WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER

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THE LOS ANGELES LIMITED

Westward the Course of Empire

"Out West" and "Back East"
on the First Trip of the
"Los Angeles Limited"

Reprinted, with Additions, from the New York Times

By

Montgomery Schuyler

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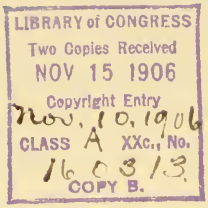

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York

To

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The Typical American of our Time

Who is equally at home in all parts of

Our Country

PREFATORY NOTE

My Dear Putnam:

I am really very much obliged to you for calling my attention to Bayard Taylor's "El Dorado." It is distinctly my loss, and perhaps a little my shame, that I was not before, in any detail, aware of its existence. If I had had specific knowledge of the book, I should surely have availed myself of that knowledge when I arrived upon that lovely California coast which Taylor visited fifty-six years before me, after a voyage from New York that took him four months and a half, and me four days! His studies were correspondingly leisurely, — whereas this booklet which you are so gracious as to publish is clearly the rapid record of a "rush."

You and I both know our "Sparrowgrass" and may bear in mind his literary

reference to California (I quote from a "distant memory," as Mr. Evarts said about St. Paul):

> Know ye the land that looks on Ind?
> There only you'll find a Pacific sailor —
> Its song has been sung by Jenny Lind,
> And the words were furnished by Bayard Taylor

It were absurd to compare this hasty report with the narrative of Taylor's painstaking investigations. But it is a true satisfaction to the later and more cursory traveler that his report is, as was the case with Taylor's volume, to be associated with the honored imprint of your house.

Yours faithfully,

M. S.

To George Haven Putnam.

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"OUT WEST"

Westward the Course of Empire

The pleasure of your company
for the initial trip of

The Los Angeles Limited
is respectfully requested by the
Chicago and Northwestern Ry.,
Union Pacific R. R.
and
Salt Lake Route.

Present this card at the train leaving Wells Street Station, C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago, 10.05 P. M., Dec. 17, 1905.

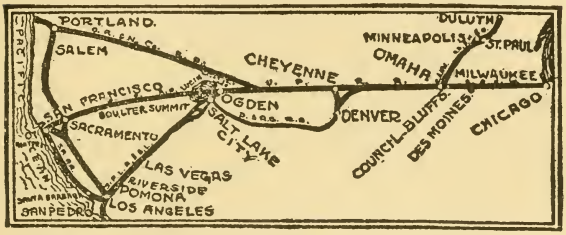
IN obedience to this summons, neatly engraved on steel, your correspondent, together with some thirty other newspaper men, presented himself at the appointed place and time,

all of them but the Chicagoans already more or less wayworn with journeys from their homes. They were hospitably received by Messrs. Lomax and Darlow of the Union Pacific, by whom the whole trip was personally conducted with a kindness and courtesy which were often to be taxed and never for a moment to fail for the ensuing ten days.

Doubtless every reader of newspapers by now knows that the occasion was the celebration of the direct outlet of the Union Pacific over its own road to Southern California. Rather over "Senator Clark's road." Already the Union Pacific had a prong northwestward to Portland, in addition to its virtually straight westward course to San Francisco. The im-

OUR GUIDES, PHILOSOPHERS AND FRIENDS

mense "boom" of Southern California made it increasingly desirable, and even urgent, that it should have a southwestward prong to that rich and traffic-bearing region. This it has now obtained, as thus:



Diverging, as you see, at Ogden, the new prong stretches out to Los Angeles and San Pedro, the port thereof, almost in an air line, not quite so aërial in fact, of course, as in the sketch map, and there completes the system, by the northward connections of the Valley line and the Coast line, with the terminal of the main line at San Fran-

cisco. A plain and facile proposition on paper. But in fact it has been a work of secular accomplishment, in which the struggle was not only of man with nature, but also, and perhaps chiefly, of man with man, of "magnate" with magnate. It was the Mormons who made the first essays, the Mormons who had their little link from Ogden to Salt Lake virtually ready when the famous "last spike" was driven on the roadway of the Union Pacific, the Mormons who even then cherished the hope that they would be able to protrude southwestward a line of railway along "the Old Mormon Trail." This was the trail that the prudent Brigham Young had caused to be broken to the Southwest, immediately as an outlet to and an inlet from the Pacific, but also ulti-

mately, no doubt, in prevision of the time when the Latter Day Saints might be dislodged from the oasis of Utah as they had already been dislodged from the banks of the Mississippi, where these eyes have seen from the steamboat, now many years ago, the melancholy dilapidating relics of the temple of Nauvoo. The "preliminary surveys" for the Clark road were made by the Mormon pioneers just as truly as the preliminary surveys for the Union Pacific across the plains and through the passes of the Rockies were made by those same pioneers. And it is equally strange and striking in each case how closely the trail of the pioneers has been followed. It was in 1847 that the Mormon pioneers made their way westward across the plains to the oasis of Utah. It

was in 1851 that the Mormon "exploring expedition" to the southwest of Utah was dispatched. It is a little more than half a century later that the railroad, of which our train is the first signal for the opening to transcontinental travel, follows in their wake. There is no more wonderful chapter even in the wonderful story of "The Winning of the West."

Manifest Destiny has long pointed out this route to the garden of California and the trade of the Pacific. "It can safely be stated," says the author of the official "Story of a Trail," "that not a mile of railway has been constructed in Utah south of Salt Lake City which has not carried the hopes of its builders that sooner or later it would become part of a

line extending from Salt Lake to Southern California." The Mormons built gradually southward until in 1880 their road had reached 'Frisco in Southern Utah. And it was precisely in 1880 that this outlet to the Pacific engaged the attention of the powers that were of the Union Pacific and that a scheme for the "Salt Lake and Western" took shape. But the time was not ripe. Eight years later, under the presidency of Charles Francis Adams, the Union Pacific not only had accurate surveys made of the Mormon trail, but graded a roadbed as far south as Caliente. But the time was not yet propitious. The crash of Baring Brothers preluded a tightening of the purse strings of the world. Just afterward, Jay Gould became the presiding genius of the Union Pacific.

He, too, had velleities in the direction of executing the decrees of manifest destiny. But again the time was not ripe. He was confronted with the terrible Huntington. That mild-mannered old gentleman in his black skull-cap by no means made the personal impression of a Terror. But, all the same, he was a strong man armed, keeping his "territory" until a stronger than he should come. Jay Gould was not that stronger man, and the project languished and lapsed. Truly, it seems that it could not have been accomplished before the merger of the Union and the Southern Pacific. Then again Mormon capital and enterprise took up the wondrous tale, and other tentatives there were, tentatives stretching from San Pedro northeastward as well as from Salt Lake south-

westward. But the terrible Huntington was always there to repel invasion, with his private port of Santa Monica, so to speak, to oppose to San Pedro as a terminus. Collis P. Huntington died during the summer of 1900, and for the hour of his funeral no wheel turned on the Southern Pacific system. Senator Clark of Montana, with his brother as his local vicegerent, again projected the communication between Salt Lake and San Pedro, and found himself confronted with a merger of the Union and the Southern and the Oregon Short Line, which supplies the link between Ogden and Salt Lake City, and which had its own connections with the failures and its own claims upon their assets. Then ensued another battle of the giants, the issue

being narrowed to the control of the pass in Nevada known as the "Meadow Valley Wash," a pass quite indispensable to through operation. This issue was brought into the courts and publicly debated. But the battle of the giants was chiefly, all the same, a confidential contest, a duel in the dark, in which the threat of independent operation on the one side is supposed to have been met by the threat of the deadly parallel on the other. It lasted from 1900, when Senator Clark came forward to finance the Salt Lake route from Salt Lake City to San Pedro, till it was ended in 1902 by a treaty of peace and amity between the Senator and Mr. Harriman, whereby the claims of the Oregon Short Line south of Salt Lake were to pass to the Salt Lake route, and the two "systems" were to con-

THE SANTA ANA VIADUCT

struct on joint account the line from Caliente in Nevada to Dagget in California, to reconstruct and jointly operate the Pacific link from Riverside to San Bernardino while there was to be a joint operation with the Santa Fé over the ninety miles from Dagget to Colton, where a so-called paralleling would really have involved a wide detour, even though the actual arrangement threatened chronic friction. Even so, construction was confronted with engineering obstacles sufficiently serious, the most conspicuous being the bridging of the Santa Ana, a watercourse which is now a rill and now a raging torrent, and which is spanned by the most monumental feature of the line, the viaduct of a dozen arches in concrete, "reinforced concrete," one supposes, each of impressive dimensions.

The first train, an official train, passed over the line last February. The first regular interchange of trains between the termini occurred last May, while the first attempt really to incorporate the new line in the general system of transcontinental passenger traffic is betokened by this Los Angeles Limited of which we are to take the initial trip. It is this line, twenty-four hours in time, something over seven hundred miles as the crow flies, and much nearer eight hundred as we go, that we have specifically "come out for to see."

The layman has a very imperfect notion of what the establishment of a new daily transcontinental service involves or what faith in the future it implies. On his limited train to Boston, to Washington, or even to Chicago, he meets his counterparting train

whizzing past, at the conjoint rate of a hundred miles or more, and may vaguely conjecture that there is a spare train in reserve somewhere, at the end or in the middle. But the three-day trip across the continent is a very different matter. It involves, as a matter of fact, nine trains in actual operation across the continent, going or returning, and a complete emergency train held in reserve at either end, or eleven trains in all. Each, like this of ours, composes itself of two or three Pullman sleepers, of a dining car on occasions, and of the combined smoker and buffet, observation car, and library which is the novelty of the equipment, the buffet smoker, rather more than half the length of the car being screened off with glass from the passage alongside, so that the ladies may resort to

the observatory in the rear with their auditory and olfactory nerves, if not their optic nerves, protected from the unholy rites within. For the purposes of this journey, a typewriter was installed at the writing desk in the observatory, though nobody used it, everybody betaking himself, for his literary occasions, to the stenographer and mimeographer in the baggage car away forward.

One has scarcely time for these observations and reflections before it is time to turn in, with benedictions, not only with Sancho Panza, upon the inventor of sleep, but upon the inventor of nocturnal darkness. But for the nightly dropping of the curtain upon the scenery one's progress westward would be but a bewildering blur of composite impression. Whereas one

finds in the outlook, and still more in the retrospect, that the nightly curtain happily divides the panorama into as many tableaux as there are days' journeys, of each of which he retains some coherent recollection, and can render at least to himself some coherent account. Shall he call his account, "Westward the Course of Empire: In Eight Tableaux"? Meanwhile, as he wraps the drapery of his Pullman about him, with the train whizzing westward into the dark at fifty miles an hour, he drowsily recalls:

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And the Deuce knows what we may do —
But we're out once more on the Old Trail,
Our Own Trail, the Out Trail,
We're down, hull down, on the Long Trail,
The Trail that is always new.

THE PRAIRIES

When we turn out, we have already left the Mississippi far behind, and are traversing the flat, fertile prairies of Iowa. Three hours of this rich alluvium by daylight. Interminable wastes of stubble, scattered farmsteads, unpretentious abodes of rude plenty, of comfort and independence, monotonous to the eye though so deeply impressive to the mind, before we come to the Missouri, to which we confidently look for a feature in the featureless landscape. It is hardly so. The expanse of yellow ooze is as monotonous as the expanse of yellowish stubble which it divides. One cannot

conceive a painter whom it would attract to reproduce it.

Truly, the huge, gaunt railroad bridge which spans it, and gives access to bustling Omaha, is more impressive than itself. And this we find to be the keynote of the day. Man has molded and ennobled nature. Lewis and Clark, Bonneville, Catlin, any of the pioneers who passed this way, would find nothing to regret in the aspect of things if he should pass this way again, but quite the contrary. One scarcely loses the Missouri before he comes upon the Platte, that stream of which one scorner has said that it would make a negotiable river if it were set on edge, and another that it could be sucked up at low water with a sheet of blotting paper. The Platte "Valley" is a flat expanse,

bounded by hills faint and blue and low and distant, seemingly some ten miles on each side. They gradually decline as we go westward, and the river, with its vast and lazy and unexplained meanderings, though we encounter it now and again, only presently to lose it, and to mark its course by low growths of osier, is not a feature. The landscape would be quite featureless if man did not come to the rescue of nature. But these treeless prairies are no longer treeless. Fringes of trees take the place of the clumps by the river we have for the moment mislaid. About every homestead there are groves, groves to delight the heart of the Beaux Artist, for they are as evidently plantations, as plainly the result of art and man's device, and, moreover, as "regularly laid out" as

THE PLATTE IN FLOOD

the avenues of Le Notre at Versailles, and doubtless, to the expert, dating themselves within a year, according to their growth, taller, apparently, and more abounding, certainly, the further west we go. And the crops! The mile-square cornfields, the house-big haystacks for which there is no room in the barns. "Scots wha ha'e!" as poor Jim Davis used indignantly to exclaim. "Why, there is more hay weighed in one county in Illinois than in all Scotland." And, *a fortiori*, in one county in Nebraska, one would say, judging by what he sees. House-big heaps, also, of corn, sometimes shelled, sometimes in the ear. Great herds of cattle, great "bunches" of horses, great droves of swine. But one flock of sheep so far, but what a flock! What myriads of dingy fleeces and silly faces!

Statistics have their uses, and there are inflammable imaginations they really kindle. It is very well to read that Nebraska yields a million tons of hay and 360,000,000 bushels of grain, 260 of these millions being of corn; very well, too, to read that the States served by the Union Pacific produce 51 per cent of the farm animals raised in the United States. But to vitalize these figures and make their dry bones live you must come out here and traverse the State as we are doing, and let the consciousness of what it all means sink into you mile after mile, until, as Charles Reade has it, "you comprehend the meaning of the word accumulation," the meaning not only nor mainly as to vegetable products, or animal products, but also as to citizenship. The prairie farmer is com-

monly held to lead but a dismal existence. His historiographer, Mr. Hamlin Garland, takes that view of his lot. But at least he has his interests, and even that secure source of joy which is involved in having his hobbies. Every farmer whose farm we pass seems to have his specialty, whether it be Herefords, draught horses, highly specialized sheep, or swine, white or black. He is a "collector" and a competitor, and every farmstead has the look of a section of a county fair. Surely this is something for that interest in life inexpressible by statistics, as well as for that material comfort of which the statistics tell the tale. "High-Class Belgians and Percherons" is one of the advertisements we pass in a country in which everything seems to be ad-

vertised for sale, excepting only fertilizers. Their day is a long way off, as one perceives when he sees alongside acres of grayish-yellow stubble acres of fresh furrow cut in the black loam. Farm land here, one tells me, is $75 an acre, as against $50 in that part of New England I know best. To recur to the animals, the cow is regarded in these parts as primarily a beef bearing animal, as was inevitable. "On the range" she is exclusively so. The Hereford, in a dehorned state, seems to be the standard beefifer of these plains, Holsteins and Jerseys and Alderneys and the other lactifers being conspicuous by their comparative absence. It is true that of late Nebraska has been taking an advanced stand in dairy products, and I should like to quote you the statistics which

I have had and mislaid. But it remains true that Bos is chiefly Beefifer. "These farmers are mostly 'feeders,'" says the expert near me. Which is to say that they buy cattle on the range to the westward and southward and fatten them on the farm, thus marketing their own corn crops "on the hoof" and in the most convenient and economical way. This, of course, does not apply to the Herefords or other fancy cattle, whether their specialty be beef or milk and butter and cheese. Neither do I know what advantage the black pig may be supposed to possess over the white, excepting picturesqueness, and even that is disputable. We meet carloads of both kinds grunting eastward on the way to dusty death. As the early cattle of the plains were primarily

beefiferous, so the early sheep were primarily lanigerous. An agriculturist explains to me that they have now imported or developed a "combination sheep," so to say, which is entitled to high and equal respect for his fleece and for his mutton, but I have forgotten his name.

At any rate, I reject with scorn the suggestion of a cynical neighbor and co-spectator that the Nebraskan farmer, paying so much intelligent attention to the breed of his other domestic animals, should devote some of it to his own breed. He has a slack and lounging look, perhaps, the Nebraska farmer, as you see him at the stations or pass him on the fields. But he is the cunning creature whose work we have been admiring all day. We have

been riding through 400 miles of Triumphant democracy. It is a land of social as well as of topographical equality. We have not seen one house which could arouse envy or enmity, except in a very mean breast, for we have not seen one beyond the reach of any honest, industrious, frugal citizen. The land is flowing with milk and honey, but individually the tillers of it seem to have that happy lot of neither poverty nor riches. Surely we have seen no evidence of luxury on the one side or of squalor on the other. The stateliest buildings of these rural parts are the schoolhouses. Against the fence of one of them we saw two buggies hitched and standing to take the children home! Io Triumphe! One is almost inclined, in the increasing patriotic enthusiasm

with which this cumulative spectacle of comfort and independence inspires him, to believe with Walt Whitman that the best way to celebrate "these States" is his way of cataloguing and ejaculation. Certainly it is the easiest. But as the dark draws in and shuts out a continuance of the monotonous scene of prosperity one recalls a more coherent eulogy in the lines of George Alfred Townsend's poem, read before the Society of the Army of the Potomac:

Deep the wells of humble childhood, cool the spring beside the hut;
Millions more as poor as Lincoln see the door he has not shut.
Not till wealth has put its canker every poor white's cabin through
Shall the Great Republic wither, or the infidel subdue!

Stand around your great commander, lay aside your little fears!
Every Lincoln carries Freedom's car along a hundred years.
And when next the call for soldiers rolls along the golden belt
Look to see a mightier army rise and march, prevail, and melt.

And the morning and the evening were the first day.

Day Second

THE PLAINS

One wakes to look out on huge rocks alongside the track, with the semblance of ruined towers and fantastic features of castellated architecture on their eroded summits, and finds himself tempted to add to the silly nomenclature whereby nature is degraded by the tourist in these parts, the Bridal Veils and Devil's Teapots and what not. The semblance is, however, in this case, as in so few others, so striking as to occur without being sought, and the fallen towers and crumbling battlements do really suggest the handiwork of moldering and forgotten men. But this is very transient.

Presently form and comeliness vanish, and color also. Amorphous lumps of rock of a lava gray. Fancy the carapace of a rhinoceros in the thickness of its lumpy folds, but in its hue the hide of a dirty elephant, stretched by the mile along the roadway. The vegetation bears about the same proportion to the rocky epidermis that the sparse tufts of hair on an unkempt elephant would bear to his hide. It is of the dingy sage brush, with occasional speckles of white sage, and bunch grass of an unwholesome sallow. From morning to almost noon the gray wastes spread, with no relief but what is furnished by these tufts, and by the streaks of snow that nowhere form a carpet, or even a rug, but simply lie in the wrinkles of the pachyderm. And distance lends no en-

chantment. There is no grace of form or charm of color on the summits of the horizon, nay, no summits, for the skyline is a level ridge, "to the low last edge of the long, lone land." In a hundred miles only one conical hill-top in sight. This is the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the Prophet. Nothing but some antediluvian and arctic saurian, you would say, could live here. And yet, along the folds of the monster's hide you see cattle and sheep grazing and grubbing for a living, cropping the white sage and bunch grass for meat, licking up the streaks of snow for drink. They tell you that these are not in fact the Bad Lands of Wyoming, and you wonder what the lands can be that are worse. The features of the landscape, even, such as they are, are

"TO THE LOW LAST EDGE OF THE LONG LONE LAND"

not the works of nature, but of man, the queer contorted sections, segments, parallels, échelons, salients, and re-entrants of close rail fence which serve as snowbreaks instead of the former discarded sheds. From the car window their disposition looks perfectly random. But they are in fact placed precisely where costly experience of many snowstorms dictates, though where no anemologist, if there be such a word or thing, could have dreamed of placing them on theory.

"God has forgotten it," is what the neighbors of this uninhabitable land are in the habit of saying about it. Certainly man has shunned it. We see no signs of human habitation except the huts that shelter the section hands of our railroad, though we may

infer human proximity from the cattle and the sheep. "On God's frontiers we seem to be." And it seems as it were blasphemous and heaven-defying that we should be traversing a forbidden country with every circumstance of the luxury of travel which can be had anywhere. The Easterner naturally expects to find in the wilderness some traces of the rawness and roughness of pioneering in his railroading, compared with longer and more thickly settled regions. There are absolutely none. The train, of course, is perfectly up to date in its appointments, indeed, in some respects in advance of date. For one thing, it is the most brilliantly lighted train, notably in the dining car and the composite car, but in the sleepers also, on which I have ever ridden. With the

chandeliers overhead and the brackets alongside, the incandescent bulbs make our nightly dinner a really dazzling scene. And you can read or write anywhere. But one looks for a rough roadbed, for example, and one finds one as smooth as ever cars spun over "down the ringing grooves of change." You can shave, for example, in complete security and comfort at fifty miles an hour, and by "you" I do not mean the user of a safety razor — that Man with a Hoe can glean his stubble anywhere — but the user of a real razor, "putting his sickle to the perilous grain" with no consciousness of peril. The smoothness is such that the difference between forty miles an hour and sixty is scarcely perceptible and not at all noticeable if you do not look out of the window. For the smoothness, and

for the dustlessness, which is equally complete, it seems that the Union Pacific is indebted to what is called the "Sherman gravel," but what, it seems, is not a gravel at all, but a disintegrated, or rather an inchoate granite, found in inexhaustible quantities along this desolate tract we have been traversing. If this terrible land produces nothing else, it produces the perfection of "ballast." And, indeed, there are other mineral products of value. As we go on, heaps of black siftings denote coal, the reddening rocks may betoken iron, and, on the horizon's rim to the northwest, skeleton towers indicate oil wells.

It is pleasant to know that the "conditores imperii," for such surely were the builders of the Union Pacific,

were by no means so black as they have been painted. Congressional investigation, instigated by a press which it must be owned has not in all the world its equal in a scent for scandal, has done a good deal of blackening. But the Oakes Ames monument, which it seems we passed in the night, well deserves salutation. One ancient scandal, that the road was bent and even zigzagged, to draw enlarged subsidies per mile where construction was easy, has lately been effectually dispelled. The Union Pacific has undertaken, with its modern appliances and its modern affluence of means, to straighten its road and ease its curves and its grades all along the line. Such things are necessary and inevitable, of course, in a country in which the railroad is the pioneer road,

and betterments are left to be paid for out of earnings. Well, the fact is that the modern engineers with their new lights and their new means have managed in this country here to save just four miles in four hundred over the engineers of the sixties, a fact which ought to excite much blushing in many editorial rooms. There are other pioneers to whom we are forced, however unwillingly, to do honor here, the Mormon pioneers, to wit, who traversed this desert sixty years ago, and whose vestiges we are following with curious exactness, for the line which modern experience can do so little to rectify is almost precisely the Mormon trail of 1847. Senator Smoot, a man of dignified and attractive presence and interesting discourse, is one of our fellow-passengers, and he tells

us that his father and mother, in 1847, spent eight weary and perilous weeks in traversing the "Great American Desert," between the Missouri and the basin of the Great Salt Lake, which we are accomplishing in twenty-nine hours, comforting themselves, doubtless, as the Plymouth Pilgrims on the ocean three hundred years before, and the Israelite pilgrims in the wilderness uncounted centuries before that, with the promise "to bring them up out of that land into a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey." Nay, we are presently to take on board a Mormon patriarch, a monogamous patriarch, I hasten to explain, and not even so very patriarchal, going over to spend his Christmas with his family in San Bernardino, who has himself as a boy crossed the

plains three times with an ox team. Oak and triple brass were around the hearts of these later pioneers as around those of the earlier. Nobody can pass over their track without admitting them to the class of Columbus. "But that is another story."

One takes to thinking when there is nothing to look at. But we are coming to where our eyes are busy. Little Evanston is a great relief to the eyes and mind, a true oasis, with its winding stream bordered with pearl-gray leafless trunks and twigs of birches and crimson clumps of osier. And the mountains begin to take on form and comeliness and dignity and elevation. It is not long before we are in the Echo Cañon, which is the vestibule of Utah, surely one of the grandest vestibules

THE DEVIL'S SLIDE

that nature ever set between a scene of mere ruin and desolation and a smiling valley. It is a cleavage in the Wasatch Range, sentineled on one hand by that Pulpit Rock from which the Mormon Moses is said to have harangued his people just before their entrance to the promised land, and on the other, not far away, by the gigantesque and grotesque "Devil's Slide," a sheer rift 800 feet high, flanked by huge lips of naked granite. Excessive and Gargantuan freaks of nature! I rather sympathized with that member of our party who, condoled with on not being able to see the Garden of the Gods and the Royal Gorge and the other scenic wonders of Colorado, made answer that he had seen Echo Cañon, which attained the limits of the scenically permissible,

and that anything beyond that he did not wish to see, being certain beforehand that it would be "in bad taste!"

Some miles of this defile, with momentary shifts of scene, according to the windings of the road and the convolutions of the mountains, and we come upon Ogden and civilization, typified by the seemly station and the thriving town. And we are off again for Salt Lake City and the beginning of the end of our journey. There is light enough to see that this was indeed the Canaan of the Mormon pioneers, a land flowing with water, which in these regions means milk and honey and all other worldly goods, though the water again is brought where it is needed by art and not by nature. Endless avenues of the Lombardy poplar,

PULPIT ROCK

which looks so queerly old-fashioned to the Easterner, cottonwoods thereto; huge haystacks, as one would say, but in truth of the alfalfa, which is the hay of these parts, and shows green, like ensilage, in the heart of the brown-skinned stacks; rows on rows of leafless but yet hearty-looking fruit trees, though no sign now of the tomatoes the canning of which is the leading industry of the valley. And so for the forty miles to Salt Lake City, where the thickening December dusk only allows us a glimpse of the six-horned, lofty, gleaming Temple and the turtle-back of the Tabernacle, before the brief December daylight is done, and we are off again on the last stretch of our journey.

And the morning and the evening were the second day.

Day Third

THE DESERT

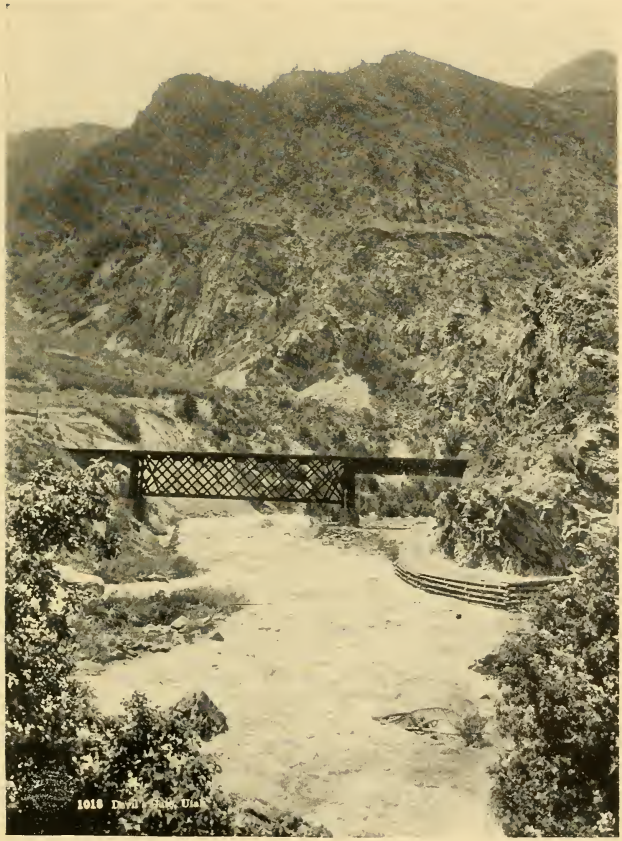
That twitch of the window shade which marks the beginning of a new day on a Pullman reveals that we have been reaching during the night a different clime from that in which we went to bed. Plainly, "we're sagging south on the Long Trail." The first thing one clearly makes out is a canvas camp, apparently of a construction gang, three or four big wall-tents which would not be eligible lodgings so near Christmas, even in the mild Salt Lake Valley, and near by a mess tent, this time of wood, with the prohibition chalked on the door, "No Meals Sold Here." It is not long be-

RANCHING IN UTAH

fore the spreading roofs and overhanging eaves of Las Vegas remind us not less than its tropical name that we are within the zone of Spanish settlement.

The station is not only distinctly in the "Mission" architecture, but also, like all the buildings of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Company, even to the great viaduct of the Santa Ana, it is in concrete. Why not? Concrete, if thick enough, is impervious to the heat from which alone man requires shelter in these parts. The sand costs nothing but a willing mind and a shovel, and the cement, from the "coast," also boasts itself to be of extreme cheapness. The station buildings are in fact the features of the line, which presently has no other. For presently we come to "old hushed Egypt and its sands,"

under the name of the Mohave Desert, as featureless as the sea, and ride through it for what seems an interminable time, though in truth our route is shortest of all the roads which traverse it. Sage brush carpets it save where, as mostly, the floor of sand is uncovered. Huge cacti constitute its other vegetation. The Uvada Cañon, the scenic feature of our route, we passed in the darkness, "Uvada," at this end of Nevada, like "Calada" at the other, being an artful compound, like "Texarkana," to denote a border town. Our route is almost terra incognita, except to the prospector. That unhappy man, wandering these waterless wastes and plying his "dreadful trade," may count himself lucky if he returns with his life, let alone with promising "speci-



THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, UTAH

mens," from this dismal scene, where the delusions of the mirage lure him to his doom. "Death Valley," which we presently enter, attests the dangers of the region. Close at hand, nothing but the cacti and the sage brush and the sand. But to the north and marching parallel with our course the bald, gray, treeless, grassless range of the gold-bearing mountains, serrated and gnarled and wrinkled, but never scarped, holds out the promise of a richer crop than the most fertile valley grows, and men point out along its face the scenes of lucky finds. We pass in sight, too, of another deposit richer than the richest crop, the mine, quarry, bed, or what not of that borax the transportation of which by forty-mule power none of us can have escaped seeing represented. Ten miles

at most away one would say the mountains were, but in this desiccated air it seems that they are in fact thirty. Heaps of corded tin cans and bottles along the track, neatly piled, doubtless by railway gangs under orders, instead of being flung broadcast, beer bottles, one naturally suspects, but quite possibly water bottles, since none can venture on this desert without bringing his own supply, and the railroads that cross it have a "freight rate" for water like any other carriageable commodity, and all workmen are on an allowance. The piles are, at any rate, the only visual objects in the foreground of the picture, except the cactus. Strange and monstrous some of the cacti are. What do you say, for instance, to a prickly red cucumber six feet long and two feet

thick? What manner of men could have endured to build this railway over this desert, when the torrid summer added to its terrors? "Indians, Mexicans — and Greeks," they tell you, and also that the Indian's is often a more trustworthy labor than the Mexican's. What a country! But even here the invincible American optimism prevails. "When you come this way again, you will see oranges and roses." "But where will they get the water?" "Oh, I dunno. But they'll get it." Meanwhile there is perhaps a less illusory hope in the announcement that the astonishing Mr. Burbank is on the verge of success in producing a cactus without thorns, so that it may be despoiled of its stored moisture, and with an edible fruit! We pass the "shack" of

"Scotty," who is next day to be reported missing. Scotty the private prospector and finder of a private mine in the mountains, who pays himself for his hardships and perils by grossly squandering his gold in Los Angeles, on "forty dollars' worth of ham and eggs," like another Coal Oil Johnny, and in the intervals of his labors and his orgies inhabits a hovel to which a considerate owner would be loath to consign his dog. And now the cacti become more luxuriant and more abundant, so as to constitute what one might call cactus orchards rather than gardens. And now we pass

> along the strip of Herbage strewn
> That just divides the desert from the sown

and are almost within hail of San Bernardino, "the Garden Gate," when

the pleasures are presented to us of "joint operation" between rival roads. Hitherto we have been not merely up to but ahead of time at every stop, and our watchword has become, "The time is easy." But now we find ourselves brought down to a crawl, and at last to a standstill, by the lagging of the trains of the rival A., T. and S. ahead of us, and the railroad men fume and say unpleasant things, and we begin to fear that we shall have to cut the banquet spread for us at Riverside. When we are at last released, the banquet is quite out of the question, but we come upon a jumble of three wrecked cars alongside. As a guarantee of good faith, the destruction appears to be unimpeachable, but it does not satisfy our expert Thomases, who insist that with the steam derrick that

was available, a freight car should have been swung clear of the track in ten minutes, and even a locomotive in twenty. Dusk is already thickening, and a little spatter of rain falling, the first we have seen or are to see, as we pass San Bernardino. The baffled host of Riverside makes himself and us what amends he may by loading us as we pass with basket after basket of the gorgeous blossoms, gigantic geraniums and the like, which assure us that we are at last in the garden of California and of the world, and we arrive at Los Angeles at last long after dark, and amid invisible surroundings. Miracles are commonplaces on the second day, and "chestnuts" on the third. But I cannot divest myself of wonder at reflecting that I might have seen the sun rise out of the Atlantic

THE HOTEL AT RIVERSIDE

last Saturday morning, and set in the Pacific this Wednesday evening.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm further West to-night
Than I have been before.

Day Fourth

IN THE GARDEN

The hospitality of Los Angeles has laid out for us a very strenuous day, so strenuous that of Los Angeles itself we have only such random glimpses as we can snatch on our way this morning to the trolley station, which is the point of departure for our excursion, and this evening on the way back from it to our hotel in the twilight. It seems rather a pity, especially for one who has determined to break loose from the programme to-morrow and go up the coast to San Francisco by himself, aided and advised in his project by the united railroading wisdom of the coast. The City of the Angels,

the hustling American hastily abbreviates its name. One wishes he had not clipped it, but had kept the whole long-tailed and mellifluous designation, "Pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles," "Town of the Queen of the Angels," which was the tribute to its fascinations of the Spanish settlers of 1781. Half way or so between the mountains and the sea — the latter never in sight, the former never out of it — the high wall of the Sierra Madre, which makes the desert of yesterday by cutting off from it the moisture that combines with the perpetual sunshine to make a garden in bloom all the year round of this stretch between its westward slope and the ocean. One admonishes us to take our overcoats, apologizing for the unusual rigor of the weather, a rigor on the

eve of Christmas like to the rigor of a sunny day in early May on Manhattan. In this favored region the extreme range of temperature is 65 degrees; the difference between the mean of the hottest and the coldest month is less than 20 degrees, from 51 degrees in March to 70.6 degrees in August. How odd that no Angelican could tell me the latitude, and that I had to wait for the infallible Stieler in order to find out that Los Angeles is virtually on the parallel and also on the isotherm of Wilmington, N. C.

The trolley station is not at all the sort of edifice which its name would connote to the Eastern or even to the Middle Western ear. It is the central ganglion of precisely the most complete and comprehensive system of

ABOVE THE CLOUDS ON MOUNT LOWE

interurban and suburban electric communication which any of us can ever have had the chance of seeing, and it is quite worthy of its function, one of the most conspicuous of the business buildings of the town, with its nine stories and its ample area, the ground floor given over to the uses of the electric road, mainly as a huge waiting room furnished with all the conveniences of a terminal station of a great trunk line, and indeed more completely furnished than more than one such terminal of which I wot. And we find a very special conductor, Mr. McMillin, to wit, the superintendent of the "system" which ramifies all over this region, from its port of Santa Monica, twenty miles off to seaward, to its eyrie at Mount Lowe, two-thirds or so up toward the crest of the Sierra

Madre and well above low clouds. We find also a very special car, half fitted with seats for the habituated, half open as an observatory for the stranger, which latter half, being planted with camp stools, makes the whole quite capable of holding in comfort the forty-odd passengers to which our party by local accessions has expanded.

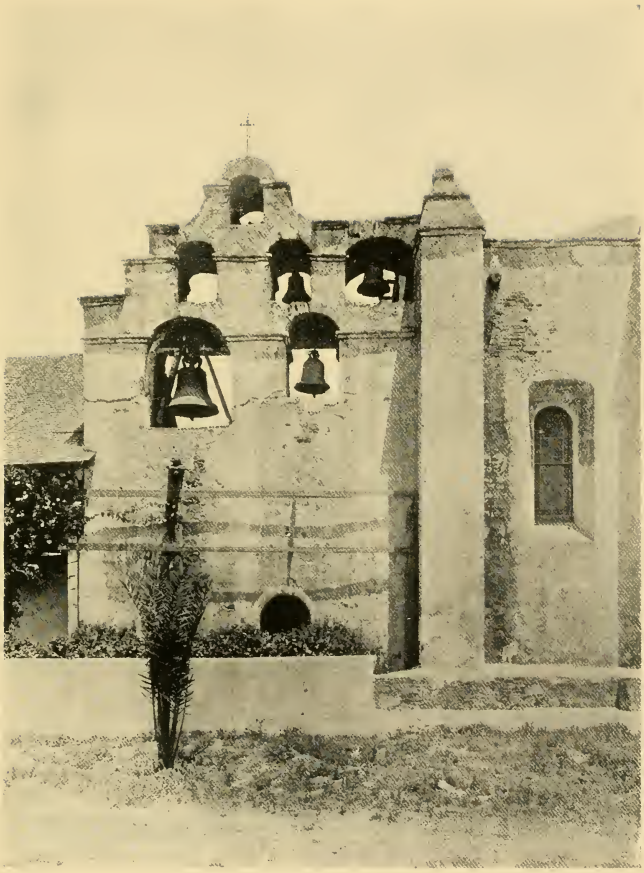
Our first station was San Gabriel Mission. How far it is from Los Angeles I have only the vaguest notion. What I recall is that, when the surroundings were comparatively dull, we accelerated to fifty, yes, sixty miles an hour. Sixty miles an hour on a trolley? Yes; and why not, if you have had the wise and far-sighted liberality of the Pacific Electric, and

"THE HOUSE OF ROSES"

have acquired your private right of way instead of running over the public highways, so that you are not reduced, as you would be in an automobile or an uncharted trolley car, to the risk of murdering your hapless fellow-man in your mad career? And how can I help recalling, also, that the place through which we passed "was called Gan Eden, or the Garden of Delight"? Soothly, this is the Arabian Nights come true. Roses in December, unfailing verdure, perpetual summer — "boon nature" can no further go. But also the advantage that that cunning creature, man, has taken of her bounty! These places that we whizz by are homes, homes equally, and it is often difficult to tell, whether they be of those who make their livings elsewhere, and are here in "villeggiatura," or of

those suburbans who make their livings in the "Town of the Queen of the Angels," and resort hither only at nightfall.

In either case, all honor to our Spanish predecessors. One shudders to think what would have happened if the otiose Spaniard had left this country to be discovered, as well as exploited, by the hustling Yankee. "There is no vulgarity in Mexico," Clarence King used to say. Whose merit is it but that of the Spaniard that there is no vulgarity in Southern California? The Spanish missions have furnished to the American exploiter a keynote upon which, for the benefit of all concerned, he has been mercifully withheld from breaking in with too wild a discord. The Americano, one notes with satis-



THE BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL

faction, respects it even in his architecture, and his best domestic design in these parts owes its spirit to the Spaniard. The Spanish substratum furnishes as quaint and picturesque a basis for the American superstructure here, as it does in St. Augustine, the whole width of the continent away. The plastered walls, the gables pierced for many bells, the plain timbered roof of the Mission church, when we presently reach it, though not so plain as it should be and as it was before a rather ill-judged "restoration" — they all "belong" not only to the land, but to the original settlement. They all recall the days before the Gringo, the days celebrated in that classic, "Two Years Before the Mast," in which, in 1830, long before the Mexican War, the Mormon migration, or the discovery of

gold, that "man of Boston raisin'" and of Harvard training, Richard Henry Dana, celebrated this coast from San Diego to San Francisco, when it produced nothing but the wild cattle whose hides it was his work to store and ship, and when he was enough of a seer to foresee that if it should ever become settled by a more progressive race and civilized the Bay of San Francisco would be its central seat and mart. It is true that, here in San Gabriel, it is with some sense of contradiction and incongruity that one finds, just across the street from the Mission a modern American shop where he may buy most excellent modern photographs of the Mission. It is still more incongruous to find that the "Padre" who lectures to you about the Mission has an unmistakably Mile-

sian face, and an equally Milesian brogue, though, to be sure, it is as true of the unspoiled Hibernian as of the Iberian that there is no vulgarity in him. But one is greatly reassured, and "the scent of Old World roses" reasserts itself, and "local color" is restored when you encounter on the street a swart, sombreroed stranger, evidently ignorant of the uses of soap, a full-grown citizen who exhibits apprehension and dismay at being accosted in the English language, and who answers you haltingly, with an evident effort of translation.

The next stage in the Pilgrim's Progress for the day is the Santa Anita Ranch of Mr. Baldwin, of whom I am ashamed to say that I do not know the Christian name, since all men call him merely "Lucky." One has seen in his

time his share of "swell" places, inhabited by Dukes and the like in their seasons, but surely no "swell place" which so bears the stamp of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" as this. The "domain," as they say on the other side, the ranch, as they say here, is of some 40,000 acres, and the owner seems to keep it all for the pleasure of his fellow-citizens as much as for his own. Nothing, apparently, is closed to visitors but the actual dwelling, a studiously unpretentious bungalow of a single story, the exterior of which does not excite one's curiosity about the interior when there is such an enormous deal to be seen outside. How much there is to be seen outside! It is true that the owner has not yet seen his way to running trolley lines through his estate. "Il ne manquait

A CALIFORNIAN TALLY-HO

que cela." Tallyho coaches, however, under the Jehuship of lineal descendants of the driver of Horace Greeley across the mountains, and for that matter of the son of Nimshi himself, bear us furiously, and at times, when the road is less level than its wont, hair-raisingly through the avenues of the domain. Avenues bordered with orange trees and lemon trees in full leaf and fruitage, with walnut trees, with pepper trees, those pendulous and picturesque vegetables which not all of us have seen before, with their drooping foliage and their scarlet pods, avenues of poplar and of palm, vast patches of whatever crops, one is tempted to say, will grow for the use of man in any clime. And we are shown animal as well as vegetable "California products," and in equal perfection.

"Bunches" of mules and horned cattle, of the best breeds, we have been seeing all about the ranch. But here is a special stable out of which are solemnly led such historical quadrupeds as Emperor of Norfolk, which in his time won $200,000 for his lucky owner on the Eastern turf, and has since justified himself of his "get," and El Rey de Santa Anita, of a record only less distinguished, cherished now as becomes their past, and not without hope for the future in their progeny yet to be. One learns with satisfaction that the noble owner who employs some hundreds of workmen in "keeping up" an estate many times as large as Central Park, and as scrupulously kept, and who acquired it as a means of spending money, is in the way to make money out of it by cutting it up for

villa sites for the Easterners who have succumbed to the fascinations of this fascinating land.

One of these Easterners occurred at the next number on our programme, that luncheon at the Hotel Maryland which established that besides those citrous and pomological products peculiar, in their degree, to Southern California there are to be had there fish and flesh and fowl quite equal after their kinds to the best productions of the East or of the Middle West. It was an old friend and co-Centurion who, happening to visit the coast last year, fell an unresisting victim to its charms, took a house in Pasadena on a lease running from November to April, and now declares that he is not going back to New York "until he has to." He

bore me from the banquet hall in his fleet automobile to his own cottage, through the wonderful avenues of Pasadena, bordered with live oaks, dodging the luxuriant live oak which the layers-out of the avenues have had the sense to leave standing in the middle of the road, past untold hundreds of homes, over roads which seem to be asphalted but are in fact merely oiled in the middle for the diminution of friction and the avoidance of dust, to the southeastward-opening veranda of the Country Club, where the outlook across the valley is at its finest, toward the "saw" of the Madre, with its permanently snow-capped peak of "Old Baldy," which has abided in our subconsciousness all the morning. We can not only see "Mount Lowe," the station more than half way up, and often above

the clouds, which is the mountain terminus of the Pacific Electric; we can also see and distinguish by its white scarp on the cliff the still higher "Mount Wilson," attainable only on foot or mule back, which the Trustees of the Carnegie Fund have chosen as precisely the most eligible place in the United States for the establishment of an astronomical observatory, and where they have spent two years' income of the fund in establishing the observatory of which the white side gleams to us from the summit, an observatory for which even now the experimental grinding of a five-foot lens beyond the dreams of Alvah Clark is in progress. Where on earth is the Earthly Paradise, the Happy Valley, if not precisely this which lies open to the tropical sun between us and that

ridge, dotted with groves green in December and with human habitations? And the human habitations are another trophy of Triumphant Democracy, a perfectly American aggregation. In the mass they make the same impression of Equality and Fraternity that they make in detail. They are not, none of them is, beyond the legitimate aspiration of the frugal and industrious American born to no birthright but that of his citizenship. They are redeemed from vulgarity by the genius of the place, perhaps particularly by the influence of our Spanish predecessors, expressed in that Mission architecture which is the negation at once of luxury and of vulgarity. How welcomely unlike they are to that absurd and vulgar huddle, on the cliffs of Newport, of palaces of which for its

proper framing and display every one needs, not a "villa plot," but the frame and setting of a great park!

Mr. Cawston's ostrich farm at South Pasadena, though in sooth it is rather a show room than a farm, the main breeding place being back in the mountains, and only a hundred and fifty birds or so being on view here, is one of the sights of the region, welcome for its intrinsic interest and welcome also as a proof that anything that will thrive anywhere will thrive in this enchanted land. Thrive they clearly do, whether they be of the black-necked South African or of the red-necked Nubian variety, all alike rubber-necked, figuratively as well as literally, and making test of any new object by the infantile process of

swallowing it or trying to. It is a sight to see one of them "fielding" an orange, and to watch the undigested globe slipping down the side of his absurd neck to tussle with the dissolvent power of his gastric juices. "The proper way to take a high ball," murmurs one envious and emulous unfeathered biped. The new-fledged chicks are as greedy and as indiscriminate as their elders. The chicks are said to be good to eat, though of course they are too valuable as feather bearers to be put to that use. The adults are not, for Mr. Cawston, the enterprising Englishman who has made the experiment, relates that an adult or two accidentally died on the voyage out in a sailing ship, and their bodies were given to and rejected by the foremast hands. Mr. Cawston's con-

clusion looks warranted that what a sailor will not eat is not edible. An ostrich egg, however, should make an omelet eligible and sufficient for a party, say, of a dozen, estimating by the hen's egg that is put alongside of it in the photograph to "give scale."

And at the ostrich farm my companions recur, and we whizz in to Los Angeles again, the dusk by this time setting in, to prepare for the press banquet; but we return hopelessly smitten, like everybody else, with the charms of this land, and with a fixed determination, also like everybody else, to come back and end our days on this enchanted shore.

Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blüh'n?
Im dunklen Laub die Goldorangen glüh'n,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrthe still, und hoch die Lorbeer steht.
Kennst du es wohl! Dahin, dahin,
Möcht ich mit dir, O meine Liebe, ziehn.

"EXTRA! JUST OUT!"

Day Fifth

UP THE COAST

A "banquet" of which the hall is not deserted until after midnight is not the best preparation for beginning to see scenery at 8 A.M., which was the inexorable hour at which, after making my packets, my train was to bear me forth of the City of the Angels and up the coast to San Francisco. Forbye that when one has been rocked for four nights by Alma Pullman, he misses her lullaby and does not sleep very well in a bed. When the passenger on the Coast Line really awakens to a sense of his surroundings, he is passing through a country much like the garden of yesterday, "lands of

palm, of orange blossom, of olive, aloe, and maize and vine," past stations of the queerly mixed Spanish and Gringo nomenclature. Oxnard, of anti-Cuban reciprocity memory, for example, is sandwiched in between Hueneme and Montalvo. It is 10.19 of December morning by he time-table when you learn, by the capital map the Southern Pacific provides for the earnest seeker, that you are approaching San Buena Ventura. You have just time to bluff a translation as "Holy Good Luck" when the translation justifies itself. "Thalatta, Thalatta; by Jove, I saw the sea," as Kinglake has it in that famous burst in "Eothen." Like stout Balboa, and only a trifling matter of some 392 years behind him, I, too, "stared at the Pacific." For the ensuing six hours of daylight that jour-

ney was a delightful dream. One is prone, ungratefully, to exclaim, the best of all these days of which each is the best. Blue is the Pacific, the greatest expanse upon this planet of ours, with a blueness quite unknown to the sojourners by the misty coast of the sad North Atlantic, and beautiful with a beauty as far beyond. Nobody that I know has done justice to it by pen or even by brush, though the latter is the more eligible utensil. You would know at once, and quite apart from the solecism of going North with the ocean on your left hand, that this summer sea was not the Atlantic you had left, where the line of division between sea and sky is always a somewhat misty zone, whereas here, as on the great lakes, the rim of the horizon is starkly clear. There is no "melan-

choly wash of endless waves" about this sunlit sparkle of sapphire and silver. You remember Stevenson's "On the Beach at Monterey," Monterey of which we are presently to pass far to the inland. The lines are among the most nearly successful of his essays in verse, but they read as if he had never seen the Pacific:

Now that you have spelt your lesson, lay it down and go and play,
Seeking shells and seaweed on the sands of Monterey;
Watching all the mighty whalebones, lying buried by the breeze,
Tiny sandpipers and the huge Pacific seas.

What have the "huge Pacific seas" to do with this coast, where even in late December the "sunny waters" "only heave with a summer swell"? Clarence King's prose, in "Mountain-

eering in the Sierra Nevada," is much more to the point:

> The western margin of this continent is built of a series of mountain chains folded in broad corrugations, like waves of stone upon whose seaward base beat the mild, small breakers of the Pacific.

All the same, I wish Stevenson had my present task of trying to convey in prose some sense of the charm of this loveliest of all the coasts of all the seas. How beautifully he would do it! And how beautifully it ought to be done! There has been much good verse written about the coast of Italy which the passenger along this coast finds himself mentally transferring to it, as mile after mile of tranquil and varied and not insipid beauty passes him in review during the five hours of daylight, for the 150 miles of space

that intervene between the "Holy Good Luck" which brings him upon the coast and the San Luis Obispo, where he leaves it to deviate inland and upland. Buchanan Read's "Drifting" and Tennyson's "Daisy" recur to him mile by mile as poetry which this panorama must have inspired. From the latter I have already quoted, but I must quote again, so redolent is it of this atmosphere and so reflective of this landscape:

> Distant color, happy hamlet,
> A moldered citadel on the coast,
>
> Or tower, or high hill convent, seen
> A light amid its olives green;
> Or olive-hoary cape in ocean
> Or rosy blossom in hot ravine.

Here is a station, called, inevitably, for a namer who had a sense of the fit-

ness of things, "Surf," where some lucky conformation of the bottom causes the white horses to shake their manes far out at sea, and to roll in in successions of white, yeasty foam, with such an effect of contrast between them and the blue beyond and between as surely one has never seen elsewhere or before. Here is a green promontory jutting out into the blue, just large enough to hold the little fruitful garden patch, the little white-washed cottage, and the white shaft of the pharos of the happy and enviable lighthouse keeper. Here is a blue inlet which, cutting far into the mainland, vividly brings back the "Last Valley" at Newport, whether in its actual aspect or in Mr. La Farge's reproduction of its effect. In truth, the impression of this coast is that of Newport, of a

hundred miles of a magnified but not distorted Newport, the only stretch of the Atlantic seaboard which can for a moment be compared with it. The impression is the same impression of suavity and "elegance" and graciousness. There is nothing forbidding about these rounded hills; contrariwise something neighborly and sociable and inviting. One might still liken them, as I likened those terrible lands of Wyoming, to elephants, but now to recumbent green elephants, facing you; rounded, even "quilted" elephants, facing you, aligned in order, "elephants a-grazing," and stretching out their proboscides downward to the train and the shore as if in quest of the votive peanut, the illusion being assisted by the casual cow or sheep, grazing in a nostril or an eye, and in scale with the flea

which would be likely to infest the actual animal. Truly, if I had been brought out blindfold from New York, and had seen nothing but this five hours' panorama of "The Coast," I should think my journey well repaid. They already call Southern California "the Italy of America." When they come to calling Italy the Southern California of Europe, the claims of poetical and pictorial justice will be nearer their satisfaction. General Chaffee has just endeared himself anew, as I read in this day's papers, to the coast, to which he was endeared before, as to all other parts of his country, by declining Mayor McClellan's offer of an office, upon the ground that he was going back to "good old California." Good old General!

A neighbor on the train, with whom

I fall into talk, sheds light on several things. He is a typical Coaster, born "back East," came out here as a trooper in the Fourth Cavalry, happened to be here when he was discharged, thirty-five years ago, settled, has been dabbling since in "mining and stock raising," and now, at the fifty-five years which naturally accrue to him after that experience, evidently, though not at all ostentatiously, finds himself, as the French locution is, "at his ease." This country, he tells me, meaning Southern California, and being himself a San Franciscan, is a good place to wind up in. That is what it is for. But it is no place to begin at any more. These Swedes who come out here to get a homestead, and find that land is $200 an acre, and that they can't buy less than a thousand

acres — well, they go somewhere else. And to my inquiry whether perpetual summer was not enervating of the human energies, he makes thoughtful answer: "Oh, yes. They do get damn lazy."

We turn inland at last, after this vision of beauty beyond our imagination, but only to exchange it for another beauty and another interest. In the first fourteen miles after leaving San Luis Obispo we climb 1,400 feet, and, as it looks to me, box the compass three or four times. My friend "Louis," the train boy, whom all the habitual passengers know by that name and whom I know by no other, the only "train boy" I have ever encountered who was not a public nuisance, whereas he is one of the most

enlightening and agreeable of ciceroni, with whom it is a privilege to travel — my friend Louis, who, during this delightful day, has sold me sundry dollars' worth of literature and art which I really needed, but which I should assuredly have flung back if presented to me by the usual train boy — my friend Louis, I repeat, to whom, if these lines should meet his eye, I desire to confess my personal obligations and to call the attention of the authorities of the Southern Pacific Railroad to his merits, is kind enough, at this juncture, to come aft and point out to me the old stage trail, winding and zigzagging in general conformity with the course of our train, within our windings and commonly below them. I am in "Bret Harte's country." Not literally, for he "operated" mainly in

the Sacramento Valley, beyond San Francisco, or on the other side of the range. But the old stage route brings us near akin. And Louis tells me a tale of the days when the stage route was already obsolescent, tells it in view of the oak tree which was the hero of the tale. "Yuba Dam," says Louis, or possibly Profane Bill, "was drivin' a party of school-moms through here on an excursion. Just here, one of 'em says, 'Mr. Dam, didn't you use to be robbed hereabouts in old times?' 'Betcherlife,' says Yuba, 'and not such old times, neither. Three months ago I was held up.' 'My! Where did they waylay you?' 'Mostly by that big tree right there — and there is the galoot now.' And," concludes Louis, "and he was." After that I can no more regard myself as a tenderfoot

than the maiden lady in Stevenson's tale could regard herself as a maiden lady after she had heard the Commissary of Police swearing at night out of his window. Dear reader and possible follower, whatever happens, do not let anybody persuade you to go from Los Angeles to San Francisco either by the Valley Route or by a nefarious "Owl Train" which runs through all this splendor in the darkness.

Too much beauty, taken in too big gulps, is as cloying as any other surfeit. Wherefore the amateur of his own sensations is relieved to find that the December day is no longer, and that the dark is settling, though he must pause to note with pleasure, that one of the undistinguished stations we have passed is, by the piety of the California he celebrated,

named "Nordhoff," after that high-minded and patriotic man who had praised his Californians, as who could fail to do who knew them, and who, an old man, broken with the storms of journalism, came here to lay his weary bones among them. But it is a distinct relief that the darkness closes in before we can see the Santa Clara, "the richest valley in California," which we are condoled with upon missing. Heaven knows we are not, since yesterday, "short" of rich valleys. "Utter darkness" does us a favor in "closing her wing" so timely that there is not, from here to San Francisco, anything we are obliged to admire. These condolences are misplaced.

Surely, after the strenuous hospitality of Los Angeles all day yesterday

and most of last night, one has nothing to ask of the Palace Hotel in San Francisco but a place to sleep when he drives to it at 10.30 P.M. They tell me, by the way, that I should not have come here, but to the Saint Francis, which, just now, while the opening of the Fairmount, which is to be the tiptop of Franciscan hotel keeping, is still in abeyance, is the only correct thing. But, San Buena Ventura! What should I have missed if I had gone anywhere else? The uncovenanted mercy of the assemblage of the beauty and fashion of San Francisco at the Palace Hotel at some social function of the name and nature of which I am gladly ignorant, but which enabled me to watch for an hour the San Franciscan procession of women through the corridors of this "battered

caravanserai," how can one be thankful enough for that? To be sure, they wore their wraps, though that scarcely mattered. There was a screen erected between the great court of the hotel and the ballroom at the rear, which screen concealed the dancers, but did not conceal the "floral decorations." The floral decorations were a wealth of tropical bloom which would have cost a king's ransom in New York, if they could have been had there at all, which at this season they could not. But what I looked at, and what I still recall, is that procession of the women of San Francisco. Some fifteen years ago Mr. Kipling recorded his belief that San Francisco was "inhabited by a perfectly insane people, whose women are of a remarkable beauty." To the latter branch of the proposition nobody

with my opportunities for observation could possibly prevent himself from subscribing. For an hour or so that procession defiled by me. There was scarcely one female processionist, from eighteen to sixty, who was "plain" or commonplace. The rank and file were tributes more cogent than a "monstrous turnip or giant pine" to the influence of the soil and the climate, "California products" about which there is no disputing, "magnificent specimens." Dear sisters of our own Four Hundred, as one sees your round-ups in the glittering horseshoe's ample round of the Metropolitan Opera House, on the East Drive of Central Park, in the ballroom which the elderly philosopher may occasionally be inveigled into visiting, at the Horse Show, which not so long ago was known as a Beauty

Show, let nobody delude you into opening this latter to bipedal as well as quadrupedal continental competition. Painful as the confession may be to a Manhattanese, you will not be in it with these "California products." You will be, I will not say outdressed, but "outlooked" and even "outstyled." At the end of this day of superlative natural beauty, it is nevertheless a patriotic privilege to come upon this assemblage of human beauty, and to remember gratefully Mr. Myers's heartfelt British tribute to the American woman whom we have been seeing in her most impressive avatar:

Spread then, Great Land, thine arms afar,
  Thy golden harvests westward roll;
Banner with banner, star with star,
  Ally the tropics and the pole;

There glows no gem than these more bright
From ice to fire, from sea to sea;
Blossoms no fairer flower to light
Through all thine endless empery.

Day Sixth

THE GOLDEN GATE*

Here we are at last at the Golden Gate, "at the land's end and the world's end and the end of the Aryan migration," as is set forth in "The Helmet of Mambrino." At the one angle of a triangle of which the other two are the City of the Angels and the City of the Saints, nobody has pretended to find in San Francisco much affinity with either. It is, on the contrary, frankly mundane, "wide open" with a width of openness beyond the dreams of Tammany, and

* Written, the reader will observe, some months before the awful calamity which destroyed the city it describes. But it seems best to let it stand as written, as a traveler's impression of the San Francisco that was.

boasts itself, and one judges with reason, to be the most cosmopolitan of all the towns of a country which is itself a cosmos in attracting strangers from all lands. In the seven hours or so of December daylight which are left one between a late and leisurely breakfast and the dark, nay, between that meal and the departure of his train, one has no time for Oakland or Berkeley, not even for the Cliff House and the Golden Gate Park, which are the boasts of San Francisco itself. It is open to him only, in the language of the Psalmist, to "grin like a dog and run about the city." The provision for running about the city is not so ample as one finds in the Middle West, or even in the effete East, being the obsolescent cable car mainly, and even one sees the elsewhere-for-that-purpose ob-

solete horse still employed as an instrument of public traction. There has been a "seeing San Francisco" automobile service, but I learn that it has languished and been abandoned; and there is another, just starting, which boasts itself to have "the largest automobile on the Coast, seating twenty persons," half as many as one can see any day swarming on one of the observation automobiles in Broadway, and drinking in the megaphonous eloquence of the barker. But I happened to fall between these two stools, and, the private automobile at $5 per hour being rather too rich for my blood, I fulfilled for the most part literally the Psalmist's description, and did not regret it, dividing my few hours between the "business center" and the "swell" residential quarter, and find-

ing in each reason to regret the brevity of my sojourn.

San Francisco has been much written about, and by great writers. Bret Harte, Stevenson, and Kipling are compelling names. And yet I find that I have derived from reading no real notion of the place.

The flimsy architecture of a mining camp survives in great quantities to disturb the impression of a modern city, and even to endanger more permanent and more valuable erections. The early magnates of "Nob Hill" had the crudity of their own architectural tastes reinforced by the general belief that frame buildings were the most trustworthy against earthquakes, and they put up balloon frames and went to wild excesses in jig-sawyery by way

of spending money. There is much crudity left even in the commercial center, though there, and there alone, there does not seem to be left any dangerous combustibility. The monstrous Palace Hotel, a monument, I suppose, of the early seventies, is highly characteristic, with its seven-story court, which the architect probably called a "patio," surrounded by balconies, and these in turn with bedrooms, of which it is a detail in the general splendiferousness that they are dark cells, in which you cannot even see your way about without artificial light.

The same architectural anarchy that characterizes the building of other American cities signalizes that of San Francisco, and yet more abundantly. Individualism is more rampant and

civism more discouraged than in New York or Chicago. The architectural lions of the place, apart from the admirable Ferry Station, which a reproduction of the Giralda of Seville crowns as it crowns the Madison Square Garden, and even more effectively by dint of the greater effectiveness of its isolated and conspicuous site — the "lions" are the three newspaper buildings, of which two are officially known by other names than those of the newspapers, but all popularly by their newspaper names. Each of them has its interest, but none of them has anything architecturally to do with either of the others. Intrinsically the Hearst Building is not only the most interesting and attractive of them, but also it affords by its graceful and skillful recall of the architecture of the original Span-

ish settlement the most eligible point of departure for the commercial architecture of San Francisco, when it shall cease to be chaotic. The Crocker Building is a favorable example of the conventional treatment of the skyscraper, in which it is still represented as a building of masonry instead of a frame building, and the actual masonry of the great commercial concerns is exemplary for its straightforward rationality of design.

Besides its wooden flimsiness the up-and-downness of San Francisco is the feature for which I was not fully prepared. This unevenness has queer consequences. For example, the "swell" quarter — Jackson Street and Pacific Avenue far up the hill and their connecting streets — crowned, really with an Acropolitan effectiveness, by the ranged

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stories and wings of the still incomplete "Fairmount" — this swell quarter takes its rise from "Chinatown," and the hill it sits on stands knee-deep in that undesirable and despised purlieu, which offers the only access. When you get out there, and have ceased wondering at the jig-saw antics of the days of the old "magnates," "when the miners were the kings," you find as interesting a residential quarter, of as beautiful houses without and — if I may generalize from the gracious hospitality of the only one it was vouchsafed me to enter — within, as you will find in any American or foreign city, and with the same grateful air that the houses of Pasadena had of not being "palaces," but only happy and comfortable homes, trophies, once more, of "Triumphant Democracy."

Day Seventh

OVER THE RANGE

There is nothing to see from the Oakland ferryboat at 6 o'clock P.M. in late December excepting the receding twinkles of the lights of Cosmopolis and the ferryboat itself, which, by dint of taking forty minutes to its transit, is a floating barber's shop and restaurant as well as conveyance. The Sacramento Valley and its stations are likewise mere names called out in the dark. But this morning, Holy Good Luck once more! For I awake precisely at the psychological moment and twitch my curtain blue to become aware, in the gray dawning, of snow and pine trees outside, and to raise the curtain

entirely on the new scene. The sky brightens from gray to luminous pale amber, not bright enough yet to extinguish a pale fading star or two, the dark green of the pines grows starker, and the great carpet whiter. We have passed the summit and are unmistakably sliding down hill. The sudden consciousness that this is sunrise on the Sierra Nevada we are witnessing dissipates the last remains of drowsiness. And presently we whisk into the dark of a tunnel, with rapid slits of light in its timber frame, and no sooner out of that than we plunge into another. A line of Kipling has been running in my head all these days, the line that tells how "the many-shedded levels loop and twine," and I have been awaiting the verification. The snowsheds of the plains have been long since aban-

doned in favor of the wind breaks and snow breaks of Wyoming I have already told of. The verification is complete at last. The whole stanza is worth quoting for the vividness with which it paints this scene:

Through the gorge that gives the stars at noonday clear —
Up the pass that packs the scud beneath our wheel —
Round the bluff that sinks her thousand fathom sheer —
Down the valley with our guttering brakes asqueal:
Where the trestle groans and quivers in the snow,
Where the many-shedded levels loop and twine,
So I lead my reckless children from below
Till we sing the song of Roland to the pine.
With my "Tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!"
(And the ax has cleared the mountain, croup and crest.)
So we ride the iron stallions down to drink,
Through the canyons to the waters of the West.

There is the crossing of the Sierra done once and for all. "Hurrah!" I remember Clarence King exclaiming in his joy when he fell in with that stanza for the first time, Clarence King, the best of all judges by his knowledge of the range which he crossed and explored years before the railroad, and by his poetical sensibility also — and ever after maintained that "The Song of the Banjo" was Kipling's high-water mark in verse.

It is a different world on the hither side of the mountains, with its somber pine forest, its scarps and gulches, its increasing signs everywhere of disfiguring mining, quarrying, boring industries, its Yankeeism for the Spanish of the further slope, the sweet do nothing supplanted by the ugly do much.

The change is denoted by the disappearance of the sonorous Spanish names of the stations of the coast line, even the Benicia and Sacramento of the western slope displaced by Colfax and Gold Run and Dutch Flat and Truckee. For all that, the scene is full of interest until we reach the bottom, the high plateau of Nevada. But after five miles of this, with its monotonous sage brush bounded by low-lying mountains afar off, one finds, absolutely for the first time since leaving Omaha, that he can afford to betake himself to a book by daylight, and is not compelled to keep looking out of the window for fear of losing something.

Almost the only incident I recall of this daylong journey over the arid plain is that of the accursed newsboy

of Reno, whom, being pressed for time, I engaged to buy me a quarter's worth of souvenir postcards at the neighboring store, and who returned with four, the souvenir card throughout the West being a staple article at two for a nickel or twelve for a quarter. A nimble and promising thief that newsboy, whether destined for the Senate or the halter. Rather sadly fell our Christmas Eve, in spite of the cheerfulness and the abundant and strange ancedotage of the genial 'Friscan friend I picked up. The dullness was lightened an hour after dark by the irruption into the smoking apartment of the Pullman we two had had mainly to ourselves, of a lank stripling in a red flannel shirt and cowhide boots, apparently a cowboy fresh from riding the range, who produced from his stores a

box of better cigars than you would expect to encounter in Nevada. "Very likely some magnate's son," whispers my 'Friscan friend. "You can't go by clothes here." Sure enough, it appears casually that the newcomer is a graduate of Leland Stanford, who knows many things besides sheep raising, which he evidently knows particularly, and tells us that there are a million sheep in Nevada. How they pick up a living is more than one can make out from what is to be seen from the railroad's right of way, which still commands a broad prospect.

Day Eighth

THE CITY OF THE SAINTS

And once again, "San Buena Ventura"! As yesterday, I am awakened just at the psychological moment, awakened, this time, by a feeling that the chugging beneath the car is not the smooth, continuous glide to which by this time I am inured, a feeling of a different substructure. A twitch of the curtain assures me that the surrounding country is not snow, as yesterday, or sand, as four days ago, nor any variety of terra firma, but ripples of water. We are on a bridge. The complete arousal which follows this discovery brings with it a sense that we must be at last on the great "Lucin

Cut-off," which modern railroading has erected on trestles across the shallower parts of the Great Salt Lake, to save certain forty-odd miles of distance, certain difficult grades, certain racking curves. "I am not here" to give you the statistics of these economies. Mr. Oscar K. Davis has given them completely in the January *Century*, to which I beg to refer importunate inquirers. From his most interesting and exhaustive article you will learn how it pays a great railroad to grapple with bristling engineering problems, and to expend a bagatelle of four millions or so in such an improvement in order to reduce operating expenses of which each singly and daily is a trifle, but of which the accumulation, in time and space, is enormous. Mr. Davis's summary is worth repeating:

"Forty-three miles in distance are lopped off, heart breaking grades avoided, curves eliminated, hours of time in transit saved, and untold worry and vexation prevented, at the same time that expenses of operation are reduced more than enough to pay interest on the whole cost twice over." When you have taken in the figures you will be in the way of realizing that even the vast design of tunneling the Sierra Nevada and doing away with our sunrise of yesterday is not an iridescent dream of the designer, but an urgent problem of practical railroading.

Meanwhile the picturesque tourist who is here to receive with thankfulness what impressions may befall him cannot be too thankful for the good luck which no contract could have

guaranteed him. He finds himself, so far as sensations and perceptions go, from this side of the car or from the other, on a railroad out in the middle of the ocean:

> nec jam amplius ullae
> Apparent terrae, coelum undique et undique pontus.

Nothing in the gray dawn visible but sea and sky, as is no wonder with the greatest, excepting the Great Lakes, of all our inland waters. But now, off to the southeast, if indeed we head due eastward, the gray murk, low down on the horizon, becomes faintly empurpled, while above it the still unrisen sun inflames two broad horizontal belts of cloud to gold, heightens the pallid sky above them to palpitating green, and, still above, kindles to flaming

scarlet a great fleece of morning mist. We see great sunsets from the *Times* tower. (I do not know so much about the sunrises from that point of view.) At Salt Lake, as I am presently to hear, they pride themselves on both sunrises and sunsets, holding, it seems, that the saline particles rising from a lake some ten times as salt as the Atlantic refract to peculiar beauty the level solar rays. However that may be, this Christmas sunrise over the lake is a picture to hang with the sunrise of yesterday over the Sierra in the gallery of memory so long as memory lasts.

It is rather startling, in alighting at the City of the Saints, to find the first building after leaving the station and the rather shabby hotel which confronts it, emblazoned in large gilt

letters "Keeley Institute." One cannot say the institute is superfluous, for, even on Christmas Day, one finds provision for both the bibulous and the aleatory instincts of our nature apparently adequate to any possible demand. "There," explained my most kindly local guide, philosopher, and friend, "in that saloon," indicating one of no exceptional exterior splendor, "you will meet every millionaire in Utah, if you wait long enough. Some of 'em won't drink anywhere else." As to the aleatoriness, I was to witness that it is the custom of the leading citizens of Salt Lake to toy with contrivances of cards or dice, in competition with the dealer, to determine whether, when they wanted two cigars, they should pay for four or for none. As for "Mining Stocks for Sale" in the window of a

saloon, I had been familiarized with that phenomenon in Ogden. The sanctimony of the Latter Day Saints looks peculiar.

Through this rapid record I have confined myself to impressions and forborne to go into "questions." But, here in Salt Lake City, the Mormon question is of the essence. It is in the air. I asked my aforementioned local authority whether the line of political cleavage was a line also of social demarkation, whether, for instance, a Mormon was "clubbable" from the Gentile point of view. "Bless your innocence!" was his answer, "half the friends I shall introduce you to, walking up the street, will probably be Mormons." Another Gentile said: "Politically we are down on them, and

will beat them every time we can. They owe a higher allegiance than that to Uncle Sam, and we won't have it. But socially they are just like anybody else. We dance with the girls and drink with the men." The Gentiles have, in fact, won a great municipal victory just now here in Salt Lake. It is hard for the stranger to make out how a people so peculiar should not be more peculiar.

"Temple Square" is the only architectural peculiarity of the place, for the monument to "Brigham Young and the Pioneers," though one might wish it were a better monument, is by the testimony of candid Gentiles deserved, and the Eagle Gate has its ample excuses, from the point of view of its projectors. There would be a

better Pioneers' Monument now, not that this is a bad one as American monuments go. Mr. Dallin, the Mormon sculptor, of whose work a spirited equestrian sketch stands in the pleasant and hospitable Commercial Club, is of high repute with his artistic brethren; and in the same repository I found several canvases by a painter who evidently knew his Paris, and whose work was not more redolent of his native soil than that of the other usual graduates of that capital. The notion of an artistic Mormon is startling to the stranger. Yet in fact there is more artistic aptitude among the Mormons than among their Gentile neighbors, and they take to music, as well as to the plastic arts, with readiness and success. It is pleasure and justice to record that those Gentiles who do not inhabit Utah,

and who have only business dealings with the Mormon leaders, have nothing but good to say of them as men of ideas, as men of affairs, and as fair dealers.

Do you remember Dickens's testimony about the shipload of English Mormon emigrants he went to look at in the London Docks in the early sixties, prepared to curse, and found himself compelled to bless altogether? It is worth quoting how, watching them under the circumstances of a hasty embarkation in a sailing ship, he would have taken them for "in their degree, the pick and flower of England."

"To suppose the family groups of whom the majority of emigrants were composed polygamically possessed, would be to suppose an absurdity manifest to any one who saw the fathers and mothers. . . . I went on

board their ship to bear testimony against them if they deserved it, as I fully believed they would; to my great astonishment they did not deserve it; and my predispositions must not affect me as an honest witness."

A survey of Salt Lake from Temple Square to Fort Douglas and back — Fort Douglas, which has been an overhanging menace to the town almost since the expedition of Albert Sidney Johnston, in the days of Buchanan — shows only a very attractive and inviting town, with wide expanse of happy homes, its due proportion of churches — Catholic, Congregational, and so forth — with more than its due proportion, one would say, of schoolhouses. Looking at the stately schoolhouses and the Temple one is inclined to

repeat with Victor Hugo about the printed book and Notre Dame, "ceci tuera cela." But apparently not so. The learning of the Gentiles is available to the Saints. If there be a Gentile University of Utah, so also there is a University of the Saints and a "Brigham Young University" thereto. If there be an able and pugnacious Salt Lake *Tribune*, so there is an able and pugnacious Mormon organ, *The Deseret News*, of which I obtained a holiday number, weighing a pound and a half and including a hundred pages, according to the canons of "metropolitan" Sunday journalism, and of which I should not speak ill, for it had much information of use to me. But one cannot help feeling that Mormonism is doomed, in spite of all the specious showings it can make for itself.

A peculiar people can remain peculiar only by detachment and isolation, and must merge now that it has been fairly caught up with. It is a lack of faith in "Uncle Sam" to seek to accelerate the inevitable catastrophe. A nation which boasts of being able to assimilate so many hundreds of thousands of polyglot foreigners a year would show little confidence in itself if it did not believe that it could assimilate these few hundreds of thousands of belated strangers without exterminating or persecuting them, and should trust to violence rather than to time, which works more surely:

Even as that Bull-god once did stand
And watched the burial-clouds of sand,
Till these at last, without a hand,
Rose o'er his eyes, another land,
And blinded him with Destiny.

"BACK EAST"

And so I rejoin in the Christmas dusk my companions of the first trip of the Los Angeles Limited, having for the first time seen my country, and being now engaged in the attempt to celebrate it. I do not know how much the eagle may have been heard to screech in the foregoing pages. I only know that patriotic pride and joy have attended the voyager and increased with every step of his progress. It is a dozen years or more since an eminent editor explaining his "run across," said: "Oh, you know, Europe is a matter now of $200 and ten days." True, the voyager for that money and in that time can cross and, on an express steamer, even recross, having

observed the scenery of the North Atlantic by the way. It is exactly ten days from Chicago to Chicago, this trip we have been taking, twelve days from New York to New York, eight days from the Missouri to the Coast and back, as we have gone and come. "Ten days and $200" from Chicago, twelve days and $250, say, from New York. Our trip was possibly too strenuous for some, who would require more than three nights out of twelve in a stationary bed. Allowances can be made by and for these weaker brethren and sisters. I should have been glad of another day in the Garden, and of another at the Golden Gate, which would have made an even fortnight from New York. But in what direction could you go, within these limits of time and money, which would offer

so much of delight to the eyes, of instruction to the mind, of aliment for patriotism? For this last in the retrospect is the most potent of considerations. It used to be the fashion for politicians returning from Europe to say that they came back better Americans than they went. But an American, whatever part he inhabits, cannot help coming back from travel in the other parts a better American than he went. Even poor old New York may have its patriotic uses for a Middle Westerner himself. To see three thousand miles of Triumphant Democracy, to mingle with all sorts and conditions of men and not to find one who does not fervently believe in the United States of America — that is an experience which must be undergone to be appreciated. After all our "little

fears," Liberty, Equality, Fraternity are accomplished facts throughout this land. "I met a hundred men on the road to Delhi, and they were all my brothers."

OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER

"CONSIDERATIONS BY THE WAY."

"The side lights of a car in motion," according to Rufus Choate, whose the phrase is, hardly afford a safe basis for generalization. And yet the observer who is fresh from surveying three thousand miles of Triumphant Democracy cannot help compiling his observations into some sort of general conclusions. The mere necessity of arranging them in order compels him to so much of generalization. He cannot help asking himself, "What does all this mean?" After painful pondering, it seems to this voyager and observer that the most convenient summary of all these impressions is the French summing up of the principles which the French thought out before

us, although we applied it in practice before them. "Uncle Sam," according to the eloquent speech of Gen. Patrick Collins at one of the Democratic conventions which nominated Grover Cleveland, is "the child of Revolution nurtured on Philosophy." There was no thought of French philosophy in the minds of the great majority of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. Like Edie Ochiltree in Scott's novel, they were "nae liberty-men," and like him they stood upon "the prerogative" of British subjects. His colleagues of his committee allowed the bookish young Jefferson to underpin their Declaration of Independence with what philosophic support he might have derived from his reading, regarding his glittering generalities as padding, and being themselves intent only

upon asserting their "prerogatives" as British yeomen or British squires. As their friend and advocate Burke was to put it, a dozen years later, they "claimed their franchises, not on abstract principles, as the 'Rights of Men' but as the rights of Englishmen, and as a patrimony derived from their forefathers." That they were founding a new nation upon the principles of the "Contrat Social" would have been an abhorrent proposition to such of them as had ever heard of Rousseau. The motto into which French lucidity condensed republican aspirations would assuredly have been rejected by them. And yet one is forced to revert to the French epigram, and to say that the triumph of American democracy is a triumph of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

I. LIBERTY.

Liberty is plainly enough the prime factor in this great success. What Mr. G. W. Steevens said of the aspect of New York may be said, with equal accuracy, of the aspect of the whole continent: "It is the outward expression of the freest, fiercest individualism." Therein, if therein alone, it commends itself to the Briton from whom, surely, we derive the freedom and the ferocity of our individualism. Refractory and reactionary Britons there be who would object to it on that ground. Thomas Carlyle might, and logically must, have objected to the Nebraska farmer tilling his soil and planting his trees, as to the Nevada

miner prospecting on his individual account, on the ground that he was "an anarchical object," there being nobody to "boss" him or to throw stones or snap blacksnakes at him while he broke the stubborn glebe. The only settlement which could properly have commended itself to the sage was the Mormon migration That was ordered and hierarchical enough to please him. In sooth, the Mormon migration was a great success. It is questionable whether the valley of the Great Salt Lake would have been, even now, turned into the land flowing with milk and honey that it is, but for the business foresight and provident energy of the Mormon leader, who marshaled and directed the migration, not merely nor mainly from the valley of the Mississippi, which had already become

untenable for the followers of Joseph Smith, but from all those parts of Europe in which converts to Mormonism and colonists for the Great Salt Lake were to be gathered. Nobody will pretend, in behalf of Carlyle, that he made a specialty of candor. But it is only candid to recall that, recurring in his old age (according to Froude), to the recipe of emigration he had prescribed in his prime, together with the recipe of education, as the solvent of the "Condition of England Question," he had the candor to own that in his own lifetime this part of the problem had been settled, by the mere action of supply and demand, better than it could have been settled by the embodied wisdom of the governing classes of Europe. On the other hand, it is arguable that the subordination and

obedience arising from religious faith were essential to the settlement of Utah, when it was a thousand miles removed from the nearest outpost of civilization.

But at any rate Utah was the only exception. Everywhere else, "The Winning of the West" has been accomplished by the free and fierce individualism which is, as we say, the Anglo-Saxon birthright, and in the triumphs of which our British brother can take part, since, "excipiendis exceptis," they are his triumphs also. The civilization of the West, I repeat, would have been a great blow to Carlyle and his specialty of "government" and anti-Anarchism. But even his rock-ribbed prejudices in favor of coercion and supervision would have been, must

have been, unsettled if he had had the opportunity of taking this transcontinental trip which we have been taking, and of seeing "what hath Man wrought" when Man is simply emancipated and turned loose to follow his own sense of his own interest. He would have been forced to admit, on the prairies of Nebraska, that "der big brass-hat pizness does not make der trees grow." "Laissez faire" is a French phrase but a British belief. "Every Man in His Humor" is as British in phrasing as in sentiment. That simply to unlock the human energies is the way to make them most productive is a creed virtually confined to the English-speaking peoples. The triumphs of its practical application over the width of the American continent they can all equally share. What, they

may with equal confidence inquire, what would the very ideal of a benevolent despot have made of this continent compared with what has been made of it by the unfettered and individual action of the members of our great democracy?

II. EQUALITY.

It is at this next stage of the application of the French version of the motto of the American democracy that the two branches of the English-speaking race ramify and part company. The most appreciative and sympathetic observer of the progress of "Liberty," in the sense of unhampered individualism, is, doubtless, after the American himself, the Englishman, or the English-speaking man of colonial or "dependent" affiliations. But, when one comes to attribute political and social successes to the working of the principle of equality, to the extent of the abolition of all artificial distinctions among mankind, the Englishman,

especially the "well born" and "well bred" Englishman, is almost the worst possible judge of the result. His very birth and breeding retain him on the other side. A Frenchman is a far better as being a far more open-minded judge. And in this sense it is particularly a pity that our national culture should be so exclusively British, and that, up to a time within the lifetime of men not yet old, we should so meekly have submitted to the application of British social standards to our own so totally different conditions. "Liberty," in the sense of individualism, the Briton understands as well as we do. I am not prepared to maintain that he does not understand it even better. But Equality and Fraternity, the other two elements of the democratic idea, he does not understand at all, and dis-

believes in them with a conviction exceeding even his incomprehension. And yet, this great success of ours is as much a trophy of Equality and Fraternity as of Liberty. The things are really inextricable and indistinguishable.

I remember talking with a "bright" Englishman in Paris, in 1900, an Englishman who has since distinguished himself in literary work, and by the most just title, and casually observing that I liked the French people because they were patriotic, because they realized their motto, and because Liberty, Equality, Fraternity were to them something more than mere words. I had no notion of provoking antagonism or controversy. But my Englishman took me up short, and told me a

story, by way of disproving my allegation of the French allegiance to equality, importing that some French actress, let us say, had been received by an English Duke, whom some French "Duc" had markedly declined to receive. This as an instance that British "society" was really more democratic than French. The fact so clearly was that a British Duke could do with impunity whatever he chose to do, and that a French Duc could not, that for the moment it paralyzed my powers of repartee. A hundred years hence, or less, the British peer may be deprived of his legislative powers. But, even so, one foresees that his tremendous and baleful social influence is likely to remain what it is now. It is imbedded, with the aid of the catechism, in the British Constitution. The

French "aristocracy" is of no more practical avail than the American "Four Hundred." It is an institution which imposes only upon the willing, and has no relation to the general life of the nation. That any intelligent man — and my friend was highly intelligent — should compare this melancholy survival, disestablished for a hundred years — since surely Louis Napoleon's pinchbeck titles do not count — not only legally and politically, but also socially, with the British aristocracy, that huge blight and handicap of the British Empire in the modern international competition, this was, in sooth, a revelation.

It was, and one may say it had to be, an Englishman who took up his parable against the democratic idea, as em-

bodied in the French formula. It is a full generation ago that Fitz James Stephens, afterward Mr. Justice Stephen and Sir James Fitz James, entered his protest against the way the world was going, in a book expressly entitled "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," all three, even the first, being thus marked for animadversion. Even "Liberty" which a Briton is born to appreciate, came in, at least Liberty in John Stuart Mill's appreciation of the term, as perhaps it had to. A very able and vigorous "kick" the book was, as all its readers know, even though it be far more evident now than it was then that it was a kick against the pricks, an expression of discontent with the way the world was inevitably going. It was not more emphatic than explicit. Its object, according to its author, was

"to examine the doctrines which are rather hinted at than expressed by the phrase." And his thesis was that "when used collectively, the words do not typify, however vaguely, any state of society which a reasonable man ought to regard with enthusiasm or self-devotion." The great achievement of our own democracy, that which we have been witnessing in the conversion of the great wilderness, "wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, neither he that bindeth up the sheaves his bosom," within a human lifetime, into countless human homes, while attributing it correctly to "the enormous development of equality in America," he describes, in passing, as "the rapid production of an immense multitude of commonplace, self-satisfied, and essentially slight people."

American democracy had by no means had its perfect work in 1870. It has done enough and gone far enough since to make it certain that, while there may be Englishmen who still hold the view of it thus expressed then, no responsible Englishman capable of expressing it would now venture to express it. Poor, able, pugnacious, insular, British James Fitz James! His life should have been prolonged till he could have beheld this day and taken this transcontinental trip with us.

It does, in truth, require a miracle of imaginative sympathy to enable a well-placed Englishman to understand what is doing on this continent. Sir James Fitz James probably did not pride himself upon his open-minded-

ness, and he had never visited this country. Matthew Arnold did, and had. Moreover, before he came he had combated, as one of the results, perhaps, of his sympathetic study of the great French nation, the British notion of a permanent and fixed inequality as one of the constituent elements of a great state. Answering the contention of one Sir William Molesworth, apparently adopted by Mr. Gladstone, that, with the English people at large, "the love of aristocracy," in other words, the love of inequality, was "a religion," he took a text, "Choose Equality" from Menander, and meandered about it, in his delightful way, through a lecture "delivered at the Royal Institution" to insinuate that Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Molesworth, in planting them-

selves upon the Catechism of the Church of England, were not altogether secure of "the approval of time and of the world." It was Mr. Gladstone, by the way, who, before some parliamentary committee, when he was Prime Minister of England, being asked whether he was not an intimate friend of some Duke, say of Newcastle, necessarily his intellectual and political inferior, made humble answer: "His Grace and myself are as intimate as the differences in our stations will allow," a catechismal reply involving a mental attitude absolutely inconceivable to an American. Matthew Arnold not only, with Menander, "chose equality," but indicated a distinct apprehension that equality was a good thing, would be a good thing even for the England with which he invariably and perhaps

necessarily dealt as an aggregation of "classes," which is to say of castes. He showed more than an artistic appreciation of Wordsworth's line

Of Joy in widest commonalty spread.

He showed a human exultation in the thought. And yet, when he came to visit the favored land in which Joy is in fact in widest commonalty spread, he found that he did not like it, and he frankly avowed that his dislike was founded precisely upon its lack of "distinction" and its want of suitable and special provision for the class of "gentlemen." Therein he showed himself less appreciative of the American idea, and to that extent less of a philosopher than a British tourist of the preceding generation, Anthony Trollope, to wit, who, being Britannically re-

volted by the airs of equality taken by his Bostonian hackman, was yet candid enough to own that the hackman might be a better citizen precisely for being, from the Britannic point of view, a worse hackman. It is at least worth noting that Mr. Arnold did not reprint the paper in which his complaint appeared. One hopes the omission may have been due to a perception that his complaint was that nobody was abased that he might he exalted, that he was ashamed to complain that the comfort of the units was sacrificed to the happiness of the millions, and that he recalled the injunction of his poetical master

> Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

Such instances go to show the negligibility, from the American point of

view, of British criticisms of American "institutions," especially of the American institution of equality. The British tourist simply cannot help missing in America the conveniences, the diminution of social friction by social lubrication, which he enjoys at home. One may question, indeed, whether he has a right as a human being to enjoy what he does as a member of the British "upper classes." It is a quarter of a century since I was nauseated by the obsequiousness and servility of the guide who forced himself, very civilly, upon me at Oxford, thumbing once more a hat brim already overthumbed. He was an educated man, a man of my race and speech, even though alcoholically degraded from his rightful place among men "a classical scholar and gentleman" after the pattern of Tufton

Hunt, in Thackeray's "Philip:" possibly also a clergyman, though, like the Rev. Tufton, he "sank that." And he whiningly quarreled with the amount of my gratuity, and made me do his blushing for him and for the dignity of human nature. I am afraid that the well-placed Briton would not have shared my blushes. At any rate the well-placed Briton would have reserved his blushes for the social degradation of the man who had dropped several rungs down "this whole ladder of dependence," which according to a British classic, Henry Fielding, constitutes the British social system, and would not have found it requisite to blush for the merely human abjection of the servility. But it is easy to understand that the well-placed Briton does ont enjoy going about in America.

"Money," says Mr. Kipling, "cannot buy service in America." No, thank God! Not that kind.

And yet it is at this point, at the increase or diminution of social friction in connection with personal service, that the American system shows to the least advantage in comparison with the European system. We need not make too much of Mr. Arnold's avowal that he was made more comfortable in traveling on the other side than on this side in order to admit that "they order these matters better" abroad. In fact every American who has been in Europe knows it. Who is to do the work, especially what we call the "menial" work, which is supposed to degrade the performer, and which is compensated by "tips," the tip being

by hypothesis a "quantum meruit," fixed by the beneficiary, for personal service for which no fixed charge exists? What becomes of "equality" between the tipper and the tippee? It is all very well for Count Tolstoy, in his character as Christian Socialist under Russian conditions, to maintain that everybody ought to do for himself those offices which are recognized as "menial," which is to say, degrading. The rest of us have something more pressing to do than to carry out our social theories to this point of rigor. Very well, too, for Mr. Hopkinson Smith, on the eve of his departure for Europe to assume the character of Tippoo Sahib, and boldly to proclaim that he "loves to tip" and that the tip blesses equally him that gives and him or her who takes. But neither of these

solutions quite reaches the American problem.

A solution was once reached, in San Francisco, about a generation ago, as was recorded by an ingenious and ingenuous British tourist of that time. "Me man," he represents himself as accosting a roustabout on the wharf, "what will it cost me to have this portmanteau carried to the hotel?" "Will it take two to carry it?" "Indeed, no." "Then carry it yourself." It must have been a particularly magnanimous British tourist who records this homage to the spirit of equality. It is no wonder that the commoner sort of British tourist repines to find that service cannot be had for money. Arnold himself, in whom, according to Mr. Watson,

Something of worldling mingled still
With bard and sage,

might have been excused for missing the ready British obsequiousness excitable by threepence. At the gates of the New Jerusalem itself he might have resented, in his character of British visitor of the upper class, the non-appearance of a British sub-angel of the lower class, doing his catechismal duty in that state of eternity to which it had pleased Providence to call him, with the front brim of his modest aureole already dingy with much thumbing, still ordering himself lowly and reverently to all his betters, and waiting to bear a hand with the luggage. What, in fact, would heaven be to a British visitor of the select upper class without at the very least, a "private sitting room"? It remains

true that you do not compensate your equal by means of tips, and that tipping is a derogation of democracy. One American white man does not receive gratuities from another American white man. To this effect that lovely tale of Maurice Kingsley's about the Caucasian conductor of the Pullman car, somewhat sophisticated and corrupted out of his birthright by the messes of pottage his passengers had been "lowering his moral tone" withal, and who had been particularly polite to a lady traveling with her two children all the way from Omaha to Ogden. This in the old days, when cars were changed at Ogden, at which point he debarked the party and the packages on the platform, explained to the lady where and when her train might be expected, and then stood with supine

and expectant palm. "Instead of which" the better American ungloved her own and extended it with, "I don't know what we should have done, sir, but for all your kindness." Whereto, he, at once abashed and exalted, "By ——, Madam, you do me proud."

Ef I don't make his meanin' clear, perhaps in some respex I can,
I know that "every man" don't mean a nigger or a Mexican.

In fact, our practical notions of equality include only the white Caucasian, native to this soil, or thoroughly naturalized upon it. It takes a very tender civic conscience indeed to undergo compunctions about tipping a European waiter in a restaurant for fear of undermining his self-respect, and you are quite sure that your forbearance in that respect and on that ground will

not be appreciated. And then, which is much more to the purpose in traveling, there is the whole Afro-American race. I wonder if any evangelist has gone about to persuade the Afro-American in general that he is lowering the dignity of his manhood and his citizenship by taking tips, and I also wonder, or rather I do not, what would become of that evangelist! How lucky that one's comfort in traveling is for the most part confided to that estimable race, with the consciousness on both sides that at the journey's end "there are certain piacles." As to the Pullman porter, his ethnic genius for catching his sleep in snatches keeps him without a rival in that field. You may grumble at the high degree of heat, at night particularly, in which he luxuriates and you suffer, although I

am authoritatively informed that this is not his fault, and that it is on account of the Pullmanic belief, how reached I know not, that 75 Fahrenheit is a normal sleeping temperature that you find it maintained. At any rate, there is something highly comforting in an obliging "boy," whether as porter or as waiter, if your social conscience be not morbidly tender about the quid pro quo. My esteemed friend, if he will allow me to call him so, Mr. Ernest V. Smith, who so ably and genially presides over the smoker of the "Wolverine" between New York and Chicago, informs me that there is an "American Association of Railway Employees," of which he has the honor to be president, confined to porters, waiters, and cooks, in other words to employees of color, of which the object is to protect

the road's passengers by vouching for the trustworthiness of its members, and which, moreover, offers to the Afro-American employees the same desirable advantages that are offered to the Caucasian employees by the "railroad branches" of the Young Men's Christian Association. More power to the elbow of the American Association of Railway Employees.

It remains true that much friction arises, and some impugnment of the doctrine of equality, when you are served "menially" by a man of your own race and blood. There was a bellboy at the Hotel Angelus, in Los Angeles, to whom I confided a pair of unmentionables for necessary repairs, forgetting that there was a pocketbook in one of the pockets thereof. He

went away gaily brandishing the article of raiment in question, only to return in two minutes and slap the pocket-book down before me with the remark, "Now, I hope that will teach you not to be so careless another time." I did not resent his attitude, however odd it was for a tippee in expectation to take to a tipper in expectation. But I did resent the Caucasian crew of the dining car on the Southern Pacific next day, who indicated their equal Americanism by taking superior airs, airs mounting to the height of insolence, and did what they could to mar the pleasure of the trip. Under such condition a tip becomes a "holdup." To recur to Goethe: "When a man shows himself a boor to show himself my equal, he does not show himself my equal; he only shows himself a boor." All the same it is a

question what we are going to do for "service" compatibly with the American principle of equality, when the supply of Africa and Asia and unnaturalized Europe gives out. But the question cannot yet be called pressing.

III. FRATERNITY.

The third member of the trinity of the French epigram is as essential as either of the other two. If the trinity were not indivisible one might almost say that it was the most essential. "The unity of the community" is the excellent jingling motto of the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles. Nobody who knows the amazing things that have been done in the way of marketing and proclaiming their products throughout the world by the fruit growers of Southern California, whose chief organ we may perhaps take this Chamber of Commerce to be, will be disposed to dispute that it has vindicated the motto. But the motto is

extensible even to a "continental" signification. The "unity of the community," the "solidarity" of the United States, is one of the first and one of the last impressions you derive from a transcontinental trip. Take, to begin with, the essential matter of language. Evidently you cannot, anywhere else on the planet, go three thousand miles straight on end from home and find everybody, not merely intelligible, but in no sense strange, in his speech. It is true that on the Pacific Coast "Betcherlife" takes the place of the corresponding affirmative answer to a casual inquiry, "Sure," and with no more consciousness of jocosity on the one slope than on the other. Apart from this locution the New Yorker does not meet anybody who does not talk not only his language

but his dialect. Professor Freeman was not what you may call a wide-minded world citizen. His cheerful view of our own future was sufficiently disclosed in the book he published, or at least announced, at the crisis of our Civil War: "A History of Federal Government from the Formation of the Achaian League to the Disruption of the United States." But all the same, when he had actually visited these shores, or perhaps only this shore, he had the candor to profess, about "American English," that whereas he had never heard an American in America speaking English which he did not understand, he had heard many Englishmen in England speaking English which he did not understand. I on my part profess that there were only two of my casual interlocu-

tors on this transcontinental trip who spoke a dialect in any way strange to me. One was a railroad man from whose lips dropped the unmistakable, languorous, and delightful intonation of tide-water Virginia; the other a newspaper man, speaking a variant of the same, and, upon question, avowing himself a Kentuckian.

Whence is it that we derive our other most pronounced national trait, our undiscourageable optimism? Is it the product of our "institutions," or is it merely in the air of our continent? A comparison of ourselves with our northern and Canadian neighbors might help to determine that question. But the optimism is nevertheless a great fact. Emerson says, "We judge a man's wisdom by his hope." If we

likewise judge a nation's wisdom, assuredly we are the wisest of nations. For there is no American, in all this transcontinental range, who has not "his eye fixed on the future" and with a firm belief. Some pages back I was honestly envying Stevenson's skill as a landscape painter in words. But I should not choose him to celebrate my country. He has frankly told why:

> To-morrow for the States: for me
> England and Yesterday.

What truly is to happen when the Land without a Future confronts the Land without a Past? "Survives Imagination to the change superior?" If she survives, she is transmuted. "Imagination," in our West, is simply "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen;" and a

better name for her would be the Scriptural name of "Faith." In this sense the American people are the most believing people in the world. The natural product of imagination in Europe, with its storied past, may very probably be the historical romance. The natural product of imagination in our America, with its empty past and its crowded future, may be an honest "prospectus," if you can imagine such a thing.

I have already quoted that "native proverb" which I owe to Mr. Kipling: "I met a hundred men on the road to Delhi, and they were all my brothers." Allow me to quote it again, for the sake of emphasizing a slight but possibly significant exception to the rule of American fraternity. In those delight-

ful "London Films" of Mr. Howells, which the judicious and fortunate among us have all been reading, he deprecates the desire of certain among his countrymen in England of being taken nationally rather than personally, for the exquisite concluding reason, "I do not like all the Americans myself." We have all met in Europe this kind of American who insists upon being taken nationally, but have met him, I suppose, no more nor oftener than we had to. But the Easterner in the Middle West finds himself, in spite of himself, taken sectionally rather than personally. I by no means mean that every Middle Westerner he meets takes him in that way, I only mean that everybody he meets who takes him in that way is a Middle Westerner. It may never have occurred to a New

Yorker, so long as he stayed at home, to frame any excuse for being a New Yorker, there were so many to keep him company in that calamitous state. But in the Middle West he finds that the tag to his introduction, "of New York," operates as a scarlet provocative. He is, in effect, informed that he is a semi-foreigner, and that it is impossible he should understand what he has always imagined to be his own country. As a joke this is possibly good, though it scarcely occurs to your Middle Western friend that after a few days of continual intercourse it may be capable of palling. But it is more than a joke. It is often a fixed idea. If Mr. Kipling's "An [N. B., not "The"] American" exists anywhere any longer it must be in the Middle West.

Blatant, he bids the world bow down,
Or cringing begs a crumb of praise.

"A crumb of praise" not for himself individually nor for his country, but for his "section." My experience this trip began at dinner in Chicago, outward bound, when a young gentleman, challenged by the suffix "of New York," kindly gave me an elementary lecture across the table on the basis and meaning of American institutions. The Coaster, I repeat, or the Intramontane, is quite free from this provinciality. He takes you personally, or he takes you nationally, as his countryman. But your existence does not make each particular hair of him to stand on end. If you do not like his things you are kindly welcome to lump them. It was of course not a Coaster, it was necessarily a Middle

Westerner, who asked me, in the handsome rooms of the Jonathan Club in Los Angeles, a club, as so many more are coming to be, which is the tenant of a floor in a skyscraper: "Well, now, how does this compare with clubs in New York?" What can you say to a sectionalist like that? You are tempted to reply, in the words of Private Ortheris, " 'Strewth A'mighty! I'm a man."

The Far Easterner very gratefully misses in the Far West, meaning specifically upon the Coast, but meaning also the intramontane region, this disposition to treat him as an outsider which he cannot help finding in the Middle West. It is true that two Coasters, encountered separately, began their several discourses upon the

Chinese question with an identical preface: "You people in the East don't understand this question," — before developing diametrically opposite views upon it. It is true that the Intramontane may tell you, as one friendly Intramontane told me, that his region has advantages over yours for the rearing of American citizens, capable of coping with whatever emergency may arise. "You see," was the way this Intramontane put it, "a man who amounts to anything between these mountains knows everybody worth knowing in six or seven States. And," he ecstatically concluded, "they all call him Bill." That "East or West, hame's best," is a pious opinion which anybody is free to hold and is very likely to be the better for holding. The sentiment of patriotism is doubt-

less an enlargement merely of the domestic affections. But if they do not enlarge they do not become patriotism. The "man of Boston raisin'" was the target of hostile suspicion in the mind of Dickens's "brown forester," sixty years ago. He has been supplanted in that capacity by the New Yorker. It seems that the same supersensitiveness to European opinion which existed in all parts of the country at the time of the publication of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "American Notes," and even more at the time, ten years before, of the publication of Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," still subsists in the Middle West, only it has been transferred to "Eastern" opinion. It is true that Mrs. Trollope's book was really a friendly book, recording only

the impressions that an English lady was bound to form of the Cincinnati of 1830, and that Dickens was an avowed caricaturist. We no longer have it as a nation. We are grown up, nationally speaking. If you tell a Londoner, in London, that you do not like the place, he not only does not resent your dislike, but it is as likely as not that he will cheerfully agree with you: "Ah, yes. Beastly hole, isn't it?" We have not in New York quite attained that wise indifference of the wise when a Londoner does not like New York, and expresses himself with insular frankness to that effect. But we flatter ourselves that that is because we individually are doing the honors of our country, and are solicitous that he should have a good time in our country, not that we really care

whether he likes it or not. Really to care would be provincial. A considerate writer once wrote that the American was prepared to maintain that he was nationally better than an Englishman only to fend off the assumption which he apprehended that he was not so good. "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners," which the average American may have apprehended, before we became the signal success we are now all conscious of being, is succeeded in the Middle West by the apprehension of a like condescension in Easterners, even on the part of an Easterner who altogether guiltless, to his own consciousness, of having any other desire respecting his Middle Western brother than, in the words of the old Masonic rhyme, to meet upon the level, and to part upon the square.

It is perfectly in vain that the baited Easterner, who does not in the least desire to be known as an Easterner, but only as an American, struggles to point out to these monopolists and cornerers of Americanism that the typical American of this generation, the man who is equally at home from Mount Desert to San Diego, and from Seattle to Key West, happens also to be a native of Manhattan Island, where he was born and bred, like his ancestors to the third and fourth generation. Everybody knows that that dreadful "break" of Mr. Bryan's ten years ago about the "enemy's country" would be quite out of the question for Theodore Roosevelt, as for any other all-American. But I can find no reason to suppose that that dreadful remark jarred at all upon the patriotic sensi-

bilities of the convinced Middle Westerner, the Middle Westerner of the fixed sectional idea, or that he regarded it as anything but a commonplace and casual statement of fact. And yet this same restricted American it is who accuses you, you of the Eastern slope, especially you the New Yorker, of being "provincial" and "un-American." Truly enough, as Dean Swift puts it, it is idle to expect that "reasoning will make a man correct an ill opinion which by reasoning he never acquired."

I am afraid that it is our esteemed Four Hundred that have brought about this thing. The Middle Westerner who comes to New York and sees, say, white men in livery and dock-tailed horses, is apparently disposed to hold every New Yorker he meets responsible

for every one of those "un-American" additions or privations. It does not matter that you may disapprove of them as decidedly as he, holding, with the good Washington Irving, that the first man who mutilated a horse in this manner had "a vulgar soul" or that a badge of private servitude is improper to an American citizen. The Middle Westerner whom these things have caused to gnash the teeth of patriotism and foam at the mouth of "nativismus" continues, it seems, to hold you personally responsible for them. Rationally this is highly absurd. Why should any American, unless he happens to be a born snob, disquiet himself because those "frivoles," who may have more money than brains, and who may even have possibly more than their exact share of the "super-

flux" of American prosperity, should choose to spend their money in absurd and fantastic ways? Let the Middle Westerner read "The House of Mirth," which, by the way, was the precise volume, acquired at Oakland, at which I had only the chance of an hour or two on the Nevada Desert to read, and no other opportunity until I was east of Buffalo. That very impressive modern instance of the wise saw of Ecclesiastes, implicated in the title, that "The heart of fools is in the house of mirth," and of that other wise saw of the good Dr. Watts that

> Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do,

should surely excite rather the pity than the envy of the Westerner, Middle or Far, as well as of the Easterner who

has occasion to be thankful that his own hands have been kept from that dangerous idleness.

In truth the sentiment of the West toward the East in general, and toward New York in particular, should be one of deep sympathy. For of the immense attractiveness of this country as an asylum for "the oppressed of all countries and the martyrs of every creed" poor old New York is paying the expense. She is the vicarious sacrifice for the aggrandizement of the West. The enterprising, the adventurous, the responsible, the hopeful, of the great immigration push on to the West, to the parts where

> She of the open heart and open door
> Has room about her hearth for all mankind.

The inert, the helpless, the unserviceable among the immigrants, fall by the wayside, drop at the landing place, become a burden and problem for the great port which sifts automatically this huge influx, swelling, to be sure, its own tables of population, but swelling also its bill of charities for dependants and aggravating its rate of mortality. The considerate Westerner may say of the Sacrificial City:

> Yes, we arraign her; but she
> The weary Titan, with deaf
> Ears, and labor-dimmed eyes,
> Regarding neither to right
> Nor left, goes passively by,
> Staggering on to her goal;
> Bearing, on shoulders immense,
> Atlantean, the load,
> Well-nigh not to be borne,
> Of the too vast orb of her fate.

And this the considerate and patriotic Westerner may say, even while the

considerate and patriotic New Yorker, as a good American, recognizing that the local loss is the national gain, may be "saying or singing," according to his voice and tunefulness:

And not by Eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly —
But Westward, look, the land is bright.

Meanwhile the "commercial emporium" of the Middle West is, at least as an emporium, quite as impressive as the emporium of the Atlantic slope.

Hell is a city, much like London,
A populous and a smoky city.

So is New York. So, quite equally, is Chicago. One is inclined to say even more so. Going back a block from the north end of the lake front one gets perhaps a stronger impression of the hell-

ish or metropolitan character than he can get anywhere on Manhattan Island. I have just given Shelley's characterization of urbanity, when raised to the metropolitan point. Then there is Horace's, which Chicago equally fulfills: "The smoke, the wealth, the roar of Rome." The "fumus" in the business part of Chicago is far denser and more grievous than anywhere in Manhattan, owing, of course, to the unregulated consumption of soft coal, which converts the atmosphere into a murk through which the buildings loom all the more mirifically for thus being rendered "ignote"; the ostentation of "opes" is at least equal to our own; the "strepitus," thanks largely to a recent and diabolical construction, through these smoky and wealthy parts, of a new elevated railroad, more

intolerably nerve-racking than that of the business center of Manhattan, from which these instruments of torture are mercifully a little removed. The conjunction makes the aspect of this part of Chicago more "metropolitan," I think, than is any aspect of New York.

It may be true that Chicago has not so many "objects of interest" to a stranger as New York, as New York, in turn, has not so many as many a European town of far less population. Time was when the unfriended stranger in Chicago who did not care about the theater, and had an evening to pass, could find nothing more to the purpose to do than to go and see "Jake" Schaefer play billiards at his rooms, and, on a subsequent visit, to go and watch the meteoric Frank Ives do the

same thing. To be sure, this was in old days, "away back," before the Fair, and before the establishment of the Chicago Orchestra, another "metropolitan" feature which Chicago has and New York lacks. There is far more to hear and to see in Chicago now than there was then. On this last visit, homeward bound, one could by no means grudge the hours of detention by daylight between trains which enabled him to view the new Orchestra Hall, the final trophy and monument of the long-delayed fulfillment of the life-long ambition of Theodore Thomas; Mr. St. Gaudens's spirited and inspiriting equestrian figure of Logan on the lake front, and above all, which gave him the treat of being personally conducted by its author over Mr. Louis Sullivan's rational and artistic realiza-

tion of the ideal of an American sky-scraper. The astonishing affluence of decorative genius lavished upon the detail of the structure has been seconded by an equally astonishing technical proficiency on the part of the iron molders and the wood workers, and the combination makes the building one of the most interesting sights to a student in this department that the country has to show. Nevertheless, the ultimate impression is rather pathetic. What are we about, one asks himself, when the artist who has shown his capability to set forth in the new and modern diction of his art what we really "wish to say," instead of re-handling Latin verses, who could sing the "Song of these States" in the frozen music of his art, instead of being employed upon his natural tasks of

public architecture, State or municipal, is shut up to toiling "at Gaza in the mill with slaves," and casting his pearls before — well, not wholly appreciative spectators? At least, irrelevant show cases hid some of the most exquisite of the detail. Or is it that the department store is really all that architecturally, we really "wish to say"? That would be a discouraging conclusion.

"Fraternizing" is, naturally, the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual feeling of fraternity. Of course it is nowhere so ready and easy as in this country. "Poor or boor," says Mr. Kipling, "is the man who cannot pick up a friend in America," and delivers himself of some just animadversions upon the behavior of

that countryman of his he met in the Yellowstone Park who warned him that "you couldn't be too careful whom you talked to in those parts," and stalked on as "fearing for his social chastity." That is distinctly a British trait, and as distinctly un-American. On this trip across the continent, if you are not ready to be hail fellow well met with the casual fellow-voyager, at least if you show any disposition to stand him off, it is certain that you will not have a good time. From San Francisco to Ogden we had the company, I cannot say the society, of a sweet-faced old lady, with her two daughters, also of amiable countenances. The trio kept themselves to themselves, never emerging from their "stateroom" except for meals, and forming a marked excep-

tion to the rule of fraternizing and sororizing throughout the train. It was curious to note how generally it was resented, and how the other passengers wondered "whether those people thought themselves better than anybody else." As a matter of fact, the seclusion was felt to be "un-American."

Readers of Mr Henry James's interesting and suggestive and difficult papers upon his revisitation of his native land will not have forgotten how his heart leaped up when he beheld that rainbow in the sky, the Harvard fence. He hastens to explain that it was not much of a fence, being neither impervious nor even opaque. But he hails it, nevertheless, as a bow of promise, a symbol of cloistrality, of seclusion, of privacy, a token of a

good time coming. Oh, no, one is prepared to say very decisively; that is not the way the American world is going, not that way, but quite the contrary way. For good or for evil, fencelessness, not fencing, is the tendency of our democracy, and "Barriers Burned Away" the course of our social evolution. The late E. L. Godkin was an illuminating and high-minded publicist, never to be mentioned by any American journalist without honor. He was perhaps in the European forum the most effective champion of American democracy. His "apologias" for it against Sir Henry Maine and other reluctants, in the "Problems of Modern Democracy" showed him to be, if not a convinced believer in modern democracy, at least a cheerful acquiescent in its inevitability. And all this while,

in his daily newspaper work, he was dealing modern democracy, with lacerating jabs, the faithful wounds of a friend. But although by his intellect and his hope he belonged to America and the future, by his personal and traditionary tastes and habits he belonged to "England and Yesterday," and to the last he remained an imperfectly naturalized American. The roughness of equality, the uncouthness of fraternity, in their American varieties, never ceased to afflict him. There was a story he was fond of repeating in print about the miner in the "hotel" of a mining camp who violently tore down the canvas screen behind which a party of tourists had essayed to shelter themselves, with the profane inquiry, "what there was so —— private going on in there." It is a true

parable. That daylight should be let in to the utmost on all public transactions entails a letting in of daylight upon transactions properly private, since the distinction is not always easy to draw, and since there is a considerable number of persons professionally interested that it should not be drawn at all. I myself have been a witness to the intrusion of a casual reporter into a club in which everybody was interested in hushing up the details of an attempted suicide, appealing to the policeman to assist his invasion of the sacred precincts upon the ground that "this is a public matter." This is, if you choose, the seamy side of our democracy, the side which exposes it to the imputation of that "vulgarity" which Mr. James, again, has justly described as "a question-begging word."

It is more or less relieved, all over our country, by the pervading "cavalleria rusticana," when the question is of the feelings of women, but not relieved at all when the question is of the feelings of mere men. However it may be as a question of law, it seems that the decision of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York that there is no such thing as a right to privacy is a registration of the actual social fact. And why, even so, should we repine, seeing that this, too, but exemplifies the saying of the good Emerson, most American of philosophers, if not most philosophic of Americans: "Only that good lasts which we can taste with all doors open, and which serves all men"?

IV. TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY.

"We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people." These were the words of the excellent Mr. Justice Story of the Supreme Court of the United States, "Story on the Constitution," "Story on the Conflict of Laws," Story of the second generation of Americans, of the generation of Webster and Clay, of the immediate successors of the founders of our Republic and our Empire, of the men who builded so immensely better than they knew. How queerly old-fashioned the doubtful and hesitating words now sound. And yet they were uttered in the course of a Fourth of

July oration, delivered, I suppose, about the year 1830, not only within the lifetime, but within the recollection, of many Americans now living. Mr. John Bigelow, for an illustrious example, might have heard that Fourth of July speech. A great deal of water has run under the bridge since then. We are not in the habit any more of making those timorous references to our "experiment." Those bold blasphemers who, in Judge Story's time, were insisting that man-made privileges and exclusions were God-made, that the tenures of thrones were part of the general order of Nature, that the occupants of those thrones held them by "Divine Right" and were entitled to describe as "Holy" the alliances they contracted among themselves; where are they now? The "experi-

ment" is not only a success, it is the only success. The very shadow of its splendor, a splendor hardly visible in 1830, in 1906

> disastrous twilight sheds
> On half the nations, and with fear of change
> Perplexes monarchs.

It is not only quite certain that "government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth." It is as inevitable that all government less broadly based and firmly rooted shall so perish. That clear truth enables and encourages an American of mature age to sing his "Nunc Dimittis." "Believe it, the sweetest canticle," as Bacon wrote, at the highest pitch of his eloquence; and not only when "a man," but when a man's country and the country of his

children, "hath obtained worthy ends and expectations."

Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word:

For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation:

Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel.

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