from a flint-like lava.

The Aztecs possessed a severe civil code, and their police system was very effective — nearly every offense, even idleness without cause, was punishable by death. Indeed life was not held in great respect by the ancient Mexicans. Slavery existed, but not hereditary — the poor often sold their children but no one could be born in bondage. Military glory was held in high repute, large armies were supported and a considerable discipline attained. The Aztecs' theology was complicated but they seem to have believed in one supreme god with several hundred inferior deities, and the hills and rivers were peopled with spirits and fairies. Infant baptism was practised with truly Christian invocations that the child be washed of original sin. The priesthood exercised great power — they received confessions, gave absolution, and to them was entirely trusted the education of the young of both sexes. Thousands of priests were sometimes attached to a single temple. Magnificent structures the Aztecs' temples often were, too. The prevailing style was a huge pyramid with the altar on the summit. The pyramid at Cholulu, remains of which are still extant,

was built of unburned brick — fourteen hundred feet broad at the base, with an area on top of nine thousand square yards. The worship was largely sacrificial, but was revolting in the extreme. The Aztecs were a sincerely religious people.

One of the chief objects of war was to obtain human offerings for their gods — the victim was bound alive to the altar, and his heart, bleeding and palpitating, was held up as propitiation before the idol. Often terrible tortures were previously inflicted. In times of pestilence or drought, children were mercilessly sacrificed. Every altar in Mexico was clothed with blood of human victims, and music and every ecclesiastical demonstration were accompaniments of the awful orgies. More horrible still, the bodies of the slain were often banqueted on with all the festivities of confirmed cannibals. In this the Aztec nature was strangely contradictory, for incompatible with revolting customs of eating human flesh, magnanimity, courtesy, and many noble virtues were national characteristics. Beside the bloody scene of sacrifice ascended sweet incense, and the fragrance of flowers. Flowers were intensely loved by the ancient Mexicans and extensively cultivated.

The old City of Mexico, then called Tenochtitlan was entirely surrounded by lakes — since receded — and was reached only by causeways. The Spanish writers say it was a very beautiful city — with wide streets kept marvelously clean, and with parks such as many a modern municipality might well copy. The population was estimated at not less than three hundred thousand. Mexico was the center of the Montezumas' greatness.

Montezuma possessed the kingly attributes and wielded the power of a European monarch — nay more — for the reverence of Montezuma's subjects amounted nearly to religious adoration. His retinue consisted of two hundred feudal nobles, and his court was truly royal in magnificence. By conquest Montezuma held under tribute nearly all of what is now the Republic of Mexico — from the Atlantic to the Pacific the government of Montezuma was unquestioned. To the dark-skinned natives Montezuma was the embodiment, the culmination of earthly power.

It was this rich empire that Cortez and a half thousand Spaniards undertook to subjugate, but however much avarice may have predominated in the prompting of this unparalleled attempt, it was by no means the only motive. There was a commendable ambition to extend geographical knowledge, and to learn the arts and industries of a new people. But Cortez' religious fanaticism nearly equaled his thirst for gold, and to the Spanish mania for the spread of the Catholic church is largely responsible the atrocities of the conquest of Mexico. It was characteristic of the age — a dark age, in which darker deeds were perpetrated in the name of Christ. Hernando Cortez was born of noble but impoverished Spanish stock. All his father's efforts for his education were unavailing — he could not be made to study, and was expelled from school. His youth was one of idleness and dissipation, and when chance offered for a voyage to New Spain (Hayti), his adventurous nature was quick to respond. Later he joined the Spanish expedition for the conquest of Cuba, and distinguished himself.

In Cuba he married, was appointed Alcalde of Santiago,

but he was continually at variance with Governor Velasquez. At the age of thirty-three he was appointed commander for a voyage of exploration to Mexico. When Velasquez withdrew the appointment, Cortez outwitted him by sailing before the appointed time. He thus incurred the bitter enmity of Velasquez who with much influence at the Castilian court of Charles the Fifth, harrassed Cortez with opposition till the end of his career. The expedition first landed at an island off Yucatan, where missionary labors were begun, and where a Spaniard, shipwrecked seven years before and ever since living with the natives, was found. A companion Spaniard who had married a native and become a chief would not return to civilization.

Coasting around the great peninsula of Yucatan, Cortez next landed near the mouth of Tabasco river, where the first battle was fought. The horses and cannon, neither of which the natives had seen before, struck the utmost terror to the hearts of the warriors used only to arrows and javelins. Completely routed in battle, the natives were humbled and converted. It made no difference to Cortez how his gospel was spread, and the substitution of powder for sincerity seems to have been very satisfactory. Here Cortez married Marinda, a native woman of high intelligence and virtue, whose services later as interpreter were invaluable.

The next landing was at Vera Cruz where a very cordial reception was given the Spaniards by the natives. A tradition is, that a god of the Mexicans who ruled in the Golden age, disappeared in the Gulf, that the fair-skinned Spaniards resembled the long looked for divinity who had disappeared

in the same direction in which they came, and that this contributed to the natives' respect for the new comers. Montezuma sent ambassadors loaded with rich presents for Cortez, but so far from gaining his object, the monarch only whetted the avarice of the invaders. Cortez impressed the ambassadors by manoeuvres of his well disciplined army, and by the discharge of the terrible cannon, and returned them with honeyed words to Montezuma. Cortez now established a colony at Vera Cruz, and a government was chosen. But there were dissensions in the camp, some wishing to return to Cuba.

Cortez with characteristic boldness burned every ship save one. The dissenters were astounded, but threats were now useless and common safety united all factions. Allies appeared in the inhabitants of Zempzilla, subjects, but enemies, of Montezuma. One of Cortez' first acts in the city of his new found friends was to destroy their idols. The natives were terrified, but when vengeance from their gods failed to come, they cheerfully accepted the crosses, the crucifixes and statues of the Virgin. The new idols were prettier than the old. Six lords of Montezuma, imprisoned by the Zempzillans, at the order of Cortez were released and returned to Montezuma, with the message that he, Cortez, regretted the indignity. This perfidy to his allies seems not, however, to have affected their faithfulness.

The march to Mexico was begun with four hundred Spaniards — some being left as a garrison for Vera Cruz — seven pieces of artillery, eighteen horses, and a picked army of Zempzillan warriors, and men of burden.

The Tlascalan nation was cruelly subjugated, but with in-

conceivable revulsion of feeling they joined the standard of their murderer, thus greatly augmenting his forces.

The City of Cholula, on pretext for discovery of treachery, was put mercilessly to the flame and sword, the massacre being enormous.

Cortez at last arrived in sight of the lovely Valley of Mexico. His army looked with greedy desire on the evidences of civilization and wealth.

Like a small rivulet Cortez' little army had been reinforced by tribes hostile to Mexico, until it had become a river.

The mighty Montezuma was terrified. Messenger after messenger bearing the most costly presents were sent to Cortez begging him to desist. A presentiment that these wielders of the thunder and lightning were by fate decreed to conquer and reduce his nation destroyed what energies fear left. Unmolested, even without celebration, Cortez entered Mexico. He and his army were royally housed and in every way provided for.

But Cortez' object was not to receive hospitality. As a guard against bad faith, Montezuma was seized and required to live in the Spanish quarters. The proud monarch could only submit. He was allowed every privilege, but it was a virtual imprisonment that aroused the intense animosity of the people.

Alarming intelligence was now brought to Cortez that Velasquez, incensed by his subordinate's independence, had sent a force under Narvaez to overtake the conquerer and bring him back to Cuba in chains. Leaving Mexico in command of a lieutenant, Cortez marched with a small force toward Vera Cruz.

Surprising Narvaez in a night attack at Zempalla, in the midst of a raging thunder storm, Cortez, though with greatly inferior numbers, was victorious. A score of Narvaez's men were killed, but with astonishing artfulness their comrades were won over to the invader's standard, Cortez thus returning to Mexico, with a command in point of additional cavalry and artillery now invincible.

But Cortez' position in the heart of a hostile city even though surrounded by walls of stone, speedily became dangerous, and from dangerous—desperate. His army grew fearfully short of provisions, and it was no longer safe to leave the fort, for Mexicans in incalculable numbers were gathering from the surrounding country, and the city was filled with swarthy warriors.

The Spanish were defeated in a fierce sally. In this extremity Montezuma appeared on the walls of the Spanish stronghold, hoping to appease the rising wrath, but his vacillating course had lost him his old power over them. Their murmurings grew to a tumult. Stones and arrows filled the air, and Montezuma fell by the hands of his own subjects.

The once mighty monarch soon afterward died in the most pitiable despair. Cortez' situation was now desperate, and he decided that he must force his way out of the city. At midnight he and his troops left their barracks. The natives, however, were not surprised. It was a beginning of one of the most peculiarly fought and one of the bloodiest battles in history.

The Spaniards were attacked from every side—even from above, for the natives had congregated on the house

tops, and from there hurled stones and javelins with deadly effect. The Spanish artillery and muskets worked terrible havoc among the natives, but they fought with a courage that ever comes from defence of home. A hundred lives were gladly sacrificed to effect the death of a single one of their enemy. Cortez' progress was extremely slow. The bridges over the canals, that formed many of the streets had been destroyed. The Spaniards filled in with torn down masonry and dead bodies. Through two days and a night the horrible carnage continued. On the causeway, all the Spanish army except Cortez and a hundred followers were cut off and killed or taken prisoners.

On the shores of Lake Tezcuco, Cortez collected his exhausted little band, and by forced marches reached the mountains of the north. But the natives were not yet avenged and Cortez found himself confronted by 15000 war-painted Mexicans. Without muskets or cannon, all of which had been lost in the battle of the "Dismal Night," with worn-out horses, and a hundred men protected only by their mail, Cortez rushed desperately to the attack. He directed his onslaught to the centre of the dark-skinned host where floated the Mexican war banners. He captured them and so superstitious were the natives in the belief that their gods had deserted them that they no longer resisted the Spaniards, who reached in safety the country of the friendly Tlascalans.

Small pox, another curse of the Spaniards, unknown before their coming, broke out among the natives in and about Mexico city, and thousands were swept away by the pestilence, the successor of Montezuma among the victims.

Cortez' ambitions were rather strengthened than daunted by disaster and preparations were made for a renewal of the attempt. He tactfully confirmed the Tlascalans in their alliance, silenced the opposition among his own troops, and decoyed and seized the soldiers and supplies contained in two ships sent out by Valasquez. His force was thus enlarged to the strength of his original army.

Thirteen brigantines were constructed and from Lepesca floated into Lake Tezcuco, but the Mexicans had not been idle. Gantimozin, the new emperor, had completed with considerable military knowledge, defences the strength of which the Spaniards found to their dismay. The Spanish forces moved to the attack in three divisions, Cortez himself taking command of the brigantines. By strategy Gautimozin effected the invaders' temporary repulse, by which the Mexicans were greatly elated. A score of Spanish prisoners were tortured and sacrificed on the great pyramid in the center of the city, within sight of their former comrades. The fulfilling of the unhappy Montezuma's presentiment however was only postponed. Slowly the natives were forced back until three fourths of the city was in the possession of Cortez.

Before the Spanish brigantines the native canoes were like egg shells, and the shore of Lake Tezcuco was covered with the drowning bodies of the Mexicans. In an attempt to cross the lake and incite his subjects on the other shore Gautimozin was captured. The natives were entirely discouraged by the loss of their Emperor, and by his command the city was surrendered. In August of 1521 the Empire of the Aztecs ceased to exist. But there was no rest for

Cortez. Before the polluting bodies of the murdered Mexicans had been removed from the streets soaked with the blood of true martyrs, the rebuilding of the demolished portions of the city by the Spaniards had begun. Cortez sent many expeditions into the interior, to make explorations and to quell real or fancied insurrections.

In spite of fair promises to Guatimozen the natives were treated with great cruelty and many were reduced to slavery. A lieutenant of Cortez sailing round Yucatan, established a colony in Honduras, and declared himself independent of the Spaniards in Mexico. It was to punish this insubordination that Cortez undertook the expedition to Honduras, a two years' march through unknown wilds, that in danger encountered and privations endured, almost passes belief. And after all the sacrifices of life, happiness and treasure, Cortez found there was no insurrection to quell.

Nearly all that were left of the expedition returned to Mexico but Cortez weakened by disease, remained in Honduras. News reached him that in his absence, rumors of his death had been circulated in Mexico, and that his power had been assumed by others.

He immediately returned to Mexico, met everywhere with the most princely attentions and honors, and the usurpers were summarily punished. A new governor however, had been sent out from Spain, with whom Cortez' relations became anything but pleasant, and he went to Spain to seek redress. Returning to Mexico with a bride from the Spanish nobility, he lived for a time on his extensive estates.

But his nature craved excitement, and he tried unsuccessfully to plant a colony in lower California. Broken down

in health, he again crossed the ocean, but at the Castillian Court he gained only repulse, and after two years of humiliation the conqueror died, neglected by a nation for whom he had subjugated a continent.

* * * * *

There could be no generalization of Cortez' personality, for his nature was paradoxical as few men have ever been. He was brave, fearless in danger; he was vindictive, inhuman in power. His patience was invincible, and his energy found limit only in the extent of the realization of his ambitions.

Before discouragement, and the seeming impossible, his courage and coolness were never daunted. With an executive ability of high order, he combined tact irresistible.

Men became as clay within the sphere of his influence, and to his marvelous personal magnetism, Cortez owed not a small part of his unprecedented triumphs.

But the conquest of Mexico will ever remain one of the darkest pages in history — the slaughter of a friendly people — the laying waste of an unoffending nation — can find no vindication.

For gold the Spaniards murdered. Over the dead bodies of innocents they raised the cross, and with confidence they referred their victory to the God of Israel. The conquest of Mexico prosecuted in all its bloody details in the name of Christ, as a stain on the Christian religion can never be effaced.

Is a religion to be judged by its fruits?

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break

On the cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
To the haven under the hill;
But O, for a touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break

At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Alfred Tennyson.



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN SALT LAKE CITY. BUILT IN 1847.

SALT LAKE CITY



HE reader knows but little of the hard study, miles of travel, and expense, Ralph put into his "Modern Zion" to prepare the story and the illustrations for the publisher. He made a trip from Colorado Springs to Salt Lake City with the combined idea of pleasure, health and collection of facts for his story. Over the Rocky mountains he traveled largely by stage coach — for two reasons — he enjoyed the experience and he believed it healthful.

Knowing as I now do, all the details of travel and hard study in connection with this article, I feel sure that his anticipated health benefit was not realized.

His good judgment and at all times extreme self care in the interest of the cure, induced us to allow him to plan and carry out the trip to his own liking. He was in his eighteenth year when he made the trip and wrote the story. I believe his friends who read it carefully will find therein evidence of self-education, historic research and command of language not often attained by a boy of his age.

He deals with his subject honestly after a careful study of history in connection therewith and personal study of the situation as he saw it.

By advice of his physician this article ended his magazine work. It occupied the position of honor in the June number, 1901, of "The Land of Sunshine".

THE MODERN ZION

In 1827 Joseph Smith took out a franchise for the construction of a brand-new route to Paradise, and, inventing, or otherwise producing, the Book of Mormon, started the strangest religious and social phenomenon of the nineteenth century. Orthodox Mormonism says that Smith, under the divine guidance of the Angel Maroni, discovered near Manchester, Ontario County, New York, two golden plates engraved in unknown characters; that Smith, aided by miraculous spectacles found with the plates, was able to understand the cryptogram and to translate into English what proved to be the sacred history, as inscribed by their prophet Mormon, a branch of the Israelitish people, the Nephites and the Lamanites, who had inhabited the American continent at a pre-historic date. The result was the Book of Mormon. In a room of the Smith farmhouse in 1830, Joseph Smith and five others organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

The tidings being spread abroad that a new dispensation had been proclaimed of God through his prophet Joseph, converts multiplied. Other creeds, however, evincing bitter

and relentless enmity, the leading men of the newly founded church, leaving an Eastern base at Kirtland, Ohio, traveled to Missouri, where in the wilderness they hoped to be undisturbed in laying the foundations for the New Jerusalem. With the zeal peculiar to a new faith, its missionaries all over the country were at work. Meanwhile, the looked-for



EAGLE GATE (ORIGINALLY A TOLL-GATE TO CITY CREEK CANON ROAD)

peace was not secured in Missouri; harrassed by continual opposition culminating in civil war and the violent subversion of Mormon rights, the expulsion of the saints from Missouri was accomplished in 1840. A townsite in the western part of Illinois, on the Mississippi river, offered by the people of that State, was accepted and named Nauvoo, and the saints



THE EAST PART OF SALT LAKE CITY, SHOWING THE SNOW-CAPPED WAHSATCH

set about the re-location of their Jerusalem. But New Jerusalems somehow were not popular with the gentiles, nor were the religious pretensions of Joseph Smith. In 1844 the founder of Mormonism was shamefully murdered at Carthage, Missouri, and Brigham Young was elected to the presidency of the church. After two years more of wrangling with the State authorities, notice was served on the Mormon organization that it must leave Illinois. An army of pseudo-militia enforced the decree. The injustice of this proceeding, compelling the Mormons to sell their homes and their goods at whatever price the gentiles were willing to pay, reduced them from a prosperous community of 20,000 people to a band of impoverished wanderers. The great exodus to Utah began in September of '46, with the hardships of winter just approaching, and the vanguard, headed by Brigham Young, entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake in July of 1847.

This is brief church history. That Joseph's family were ignorant people of the backwoods; that Joseph himself, previous to his bonanza strike of the golden plates, had been a mere country nobody, should not prevent the fair consideration of a sect that has outlived him. Joseph was not a charlatan, if he was, as we see it, a fanatic. Whether or not Smith himself believed in his assumptions of divine instruction is a matter of opinion. Modern Catholicism is not judged by the Inquisition; modern Protestantism is not the bigotry that burned "witches" to the plaudits of the Salem Puritans; and modern Mormonism is not to be tried by the shortcomings of its pioneers.

There are two things to be asked of a religion — what it

has done, and what it believes. The pity is that the first is asked last and the last first; and it is not less true than it is deplorable, that let religion enter the discussion, and prejudice and abuse, like Banquo's ghost, upset the feast of reason.

As regards the Mormon question, the American people should be blissful to the limit, if ignorance is bliss — which it is not. Everything, nearly, that has been written on Mormonism has been from partisan bias, on one side or the other, and aimed apparently not at impartiality, but at the most original vituperation.

Benevolent reformers, who have found more agreeable working in Utah than among the saloons and hell-holes of the New York "Tenderloin," have approached the enemy's camp from an entirely wrong direction — namely, on the side of religion and morality. The religion of the Latter Day Saints is nobody's business — if the Constitution extends to Utah — and their morality, the irresponsible testimony of their revilers to the contrary notwithstanding, was at least as high as that of the gentiles who cast them out.

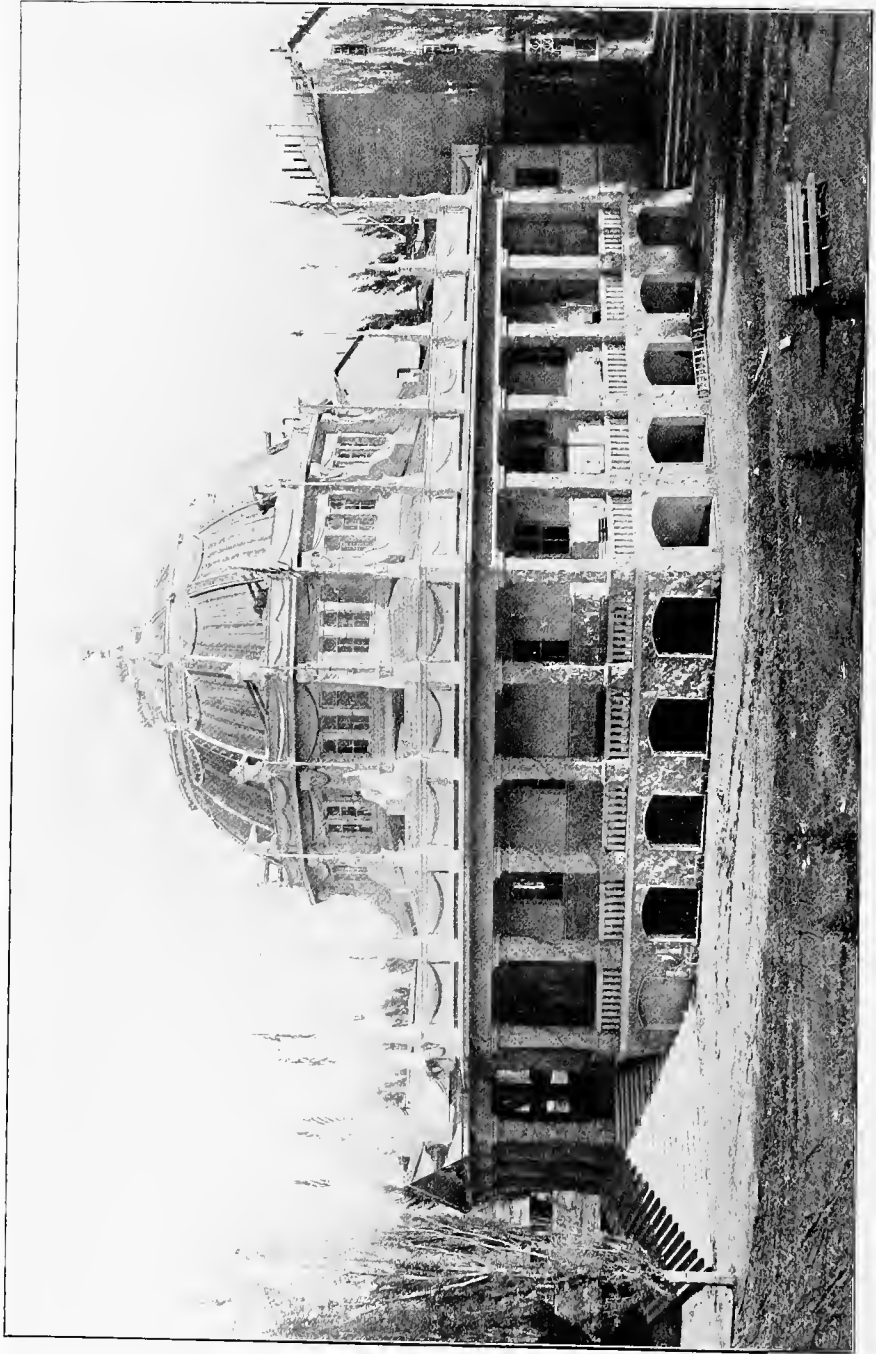
Polygamy, come to be thought of as synonymous with Mormonism, was not taught at the beginning. It was the result of the last "revelation" of Joseph Smith, during the residence in Nauvoo in 1843, and was not openly proclaimed a tenet of the Mormon church until the Saints were safely settled in the fastnesses of Utah. In that it bound them together still more firmly as a peculiar people, polygamy added strength to the Mormon organization; in that it sacrificed, if not the support, at least the neutrality, of all intelligent people, it was Brigham Young's one monumental mis-

take. Polygamy as an institution is a return to the barbarism of the Hebrew patriarchs. It is immoral not because it is worse than sexual conditions in New York and Chicago; it is better. It is immoral because it degrades the home to a harem and womanhood to inferiority. But as regards the alleged servility of Mormon women, it is interesting to know



"LION" AND "BEE-HIVE" HOUSES (FORMERLY THE HOMES OF BRIGHAM YOUNG'S FAMILY, NOW HEAD OFFICES OF THE MORMON CHURCH)

that in 1870 equal suffrage was granted the women of Utah by the territorial legislature, and though the act was made little use of, it was the first American acknowledgment of women's political right. Polygamy is a past issue. The Mormon church believes as thoroughly as it ever did that polygamy, sanctioned by the Old Testament, is a divine in-



THE SALT PALACE, BUILT OF BLOCKS OF SALT AND SALT-ENCRUSTED MATERIAL

stitution. Having sworn to obey the laws of the United States, it renounces a marriage relation so shocking to people who go to church every Sunday and accept without a murmur the harems of Abraham, David and Solomon. There is some polygamy still in Utah, because, after having served his sentence, a man cannot be constrained from living with the wives he already had, providing he marries no more. The late notorious Roberts case has forever settled this long mooted question. It has brought grudging conviction to the most reluctant that plural marriage will not be tolerated.

The religion of the Latter Day Saints is simply the literal acceptance of the Bible, together with the Book of Mormon and the pretended revelations of Joseph Smith, which supplement the Hebrew scriptures without apparent conflict. Mormonism is the working out to their logical, literal conclusions of the precepts of the Old Testament. This rule of conduct, however incompatible with modern civilization, is no one's affair until it antagonizes the laws of the United States.

The very spirit of the Mormon church is collectivism; not only in spiritual affairs has the church demanded dictatorship, but in worldly matters as well. In the days of Brigham Young the Saints voted implicitly as he advised—voted as a unit—and the gentiles in Salt Lake City, thus hopelessly outnumbered against the unbroken ballot of the Mormons, became a minority totally without political influence. In their clannishness in business affairs and their domination in politics consists the one danger of Mormonism, for the very keystone of the Republic is the separation

of Church and State. Since Utah added the last star to "Old Glory" in '96, the Mormons have divided quite equally between the two great parties.

Apart from all consideration of its sincerity or righteousness, the story of the Mormon organization—beginning among uneducated farmers, multiplying against persecution the most bitter since that of the Jews, driven from city to city with indignity and outrage, accomplishing without money a journey of 1500 miles across pathless prairie and mountains, transforming aridity into fertility and a wilderness into townships—is a modern miracle of the possibilities of co-operation, when principles and purpose are united. It is not to be disputed that the mass of Mormon converts have been from ignorant people; few proselytes have been made from among the educated. Mormonism's greatest recruiting stations in the early days were the poverty stricken, and constrained factory towns of England. To such classes the Mormon missionaries promised not only a heaven in the future, but an actual home in the present—promised cheap transportation to Utah, with free land and church aid when it was reached. The Mormon church has not been built on doctrinal assertion; it has grown through the material improvement and protection it has offered to its members. Scoffers at the religion of Brigham Young may profitably ponder this point.

But if the new Mormon settlements lacked for books, they did not lack for brains. The diversity of skilled artisans included in the pioneers of Salt Lake City was its best assurance of success. A traveler in 1856 said that "from the shoeing of a horse to the most delicate watch re-

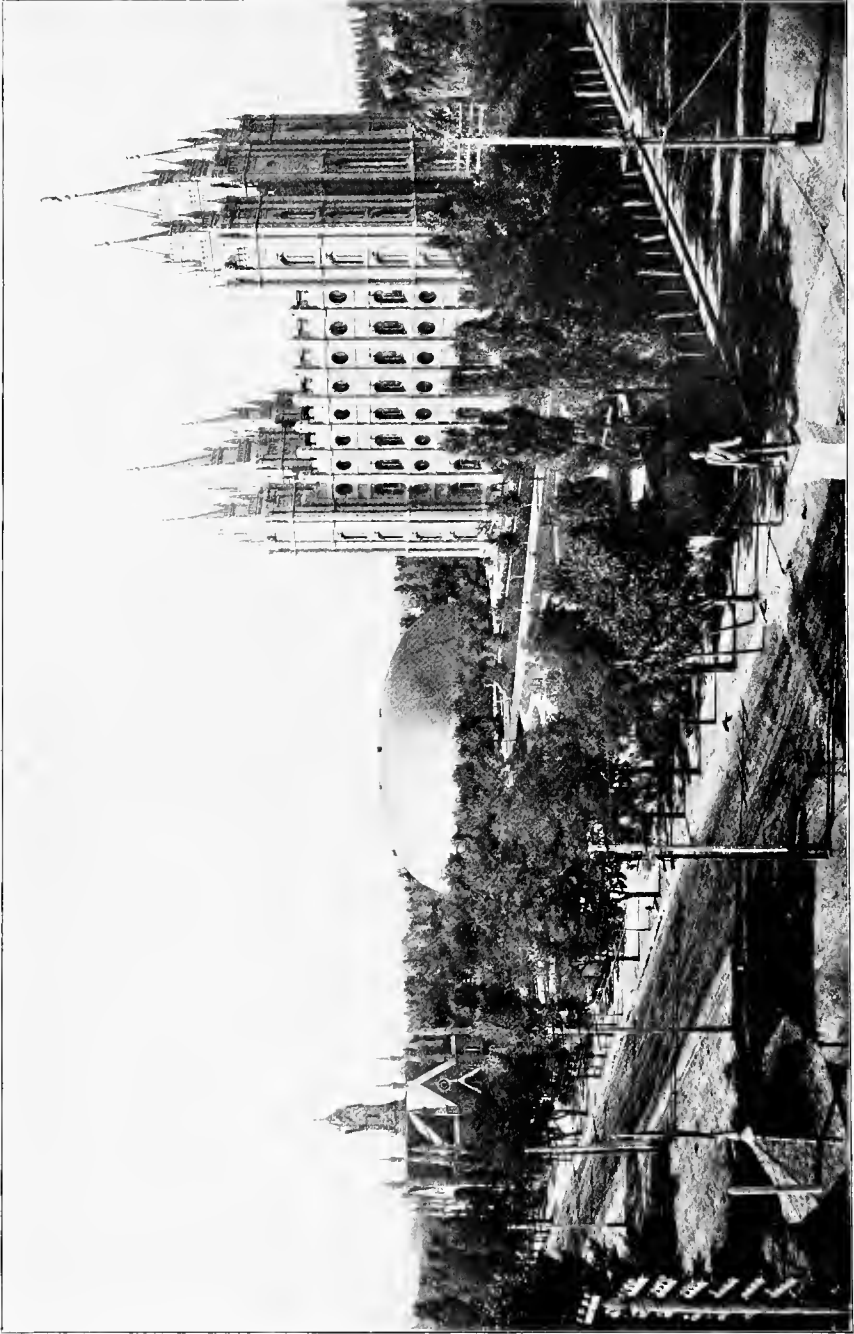
pairing, anything can be done in Salt Lake City." It was just such converts that the church wanted. Over this strangely gathered population Brigham Young obtained an ascendancy unparalleled. He held their respect as temporal ruler and their reverence as a God-given leader, and his genius, backed by his authority in organization, accom-



THE MAIN STREET OF SALT LAKE CITY

plished wonderful things. Brigham doubtless was a very worldly prophet, but he was an extraordinary man, whose career will probably never be duplicated.

It is a far cry from a log fort in the midst of a sage brush desert to the Salt Lake City of today, the modern Zion, set in one of the world's most beautiful valleys, with the Jordan flowing by its side, with the snow-capped Wahsatch a barrier



TEMPLE SQUARE, SHOWING TEMPLE, TABERNACLE, AND ASSEMBLY HALL

to the north, the verdant Oquirrh purple to the south, and at the west the shimmering, silent waters of the great Dead Sea. Take down your dusty atlas and compare the geography of the Promised Land of Utah with the Holy Land of Palestine — the similarity is not fanciful. Here is indeed a promised land — a valley lovely in its fertility ; a city rich in its present, great in its future. The same religious sect that built the log fort in '47 has done this. There are 60,000 people in Salt Lake City ; in Utah, 300,000. In Salt Lake City the Mormons are about 65 per cent., in Utah about 75 per cent.

There is a glamour of mystery, of romance — if you will, of gilded law breaking — about Salt Lake City that disappears at close range. Some ignorant prejudices, perhaps, will also disappear. The tourist — that guileless individual — if he gets beyond the disreputable railroad depot, will find hotels in Salt Lake City, will find electric cars, a post-office ; will find schools, churches, theatres ; will find business being conducted by Mormon and gentile side by side ; will find a high tone of society and morals — or every one to his taste, a tone in the octave sub contra. He will not be held up by Mormon bandits, save the restaurant keeper and the laundry man, and he will not be opportuned to take unto himself another wife. He will conclude, in short, that there is not much difference between these Utah “Saints” and other saints and sinners he has known, and further, that this Mormon capital, albeit he is loath to admit it, quite surpasses the city of 60,000 people that he hailed from “in the East.”

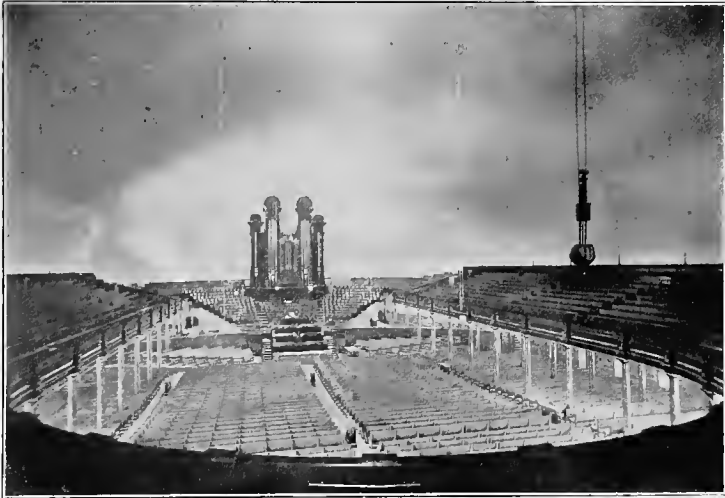
Of paramount interest, of course, are the famous buildings

of the Mormon church contained in Temple Square. They are justly famous. The Temple, begun in 1853 and completed in 1894, is, with the single exception of St Patrick's Cathedral in New York, the most expensive ecclesiastical edifice in this country, costing over six millions. The gentile may gaze with admiration on its massive gray granite walls and towers, but his imagination must fill in the rest — as it generally does, with varying results. The threshold to the magnificent interior may be crossed only by the most faithful of the Saints, high in the standing of the church.

The Tabernacle, while distinctly not a thing of beauty, is the most wonderful building in America on three counts ; its shape, which resembles a monstrous turtle-back a hundred feet high ; its size, a seating capacity for 12,000 people ; its acoustic properties, which carry a speaker's voice to its remotest part. This unique architectural triumph was finished by Mormon workers in 1870. The Tabernacle organ, also testimony of Mormon genius, is one of the largest in the world. It has no less than 2,600 pipes some as big as the smokestack of a Mississippi steamboat. Tiered about the organ sits a choir of 500 voices. Go to the Tabernacle some Sunday afternoon, when the Saints convene for their weekly worship, and, between the earnest sermons of church dignitaries, listen to the music of the great organ and the choir. Can these be the horse-thieves, murderers, adulterers that you have read about ? This stirring symphony — is it produced by religious humbugs and civic outlaws ? Soon after the terrible coal mine disaster at Schofield in 1900, the musicians of Salt Lake City combined in a memorable concert at the Tabernacle for the benefit of the suf-

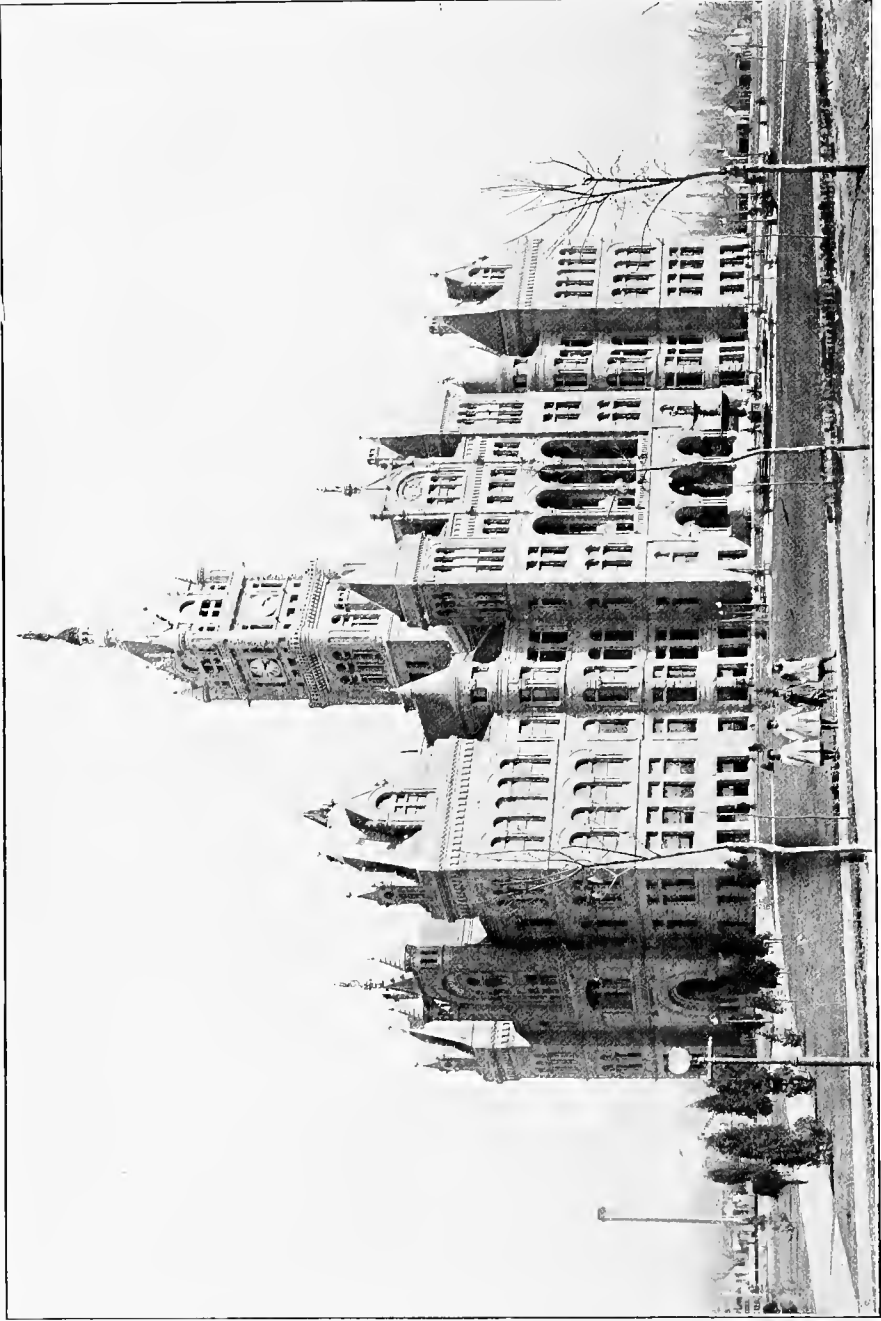
ferers. It was a sermon in sound. Not another city in the Union, of Salt Lake's size, could have equaled it in musical excellence.

The leaven of evolution is in Mormonism as in all other creeds. The saints are broadening out from their own little world into the larger world ; are coming to understand that



INTERIOR OF THE TABERNACLE, SHOWING THE GREAT ORGAN

there is knowledge to be sought outside the Bible and the Book of Mormon. Mormons are nothing if not consistent, yet this very consistency has brought their education into reproach. Your learned orthodox professor may on Sunday subscribe to the story of fig-leaved ancestors, of a sun that stood still, of a Red Sea that, like the professor's hair, parted in the middle. When he enters his class-room next morn-



CITY AND COUNTY BUILDING, SALT LAKE CITY

ing, he expounds the dictum of science and common sense ; otherwise he loses his job. The Mormon pedagogue, on the contrary, has in times past taught the same thing in school that he professed to believe in church —and Utah's public education has to thank the gentiles for its redemption. Utah schools of the present efficiently do their work.

A daily paper is an official organ of the Mormon church — the *DESERET EVENING NEWS* — a well edited sheet, fully the equal of its two Salt Lake contemporaries. *Deseret*, by the way, is a word that often puzzles Utah tourists. It means “honey-bee,” and is found in the Book of Ether of the Book of Mormon. As signifying thrift and industry, the cardinal Mormon characteristics, it has been much used by them. Indeed the provisional government organized previous to Utah's admission as a territory was called the “State of Deseret.”

The railroad reaching from the city to the Great Salt Lake is a business investment of the Mormon Church, as is also the famous Saltair Pavilion, built on piling a half mile into the lake. The Great Salt Lake shares with the Mormons the traveler's interest in Utah — and is as little understood. An inland sea, set in a mountain rimmed basin 4,000 feet above the ocean ; a hundred miles long and thirty wide ; of an average depth of only 20 feet and a maximum of 60 ; 18 per cent. of solids as against 23 per cent. in the Asiatic Dead Sea and 3.5 in the Atlantic Ocean — so much is known. The sluggish, pale green waters, in which no living thing exists, tell not the unknown secrets of the centuries. Once the great Salt Lake was fresh — as large as Lake Huron, as plainly-marked water lines on the surround-

ing mountains indicate — and where stands the temple now the waters then were 850 feet deep. The commercial value of the salt that this wonderful lake contains is astounding to calculate; a salt refinery already in operation produces the finest kind of the table article. Bathing in the Great Salt Lake is a novelty and a delight. To sink is impossible, for the body is like a cork in the singular water. Suicides, however, need not despair, for so deadly saline is the water that a few swallows will suffice.

The dancing floor in minaretted Saltair Pavilion is the largest in America. Here, from cradle to crutches, the people of "Zion" dance. Generous patrons of all amuse-



CENTER OF SALT AIR PAVILION, BUILT ON PILING ONE-HALF MILE INTO GREAT SALT LAKE



"AMELIA PALACE", BUILT BY BRIGHAM YOUNG FOR HIS FAVORITE WIFE

ments (which, among the orthodox, are invariably preceded by prayer), dancing is the great Mormon pastime.

The Mormon settlers of Utah were the pioneers in the reclamation of arid America. The July day in '47, when Brigham Young diverted the waters of City Creek to wet the parched, unpromising alkali soil of Salt Lake Valley, risking his last bushel of potatoes on the experiment, was momentous in possibilities for the West and for the nation. It was the first effort by Anglo-Saxons to provide a substitute in the absence of natural rainfall. Thus it was that necessity became the mother of a civilization that sprang into being with a thousand miles of wilderness on every side.

Irrigation and intelligent coöperation — each futile without the other — are the enduring foundations of Mormon success. It remained for Utah first to prove the practicability of associative enterprise. To generations of future Americans destined to cope with many clamorous social problems of the present, this will grow to a classic distinction. The solution of the national question of “surplus lands and surplus people” is the contribution of the Mormon Commonwealth to American history.

*Even to that truth which but the semblance of falsehood wears,
a man if possible, should bar his lips.*
— *Dante's "Inferno", Canto XVI.*

*Not on downy plumes nor under shade of canopy reposing,
fame is won:
Vanquish thy weariness.*
— *"Inferno", Canto XXIV.*

The Land of Sunshine



Seen
Through the
Pocket Kodak
of

The Massachusetts Inn Kodak Friend

Respectfully Dedicated
to the
Matchless Climate
And Lovely Scenery

of
Southern California

OFF-HAND PEN SKETCH BY RALPH
TITLE PAGE OF ONE OF HIS PHOTO ALBUMS

OUR WINTER HOME



FOR the benefit of the reader let me say that Ralph's writings herein end with his Salt Lake City article, "The Modern Zion." The letters which follow are descriptive of various overland journeys we made during our fourteen months in California on horseback, with carriages and with a full-grown camping outfit.

Because these trips were planned and carried out specially for the benefit of Ralph's health, and because he was ever present, is why I have decided to publish them in his "Scrap Book." A young newspaper correspondent living in Pasadena, whom we will call "Noot," accompanied us on our hunting and camping-out trips. In order to give Ralph all possible benefit of these "roughing it" experiences, it was decided that he should do no literary work. He acted in the capacity of "chef" and (using his own language) "camera fiend," while "Noot" and myself wrote the clumsy letters in connection therewith. Letter No. 1, published in the "Lawrence Telegram," in the interest of our Lawrence friends, is a description of our winter home after leaving our cloth tent in the mountains where we had spent five months.

ALTADENA, CAL., Jan. 16, 1897.

DEAR EDITOR AND TELEGRAM READERS :—

On October 19 last, we left "Ye Alpine Tavern" in the mountains and located in our winter home on a miniature ranch nearly midway between Pasadena and the base of the mountains.



PHOTOS BY RALPH

FOUR VIEWS OF THE "NEW MASSACHUSETTS INN"

We are at Altadena, only two blocks from the Mount Lowe railroad station, and four blocks from the electric road to Pasadena and Los Angeles.

Perhaps a brief description of our winter home would be interesting to Lawrence friends.

The area of the grounds is one acre. It is surrounded on three sides by a well-kept cypress hedge.

The buildings consist of an eight-room cottage house, a barn with a large corral attachment, and a "high-toned", "college-bred" chicken house.



PHOTO BY RALPH

Orange Orchard taken from the window
Train going twenty miles an hour



PHOTO BY RALPH

Our feline eradicator — a part and parcel of
"The New Massachusetts Inn"

fine upright piano, roll-top writing desk, and other things to match; also, a fox terrier, with a docked tail, and a

The house is a modern affair, very cosy and convenient, with parlor and sitting-room combined, dining-room and hall combined, into which open both front and back doors, kitchen, screen room, three sleeping rooms and bath room — all on one floor. The house is well furnished throughout, a

nickle-plated, six-barrelled revolver. The dog is generally harmless. His specialty, however, is an unceasing effort to depopulate the earth of felines.

When her catship seeks refuge in a tree, he joins her therein. If she transfers her personality from said tree to the housetop, to avoid his company, he follows her to the very ridge pole without invitation, where he immediately proceeds to make himself an unpleasant cat companion, even a bore.

On one occasion, while enjoying a run with Ralph and myself on horseback, he gave chase to a cat, followed her into the kitchen of her own home and actually murdered her on the spot.

The revolver is harmless from the fact that no one in the house knows how to use it.

I speak of the harmless features of the dog and shooting iron that our Lawrence friends may feel free to call on us unarmed.

The barn is furnished with horses, harnesses, buggy, a man's and woman's saddle, and the chicken house is furnished with hens and roosters of the Plymouth Rock variety, all of which refuse to lay as many eggs as we can eat.

The purest of pure water is piped direct from the mountains to the house and barn, with five hydrants in the grounds for irrigating, and with hot water attachment in the house.

Around the barn and hen house and corrals are many eucalyptus trees, planted purposely for shade for the horses and hens.

From the street to the house and barn is an oblong drive,

lined on either side with eighty-three rose bushes and other flowers and shrubs too numerous to mention.

An interesting fact in connection with these rose bushes and flowers is that, with proper care, they are almost continuously in bloom.



PHOTOS BY RALPH

"NEW MASSACHUSETTS INN" SCENES — INDOOR AND OUT

In the grounds are thirty-five orange trees and three lemon trees, nearly all in fruit ; also apricot, peach, fig, apple, prune, loquat and guava.

For ornamental trees there are the rubber tree, pine,

pepper, acacia, (three varieties,) bird of paradise, magnolia, jackaranda, two each of large palm trees and century plants, also a large date palm and a drissina palm.

Among the shrubs are the laurestina, lantana, flowering maple, white arbutelon, lemon verbena, rosemary, oleander and many others beyond my hot house vocabulary and too difficult to spell to fit my little red schoolhouse orthography.

For a money consideration of \$25 per month the owner of this combination of domestic comfort walked out and we walked in.

It is quite the thing here to rent, during the tourist season, everything that a man possesses on earth, excepting his false teeth, tooth brush, wife and children.

On October 27, California had her first rainfall. Three and one-half inches fell, which old Californians say is the heaviest they have ever seen so early.

Water is king here ; consequently this event caused California to commence hugging herself. Add to this the great American jubilee caused by the result of the day's doings of Nov. 4, 1896, and the intelligent citizens of this " Land of Sunshine " and flowers are happy indeed.

This three and one-half inches of rain was the first that has fallen since last April — six months of continuous sunshine in the mountains, with only an occasional foggy morning in the valley. Is it any wonder that the commencement of the rainy season inspires the Californian to Thanksgiving? The first autumn rain is the commencement of California's springtime, immediately after which the ranchmen commence ploughing, sowing and cultivating their fruit orchards.

Seed time here is measured by the length of the rainy season. The immense territory sown to grain cannot well be done in a few short weeks, as is done in New England.

With farmers having good irrigating facilities, seed time is never over. They can plant and sow any time in the year



PHOTOS BY RALPH

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR SCENES AT "NEW MASSACHUSETTS INN"

and be sure of a crop.

Very soon after the first rain, that part of the landscape made brown by the long season of drouth commences to look green.

The large area of newly sown grain and distant grazing lands and hills are changing from brown to green, while the grass and wild flowers are springing into life in field and by the roadside.

The summer's dust is washed from the wilderness of fruit



PHOTOS BY RALPH

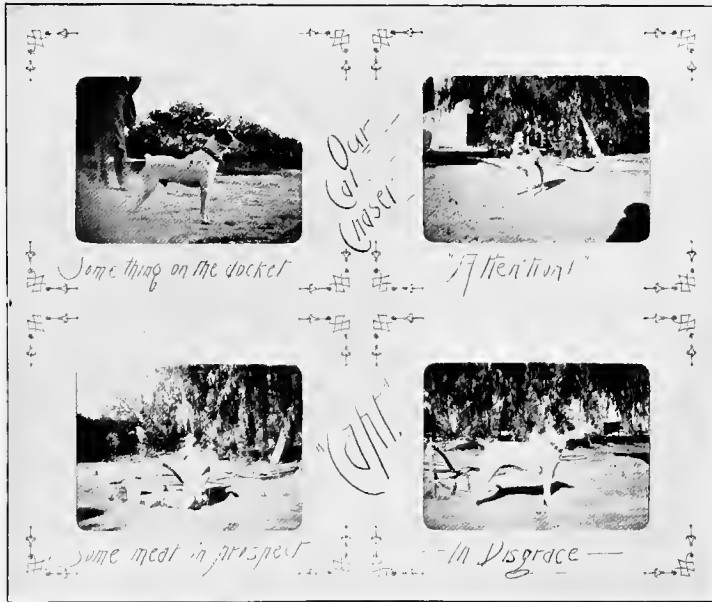
AT "THE NEW MASSACHUSETTS INN"

orchards, evergreen trees, shrubs and flowers, and everything is looking charmingly spring-like.

It is quite generally thought in the east that the rainy season here is almost continuously wet.

No greater delusion could be possible. Thus far, since the first rain this season, we have had on an average not more than four rainy days in each month.

The other 26 days have been as near perfect as any reasonable person could wish.



PHOTOS BY RALPH

"CAP", THE CAT CHASER—"NEW MASSACHUSETTS INN"

The doors and windows of our winter home are all screened, and with very few exceptions since we came from the mountains, we have slept during the nights with the doors wide open, screen doors locked of course, and nearly

all the windows open, the thermometer averaging about 48 degrees during the night and 62 at midday.

The months of November and December are truly charming, the thermometer averaging 50 degrees at night and 70 at noontime.

The storms last only a few hours, attending strictly to business while they last, and changing so very quickly from rain to sunshine that the transformation scene is lovely to look upon, and the business-like conduct of the weather worthy of admiration.

A feature of the weather, which I most enjoy, is the absence of wind. It seems so unlike New England to have storm after storm come and go, with hardly wind enough to move a leaf, and "clear-off" without a three-days' hurricane.

Do not get the idea that the wind never blows in California. I am simply giving our experience here in this favored locality, under the parental protection of the giant hills of the Sierra Madre mountains.

Some sections of California are noted for being windy; even here in Altadena and lovely Pasadena the wind sometimes works in a little innocent fun with things lying about loose. This, however, is the exception and not the rule.

When I read weather reports from the east and try to realize what we are having here, I sometimes rub my eyes to be sure that I am awake.

When we get up in the morning all nature seems to be clothed in a never ending charm. The air is so pure and transparent that it seems as though the mountains had come nearer during the night for a morning greeting.

The great incline of the Mount Lowe railroad and the

winding road up, up the mountain side to "Ye Alpine Tavern" seem to be only a few steps from our back door. The Echo Mountain house, more than two thousand feet above us, and three miles distant, looks almost at a convenient speaking distance.



PHOTOS BY RALPH

EQUESTRIAN DEPARTMENT—"NEW MASSACHUSETTS INN"

The wilderness of trees, shrubs and flowers, is laden with golden fruit and blossoms.

The air is sweetened with the perfume of orange and lemon blossoms, roses and heliotrope. The breakfast table is beau-

tified by a washtub full of rosebuds, the size of the tub being measured by the patience of the individual who cuts the buds. Both doors of the dining room are wide open, allowing the pure, sweet, scented morning air to circulate at will. On several occasions the remark has been made at the breakfast table "that the perfume of orange and lemon blossoms and roses is almost sickening."

I am not blind to the good things of New England, but I have failed thus far to find therein, in January, climatic conditions and natural surroundings so completely in harmony with my idea of comfort and enjoyment as I find in California.

New England is a good place in which to earn your breakfast, and California a good place to eat it.

Being necessary to earn it before you eat it, New England still stands at the head.

When rapid transit is so perfected as to allow Uncle Sam's children to use the east for a workshop and spend their nights, Sundays and holidays in Southern California, life will indeed be worth living.

E. B.

OUR WINTER HOME — Concluded



WHILE perusing these letters the reader should remember that they were written in 1897. The letter which follows contains some California facts and customs as we found them at that time. Such changes as have been made since do not change the facts as they then existed. While stationed at Altadena during the winter not a pleasant day passed that did not find us mountain climbing, horseback riding or driving. Ralph's little kodak was ever present, strapped upon his shoulder. Its deadly aim seldom failed to capture the game he sought. The result of his study and practice in photography lights up many pages in his "scrap-book."

ALTADENA, CAL., Jan. 15.

DEAR EDITOR AND TELEGRAM READERS :

Perhaps a few facts and customs concerning California and her people would be of some interest to you.

Sunstroke and mad dogs are said to be unknown here.

The horses for the most part are natural born lunatics.

The bronco blood lurking in their veins is saturated with absence of "horse sense" and double-condensed meanness.

They will appear to be the image of perfection on first acquaintance, and each day following develop some unlooked-for mark of meanness. They will stand motionless and seem to admire a passing train of cars while their driver is white with fear, and get crazy and run away at the sight of a plain, simple, harmless box car standing on the track while the driver is wondering what is the matter.

No hay resembling New England hay is seen here.

Unthrashed barley, oats and wheat is fed almost wholly to horses, while alfalfa is fed to cows.

Alfalfa is grown largely in the low, rich, bottom lands, where water can be had for irrigating. It is cut from six to eight times per year, yielding in some places ten tons per year to the acre. It somewhat resembles our Eastern red clover.

The old custom of horseback riding is still popular. The ladies ride on both sides of their horse at the same time. In other words, they ride astride, and on a man's saddle. It is really a relief to see a lady enjoying the same comfortable position on horseback as that of a man instead of being cramped, twisted, and tied up in knots on a side saddle.

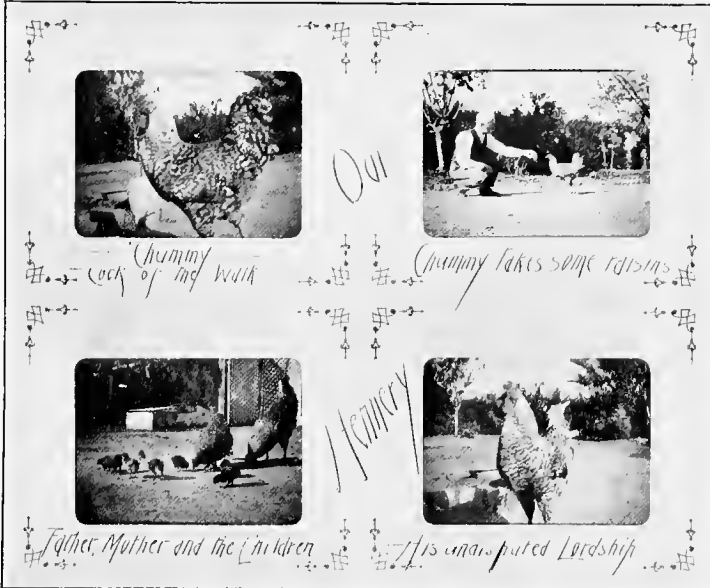
Several ladies thus mounted took part in the annual "Tournament of Roses" street parade in Pasadena on January 1.

Ladies ride in great numbers, and it is seldom one is seen in a side saddle.

The original California custom of designating fractional currency as "bits" is still in vogue.

You hear no one but a tenderfoot say 10 cents, 25 cents 50 cents, 75 cents. It is one bit, two bits, four bits, six bits.

If a man is so lucky as to own a bank book and goes to the bank for a hundred dollars, he invariably gets five



PHOTOS BY RALPH

THE HEN INDUSTRY — "NEW MASSACHUSETTS INN"

twenty dollar gold pieces, unless he asks for paper money.

Very little paper money is in circulation except that brought here by tourists. On the counter and in money tills of the banks are seen tier after tier of five, ten and

twenty dollar pieces of that much-talked-about gold standard representative, and I have yet to learn of a silver man who scorns to look at or take it. The silver dollars are there in large numbers, but no one asks for a hundred silver dollars instead of five double eagles in gold.

The banks all have a strong iron fence between their customers and this despised yellow metal, and I wondered if it was there to prevent worshippers of the white metal from consigning the nasty yellow stuff to the ash barrel.

A man who is wealthy enough to have five dollars, has used all his small change and is famishing for five cents worth of peanuts, passes out his five dollars and invariably gets four "cart wheels" and ninety-five cents in change.

You never get a one or two dollar note unless you go to the bank, get down on your knees and beg for it.

Everything that I can think of at this moment, except eggs, chickens, dry goods, yeast cakes and farm mortgages, is sold by the pound.

The man who asks for a quart of cranberries, two quarts of beans, a peck of apples, a bushel of potatoes, corn, oats, barley or wheat, gives himself away as a tenderfoot. He is told that these are all sold by the pound.

He pays five cents per pound for the best Eastern apples, which amounts to over six dollars per barrel.

Meats of all kinds are cheaper here than in the East.

Beef is not as good, while lamb and mutton are much better. Best sirloin steak, 15c per pound; lamb chops, 15c; mutton chops, 12 1-2c per pound. Roast and other cuts in the same proportion.

Best hay, nine dollars per ton; and rolled barley, used largely for horses, 75c per hundred.

The vegetable business is handled almost wholly by Chinamen. Some of the large ranch owners make a specialty of renting their land to Chinamen for vegetable gardens.

For good land, including water for irrigating, they pay ten dollars per year rental for each acre. They raise their garden truck and peddle it from house to house with their own teams, and they sell so cheap that they have driven every white man out of the business.

Nearly every variety known to the vegetable kingdom will be found in a Chinaman's peddle cart every day in the year, Sundays excepted. Five cents is the "all round price" for enough of any one kind for a family of medium size. Three heads of lettuce 5c; two bunches of celery, 5c; enough cabbage and onions for 5c to perfume a whole neighborhood and ruin the chances of the girls therein for a Sunday night beau. Fresh strawberries from the market are 10c a box; from the Chinaman's peddle cart 5c per box.

Green peas are plentiful in winter, and are very tender, sweet and juicy.

During one of our horseback pilgrimages in the country we took our noon lunch by the roadside, near a large ranch rented wholly by a band of Celestials for garden truck growing. While our horses were taking a rest we spent an hour with them.

In a literary sense the interview was not a howling success. As a practical demonstration of how Chinamen grow vegetables in California it filled the bill. Ralph secured



Armstrong's Day - but Armstrong
"But" "Humble"



Armstrong's Creamery



A FREQUENT
VISITOR WELCOME
AT
THE MESS HOUSES IN
MRS. LIA ALFREDI



Dorothy Hill



W. Loring Purser



several snap-shots with his little Kodak, among which was the almond-eyed Celestials picking green peas in January.

These innocent tillers of the soil imitate white men in their way, by having a conglomeration of hovels which they call the ranch buildings.

The outfit as a whole resembles a gray headed city dump.

The culinary department is neither sandpapered nor varnished, and they sleep on tin cans of various sizes, interwoven with second-handed barbed wire fence.

While it is all very nice to eat 5c vegetables, the fact still remains that this is the kind of foreign labor with which the American born laborer is obliged to compete.

The cost of living here as a whole is less than in the East, and the opportunities for earning a dollar are less, also. Men's and boys' clothing is nearly as cheap as in any place in the United States. Competition in trade is greater, if possible, than in New England.

Schemes for drawing trade are numerous, a sample of which in the shoe trade is, that the dealer gives a college-bred contract with each pair of shoes, agreeing to shine said shoes as often as the owner may desire and as long as they remain in existence.

E. B.

ALTADENA, Jan. 17, 1897.

Taken from "Pasadena Daily Star": —

EDITOR STAR:—

You have all heard, no doubt, the boy's answer when asked the names of the new arrival of twin offspring in his

parental home. He said their names were "Thunder" and "Lightning"

When questioned as to his authority for such a rash statement, he said: "Anyhow, that's what Pa said when the doctor told him he was blessed with twins." But that isn't the kind of thunder and lightning that flashed and pealed in this beautiful land of sunshine and flowers on the eleventh day of January, 1897. It was the genuine old "simon pure" Eastern article, such as I have many times witnessed in my boyhood days on the old farm in Maine. Didn't it rain, though? It seemed as though the Pacific ocean had been taken up in a balloon, which run against an electric ram in the heavens, making it decidedly wet underneath.

Now, let us all "whisper it softly" in the future, while claiming no thunder and lightning in California, lest the witnesses of this day's proceedings question our truth and veracity. Did you feast your eyes on the extravagantly beautiful landscape picture after the shower, lighted up by the soft, smiling rays of the setting sun? Did you ever see the trees and shrubs and flowers with such clean faces? Did you ever see the grand old mountains look so charming? Did you specially notice the most beautiful of all California trees, the pepper tree, with its drooping foliage, with such a shade of green as the artist cannot copy, its countless clusters of red berries, all so extravagantly cleaned and varnished, and the whole covered with raindrops, looking like diamonds glistening in the tinted rays of the setting sun?

Did you watch the changing tints in the landscape as the

charm of the beautiful sunset faded out of sight? Did you not enjoy the Turkish bath taken by nature, the clear and charming picture which followed? If not, your love of



PHOTOS BY RALPH

SCENES IN PASADENA

nature's charm needs to be awakened. You should live in Altadena.

Some three or four weeks ago nature furnished a picture here which I shall not soon forget. It was after a cold rain which left Mount Wilson and Mount Lowe white with snow. It cleared very suddenly in the afternoon, and I went out to enjoy the surroundings. The sun shone as the sun can shine only in California. Everything was so still in nature that the leaves seemed to be riveted to the branches. My eyes caught a glimpse of the mountains, and, behold, there was a snow storm. I commenced shivering and immediately consulted the thermometer, which registered 50. I glanced at a ten-acre field of barley just opposite our place carpeted with green; then at the beautiful snow so very near, and wondered if I were dreaming. I feasted my eyes on orange and lemon trees, some in full bloom, some loaded with fruit, and took another look at the distant sleighing facilities. Large clusters of geranium and tender heliotrope caught my eye, and I listened in vain for sleigh-bells. I then cut an armful of roses, watched the bees sipping honey from the orange and lemon blossoms, and again listened for the sleigh-bells that never rang. I sent my imagination up to those snowy peaks with perfect freedom to indulge in all the rollicking sports of coasting, sleigh-riding, shoveling snow, snowballing, shivering and shaking, while I allowed the reality to remain in the near vicinity of orange blossoms and roses.

I appointed myself a committee of one, who decided this the most enjoyable snowstorm I had ever experienced. I started for the field-glass to bring that sleighing scene nearer, but suddenly remembered that worn-out saying, "Distance lends enchantment."

Verily, this is a land wherein nature is one vast, ever-changing picture gallery. E. B.

ALTADENA, Jan. 18, 1897.

Another clipping from the "Pasadena Daily Star":—

EDITOR STAR:—

It seems to me that when Nature furnishes us with such a liberal combination of the necessities and luxuries of life free of charge, as came with the last storm, she deserves to be complimented. It has been said that a miner's inch of water in California is worth \$1000. Will some kind-hearted, long-headed mathematician figure out the value of the shower bath California has just taken at the above price per inch, as an illustration of the insignificance of man's irrigating efforts when compared with nature?

Add to that amount the value of the snow in the mountains for filling the mountain streams, the election of McKinley, and I believe the sum total will convince a reasonable Californian that there is reason for gratitude and thanksgiving.

As a matter of information I desire to ask the old resident art critics of San Gabriel valley if, to their knowledge, Nature has ever before painted and hung on the walls of the grand old mountains such beautiful pictures as during the week just past?

Commencing Monday with the thunder storm, the like of which is not an ordinary affair in California, and which

Effect of small California
saw of
Riverside



A Picnic Dining Table
Lunching
Between
Riverside
and Ontario



A Christmas place in the heart
of the
San
Gabriel
Mount



The
Santa
claws on a
"Tree"



An
improved
Kansas
Celebration



Doughnuts and prime sauce take the
place of turkey and plum pudding

A giant
Cotton-wood, tall near Riverside

PHOTOS BY RALPH

OUR CHRISTMAS TREE IN THE SAN GABRIEL WASH — WHILE ON ONE OF OUR OUTING TRIPS

ended with such a lovely sunset effect, followed by a storm at once and at the same time representing January and June, with a rainbow finale that can never receive justice from the descriptive adjectives of the English language.

If any of the local artists have samples to match this one, let them be shown up.

The rapid transit style in which "Old Sol" painted this rainbow of enormous size and indescribable beauty, helped to make the picture more thrilling to the beholder. It had rained forty-eight hours in the valley, all the while snowing in the mountains. The snow line was fully 2000 feet below the summit, all above being covered with snow, gradually growing deeper from the snow line upward, until at the summit it was three feet deep.

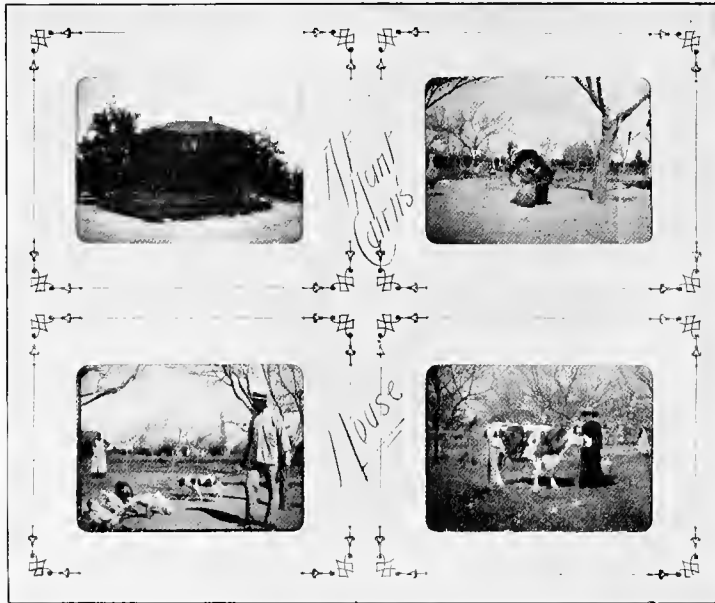
The storm cleared very suddenly at nearly sunset. "Old Sol" rushed to the scene with his paint pot of many colors, using the snow-capped mountains for a background, and, to hold up his work of art, he placed thereon a rainbow worthy of its name.

Commencing at the foothills, this mammoth arch of natural splendor attained an altitude of fully 3000 feet, reaching above the snow line. Framed in the arch was the incline of the Mount Lowe R. R. and the Echo Mountain House. The width of this arched bow of remarkable brilliancy was fully twenty feet. The grand old mountains painted white at the top, and with this enormous surface of brilliancy hanging on their towering walls, the whole lighted by the powerful rays of a California sun, made a picture which was dazzling, charming, and inspiring.

There are two and a half feet of snow at "Ye Alpine

Tavern ", while the valley bends under the burden of golden fruit, orange blossoms, roses, wild flowers, and thousands of acres of grain fields carpeted with green.

One can leave this semi-tropical scene and arrive at "Ye Alpine Tavern " in thirty minutes.



PHOTOS BY RALPH

DOMESTIC SCENES IN PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Think of it! You can eat breakfast in June and take dinner in January, all in one day and under the same sun! You can drive from Pasadena to Altadena amid June surroundings, all the while facing a mountain picture so

zero-like and seemingly so near that you can almost shiver and chatter your teeth in genuine New England style and hear imaginary sleigh bells.

How sweet to know that the visible reality of poetical inspiration is powerless in its efforts to get where I can reach it with a snow shovel. E. B.

ALTADENA, CAL., Jan. 20.

EDITOR TELEGRAM:—

While describing our winter home in a previous letter, I neglected to give its altitude, which adds largely to its healthfulness. We are 400 feet higher than Pasadena, only three miles distant, 1200 feet above the top side of the Pacific ocean and 4800 feet below the highest peak immediately behind us.

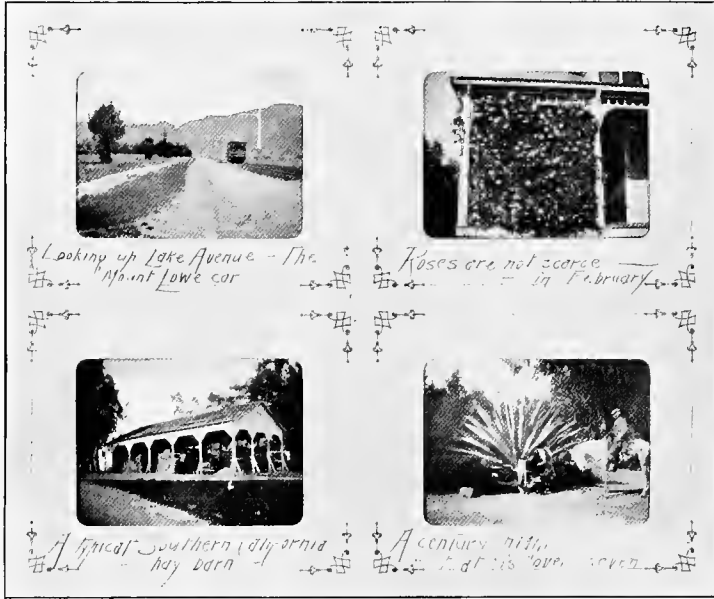
I want to say that the Sierra Madre range is the most charming range of mountains to look upon I have yet seen. The numerous canyons leading from the foothills to the summit from one end of the range to the other, form on the surface a series of curved lines, irregularly drawn by the king of artists, Nature.

The ridges and hollows thus formed, give their surface a symmetrical and natural rolling appearance that is always pleasing.

Another reason for their beauty is that a large portion of the surface, to the very summit is covered with deep rich soil, thus growing an abundance of evergreen trees, shrubs and wild flowers.

Some of the highest peaks are a veritable garden of wild flowers during a large portion of the year.

When not a drop of water has fallen in six months, one will look at the wealth of fresh looking vegetation in silent amazement, wondering what keeps it alive.



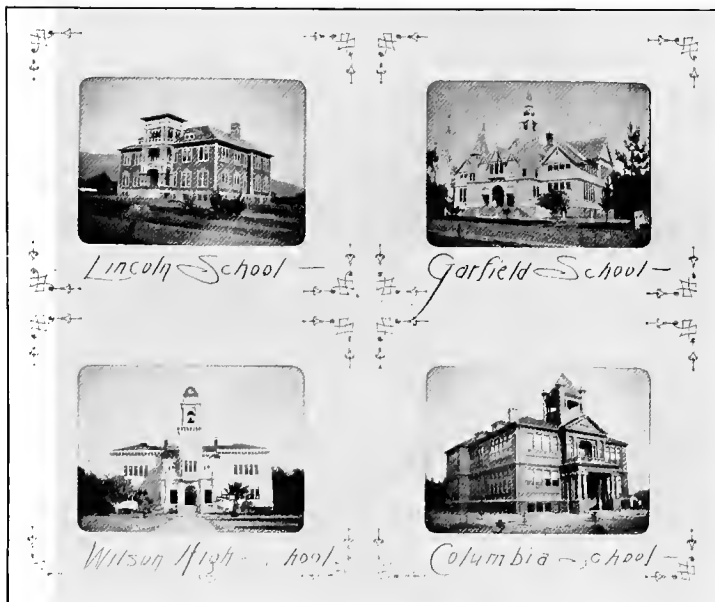
PHOTOS BY RALPH

SCENES IN ALTADENA, CALIFORNIA

In silent grandeur these giant hills in clear weather seem almost to hover over our heads; their towering walls and peaks seem to say, we will hold back the cyclones, cold piercing winds, snows and frosts of the east, thus guarding

from harm the vast area of fruits and flowers in this "Paradise on earth."

From the summit of these mountains, where we spent nearly five months during the summer, there are two specially beautiful sights in the valley below. One is to



PHOTOS BY RALPH

PASADENA SCHOOLHOUSES

look down upon Pasadena and Los Angeles when lighted in the evening by electricity; and the other is to look down upon what appears to be a boundless sea in the valley on a foggy morning, which completely covers these cities and

every other visible thing in the valley out of sight. No display of fireworks was ever so entertaining to me as this view of Pasadena and Los Angeles when lighted in the evening. Los Angeles claims to be one of the best lighted cities in the United States. The poles used to support the lights are 150 feet high. At the top of each pole are three powerful arc lights. The best name I can give to this brilliant sparkling electrical display, seen at an altitude of 5000 feet, is an imaginary lake set in diamonds.

Probably not less than twenty-five mornings while we were in the mountains the valley was completely hidden from view by fog, extending far out into the Pacific ocean, while at "Ye Alpine Tavern" was a clear cloudless sky, the sun shining with vengeance.

The top side of this sea of fog during the summer months averages from 2000 to 3000 feet above sea level.

With the sun shining on its top surface, which is about as level as a sea in a gale of wind, it looks so purely white and so rolled up like the billows of the ocean, that I think of no better description for the grand sight than a boundless sea of the purest white cotton.

A morning ride on the Mount Lowe R. R. from the Tavern down the mountain into this ocean of fog is an experience long to be remembered.

MORE MID-WINTER PICTURES.

ALTADENA, Jan. 21.

This has been such a perfect day that I must give you the record of the thermometer.

At noon on the north side, in the shade, 64. At noon on the south side, under the piazza in the shade, 82. At noon, in the sun, 116. The reader will probably say that 116 is a mistake or a misprint. It is straight goods, however, and I found it very comfortable working in the flower garden under this same sun.

Two minutes' walk from our home is a large peach tree, so white with blossoms that it looks like an immense ball of snow placed on a pedestal.

The swarm of bees sipping honey from these blossoms makes an interesting January picture, and one quite in contrast to the snow-clad peaks almost overhanging it.

Would that you could all enjoy in the twinkling of an eye, the transformation scene between Lawrence and our winter home!



PHOTO BY RALPH

Vira and the apricot

It would be a joyful meeting to have you all walk in upon us. Yesterday I picked two boxes of lemons, which, I think, squeezed into a barrel of sugar and adulterated with pure mountain water, would make as much lemonade as we all could drink, and from our little borrowed ranch we could fill you all with ripe naval oranges direct from nature's supply.

There are many peculiar freaks here in nature.

You will often see on the same tree, oranges two years

old from the blossom, one year old and blossoms for the next season's crop. I mean to say that oranges that are ripe now will in some cases, remain on the tree and be eatable in a year from now.

The lemon tree never rests. It is continuously in bloom and in fruit in all stages of development from the blossom to the ripe lemon.

The fig tree, in the words of Josh Billings, is a "komical

kuss." As far as the naked eye can discover it never blossoms. The fruit seems to push itself into existence promiscuously, through the bark anywhere on the limbs, in a haphazard, game-of-chance manner. It first shows itself on the limb in the shape of a small swelling resembling a wart, where very soon a small fig with a stem attached is sticking out on the limb like a sore thumb.



PHOTO BY RALPH

A young fig tree in Aunt Mary's yard in Pasadena

Perhaps the fact that it never blossoms accounts for the other fact that the fruit is one part

skin and nine parts seeds and worms.

Strawberries are in bearing twelve months in the year.

The day following Christmas I assisted a friend in Pasadena in his garden work.

We planted potatoes and hoed potatoes that were six inches high, side by side, and lunched "between the acts" on fresh strawberries from the adjoining lot.

The only evidence of winter is that the leaves have fallen from the deciduous trees and grape vineyards. It looks a "little off" to see a great, live, healthy tree doing the autumn act of dropping its leaves, while surrounded by shrubs, roses and other trees in full bloom, with the orange and lemon loaded with fruit.

Since we came from the mountains Ralph spends one-half of each day at school (the Throop Polytechnic), the other half he devotes to horseback riding, hunting and mountain climbing.

He has become such a pedestrian crank that he walks to school in the morning three miles away, at Pasadena, returning at noon on the electrics. For a change he rides both ways on horseback.

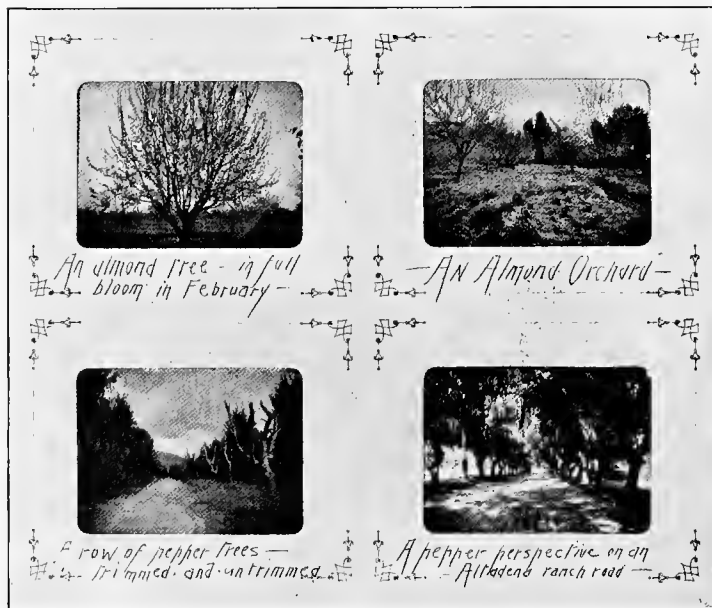
We spend Saturdays picnicking in the country and in the mountains. Our party consists of four persons with good appetites; mode of conveyance, horse and buggy and two saddle horses. Find no difficulty in locating pleasant picnicking grounds by the roadside whenever hunger "presses the button." The valley is under a high state of cultivation, so that a drive in any direction, such as one can take and return the same day, is all the while through fruit orchards, vineyards and grainfields. The soil being of an adobe nature, the roads are almost as smooth and hard as if macadamized.

After a rain, roads in the low lands, which are muddy and little traveled, when dry are as rough, until worn by use, as our frozen country roads in New England.

The good roads, the June-like appearance of the surroundings and the abundance of semi-tropic vegetation such as

we do not see at home, make January picnic excursions truly enjoyable.

On one occasion we took a thirty-mile drive, camping at noon in an English walnut orchard, where for the first time we took our after dinner nuts fresh from nature's supply.



PHOTOS BY RALPH

SCENES NEAR OUR "NEW MASSACHUSETTS INN", ALTADENA

Another forty-mile drive took us into the awful presence of California's state reform school, where by special permission we ate ham sandwiches in the park belonging to that institution, and where five hundred bad boys and girls

put their heads together, swap old lies and invent new ones, combining all their natural cussedness, for the development of future criminals.

We were officially informed that a small percentage of them made good men and women, but as a rule they were not improved by being there. Whether this be true with reform schools in general I am not able to say.

This was the nearest approach I have yet made toward getting into a reform school.

ALTADENA, January 22.

Another day off the same piece as that of yesterday, only a little warmer. Thermometer hanging on the wall in the sun on the south side at noon went up to 122.

It would seem that such a sun would be unbearable for outdoor work and pleasure. It is not so, however.

Every morning when he creeps up behind the mountains, looking over the snowy peaks, and commences pouring a flood of health-giving sunlight over this chosen spot, he is clad in a full dress smile.

Is it any wonder, after passing that frigid picture on the



A California ranch avenue

mount, that he should smile at the pleasing contrast in the valley?

That he is nature's medicine man is demonstrated with great force here in Southern California. His saddle-bags are always filled with healing balm, which he deals out in large quantities on the rich and poor at the same price.

The reason why I have so much to say about this climate is that it is what we came here after. I can assure you that it is gratifying to find what we came for.

It is also gratifying to inform our friends, through the "Telegram," that Ralph's condition is better than at any time since we left home.

E. B.

*My tears have been my meat day and night,
while they continually say unto me,
"Where is thy God?"*

The Psalms of David — Psalm 62.

BEYOND

It seemeth such a little way to me
 Across to that strange country, the Beyond ;
And yet not strange — for it has grown to be
 The home of those of whom I am so fond ;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies, that, when my sight is clear,
 I think I see the gleaming strand ;
I know I feel that those who've gone from here
 Come near enough to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right 'round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
 When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
 And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.
I love this world ; yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand about a bier and see
 The seal of death set on some well-loved face,
But that I think, “ One more to welcome me
 When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there,
 One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair.”

And so to me there is no sting to death,
 And so the grave has lost its victory ;
It is but crossing, with abated breath,
 And white, set face, a little strip of sea ;
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

Ella Wheeler.



Mission of San Carlos-Monrey } Monument at Monterey to Father Junipero Serra - the founder of the present part of the California mission



Two views of the present cabin on the site of the Broken Boys Rest.

On the road (for Californians) near the vicinity to call it such) to Brown Mountain 6 miles from Pasadena



SCENES FROM THE BROWN MOUNTAIN ASSOCIATION WITH OWEN AND STON BROWN

The last resting place of John Brown - the plain wooden slab on Owen Brown. July 24, 1859. July 24, 1859.



Looking up the Largo Sica from the Brown Mountain Road.

SHOOTING AND FISHING EXCURSION



MARCH 28, 1897, Ralph, "Noot" and myself left Pasadena for a shooting and fishing trip. Being the only one in the party whose physical condition did not need repairs, I was urged to accept the arduous duty of making notes of scenes and happenings by the wayside.

Such a duty in the presence of two literary critics was somewhat embarrassing, yet I accepted, modestly demanding at the same time that the reflection of their brilliant personalities should at all times be aimed in my direction, also that no "kicks" or cheap sarcastic criticism would be allowed. The result of my clumsy effort was printed in the "Pasadena Daily Star" and copied into the "Lawrence Telegram."

HOW I MURDERED MY FIRST DUCK

POMONA, CAL., March 29.

EDITOR STAR:—

Probably the most earnest, honest, innocent and inexperienced hunting expedition that ever emigrated from Pasadena left there at 2.30 P.M., March 28. It consisted of two tenderfeet from Massachusetts and the "Pasadena Daily

*Pictures in the metropolis
of Southern California*

Los Angeles



*Los Angeles County
Court House.*



*Looking west up
South Spring St.*



The St. Bernard School.



*Looking east from the
Normal School.*



*Taking the usual photo
from Mother Earth.*



*Coasting the well as far
like substance away from
the big storing tank!*



*A forest
of derricks.*

— In the oil district —

Star" office boy who sweeps the office, sells papers and occasionally ventilates his brain through the columns of the "Star" as juvenile reporter.

Loss of appetite, dyspepsia, nervous debility and somnambulism had induced his medical adviser to prescribe such a trip for him.

As he had never been away from home, his friends advised him to invite the writer (who by the way, is a tourist loafer always looking for a trip with someone who is willing to pay the bills) to go along as chaperon.

Prospective hunting grounds, Elsinore. An overland journey, mode of conveyance, horse and buggy and one saddle horse.

The two tenderfeet occupied the buggy, while the O. B. (office boy) made an imposing figure on horseback.

The guns, shells, ham sandwiches, doughnuts, pie and incidental paraphernalia prepared for the trip, arranged by an inexperienced packer, would fill a small hayrack.

A large number of very kind neighbors had collected at 409 Los Robles avenue to shed tears on our departure and to examine our baggage to make sure it contained nothing belonging to their respective households.

The O. B.'s excess of baggage excited suspicion. On examination it was proven that he had borrowed a full dress suit from one of those tender-hearted neighbors (when the neighbor wasn't looking), which he reluctantly parted with when the owner objected to having his claw-hammer coat used for a hunting jacket.

The beardless "Star" reporter, in his imaginary enjoyment of a series of social events at Elsinore, had been tempted

On front view of the Mission.

The wheel structure -
known by a variety of
Catholic feet.

The wheel structure for another
view and twenty-five years
have called for a lot (and
possibly some not heard)
subject of the Pope
+ Hooper



Location of the fact
by which the fact
of the private as to the fact
of the immovable system.



There has been to know
not likely on some of the
old Spanish buildings.



When California was
has successfully attacked
an old adobe street.



Review of a Spanish street.
Built at the time of the
the mission system
dangerous.

GABRIEL MISSION ESTABLISHED - 1771

AT AND ABOUT THE OLD SAN

SCENES AT AND NEAR SAN GABRIEL MISSION

PHOTOS BY RALPH

by his natural desire to make a swell appearance. Being his first offence and so young and inexperienced, the owner kindly consented not to press matters. With the combined double condensed packing ingenuity of the crowd thus assembled, assisted by a retired sea captain (who tied many knots, beyond the power of any existing divorce law to untie), this extravagant hunting outfit was all packed into and tied to one piano box buggy.

We are now ready to start. A sad silence reigned. Intermingled tears of joy and sorrow commenced to flow, which were wiped away with partially soiled handkerchiefs. The wife and mother-in-law of the juvenile reporter, with wonderful forethought, had armed themselves with span clean handkerchiefs, consequently they were chief mourners. The father-in-law, being short of eye-water and anxious to see the procession move, turned the hose on the scene, which had the desired effect.

All eyes were turned in our direction as we passed through the bustling streets of Pasadena. The military aspect of our mounted escort was much admired. The nabob equestrian force of Pasadena looked through eyes green with envy. The younger occupant of the buggy, being a kodak fiend, was instructed to visit all the markets on the route and take snap shots of the game therein as souvenirs of the trip.

Leaving Pasadena at 2.30 P. M., we had intended to make harbor at Puente for the night. With much confidence we drove straight to the hotel therein and with characteristic innocence the O. B. dismounted and commenced hunting for the front doorbell. Being informed that travelers don't

ring at hotels, he attempted to walk in and was told by a passing native that the hotel was closed—financially embarrassed. Our informant directed us to an apology for a hotel over a 7 x 9 bar room, which we declined with thanks.

We had made good time thus far, and with more than an even chance of being “storm stayed” decided to “pull on” to Pomona where we arrived at 6.30, four hours from Pasadena, distance thirty miles.

OUR PARTY FORDING A CALIFORNIA RIVER

The churning motion of his mode of conveyance had pumped an abundance of fresh air into our invalid “Star” representative, which had, for the time being, entirely cured his



PHOTO BY RALPH

Our party fording a California river

loss of appetite. He was full of enthusiasm and empty of everything else. He was hungry. He was so hungry that we had much difficulty in getting him past a show-window which was artistically trimmed with pie.

After dinner we went out to “do the city.”

The hay seed in the brown locks of the O. B. was now most conspicuous. He seemed to have forgotten all the “home journal etiquette” he had ever learned. His first break was to rush into a

millinery store and ask for six postal cards for five cents. Pomona's Salvation Army appeared on the scene, and he actually got so financially reckless that only with much difficulty did we prevent him from buying a harmonica and joining their ranks. His antics on the street attracted the attention of a man who apparently had the peace of Pomona at heart. After sizing up our crowd he put us down as sporting men and politely informed us that an amateur prize fight was on the boards at the opera house. We thanked him politely and hustled into our hotel to prevent getting arrested.

This morning dawned with a heavy sky, followed by rain, making it necessary to remain at Pomona. The proprietor of our hotel had spent thirteen years in Africa and Egypt, was a member of Stanley's African expedition, being one of the party that discovered Pharaoh's mummy. He has an illustrated lecture on his travels, also a large collection of curios, with all of which he took special pains to entertain our party. Thus it will be seen that the first twenty-four hours of our trip has passed pleasantly and with satisfactory results toward repairing the punctured constitution of the beardless youth above mentioned.

In conclusion, allow me to offer an apology for the appearance of this clumsy article in place of a polished letter which his friends have good reason to expect from the office boy himself. To relieve his overworked brain, and by his urgent request, I consented to write in his stead.

The loss thus sustained by "Star" readers is his everlasting gain.

E. B.

" HORSETHIEF " CANYON

· TEMESCAL, CAL., March 31.

EDITOR STAR :—

It is safe to say that we are at present very near to nature and a long distance from any other place.

The storm at Pomona, Friday, partially cleared at noon. At 2.30 we started for South Riverside, driving through the celebrated Chino ranch. An ink-black, frightful-looking cloud and storm behind us, when in the vicinity of the Chino ranch creamery, drove our ship ashore at that place where we remained in harbor until the wet danger had passed. One hundred and twenty-five cows being milked in the corral made an admirable " snap-shot " for the kodak fiend. The superintendent of the creamery invited us inside to inspect the interior works of the plant. The distance through this ranch is six miles and the stickiest, juiciest, salviest, slipperiest, slimiest kind of an adobe road on earth. At 10 P.M., when we arrived at South Riverside, our entire party with all its appurtenances and belongings had become so mixed up with the top side of that adobe highway that it was hard to tell where our party commenced and the adobe left off. We had become large dealers in real estate at a minimum cost — a veritable real estate caravan on wheels.

We put in an application at a first-class hotel for lodging for two gentlemen and an office boy. The proprietor said he would take us on condition that we submit to a hose bath from the fire department and that the result proved us to be white men.

Saturday morning dawned brightly, and when " Old Sol "

crept up behind the snow-clad peaks east of South Riverside, pouring a flood of sunshine into the young forest of lemon, orange and pepper trees, it seemed to apply an instantaneous cast of golden tinted varnish to the newly washed foliage thereof. Eight years ago I drove through this place when only a barren mesa, with a few scattering baby orange trees here and there. The change is almost a marvel, showing the result of an energetic community with unlimited confidence in the culture of citrus fruits in that locality. Any individual unwilling to believe that South Riverside is a healthy baby competitor of old Riverside fast growing to manhood, will be relieved of that delusion by a visit to the vast acreage of well kept and thrifty looking young orange and lemon orchards therein. The fact that we were not able to do any business there on credit, proves the sharp business ability of the natives and promises a bright future for the city. After reinforcing our stock of ammunition, adding thereto a liberal supply of death-dealing medicine for bear and deer, with an air of courage that surprised lookers-on, we moved slowly out of South Riverside and commenced climbing the Temescal canyon.

The office boy, juvenile, beardless, young, simple and innocent as he was when he left home and mother, mounted on horseback and armed to the teeth, led the way in such a wild cowboy, Jesse James style, that everybody we met held up their hands voluntarily. The first blood was drawn by Ralph, the "kodak fiend," who killed two owls at one shot.

At noontime, Saturday, we arrived at a 960 acre ranch in

the Temescal mountains owned by Mr. Bent, who, unfortunately for himself, played marbles in his youth with the O. B., who had so recently developed into a mountain ranger and scout.

A hearty, typical California ranch reception followed. When the O. B. informed his old friend, Mr. Bent, that he had come with premeditated plans to stay long enough to repair his broken down constitution and annihilate the entire crop of deer and bear in the Temescal mountains, he, Mr. Bent, nearly choked with emotion.

We had been told that deer and bear were inhabitants of that vicinity, and the fact that Mr. Bent had fenced his young fruit orchard with special reference to the high leaping of deer was good evidence of their presence here.

We were informed that they had eaten the first planting of small fruit trees and that the high fence was erected as an insurance policy for the second planting.

We saw no evidence of bear, but we believed they were there because it made us appear more brave, and to encourage this warlike feeling we occasionally saw imaginary bear tracks while hunting less formidable game.

The ranch buildings are located just at the mouth of Horsethief Canyon. Quite a romantic name for a canyon, isn't it? It is appropriate, however, from the fact that a band of celebrated horse thieves and all-round marauders, some years ago, occupied a cave four miles up the mountain for their headquarters, to and from which they passed through this canyon. Volumes of "blood and thunder" could be written on the past history of this ranch. A natural stream of water of twenty-five inches has its

source here, which stream has been the cause of a series of hard-fought family rows, terminating in one accidental suicide and one murder. I believe that a Californian will leave his wife and family to the mercy of a band of blood-thirsty Indians to fight for a little insignificant stream of water.

An eastern tender-foot is amused and surprised; he even marvels at California's thrilling water history. Men have fought, bled and died for it, while live women have actually set themselves down in a water-ditch, to turn that fluid from the irrigating intentions of her neighbor. May it not always be thus!

As above stated, two tragedies occurred here over the disputed ownership of this little stream of water. One man accidentally shot himself while disarming his warring neighbor's daughter of her favorite shotgun, and the other was deliberately shot and killed in another



PHOTO BY RALPH

Miniature mountains reflected in mirror lake
by the roadside

scrimmage, for which offence the murderer is serving a long sentence in San Quentin. At the head of Horsethief Canyon, leading from this branch near the summit of the mountain, is the notorious Horsethief Cave.

The cave is supposed to contain all of the booty captured by Vasquez and his band of famous California bandits, who, when Pasadena was wearing pantalets, was the terror of Southern California. Young, handsome, and recklessly

brave, this young Spaniard performed some of the most daring acts of robbery. For Americans he seemed to have a special antipathy, and his name was a dread to all in this section who possessed property worth stealing. He was finally captured near the Santa Monica canyon, and afterwards sentenced and hanged. Rumor says that Horsethief Cave, the location of which has been already described, was so situated that it commanded a fine view and was easily accessible from both Orange and Riverside counties. It is supposed to be a deserted bear's cave with a very small orifice, and "out of sight" even when within a few feet of it. The story is, that one of Vasquez's men, who was left in charge of the plunder, was surprised and killed by a sheriff's posse. The unfortunate bandit was supposed to have met his death within only a few feet of his charge, yet his captors were unable to find it.

Ever since the bandit's capture parties have searched the vicinity in vain, and even now men from Riverside, Corona, Elsinore and the surrounding towns are persevering in the search, in the hope that Mother Earth will some day yield up her hidden treasure. The cave is probably as obscure as a gold mine would be, yet, no doubt, before many days the perseverance and persistency of the treasure seekers will be rewarded by finding the long-lost and ill-gotten booty.

To prove my previous statement, that we are very near to nature and very far from any other place, I will state under oath that a boy living here on the ranch goes five miles to the nearest school. Our hunting menagerie was the only vehicle of any kind that had made an appearance

here in three months. While we were there the proprietor drove thirty miles in a drenching rain to have a tooth pulled. This condition of things made it necessary for our party to eat and drink at the ranch house during our stay.

The first act in the drama was a substantial dinner eaten on the lawn near the front door of the ranch house. The next act was a stampede for the hunting grounds. Quail and rabbit abound in large numbers. Only for the danger to our reputation for truth and veracity, I would state the exact number that fell victims to our murderous hand. Thenceforth until our departure to the otherwise substantial bill of fare was added rabbit and quail on toast. So plentiful and so socially inclined were the quail, that dozens came every night to roost in a stately live oak standing by the barn. Our horses were stabled under the tree, while its branches were laden with this bewitching game waiting patiently for our early morning visit with the shotgun. It is safe to say that our visit here did much toward exterminating this valuable game, and we shall not be surprised to hear that a new clause is added to the game law.

Three days' stay and our shooting menagerie moved for Elsinore— distance twelve miles. On the way is a small lake by the roadside. A goodly number of duck therein brought forth our murderous weapons. Surrounding the lake our fusilade made the hills echo and re-echo, driving from that little lake the lucky ducks, which were not "dead ducks." It was here that the writer shot his first duck. It was the first one shot by our party, and I am willing to admit that my stock of pride was visibly swollen. When the little roadside duck hunt was over our party came

together, when that little, insignificant, would-be newspaper man had the nerve to tell me that my first duck was a "mud hen." To say that I was embarrassed is a feeble expression, and when I offered my prize to a small barefoot boy as a gift, which he declined to accept with thanks, my humiliation was increased. I was made to feel the force of that truthful adage, "Pride goeth before a fall." If I am permitted to tell the remaining happenings of this hunting tour, I shall endeavor to square accounts with the O. B. for the sarcastic unkindness he displayed in naming my first "duck."

E. B.

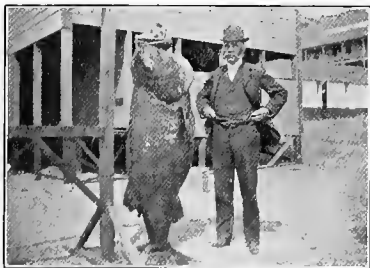


PHOTO BY RALPH

Catalana Jew Fish — Weight, 405 pounds
(The left hand figure, not the right)



PHOTO BY RALPH

Our party at Santa Catalana Island in the
Pacific Ocean



A Patch of Poo-Poolons
— Bolivia



La Laguna Poo, through
the Pooon Falls.



Native farmers of an
evening, of not very bright
day, east of Poo Poolons.



Two animals in train
— several with last come
400 miles, overland and
had brought with them
their worldly effects
entirely from Poo Poolons
to Poo Poolons.

Scenes in the
"Bron Town" of La Almito



Tent, Pooon spring
with like trees, at
night.



La Almito's
restaurant —
La Pooon



Another view of the
restaurant during
the day, this time
a few children and
the stone fountain.

ALTADENA, April 4, 1897.

EDITOR STAR:—

Doubtless the friends of those three game exterminators who left Pasadena for Elsinore some time since, have been watching your columns for the concluding act in that overland hunting drama-trip.

Descriptive accounts of hunting and fishing are often viewed with a large degree of doubt and suspicion on the part of the reader. Uncharitable persons have been known to

disbelieve the stories of sportsmen, going even so far as to indulge in sarcasm and scurrilous remarks.

The trouble is that hunters rush their stories on the market in too much haste. They should be allowed to cool off before going into print. Under a high



PHOTO BY RALPH

Lunch for man and beast by the roadside

pressure of enthusiasm the tragic events incidental to a long distance and energetic hunting tour cannot well be described in terms strictly non-elastic. If my memory serves me right, my last letter ended in a thrilling, blood-curdling description of "How I murdered my first duck," which proved to be only a worthless "mud hen." Even though my prize was so worthless that a small boy (who appeared to be posted on the "mud hen" market) spurned to accept it as a gift, I

want to inform those who have not met this infernally disappointing duck imitation, that she is not so unsightly as the name indicates. I shall never forget how I worshipped that "mud hen" as it lay in the water floating slowly toward the shore in a gentle breeze after I had shot it. In my first lesson on duck hunting I learned that the secret of success is to get behind something near the water, keep quiet, and wait until the unsuspecting bird swims or flies near enough and then "blaze away." I admit that it is a cowardly, unfair thing to do, but I secreted myself behind a large live oak close to the lake and stopped breathing, while the remainder of our party sought similar positions elsewhere. Unaware of the danger thereof, two ducks, a la "mud hen," commenced to swim in my direction. I stopped breathing some more, assuming a brave, warlike attitude, waited the progress of my innocent prey, measured the distance, closed my eyes, and "blazed away." One bird flew and the other was wounded.

The little modest California zephyr was too slow for my patience. Seizing a long dead limb that lay by the lakeside, I proceeded to wade into the shoal water to meet my prize. It was disastrous to my home talent morning shine, but I could wait no longer. There was at that time only one thing needful to complete my happiness, and that was to overcome the watery distance between myself and that coveted bird. That difficulty was soon distanced, and I stood on dry land worshipping my web-footed prize.

My normal height is five feet, ten and a half inches. It had now increased to six feet two, and my avoirdupois had increased in the same ratio. My first thought was to have

myself and my "first duck" photographed, the picture to be "salted down" among the family archives as proof of one of the heroic deeds and most self-satisfied and happiest moments during my natural life. I hurried into the presence of the O. B. and the kodak fiend, only to hear these crushing words, "It's only a mud hen." Visions of home friends and future generations looking with envious eyes upon that handsome picture of myself and my first duck faded out of sight. My increased height and avoirdupois assumed a rapid transit littleness, which was below normal, and I looked for a gopher hole small enough to crawl into that wouldn't be a misfit. To say that my situation was embarrassing is extravagantly inexpressive.

Lake Elsinore, the duck hunter's paradise of Southern California, was only ten miles away. Here was a chance to redeem my warped, duck hunting reputation. I had learned the difference between a duck and a mud hen, which experience had cost me all it was worth, and I inwardly resolved to go out of the hen business at once, especially that species spelling her front name "mud."

Our shooting caravan was soon on the road again. It was a beautiful morning, and with fresh horses we made good time over the winding road through the Temescal canyon leading to the lake. Passing the Elsinore coal mines by the roadside, we soon reach the summit of the canyon and are looking down upon Elsinore and the lake nestling closely and quietly between two ranges of giant hills. As we drew near the lake my companion sportsmen began to enthuse. The lake was alive with duck. The surface of its waters was so dotted and lined with canvas backs,



Said Bye to
Elmer and our
Hot Springs Hotel.



The picturesque road through
the Marino Hills.



A grain elevator - Mrs. Perry.



An old saw barn for a long
many years of operation for a
long time, but at present
it is in the new saw
plant... a magnificent forest.



A view of the Hotel -
Mrs. Perry.



The Hotel - Mrs. Perry -
we are very glad to see you
and your program and I hope
it is a double success for a night
long.

PHOTOS BY RALPH

SNAP SHOTS AT ELSINORE, PERRIS, MARINO HILLS AND ONTARIO

spoonbills, butterballs, and other duck varieties, that the picture resembled an overgrown railroad map.

It was now past noontime, so we decided to seek a hotel and "fill up" before making our murderous charge. Two miles close to the shore of the lake, with thousands of duck in sight, was an exhilarating drive, which nearly fitted the O. B. for an insane asylum. The kodak fiend was visibly affected, and the stinging embarrassment of my morning experience was partially forgotten.

Securing bed and board at Bundy's Hot Springs hotel, after lunch we set out for the hunting grounds, taking a team along as a wholesale means of transporting dead ducks. Our plan was to drive along the shore of the lake close to the water's edge and shoot from the carriage, as we were told that ducks would "hold still" and seem to enjoy being shot at from a team, while they take special care to keep proper distance from a man on foot with a gun. The horse was nervous and unaccustomed to going into battle, so I modestly volunteered to attempt to induce her to walk on four legs instead of two while the O. B. and kodak fiend loaded the carriage with game. The wind was blowing a gale, water alive with duck, and my companions in crime were sending death-dealing medicine into their ranks, while I was as busy as "a man on the town" trying to persuade the horse to remain on the battlefield.

Tiring of my charge I took her to the nearest tree, tied her by the neck, and joined the hunters' ranks. The fusilade became too much for her horseship, and she decided to commit suicide. Rearing on her hind legs she turned a back somersault, and deliberately hung herself by the neck.

The screams of a man from a passing team, who witnessed the suicidal act, reached our ears between the echoes of musketry. Hurrying to the scene we beheld the horse stretched on the ground gasping for breath. Her savior and our humane friend had cut the rope and there she lay between the shafts, the wrong end forward. Her bow resting where her stern really belonged, she lay trembling with fear and apparently disgusted that her life had been saved. At first sight the whole "shooting match" seemed to have terminated in a successful wreck. She was soon cleared, however, from her tangled condition, stood erect with four legs under her, respiration normal, seeming to wonder what had happened, and ready for the next act in the exciting program. Thirty cents in cash for harness repairs and a damaged twenty-five cent halter was the result of her antics, which we all agreed was a marvel of financial success.

When night came we had twelve dead ducks to our credit, which was twelve more than our whole party had shot during the previous years of our existence. Gathering up the dead and leaving the wounded on the field, we hurried to our hotel and ordered a bill of fare the next day as follows: Duck for breakfast, duck for lunch, and duck for dinner. The landlord ventured to criticise our taste, but we had created a terrible appetite for duck and were determined to satisfy that craving. From that moment until breakfast time our appetite increased, when three full grown ducks greeted us at the table. It was a large table and every seat was occupied. No one had duck but our party, which looked like favoritism. Our breakfast companions looked green with envy, seeming to say, "Who are

those nabob dignitaries that such partiality should be shown them?"

If there is any one thing that gives the "Star" office boy an elevated feeling, it is to be looked upon as a dignitary. With one of his peculiar flourishes of "home journal etiquette," he grappled his duck and commenced an overland skirmish on the external of its carcass for a morsel of duck meat. His effort was a dismal failure. The only drop of grease in the entire bird was on the under side. The boy became nervous and excited, and all the while the bird was skirmishing about his plate like a greased pig. Excitement increased to desperation, for he couldn't find meat enough to decide whether he had duck or crow. Under extreme muscular pressure, which was brought to bear outside of the center of gravity, the uncarved carcass suddenly glanced and landed promiscuously among the dry goods of a charming young lady sitting on his right, who was the village school teacher and the acknowledged belle of Elsinore. The boy prides himself on being something of a masher, of which he openly boasts. He knew where this much observed young lady sat, and made sure that his seat was beside her. He also boasted that his good looks and brilliant conversation had drawn near to him a certain per cent. of her affection. He really thought he had succeeded in getting himself liked by the belle of the city, but he lost his grip on both the duck and the young lady at the same moment. Such a ravenous appetite and such a clumsy, uncultivated exhibition of duck carving was too familiar on short acquaintance for her modesty, which she made known by a long silence which was painful. He tried to apologize

SAN DIEGO TRIP

FEBRUARY 19-23, 1897

The U. S. S. Philadelphia -
 now being
 worked



Bay-view - Flagship
 "Philadelphia" Beskham comes
 to anchor near club



The namesake of
 the City of
 Brotherly
 Love

SOME OF UNCLE SAM'S MARINE MONSTERS



U. S. S. Monterey



U. S. S. Annapolis



"The Raleigh's Ship's Gun"
 For the Philadelphia, sent to the
 Atlantic, and represented the
 U. S. S. Raleigh, etc.

SAN
 DIEGO BAY FEBRUARY 21, 1897



One of the four gun-
 ners of the Philadelphia.

PHOTOS BY RALPH

U. S. S. OF THE WHITE SQUADRON IN PACIFIC WATERS

by saying he thought the duck was a "dead duck." Poor fellow! I felt sorry for him, and at the same time wondered if that little juggling performance wouldn't cure him of "mud hen" sarcasm. The landlord had previously advised us not to have duck for breakfast and we now decided to take his advice. That forenoon we went after more duck, but the breakfast experience had taken some of the poetry out of our enthusiasm. For lunch we had triplets again. That is to say we had three ducks. This time they were baked and stuffed with sage and onions. If I had my choice between going to jail and eating a square meal of duck stuffing made of stale bread and seasoned with sage and onions, I should take a ride in the "hurry-up" wagon with joy. There was a very small allowance of meat on the breast of the dinner fowl, but it was so thoroughly saturated with sage and onions that I decided I wasn't fond of duck and very quietly countermanded the order given the day before for a duck dinner. We began to surmise that those stories about growing fat on game of one's own shooting were subject to exceptions.

In the absence of other sports we visited the lake again in the afternoon. Decreased enthusiasm caused by an attempt to eat our game reduced our full day's work to nine birds and we took special care that they didn't go to the kitchen of our hotel. Nineteen ducks were placed to our credit as a result of the day and a half at Lake Elsinore. This statement is more in the interest of a hunter's truth than of boasting. Considering the great number of web-footed game in the lake we felt that our record was not one of which to be especially proud, yet, on the whole, our party

voted unanimously that our first experience at duck hunting was a hilarious success.

The next morning we moved homeward via Perris, Redlands, San Bernardino, Ontario, Azusa, Dewerte and Monrovia. The first day took us to Redlands, distance forty miles. The two interesting roadside features of this day's ride, that stuck out prominently beyond all others, were the Good Hope gold mine and the Indian school at Perris.

The O. B. and kodak fiend had never seen a gold mine, so, of course, they wanted to stop and fill their pockets with nuggets and take pictures of that "hole in the ground." The mine and mill are by the roadside, also the little city of huts in which the miners live. We visited the mill, asked several silly questions, and learned nearly all the details connected therewith. In a very few minutes we had forgotten it all except a general idea of how the thing looked. The opening of the shaft is almost under the wing of the mill extending down into the bowels of the earth something over 600 feet. Nobody offered us any gold bricks or asked us to buy any stock, so we sized them up as an unsociable, unbusinesslike, uncharitable, miserly set, and passed on. Very soon we were looking down from an elevation upon the little city of Perris with its broad expanse of beautiful valley land. About six miles further on, north of Perris, all the while in this fertile valley, is Uncle Sam's Indian Industrial school. Here we halted, fed our horses, took a roadside lunch, and by invitation from Mr. Allen, the superintendent of the school, inspected the several departments. Seventy young "squaws" and eighty young "bucks" marched into the dining room for dinner. Their physical

condition evidenced the liberality of Uncle Sam as a provider of viands. An 80 acre ranch is connected with the school where practical farm work is taught and demonstrated in a practical manner. Shoemaking and carpentering are also taught in shops built for that purpose outside of the main buildings. There are two school buildings, one for the boys and one for the girls. The girls are taught cooking and laundry work in connection with their mental studies. A supply store is connected with the institution liberally filled with groceries, cheap, ready made clothing for the boys, a large supply of white cotton cloth, blue and white check for common wear, and a better grade of cotton warp and wool filling goods for dress occasions for the girls. The hour we spent there was made pleasant and instructive by the painstaking courtesy of Mr. Allen, the superintendent, and Mr. Walker, one of the teachers.



PHOTO BY RALPH

Students at the Indian School posing for a picture

The interesting features of the afternoon's drive were a 7000 acre field of wheat in the valley, through which we passed, and the charmingly picturesque drive through the Marino hills near Redlands, where we arrived in good season for dinner and anchored for the night. The day had been perfect and the ride charming.

Redlands is young, handsome and energetic, containing



The First Demonstration

"The Grand Parade"
San Diego
February 22



The Hotel Home - 566
receiving band of
Admiral Brandlee



The train of floats - their accompanying
proficiency for the benefit of "Lindbergh"



San Diego's
Light Tower - 125 feet high
Lindbergh - 125 feet high



To find a good Indian
relics - near Mission
Wells Lane



Mission of San Diego - the
Spanish - some believe the
first State and Justice -
some believe made from
San Diego.



The viewpoint of the opposite
view - can see San Diego
- some who identify has
seen the steps.

PHOTOS BY RALPH

SCENES IN AND NEAR SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

about 6000 human beings. She has some admirers who claim her beauty outshines Pasadena. Persons making such claims, however, have never seen Pasadena.

Redlands is very young, only about eight years old, yet she feels big enough to wear long pants. A good comparison of her beauty to that of Pasadena is a man dressed in a soft shirt and a common business suit, beside another man in full dress with his picadilly collar, white dude tie and patent leather shoes. Pasadena is the belle of Southern California. She wears silks, satins and diamonds, dresses her hair a la "Paree," is loaded with "Home Journal Etiquette," and eats her pie with a fork. She carries a huge bouquet of roses and orange blossoms, and fills her lungs night and day with pure air sweetened with the sweetness thereof.

The next morning dawned with a heavy black cloud hanging over Redlands with a decidedly wet appearance. Home attractions, however, induced us to venture in that direction. When about ten miles out the heavens commenced to leak. At noon it was raining furiously and we sought a ranchman's barn for our picnic lunch. It was eaten with a dry relish. Sheltered from the rain, and with an impromptu temperance speech from the owner of the barn, we became so desperately dry that our dinner nearly choked us.

Night found us at Ontario, where we hung ourselves up on a twenty penny nail to dry. The next morning dawned brightly, with "Old Sol" and a thirty-mile drive along the foothills among orange and lemon groves to cheer us on the way. At the end of nine days we were home again, better acquainted with the surrounding country, full to the brim of

California's boasted climate, and more fully convinced than ever before that Pasadena is the shining gem of Southern California.

E. B.

You think it hard to suffer injustice, not to have fair measure of praise, not to win success, while others less deserving take the prizes.


I will tell you what the real hardship is — It is to be rewarded overmuch, to get success that rightly belongs to others, to receive praise and thanks that one does not deserve.

Disappointments will mark my way until the day of my death. God forbid that I brood over them for one wasted moment. They are the price and pay for ideals, which are better than life.

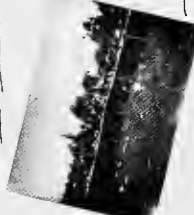
— From "The Religion of a Gentleman".

At San Pedro's "Grand Barbecue and Monster Clam Bake" X


Meet awaiting by the wharves.




Some hungry waiters for something to drink.




A California excursion train bound for San Pedro.




San Pedro in gala attire.




A general view from the wharves.



The "Firm" crowds made to get a better view and was then unconsciously put out.



The "big" started to follow about 10 minutes, many other "big" fishes and mackerel, herring, and in every other way under a great effort of getting something to eat!



PHOTOS BY RALPH

SCENES AT THE BARBECUE

A CALIFORNIA BARBECUE

ALTADENA, CAL., April 12.

DEAR EDITOR AND TELEGRAM READERS:—

Some of you who have found time "between the acts" of the rush of business, have probably learned through the Washington News that "Uncle Sam" has appropriated \$3,000,000 for a deep sea harbor at San Pedro. In securing this liberal purse of gold, the people of Southern California have had a long persistent fight. Having won the battle they are naturally overjoyed. The railroads entering San Pedro and her real estate men lost no time in starting a business boom. They conceived the idea of celebrating the event with a grand barbecue. Knowing that the people were boiling over with enthusiasm and famishing for an opportunity to indulge in hilarity, take a ride in the cars at half fare, eat barbecued meat free of charge, throw up their hats, buy corner lots and otherwise make fools of themselves generally, they arranged a program for the day on a grand scale. To make the attraction a double one they took advantage of the dead carcass of a whale which had been driven ashore near San Pedro, as a side show to the barbecue.

The country was flooded with flyers printed in gay colors, and worded with such business taffy as tends to increase enthusiasm and draw the crowd, not forgetting to mention the whale. Everybody was ripe for the occasion and everybody went.

San Pedro has had her barbecue, and although I am

obliged to confess that my barbecue experience commenced and ended on this occasion, I am going to assume the responsibility of saying that it was a full-grown, life-size, liberally conducted, extravagantly patronized, first class barbecue.

The distance from Pasadena to San Pedro is about thirty miles. After two long hours of lingering, loitering, tiresome locomotion, the long train-load of human freight from Pasadena, pulled into San Pedro.

This happy, jubilant, grand possessor of a deep sea harbor (to be) had on her Sunday clothes. Her outside appearance was conclusive evidence that something had happened for which she was glad. Three million small sized flags (more or less) suspended from a net work of clothes lines, telegraph and electric wires, fluttering and quivering in the breeze, made the city look exceedingly gay. A conspicuous sign across the main thoroughfare saying, "The city is yours," was both generous and flattering. I knew that we were promised a free dinner, but didn't expect San Pedro thrown in as a chromo. Everybody was made to feel a large dose of generous hospitality hovering o'er them.

Behind the inspiring melody and howling discords of a band of music, and under the long lines and archways of the glorious stars and stripes, the multitude marched through the streets to the scene of "The Barbecue." It was located on an eminence overlooking San Pedro Bay and the broad Pacific, the rolling surf of which charms the soul and whets the appetite. Everybody was present, the fakir, gambler, peanut and popcorn vender, with plenty of circus lemonade minus sugar.

When our party arrived on the scene of the feast it seemed that all Southern California was there before us; the crowd continued to increase until it was estimated that 10,000 hungry mortals had shown their willingness to eat and drink of San Pedro's hospitality. For the time being everybody laid their entire stock of "Home Journal



PHOTO BY RALPH

AT THE BARBECUE — GOING TO SEE THE WHALE

Etiquette" on the shelf. They had no use for it. Judging from the crowd it was everybody's celebration. The minister, lawyer, doctor, merchant, mechanic, laborer and ranchman were there hugging themselves and otherwise indulging in "home talent" expressions of self-satisfaction.

Every thoroughfare leading to San Pedro was lined with ranchmen from far and near. Every sort of conveyance known to the tiller of California soil was in the procession. The country lad gently clinging to the hand of his sweet lassie, marched joyfully and triumphantly to the feast, armed with a bag of peanuts and pepsin gum.

Eight hundred lineal feet of lunch counter was arranged in the shape of a rectangle, the two sides each 300 feet long and the two ends each 100 feet long. Every inch of this space outside was packed with a hungry mob about six deep, with tears in their eyes and outstretched arms clamoring and begging for barbecued meat. Within the rectangle formed by the tables was the wholesale roasting department. Curious to know the length and breadth of the bill of fare I sought the assistant director general, Mr. J. B. Sanchez, to learn how many "loaves and fishes" it required to feed 10,000 hungry Californians. Here is the menu, and the quantity of each kind of food actually devoured.

Seventeen beeves, eight hogs, twenty sheep, three tons of clams, one-half ton of lobsters, one-half ton of cockles, two hundred and fifty pounds of coffee, four hundred pounds of sugar, fifteen bulls heads, two hundred cans of sardines, two thousand, four hundred loaves of bread, and fifty gallons of pickles. Fifty "rapid transit" waiters were actively engaged from 11 A. M. to 4 P. M., cutting, roasting, carving and serving. Ten cords of oak wood were used for the cooking. A trench about sixty feet long and six feet wide was dug in the ground, in which was the fire and over which was a huge gridiron of heavy woven wire.

Several able bodied men stood here for five hours with

genuine life-size long-handled pitchforks, pitching on and off this overgrown gridiron large chunks of sizzling, broiling, smoking beef, pork and mutton. When the meat was roasted, it was cut into liberal rations, piled on large wooden stretchers and carried by two men along the front ranks of the hungry multitude. A hundred pounds would vanish like a quart of potatoes before an elephant. Near the scene of the barbecue was a temporary band stand, containing a band of musicians and several battle-scarred warriors fresh from the fight between Santa Monica and San Pedro for the deep sea harbor prize. Boiling over with inspiration, each in turn relieves himself of a surplus stock of wit, wisdom and eloquence, with music between the acts, while the great crowd cheered, shouted, bubbled and foamed with wild enthusiasm.

If "Uncle Sam" could realize how extravagantly happy he had made the people of San Pedro and surroundings in general, owners and dealers in real estate in particular, with his little \$3,000,000 contribution, he would go elsewhere and do likewise. During my life I have missed many opportunities to attend barbecues. I shall do nothing of the sort in the future. Henceforth and forever I shun the circus and join the barbecue ranks. Never before have I witnessed so much good-natured fun, between the rising and the setting of Nature's glorious sun.

Take my advice — never miss a California barbecue. If San Pedro's future growth is in keeping with her first barbecue, Greater New York has a dangerous rival.

E. B.

A TRIP TO MOUNT WILSON

One of the most pleasant day's outing during our winter at Altadena was a trip to Mount Wilson, the highest peak in the Sierra Madre range. The trail, which takes you to the summit, is nine miles long, commencing at the very base of the mountains. This is truly nine miles of combined mountain and valley scenery so charming as never to be forgotten. Ralph never tired of his outings in these grand old mountains. There was a charm here in Nature's wonderful combination of mountain and valley scenery, with lovely Pasadena and the green and gracefully undulating Puente Hills in the foreground, then populous Los Angeles, beyond which are eighteen miles of fruit and grain ranches, bordering on the broad Pacific. Because of the transparency of the atmosphere, all this is plainly seen by the naked eye. This mammoth natural panorama, under such a soft, beautiful, and cloudless blue sky, simmering in, and lighted up by such a sunlight as is seen only in California, causes one to marvel at its vastness. As you climb this winding trail the picture is everchanging. You emerge from a thicket or from a tour round a miniature peak on the mountain side, when this awe-inspiring scene of mountain, valley, and broad ocean is thrust upon you so suddenly that you involuntarily stop and stare in speechless amazement.

Let me say to all sojourners in California, if you want to fill yourself plumb full of the purest air on earth, eat your dinner with a boyhood relish, and get "dead drunk" on a mixture of mountain grandeur and quiet loveliness, fill your lunch basket liberally with wholesome food and spend a day on the Mount Wilson trail.

Our party consisted of four persons of the masculine gender, and two burros. What the party lacked in distinguished notoriety was fully made up in enthusiasm and extravagant powers of food consumption. We had been up the old trail, which commences the ascent at Sierra Madre, but this was our first journey over the new trail. It is only truth to say that the trail itself is the finest and easiest mountain trail we had ever traveled. Its unusual width and easy grade add wonderfully to one's comfort. At the beginning of the trail is a liberal supply of saddle animals, a majority of which are of the long-eared variety. A gentlemanly man who knows his business is stationed here to relieve tourists of the embarrassment of going up the trail before paying the toll, and to perform such other duties as will assist said tourist in retaining his or her honor and add to his or her comfort.

In less than five minutes after passing through the toll gate at the foot of the trail, the curtain rises and the show commences. A constantly changing picture, enormous in size and rich in Nature's high art, is before you from start to finish. The theatre-going members of the party raised only one objection to the performance, which was that the curtain remained up constantly, thus destroying the chances of "going out between the acts". Intoxicated with the inspiring grandeur of Nature's wonders as you go winding and zig-zagging along the almost perpendicular walls of these giant hills, your thoughts are drowned in admiration. Every step you go forward changes the picture, and every turn in the winding trail so varies the setting of the landscape as to make an entirely new scene.

That so many people living here in the valley under the shadow of these grand old mountains, protected from the frosts, snows and chilling winds of the east, can deny themselves such a treat as this trip affords, is almost as wonderful as is the experience filled with enthusiastic charm.

The enterprising effort of the builders of this trail is an everlasting benefit to dwellers in the valley. Aside from the pleasure thus experienced, they should show their appreciation of such enterprise by their patronage. If you cannot afford the luxury of a saddle horse, take the trip on foot. In either case you will be healthier, wiser, and happier. If you wish to do missionary work for your community, and confer a favor on your tourist friend, that will be appreciated, by all means advise him to make this delightful trip over the Pasadena and Mount Wilson trail. He will thank you for your advice, and carry with him to his eastern home a pleasant impression of these natural wonders which he cannot forget, even though he may have lost money on a corner lot.

E. B.



A DAY'S OUTING ON HORSEBACK THROUGH THE WILDS AND WINDING BY-PATHS
OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AFTER A HEAVY RAINSTORM

YOSEMITE VALLEY

THE STORY OF THREE MEN IN A CAMP WAGON. — THE SCENIC GRANDEUR OF AMERICA'S GREAT "WONDER OF WONDERS" — TIME, FIFTY DAYS; DISTANCE, ELEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY MILES.



NO other fifty days of Ralph's short and busy life can be said to have given him so much pleasure, such a varied and inspiring experience of everything in nature, as this fifty days' camping trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Flowers innumerable, both natural and cultivated; fruit orchards and grain ranches, so broad and numerous; flowering trees by the mountain roadside entwined by blossoming vines reaching to their very tops; mammoth trees towering to the skies more than a hundred feet before reaching the first limb, with mountain scenery so awe inspiring, granite

walls so high as to make one dizzy to behold, and waterfalls unmatched in the world for long leaps. Such natural vastness brings man face to face with his Maker, and forces him to realize his littleness.

The reader will remember that I mentioned this



OUR TEAM PASSING THROUGH THE "DEAD GIANT"

trip to the Yosemite in the brief historical sketch of Ralph's life, stating therein that descriptive letters of the trip would be printed in this book.

Physicians unanimously agreed that "roughing

it" in the open air of a healthful climate was his best medicine, and his Pasadena physician recommended a trip to the Yosemite Valley in genuine New England Gypsy style in a camp wagon. Such a trip over and through the great mountains and valleys of California is something of an undertaking, yet with its health-giving prospects, thrilling experiences, grand opportunity for seeing the country as it is, and the people as they are, and with that great magnetic natural wonder at the end of the journey, we determined to make the trip. When it was known that we had decided to go, an up-to-date representative of the "Pasadena Daily Star" invited us to give to the readers of that paper a description of our experience, setting forth the wonderful things in nature for which California is so famous, and by all means tell them all about our hair-breadth escapes from bears, mountain lions, wildcats, rattlesnakes, buffaloes, cowboys and wild Indians.

He proposed naming our Gypsy band "The Pasadena Daily Star Expedition to Yosemite," to which we consented on condition that he join us. From his young wife and mother-in-law he obtained consent to go, agreeing to meet us by rail after we were out about a week. We now leave "Noot" in Pasadena. Ralph and I start on our long journey, "Noot" meeting us at Santa Barbara.

SANTA PAULA, CAL., May 1, 1897.

EDITOR STAR:—

Not long since, your readers were told that the undersigned and son Ralph, would make a camping trip to Yosemite Valley; that said Gypsy troupe had been dubbed "The Pasadena Daily Star Expedition to Yosemite;" and that it would furnish "Star" readers with a descriptive account of the trip. That statement was made by the "Star" office boy, familiarly known among his numerous chums and creditors as "Noot." He makes it binding upon myself to carry out the descriptive part of the program largely from his own imagination.

How the "Star" has held its reputation for true statements, burdened, as it has been, so long with "Noot's" fishing and shooting yarns, is almost a miracle.

Our house on wheels, with its two occupants, left Pasadena, Thursday, April 29. A skillfully lettered sign on the port side reads, "Pasadena Daily Star Expedition to Yosemite." Our appearance has been so much admired thus far all along the route that the natives as a whole speechlessly stare as we pass, while our pathway is strewn with bouquets by the more refined, and millionaires beg of us to wear diamonds in our blue shirts, which are made of the hair from the native sheep.

Our domestic caravan is a marvel in its way. It is fitted and furnished from the ground up, inside and outside, top and bottom, fore and aft, with as many comforts and luxuries of life as can possibly be tied on, nailed on, glued on, and stuffed in. In the carriage are two stationary beds

MISSION OF SAN FERNANDO 1797

Looking down the
scale of the main
building - showing
the doorway



The existing work
of a building was

By light looking in from the ground - church



A Portico
Corner



Showing the broken
fountain



1797

The highest
main entrance



A glimpse at the
front side

MISSION OF
SAN MIGUEL

for three persons. Let me assure you that under the beds are numerous articles of food, wearing apparel, and house-keeping utensils not commonly looked for under the bed in a well-regulated family. On the inside wall above the bed and on the ceiling are a violin, autoharp, and harmonica, which we use instead of a shotgun for protection against wild animals and highway robbers. Last, but not least, is an artistic calendar from the clothing house of Bicknell Bros., Lawrence, Mass., made fast in the uppermost left hand corner on the port side of the bow of our prairie schooner. The caravan is drawn by two grey horses. Friends advised us to take mules, but we had no accident policy, little courage and no mule experience, so we declined mule conveyance with thanks.

Our first camping place was in the city park at San Fernando near the S. P. R. R. Several San Fernandoites sought interviews with us, being convinced that we hailed from the queen city of Southern California. One gentlemanly man asked if "Brother Gardner" would meet us at Yosemite. We informed him that, as usual, the proprietor must stay at home and attend to business while the boys go on a vacation. If San Fernando wants us to camp in her city park again, she must either remove said park or the S. P. R. R. If anybody doubts that the S. P. sits up nights to handle freight with howling, screeching locomotives at San Fernando, he or she can be convinced otherwise by camping in her city park; and if Chicago would like to be relieved of the conceited idea that she is the only railroad center of importance in Uncle Sam's domain, let her go and do likewise. In order that your readers may

follow our route intelligently, I will state that we propose to follow the coast to San Francisco, thence to Stockton by boat, there resuming our camping journey to Yosemite, returning via Fresno, Bakersfield, and Newhall. From San Fernando our course is through Santa Susanna Pass to Simi Valley, through Grimes' Canyon to Santa Paula, thence up the Santa Paula Canyon to Ojai Valley, Nordhoff and over Casitas Pass to Santa Barbara.

Two features in the San Fernando Valley specially attracted our attention. First, her thousands upon thousands of acres of grain, some of which cannot fail to yield three tons to the acre. Secondly, a beautiful fruit orchard, two and a half miles long, of oranges, peaches, apricots, olives and almonds. The old mission in its shattered condition, surrounded by gigantic palms and olive trees a century old, is another interesting feature of the valley.

Leaving this valley we enter the Santa Susanna Pass, through which is a charming drive of about five miles. The grade is an easy one, winding and climbing to the summit, where is the dividing line between Los Angeles and Ventura Counties. The fine condition of the road on the Los Angeles County side, and the rough condition on the Ventura County side, is a very good comparison of the general condition of roads in the two counties. Leaving this pass we enter the Simi valley, which is about eight miles long, four wide, almost as level as the ocean, and nearly all in wheat and barley. It was a beautiful sight. Perhaps you can better understand the wholesale method of ranching in this valley by a harvesting statement which I have from an intelligent and honest looking native.

SANTA BARBARA

— / R.I.P. —

MARCH 30 - APRIL 5, 1927



As I walked to school
a number of boys were with
me came from San Fernando



One of the great
features of the
grounds of the old
San Fernando
Museum



The old Spanish dance
near our camp.

"Bertone House" - Old Santa Barbara headquarters



A team of mules from
the leader of one
of these "teams"



Just to
Barbara! - or
I'll be a son.



Looking down on
the big camp.
From the top
of "Jacks", home



"Jacks", finally seen!
The trunk of his
mountain goat - he got!

The largest group seen in the
world - Carpentaria. That bunch
went at once - covering a great part
now. 55 people old and young. "Jacks"
followed them over - John F. & I
of course among.

PHOTOS BY RALPH

SIGHTS BY THE ROADSIDE — SAN FERNANDO VALLEY AND CARPENTARIA

He said "the valley is nearly all owned by one company." The grain is slaughtered with a combined harvester, which costs \$1800, making it a dangerous plaything for a poor man. It is drawn by thirty-two horses, which would seem to make a strong team. It cuts a swath eighteen feet wide, threshes, winnows and puts the grain up in sacks, leaving the straw in heaps or scattered behind as the owner may wish. It would seem that thirty-two horses could eat the grain as they go along and thus prevent further trouble. The combined harvester requires five men to operate it. Our informant said that drawing the grain out of the valley over the mountains to market was another wholesale operation. He looked very pious when he said he had seen eighteen teams of ten horses each, each team hitched to two wagons, making one hundred and eighty horses and thirty-six wagons, all in one train loaded with grain on its way to market. Each team of ten horses is driven by one man with a single line running from the near leader to the near pole horse. The teams are doubled up when passing over steep grades.

Second night we camped at Simi in a little glen by the roadside beside a beautiful little stream of water. The monotony of this rippling brook and the musical bullfrog therein was largely in contrast to the screeching locomotive at San Fernando. It was a night of sound, restful sleep.

Third day out was May day and we soon learned that such is a great day in California for country picnics. Business was entirely suspended over our entire route during that day. Every method of conveyance in the mountains and valleys went into the picnic business.

Everybody went, from the infant to the octogenarian. "The Star Expedition" was besieged with invitations to join two picnics on its route during the day. The road was lined with a happy throng from early morn till night. To prove that he furnished no adulterated milk for a picnic, one man took his cow along with him, extracting that nourishing fluid therefrom on the grounds.

The interesting feature of the day added to picnic hilarity was the drive through Grimes' Canyon passing Santa Paula oil fields, camping the third night at Santa Paula.

Since our camping tour to Yosemite was announced in the "Star," "Noot" has decided to join us at Santa Barbara, after which "Star" readers may expect from his pen something interesting, polished, and startling.

E. B.

BURTON MOUND, SANTA BARBARA, May 6.

EDITOR STAR : —

We arrived at Santa Barbara, Tuesday, at 5.30 P.M.; are camping on Burton Mound beside an open air dancing pavilion and so near to the water's edge of the Pacific that the monotonous roar of the breakers is a sure cure for insomnia. Last evening we were entertained with music and dancing at the pavilion close by our camping outfit in honor of "The Star Expedition to Yosemite." "Noot" claims it was in honor of his arrival, but you know he always claims everything in sight. He arrived and joined us at 8 P. M., Wednesday. Knowing that he has a reputation for doing more than his

share of the work in camp life we held a meeting, elected officers, and made an impartial division of the work which is to follow. Out of respect for age, I was made president, chief manager, director general, treasurer, buyer of supplies, cashier, engineer, inspector of rolling stock, committee on



PHOTOS BY RALPH

CAMPING AT BURTON MOUND, SANTA BARBARA

arbitration, guide and all round hustler. Ralph was unanimously elected cook, manager of the culinary department and artist photographer. It was agreed that "Noot" should do a large share of the eating and a small share of

the work. It was also agreed that he should furnish fish and game for the expedition, shoot all the bears, mountain lions, wildcats and rattlesnakes, and "holler murder" when we are attacked by robbers and Indians. Knowing his ability for telling all the truth, and more if necessary, he was elected sporting editor. So it will be distinctly understood that he only will be responsible for any and all carelessness in that direction. In my first letter I neglected to say that our trip, if carried out as we now anticipate, will cover from 1100 to 1200 miles.

Commencing at Santa Paula where our last letter left you our course was up the Santa Paula Canyon and through the Ojai Valley. Seven miles of winding mountain road amid beautiful scenery, and our attention was attracted by the quiet lovelines of a mountain ranch of 1200 acres owned by Mr. Dietz of Oakland. Little streams of water are everywhere. So pure and cool is the water, so bracing the air, and so green is vegetation that we were reminded of the White Mountains in New Hampshire. His place is called Ferndale. He is a great admirer of nature, as is shown by his charming surroundings. A little further up the canyon are the McCutcheon Sulphur Springs, where is a large grove of oak trees dotted here and there with campers seeking the healing qualities of the water and nature's surroundings. Further on, high up on the mountain side, are developed oil fields, where all along the roadway the greasy, slimy, cold molasses-like stuff is trying to mix itself up with innocent travelers.

Ten miles from Santa Paula and we are in the Ojai (Ohi) Valley. The two valleys, upper and lower, are together

about ten miles long. The surface is for the most part rolling, soil very rich, which is evidenced by the grain and fruit orchards seen from beginning to end. Near the middle of the valley is the ranch of Mr. Tom Thompson. One of his seven sons had visited us in Altadena and we could not pass without a call. We had intended to camp that night at Nordhoff, five miles ahead, but Mr. Thompson urged that we remain with him until morning, incidentally remarking that he had a large wine cellar filled with grape juice, both



PHOTO BY RALPH

Seven sons and daughter of Tom Thompson,
Ojai Valley

old and young, and the temptation was too much to resist. I was glad that "Noot" was not with us, for I know some of his failings. One of Mr. Thompson's sons had just contracted a disease known as "the country fiddler." He is not far advanced, but willing and anxious to learn. He spied our

musical instruments tied to the top sail of our prairie schooner, which resulted in a musicale, not classical, but simple and enjoyable. The honest, open-hearted and liberal manner of treatment we received at Mr. Thompson's is more evidence of the hospitable nature of the California ranchman. We meet many kind and agreeable people. Occasionally we run up against a two-legged animal lacking only two more legs and bristles to make a first-class hog.

On a camping trip we made in April, we called at a house for hot water where we were camping for the night. The proprietor laughed with a sneer, saying that we Californians don't like to cut wood, but "if there is any money in ye" I will build a fire and heat you some. I apologized for having asked such a favor, went to the next house where they were not too mean to keep warm, was met by a lady who seemed glad to be on earth and was happy because she didn't know how to be mean. She was almost willing to pay for an opportunity to do a favor and she invited our whole party of four to sit by her fire and spend the evening. Such people are pleasant to meet. It is such kindheartedness that induces man to worship woman.

From Mr. Thompson's wine cellar we drove straight to Nordhoff, a thriving little village in Ojai Valley, made beautiful by mammoth oaks. From here made a side trip to Matilija Hot Springs, which took us seven miles out of our way. It is located in Matilija Canyon, and is reached by the rockiest road on record. Ten thousand sheep had gone up the road just ahead of us. Imagine 40,000 little peaked hoofs going over a dry, dusty, rocky road picking away from the rocks about four inches of the soil and grinding it to powder and you will better realize the condition of this road. Matilija Springs are all right when you get there, but I advise you to go ahead of the sheep. This canyon and watering place was named for an Indian chief. He was one of the last to be conquered by the Spanish forces and his last battle was fought in this canyon. In this battle the whole tribe was exterminated excepting only his daughter who, with her wounded lover, climbed to the summit of a high hill

where her lover died. She buried his body and afterwards died on his grave. A cross at the summit marks the historic spot.

Leaving Matilija we drove twelve miles to the mouth of Cositas Pass, where we camped beside a beautiful stream among large oaks in the solitude of mountain grandeur.



TWO ACRES OF CALLA LILIES AT VENTURA

We passed through this same canyon one month since on a camping trip to Santa Barbara. When leaving Ventura we enquired for a camping place about fifteen miles away. Were told that "Bill McDermitt's" place would please us. This mountain pass is eleven miles long, and for natural grandeur

it is the most charming carriage drive I ever took. The soil is of the richest to the very summit and very deep. Vegetation is in great abundance and variety. The winding, climbing pathway is lined with mammoth oaks under which is a carpet of many shades of green. Wild flowers are in abundance. Many varieties of large trees are seen in full bloom with flowering vines climbing to their very tops and seeming to look for a ladder on which to finish their climbing ambition. Looking down when rounding the curves small ranches are seen sleeping in the small valleys, making many pictures of rare beauty, framed on all sides by this wealth of mountain scenery.

The moment you enter the pass the curtain rises on an everchanging picture during the whole distance. Twin picture galleries eleven miles long. The growth of vegetation in this mountain pass is truly wonderful. Wild mustard by the roadside stands twelve feet high, one year's growth, measured with one of Bicknell Bros.' tape measures, which are always correct.

Where the surroundings began to answer the description of "Bill McDermitt's ranch" we met two men planting olive trees by the roadside. I said, "Can you tell us where lives Bill McDermitt?" "Bill McDermitt! Bill! Well I reckon 'Bill' is living at San Quentin. He is doing fifteen years there for murder." We enquired the cause of "Bill's" misfortune, learned that he settled an argument with two men with a double barreled shotgun. The two men died and the law settled with "Bill" as above stated. Our informant says, "I bought Bill's ranch and this is the place." The mountain side, where the tree planting was going on,

was so steep that they used a sled on which to draw the trees. So our charming ride that day ended at the scene of a double murder, which added a tinge of romance to our scenic enthusiasm. High up in the mountains we camped that night. Very near to nature and very far from any other place, amid the haunts of deer, bear, mountain lions, and on the very spot where enraged man went hunting for human gore. We saw no ghosts and were not devoured by wild beasts. Bill's successor and hired man were "bach-ing" and when they saw our musical instruments we were immediately engaged as star performers at a musicale at their mountain residence where we were treated to peanuts, olives, and apples of home talent production and listened to blood curdling tales of their experiences with wild beasts. Our journey down the other side of the mountain the next morning was a repetition of the natural grandeur of the previous day, taking us into the rich Carpenteria valley, noted for its production of lima beans, walnuts and the largest grapevine in the world. This grapevine is a natural wonder. I have seen the world-renowned vine at Hampton Court, England, and was told that for size that vine wore the champion belt. It is only a baby when compared to this horticultural wonder at Carpenteria, California. The owner, Jacob Wilson, is an old gentleman and he is as proud of his overgrown wonder as is a boy of his first knee pants. He declined an offer of one thousand dollars for the vine to be exhibited at the midwinter Fair at San Francisco. It measures around the trunk seven feet, ten inches. It covers more than a quarter of an acre and is supported by a huge wooden frame eight feet above the ground. The esti-

THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

ESTABLISHED — 1786



The Mission across from
a high arched wall.



From the top of the
high, arched wall
along the front garden.



The front view.



The fine arches
and the front
promenade.

— OTHER CALIFORNIA MISSIONS —



San Bernardino — Kentucky
— 1782



San Luis Obispo (what
remained) — 1772



Ruins of San Juan Capistrano
— 1776

PHOTOS BY RALPH

HISTORIC SCENES BY THE WAYSIDE

mated yearly production of grapes is from eight to ten tons. The first Santa Barbara county election under American rule was held under this vine. Under its branches eight hundred persons can easily be protected from the piercing rays of old Sol.

From Carpenteria to Santa Barbara is twelve miles, all the while close to the broad Pacific, passing through Summerland oil fields so close to the water's edge of the Pacific that one well is actually in the waters of that great puddle.

The next "Star expedition to Yosemite" letter will be from the pen of "Noot," "the office boy." Look out for something polished. E. B.

SAN LUIS, OBISPO, May 11th., 1897.

EDITOR STAR:—

Overland journeys by wagon are becoming a popular mode of traveling from cities of the south to the famous Yosemite valley. When one has plenty of time at one's disposal and enjoys the freedom of camp life it is certainly the best way to see and learn the country through which you pass. Besides it is a delightful way to spend a summer vacation.

It was my good fortune to be invited to join a party comprising my dignified eastern uncle and his son, both from away down in Massachusetts, neither of whom is very much accustomed to the cars. The aforesaid uncle was brought up a poor farmer's boy and there learned how to handle horses and drink sour milk. Without joking, it re-

quires one who is a good driver and thoroughly understands the care of horses to make this trip.

Coming back to the uncle, he left the farm, went to the city, got into the clothing business and now here he is on the way to the Yosemite. The son is a chip of the old block and is also fond of sour milk, besides being a great kodak fiend. He also sticks up for Boston and is very particular in regard to the pronunciation of words. One is fifty years of age, the other fifteen, and about my own age — that can be best judged and ascertained when I return home where the winds will blow through my full beard.

When it was finally decided that we three should make this trip together, we first saw those who had gone before us and got all the information possible to obtain without having to pay for it.



PHOTO BY RALPH

On the road near Santa Barbara

For the benefit of the many who are contemplating the same trip, I will give a detailed description of our outfit made up of the best joint advice of those who had been to the Yosemite and which we think, and find from experience thus far, to be a very complete one.

Our conveyance is liberally supplied on the inside with rows of oilcloth pockets, hooks, etc. It is a two story affair with a double spring mattress about three feet from the top

and a single bed underneath raised ten inches from the floor— not with baking powder —but boxes of groceries, provisions and canned goods. This under bed is the “ Star ” man’s boudoir where it is necessary to perform the antics of a contortionist in order to get into bed. Once there I am imprisoned for the night and I have to depend on the mercy of my companions to get up in the morning. They appreciate my predicament and while I have to crawl in head first they pull me out feet first promptly at five o’clock every morning sleepy and undressed. While I am not accustomed to such hours I have nothing to say in the matter. Instead of waiting for my signal they pull me out when they think I ought to get up. Realizing my helplessness I refrain from grumbling lest they make me stay abed all day. The bed is a sure cure for somnambulism and a desire to be a circus acrobat.

Three cameras, a violin, an autoharp, gun, fishing rods, etc., help to make time pass agreeably.

The writer joined the “ Star Expedition ” at Santa Barbara, Wednesday night, where he found the outfit going rapidly to rack and ruin. The beds were unmade, dishes unwashed, and everything seemed to be in a tipsy condition. Kerosene and doughnuts were companions in the same box and it is only our excellent appetites which enables us to eat those kerosene doughnuts. The whole outfit was terribly degenerated. A few hours of hard work and crusty orders straightened things out again and the dignity of the “ Daily Star Expedition ” was upheld never to degenerate again.

Our private car, a la prairie schooner, left Santa Barbara

Thursday morning amid the noisy barking of dogs, the insinuating slurs of small boys and the curious gaze of the whole town on the "Star" outfit, which the commander-in-chief considered as a compliment. The admiration of the fair sex directed toward us was also very noticeable. The kodak fiend thinks it was for him alone, but the rest of us are not willing to concede all the beauty of the outfit to be possessed by this beardless youth. Our journey that day took us through the Santa Barbara Valley, a country with small rolling ranches very much of the character and appearance of Pennsylvania farms. In the afternoon we ascended the San Marcus Pass over the San Ynez Mountains. The road is very difficult of access in many places. That night we stopped at the summit of the road at an elevation of four thousand feet. The so-called pass is nothing more than a wagon road over the mountains. We made but seventeen miles this day.

Friday morning found us descending the San Marcus Pass and the worst road of the trip was experienced. Tremendous grade, turns, boulders, sand and everything that goes to make up a poor road was in our passage. After eight miles of this sort of traveling we entered the delightful San Ynez Valley where the road is shaded and mammoth old oak trees dot the rolling fields of growing grain for a distance of nearly twenty miles. The country, however, shows a lack of water and already most of the fields have attained a brownish hue. Coveys of quail and flocks of wild pigeons were so numerous that our passage was blocked several times. That day we met Mr. Andrew Waters, a former well known Pasadena artist, who is now so-

journing in the Santa Ynez Mountains and whose delicate health has been greatly benefited by the change. In covering a distance of fifteen miles we passed but one house, which shows how the country is settled. After traveling twenty-two miles that day we made camp at Santa Ynez, a town of about three hundred inhabitants. The business portion is mostly saloons and the locality is said to be one of the hottest in the State. The state of the weather we experienced there corroborates the statement.

Leaving Santa Ynez, Saturday morning, we passed



PHOTO BY RALPH

In camp at Santa Ynez, Santa Barbara County

through the town of Ballard, three miles from the last named place, and Los Olivas, three miles from Ballard. From here we entered the famous Sis-quoc Valley, noted for its immense dairy farms and good pasture lands. The road was nearly all down hill and conspicuously good

and a distance of twenty-nine miles was traveled to the hamlet of Garey, where our schooner dropped anchor and furled sail on a crusty gentleman's lot. The man accosted us with blood in his eye, but our Yankee captain soon smoothed the ruffles out of the owner's temper and the anchor remained fast for the night. The land in the Sis-quoc Valley is divided into very large dairy, hay, and grain ranches, well cultivated, with houses few and far apart.

Sunday morning found us going through a delightfully level grain country and our schooner virtually sailed over a field of wheat and barley for a distance of twelve miles when Santa Maria was reached. The town is prosperous looking and claims about twelve hundred inhabitants. Nipomo, a city of about half the size, five miles farther on, was our Sunday dinner stopping place. Here a tramp preacher overtook us and saved us the necessity of attending church. Nipomo brags of producing the finest apricots in the country. Arroyo Grande, eight miles farther on, is the next city. The place claims fifteen hundred population, has two weekly newspapers and about seventeen saloons. From Arroyo Grande we encountered some more poor roads, sandy and hilly. The country changes decidedly in character after leaving the last named city. Poor looking farmhouses and poorer looking farms are conspicuous, although it is quite thickly settled. That night we had a difficult time in reaching camp. Every countryman measures distances differently. One would tell us to stop at the only camping place, five miles farther on. After going four miles another would give us the same advice and the same distance and so on. These poor country folk are honest, but mighty ignorant as to the length of a mile.

Camp was finally made at Corral de Piedre on the Dowell ranch, a somewhat sequestered locality five miles from Arroyo Grande. We broke the record by making thirty-three miles for the day. Here we have the "old oaken bucket" and water that is pleasant enough to the taste, but has all the appearance of strong coffee.

Monday morning, after ten miles traveling, saw us at San

Luis Obispo. The captain of the schooner put for the barber shop, the kodak fiend and steward struck for an ice-cream saloon, while the "Star" man or first mate found several letters awaiting him at the post-office.

San Luis Obispo at first appearance is quite a pretty little place. The business section is nearly as large as Pasadena, although the population is but thirty-two hundred. Mountain ranges fence the city on all sides and the place is a great center for the farmers for several miles around. Business is depressingly quiet, however, and ice-cream sells for fifteen cents a plate. This is an outrage and we leave here tomorrow noon, when the captain will take up the thread of the "Star Expedition's" log book and report in letter number four. "Noot."

PASO. ROBLES, CAL., May 11.

DEAR EDITOR AND STAR READERS:—

My competing literary antagonist, "Noot," and myself have formed a literary trust or combine, each agreeing to allow the other to do half of the "Star" letter writing in connection with our trip and divide the spoils equally. If said spoils are sufficiently large, we propose to erect guideboards at every highway junction in California and clear the state of all the barbed wire and hay wire that is kicking about loose and everlastingly getting itself mixed up with

Camille Ranch - the
 home of the famous
 California cowboys.
 Famous story of the
 "Camille" cowboys.

The Del Valle House, which is
 the story of Ramona land.



The Court.



The Ranch sets the
 living master and con-
 vey to a common
 ground.



Ramona's Room.

The Ranch Chapel
 a chapel was built
 was building not to
 be done without in all
 of Ramona's sense.



The Terrace of the
 'Big' street the morning
 drive of the days so
 from the ground for four
 from the ground for four.

Flowers on a California
 Bend - Two above
 of California at
 Ventura.

PHOTOS BY RALPH

SCENES AT AND NEAR THE CAMULUS RANCH, WHERE HELEN HUNT JACKSON WROTE "RAMONA"

everything that moves about on legs or wheels. Should we fail to accomplish this good work, allow me to advise you all to lose no opportunity to let the job to the first kind-hearted millionaire you find that is famishing for missionary fame.

To be relieved of half the letter writing to the "Star" in connection with our trip is most agreeable to myself and I am sure that "Star" readers will heave a sigh of relief. "Noot" has just finished his first effort. It so shines with original literary polish that I assure you it is an embarrassing duty for me to attempt anything in comparison that can possibly interest the many classical critics among "Star" readers.

Our prairie schooner weighed anchor this morning at an early hour in order to sail over San Luis Obispo Mountains before the extreme heat of the day. About three miles from this city the mountain grade commences. The road is extremely smooth and hard and the grade easy but long, about six miles of continuous winding and climbing. In her mountain architecture Nature seems to have possessed an unlimited stock of originality. She has done some large jobs in this state in mountain building and in every case seems to have worked from original plans. In every case she uses a different style of architecture, different material and different outside finish.

Unlike Casitas Pass near Santa Barbara, which for undisturbed natural beauty, grandeur and wealth of flowering vegetation is thus far the most interesting, this pass over San Luis Obispo Mountains presents fewer yet broader pictures. It is one broad expanse of large mountain

ranches and grazing hills, sparsely dotted with trees nearly all oak. The winding roadway is lined with large grain fields stood up edgewise — cut on the bias as it were. It is a great thoroughfare for heavy teaming, in evidence of which many four-in-hand freighting teams were seen above and below us in our climb to the summit.

Today we have made thirty-two miles, including this mountain pass, driving through the towns of Santa Margarita, Paloma and Templeton to Paso Robles where we are camped for the night in the heart of the city on the main boulevard under a massive oak measuring sixteen and a half feet in circumference. It has been a delightful ride. After crossing the mountains the road winds continuously among large rolling hills, dotted with oaks resembling in shape eastern apple trees, making the whole



PHOTO BY RALPH
Yosemite bound wreck

distance appear like a vast expanse of New England apple orchard, a large portion of which is sown to grain. The dark bronze green color of the oak on distant hills, carpeted with waving grain fields almost a Nile green, makes a grand picture and combination of colors most pleasing to the eye. Paso Robles has eighteen hundred human beings. It is the cleanest and prettiest little city we have seen since our back turned on lovely Pasadena. It has many brick buildings

and a hotel of which any city might well be proud and the finest schoolhouse we have seen in California excepting only Riverside's new high school building. She has also a street railway and a very large, elegantly appointed bath house where she makes a specialty of rheumatic treatment.

The same day we arrived at San Luis Obispo, a party of six persons departed therefrom for the Yosemite valley in a large camp wagon drawn by four horses. In their passage of the mountains the first half day out the driver lost control of his horses, and they dashed down the steep grade smashing things generally. It was almost a miracle that anything was left by which to identify the team or the occupants. Luckily, however, no one was seriously injured. The wreck by the roadside as we passed made a fine snap shot for our kodak fiend, and we had a short interview with the victims of the catastrophe, who were camped a little farther down the mountain waiting for another conveyance in which to continue the journey.

CAMP ISOLATION, May 12.

Tonight finds us camped in a beautiful spot under the shade of giant trees on the east bank of the San Antonio River in Monterey County. The interest of our trip increases as the days go by. Everything in connection with our camp life has become so systematic that the ship sails like clockwork. The cook has distinguished himself in the culinary department.

“Noot” is improving morally, socially and physically. He

has discovered the advantage of being in good company and is profiting thereby. His antics at first were almost unbearable—the first day he used salt for sweetening his tea, making it necessary for the “chef” to duplicate his allowance, and the second day he drank the castor oil which was specially intended to prevent friction on the schooner’s axles.

Realizing his ungovernable appetite we could only overlook such evidence of childish greed. He is not now, however, the undeveloped, beardless youth that his friends looked upon when he left Pasadena. A heavy growth of crushed strawberry whiskers has appeared on the surface of his heretofore juvenile looking face, which, if not checked in some way, will spoil his chances for family recognition. He has distinguished himself, however, as a manipulator of the shotgun. Every morning since he joined



PHOTO BY RALPH

Camping on San Antonio River

us we have breakfasted on wild game brought down by his skilful aim. We are living way up in G sharp. Game for breakfast with a fresh strawberry accompaniment and the finest coffee on earth; consomme soup and other things too numerous to mention for lunch; a course dinner at six with Porterhouse steak and fresh strawberries as leading features.

We left Paso Robles at an early hour this morning. A charming drive of nine miles took us to San Miguel, where

just before entering the town "Noot" and the cook took a "snap shot" at the old mission. It has been a gala day at San Miguel. "Fun for the Indians" by wholesale, with the following program: a baseball match, a prize fight, a grand barbecue, horse racing, with a grand ball in the evening. The crowd was fast gathering when we entered the town and the temptation to stop and witness the fun was great, but we resolved to resist that temptation, until our expedition was hailed by the editor and proprietor of the "San Miguel Messenger," who came running after us hatless, coatless and almost breathless to secure our distinguished presence at the day's festivities. An introduction proved this man to be Mr. L. B. Woodruff, an old and esteemed friend in the family of Mr. Gardner, proprietor and editor of the "Star." We could no longer resist and thus surrendered to his wishes, stopping about three hours.

Our cook is a veritable baseball crank, so we joined him in witnessing the game, which was somewhat spirited and correspondingly interesting. A free dinner never fails to draw a big crowd and this was no exception. The rural districts were fully represented, giving us an opportunity to witness a happy throng of genuine California ranchmen enjoying a hilarious outing. Mr. Woodruff's kindness during our brief stay was thoroughly appreciated. At one o'clock P. M. we resumed our journey, driving seventeen miles through a rolling country of immense wheat fields, passing only two ranch houses in the whole distance. At one of these we stopped for water for man and beast, where we listened to a large dose of rattlesnake oratory delivered by the proprietor. He says this is the champion rattle-

snake section of California. As evidence of his claim, he produced a young man who was a victim to the bite of this undesirable family associate. The young man escaped death only by a small margin. Our informant said he had often killed rattlesnakes in his dooryard and that he had often seen tarantulas and centipedes put on the gloves in a bloody fray. To further prove his claim that this section produces a volunteer crop of snakes, he said that campers hereabouts who pitch their bed on the ground, always carry a hair rope with which to surround their bed and which the snakes never deign to cross. Our day's entertainment concluded by witnessing the skill of six mounted cowboys rounding up a herd of cattle which they drove ahead of us for some distance. The unruly herd brought out several exhibitions of lassoing skill which was lustily cheered by the "Star Expedition."

E. B.

SAN JOSE, SANTA CLARA CO., May 20.

DEAR EDITOR AND STAR READERS :—

The moment we arrived in San Jose, the "Star" literary acrobat of our expedition laid down his mighty pen, mailed you the proceeds thereof — an able, descriptive article—and it again becomes my solemn and dignified duty to speak my little piece. I feel specially solemn on this occasion because of the flighty conduct of this newspaper man, and the solemnity is increased by the fact that I feel it my duty to relate his boyish freaks.

Yesterday, while we were climbing the Santa Cruz Mountains, our expedition overtook a "song and dance show" which is traveling through the country in a humble, inexpensive manner like ourselves. The outfit consists of two teams loaded with the necessary paraphernalia for pitching tent wherever there is sufficient evidence of a forthcoming audience. The cast of characters is represented by three male and two charming female artists.

The steep grade made it necessary for the mate and steward of our schooner to walk. For the same reason, I

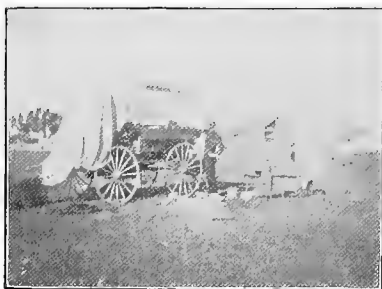


PHOTO BY RALPH

In camp at Eastroville, Monterey County

presume, the aforesaid feminine "song and dance" artists were sauntering leisurely along, apparently enjoying the wonderful, wooded scenery, deep gorges and miniature mountain rivers hurrying to join the mighty waters of the Pacific.

As usual it was my duty to handle the reins and I drove past the "show" which was making slow progress by reason of a balky horse. The aforesaid lady artists were extravagantly attractive in bloomer costumes, leather leggings and jaunty sunbonnets. These little matters of dress were very prominent, else they would have escaped my notice.

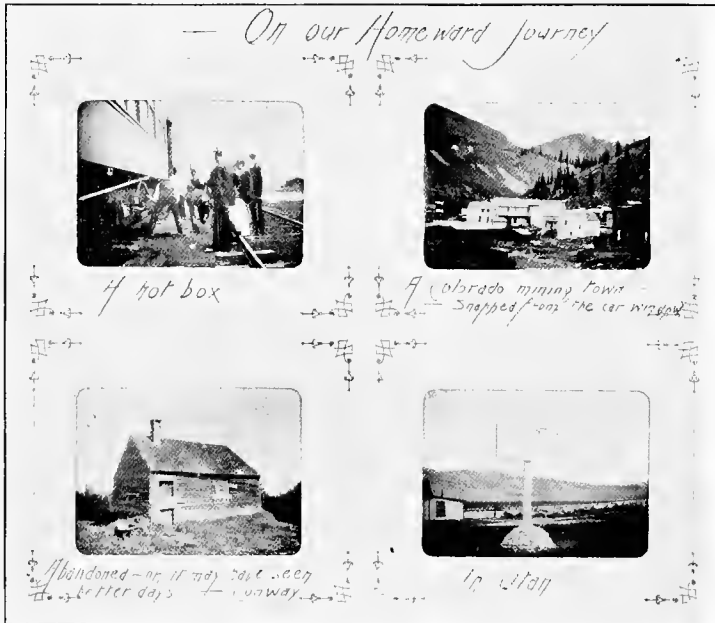
My pedestrian companions had been ahead of me, but they now became seriously interested in the show business and

fell behind to sympathize with the management for their balky horse misfortune and it occurred to me that they were showing sympathetic partiality in the female department. "Noot," the "Star" man, had assumed such a striking "Jo-Jo" appearance by reason of his unshaved face and newly born crushed strawberry whiskers, that I began to fear the show management would kidnap him as a special feature. Matters were getting so mixed that I found it difficult to determine whether my Yosemite companions wore hats or sunbonnets. Realizing that quick action on my part as captain of the party was necessary, in the words of Jeremiah Rusk, "I seen my duty and done it." The boyish nature of the cook offers some excuse for his conduct, but for a married man with a family to so suddenly become stage struck is almost inexcusable. This being his first offence, I shall not mention the matter outside of the daily papers. The second offence I propose to advertise.

I had not the pleasure of reading "Noot's" description of the "pass" over the Santa Cruz Mountains. I will venture to say, however, that with all his descriptive powers he did not do justice to the scene. It is a charming mountain ride, even with the "bloomer girls" out of the program.

The city of San Jose has good reason for boasting of her beauty. She claims 30,000 human souls, all of whom have reason to boast of her many charms. I have heard it stated that she is prettier than Pasadena. I have now seen both cities, and I fail to understand how any unprejudiced person can make such a statement. Pasadena's location and natural surroundings are by far the prettier, and she wears better clothes. The architecture of her residences is more

modern, varied and attractive. Her streets and avenues are better kept, and her residences located so far from the street with such broad and deep lawns so beautifully adorned by artistic landscape gardening makes San Jose suffer sadly by comparison. She is larger than Pasadena,



PHOTOS BY RALPH

" IN UTAH — WHERE THE GOLD SPIKE WAS DRIVEN AT THE COMPLETION
OF THE UNION PACIFIC R. R.

but she isn't "tailor made." Her form is not so perfect, and her clothes don't fit as well. She is too large around the waist, her pants bag at the knees, she doesn't wear the

latest improved style of corsets, nor prune her finger nails, as does Pasadena. Grover Cleveland is a larger man than Mrs. Cleveland, but his architectural corpulence spoils his chances as a thing of beauty. His chances of taking a prize in that line, with his better half as a competitor, are just as good, however, as are San Jose's chances with Pasadena. San Jose is a charming city, but she wants to get herself a different location, have her clothes made by a first-class tailor, black her boots, and get at least two shaves per week, before entering a baby show with Pasadena.

That San Jose is the center of the richest deciduous fruit county in California is too well known to be denied. Her prune, cherry, peach, and apricot orchards and grape vineyards are truly fine, and the acreage is enormous.

Santa Clara County is one broad level expanse of garden-like fruit ranches, and her roads are fine. She claims to spend \$100,000 annually on her county highways. We did not count her fruit trees, but here is what she claims: Apple, 44,840; apricot, 535,000; cherry, 159,098; fig, 2,241; lemon, 1,554; nectarine, 894; olive, 17,886; orange, 1,835; peach, 405,731; pear, 144,877; plum, 44,562; prune, 2,961,114; quince, 1,308; almond, 24,050; English walnut, 11,772. She claims that she produces nearly three times as many prunes as the entire product of America outside of her county, all California included.

SAN MATEO, May 21.

Today we have driven thirty miles over a beautiful road, every inch of which is watered.

The interesting feature of the day was our visit to the Stanford University at Palo Alto. It is located a half mile from the county road to 'Frisco, and eighteen miles from San Jose. Substantial, artistic, and appropriate stone work marks the entrance, where we turned square to the left and were sailing triumphantly toward the college buildings, when an agreeable surprise came to us in the person of Professor Polley of Pasadena, now one of the college faculty. He appeared to share in the joy of the meeting, and at once volunteered his services as guide, inviting us to make our noon camping grounds on the college premises. Knowing his extreme love of camp life we invited him to lunch with the "Star Expedition," which invitation he kindly accepted. Our "chef" distinguished himself by serving up one of his most dainty lunches, and the professor seemed to share with us the pleasure of eating a lunch unburdened by table etiquette and the privilege of using "Mother Earth" as a bone-dish. Lunch over, we enjoyed a tour of the college buildings and surroundings, together with a visit to the celebrated Stanford Stock Farm. The college buildings, for the most part, are of Spanish architecture, and only one story high. The material is a California stone, color, a rich shade of buff, and so substantially built as to suggest their object, as a monument to the lamented son of the founder.

At the stock farm we were shown the celebrated trotters and runners, the most valuable of which is "Advertiser." He looked like any other good-looking horse, until a man whose face bore evidence of Sunday School training informed us that an offer of \$150,000 for him had been rejected. "Noot" now saw an opportunity to unload a

portion of a large fortune promised him by his family fortune teller, the prospective weight of which is already making him round shouldered, whereupon he offered \$160,000 for the animal. His offer, however, was made in a meaningless tone of voice and at an inconvenient distance to be heard by the owner's representative.

During the afternoon we passed through two places which brought forth enthusiasm from the cook and the writer. The first being Lawrence, the name of the birthplace of the cook in Massachusetts, the other Belmont, the name of my own birthplace in Maine.

Night found us anchored at San Mateo, with the Pacific Ocean on one side and San Francisco Bay on the other. After the cook had served one of his famous six o'clock dinners, and the smoke from our little cook stove had died away, it soon dawned upon us that we had anchored in a hotbed of mosquitoes. Holy Moses! How they did swarm. We had just engaged in our evening literary work when they came in such numbers and with such boring facilities as no man outside of New Jersey could endure.

"Noot" opened up means of defense with his corncob pipe. This seemed only to stimulate them to greater action. A smouldering fire built in an iron spider, and placed in our closed prairie schooner, was the next resort, which turned our writing room into a veritable smoke house, and drove every living thing therefrom. A native living near us came upon the scene and begged us not to advertise our mosquito experience, as it would stem the tide of immigration to that vicinity. We made no promises, accepted no bribes, and do not propose to smother the truth.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 22.

Arrived here today at noon, are twenty miles from mosquito hollow, and in such a climate as mosquitoes shun. The last sixty-eight miles of our drive is level and smooth and watered the entire distance. The last ten miles are close to the water's edge of the San Francisco Bay. A range of high hills skirts the bay, terminating in high bluffs close to the coast line. The coast line is irregular and winding, the bluff almost overhanging the roadway, making a combination of marine and mountain scenery at once beautiful and picturesque.

A mounted policeman in the suburbs of 'Frisco informed us that camp life therein was a temptation to thieves, whereupon we stabled our camping outfit and secured hotel accommodations for a two days' tarry in California's great metropolis. The cuffs on our blue woolen shirts were reversed at once. Some of the larger spots were removed from the front side of our wearing apparel from the chin downward, caused by absence of napkins and other infrequent use of "Ruth Ashmore" table etiquette. Tonsorial artists were patronized and we otherwise divested ourselves of "Weary Willy" appearance and set out to "do" the city, making a study of large returns for small investments. 'Frisco boasts of the best harbor in the world, but she forgets to say that a ship should be well insured before entering the Golden Gate. Being poor swimmers we took her word for the superiority of her harbor without investigation. She also boasts of the finest street railway system on earth. The truth of this statement we are ready to corroborate.

In order to get even with her conceited claims I will state boldly that her climate and the condition of her streets are enough to drive a weak minded man to drink. A ride on the Oakland Ferry took us across the bay to Berkely and the fine residence city of Oakland. Chinatown, the Cliff House, Sutro Heights, Seal Rock and Golden Gate Park we also made famous by our distinguished presence. The park is indeed a charming place. I believe that Philadelphia claims the finest park in America. Such may be true at present, but Fairmount Park should be informed that she has a dangerous competitor. Golden Gate Park is only a baby; she is a darling. Nature's part in her birthplace is perfection, and she has that great advantage over her eastern competitors of the endless growth of her vegetation every day in the year.



PHOTO BY RALPH

Seal rocks at San Francisco

The aviary is a grand illustration of "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." About two acres of natural trees are made into a mammoth bird cage, inside of which is a collection of beautiful birds, the sight and song of which are well calculated to drive away the blues. This bird paradise is covered and surrounded by a wire netting of about a half inch mesh, so that the tiniest birds with perfect freedom of the two acres of trees are unconsciously in captivity. The special feat-

ures of the park are too numerous to be described herein in detail. We were there on Sunday. The day was unusually fine for 'Frisco, the beautiful surroundings were gaily decorated by the elite of the city from the bicycle to the "six-in-hand," altogether making a scene such as a reasonable person should be satisfied with in heaven.

Monday the 24th, at 6 P. M., our caravan was placed on a Stockton steamer which took us up the San Joaquin River to the city of Stockton, distance 118 miles. It has just dawned upon me that quantity in this letter is a larger man than quality. I will give "Star" readers the benefit of this fresh idea and transfer until further notice, the correspondence of our expedition to my traveling companion and polished literary competitor.

E. B.

DEAR EDITOR AND STAR READERS:—

Ovations, including banquets, eggs, rocks, vegetables and profanity continue to be showered on the "Daily Star Exhibition" as it pursues its majestic course to the Yosemite. Nothing bars the good ship's progress as it goes sailing on. It was in San Francisco that the "Star Expedition" attracted the most attention and was virtually transformed into the "Daily Star Exhibition." There we made our biggest hit; that is, our schooner nearly knocked a cable car off the track. Besides, the captain's violin playing caused a big sensation by nearly getting us all in the lockup for disturbing the peace. Coming down Market Street, Monday evening, drays, hacks, etc., gave way to us and by six o'clock

the "Star Exhibition" and outfit were stored safely on the steamship Captain Weber and started for San Quentin and Stockton. By keeping close to the cabin and not disclosing our identity we escaped the former place. A state room near the whistle was obtained at a bargain, and in consequence we lay awake all night. The next time we will charter the whistle with the room.

Tuesday morning, the 25th of May, saw us on the road from Stockton and through a portion of the famous San Joaquin Valley. Large grain farms far as the eye could see, were traveled through that day. The roads are hard and level, so that we made excellent time. That night we camped near a farmhouse thirty-two miles from Stockton. Strange to relate that in less than an hour after our departure the next morning the house was entirely consumed by fire.

Continuing our course we passed through Knight's Ferry, a small town on the Stanislaus River, quite a large stream and what down-easters would allow the title of creek. Here the "Star" crowd got in another altercation that nearly swamped it. In passing through the covered bridge which allows only one team to cross at a time we were intercepted by the mail stage, which entered the bridge several minutes after we did, in spite of our shouts of warning. Here was a pretty predicament. The stage driver was called upon to explain. His only excuse was that he thought we were leaving instead of entering the bridge. Gruff, stupid and impertinent, he refused to back out and warned us against the seriousness of delaying the U. S. mail. A delay of nearly an hour ensued when the

passengers in the stage became impatient and came to the rescue by apologizing for their driver and offering to back our team. In consideration of their time and feelings we accepted their assistance and unharnessing our horses, backed the team out. The stage drivers in this section of California are an uncompromising lot and seem to think that they own the whole road. We have since had another difficulty on the Yosemite stage line, but insisted on our rights and secured them. The road from Knight's Ferry to Chinese Camp, a distance of nine miles, is a disgrace

to any county. To be any worse than it is at present would render it impassible. So thick was the flying dust that the shadow of our team could be seen on it. Large boulders, chuck holes, big enough to bury us, and everything that goes to make up a poor road is on this thorough-

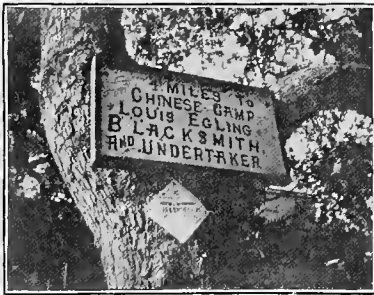


PHOTO BY RALPH

Diversified interests of Rural California

fare. Our stopping-place for the night was at Chinese Camp, a mining camp of about one hundred and fifty inhabitants. Its name is, however, not suggestive of its inhabitants, for not a celestial did we see there. Rich mines are nearby and, strange to say, there is but one saloon, to one grocery, one blacksmith, one undertaker, etc. Here we stocked up our commissary department and thus saved paying two or three prices for the goods in the valley.

Thursday saw us winding along the road on the beautiful Tuolumne River crossing Moffits bridge, thence ascending Priest's Hill, where we rise 1400 feet in a distance of about two miles, so steep is the grade.

Leaving Priest's hotel we enter the famous Big Oak Flat road, so called for an enormous oak that once flourished near Groveland. Spinning onward among groves of small pine, fir and oak we passed Groveland, a small mining town anchoring for the night at Garrote, the home of two famous old bachelors, Messrs. Chaffey and Chamberlain, seventeen miles from Chinese Camp. A finer brace of old bachelors never existed than these two. Mr. Chamberlain is seventy-four years old and Mr. Chaffey seventy-two. They have lived forty-five years together on this same spot and like man and wife, exceptions allowed, are much

devoted to each other. Their pretty vine-trellised home and picturesque surroundings are an unvarying attraction. A fine apple orchard is also a part of their property. These gentlemen are heroes of one of Bret Harte's best stories, "Tennessee's Partner," Mr. Chamberlain being represented as Tennessee and Mr. Chaffey as partner. In the story Mr. Chamberlain was hung and he says that "he still lives with



PHOTO BY RALPH

"Noot" climbing Priest's Hill,
Tuolumne County

the rope around his neck." Mr. Chaffey tells an amusing incident in regard to himself which happened last July. For the first time in thirty-five years he went to San Francisco near by at the solicitation of a friend and while stopping at the hotel there met several old friends and some new ones. The next day he was thunderstruck on seeing a large portrait of himself in both the "Examiner" and "Chronicle," with a long account of his deeds, with special reference to his part in "Tennessee and Partner, papers corroborating Mr. Chaffey's evidence, and that gentleman now has great respect for the enterprise of newspaper reporters and artists. The productions are also unusually good. The "Star" orchestra entertained these good friends that evening.

Friday our course continued towards the valley, while pine covered hills gave way to lofty wooded mountains. Immense forests of beautiful lichen covered trees of yellow and sugar pine and other varieties were passed and just before reaching Crocker's hotel the great Yosemite National park was entered. The park comprises a million acres and is a government reservation, while the valley proper contains 8480 acres which is the state's property. We spent the following day resting at Crocker's, which is one of the most delightful camping places in the mountains. The Crockers are royal good people and never fail to make friends of their guests.

This place is the starting point for the famous Hetch Hetchy Valley and Lake Eleanor, besides being in the vicinity of the Tuolumne River, famous for its trout fishing. We tried the fishing in the afternoon, and succeeded in

breaking two fish poles, one a \$5 rod, and got one bite. The kodak fiend was the man bitten, and he never fails to brag of the feat. The water is now too high for fishing and will be for a month yet.

Leaving Crocker's, Sunday morning, we gazed in silent



PHOTOS BY RALPH

NEARING THE YOSEMITE

wonderment as scene after scene presented itself on this famous drive of twenty-five miles to the Yosemite Valley. First our course was enclosed in almost impenetrable forests of trees of various varieties, the yellow pine being

the prevailing variety. Six miles from our starting point we entered the famous grove of big trees, thirty in number. The captain immediately began to climb one to test its height, while the kodak fiend tried in vain to get a whole tree in his camera. The rest of us sat still and recited some appropriate lines from Bill Nye, so impressive was the scene. The captain is a pretty good straddler, but the big trees he found invincible.

Drove through the tunnel in the famous "Dead Giant," now thirty-one feet in diameter, although many forest



PHOTO BY RALPH

In camp at "Happy Camp".
Mariposa County

fires have reduced its huge proportions. The remains of what is said to have been the largest tree in the world we photographed and gazed upon. With much regret we left the trees as they stood, and ascended the road to the summit of the Sierra Nevadas at an elevation of 7000 feet. There we

took lunch amid the snow, and indulged in a good old-fashioned snowball fight.

In the afternoon we began the descent into the valley and the grandest part of the whole trip opened. Suddenly, without warning, the deep canyon of the Merced River is brought to view, and here visitors are so much impressed with the scene that they involuntarily ejaculate, "Oh!

My!", and thus, the grand view has been christened "Oh! My! Point."

Gradually we unravel our way down the steep mountain road into the valley below, and different scenes are disclosed to our view in quick succession, of such overwhelming majesty that speech is hushed, and we gaze in silent wonderment. The great masses of solid, perpendicular rock towering thousands of feet above the valley, with narrow ribbons of foaming, seething water falling from the heights, until lost in belts of spray, make a picture that defies the skill of an artist. Silently we endeavor to drink it all in — the scenery, not the water — and the captain becomes so intoxicated with the sight that he nearly falls off the driver's box.

Our reverie continues, and we enter the floor of the valley and gaze above on the ever-changing panorama, enhanced by the beautiful light effects of the disappearing sun. Suddenly a plaintive call is heard, which adds sadness to the beauty of the scene. The voice grows more familiar, and pretty soon several millions and a few odd Jersey mosquitoes pounce on our well-nurtured frames with such savage ferocity that we are obliged to quote very common prose. Several quarts of dead and wounded mosquitoes are picked from our pin-cushioned bodies. We continue the fight amid the muffled but encouraging words of our leader, and, at last, on emerging from the smoke of the scene and to the shade of the pines, the mosquitoes leave us and the victory is ours.

Today we have been taking it easy, and tomorrow we begin to analyze some of the chief points of interest. The

show is so vast, and the sights so varied, that but a kaleid-
oscopic impression of the whole scene can be obtained in
our limited stay. It is little wonder that so many on reach-
ing the valley involuntarily repeat, "If this be earth, what
must heaven be." Everything is on such a vast scale that
one's idea of distance is dwarfed, and one cannot fairly
appreciate the immensity and magnificence of the Yosemite
Valley, one of Nature's greatest works on earth, without
close study and familiarity. "Noor."

DEAR EDITOR AND STAR READERS:—

After a journey of more than seven hundred miles, "The
Daily Star Expedition to Yosemite" finds itself anchored
in that wonder of wonders, the Yosemite Valley. Long ere
this you have read the last descriptive effort of my worthy
"traveling companion and polished literary competitor," and
you will notice that he ended that brilliant production
immediately on our arrival, leaving on my hands a job of
such descriptive magnitude as no living being has ever
mastered. Such masterly evidence of longheadedness on
his part might possibly be interpreted as a compliment to
my descriptive ability. Let me assure you that such is not
his intention. It is a full-grown, life-size case of premed-
itated shirking. The medicine is prepared for me, however,
and I see no other alternative but to take it. Unfortunately
for "Star" readers, they must suffer the result of the dose.
It occurs to me that in this, His greatest work of awe-
inspiring scenic grandeur, the Almighty showed a defect

in judgment, that He didn't either print a descriptive pamphlet worthy of His great work, or create a brain capable of drawing a pen picture of its magnitude, the same to be distributed among His numerous children whose domestic duties prevent them from visiting the show in person.

When I am permitted to witness exhibitions of wonder,



GRIZZLY GIANT, MARAPOSA GROVE, 32 FEET IN DIAMETER

either in nature or art, my thoughts wander to my friends at home, and inwardly I exclaim, "O, that every one of them could be here!" Then I say to myself, I will use the little power of description nature has given me, and paint

the picture as best I can. I believe that a lesser effort is an unperformed duty which makes one unworthy of true friendship.

As an outlined introduction to the entrance to the valley by the "Big Oak Flat Road," let me take you to "Oh! My! Point," which is almost 2000 feet above the floor of the valley, and about six miles from it. Here the first glimpse is had of the sullen depths of the great canyon through which flows the Merced River. The scene bursts upon you so suddenly, and with such unspeakable grandeur,



PHOTO BY RALPH

Going down into Yosemite Valley

that this Oh! My! exclamation of tourists gave the point its name. In the remaining six miles you make a plunge of 2000 feet, winding along by hair-breadth escapes, beside deep gorges and seemingly bottomless pits, while scene after scene is thrust upon you too grand to be described or forgotten.

Now we have made the steep descent and are on the floor of the valley. A reception committee of mosquitoes, innumerable and ferocious, at once take you into their confidence, performing feats of sociability bordering on tragedy. Each one is armed with a newly sharpened boring apparatus with which to take samples of blood and test the patience and godliness of fresh arrivals. That the same

architect, contractor, and builder should create such majestic grandeur as this, and with bold premeditation clog its boulevard with such an unceremonious reception committee to harass the life of would-be admirers, is beyond my comprehension. Let it be understood, however, that when you have passed the threshold of the valley these tormentors are left behind.

My first impression of the valley, with the towering granite walls that surround it, was that of a vast natural prison. It is said to be seven miles long by one mile wide in the widest place. A small portion is under a state of cultivation, but for the most part it is as Nature made it. Portions are covered with pine, cedar, fir, and oak, some of which measure thirty feet in circumference. To my mind the valley itself is not specially charming. It is the wonderful granite walls that surround it, the great waterfalls, and the numerous side trips of scenic wonder that have made it so famous.

The perpendicular walls that encompass it are in many places more than 3000 feet above its surface. A prominent section of the wall is El Capitan, — that mountain of vertical mountains 3000 feet above the valley, — more than three-fifths of a mile. It may be said that its walls are more than perpendicular, as the top overhangs the base nearly a hundred feet. Do you realize the immensity of a vertical granite wall 3000 feet in height?

In order that the average reader may better comprehend these enormous heights, take for illustration the average six-story block, which is less than one hundred feet high. A simple problem of multiplication will show you that thirty six-story blocks piled one above the other would

only reach the top of this unparalleled mass of granite. In a recess of the mountain wall, forming part of El Capitan, is the Riban Fall, which makes an unbroken leap of over 2000 feet. When you consider that El Capitan is only a small section of the almost continuous wall surrounding the valley, a large portion of which is nearly as high, — some still higher,— you will agree that no language can ever portray the impressive majesty of presence herein experienced. Man here finds himself face to face with his Maker, and he who is so laden with egotism as not to be made to feel his littleness deserves human pity.

Outside of the indescribable grandeur of this granite enclosure, the leading feature of the valley proper is the Yosemite Fall. Near the center of the valley on the west side, over the sharp edge of granite, and in a water-chiselled channel of its own 2600 feet above the valley, shoots an angry torrent, said to be thirty feet wide. At a single bound this great body of water tumbles down beside these vertical walls 1500 feet; then, by a series of cascades and rapids, hurries through a rock-ribbed channel descending five hundred additional feet to make another perpendicular plunge of five hundred feet. Sparkling and foaming in the sunlight as its particles are divided in its terrible velocity, combined with the liquid madness and rebounding spray as it strikes the unyielding rocks below, the effect is truly grand. The rumbling roar of this cataract is continuously heard two or three miles away. This is claimed to be the highest waterfall in the world.

Though not so large or high as others to be seen here, the Bridal Veil Fall gives the most artistic effect. A

stream of water nearly as large as the Yosemite Fall shoots into the air over a precipice nine hundred feet high. The peculiar formation of the mountain side in the vicinity of this fall causes a strong current of air which so lifts and plays with the water as to charm the beholder. Every sun-lighted afternoon, between three-thirty and six o'clock, rainbow effects span its eddying base, making an enchantingly beautiful sight.

As a relief to this descriptive monotony, let me quote from the apothicated price list of the necessities of life: Milk, fifteen cents per quart; eggs, thirty-five cents per dozen; butter, seventy-five cents per roll; bread, two loaves for twenty-five cents; hay, thirty dollars per ton; rolled barley, three dollars and fifty cents per hundred pounds. The blacksmith informed us that the freight alone on his coal costs him, when landed here, fifty dollars per ton. The exorbitant freight rates to Fresno are a good illustration of railroad monopoly. Add to this the hundred miles from Fresno by freight wagons, over the steep mountain grades, and also the toll tax over the toll road, and the first cost of heavy, low-price goods is a small item when compared to the cost of getting them here. Talk about monopolies? The Yosemite Valley is a monopoly worthy of the name. It has no competitor, else its isolated location would drive it out of business. When some enterprising monopoly-smashing individual builds a competing Yosemite where the masses can get to it, this grandest scenic exhibition on earth will go into bankruptcy. My advice, however, is, don't wait for the imitation. The original was a long time introducing itself to the public, and its everlast-

ing patience deserves great consideration. Let me assure you that its many attractions have been kept in good repair during these thousands of years of patient waiting, and if you can't come to the show this season I feel justified in assuring you that everything will be in first-class running order next year.



YOSEMITE FALLS, MORE THAN 3000 FEET HIGH

Our first side trip was to Vernal and Nevada Falls, and the little Yosemite Valley. We are camped directly under the shadow of the Royal Arches. Two miles from our camp commences the trail leading to Vernal Fall. The

trail winds up, up the steep canyon through which flows the Merced River. The river bed is a mass of huge boulders, over which this great body of water comes tumbling like ten thousand hungry bloodhounds. In less than a mile from the beginning of the trail the great fall shows itself without the least evidence of being ashamed of its appearance. Its width where it tumbles over the precipice is eighty feet, with an uninterrupted fall of three hundred and fifty feet. Seen in the sunlight it resembles a cataract of crystals of sparkling brightness, at the beginning of which vast billows of spray are out-rolled, upon which the sun builds most beautiful rainbows.

There are two means of reaching the top of the fall, one by "The Ladders" and the other by the mule-trail. To save time, and prevent being mulish, we chose "The Ladders," following the river up this zigzagging ladder trail through the drenching spray close by the fall to the river's jumping-off place. We afterward learned that this feat is "not to be entertained going up," which gave us a boyish feeling of heroism. From the top of Vernal Fall is plainly seen its cataract competitor, Nevada Fall.

A steep, winding trail of nearly two miles takes you through a city of boulders of enormous size. This trail, lined with these formidable, quaintly-formed boulders, reminded us of a street in the city of Cairo.

The Nevada Fall makes an undisturbed leap of six hundred feet. It is higher, but not as wide as its competing neighbor, so that there is a constantly boiling, raging, roaring turmoil of liquid madness exhibited at both in an effort to each outdo the other.

At the top of the latter fall we built a campfire, made tea, and enjoyed our noon lunch amid a series of inspiring scenic pictures, which cannot be described with the present existing supply of descriptive adjectives.

This day's journey covered about fifteen miles, all the while among the grandest scenery in this wonderland, ten miles of which is close by the sparkling, silvery, diamond-like waters of the Merced River as they go tumbling headlong in wild confusion over the mountain-like boulders and high precipices. To my mind, after seeing all in the valley proper, this trip doubles one's enthusiasm, to say nothing of the strain on his calves.

Our next trip was to Glacier Point, which is considered the grandest of all. This natural wonder of solid granite, 3257 feet above the valley, is on the east side immediately opposite the Royal Arches, so that our camping place is between it and the Arches. The trail, by which its summit is reached, commences about two miles south of "The Point," and is so steep that one rises 1000 feet to the mile. The views as you go zigzagging up the steep mountain side are perhaps more numerous and sublimely grand than are seen from any other trail in the Yosemite. When once standing on Glacier Point it at first seems that the whole earth is spread before you. Perhaps it was a homesick feeling that induced me to look far to the east for my home in Lawrence, Massachusetts. Suddenly remembering that the earth is not flat, and that a large oval bump was between myself and that locality, I turned my attention to things less remote. Here almost everything previously seen is taken in at a glance, and, in addition, peak after peak of the



JAMES BARKER'S HOME (RALPH'S UNCLE) IN PASADENA, CALIFORNIA
Ralph at seven years old beside the jack, with his little brother Paul mounted

high Sierras, white with snow, rise one after another, until away in the dimness of distance they fade from view. The highest peak in the range is plainly seen, Mt. Lyell.

Yosemite Fall, Vernal Fall, Nevada Fall, Sentinel Dome, Half Dome, the Cap of Liberty, Clouds' Rest, El Capitan, Royal Arches, Washington Tower, the Three Brothers, all the other prominent mountain features, and the entire valley from end to end, with the snake-like course of the Merced River flowing through its center, are seen from this inspiring eminence.

Our third and last side trip was to Mirror Lake, where we drove and camped over night. It is located in the extreme upper end of the valley. For a combination of quiet beauty and sublimity of condensed grandeur this spot caps the climax. I believe there is no other spot on earth where three great mountains have a perfect reflection in one small lake. Mt. Watkins, Clouds' Rest, and Half Dome, 4200, 6000, and 5000 feet respectively above the valley, are all beautifully reflected in this small lake. No plate glass mirror ever produced a stronger or more perfect reflection. At this gem of mirrors perfection is seen only in the early morning before the sun strikes the water, and when its surface is as free from a ripple as is that of a glass mirror. It is surrounded by trees and shrubs, and bounded by the three mountains above mentioned, and so perfect is the mirror that the reflection of everything around it is in no wise inferior to the reality. So clear is the air here that distances are most strikingly deceptive. This is most satisfactorily proven after a near acquaintance with the trees growing at the summit of these high walls surrounding the

valley, some of which trees are six feet in diameter and at least one hundred and fifty feet high. Standing in the valley these trees look perhaps not so simple, but almost as diminutive and harmless as the juvenile hair that is growing on "Noot's" upper lip.

I am well aware that long drawn out letters of description become dry and monotonous. There are scores of prominent features here that have many times had their pictures taken, and are hardly less wonderful than those I have mentioned, but it is simply mockery to attempt to describe them. My small supply of descriptive language is exhausted. The fact is, Yosemite Valley was born to the admiration of man long since the English language was written, which perhaps is the reason why its wonders are handicapped in an advertising sense by having no language to fit the occasion. In the words of J. M. Hutchings, "neither the pencil's creative power, the painter's brush, photography, pen, or human tongue can even approximately portray the unutterable sublimity of scenic grandeur in and around Yosemite Valley." The valley is seen now at its best. The Merced River and the numerous mountain streams flowing into it are swollen with the water from the great body of snow in the high Sierras. This fact gives the grandest possible effect to the numerous waterfalls, of which I believe here is the grandest display on earth—Niagara excepted of course. We must take off our hats to Niagara as a single individual waterfall.

For the benefit of "Star" readers who propose to make the trip to Yosemite in camping style, allow me to make a few suggestions. First, be sure you have a good team, and

do not start without an experienced driver who will take good care of his team. Equip your carriage with all possible conveniences, such as hanging boxes underneath and on the sides and pockets inside. Take no cooking utensils you can possibly dispense with. Do not fail to take a sheet-iron camping stove. Boil down your personal wardrobe as much as possible. Leave your opera kids and claw hammer coat at home in charge of the moths. Do not crowd your team — start early in the morning and make camp early at night. Do not start with the idea that there is no work to do. Take but little more bedding than you need at home. Keep good natured and try to make it pleasant for your camping companions. Have a captain for your ship, and allow him to be captain; divide the work so that each shall know his part. Have a place for everything, and keep everything therein. When you arrive at the last supply station before entering the valley stock up liberally; the supply store here is worse than none.

June 5.

After five days in the valley we left for home this morning filled plumb full of Yosemite enthusiasm and high-priced groceries. Many dry tears were shed and sad faces were seen on our departure, a large per cent. of which were those of persons whose bank account had gone up because of ours going down. Our stay was blessed with everlasting sunshine during such hours as Old Sol is high enough to peep over the high granite wall. At the hotel in the shortest winter days the sun rises at 1.30 P.M. and sets at 3.30.

The nights are deliciously cool, and little streams of ice-cold water meet you everywhere.

Leaving the valley homeward bound via Wawona, Fresno and Bakersfield, the first nine miles we climb from an altitude of 4000 feet, which is that of the valley, to 7000 feet, the highest point on the road, descending then to Wawona, where we camp for the night, having made twenty-six miles through a winding mountain road lined with giant trees, mostly pine and fir, thousands of which measure from fifteen to thirty feet in circumference. One



PHOTO BY RALPH

Mule freight train in Sierra Nevada Mountains
Toulumne County

of the interesting features of our trip is the wholesale manner of mountain freighting. Two enormous wagons are loaded with supplies for the mountain supply stations, hitched together and drawn by ten or twelve horses or mules. The driver is mounted on the near pole-horse driving with a single line.

Four miles from Wawona we take a side trip of fourteen miles, which takes in the famous Mariposa grove of big trees. This takes one through the grandest display of giant pine, fir, and cedar on earth. The road winds and twists among these huge forest sentinels, many of which are so near the road that slots are cut in their sides to allow the whiffletrees to pass. In places they so closely line the

narrow path that their huge trunks, towering more than a hundred feet without a limb, form almost solid walls on either side, while the high branches form nature's own canopy, making altogether a beautiful winding forest archway. The roadway is very smooth and paved with pine needles, so that the carriage moves along so noiselessly that the inspiring silence of this sublime forest scene is only broken by a faint moaning of gentle zephyrs through the tree-tops and the rippling of small mountain streams fed by melting snow above us. Add to this the clear, cool, bracing air laden with fine forest perfume, and heaven is yours. Now we catch a glimpse of the first one of the big trees, the botanical name of which is sequoia gigantea. From this on for about three miles these giant monsters are scattered along the roadway, until at the end of the drive the climax of wonder is reached. Here is an extravagantly picturesque log cabin with a large stone fireplace and stone chimney. It is surrounded by a grove of these stately monsters, a beautiful spring of ice-cold water in front of the cabin, altogether making one feel the presence of his Maker in this wonderful forest paradise.

In the whole grove are three hundred and sixty-five of these giants, as many as there are days in the year. "The Star Expedition" took their noon lunch on the lawn in front of the cabin, immediately between two, named Gen. Grant and Ohio, measuring from eighty to ninety feet in circumference. No state dinner with a champagne accompaniment was ever more enjoyed. It makes me thirsty every time I think of that spring of water. The Grizzly Giant, the largest in the grove, measures ninety feet in

circumference, two hundred and seventy-five feet high. "Wawona" had the misfortune of standing in the center of the road. Being too stubborn to move to one side, the street commissioner tunnelled through its giant trunk, so that all tourists enjoy the novelty of passing through the tunnel with the largest teams that go through the mountains. It is claimed that some of these trees indicate an age of more than four thousand years. As nobody has been seen in this vicinity of late born four thousand years ago, from which to obtain proof, the evidence is circumstantial and encumbered by doubt. In the "Haverford," which is hollow, sixteen horses have stood at one time. "Washington" has a girth of ninety-one feet; "Maraposa," eighty-six feet.

Mr. B. M. Leitch, custodian of the Big Trees, made a solemn agreement, by the earnest solicitation of our cook, to name a worthy specimen of these sequoias "Lawrence, Massachusetts," in honor of the "Queen City of the Merrimack Valley," in which he was born.

The "Star" performer of Pasadena daily literature has also obtained assurance from Mr. Leitch that Pasadena, the Queen Residence City of California, should receive the same honor. These names will be painted on tin in the most

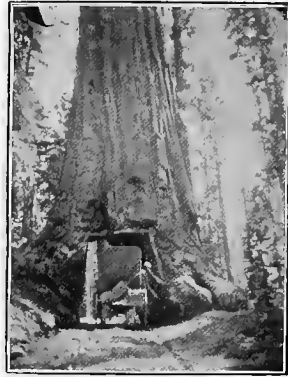


PHOTO BY RALPH

Passing through the big tree,
"Wawona",
Maraposa Grove

durable manner possible, and forwarded to Mr. Leitch by
 “The Star Expedition to Yosemite!”

A mere statement of dimensions of any of these trees
 gives no realizing sense of their magnitude and per-
 sonal impressiveness. They simply fill you with speech-
 less surprise akin to awe. It occurred to me that this
 would be a good place to start a match or toothpick factory.
 I looked through the grove for a tree with a “chappy”
 bend on it for a walking stick, but I presume that when
 they started in business four thousand years ago “chappies”
 didn’t nurse their canes, so the Grecian bends were not the
 rage. It would seem, however, that they would be “bent
 with age.” If any of the “Star” readers survive the
 monotony of this letter, they will probably have the pleasure
 soon of hearing from my worthy companion through these
 columns.

If you want to see Nature’s wonderful work to perfection,
 — valley and mountain, — study the habits and conditions of
 country life, and are willing to sacrifice home comforts
 therefor, select agreeable companions and take a camping
 trip to Yosemite.

P. S. — If you want a first-class flapjack cook, “Noot” is
 a dandy. E. B.

TEJON CANYON, June 18.

DEAR EDITOR AND STAR READERS:—

Pasadena’s powerful magnetism just now has a firm grip
 on “The Star Expedition to Yosemite.” The “Star”

office boy deserted the ship at Bakersfield. His juvenile fondness for home and mother and his domesticated nature could no longer withstand our slow method of locomotion. Yosemite wonders and mountain grandeur were left behind. He had borne up under the hot, dusty monotony of one



PHOTOS BY RALPH

IN THE GREAT SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY

hundred and fifty miles of the San Joaquin Valley. His mind wandered back to the deliciously cool air and water of the mountains. With such a downcast look of friendless longfacedness, as almost moved the balance of our party to

tears, he compared the luxuries of the past to the torrid air and warm water realities of the present. Screeching engines with their rumbling trains, and midnight "hobo" visits to our camp wagon, disturbed his quiet slumbers. The novelty of washing dishes, getting wood and water, had become a stern reality. Eating butter with a spoon brought on ice-chest longings. His frequent allusions to the ice-creams of his childhood were pathetic. He longed for the loving embrace of his young and affectionate family, and the domestic luxury thereof, and he was famishing for an



PHOTO BY RALPH

Camp at Delano, Kern County

opportunity for a home talent exhibit of that miniature moustache which he had so industriously and patiently struggled to nurse into prominence since his departure. Considering all these sympathetic and heart-rending reasons, we consented to part with his worthy companionship, buying him a

full first-class ticket, and placing him under the tender care of the early morning train. We had about completed the purchase of a half-fare ticket for him when the agent accidentally got a side view of that newly born pride of his heart on his upper lip, which at once ruined the chances for getting him through on half fare. Ere this he is fondly revelling in the luxurious admiration of his many Pasadena admirers — also in ice-cream.

The first day after his departure we drove through what is termed the desert of the San Joaquin Valley. Looking eagerly for snowbanks and icebergs, we saw instead only jack-rabbits, lizards, and horned toads. Midway of this torrid day's experience we met with a warm reception at the residence of a courageous, sockless gentleman, who was willing to sell us water (such as it is) at five cents per head for each horse. I say a courageous man, because a cowardly man would not be found here. He disregarded that biblical command to "build your house upon a rock" simply because the Author of that command had furnished hereabouts sand only. He enquired where we were from, and we borrowed an answer from the Irishman who said, "Begorra, I am from every place but this, and I'll be from this soon." It is a good place from which to emigrate suddenly. Six miles more of torridity and we came to a liberal-sized, modern-looking schoolhouse, in the shadow of which we sought protection from the scorching rays of "Old Sol" for a half hour. I shall never cease to wonder why that schoolhouse is there, for I could see no use for it.

About 6.00 P. M. this sweltering condition terminated very abruptly — not too abruptly either. For more than two hundred miles we had journeyed through that hot-air furnace — the San Joaquin Valley. All the while the four leading points of the compass and all the intervening fractional points were sizzling. It was hot perpendicularly, horizontally, and on the bias. It thawed more or less on the sunny side from morn until eve, with no frost during the night. It was specially warm in the immediate vicinity of our stock of butter, so much so that to handle that indis-



RABBIT DRIVE IN SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY — 2500 KILLED

In the earlier days, when this valley was sparsely settled, these drives were frequent. The jack rabbit multiplies so fast, and is so destructive to crops, that this means was taken for their extermination.

pensable according to strict "Ruth Ashmore etiquette" was a greasy failure. Success was only attained by using a spoon for small doses, and a ladle for adults. I visited two of the most prominent retailers in Raymond for the express purpose of adding to our stock, finding the entire outfit of condensed extract of cow had melted. The several rolls had united in one. Being something of a crank on the butter question, I withdrew from the market butterless.

I believe that few people realize the enormous size of San Joaquin Valley. We were told by a seemingly well-informed man that it is four hundred and fifty miles long, with an average width of sixty-four miles. These dimensions would make it more than three and one-half times the size of Massachusetts. We will call it twice as large as that State, which is perfectly safe. With plenty of water for irri-



PHOTO BY RALPH

The Captain coming into camp

gation the agricultural possibilities of this valley are almost beyond the power of figures to tell. Willingly turning our backs on this, California's agricultural furnace, we drove two miles up the Tejon Canyon into the coast range of mountains, and camped for the night close by a swift running mountain stream. Was this luxury? It was more than that; it was heavenly. So suddenly leaving that natural oven, following this cool stream up the canyon, at

once shielded from the hot setting sun by the high hills and stately oaks on either side of the stream, was a change worthy of admiration and brim full of cheer. No flies, no mosquitoes, no screeching locomotives, no hoboes, nothing round about us save the high hills ornamented with scattering oaks and mountain buckeye; the latter white with great cone-like blossoms resembling in shape an ear of corn, and the babbling stream lined with huge trees, many of which are covered with beautiful climbing vines. It did, indeed, seem that we had been rescued from a fiery furnace and

landed in Nature's paradise. Our camp wagon was anchored close beside the stream, the rippling, soothing monotony of which soon filled us plumb full of "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," which gave us eight hours of such undisturbed repose as is seldom experienced ex-



PHOTO BY RALPH

Grain header, San Joaquin Valley

cept in childhood.

Resuming our climb up the canyon in the morning, we soon reached Fort Tejon, one of Uncle Sam's tumbledown, defunct insurance policies against Indian depredations. Twelve miles took us to the summit, where the "chef" served up one of his famous lunches, after which we commenced the down hill slide into Antelope Valley — so called because of being the home of large bands of antelopes in

times past. This valley is seventy miles long by fifteen miles wide. It enjoys the reputation of being one of the windiest places in California. The principal crop is wheat, which, owing to the absence of March and April rains, this season is not up to the average. In the foothills is a large acreage of fruit and nuts, a large per cent. of which is almond. The crop of jack-rabbits is good, some of which fell by the roadside, victims to the deadly aim of our shotgun. During our drive of thirty miles in the valley we passed one lonely schoolhouse, the creditable appearance of which speaks praise to the scattering inhabitants therein. On the west side of the schoolhouse were several horses hitched behind a long and high wind-proof fence, put there for the express purpose of preventing the wind from blowing the horses away. Some of them were saddled and others in road carts, used for the boys and girls to ride to and from school. One little boy said he lived five miles away — giving him a ten-mile ride each day. Another little fellow seemed proud of the fact that he lived “only” four miles from his school. The ranchmen of California certainly have reason to be proud of their efforts in the matter of educating their children. Teachers are well paid, and the country schools are in session a large portion of the year. Our experience in this valley was a big contrast to that in the San Joaquin. The wind filled the sails of our prairie schooner all day, bringing out our overcoats, gloves, and lap-robe, and at night we sought harbor on the leeward side of a life-size barn to prevent dragging anchor. Ate supper and breakfast clad in overcoat and gloves. The day before our sweltering condition was well nigh unbearable. This goes

to prove how easily one can change climatic conditions in this wonderful state of California. Leaving Antelope Valley to the winds, we once more commenced climbing dry, brown, and barren foothills. Twelve miles took us high up into the mountains again to Elizabeth Lake. Two miles more of steep grade to the summit, where commences twenty-five miles of continuous down grade through the San Francisquite Canyon. Here Nature arranged her work in an extravagantly promiscuous manner. Apparently she had no use for straight lines or graceful geometrical curves. The

mountain architecture on either side of the canyon is of a "go-as-you-please" style, made up of overgrown humps and hollows, none of which have been sand papered. The roadway is as crooked as it is rough and rocky, and vice versa.



PHOTO BY RALPH

In camp under umbrella trees, Fresno County

For the benefit of campers en route to Yosemite,

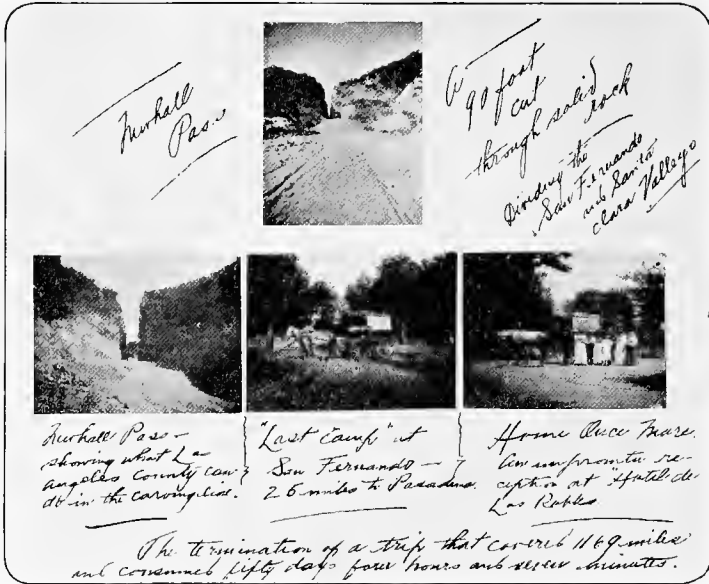
and who naturally get disheartened and disgusted on or before reaching the summit of San Francisquite Canyon, let me assure you that this is the poorest road and most disagreeable climb in the whole trip. Near the center of this drive we found a camper with his family. He had broken an axle, and had just returned from the blacksmith where it was repaired — distance, twenty-four miles. As evidence of the crookedness of the road, a patient and curious man, who

had passed through the canyon, makes the official statement, that the stream of water running therein crosses the road sixty-nine times. Beside this stream, about midway the canyon, we found an enjoyable place to camp for the night. A young Californian and wife, with an abbreviated, inexpensive camping outfit, were neighboring campers. When we crawled into our comfortable bed in our camp wagon, they had rolled themselves both in the same blanket and were lying flat on the ground close as two bugs in a rug, apparently as contented as they were near to nature.

We were now within fifty miles of Pasadena, a distance as compared to our whole trip, hardly worth mentioning. Fifteen miles and we are at Newhall; one more mountain to cross, known as the San Fernando Pass, and we are in the San Fernando Valley. The interesting feature of the San Fernando Pass is the cut about a hundred feet deep through the summit. Camping for the last night at San Fernando, only twenty-five miles from Pasadena, we reached that city Thursday, June 17, 1897, making just fifty days from the start. Reviewing the trip briefly, it took us through eighteen counties, namely: Los Angeles, Ventura, Santa Barbara, San Louis Obispo, Monterey, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, San Mateo, San Francisco, Alameda, San Joaquin, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, Maraposa, Madera, Fresno, Tulare, and Kern: whole distance, 1170 miles.

The condition of the grain crop as a whole through the State as best we could learn is below the average. The fruit crop cannot be judged thus early. The grain crop through Los Angeles and Ventura Counties is heaviest per acre. As a residence county, Los Angeles wears the cham-

tion belt ; and, as a residence city, Pasadena is the queen of them all. The condition of ranchmen is not an enviable one. Continued droughts, reduced protective tariff on their products and consequent low prices, have reduced their financial condition almost to desperation. This is the cause of so many tramp campers through the State. The



PHOTOS BY RALPH

ONE MORE MOUNTAIN TO CROSS

roads are full of the poorer class who earn a livelihood with their hands and their team by day's work. They have loaded these teams with their scanty household effects, together with their families, and are tramping from place to

place to better their condition. Is it any wonder that politically these men are driven to desperation? It is such desperation and unrest that begets Populism. Disgusted with the past and present, they grab at any new idea born of a political demagogue, as a drowning man will grab at a straw.

The climatic conditions of this State make it specially attractive to undeserving tramps, and thus it is that the hobo element is largely represented here. "Camping out," in what New England would call Gypsy style, is fast becoming an artistic fad in California. On our return from Yosemite we have met scores of camping teams and bicyclers enroute thereto from Pasadena and Los Angeles. These two cities seem to furnish a large per cent. of California's Yosemite patronage.

Our trip, as a whole, has been health-giving, enjoyable, interesting, and instructive. We have seen a large portion of the State as it is, and its people as they are. We have mingled socially with snakes, lizards, horned toads, quail, pigeons, roadrunners, and jack-rabbits innumerable, and we have met face to face deer, bear, and a herd of buffalo. George Washington could not tell a lie; we cannot tell even a misleading truth, so will state that our daring feat of bravery in connection with deer, bear, and buffalo was performed in Golden Gate Park.

Every detail pertaining to the trip has been carried out as planned before starting. Neither sickness nor accident has marred our pleasure, and our bank account is reduced only twenty cents by breakage both to carriage and harness. The experience has been a grand one, and "The Star Expedition to Yosemite" goes on record as the trip of our lives.

E. B.

I KNOW HE WANTS IT HERE

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE FIRM
OF BICKNELL BROTHERS—THIRTY-
SEVEN YEARS IN LAWRENCE—GRAN-
GERS, COUNTRY FIDDLERS, PEDA-
GOGUES, COOPERS AND CLOTHIERS.

REPRINTED FROM BICKNELL BROS.' STYLE BOOK



THE sketch which follows deals with historical facts, closely connected with Ralph's life, in which he was enthusiastically interested. The memory of the dear boy's enthusiasm in all things will never fade nor grow dim. He was quick and ardent in his admiration of humorous originality. He has many times said to me, "Dad, this is the best bit of literary work you have ever done." Thus I feel sure that he will be glad to allow it a place of permanent record in his "Scrap Book". It is not that I am egotistical regarding this sketch that I desire its publication herein. It is because it contains facts which never ceased to deeply interest Ralph, and which may also interest many of the friends he made while away from home, as well as those members of the Bicknell family throughout the United States who receive a copy of this book.



E. BICKNELL

J. BICKNELL

The hurry and flurry of a business man's everyday life helps him to forget the unpleasant reality that he is growing old, but when we consider the fact that it is now thirty-seven years since the firm of Bicknell Bros. was founded, it is a forcible reminder that we are no longer boys. Having been so long identified with the clothing business in Lawrence, it occurred to us that perhaps a little historical sketch of the firm might be both fitting and interesting to readers of our "Style Book"

For some unknown reason many of our customers have been led to believe that the members of our firm are numerous. Some of our salesmen have been with us a long time, and have been many times embarrassed and got red in the face because of having been accused of belonging to this numerous family of brothers. To relieve them of further responsibility, and as a matter of information, we

will say that the firm consists of two members only, J. Bicknell and E. Bicknell.

J. Bicknell is the senior member. He was born in Waldo County, Maine, in 1844. Only for the fact that his parents had five children, he might have been the only son. He was born, lived, and toiled as a farmer's boy. The other members of his parents' offspring were farmer's boys also, with the possible exception of the girls. Like many other farmer boys, early in life he was seized with a disease of discontent. He had the advantage of his brothers and sisters in being born first ; thus, he was the first to discover that the future prospects of the wealth of the old homestead when divided into five equal parts would not satisfy his ambition. I would not cast reflection on his diligence as a tiller of New England soil, but, acting as historian, am obliged to say that while the muscle development incident to a two hundred acre New England farm was going on, his brain was constantly throwing cold water on the proceedings, because of the discouraging prospects of a future bank account.

By kind and loving parents he was advised to work more and think less. His grandparents had told his parents to "let well enough alone", and they in turn had remembered that little speech, and they delivered it at convenient intervals in his presence. They believed they had been saved from the temptations of modern recklessness and everlasting ruin by humble obedience to that same advice. They talked to him impressively about keeping down the weeds by his daily walks in the old familiar path that leads from the old kitchen door, down between the woodpile and the

woodshed, to the barn, and from thence around a certain stump to the cow pasture. He had already discarded his knee pants, and you know that when a boy goes into long trousers he not infrequently knows more than both of his parents. While he was a good boy to fill up the wood box and go after the cows at night time (to prevent unpleasantness with his male parent), he did not use to any extent the advice furnished by his parents to prevent enlargement of the brain. His freedom of thought in an opposite direction was disastrous to any and all advice in the line of agriculture.

When he put on his first pair of long trousers he looked in the mirror, and among other things discovered something that resembled hair on his upper lip. This, in connection with the aforesaid trousers, made him appear more manly, and, although not naturally vain, he thought he was growing good looking mighty fast. Inspired by this satisfactory transformation scene the thick veil of the future got so transparent that he saw the writing on the wall, "I am not a granger". He thoroughly believed that inscription to be true, and had it photographed and hung in a conspicuous place for future reference. When hoeing corn or weeding the vegetable garden on rainy days in haying time, he would leave the field, walk a half mile between meals for lunch, and to make sure he wasn't a granger would renew his acquaintance with the aforesaid motto.

Thus struggling until at the age of twenty-five the crisis came. He said his nearest relatives were welcome to his share of combined pleasure, honor, and wealth resulting from keeping down the weeds in the paths of his forefathers, and he said it with cast-iron determination.

With a few hard-earned dollars in his pocket, which by no means strained the capacity of his calf-skin wallet, he blacked his boots, shifted his cuffs end for end, and started for Boston, where he lost no time in securing a job as clerk in a clothing store. The vigorous manner in which he administered that home-made shine showed a determination of purpose not frequently discovered in his agricultural efforts. After six months of clerkship he came to Lawrence and opened what was then called a clothing store, in a little ten-footer at 551 Essex street. A medium size dry goods box would hold his entire stock in trade, all of which he paid for with the contents of the aforesaid wallet, for two reasons : first, because he had been taught to pay for what he bought ; and, secondly, because he had no credit. Thus handicapped, and for lack of experience, the first two years gave his courage a severe test. He struggled along in a small way, until, at the end of the third year, by large efforts and small expenses, he had gained a little.

Being the next on the birth-list after he had left home, I inherited his stock of discontent, which, added to my own, (for I had then been wearing long trousers a good spell), made me a discontented farmer of no small dimensions. We both stuck to the farm until old enough to vote in town meeting.

The liberality of our parents, coupled with our own distaste for unprofitable manual labor, enabled us to so far educate ourselves as to squeeze through an examination for a country pedagogue. A vacation in our case meant work, and, boys, you can be sure we didn't listen with delight to the sound of the "no session" bell. An opportunity to go to school was a "snap".

In connection with the farm was what was known as a "cooper's shop", in which are made lime and mackerel barrels. This was our muscle developing headquarters between hoeing and haying, to prevent undue hilarity. A sort of substitute for modern baseball and football, which were not then included in our list of amusements. Thus the last years of our time before leaving home were divided, in summer, between farming and coopering, and in winter, coopering and pedagoguing. When my senior partner left home I grasped the coopering industry in earnest. To get my stock from first hands, and drive the middle man out of business, I bought my lumber on the stump, cut and drew it to the mill in winter, where it was sawed into staves and heading. This lumbering term, in connection with the short term at the country school, occupied my time during the autumn and winter months.

The barrel stock thus prepared in winter was made into barrels and marketed during the spring and summer months. The market for lime barrels was at Rockland, Maine, a distance of twenty-two miles. One of the bright features of barrel making business was the custom of working in the shop as many hours as the sun would furnish light, and drawing the barrels to market in the night time. This custom was established because the profits of the business working sixteen hours a day were too small for the accumulation of a circus fund. In those days a young man in the country with no circus fund was not allowed to occupy an aristocratic position in society.

Railroad facilities did not connect my lucrative business with the market, so the motive power for marketing the

goods was horse power plain and simple. One hundred of these barrels was the average load for two horses. The necessary life-sustaining outfit for man and beast for the trip was a twin cold lunch — a bag of hay and two feeds of grain. The bag of hay, in addition to its life-sustaining properties, made an ingenious device for upholstering the soft side of two barrels in a horizontal position for a seat for the driver. The regular schedule time for starting to market was sunset. An evening circus performance within a ten-mile drive was never allowed to pass unnoticed, in which case the start for market was made about midnight. Think of the advantage afforded by such a trip on a bright starlit night for studying astronomy. In my dreams I used to watch the flies walking about on bald-headed inhabitants of the fixed stars. Several miles of this drive was over what is called the Camden Turnpike, a very narrow road, almost overhung in many places by huge cliffs and boulders of the Camden Mountain on one side with the waters of Lake Megunticook on the other. The stories I had heard when a small boy about bears, panthers and wild cats that inhabited these hills did not increase the enjoyment of the occasion.

I was not overburdened with the kind of courage necessary for the enjoyment of midnight encounters with the above named beasts, because I was born too late to enter the Civil War. Many times has the hayseed in my hair been suddenly disturbed by imaginary sounds of ferocious animals, which, on sober reflection, proved to be the distant hooting of an owl or the rustling in the grass of a harmless little mouse. Poets have been inspired by the natural scenery of

this locality, but let me assure the reader that that inspiration came under different circumstances. It is all right for the city dude who has not been brought up on bear stories to warble poetry in broad daylight in the left ear of his best girl, but let him go it alone with a load of lime barrels over this lonesome thoroughfare, in the dead hours of the night, and he will find his stock of poetical inspiration handicapped. It is one of those experiences which must be had to be appreciated. Occasionally I now have what appears to be an unpleasant task. To remove that unpleasant feeling I have only to recall those midnight excursions alone through the solemn stillness of the "Camden Turnpike" Such experiences did not increase my love for my vocation. All the while I kept posted on the success my elder brother was having in the clothing business.

Three years after he left home, I, too, firmly resolved to graduate from the familiar paths of the old homestead and embark in city life. I was then twenty-six years old. I came direct to Lawrence, and have since been told that my personal appearance showed that my life thus far had not been wasted on etiquette. I had been fairly well bred for a country boy, but was not polished. I had been taught that to earn my pie and eat it from my fingers was more commendable than to let some other fellow earn it for me and eat it with a fork. The foundation to my parental teaching was obedience and self-reliance, and I believe that pretty nearly covers the ground.

This was about all I had to recommend me as a clothing merchant, for I couldn't tell the difference between a seven-dollar broadcloth and a printed satinete, which is worth

nothing, but sells for about thirty-seven and a half cents a yard. Armed with this stock of ignorance, I at once procured a position in the little clothing store then known as J. Bicknell, jr. The business was still very small. About all I knew how to do was to pick up the loose paper on the floor, and that was about all there was for me to do, and my salary, although more than I earned, was not large.

One of the accomplishments we both brought with us was that of a country fiddler. Customers were scarce, and our large surplus was in unoccupied time. Many hours were spent in the back shop in an effort to get music out of the old violins. Slowly and steadily the business increased, and, having shown my willingness to learn, at the end of my first year's clerkship the little money I had brought from the farm was added to the business, and I was made a partner in the firm which has since been known as Bicknell Bros.

With increased capital and a better knowledge of business, it began to increase more rapidly. Four years after the little store was opened, we began to be crowded for room, and larger accommodations were found in the then new store in Howard's Block, 523 Essex street, when we were obliged to obtain more help. Renewed efforts and original advertising year after year further increased the business, and we again became pressed for room.

Failing in an effort with our landlord to remove partitions and give us the desired room, after six years at 523 Essex street we purchased the lot at 469 Essex street and proceeded to build the block especially for our business, where we now are. In the autumn of '79 the grand opening in

our new block occurred, the occasion being enlivened by a band of music. The people looked on in amazement, for it was then one of the largest, if not the largest and most elaborately appointed clothing houses in New England outside of Boston.

Our competitors had a right to be jealous, and they were. They watched the growth of the so-called "Mushroom Clothing House", and when our elaborate opening came they were profuse in their prophecies of a failure. While they were waiting for their prophecies to materialize, the people were encouraging Bicknell Bros. in their efforts to please them by their patronage, and thus our trade rapidly increased. In one feature of the management of our business during these thirty-seven years we feel justified in claiming a degree of pride; namely, we have never borrowed a dollar with which to pay for a bill of goods. Neither have we ever paid for a bill of merchandise with a promissory note. Other features, which have led to the little success we have had, would perhaps seem like boasting, and thus be out of place in this historical sketch. Our extreme modesty forbids.

