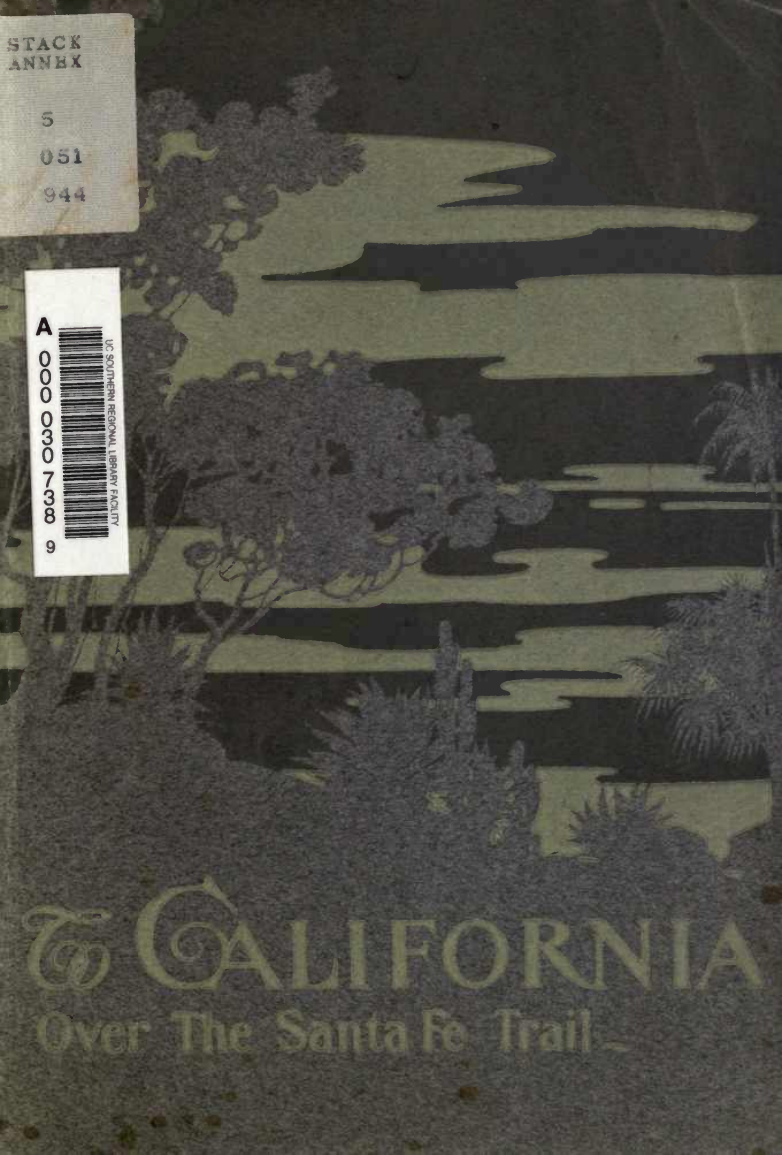

To California

Over The Santa Fe Trail

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THIS book is wholly devoted to a description of Western scenes.

It is a trustworthy descriptive book of travel, unencumbered with statistics or itineraries. It is hoped, however, that a perusal of its pages will create a desire to visit the scenes described, and the reader who wishes to know something specifically about the cost and other details of such a journey is respectfully requested to consult a representative of the Santa Fe System lines. A list of Agents is given on reverse side.

Excursion tickets for the round trip to California over the Santa Fe are on sale at all times of the year in principal offices throughout the country. The rates are low, and liberal provisions are made for stop-overs and final-return limit, allowing ample time for a prolonged stay at the many points of interest en route.

The trains of the Santa Fe are confidently recommended to a discriminating traveling public as unsurpassed in the important items of speed, safety, and luxurious equipment. The dining-car and dining-room service is unrivaled. The employes are uniformly courteous.

GEO. T. NICHOLSON,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway System.

CHICAGO, May, 1905.

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TO CALIFORNIA
Over the Santa Fe Trail

TO CALIFORNIA

Over the Santa Fe Trail

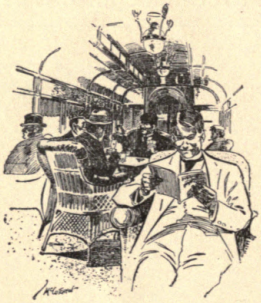
by C. A. Higgins

Illustrations by

J. T. McCutcheon & Carl N. Werntz

Passenger Department, Santa Fe
Chicago, 1905

Two Hundred and Seventy-fourth Thousand,
Revised Edition.



Ad. 186. 5-10-05. 5M.

CONTENTS.

THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL.

It wound through strange scarred hills, down canyons lone
Where wild things screamed, with winds for company;
Its milestones were the bones of pioneers.
Bronzed, haggard men, often with thirst a-moan,
Lashed on their beasts of burden toward the sea:
An epic quest it was of elder years,
For fabled gardens or for good, red gold,
The trail men strove in iron days of old.

To-day the steam god thunders through the vast,
While dominant Saxons from the hurtling trains
Smile at the aliens, Mexic, Indian,
Who offer wares, keen-colored, like their past:
Dread dramas of immitigable plains
Rebuke the softness of the modern man;
No menace, now, the desert's mood of sand;
Still westward lies a green and golden land.

For, at the magic touch of water, blooms
The wilderness, and where of yore the yoke
Tortured the toilers into dateless tombs,
Lo! brightsome fruits to feed a mighty folk.

— *Richard Burton in The Century.*

I.

EAST OF THE ROCKIES.

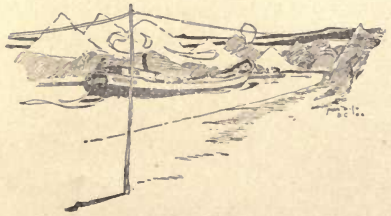
THE California trains of the Santa Fe leave Chicago either in early evening, or at a later hour, when most travelers are ready to retire to the seclusion of their berths. In either event the earliest stages of the journey offer little of interest to the tourist aside from the drainage canal, whose white rock-debris closely parallels the way for thirty miles.

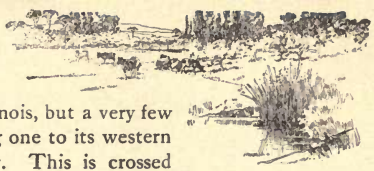
The same natural conditions which made the Chicago River a favored route for the early explorers made possible the creation of this most remarkable of civic sanitary undertakings. The low watershed over which Marquette, Joliet, La Salle and their fellows dragged light canoes, from the head waters of the Chicago River to those flowing southwestward to the Mississippi, has been penetrated by the great canal. It is literally true, therefore, that the current of the Chicago River has been diverted from its natural direction into Lake Michigan, and now flows by way of its source, "uphill." The primary incentive for this stupendous under-

taking was the desire to divert the drainage of the city from its outflow into Lake Michigan, where it perforce contaminated that noble water supply. Incidentally, however, as a result of the work, a capacious ship channel has been formed, connecting the basin of the Great Lakes with the Mississippi River.

While no commercial advantage has been taken of this new trade route as yet, river improvements now under way will remove the final obstacle to direct navigation between the lakes and the great river. This drainage canal is one of those rare achievements in which figures tell a dramatic story. The total cost of the enterprise from the beginning to the end approximates $40,000,000. The canal was begun September 3, 1892, and in January of 1900 the water of Lake Michigan was turned into it to find a new way to the ocean. The length of the main channel is 28.5 miles, the depth of water 22 feet, the width from 162 feet to 290 feet, and the total amount of excavation 42,397,904 cubic yards. The present capacity is 300,000 cubic feet per minute, and this flow will be materially increased by the river improvements in progress.

By day the adjacent country appears a level or mildly undulating region, rich in agricultural products, and relieved by bits of stream and woodland and by small villages, with here and there a considerable city, such as Joliet, and Streator and Galesburg. It is greater than the whole of Eng-





land and Wales, this State of Illinois, but a very few hours' ride is sufficient to bring one to its western boundary, the Mississippi River. This is crossed at Fort Madison on an eight-span drawbridge 1,925 feet long, and the way continues across the narrow southeastern corner of Iowa into Missouri. While gliding through the State last named the traveler awakes to the sight of a rolling country of distant horizons, swelling here and there to considerable hills, checkered with tilled fields and frequent farm-houses, divided by numerous water-courses and dense groves of deciduous trees. Not one whose scenic features you would travel far to see, but gratifying to the eye; full of gentle contrasts and pleasing variety.

La Plata is the highest point between Chicago and Kansas City. Just east of Carrollton the wide valley of the tawny Missouri is entered, which river the Santa Fe follows to Kansas City. At the lofty Sibley bridge (two-fifths of a mile long and 135 feet high) across the Missouri River the swift sand-laden volume of this famed stream flows far below the level of the eye, and there is wide outlook upon either hand. On the farther side the way skirts bold bluffs for a considerable distance by the side of the broad and picturesque river that is reminiscent of the days of steamboat commerce. Then comes Kansas City.

There was a time when Kansas City was famed almost entirely for its live stock industry, its great packing houses, and its grain market. These en-

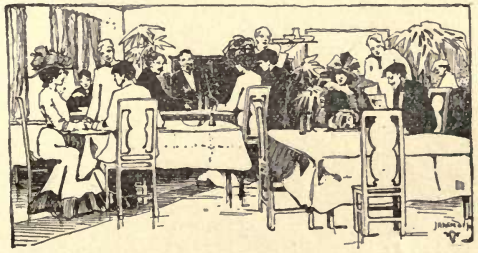
terprises have been growing year by year, but they no longer dominate the commercial life of this metropolis of the Missouri Valley. A great railway, manufacturing and distributing center, Kansas City holds an important place in the business activities of the whole Southwest. Its rapid growth is uninterrupted, the present population, counting that portion over in Kansas, being 225,000. Its people are energetic and practical in their civic loyalty. The Kansas border lies just beyond, the entrance to that State leading by the serpentine course of the river of the same name through a wooded landscape to the open prairie.

Kansas City is not the only gateway by which the Santa Fe enters Kansas, although it is by this route that the transcontinental trains travel. St. Joseph, in Missouri, and Atchison and Leavenworth, in Kansas, are Missouri River cities, all reached by connecting lines of the same system, and all famous in the early history of the region. St. Joseph was an important point of exchange between the river traffic and that of the overland route to Denver and the Rocky Mountains. Atchison was the initial point of the Santa Fe Railway system itself, as originally planned, and gave its name to the great railway. Leavenworth was one of the early military posts of the great West, and is still known as the seat of Fort Leavenworth. All of these are flourishing cities, with important local industries.

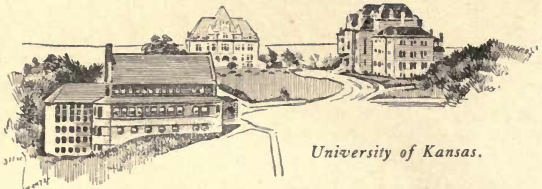
The billowy surface of Kansas was once the bed of an inland sea that deposited enormous quantities

of salt, gypsum and marbles, and its rock strata abound in most remarkable fossils of colossal animal life — elephants, mastodons, camels, rhinoceroses, gigantic horses, sharks, crocodiles, and more ancient aquatic monsters of extraordinary proportions, frightful appearance, and appalling name, whose skeletons are preserved in the National Museum. Its eastern boundary was along the shore of the most stubborn wilderness of our possession. The French fur-traders were the first to establish footing of civilization in Kansas, the greater portion of which came to us as part of the Louisiana purchase.

More than seventy years ago Fort Leavenworth was created to give military protection to the hazardous trade with Santa Fe, and the great overland exodus of Argonauts to California at the time of the gold discovery was by way of that border station. The first general settlement of its eastern part was in the heat of the factional excitement that led to the Civil War. It was the scene of bloody encounters between free-soil and pro-slavery colonists, and of historic exploits by John Brown and the guerrilla Quantrell. In the space of one generation it has been transformed as by a miracle.



A Santa Fe Dining Room.

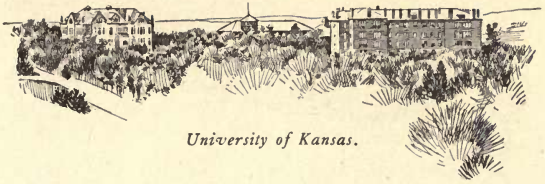


University of Kansas.

The very Lawrence, whose name for years called to mind the horrors of the Quantrell raid and the massacre of its defenseless citizens, is now the most flourishing of peaceful towns, the seat of the University of Kansas and of the famous Haskell Institute, a noteworthily successful school for Indians.

The vast plains whereon the Indian, antelope and buffalo roamed supreme are now counted as the second most important agricultural area of the Union, and its uncultivated tracts sustain millions of cattle, mules and horses. Vigorous young cities are seen at frequent intervals. Topeka, with its broad avenues and innumerable shade trees, is one of the prettiest capitals of the West; here are the general offices and principal shops of the Santa Fe, and several imposing State edifices. Between Lawrence and Topeka the train passes historic Lecompton, the early territorial capital of Kansas — once a strenuous pro-slavery stronghold, to-day a quiet country village. The neighborhood of Newton and Burrton is the home of Mennonites, a Russian sect that fled to America from the domain of the Czar to find relief from oppression. Newton was in pioneer days a big shipping point on the cattle drive from Texas.

The Capitol, Topeka.



University of Kansas.

At Hutchinson (noted for its salt industry) one enters western Kansas, and from this point for a long distance the road follows the windings of the Arkansas River, with only occasional digressions. Dodge City, of cowboy fame, and Garden City, the scene of Government experiments in agriculture, are the chief centers of this district. East of Great Bend are the ruins of old Fort Zarah. Pawnee Rock, further west, derives its name from a high rock north of the little station, where many fierce Indian battles were fought, and where Gen. Hancock, Gen. Robert E. Lee and Kit Carson made noteworthy visits.

Opposite Larned, on an island in the river, a fierce battle occurred in 1870 between hostile Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

The Santa Fe trail, mentioned in New Mexico chapter, began at Westport (now Kansas City), following the Kaw River to Lawrence, thence over the hills to Burlingame and Council Grove—the Arkansas Valley being reached at Fort Zarah (now Great Bend). The trail crept up this valley to Bent's Fort (now Las Animas), and climbed the mountains through Raton Pass. There was a short cut from Fort Dodge to Las Vegas, along the Cimarron River. It is but thirty years since Comanches and Pawnees made almost every toil-

some mile of the slow passage through Kansas dangerous for the wagon trains that wound slowly across the plains, laden with the traffic for the southwest. Except the trains were heavily guarded by military escorts, they were subject to frequent attacks by day and night. The stories of those days make picturesque reading now for the traveler who passes by rail swiftly and luxuriously along this very pathway.

Colorado first presents itself as a plateau, elevated 4,000 feet above the sea, railway and river continuing as close neighbors through the gently ascending plains.

The Arkansas Valley, all the way from Kansas-Colorado State line to La Junta and beyond, is in summer comparable to a hundred-mile-long green ribbon stretched loosely across the wide gray prairie. Its alfalfa fields, melon patches, beet sugar acres and thrifty towns are proof that irrigation pays, there being a never-failing supply of water for these fertile lands. Holly, Lamar, Las Animas, La Junta and Rocky Ford are the centers of this irrigated district, a bit of pastoral prosperity in pleasing contrast with the grim and forbidding mountains soon to be ventured.

A factory has been built at Rocky Ford for the production of sugar from beets. It was erected by the Oxnard Syndicate at a cost of $1,000,000, and its daily capacity is 1,000 tons of beets. This

convenient market is stimulating the raising of sugar beets throughout the valley, so that the cultivation of the succulent vegetable promises to become one of the most important of local industries.

Four miles west of Holly, and consequently just over the Colorado line, is the little colony established by the Salvation Army in 1898, under the name of Fort Amity. As a measure of practical benefit to certain elements in the crowded quarters of the great cities, the Salvation Army obtained 1,800 acres of land here and settled upon it 250 colonists. The progress of the colony during its early history seems to promise success for the undertaking.

Passing Las Animas the tourist is again reminded of the good old days when Kit Carson made Bent's his headquarters, when the Arapahoes, Kiowas and Cheyennes wintered at Big Timbers, and when Fort William (later known as Fort Lyon) afforded security for the frontiersmen in times of unusual danger.

Every mile of progress westward carries the traveler into a higher altitude as he approaches the junction of the great plains and the foothills of the Rockies. Soon the landscape begins to give hint of the heroic. Pike's Peak is clearly distinguishable though a hundred miles distant, and the two beautiful Spanish Peaks hover upon the horizon and reappear long after the first-named has faded from view. Slowly the Raton Range gathers sig-

nificance directly ahead, until it becomes a towering wall, at whose foot lies the city of Trinidad.

Trinidad is the center of large coal, coke, iron and wool industries. Here, going west, is the first appearance of adobe architecture and Mexican settlements. Here also begins the final ascent to the first of many lofty mountain gateways, the Raton Pass.

Away back in 1540, when that Spanish soldier of fortune, Coronado, traveled through the Southwest, there was in his small band a brave captain, known as Cardenas. It is said that Cardenas was the first white man to see the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Be that as it may his fame is now secure. A new Santa Fe railway hotel, managed by Mr. Fred Harvey, was built at Trinidad, Colorado, in the summer of 1903, and named the Cardenas. Our doughty warrior's name will now be in everybody's mouth, figuratively speaking — that is, everybody who goes through Trinidad on the Santa Fe.

How different the menu, how much softer the beds than 364 years ago when Cardenas the soldier rode down Raton Pass on his trusty steed and camped on the site of Trinidad! The contrast typifies all the great things that have happened meanwhile.

The commodious dining-room of the Cardenas

Hotel Cardenas, at Trinidad.

accommodates nearly a hundred guests, and there are thirty-seven sleeping apartments. The edifice is two stories high, substantially built of brick and stone in the impressive old Mission style of architecture, similar to the Castañeda and Alvarado, elsewhere described. The hotel is beautifully furnished throughout, and in the language of the advertisement writer, has "all the modern conveniences."

The grade up Raton Pass is remarkably steep, and two powerful mountain engines are required to haul the train at a pace hardly faster than a walk. The vicissitudes of the pass are such that the road winds tortuously in curves so sharp the wheels shriek at the strain. From the rear vestibule may be had an endlessly varied and long continued series of mountain views, for the ascent is no mere matter of a moment. There are level side canyons prettily shaded with aspen, long straight slopes covered with pine, tumbled waves of rock overgrown with chaparral, huge bare cliffs with perpendicular gray or brown faces, conical coke ovens, with their ghostly smoke wreaths, and breaks through which one may look far out across the lower levels to other ranges.

A short distance this side the summit stands what is left of the old toll-house, an abandoned and dismantled adobe dwelling, where for many years the veteran Dick Wooten collected toll from those who used the wagon road through the pass. Both ruin and trail are of interest as belonging to

the ante-railroad period of thrilling adventure, for by that road and past the site of the dilapidated dwelling journeyed every overland stage, every caravan, every prairie schooner, every emigrant, and every soldier cavalcade bound to the southwestern country in early days.

Beyond this is a wide-sweeping curve from whose farther side, looking backward down the pass, an inspiring picture is unfolded to view for a passing instant — a farewell glimpse of the poetic Spanish Peaks at the end of a long vista past a ragged foreground of gigantic measure. Then the hills crowd and shut off the outside world; there is a deep sandstone cut, its faces seamed with layers of coal, a boundary post marked upon one side Colorado and upon the other New Mexico, and instantly following that a plunge into a half-mile tunnel of midnight blackness, at an elevation of something more than 7,600 feet.

At such a Rubicon the preliminary stages may fairly be said to end.

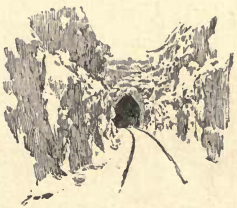
And here, too, a few words may properly be said of the Maxwell Land Grant, a princely domain once owned by the American Fur Company, now belonging to a foreign syndicate. The Santa Fe is built along its eastern edge for sixty miles south of Raton Pass. This rich empire of two million acres is being occupied by miners, farmers and ranchers — a rather prosaic though sensible ending for the little drama in whose spectacular opening scenes reckless frontiersmen battled Nature with brave hearts and won new ground for a new civilization.

Spanish Peaks.

II.

NEW MEXICO.

ALTHOUGH your introduction is by way of a long tunnel, followed by a winding mountain pass down whose steep incline the train rushes to regain the low level from which the journey was begun, you will find New Mexico a territory in the sky. If its mountain ranges were leveled smoothly over its valleys and plains the entire area of more than 120,000 square miles would stand higher above the sea than the summit of any peak of the Catskills or the Adirondacks. Its broad upland plains, that stretch to a horizon where wintry peaks tower high above the bold salients of gray-mottled foothills, themselves lie at an altitude that in the Eastern States must be sought among

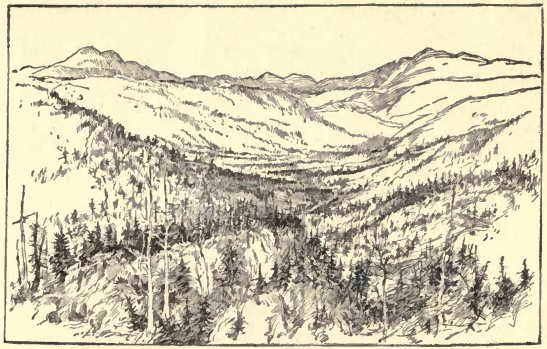


the clouds, and at no time will you fall much below an elevation of 5,000 feet in traversing the portion of the territory that lies along the present route.

The landscape is oriental in aspect and flushed with color. Nowhere else can you find sky of deeper blue, sunlight more dazzling, shadows more intense, clouds more luminously white, or stars that throb with redder fire. Here the pure rarefied air that is associated in the mind with arduous mountain climbing is the only air known — dry, cool and gently stimulating. Through it, as through a crystal, the rich red of the soil, the green of vegetation, and the varied tints of the rocks gleam always freshly on the sight.

You are borne over mountains above forests of pine and fir, with transient glimpses of distant prairie; through canyons where fierce rock walls yield grudging passage and massive gray slopes bend downward from the sky; along level stretches by the side of the Great River of the North, whose turbid stream is the Nile of the New World; past picturesque desert tracts spotted with sage, and past mesas, buttes, dead volcanoes and lava beds.

These last are in a region where you will see not only mountain craters, with long basaltic slopes that were the ancient flow of molten rock, but dikes as well; fissures in the level plain through which the black lava oozed and ran for many miles. These vast rivers of rock, cracked, piled, scattered in blocks, and in places overgrown with chaparral, are full of interest, even to the accustomed eye.



They wear an appearance of newness, moreover, as if the volcanic action were of recent date; but there has been found nothing in native tradition that has any direct bearing upon them. Doubtless they are many centuries old.

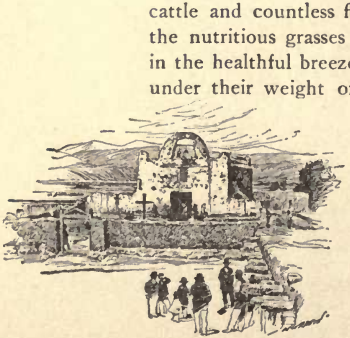
Geologically their age is of course determinable, but geology deals in rock epochs; it talks darkly of millions of years between events, and in particulars is careful to avoid use of the calendar. It is well to remember that the yesterday of creation is singularly barren of mankind. We are practically contemporaries of Adam in the history of the cosmos, and all of ancient and modern history that lies between is a mere evanescent jumble of trivialities. Dame Nature is a crone, fecund though she be, and hugging to her breast the precious phial of rejuvenescence. Her face is wrinkled. Her back is bent. Innumerable mutations lie heavy upon her, briskly

though she may plot for to-morrow. And nowhere can you find her more haggard and gray than here.

You feel that this place has always worn much the same aspect that it wears to-day. Parcel of the arid region, it sleeps only for thirst. Slake that, and it becomes a garden of paradise as by a magic word. The present generation has proved it true in a hundred localities, where the proximity of rivers or mountain streams has made irrigation practicable.

The confines of the Great American Desert are narrowing rapidly. Do but reflect that a quarter century back the journey you now make in perfect comfort was a matter of wild adventure, at cost of months of arduous travel and at hazard of life, not only because of human foes, but for scarcity of food and water. One never appreciates the full stride of American progress until he has traversed in a Pullman car such a territory as this, where Valley of Death and Journey of the Dead are names still borne by waterless tracts, and justified by bleached bones of cattle and lonely mounds of scattered graves.

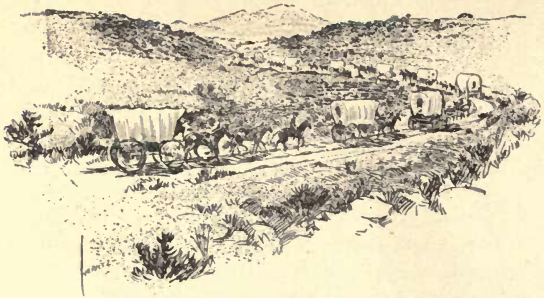
Rescued from centuries of horror and planted in the front rank of young rising States by the genius of our generation, New Mexico is a land of broad ranges, where hundreds of thousands of sleek cattle and countless flocks of sheep browse upon the nutritious grasses; where fields of grain wave in the healthful breeze; where orchard trees bend under their weight of luscious fruits, and where



the rocks lay bare inexhaustible veins of precious metals.

Here may be found to-day as profitable large ranches as any in the country, and innumerable small aggregations of cultivated acres, whose owners sit comfortably upon shaded verandas while their servants till the field. This is the paradox of a region whose softer scenes will often seem to be overborne by bleak mountain and desert and lava bed; that if you own ten acres of irrigated land here you are that much-vaunted but seldom encountered individual, an independent farmer. You may smile in a superior way when you hear talk of the profits of bank stocks. You may look without envy upon the man who is said to own a gold mine.

Scattered by the way are sleepy Mexican villages, ancient Indian pueblos, still inhabited, and those older abandoned ruins which give to the region its peculiar atmosphere of mystery. The history of New Mexico formerly began with a pretty legend that dated back to a time in Spain when a sovereign, fighting amid his native mountains, found himself hemmed in by the enemy, and would have perished with all his army had not one of his enterprising soldiers discovered an unsuspected pass, the entrance to which he marked with a bleached cow's skull that lay convenient to his hand, and then returning led a retreat through the pass to safety. By order of the grateful king the family name of the soldier was thereupon made Cabeza de Vaca — *cow's head* — to celebrate so opportune a

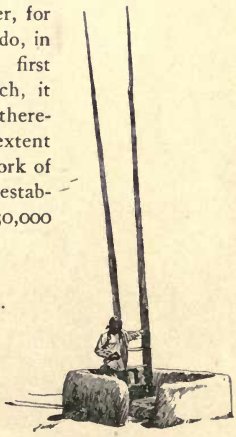


service. It is to be hoped he got a doubloon or two as well, but on that particular head tradition is silent. However, among the soldier's descendants a talent for discovery became a notorious family trait. It amounted to a passion with them.

You could not get into any difficulty but a Cabeza de Vaca could find you a way out. Naturally, then, when Narvaez set sail from Spain for the Florida coast, three and a half centuries ago, he took one of that family along for a mascot. The expedition came to grief on the Florida reefs, but the mascot survived, and with him three others who had wisely clung to him when the ship went to pieces. Stranded upon an unknown coast, menaced by hostile Indians, an ocean behind and a wilderness before, this Cabeza de Vaca felt his heart strangely stirred within him. He gave no thought to the dangers of his situation; he perceived only that he had the opportunity of a lifetime to discover something. So, remembering that in far Mexico his fellow countrymen were known to

dwell, he pretended to pull a long face and told his companions that to reach the Mexican settlements was the only hope of surviving. Then brandishing his sword in a becoming manner he called to them to come on, and led them across the unexplored continent of North America, in the year of grace 1536, by a route which incidentally included what is now known as New Mexico. Thus, in substance, runs the legend, which adds that he had a queer tale to tell, on arrival, of Seven Cities of Cibola, and outlandish people of heathen appearance and notions, but of temperate and industrious habits withal, and presumably rich in treasures of silver and gold; which incited Coronado to send out an expedition under Marcos de Nizza in 1539, and a year later himself to take charge of the first real invasion, conquering native towns by force of arms on his way.

But in the light of modern historical research Cabeza de Vaca's local fame dwindles; his head diminishes. It is denied that he ever saw New Mexico, and the title of discoverer is awarded to Marcos de Nizza. It does not really matter, for in either event the conquest was by Coronado, in whose footsteps Spanish colonization was first enabled to advance into the territory, which, it should be remembered, was for a long time thereafter a vaguely defined area of much greater extent than to-day. The friars early began their work of founding missions, and in the course of time established forty churches, attended by some 30,000



native communicants. These natives revolted in 1680, and drove the Spaniards out of the territory, successfully resisting their return for a period of twelve years. From the time of their ultimate subjection (1692) the country grew in population and commercial importance until, early in the present century, its trade with Missouri and the East became very valuable. The route traversed by pack-mules and prairie schooners loaded with merchandise will forever be remembered as the Santa Fe Trail, and was almost identical with that followed by Coronado.

It is at present for the greater part of the distance the route of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway between the Missouri River and Santa Fe; and through western Kansas, southeastern Colorado, over the Raton Pass and at many points in New Mexico, may easily be seen from the train. The distance was 800 miles, and a round trip then consumed 110 days.

Merchandise to an enormous value was often carried by a single caravan. In spite of the protection of a strong military escort the trail was almost continuously sodden with human blood and marked by hundreds of rude graves dug for the mutilated victims of murderous Apaches and other tribes. Every scene recounted by romances of Indian warfare had its counterpart along the Santa Fe Trail. The ambush, the surprise, the massacre, the capture, the torture, in terrifying and heart-breaking detail, have been enacted over and over.

Only with the advent of the railroad did the era of peace and security begin. To-day the Apache is decimated and harmless, and, with the Pueblo Indian and the Mexican, forms a romantic background to a thriving Anglo-Saxon civilization.

It is this background that gives New Mexico its peculiar charm to the thoughtful tourist; not alone its tremendous mountain ranges, its extensive uplands, its fruitful valleys, or its unsurpassed equability of climate. Its population includes 9,500 Pueblo Indians, 4,000 Navajoes and 1,350 Apaches.

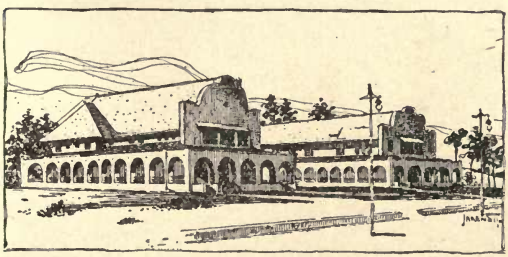
RATON TO LAS VEGAS.

The Culebra and Cimarron ranges of the Rockies shut in the lower western sky as the train whirls along southward from Raton to Las Vegas. En route you pass Springer, whence stages run to the Red River mines and to Taos pueblo; Wagon Mound, a former Mexican frontier customhouse and a picturesque point on the Santa Fe trail; and Watrous, at the head of Mora Canyon, near old Fort Union. Mora Canyon is fifty miles long, a rather modest affair, compared with Apache Canyon and the greater gorges of Arizona, but typical of this land of deeply cutting streams.

INDIAN CEREMONIAL DANCE.

The little Rio Gallinas issues by a tortuous path through rugged, tree-fringed canyon walls from a spur of the Rockies half a dozen miles northwest from the city of Las Vegas. These *vegas* or meadows gradually broaden until they finally open up into the broad New Mexican plain that sweeps away toward the southeast. Almost at the verge of plain and mountain, the city of Las Vegas has grown into prominence. It is the commercial metropolis of northern New Mexico, and the second city in the Territory in size and importance. Its 8,000 inhabitants, with the consequent social life, its important wool-shipping interests, and the fact that it is the headquarters of the New Mexican division of the Santa Fe System, may not in themselves be things to attract special attention from the traveler. But there are other things at Las Vegas.

First of all for the stranger, there has been built a new hotel, so conspicuous in its comfort and its attractions as to command attention. The Castañeda it is called, recently erected near the depot, and combining the functions of a railway dining-room and hotel. It is a long, low building two stories high, faced with brick, roofed with red tiles, and, architecturally speaking, patterned after



The Castañeda.

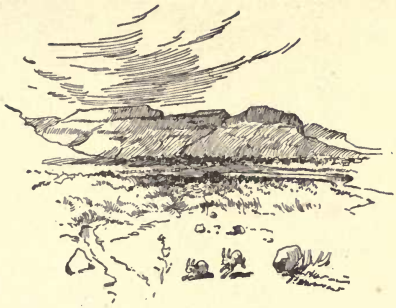
the old California missions. This hotel is strictly modern throughout in equipment and in management. It is under the direction of Mr. Fred Harvey, whose name stands as a synonym of satisfactory hotel management.

Las Vegas itself, with its large stores, banks, offices, hotel, and town life, its attractive climate and its accessibility, entertains many a stranger in the course of a year, and is steadily growing in popularity as a resort. Its surroundings, readily visited by strangers, offer varied forms of entertainment.

LAS VEGAS TO ALBUQUERQUE.

Traveling from Las Vegas to Albuquerque the Glorieta range of the Rockies is crossed through Glorieta Pass (altitude, 7,453 feet). The upclimb takes you near Starvation Peak, best seen from Chapelle station. One legend says that a large band of Spaniards was surrounded here by Navajos in 1800 and starved to death; another story ascribes the cross on summit to the Brotherhood of

Pueblo of Taos.



Penitentes. However the name may have originated, the peak itself is a prominent landmark.

Not far from the main line, the head waters of the Pecos River can be reached — a famous haunt of the black-spotted mountain trout. Within ten miles of Glorieta there are a number of deep pools, which, carefully whipped with the proper flies, will yield trout weighing up to four pounds. Parties wishing to fish in the Pecos can find accommodations at Windsor's, twenty miles from Glorieta. Every little pool in the Mora River, a tributary of the Pecos near this point, seems to be alive with trout, though the larger fish are more abundant in the main stream. Rainbow and eastern brook trout are nearly as plentiful as the native varieties — a rare combination in objects of the angler's desire.

The crumbling ruins of old Pecos Church — most venerable pile in New Mexico — are four miles from Pecos station, on the mythical site of that Aztec city where Montezuma is said to have been born.

The downward ride is through Apache Canyon,

where, in 1847, noted battles were fought between Kearney's army of the West and the Mexicans, and in 1862 between Federal and Confederate forces. Even here in the mountain solitudes war would not be denied its cruel harvest. At Lamy (named for the good archbishop) there is a branch line to Santa Fe. The main line continues along the tortuous Galisteo River to the Rio Grande del Norte at Thornton, and down that sluggish stream of the sand-bars to Albuquerque, the commercial metropolis of central New Mexico.

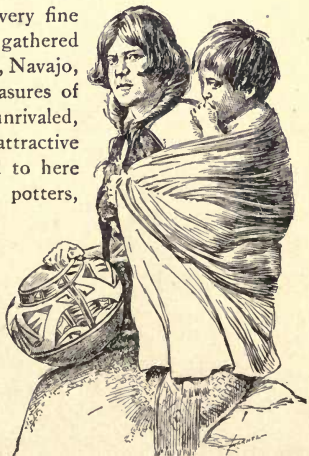
Albuquerque, the point of junction of three lines of the Santa Fe System — that from the East, that to the Pacific Ocean, and that to the Mexican boundary — has never been extensively advertised as a health resort, though it possesses valid claims for being so considered. Its attractions have been multiplied by the erection of a splendid new railway hotel, the Alvarado, conducted, as is the Castañeda at Las Vegas, by Mr. Fred Harvey. As the traveler leaves the train, this hotel is his first and most enduring impression. A wide-spreading, low building, like a great Spanish mission save for its newness; rough, gray walls and a far-reaching procession of arches; a red-tiled roof with many towers — this is the Alvarado. It looks out across the plain to where purple distant peaks are set against a turquoise sky. Behind it lies the city; before it the valley stretches to the shouldering hills. The hotel proper is more than a hundred yards long, sixty yards wide, and is built around a

Starvation Peak

court or peristyle, as its general architecture demands. It is connected by a two hundred foot arcade with the new Santa Fe depot, an edifice in perfect harmony with the artistic lines of the main structure. In form and color, as well as historical association and the detailed beauty of its generous plan, the Alvarado is a distinct architectural achievement. Inside, the Spanish effect in decoration is thoroughly and consistently observed. The dining hall is the largest room in the building. Its furnishings, severely elegant in design, contrast pleasantly with the snow and glitter of the tables; a great projecting fireplace adds the inevitable cheer of an open hearth. But of the hotel, as such, nothing need be said except that it is the masterpiece of the Harvey system; and this fact, to the traveler who knows, is all-sufficient.

It furnishes to the tourist a most luxurious stopping-place in the midst of a trans-continental journey — an enjoyable and interesting rest on the way to California.

A special attraction which the Alvarado offers, not to be duplicated elsewhere, is a very fine collection of Indian relics and products, gathered during years of studious effort. In Moki, Navajo, Zuñi, Apache, Pima and Mexican treasures of handicraft this collection is well nigh unrivaled, and more than justifies a halt in the attractive hotel which houses it. It is planned to here assemble Navajo and Moki weavers, potters,



silversmiths and basketmakers engaged in their various crafts. A model of an Indian pueblo is shown; also the finest wares from all the neighboring region.

Albuquerque itself lies at an altitude of 4,935 feet above sea level, on a sunny slope of a broad plain, amply protected against sudden storms by the neighboring high mountain ranges. The winters are generally open and bright, and the atmosphere almost wholly devoid of humidity. The ancient settlement dates back to the Spanish invasion, while the new town, with a population of 10,000 Americans and all the improvements of a young city, had its beginning with the advent of the Santa Fe Railway.

But Albuquerque, aside from its life as a new commercial center, makes other and more subtle demands upon the attention; while not equal to Santa Fe as a picture of the past, the years have also touched it with old colors. The Mexican quarter — the old town — still sleeps in the sun as it did a century — two centuries — ago. And all about it are the dwellings of the most conservative people, the Pueblos of the Rio Grande valley, living as their fathers lived before the first invader came.

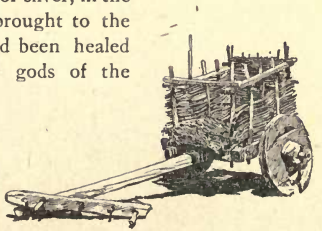
SANTA FE.

In 1605 the Spaniards founded this city under the name *La Ciudad Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco* (the True City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis),

North Entrance, The Alvarado.

which, like many another ponderous Spanish title, has been reduced to lower terms in the lapse of time. It occupies a plain rimmed by mountains whose peaks tower to heights of 10,000 and 13,000 feet. The extraordinary interest of its early days is kept alive by monuments which the kindly elements protect from the accustomed ravages of the centuries.

The territorial governor to-day receives his guests in the same room that served visitors in the time of the first viceroy. Eighteen American and seventy-six Mexican and Spanish rulers have successively occupied the palace. Here it was that General Lew Wallace wrote "Ben Hur." It has survived all those strange modulations by which a Spanish province has become a territory of the Union bordering on statehood. The story of the palace stretches back into real antiquity, to a time when the Inquisition had power, when zealous friars of the Order of St. Francis exhorted throngs of dimly comprehending heathen, and when the mailed warriors of Coronado told marvelous uncontradicted tales of ogres that were believed to dwell in the surrounding wilderness. Beneath its roof are garnered priceless treasures of that ancient time, which the curious visitor may behold. There are faded pictures of saints painted upon puma-skins, figures laboriously wrought in wood to shadow forth the Nazarene; votive offerings of silver, in the likeness of legs, arms and hands, brought to the altar of Our Lady by those who had been healed of wounds or disease; rude stone gods of the

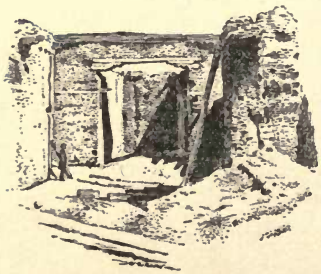


heathen, and domestic utensils and implements of war. There, too, may be seen ancient maps of the New World, lettered in Latin and in French, on which California appears as an island of the Pacific, and the country at large is confidently displayed with grotesque inaccuracy.

Nearly a mile distant from the palace, on an eminence overlooking the town, stands the old Chapel Rosario, now neighbored by the Ramona school for Apache children. In 1692 Diego de Vargas, marching up from the south, stood upon that hill with his little army of 200 men and looked over into the city from which his countrymen had been driven with slaughter a dozen years before. There he knelt and vowed to build upon the spot a chapel for the glorification of Our Lady of the Rosary, provided she would fight upon his side.

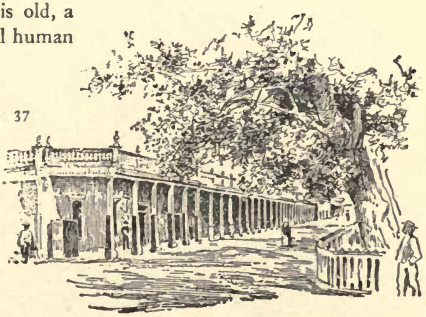
The town was carried by assault after a desperate contest of eleven hours' duration, and the chapel was built. It savors quaintly to us of a less poetic age that those royal old adventurers should have thought themselves hand and glove with the celestial powers; but they certainly made acknowledgment of services rendered upon occasion.

There are other places of antiquarian interest, where are stored Spanish archives covering two and a quarter centuries, and numerous paintings and carvings of great age; the Church of Our Lady of Light, the Cathedral of San Francisco, and

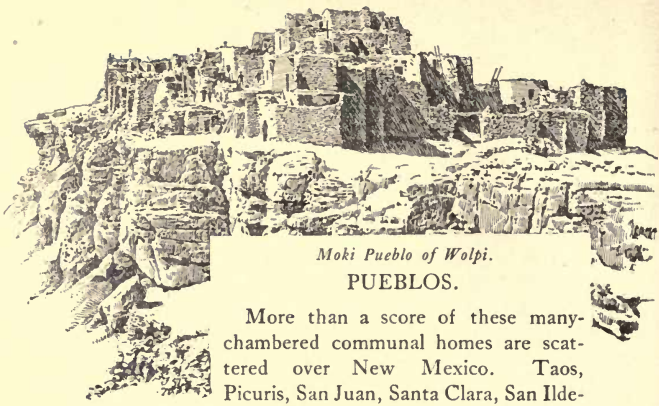


finally the Church of San Miguel and the Old House, isolated from everything that is in touch with our century by their location in the heart of a decrepit old Mexican village. Here, at last, is the real Santa Fe of the traveler's anticipation; a straggling aggregation of low adobe huts, divided by narrow winding lanes, where in the sharply defined shadows leathern-faced old men and women sit in vacuous idleness and burros loaded with firewood or garden truck pass to and fro; and in small groups of chattering women one catches an occasional glimpse of bright interrogating eyes and a saucy face, in spite of the closely drawn *tapelo*.

If now some sturdy figure in bright, clanking armor should obligingly pass along, you would have an exact picture of the place as it appeared two and a half centuries ago. Nothing but that figure has departed from the scene, and substantially nothing new has entered in. It does not change. The hurrying activities and transitions of the outer world, from which it is separated by only a narrow *arroyo*, count for nothing here. One questions if the outline of a shadow has altered for generations. The Old House, where Coronado is said to have lodged in 1540, and the Church of San Miguel, which was sacked in 1680, are not distinguishable from their surroundings by any air of superior age. All is old, a petrifaction of medieval human life done in adobe.



The Governor's Palace.



Moki Pueblo of Wolpi.

PUEBLOS.

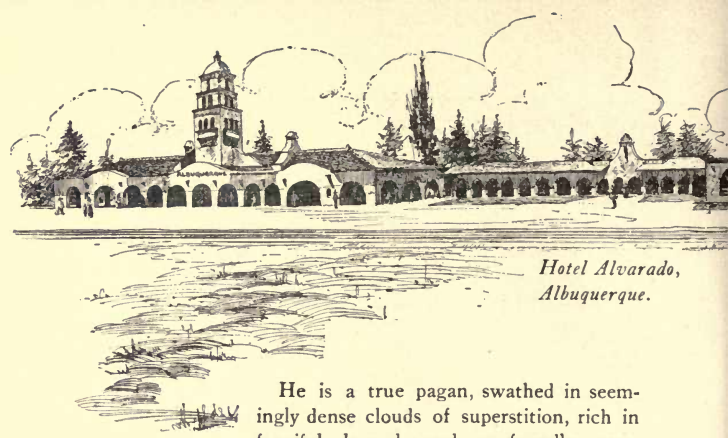
More than a score of these many-chambered communal homes are scattered over New Mexico. Taos, Picuris, San Juan, Santa Clara, San Ildefonso, Pojoaque, Nambe and Teseque are within twenty to ninety-five miles of Santa Fe, their population varying from twenty-five to four hundred persons. From Thornton one may reach the pueblos of Cochiti, San Domingo and San Felipe, while Sandia, Jemez, Zia and Santa Ana are in the vicinity of Albuquerque. Few tourists know that the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico own 900,000 acres of land, and that since the treaty of Guadeloupe Hidalgo in 1848 they have been full-fledged United States citizens, though not voting, and maintaining their own forms of government. Three of the most important pueblos are Isleta, Laguna, and Acoma. Isleta and Laguna are within a stone's throw of the railroad, ten miles and sixty-six miles, respectively, beyond Albuquerque, and Acoma is reached from Laguna or Cubero by a drive of fifteen miles. Meals and lodging may be obtained at several places near the depot. Team and driver for Acoma costs

$5.00 for one passenger and $6.00 for two. The trip is easily made in a day.

The aboriginal inhabitants of the pueblos, an intelligent, complex, industrious and independent race, are anomalous among North American natives. Many are housed to-day in the self-same structures in which their forebears were discovered, and in three and a half centuries of contact with Europeans their manner of life has not materially changed. The Indian tribes that roamed over mountain and plain have become wards of the Government. But the Pueblo Indian has absolutely maintained the integrity of his individuality, self-respecting and self-sufficient. The extent to which he has adopted the religion of his Spanish conquerers, or the teachings of his present guardians, amounts to only a slight concession from his persistent conservatism.

Laborious efforts have been made to penetrate the reserve with which the involved inner life of this strange child of the desert is guarded, but it lies like a vast dark continent behind a dimly visible shore, and he dwells within the shadowy rim of a night that yields no ray to tell of his origin.

Pueblo of Zuñi.



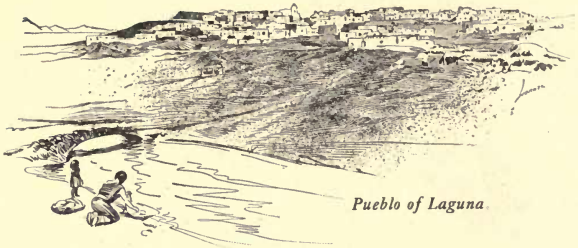
Hotel Alvarado, Albuquerque.

He is a true pagan, swathed in seemingly dense clouds of superstition, rich in fanciful legend, and profoundly ceremonious in religion. His gods are innumerable. Not even the ancient Greeks possessed a more populous Olympus. On that austere yet familiar height gods of peace and of war, of the chase, of bountiful harvest and of famine, of sun and rain and snow, elbow a thousand others for standing-room. The trail of the serpent has crossed his history, too, and he frets his pottery with an imitation of its scales, and gives the rattlesnake a prominent place among his deities. Unmistakably a pagan, yet the purity and well-being of his communities will bear favorable comparison with those of the enlightened world. He is brave, honest and enterprising within the fixed limits of his little sphere, his wife is virtuous, his children are docile. And were the whole earth swept bare

of every living thing, save for a few leagues surrounding his tribal home, his life would show little disturbance. Possibly he might not at once learn of so unimportant an occurrence. He would still alternately labor and relax in festive games, still reverence his gods, and rear his children to a life of industry and content, so anomalous is he, so firmly established in an absolute independence.

Pueblo architecture possesses nothing of the elaborate ornamentation found in so-called Aztec ruins in Mexico. The house is usually built of stone, covered with adobe cement, and is severely plain. It is commonly two or three stories in height, of terrace form, and joined to its neighbors. The prevailing entrance is by means of a ladder to the roof of the lowest story.

The most strikingly interesting of New Mexican pueblos is Acoma. It is built upon the summit of a table-rock with eroded precipitous sides, 350 feet above the plain, which is 7,000 feet above the sea.



Pueblo of Laguna

Acoma pueblo is 1,000 feet in length and 40 feet high, and there is besides a church of enormous proportions. Formerly it was reached only by a hazardous stairway in the rock, up which the inhabitants carried upon their backs every particle of the materials of which the village is constructed; but easier pathways now exist. The graveyard consumed forty years in building, by reason of the necessity of bringing earth from the plain below; and the church must have cost the labor of many generations, for its walls are 60 feet high and 10 feet thick, and it has timbers 40 feet long and 14 inches square.

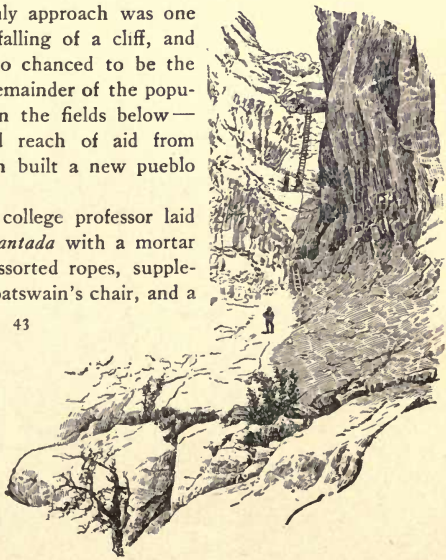
The Acomas welcomed the soldiers of Coronado with deference, ascribing to them celestial origin. Subsequently, upon learning the distinctly human character of the Spaniards, they professed allegiance, but afterward wantonly slew a dozen of Zaldivar's men.

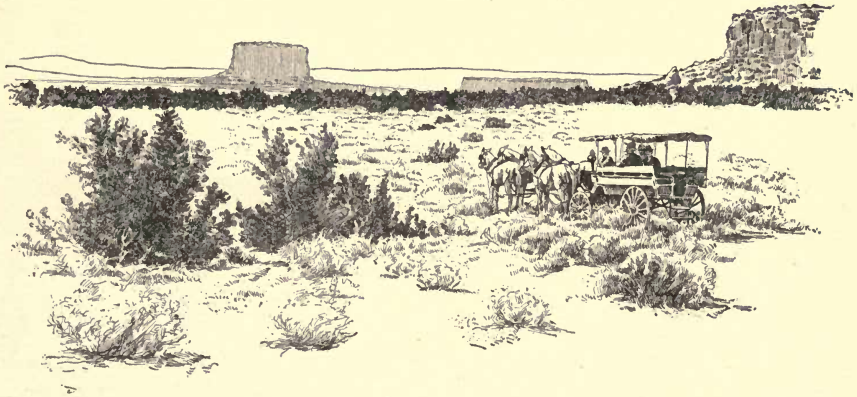
By way of reprisal Zaldivar headed threescore soldiers and undertook to carry the sky-citadel by

assault. After a three days' hand-to-hand struggle the Spaniards stood victors upon that seemingly impregnable fortress, and received the submission of the Queres, who for three-quarters of a century thereafter remained tractable. In that interval the priest came to Acoma and held footing for fifty years, until the bloody uprising of 1680 occurred, in which priest, soldier, and settler were massacred or driven from the land, and every vestige of their occupation was extirpated. After the resubjection of the natives by Diego de Vargas the present church was constructed, and the Pueblos have not since rebelled against the contiguity of the white man.

Anciently, according to a native tradition, for which Mr. C. F. Lummis is authority, the original pueblo of Acoma stood upon the crest of the Enchanted Mesa, 430 feet above the valley, three miles away, but its only approach was one day destroyed by the falling of a cliff, and three sick women, who chanced to be the only occupants — the remainder of the population being at work in the fields below — perished there, beyond reach of aid from their people, who then built a new pueblo on the present site.

In 1897 an Eastern college professor laid siege to the *Mesa Encantada* with a mortar and several miles of assorted ropes, supplemented by pulleys, a boatswain's chair, and a





THE ENCHANTED MESA.

team of horses. By these aids the summit was reached, but the party reported that nothing was found to indicate that it had ever been visited before by man.

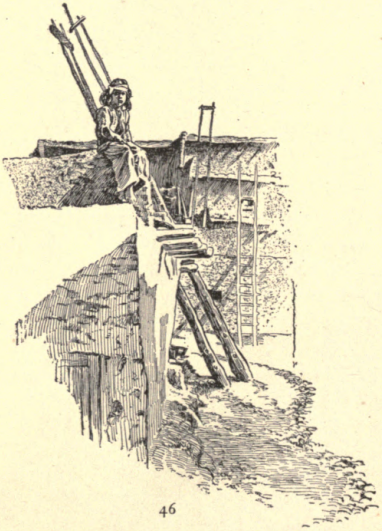
A few weeks later, Dr. F. W. Hodge, of the Bureau of Ethnology, made the ascent with several companions, aided by a few short ladders, a guide rope, and experience in mountaineering. This party found a number of potsherds and fragments of implements and ornaments, all of ancient type, and vigorously championed the claim that the mesa was once inhabited.

Afterward another party, including Mr. Lummis, Dr. David Starr Jordan, and Prof. T. H. Hittell, similarly ascended and were similarly rewarded. The adherents of the legend assert that the gnawing tooth of centuries of summer storm and winter frost would inevitably denude the summit of every relic of that olden time save such as have been securely pocketed in crevices instead of washing away. The talus of the mesa abounds in ancient potsherds, and the rapid annual rise of rock detritus at the foot of the cliff not only lends corroboration

Turquoise-drilling.

but shows how recently the mesa has ceased to be unscalable. Even so, it will be long before the casual tourist will aspire to its giddy crest.

Laguna ("the lake") was founded in 1699 by refugees from Acoma, Zuñi, and Cochiti, on a high rock near the San Jose River. Its old Spanish mission name was *San Josef de la Laguna*. Several great battles were fought here with the Navajos and Apaches. The Laguna Indians also occupy tributary villages, such as Paquate, Negra, Encinal, and Casa Blanca.



III.

ARIZONA.

THE portion to be traversed is a land of prodigious mountain terraces, extensive plateaus, profound canyons, and flat, arid plains, dotted with gardens of fruits and flowers, patched with vast tracts of pine timber, and veined with precious stones and metals, alternating with desolate beds of lava, bald mountainous cones of black and red volcanic cinder, grass-carpeted parks, uncouth vegetable growths of the desert, and bleak rock spires, above all which white peaks gleam radiantly in almost perpetual sunlight. The long-time residents of this region are unable to shake off its charm, even when no longer compelled by any other consideration to remain. Its frequent wide stretches of rugged horizon exert a fascination no less powerful than that of arduous mountain fastnesses or the secret shadows of the dense forest.

There is the same dignity of Nature, the same mystery, potent even upon those who can least define its thrall.

Miners confess to it, and herdsmen. To the traveler it will appear a novel environment for contemporaneous American life, this land of sage and mesquite, of frowning volcanic piles, shadowed canyons, lofty mesas and painted buttes. It seems fitter for some cyclopean race; for the pterodactyl and the behemoth. Its cliffs are flung in broad, sinuous lines that approach and recede from the way, their contour incessantly shifting in the similitude of caverns, corridors, pyramids, monuments, and a thousand other forms so full of structural idea that they seem to be the unfinished work of some giant architect who had planned more than he could execute.

The altitude is practically the same as that of the route through New Mexico, undulating between 5,000 and 7,000 feet above sea-level, until on the western border the high plateaus break rapidly down to an elevation of less than 500 feet at the valley of a broad and capricious stream that flows through alternate stretches of rich alluvial meadow and barren rock-spires — obelisks rising against the sky. This stream is the Colorado River, wayward, strenuous, and possessed of creative imagination and terrific energy when the mood is on. It chiseled the Grand Canyon, far to the north and east, and now complacently saunters oceanward. Despite its quiet air, not long ago it conceived the whim to make a Salten Sea far to the south, and the affair was a national sensation for many months.

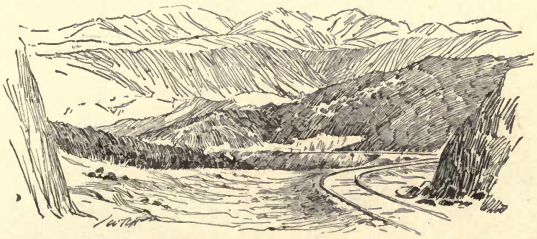
The great cantilever bridge that spans it here (the

second largest of its kind in the world) was made necessary by the restless spirit of the intractable stream. The main suspended span is 660 feet in length and the cantilever arms each 165 feet; the cost was half a million dollars. Only a few years ago the crossing was by means of a huge pile bridge several miles toward the north; but the river shifted its channel so frequently it was thought desirable to build a new bridge down here among the enduring obelisks, which are known as The Needles. It is a picturesque spot, full of color, and the air has a pure transparency that lends depth and distance to the view, such as the bird knows in its flight.

The Needles form the head of the gorgeously beautiful Mojave Canyon, hidden from view. The Colorado is an inveterate lover of a chaotic channel.

It is its genius to create works of art on a scale to awe the spirit of cataclysm itself. It is a true Hellespont, issuing from cimmerian gloom to loiter among sunny fields, which it periodically waters with a fertilizing flood; and while you follow its gentle sweep it breaks into sudden uproar and hews a further path of desolation and sublimity. One who does not know the canyons of the Colorado has never experienced the full exaltation of those impersonal emotions to which the Arts are addressed. There only are audience-halls fit for tragedies of Æschylus, for Dante and the Sagas.

The known history of Arizona begins with the same Mark of Nice whom we have already



accredited as the discoverer of New Mexico, of which this Territory was long a part: and here, as well, he was followed by Coronado and the missionaries. This is the true home of the Apache, whose unsparing warfare repeatedly destroyed the work of early Spanish civilization and won the land back for a time to heathenesse. Its complete acquisition by the United States dates from 1853, and in the early days of the Civil War it was again devastated.

After its successful reoccupation by California troops in 1862, settlers began to penetrate its northern portion. Nearly twenty years later the first railroad spanned its boundaries, and then finally it became a tenable home for the Saxon, although the well-remembered outbreak of Geronimo occurred only nineteen years ago. To-day the war-thirsty Apaches are widely scattered among distant reservations, and with them has departed the last existing element of disturbance. But Arizona will never lose its peculiar atmosphere of extreme antiquity, for in addition to those overwhelming chasms that have lain unchanged since the infancy of the world, it contains within its borders the ruins of once populous cities, maintained by an enormous irrigation system which our modern science has not yet outdone; whose history was not written upon any lasting scroll; whose peoples are classed among the undecipherable antiquities of our continent, their deeds unsung, their heroes unchronicled and unknown.

Yet, if you have a chord for the heroic, hardly shall you find another land so invigorating as this of Arizona. It stiffens the mental fiber like a whiff of the north wind. It stirs in the blood dim echoes of days when achievement lay in the might of the individual arm; when sword met targe in exhilarating struggles for supremacy. The super-refinement of cities dissipates here. There is a tonic breeze that blows toward simple relations and a lusty selfhood.

ALBUQUERQUE TO NEEDLES.

The Santa Fe, in traversing western New Mexico and Arizona, climbs the Continental Divide from Albuquerque (altitude 4,935 feet) to Guam (altitude 6,996 feet), a distance of 136 miles, along the interesting valleys of the Puerco and San Jose. There follows a downhill slide of 150 miles to Winslow (altitude 4,343 feet) beside the Puerco and Little Colorado rivers. The engine then puffs up grade for many miles through fragrant pine forests to a point just beyond Flagstaff. There is a slight down grade to Ash Fork (altitude 5,129 feet), another rise of twenty-seven miles to Seligman (altitude 5,260 feet), and then the train easily drops down a 150-mile incline to Needles, the descent being nearly a mile, almost to sea-level. You would scarcely notice the difference at any given point, unless by comparison with track behind or ahead.

The principal scenes en route will be briefly noted, without attempting adequate description.

Isleta, "little island," is a picturesque pueblo in the Rio Grande Valley, occupied by six hundred Indians who own flocks, cultivate vineyards and work in silver. Laguna is mentioned elsewhere. Cubero is a quiet Mexican village, three miles from the station, where quaint ceremonies — brought from Old Mexico — still hold sway; the San Mateo Mountains are on the north from Cubero to Grant's. Northeast of McCarty's is Acomita, an offshoot of Acoma pueblo. Lava beds are seen, McCarty's to beyond Bluewater. The Zuñi Mountains are southwest of Grant's station; San Rafael is on the road thither in a beautiful valley; here, also at Cubero and San Rafael, the strange rites of the Penitentes are performed: southward are the pictured mesa fronts visible as far as Gallup.

There is a low cone north of Bluewater called Tintero, meaning inkstand, whence lava once profusely flowed. The station of Chaves is named for a noted Indian fighter of early days. From Thoreau, three miles east of Continental Divide, various interesting canyons and Indian pueblos may be reached, notably Pueblo Bonito, whose ancient ruins cover seven acres, one building containing a thousand rooms.

Between Guam and Wingate are Navajo Church and Pyramid Rock. Inscription Rock is fifty miles southeast of Wingate. The southern border of

A Navajo Weaver.

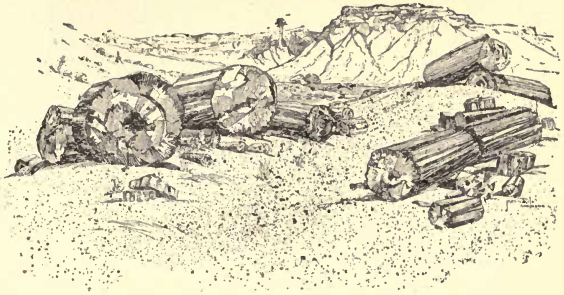
the Navajo reservation is ten to fifty miles north of the railway in northeastern Arizona. The Navajos frequently visit Wingate, Canyon Diablo and intermediate stations. They are a pastoral people, progressive, intelligent and self-supporting. They own large numbers of cattle, sheep and goats, till small farms, make the celebrated Navajo blankets, and are expert silversmiths.

Thirty-five miles south of Zuñi Station, on Zuñi River, is the pueblo of Zuñi, inhabited by a thousand Indians, made famous through the writings of an energetic ethnologist, Mr. Frank Cushing, who lived in the pueblo for four years, first as a welcome guest and then as a member of the tribe. The Zuñis have always been an imperious people.

Their history prior to the Spanish occupation indicates that they were at that time the dominant Pueblos. The Zuñi ceremonial dances are of world-wide renown. Gallup is the best point of departure for Zuñi village. The trip is a comfortable carriage ride of six hours each way, over good roads and through impressive scenery. Expenses are about five dollars per day for each person. Room and board, at Zuñi, can be obtained at the house of the resident trader.

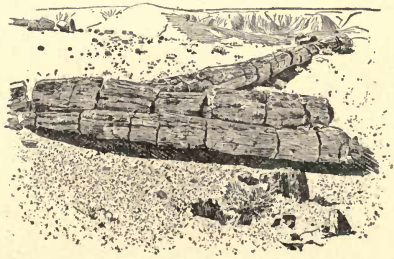
Canyon de Chelly lies fifty miles north of Manuelito. Adamana and Holbrook are points of departure for Petrified Forest. Holbrook is the railroad station for Fort Apache, several Indian villages and interior Mormon settlements. The Painted Desert and Moki buttes north of Winslow, and the Mogollon Mountains south, are prominent features of the landscape; the old Continental stage route, a continuation of the Santa Fe Trail, passed through Winslow. Canyon Diablo, Flagstaff, Williams and Ash Fork are referred to further on. There is a good wagon road from Peach Springs, by way of Diamond Creek, to the Colorado River, affording at the terminus a river view instead of a rim view of the Grand Canyon.

The Hualapai and Havasupai Indian agency is located at Hackberry. The Hualapai mainly live at near-by stations, or act as herders; the Havasupais reside in Cataract Canyon, a tributary of the Grand Canyon.



PETRIFIED FORESTS.

From remotest epochs earth has striven against the encroaching slime of seas in a wasting struggle to free her face to air. Those who are learned may tell you where she is left most deeply scarred by the conflict, but in this region where her triumph, if barren, is complete, and the last straggling columns of her routed foe are sourly retreating oceanward, at least her wounds are bare, and with them many a strange record which she thought to lock forever in her bosom. Long ere Noah fell adrift with the heterogeneous company of the ark, or Adam was, perhaps even before the ancestral ape first stood erect in the posture of men that were to be, forests were growing in Arizona, just as in some parts they grow to-day. And it befell in the course of time that they lay prostrate and over them swept the waters of an inland sea.



Eons passed, and sands like drifting snowflakes buried them so deep the plesiosaurus never suspected their grave beneath him as he basked his monstrous length in the tropic waters and hungrily watched the pterodactyl lolling in the palm-shade on the rim. Then the sea vanished, the uncouth denizens of its deeps and shores became extinct, and craters belched forth volcanic spume to spread a further mantle of oblivion over the past. Yet somewhere the chain of life remained unbroken, and as fast as there came dust for worm to burrow in, mould for seed to sprout in, and leaf for insect to feed on, life crept back in multiplying forms, only to retreat again before the surge of elemental strife after a century or after a thousand years.

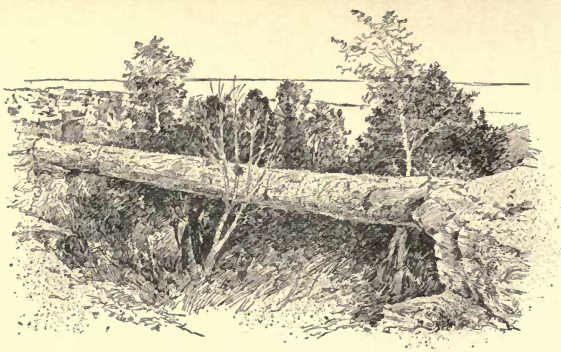
The precise sequence of local events as here sketched must not be too critically scanned. The aim is to suggest an approximate notion, to those who possess no better, of some prodigious happenings which have a bearing on our immediate theme. If still one chance to lack a working idea, let him remember that the solid surface of the earth is ceaselessly changing contour, that it actually billows like the ocean sea. It merely moves more slowly, for if the gradual upheavals and depressions of the earth's crust throughout millions of years were performed within the brief span of an hour, you would have the wildest conceivable spectacle of cold rock strata become as fluctuant as water, and leaping and falling in waves whose

crests towered miles in air, and whose lengths were measurable by half a continent. This region for hundreds of square miles was once sunk so low the ocean overflowed it; then upheaved so high the brine could find no footing. Again a partial depression made it a vast repository of rivers that drained the higher levels, which in time was expelled by a further upheaval. During the periods of subsidence the incoming waters deposited sand and silt, which time hardened to rock. But in periods of upheaval the process was reversed and the outgoing waters gnawed the mass and labored constantly to bear it away.

So, to return to our long-buried forest, some 10,000 feet of rock was deposited over it, and subsequently eroded clean away. And when these ancient logs were uncovered, and, like so many Van Winkles, they awoke—but from a sleep many thousand times longer—to the sight of a world that had forgotten them, lo! the sybaritic chemistry of nature had transformed them every one into chalcedony, topaz, onyx, carnelian, agate and amethyst.

Thousands of acres are thickly strewn with trunks and segments of trunks, and covered with chiplike fragments. There are several separated tracts, and one of which will seem to the astonished beholder an inexhaustible store of gems, measurable by no smaller phrase than millions of tons; a profusion of splinters, limbs and logs, every

Apache Canyon.



fragment of which as it lies would adorn the collector's cabinet, and, polished by the lapidary, might embellish a crown. Some of these prostrate trees of stone are over 200 feet in length and seven or eight feet in diameter, although they are most frequently broken into sections by transverse fracture.

One of these huge trunks, its integrity still spared by time, spans a canyon fifty feet wide — a bridge of jasper and agate overhanging a tree-fringed pool.

The forest covers many thousands of acres, in three separate tracts.

The First Forest is distant six miles from Adamana, being the one most frequently visited. It contains the notable natural log bridge. The Second Forest is three miles south of the first one and is smaller. The Third Forest lies thirteen miles southwest of Adamana and sixteen miles southeast of Holbrook; it is the largest of the three and has the most unbroken tree trunks of great size.

The general characteristics of these different tracts are the same.

The transportation facilities are good. One may reach all three Forests from Adamana, and the Third Forest from Holbrook. Round-trip fare from either point is $5.00 for one person and $2.50 each for two or more persons. Mr. Al. Stevenson conducts a small but comfortable hotel at Adamana; rate $2.50 a day. Also hotel accommodations at Holbrook.

MOKIS.

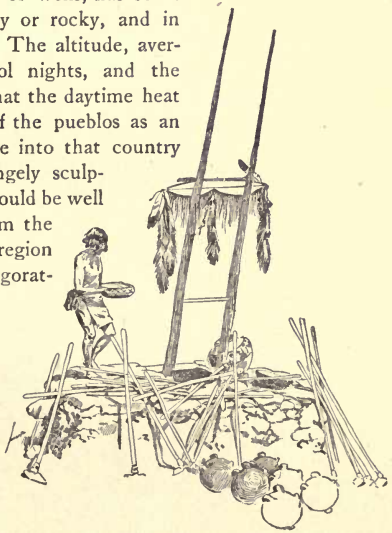
The Moki pueblos are seven in number: Oraibi, Shungopavi, Shipaulovi, Mishonginovi, Wolpi, Sichomovi and Tewa (also called Hano). They are embraced in a locality less than thirty miles across, and are the citadels of a region which the discovering Spaniards in the sixteenth century named the Province of Tusayan. They are not to be confounded with the "Seven Cities of Cibola," whose site is now known to be Zuñi, in New Mexico. They are reached by a pleasant two days' wagon journey northward from Canyon Diablo, Holbrook or Winslow, and by a longer route through pine forests from Gallup in New Mexico, at an expense of from $5 to $7 a day.

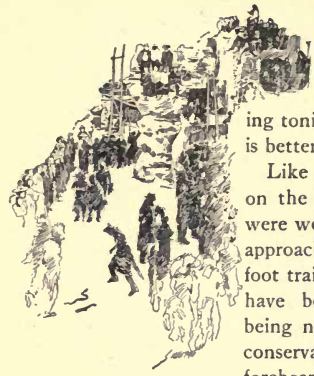
The peculiar attractions which they offer to students of primitive community and pagan ceremonies, as well as to the artist seeking

MOKI HAIR-DRESSING.

strange subjects, or the casual traveler hoping to find a new sensation, are acting to draw an increasing number of visitors every year at the time of their religious festivities. This increasing interest has resulted in improving the means of access without in any degree modifying the conditions of the villages themselves or the Moki ceremonies. The latter half of August is the time of the most spectacular fiestas, and at that season a wagon journey from the railway to the Province of Tusayan, with the consequent camp life on the road and at the pueblos, need be no hardship.

There are no tourist's accommodations at the villages except such few rooms or houses as can be rented from the Mokis at reasonable rates. Provisions and such household comforts as the traveler considers indispensable must be brought in. The roads and trails lie across the almost level Painted Desert, which, except in the Little Colorado Valley and around a few springs or wells, has scant vegetation. The soil is sandy or rocky, and in August the weather is warm. The altitude, averaging 6,000 feet, insures cool nights, and the absence of humidity forbids that the daytime heat should be oppressive. Even if the pueblos as an objective did not exist, a voyage into that country of extinct volcanoes and strangely sculptured and tinted rock-masses would be well worth the making. Aside from the powerful charm exerted by this region upon all visitors, there is an invigorat-



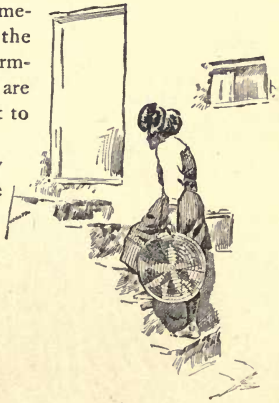


ing tonic quality in the pure air of Arizona that is better than medicine.

Like Acoma, the Moki pueblos are perched on the crests of lofty mesas, and at the first were well nigh inaccessible to enemies, their only approach being by way of narrow, precipitous foot trails. In modern times less difficult paths have been constructed, such fortress homes being no longer needful for defense. But the conservative Mokis continue to live as lived their forebears and cling to their high dwelling place. The women toil up the trails with water from the spring below, and the men returning from the fields climb a small mountain's height daily. They are industrious, thrifty, orderly and mirthful, and are probably the best entertained people in the world. A round of ceremonies, each terminating in the pageants called "dances," keeps going pretty continuously the whole year, and all the spectacles are free. Subsisting almost wholly by agriculture in an arid region of uncertain crops, they find abundant time between their labors for lighthearted dance and song, and for elaborate ceremonials, which are grotesque in the Kachina, or masked dances, ideally poetic in the Flute dance, and intensely dramatic in the Snake dance.

Of the last two, both of which are dramatized prayers for rain at an appointed season, the former is picturesque in costume and ritual, and impressive in solemn beauty; the latter is grim and startling, reptiles — including a liberal proportion of rattlesnakes — being employed as messengers to carry petitions to the gods of the underworld, who are supposed to have power over the rain cloud.

To the onlooker it seems impossible that venomous snakes can be handled so audaciously without inflicting deadly wounds, yet it is positively known that they are in nowise deprived of their natural power to do so. There are those who claim to have seen the dancers bitten by their rattlesnake partners, but the claim lacks confirmation by careful scientific observers, who incline to the belief that the snake priests avoid injury by dexterity and a knowledge of reptile ways. It is true that the priests possess a secret antidote, to which they resort in cases of snakebite, which occasionally befalls the barefoot natives, but even in the land of the snake dance such casualties are uncommon and the efficacy of the antidote remains a matter for investigation. That the dancers are sometimes bitten is pretty well established, but the observer may not have distinguished the harmless from the venomous snakes, which are intermingled, and the Mokis are reticent to subsequent inquiry.



Moki is a nickname. It is said to signify "dead," and to have been applied at a time

of devastation by smallpox, that gift of civilized man to the savage. Among themselves they are known as *Hopi*, "good (or peaceful) people." It is to be regretted that a name so much worthier these friendly and interesting aborigines cannot be restored to current usage.

The Mokis are hospitable to all respectful visitors, and they may be visited at any time of the year except in midwinter, although the season of the religious feasts made famous by the snake dance is the time of the greatest attraction.

Extended mention of the Mokis and their customs, with ample illustration, will be found in a separate publication, "*Indians of the Southwest.*"

CANYON DIABLO.

This is a profound gash in the plateau, some 225 feet deep, 550 feet wide, and many miles long. It has the appearance of a volcanic rent in the earth's crust, wedge-shaped, and terraced in bare dun rock down to the thread of a stream that trickles through the notch. It is one of those inconsequent things which Arizona is fond of displaying. For many miles you are bowled over a perfectly level plain, and without any preparation whatever, save only to slacken its pace, the train crosses the chasm by a spider-web bridge, 225 feet high and 600 feet long, and then speeds again over

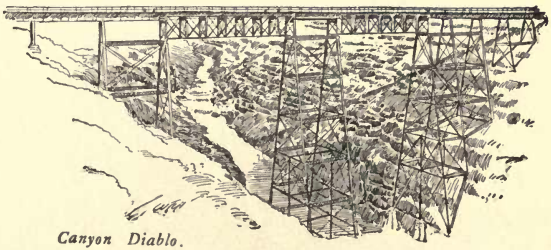
the self-same placid expanse. In the darkness of night one might unsuspectingly step off into its void, it is so entirely unlooked for. Yet, remarkable as is the Canyon Diablo, in comparison with those grand gorges hereafter to be mentioned, it is worth little better than an idle glance.

Several miles southeast of Canyon Diablo is a remarkable place called Meteorite Mountain, where it is supposed that a colossal sky-wanderer once fell. The craterlike cavity marking its crash into the earth is a mile wide. Large fragments of meteoric stone have been found near by containing small diamonds.

Mr. F. W. Volz, Indian trader here, is prepared to take visitors to the Moki villages and Meteorite Mountain at any time. His facilities are unusually good and charges reasonable.

FLAGSTAFF.

Although the construction of the railway from Williams to the verge of the Grand Canyon of Arizona has removed from Flagstaff the distinction of being the gateway to that greatest wonder of



Canyon Diablo.

the world, Flagstaff is itself pictorial in character and rich in interest. From it one finds access to most remarkable ancient ruins and to one of the most practicable and delightful of our great mountains. It stands upon a clearing in an extensive pine forest that here covers the plateau and clothes the mountains nearly to their peaks; although the word park better describes this sunlit, grass-carpeted expanse of widely set, towering pines, where cattle graze and the horseman may gallop at will. Couched at the foot of a noble mountain that doffs its cap of snow for only a few weeks of the year, and environed by vast resources of material wealth in addition to the picturesque and historical features of its surroundings, it is fortunately located.

The extraordinarily pure atmosphere of this elevated region and the predominance of clear weather gave Flagstaff the Lowell Observatory. It is charmingly situated in the heart of the pines, upon a hill in the outskirts of the town. Visitors are made welcome.

Flagstaff.

SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS.

Here, as in many other parts of the West, the actual height of a mountain is greater than is apparent to the eye. The ascent begins at a point considerably above where the Eastern mountain climber leaves off, for the reason that the whole region is itself a prodigious mountain, hundreds of thousands of square miles in area, of which the projecting peaks are but exalted lookouts. The summits of San Francisco Peaks are elevated nearly 13,000 feet above the sea, and only 6,000 feet above the town of Flagstaff. It follows that more than half of the actual ascent has been made without any effort by the traveler, and the same altitude is attained as if he had climbed a sheer height of 13,000 feet upon the rim of the sea. There is the same rarefaction of air, the same wide range over an empire that lies flat beneath the eye, limited only by the interposition of other mountains, the spherical contour of the earth, atmospheric haze, or the power of vision itself.

The apex of Humphrey's Peak, the only summit of this mountain yet practicable for the tourist, is little more than ten miles from Flagstaff, and an excellent carriage road covers fully seven miles of the distance. From the end of that road a comfortable bridle-path leads to within a few feet of the topmost crag. The entire trip may be made on horseback if desired, and one who is accustomed to the saddle will find it a preferable experience, for then short cuts are taken through the timber, and there is so much the more of freedom and the charm of an untrammeled forest. The road crosses a short stretch of clearing and then enters the magnificent pine park, rising at an easy grade and offering frequent backward glimpses. The strained, conscious severity of the Rocky Mountain giants is wanting here. It is a mountain without egotism, breathing gentlest dignity, and frankly fond of its robe of verdure. Birds flit and carol in its treetops, and squirrels play. Grass and fern do not fear to make soft-cushioned banks to allure the visitor, flowers riot in their season, and the aspens have whole hillsides to themselves; soft, twinkling bowers of delicate green, dells where one could wish to lie and dream through long summer hours. The bridle-path begins, with the conventional zig-zag of mountain-trails, at the foot of a steep grass-grown terrace that lies in full view of the spreading panorama below. Above that sunny girdle the trail winds through a more typical mountain forest, where dead stalks of pine and fir are plentifully

sprinkled among the living, and ugly swaths show where the avalanche has passed. Above this, for the remaining few hundred feet, the peaks stand bare — stern, swart crags that brook no mantle except the snows, encompassed by a quiet which only the wind redeems from everlasting silence.

The outlook from Humphrey's Peak is one of the noblest of mountain views. It commands a recognizable territory of not less than seventy-five thousand square miles, with vague, shadowy contours beyond the circle of definite vision. Categorically, as pointed out by the guide, the main features of the landscape are as follows: Directly north, the farther wall of the Grand Canyon, at the Bright Angel amphitheater, fifty miles away; and topping that, the Buckskin Mountains of the Kaibab Plateau, thirty or forty miles farther distant. To the right, the Navajo Mountains, near the Colorado state line, 200 miles. In the northeast, the wonderful Painted Desert, tinted with rainbow-hues, and the Navajo Reservation. Below that the Moki buttes and villages. Toward the east, the broad plateau and desert as far as the divide near Navajo Springs, 130 miles east from Flagstaff by the railroad. In the southeast the White Mountains, more than 200 miles. In the south, successively, the Mogollon Plateau, a group of a dozen lakes — unlooked-for sight in the arid lands — Baker's Butte, the Four Peaks, and the Superstition Mountains near Phœnix, the last named 160 miles distant. In the southwest, the Bradshaw Mountains, 140 miles;

Granite Mountain at Prescott, 100 miles, and the Juniper Range, 150 miles. The horizon directly west is vague and doubtful, but is supposed to lie near the California line. In the northwest a distant range is seen, north of the Colorado River and east of the Nevada line, perhaps the Sheavwits or the Hurricane Mountains. Among the less remote objects are the Coconino forest and basin on the north; on the east the Little Colorado, traceable by its fringe of cottonwoods, beds of lava flung like the shadow of a cloud or the trail of a conflagration, and Sunset and Peachblow craters, black cones of cinder capped with red scoria; on the south and southwest Oak Creek Canyon, the Jerome smelters, and the rugged pictorial breakdown of the Verde; under foot, Flagstaff; and on the west the peaks of Bill Williams, Sitgreaves and Kendricks, neighborly near.

Yet, in spite of the grandeur of such a scene, San Francisco Peak itself soon gains and monopolizes the attention. It has slopes that bend in a single sweeping curve to depths which the brain reels to contemplate, down which a loosened stone will spin until the eye can no longer distinguish its course; and there are huge folds and precipices and abysses of which no hint was given in the ascent. Perhaps its most attractive single feature is a profound bowl-shaped cavity between Humphrey's and Agassiz Peaks, overhung by strangely sculptured cliffs that have the appearance of ruined

castle walls perforated with rude doorways, windows and loopholes. It is called The Crater, and is almost completely boxed in by steep but uniform slopes of volcanic dust, in descending which a horse sinks to his fetlocks. On one side it breaks down into a canyon leading off to the plain and set with tree, grass, fern and flower. Its axis is marked by two parallel lines of bare bowlders of great size, that might have been thrown up from the underlying rock by some prodigious ebullition of internal forces.

The round trip to the peak is customarily accomplished in a day, but arrangements may be made to remain upon the mountain over night if determined upon in advance, and such a plan is recommended to those who are reasonably hardy and have never seen the glories of sunset and sunrise from a mountain-height.

GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA.

The series of tremendous chasms which form the channel of the Colorado River in its course through northern Arizona reach their culmination in a chaotic gorge 217 miles long, from nine to thirteen miles wide, and, midway, more than 6,000 feet below the level of the plateau. Standing upon the brink of that plateau, at the point of the canyon's greatest width and depth, the beholder is confronted by a scene whose majesty and beauty are well nigh unbearable.

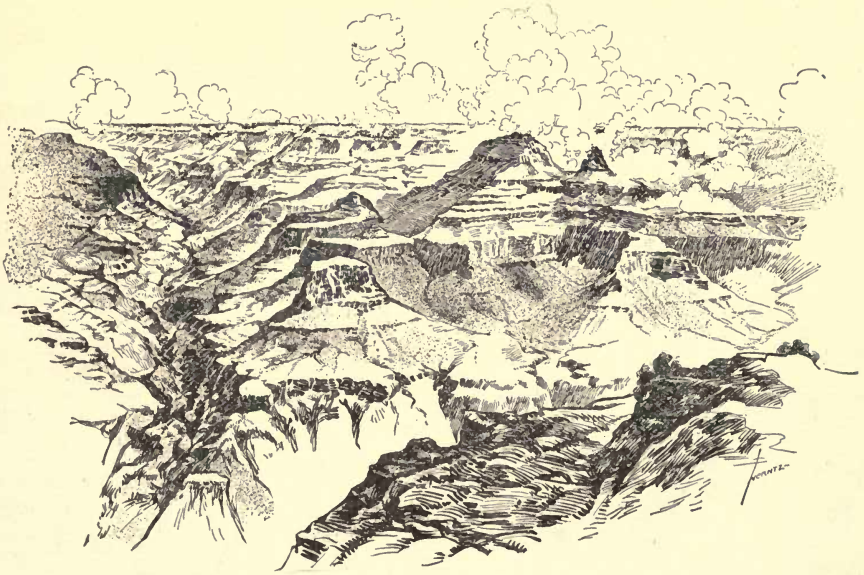
Snatched in a single instant glance from every accustomed anchorage of human experience, the

stoutest heart here quavers, the senses cower. It is one of the few advertised spots which one need not fear approaching with anticipations too exalted. It is a new world, compelling the tribute of sensations whose intensity exceeds the familiar signification of words. It never has been adequately described, and never will be. If you say of Niagara's gorge that it is profound, what shall you say of the Colorado's chasm that yawns beneath your feet to a depth nearly fifty times greater? If you have looked down from the height of the Eiffel tower and called it vertiginous, what shall you say when you are brought to the verge of a gulf at points of which you may drop a plummet five times as far? And when you face, not a mere narrow frowning gash of incredible depth, but a broad under-world that reaches to the uttermost horizon and seems as vast as the earth itself; studded with innumerable pyramidal mountains of massive bulk hewn from gaudiest rock-strata, that barely lift the cones and turrets of their crests to the level of the eye; divided by purple voids; banded in vivid colors of transparent brilliancy that are harmonized by atmosphere and refraction to a marvelous delicacy; controlled by a unity of idea that redeems the whole from the menace of overwhelming chaos—then, surely, you may be pardoned if your pen halts. Some of the best descriptive writers have prepared accounts of this wonderful gorge and its surroundings. Major Powell, Captain Dutton,

G. Wharton James, and others, have written magnificent volumes on this theme, and there are graceful pages devoted to the subject in the book and magazine writings of such men as Charles Dudley Warner, C. F. Lummis, Joaquin Miller and Hamlin Garland. It has been sympathetically painted by the great landscape artist, Thomas Moran, and men like Stoddard, Holmes and Brigham have portrayed its grandeur on the lecture platform.

A special publication devoted to the Grand Canyon of Arizona is issued by the Santa Fe System, which contains articles by some of these and various other eminent writers who have visited the canyon. It treats the subject descriptively, historically and scientifically, and may be had for a nominal price upon application to any agent of the Santa Fe System. A few paragraphs therefrom are here inserted:

"An inferno, swathed in soft celestial fires; a whole chaotic under-world, just emptied of primeval floods and waiting for a new creative word; a boding, terrible thing, unflinchingly real, yet spectral as a dream, eluding all sense of perspective or dimension, outstretching the faculty of measurement, overlapping the confines of definite apprehension. The beholder is at first unimpressed by any detail; he is overwhelmed by the *ensemble* of a stupendous panorama, a thousand square miles in extent, that lies wholly beneath the eye, as if he stood upon a mountain peak instead of the level brink of a fearful chasm in the plateau whose



THE CANYON FROM BRIGHT ANGEL HOTEL.

opposite shore is thirteen miles away. A labyrinth of huge architectural forms, endlessly varied in design, fretted with ornamental devices, festooned with lacelike webs formed of talus from the upper cliffs and painted with every color known to the palette in pure transparent tones of marvelous delicacy. Never was picture more harmonious, never flower more exquisitely beautiful. It flashes instant communication of all that architecture and painting and music for a thousand years have gropingly striven to express. It is the soul of Michael Angelo and of Beethoven."

"The panorama is the real overmastering charm. It is never twice the same. Although you think you have spelt out every temple and peak and escarpment, as the angle of sunlight changes there begins a ghostly advance of colossal forms from the farther side, and what you had taken to be the ultimate wall is seen to be made up of still other isolated sculptures, revealed now for the first time by silhouetting shadows. The scene incessantly changes, flushing and fading, advancing into crystalline clearness, retiring into slumberous haze."

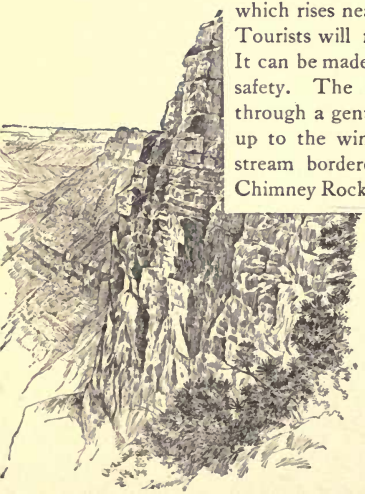
"Long may the visitor loiter upon the rim, powerless to shake loose from the charm, tirelessly intent upon the silent transformations until the sun is low in the west. Then the canyon sinks into mysterious purple shadow, the far Shinumo Altar is tipped with a golden ray, and against a leaden horizon the long line of the Echo Cliffs

reflects a soft brilliance of indescribable beauty, a light that, elsewhere, surely never was on sea or land. Then darkness falls, and should there be a moon, the scene in part revives in silver light, a thousand spectral forms projected from inscrutable gloom; dreams of mountains, as in their sleep they brood on things eternal."

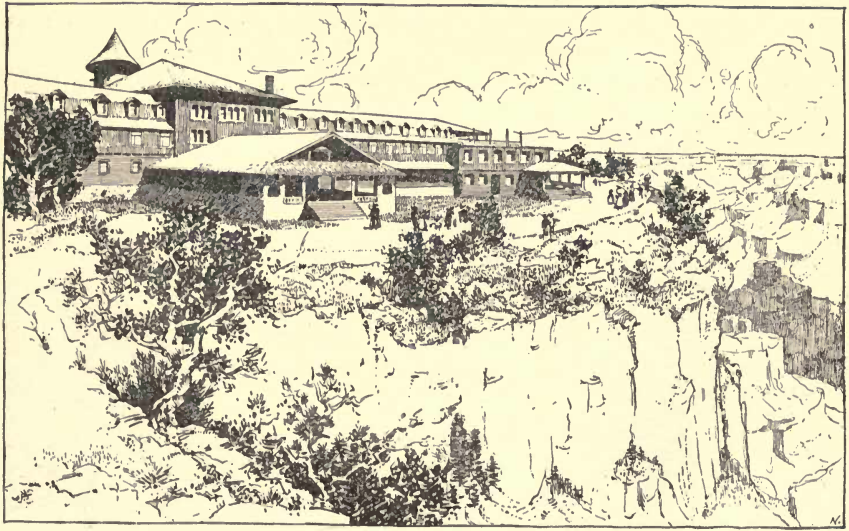
Fortunately the way to the canyon is now easy. Instead of the old route from Flagstaff, a two days' stage journey twice a week, in summer only, the tourist can now make the trip in three hours by rail any day in the year.

Travelers holding through tickets who wish to visit the canyon are granted stop-overs at Williams, a town of 1,500 inhabitants, lying in the shadow of Bill Williams Mountain, and noted for its extensive lumber interests. The branch, Williams to the canyon, is sixty-four miles long. Two daily trains each make the round trip in six hours.

There is usually ample time at Williams, between trains, for the ascent of Bill Williams Mountain, which rises near the town to a height of 9,000 feet. Tourists will find the trip thoroughly enjoyable. It can be made in five hours on horseback in perfect safety. The trail is an easy one, first leading through a gently sloping path of pines, then steeply up to the wind-swept summit alongside a pretty stream bordered by thickets of quaking aspens. Chimney Rock, with its eagle's nest, is a noteworthy



THE RIVER, FOOT OF BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL.



EL TOVAR, BRIGHT ANGEL, GRAND CANYON.

rock formation. On the summit is buried the historic pioneer scout, Bill Williams. From his resting-place there is a wide outlook.

While the Grand Canyon may be reached by private conveyance from Flagstaff or Peach Springs, in open weather, the main travel is by way of Williams. The railway terminus at Bright Angel is in the middle of the granite gorge district. From there one may reach by carriage the eastern and western ends thereof, at Grand View and Bass's, where tourists will find picturesque hotels, good trail stock and guides. Cataract Canyon, rock-fortress home of the Supai Indians, lies still further west.

Grand View Hotel has been recently improved by the erection of a new building with forty guest rooms, steam heat and other modern conveniences.

A quarter-of-a-million-dollar hotel, "El Tovar" —named for Pedro de Tovar, one of the officers who accompanied Coronado's expedition through Arizona in 1540—was opened at Bright Angel in January, 1905, under management of Mr. Fred Harvey.

El Tovar is a long, low, rambling, rustic edifice, solidly built of native boulders and pine logs. It contains 125 rooms. All the luxuries are provided, such as electric light, steam heat, hot and cold water, room telephones, baths, private dining rooms, a solarium, roof gardens and music. The furniture is of arts and crafts design. The inside

finish is mainly peeled slabs, wood in the rough and tinted plaster, with here and there huge wooden beams — for all the world like a big country club house. Pure spring water is brought from a great distance. The great public dining room is a notable attraction. The in-door entertainment of guests is a special feature.

High class and adequate accommodations for Grand Canyon travel are thus assured. The old Bright Angel inn will be converted this spring into an annex camp, where comfortable cottage and tent rooms with lunch counter meals may be had at cheaper prices than El Tovar charges.

Adjacent is a unique structure occupied by Moki Indians, who here engage in their curious handicrafts. In this building are also installed several costly Harvey Indian blanket and basket collections — prize-winners at the St. Louis World's Fair. Near by are several *hogans*, where a number of Navahos live. The most expert basket-weavers and pottery-makers in America are found here.

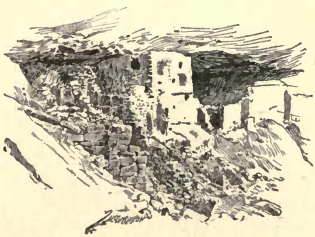
Fine views of the north wall and river may be obtained from near-by points. The horseback journey down the trail to the Colorado River and back is a novel experience. To fairly see the Grand Canyon in this vicinity, one should plan to stay at least three days; a week would be better. In a month one might see the greater part of the accessible area bordering the principal trails.

In Cataract Canyon.

CLIFF AND CAVE DWELLINGS.

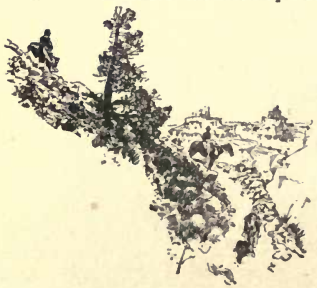
This region abounds in ruins of the dwellings of a prehistoric people. The most important lie within a radius of eight miles from Flagstaff. On the southeast, Walnut Canyon breaks the plateau for a distance of several miles, its walls deeply eroded in horizontal lines. In these recesses, floored and roofed by the more enduring strata, the cliff dwellings are found in great number, walled up on the front and sides with rock fragments and cement, and partitioned into compartments. Some have fallen into decay, only portions of their walls remaining, and but a narrow shelf of the once broad floor of solid rock left to evidence their extreme antiquity. Others are almost wholly intact, having stubbornly resisted the weathering of time. Nothing but fragments of pottery now remain of the many quaint implements and trinkets that characterized these dwellings at the time of their discovery.

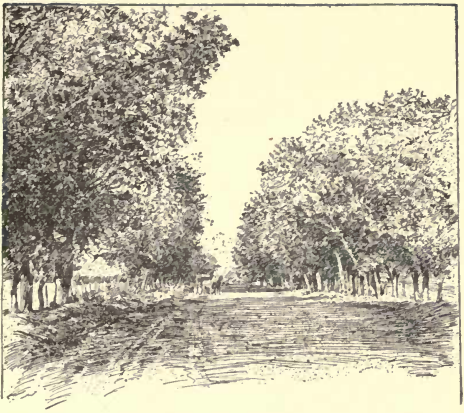
Fixed like swallows' nests upon the face of a precipice, approachable from above or below only by deliberate and cautious climbing, these dwellings have the appearance of fortified retreats rather than habitual abodes. That there was a time, in the remote past, when warlike peoples of mysterious origin passed southward over this plateau, is generally credited. And the existence of the cliff-



dwellings is ascribed to the exigencies of that dark period, when the inhabitants of the plateau, unable to cope with the superior energy, intelligence and numbers of the descending hordes, devised these unassailable retreats. All their quaintness and antiquity can not conceal the deep pathos of their being, for tragedy is written all over these poor hovels hung between earth and sky. Their builders hold no smallest niche in recorded history. Their aspirations, their struggles and their fate are all unwritten, save on these crumbling stones, which are their sole monument and meager epitaph. Here once they dwelt. They left no other print on time.

At an equal distance to the north of Flagstaff, among the cinder-buried cones, is one whose summit commands a wide-sweeping view of the plain. Upon its apex, in the innumerable spout-holes that were the outlet of ancient eruptions, are the cave-dwellings, around many of which rude stone walls still stand. The story of these habitations is likewise wholly conjectural. They may have been contemporary with the cliff dwellings. That they were long inhabited is clearly apparent. Fragments of shattered pottery lie on every hand.





CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN ARIZONA.

From Ash Fork, the Santa Fe, Prescott & Phœnix Railway (Santa Fe System) extends southward through Prescott to Phœnix and thence eastward to Kelvin. In a distance of about 275 miles the traveler is afforded glimpses of nearly every variety of scenery typical of the territory. There are bleak, barren mountains, and mountains covered with forests of pine or cedar, on whose slopes are seen the dumps of world-famous mines.

There are rocky desert wastes where only uncouth cacti find footing to give some poor semblance of life and hope, and vast arid stretches which in early spring are overspread with flowers,

Prescott.

among which the poppy predominates and by virtue of its superior size and brilliancy carpets the ground with an almost unbroken sheet of tawny flame, far as the eye can reach on either hand. There are waterless canyons, and canyons walling turbid streams, unreclaimed vales dotted with cattle, and broad irrigated valley-plains level as a floor, where is cultivated in extraordinary profusion nearly every variety of fruit, nut and vegetable, not absolutely restricted to the tropics, in addition to an enormous acreage of alfalfa and the ordinary cereals of the north temperate zone.

Were it not that modern tourists are somewhat *blasé* with respect to landscape wonders, and if Arizona did not seem so far off, so out of the world, it would be as much a fad to visit Point of Rocks (once an Apache stronghold), near Prescott, as to see the Garden of the Gods. The first-named is a more striking bit of rock grotesquerie and fashioned in more titanic form.

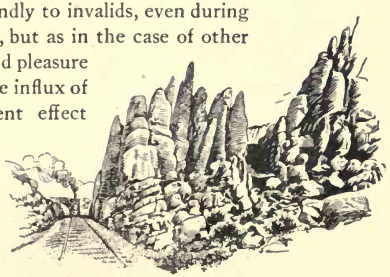
Going south, one naturally expects warmer weather. Nevertheless it comes as a surprise to note how abrupt is the transition from bleak winter to budding spring, or from spring to full midsummer, by merely taking the half-day journey from Ash Fork to Phœnix. There is not only an advance into sunland, but a drop toward sea-level of 4,500 feet. In one stretch of fourteen miles the descent is nearly two thousand feet.

En route you reach Hassayampa River, near Wickenberg—of which stream it is affirmed that

whoever drinks of its waters will never afterward tell the truth, have a dollar, or leave Arizona; a statement which can be better credited after becoming acquainted with a certain type of Arizona frontiersman. If he tells you that within a few miles of this unreliable place is the reliable Vulture Mine, a $20,000,000 producer, the tradition will err, for the Vulture story is true.

Both north and south of Prescott some pretty engineering problems have been solved by rock-cuts, trestles, detours, and loops. At Cedar Glade is a steel bridge 650 feet long, spanning Hell Canyon, 170 feet above the dry stream bed. Here in a gorge uptilted rock-pillars and tremendous bowlders lying shoulder to shoulder contest the passage; yonder, on a slope, you may see far below a second parallel track, and below that a third forming a sweeping loop by which the safe descent of the train is accomplished and the ascent of the opposite side made possible. The way is now cautiously over volcanic beds and rock terraces; then daringly along the sheer faces of forbidding cliffs; and again with a rush and swing freely across level plains.

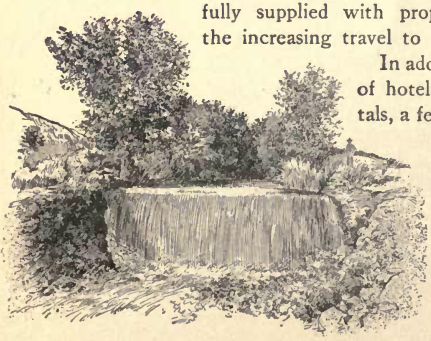
The developed agricultural and horticultural areas are in the neighborhood of Phœnix, the territorial capital and chief city of Salt River Valley. The climate is especially friendly to invalids, even during the hot summer months, but as in the case of other Southwestern health and pleasure resorts, winter brings the influx of visitors. The beneficent effect



of this climate upon the sick, or upon those who merely seek an enjoyable retreat from the harsh winter of the North and East, is not easily exaggerated. The soft air has a tonic quality, born of purpled mountains, yellow deserts and snowy peaks.

Low humidity, perpetual sunshine and favorable breezes tempt the invalid out of doors and prolong life. Whitelaw Reid writes that nowhere has he seen a purer atmosphere. It reminds him of the Great Sahara and Mount Sinai's deserts. He considers southern Arizona as drier than Morocco, Algiers or Tunis, and more sunshiny than Egypt. Pulmonary and throat diseases are benefited to a degree that borders on the miraculous. A cure is almost certain, if one comes early enough.

Travelers have come to realize the favoring conditions awaiting them here, and coincident with the increase in the number of winter visitors has come a marked improvement in the hotel accommodations. The construction of Hotel Adams gave to Phœnix a caravansary of which older and more populous communities might well be proud. Its prompt prosperity induced the erection of other modern hotels, with the result that Phœnix is fully supplied with proper accommodations for the increasing travel to the Southwest.



In addition to a full complement of hotels, sanatoriums and hospitals, a feature is made of "tenting out" in the open desert all winter, to get full

Phœnix.

benefit of sun, air and country quiet. But Phœnix is not wholly a refuge for the sick. It is a busy city of 12,000 inhabitants, mainly composed of strenuous Americans, where merchants thrive and wealth accumulates. For the fashionable visitors and the "idle born" there are provided golf grounds, palm-shaded drives, clubs, theaters, the ease of well-kept inns, and a delightful social life. Many wealthy Easterners stay in Phœnix at least a part of each winter.

Strangers will be interested in the Pima and Maricopa Indians, who live near the city and who are daily seen on its streets disposing of baskets, beadwork, pottery and mesquite. They and their burros add to the gayety of nations. To observe the wholly up-to-date Indian, albeit youthful, it is only necessary to wheel out through the suburbs to the second largest Indian Industrial School in the United States.

The valley, of which Phœnix is the center, is one of marvelous loveliness, which only the painter's art can convey to one who has not

Hotel Adams, Phœnix.

beheld it. Of the valleys of the West, there are four pre-eminent in beauty — the San Gabriel and Santa Clara in California, the valley of Salt Lake in Utah, and this of the Salt River in Arizona. Across the restful and infinitely modulated green of orchard and shade trees, of alfalfa and barley fields, of orange groves and palms, the eye is led to a distant horizon of rugged mountains, where shifting light and shadow make an endless play of color, astonishingly vivid to a traveler new to desert landscapes, and unceasingly attractive day after day.

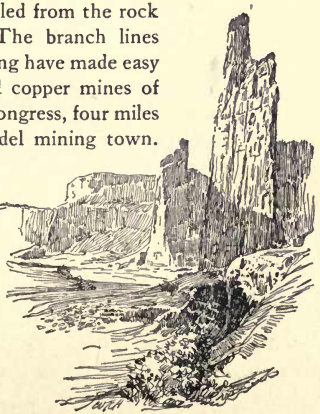
It is for this Salt River Valley that the United States Government, with the assistance of the people to be benefited, is constructing the Tonto Basin Reservoir Dam, one of the largest irrigating projects in the world, which will place under certain irrigation additional land of exceeding fertility and will make desirable farm homes for intending settlers. The earth here lies full-faced to the sun, as level as a calm sea, widening to twenty miles and extending east and west nearly a hundred. The sandy soil produces abundantly. On a few acres one may make a fair living. The result of this happy combination of salubrious climate, fertile soil, commercial activity and congenial society, is to make Phœnix a peculiarly favored place for the traveler's attention.

The Santa Fe has recently built a new line southeast from Phœnix to Kelvin, a distance of 80 miles. An extension is planned to Dudleyville, opening up an immense mineral field which only awaits trans-

portation facilities to profitably and abundantly produce the precious metals.

Prescott is a lively town of 5,000 population, its business district newly built from the ashes of a destructive fire in 1900. Up in the high hills, a mile above the sea, what wonder that the summers are cool! Prescott's growth largely depends upon the mineral wealth that is being coaxed out of the reluctant Arizona mountains — a substantial basis of prosperity. The city is also a summer resort for those who wish to escape the heat of the low-lying valleys. Here was once located historic Fort Whipple, the frontier post so frequently referred to in Captain Charles King's novels. That peak, rising 9,000 feet skyward, is Granite Mountain; you would hardly guess it is all of twelve miles away.

The greatest mineral development is in the vicinity of Prescott. Here, among other famous deposits, are the United Verde copper mines and the Congress and Rich Hill gold mines, the last named situated upon an isolated summit, where, in early days, gold was literally whittled from the rock with knives and chisels. The branch lines from Prescott to Crown King have made easy of access the rich gold and copper mines of that flourishing district. Congress, four miles from the junction, is a model mining town. The United Verde copper mine is at Jerome, which place is reached by a crooked narrow-gauge line built through a wild country.



IV.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

A FEW miles beyond the Colorado River crossing at Needles is the railroad station of that name, where the remnant of the once powerful and warlike Mojave tribe, now become beggarly hangers-on to civilization, love to congregate and offer inferior wares in the shape of bows and arrows and pottery trinkets to travelers in exchange for coin. Their hovels are scattered along the wayside, and the eager congregation of women peddlers, some with naked babies sitting stoically astride their hips, and all dubiously picturesque in paint and rags, is sufficiently diverting. The men attain gigantic stature, and are famed for their speed and bottom as runners; but their ability might be fairly taxed by the tourist of average capacity who for any cause felt himself in any danger of being compelled to

share their abode or mingle intimately with them. A sound-heeled Achilles would fall behind in pursuit of the fleer from such a sorry fate.

River boats occasionally ply between the Gulf of California and Needles. The town is a division point on the Santa Fe, and parties outfit here for the mines roundabout.

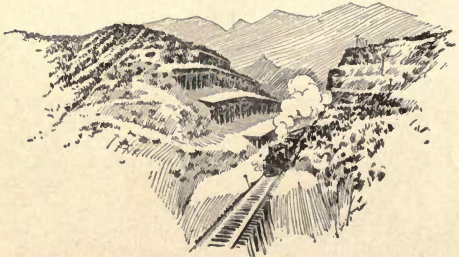
But this is California, the much-lauded land of fruit and flower and sunny clime, of mountain and shore and sea-girt isle; land of paradoxes, where winter is the season of bloom and fruitage and summer is nature's time of slumber. The traveler enters it for the first time with a vivid preconception of it splendors.

As an introduction to Southern California you are borne across the most sterile portion of the most hopeless waste in America, whose monotony intercepts every approach to California except that roundabout one by way of the sea. On either hand lies a drear stretch of sand and alkali, relieved only by black patches of lava and a mountainous horizon—a Nubian desert unmarked by a single human habitation outside the lonely path of the locomotive, where not even the cry of a wolf breaks the grim silence of desolation. Through this the train hastens to a more elevated country, arid still, but relieved by rugged rocks, the esthetic gnarled trunks and bolls of the yucca and occasional growths of deciduous trees. Craters of extinct volcanoes form interesting landmarks, and there are a number of rich mining districts tributary to the line,

but unseen from the train. A strange river, the Mojave, keeps company with the track for several miles, flowing gently northward, to finally lose itself in thirsty sands. At Hesperia are vineyards — first hint of the paradise just over the range.

The Santa Ana and San Gabriel Valleys of Southern California are entered through the Cajon Pass. It is the loveliest imaginable scene, a gently billowing mountain flank densely set with thickets of manzanita, gleaming through whose glossy foliage and red stems the pale earth rises here and there in graceful dunes of white unflecked by grass or shrub, overhung by parallel-terraced ridges of the San Bernardino Mountains, that pale in turn to a topmost height far in the blue Italian sky. Entirely wanting in the austerity that characterizes the grander mountains of loftier altitudes, it takes you from the keeping of plateau and desert, and by seductive windings leads you down to the garden of California. In the descent from the summit (altitude 3819 feet) a drop of 2,700 feet is made in twenty-five miles. On reaching San Bernardino typical scenes at once appear. On either hand are seen orchards of the peach, apricot, prune, olive, fig, almond, walnut, and that always eagerly anticipated one of the orange.

You will not, however, find this whole land a jungle of orange and palm trees, parted only by thick banks of flowers. The world is wide, even in California, or, one might better say, particularly in California, where over an area averaging 150 miles



wide and 1,000 miles long is scattered a population less than that of the city of Chicago. It is true that in many places along your route you may almost pluck oranges by reaching from the car window in passing; but the celebrated products of California lie in restricted areas of cultivation, which you are expected to visit; and herein lies much of the Californian's pride, that there still remains so much of opportunity for all. There is everything in California that has been credited to it, but what proves not uncommonly a surprise is the relatively small area of improved land and the consequent frequency of unfructed intervals. Only a moment's reflection is needed to perceive that the case could not be otherwise. As for flowers, even here they are not eternal, except in the thousands of watered gardens. In the dry summer season the hills turn brown and sleep. Only when the winter rains have slaked the parched earth do the grass and flowers awake, and then for a few months there is enough of bloom and fragrance to satisfy the most exuberant fancy.

Now past pretty horticultural communities, flanked by the Sierra Madre, the way leads quickly from San Bernardino to Pasadena and Los Angeles

Southward from the last-named city you pass through a fruitful region, and within a stone's throw of the impressive mission-ruins of Capistrano, to a shore where the long waves of the Pacific break upon gleaming white sands and the air is of the sea. Blue as the sky is the Pacific, paling in the shallows toward land, and flecked with bright or somber cloud reflections and smurring ripples of the breeze. It is not only the westerly bound of the North American continent, it is the South Seas of old adventure, where many a hulk of once treasure-laden galleons lies fathoms deep among the queer denizens of the sea who repeat wild legends of naughty buccaneers. There is challenge to the imagination in the very tracklessness of the sea. On the wrinkled face of earth you may read earth's story. She has laid things to heart. She broods on memories. But the sea denies the past; it is as heedless of events that were as the air is of the path where yesterday a butterfly was winging. Its incontinent expanse is alluring to the fancy, and this sunset sea even more than the tempestuous ocean that beats upon our eastern shores, for it is so lately become our possession it seems still a foreign thing, strewn with almost as many wrecks of Spanish hopes as of galleons; and into its broad bosom the sun sinks to rise upon quaint anti-podean peoples, beyond a thousand mysterious inhabited islands in the swirls of the equatorial currents.

Next, swinging inland to find the pass of the last intervening hills, you make a final descent to the water's edge, and come to San Diego, that dreamy city of Mediterranean atmosphere and color, terraced along the rim of a sheltered bay of surpassing beauty. Guarding the mouth of the harbor lies the long crescent peninsular of Coronado, the pale façades of whose mammoth hotel flash through tropical vegetation across the blue intervening waters.

OF CLIMATE.

Here the sun habitually shines. Near the coast flows the broad equable Japanese ocean-current, from which a tempered breeze sweeps overland every morning, every night to return from the cool mountain-tops. Between the first of May and the last of October rain almost never falls. By the end of June the earth has evaporated most of its surface moisture, and vegetation unsustained by artificial watering begins to languish. The midday temperature now rises, but the same breeze swings like a pendulum between ocean and mountain, and night and early morning are no less invig-

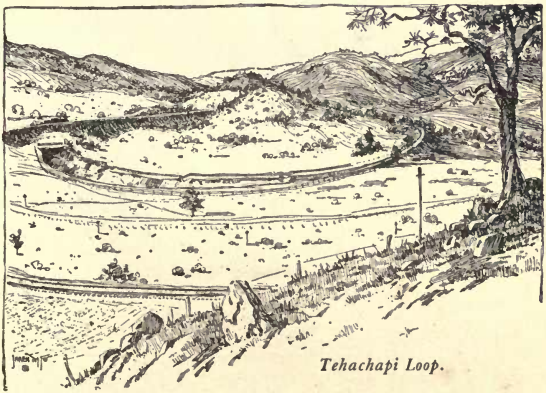
orating. This is summer, a joyous and active season generally misconceived by the tourist, who not unreasonably visits California in the winter-time to escape Northern cold and snow, and infers an unendurable torrid summer from a winter of mildness and luxuriance.

With November the first showers generally begin, followed by an occasional heavy downpour, and Northern pastures now whiten under falling snow hardly faster than do these sere hills turn beryl-green. The rainy season is so called not because it is characterized by continuous rainfall, but to distinguish it from that portion of the year in which rain can not be looked for. Bright days are still the rule, and showery days are marked by transcendent beauties of earth and sky, fleeting wonders of form and color. Let the morning open with a murky zenith, dark tumbled cloud-masses, dropping showers. As the invisible sun mounts, he peeps unexpectedly through a rift to see that his world is safe, then vanishes. The sky has an unrelenting look.

The dim, guardian mountains are obscured. Suddenly, far to the left, a rift breaks dazzling white, just short of where the rain is falling on the hills in a long bending column, and at one side a broad patch pales into mottled gray; and below the rift a light mist is seen floating on the flank of a mountain that shoots into sharp relief against a vapor-wall of slate. At the mountain's foot a whole hillside shows in warm brown tint, its right edge

merged in a low flat cloud of silver, born, you could aver, on the instant, from which the truncated base of a second mountain depends, blue as indigo. The face of earth, washed newly, is a patchwork of somber and gaudy transparent colors — yellows, greens, sepias, grays. One's range and clearness of vision are quickly expanded, as when a telescope is fitted to the eye. Now begins a wonderful shifting of light and shadow, peeps through a curtain that veils unbearable splendors of upper sky; gradual dissolutions of cloud into curls and twists and splashes, with filling of blue between. Again the sun appears, at first with a pale burnished light, flashing and fading irresolutely until at length it flames out with summer ardor. The clouds break into still more curious forms, into pictures and images of quaint device, and outside a wide circle of brilliant sunlight all the hills are in purple shadow, fading into steel-blue, and about their crests cling wisps of many-colored fleece.

Here and there a distant peak is blackly hooded, or gleams subtly behind an intervening shower — a



Tehachapi Loop.

A PASADENA GARDEN.

thin transparent wash of smoky hue. The veil quickly dissipates, and at the same instant the peak is robbed of its sunlight by billows of vapor that marshal in appalling magnificence. Then the rain-mist advances and hides the whole from view. A strip of green next flashes on the sight, a distant field lighted by the sun, but lying unaccountably beneath a cloud of black. Beyond, the broad foot of a rainbow winks and disappears. Among all the hilltops rain next begins to fall like amber smoke, so thin is the veil that shields them from the sun.

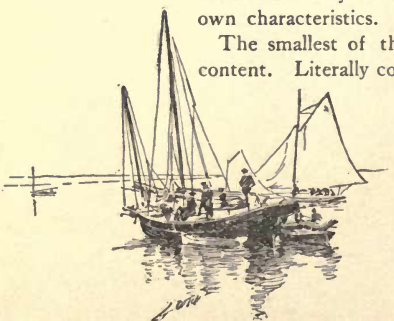
Then the sun abruptly ceases to shine, the whole heavens are overcast, and between the fine fast-falling drops the ground gleams wet in cool gray light. By noon the sun again is shining clear, although in occasional canyons there is night and deluge, and at the close of a bright afternoon the farthest, loftiest peak has a white cloud wreath around it, as symmetrical as a smoke-ring breathed from the lips of a senorita; and out of the middle of it rises the fragment of a rainbow — a cockade on a mist-laureled Matterhorn. Then the sun drops, and the day is done.

That is the way it rains in California, and between such days are unclouded intervals of considerable duration. They call this season winter. The temperature is so finely balanced one does not easily decide whether to walk upon the sunny or the shady side of the street. It is cool, not cold — not bracing in the ordinary sense, but just the proper temperature for continuous out-of-door life.

June does not define it, nor September. It has no synonym. But if you cared to add one more to the many unsuccessful attempts to define it in a phrase, you might term it constant delicious weather; to-day, to-morrow, and indefinitely in the future, morally certain to be very much as you would have it if you were to create an air and a sky exactly to suit his or her majesty yourself. But even here man is a clothes-wearing animal. There is a coolness pervading the most brilliant sunshine. Remembering this, the most apprehensive person will soon discover that there is no menace in the dry, pure, and gently invigorating air of the Southern California winter. It wins the invalid to health by enticing him to remain out of doors.

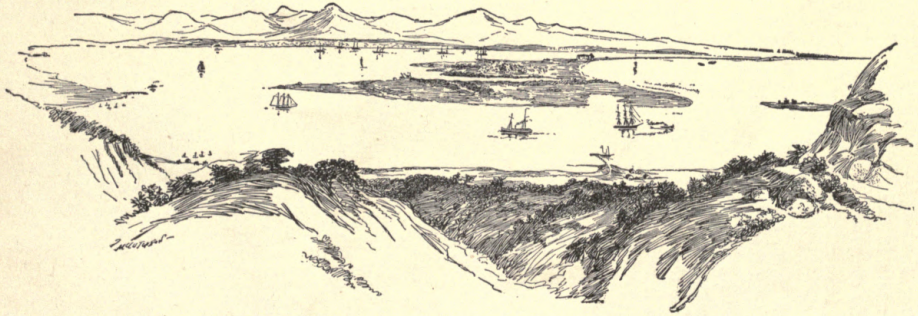
Ranging from warm sea-level to peaks of frigid inclemency, this varied state offers many climatic gradations, whose contrasts are nearly always in view. In winter you may sit upon almost any veranda in Southern California and lift your eyes from the brilliant green of ornamental trees and shrubs, from orchards where fruits ripen in heavy clusters, and from the variegated bloom of gardens, to ragged horizon-lines buried deep in snow. There above is a frozen waste and Alpine terror. Here below is summer, shorn of summer languor. And between may be found any modification that could reasonably be sought, each steadfast in its own characteristics.

The smallest of these communities is great in content. Literally couched beneath his own vine

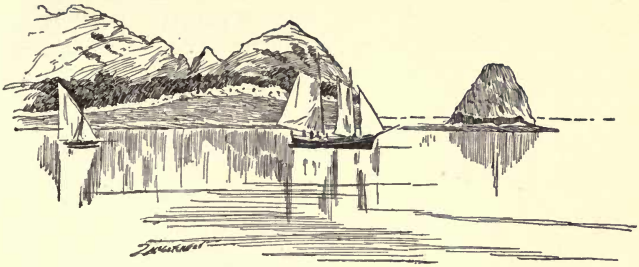


and fig-tree, plucking from friendly boughs delicious fruits, finding in the multifarious products of the soil nearly everything needful in domestic economy, and free from most of the ills that flesh was thought to be heir to, what wonder that the Californian envies no man, nor ever looks wistfully over the Sierra's crest toward the crowded cities and precarious farming regions of the East? An uplifting environment for a home, truly, fit to breed a race worthy of the noblest empire among the States.

There is work to be done, in the house and the field, but in such an air and scene it is as near a transfiguration of labor as can well be imagined. Here it is indeed a poor boy or girl who has not a pony on which to scamper about, or lacks liberty for such enjoyment. And every year there comes a period of holiday, an interval when there is no planting or harvesting to be done, no picking or drying or packing of fruit, a recuperating spell of nature, when the weather is just as glorious as ever, and the mountains and ocean beckon seductively to the poet that is in the heart of every unharassed man and woman and child. Then for weeks the canyons are dotted with tents, where the mountain-torrents foam and spreading sycamores are festooned with mistletoe; and the trout of the stream and the game of the forest have their solstice of woe. Or,



SAN DIEGO BAY, FROM POINT LOMA.



on the rim of the sea, thousands of merry hearts, both young and old, congregate and hold high carnival.

When the campers return to shop and field it is not by reason of any inclemency of weather, but because their term of holiday has expired. Then come the tourists, and pale fugitives from the buffets of Boreas, to wander happily over hillside and shore in a land unvexed by the tyranny of the seasons.

The most seductive of lands, and the most tenacious in its hold upon you. You have done but little, and a day has fled; have idled, walked, ridden, sailed a little, have seen two or three of the thousand things to be seen, and a week, a month, is gone. You could grieve that such golden burdenless hours should ever go into the past, did they not flow from an inexhaustible fount. For to be out all day in the careless freedom of perfect weather; to ramble over ruins of a former occupa-

tion; to wander through gardens and orchards; to fish, to shoot, to gather flowers from the blossoming hill-slopes; to explore a hundred fascinating retreats of mountain and shore; to lounge on the sands by the surf until the sun drops into the sea; all this is permitted by the Southern California winter.

SAN DIEGO AND VICINITY.

Fringing a bay that for a dozen miles glows like a golden mirror below its purple rim, San Diego stands upon a slope that rises from the water to the summit of a broad mesa. In front the bold promontory of Point Loma juts into the sea, overlapping the low, slender peninsular of Coronado, and between them lies the narrow entrance to this most beautiful of harbors. One may be happy in San Diego and do nothing. Its soft, sensuous beauty and caressing air create in the breast a new sense of the joy of mere existence. But there is, besides, abundant material for the sight-seer. Here, with many, begins the first acquaintance with the growing orange and lemon. Orchards are on every hand. Paradise Valley, the Valley of the Sweetwater, where may be seen the great irrigating fount of so many farms, and Mission Valley, where the

Depot at La Mirada.

San Diego River flows and the dismantled ruin of the oldest California mission, elbowed by a modern Indian school, watches over its ancient but still vigorous trees, afford the most impressive examples of these growing fruits in the immediate neighborhood. El Cajon Valley is celebrated for its vineyards. At National City, four miles away, are extensive olive orchards. Fifteen miles to the south the Mexican village of Tia Juana attracts many visitors, whose average experience consists of a pleasant railroad ride to the border and a half-hour's residence in a foreign country.

The hotels at San Diego adequately care for tourist travel. One of the best is Hotel Robinson, pleasantly located on a breezy height near the city's business center, where there is a wide outlook across the blue bay and to the still bluer distant mountains. This hotel is in favor with those who seek a quiet, homelike place. It has two hundred nicely furnished rooms, a roof garden, a palm court and sun parlor.

On the crest of Point Loma a group of buildings stands out against the azure sky. This is the settlement of the Universal Brotherhood, a branch of the Theosophical Society, presided over by Mrs. Catharine Tingley. It combines benevolent work with the search for the lost mysteries of antiquity. The improvements are as yet incomplete, but a large amount of money has already been expended on the buildings and grounds.

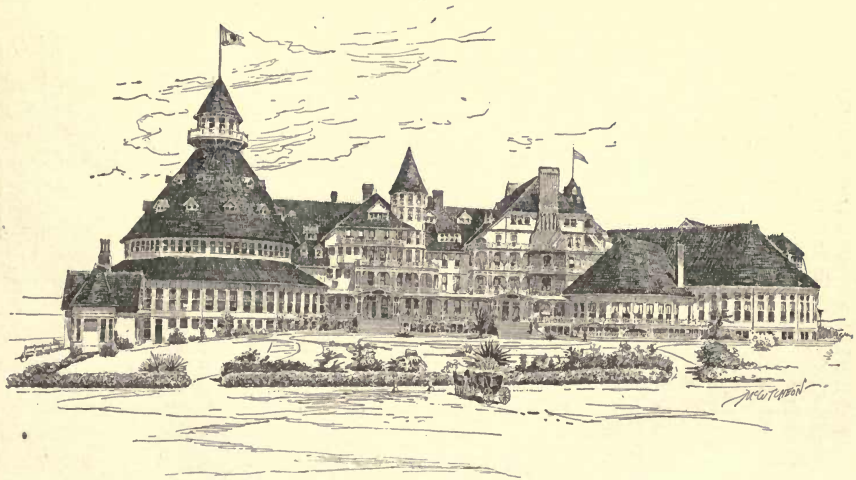
Hotel Robinson, San Diego.

The diverse allurements of mountain and valley, and northward-stretching shore of alternating beach and high commanding bluff, are innumerable. One marvelous bit of coast, thirteen miles away, and easily reached by railway or carriage drive, is called La Jolla Park. Here a plateau overlooks the open sea from a bluff that tumbles precipitously to a narrow strip of sand.

The face of the cliff for a distance of several miles has been sculptured by the waves into most curious forms. It projects in rectangular blocks, in stumps, stools, benches, and bas-reliefs that strikingly resemble natural objects, their surfaces chiseled intaglio with almost intelligible devices. Loosened fragments have worn deep symmetrical wells, or pot-holes, to which the somewhat inadequate Spanish-Indian name of the place is due; and what seem at first glance to be enormous bowlders loosely piled, with spacious interstices through which the foam spurts and crashes, are the self-same solid cliff, carved and polished, but not wholly separated by the sea. Some of the cavities are mere pockets lined with mussels and minute weeds with calcareous leaves. Others are commodious secluded apartments, quite commonly used as dressing-rooms by bathers. The real caverns can be entered dryshod only at lowest tide. The cliff where they lie is gnawed into columns, arches and

aisles, through which one cave after another may be seen, dimly lighted, dry and practicable. Seventy-five feet is probably their utmost depth. They are the culmination of this extraordinary work of an insensate sculptor. There are alcove-niches, friezes of small gray and black mosaic, horizontal bands of red, and high-vaulted roofs. If the native California Indians had possessed a poetic temperament they must certainly have performed religious rites in such a temple. The water is as pellucid as a mountain spring. The flush of the waves foams dazzling white and pours through the intricacies of countless channels and fissures in overwhelming torrents, and in the brief intervals between ebb and rise the bottom of rock and clean sand gleams invitingly through a depth of many feet.

Sea-anemones are thickly clustered upon the lower levels, their tinted petal-filaments scintillating in the shallow element, or closed budlike while waiting for the flood. Little crabs scamper in disorderly procession through the crevices at your approach, and the ornamental abalone is also abundant. Seaweeds, trailing in and out with the movement of the tide, flame through the transparent water in twenty shades of green, and schools of goldfish flash in the swirling current, distorted by the varying density of the eddies into great blotches



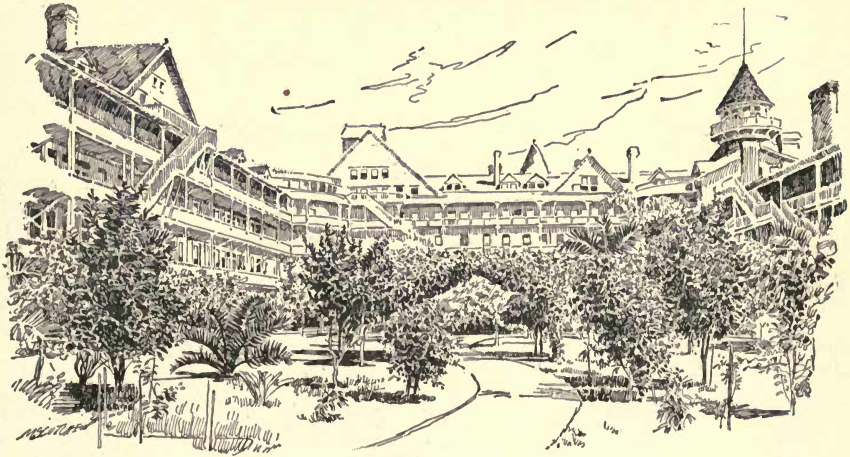
HOTEL DEL CORONADO

Coronado Tent City.

of brilliant color, unquenchable firebrands darting hither and yon in their play. They are not the true goldfish whose habitat is a globular glass half-filled with tepid water, but their hue is every whit as vivid. In the time of flowers this whole plateau is covered with odorous bloom.

Then there is Coronado. Connected by ferry with the mainland, Coronado bears the same relation to San Diego that fashionable suburbs bear to many Eastern cities, and at the same time affords recreative pleasures which the inhabitants of those suburbs must go far to seek. Here the business-man dwells in Elysian bowers by the sea, screened from every reminder of business cares, yet barely a mile distant from office or shop. Locking up in his desk at evening all the prosaic details of bank or factory, of railroad rates, of the price of stocks and real estate and wares, in ten minutes he is at home on what is in effect a South Sea Island, where brant and curlew and pelican fly, and not all the myriad dwellings and the pomp of their one architectural splendor can disturb the air of

The Japanese Garden, Coronado.



THE COURT, HOTEL DEL CORONADO.

perfect restfulness and sweet rusticity. From the low ridge of the narrow peninsula may be seen, upon the one hand, a wide-sweeping mountainous arc, dipping to the pretty city that borders the bay. Upon the other, the unobstructed ocean rolls. On the ocean side, just beyond reach of the waves, stands the hotel whose magnificence has given it leading rank among the famous hostelries of the world.

It is built around a quadrangular court, or *patio* — a dense garden of rare shrubs and flowering plants more than an acre in extent. Upon this *patio* many sleeping rooms open by way of the circumjacent balcony, besides fronting upon ocean and bay, and a glass-covered veranda, extending nearly the entire length of the western frontage, looks over the sea toward the peaks of the distant Coronado Islands. On the north lies Point Loma and the harbor entrance, on the east San Diego Bay and city, and on the south Glorieta Bay and the mountains of Mexico, beyond a broad half-circle of lawn dotted with semi-tropical trees and bright beds of flowers, and bordered by hedges of cypress.

Here the fisherman has choice of surf or billow, or the still surface of sheltered waters; of sailboat, skiff or iron pier. The gunner finds no lack of sea-fowl, quail or rabbits. The bather may choose between surf and huge tanks of salt water, roofed with glass, fringed with flowers and fitted with devices to enhance his sport. The sight-seer is provided with a score of special local attrac-

tions, and all the resources of the mainland are at elbow. These diversions are the advantage of geographical location, independent of the social recreations one naturally finds in fashionable resorts, at hotels liberally managed and frequented by representatives of the leisure class.

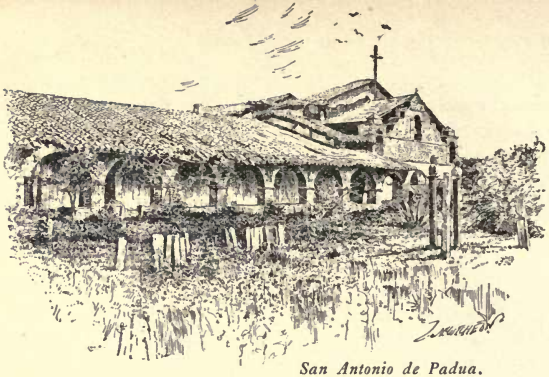
A recent addition to the manifold attractions of Coronado is the summer tent city on the beach, where neatly furnished cloth houses may be rented by those who desire to get into closer touch with nature than they would in a modern hotel. Restaurants, stores and other facilities are provided for the comfort of those who camp here, and in season music and special entertainment are added to the natural attractions.

The climate of the coast is necessarily distinguished from that of the interior by greater humidity, and the percentage of invisible moisture in the air, however small, must infallibly be greater at Coronado than upon the heights of San Diego, and greater in San Diego than at points farther removed from the sea. This is the clew to the only flaw in the otherwise perfect coast climate, and it is a flaw only to super-sensitive persons, invalids of a certain class. The consumptive too often delays taking advantage of the benefits of climatic change until he has reached a point when nicest discrimination has become necessary. The purest, driest and most rarefied air compatible

with the complications of disease is his remedy, if remedy exist for him. And the driest and most rarefied air is not to be looked for by the sea. Yet the difference is not great enough to be brusquely prohibitory.

No one need fear to go to the coast, and usually a short stay will determine whether or no the relief that is sought can there be found; while for many derangements it is preferable to the interior. For him who is not in precarious condition the foregoing observations have no significance. He will find the climate of all Southern California a mere gradation of glory. But perhaps around San Diego, and at one or two other coast points, there will seem to be a spirit even gentler than that which rules the hills.

The Arches, Capistrano.



San Antonio de Padua.

CAPISTRANO.

A tiny quaint village in a fertile valley that slopes from a mountain wall to the sea, unkempt and mongrel, a jumble of adobe ruins, white-washed hovels and low semi-modern structures, straggling like a moraine from the massive ruin of the Mission San Juan Capistrano. The mission dominates the valley. Go where you will, the eye turns to this colossal fragment, a forlorn but vital thing; broken, crushed, and yet undying. Swarthy faces are mingled with the pale Saxon type, the music of the Spanish tongue is heard wherever you hear human speech, and from behind the lattices of the adobes come the tinkle of guitars and the cadence of soft voices in plaintive rhythm. The sun makes black shadows by every house and tree, and sweeps in broad unbroken light over the undulating hills to hazy mountain-tops; ground squirrels

scamper across the way, wild doves start up with whistling wings, and there is song of birds and cry of barnyard fowls. The essence of the scene is passing quiet and peace. The petty noises of the village are powerless to break the silence that enwraps the noble ruin; its dignity is as imperturbable as that of mountain and sea. Never was style of architecture more spontaneously in touch with its environment than that followed by the mission builders. It is rhythm and cadence and rhyme. It is perfect art. Earthquake has rent, man has despoiled, time has renounced the Mission San Juan Capistrano, yet its pure nobility survives, indestructible. The tower has fallen, the sanctuary is bare and weatherbeaten, the cloisters of the quadrangle are roofless, and the bones of forgotten padres lie beneath the roots of tangled shrubbery; but the bells still hang in their rawhide lashings, and the cross rises white against the sky.

A contemptuous century has rolled past, and the whole ambitious and once promising dream of monkish rule has long since ended, but this slow crumbling structure will not have it so. Like some dethroned and superannuated king, whose insistent claim to royal function cloaks him with a certain grandeur, it sits in silent state too venerable for disrespect and too august for pity.

MISSION SAN LUIS REY.

STORY OF THE MISSIONS.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the Spanish throne, desiring to encourage colonization of its territory of Upper California, then unpeopled save by native Indian tribes, entered into an arrangement with the Order of St. Francis by virtue of which that order undertook to establish missions in the new country which were to be the nuclei of future villages and cities, to which Spanish subjects were encouraged to emigrate. By the terms of that arrangement the Franciscans were to possess the mission properties and their revenues for ten years, which was deemed a sufficient period in which to fairly establish the colonies, when the entire property was to revert to the Spanish government. In point of fact the Franciscans were left in undisputed possession for more than half a century.

The monk chosen to take charge of the undertaking was Junipero Serra, a man of saintly piety and energetic character, who in childhood desired only that he might be a priest, and in maturity earnestly wished to be a martyr. Seven years before the Declaration of the Independence of the American Colonies, in the early summer of 1769, he entered the bay of San Diego, 227 years after Cabrillo had discovered it for Spain and 167 years after it had been surveyed and named by Viscaino, during all which preceding time the country had lain fallow. Within two months Serra had founded a mission near the mouth of the San Diego River,

Mission San Luis Rey.

which five years after was removed some six miles up the valley to a point about three miles distant from the present city of San Diego. From that time one mission after another was founded, twenty-one in all, from San Diego along the coast as far north as San Francisco. The more important of these were built of stone and a hard burnt brick that even now will turn the edge of the finest trowel. The labor of their construction was appalling. Brick had to be burnt, stone quarried and dressed, and huge timbers for rafters brought on men's shoulders from the mountain forests, sometimes thirty miles distant, through rocky canyons and over trackless hills.

The Indians performed most of this labor, under the direction of the fathers. These Indians were tractable, as a rule. Once, or twice at most, they rose against their masters, but the policy of the padres was kindness and forgiveness, although it must be inferred that the condition of the Indians over whom they claimed spiritual and temporal

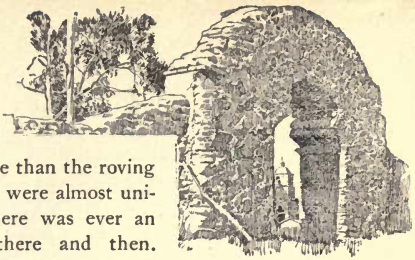
authority was a form of slavery, without all the cruelties that usually pertain to enforced servitude.

They were the bondsmen of the padres, whose aim was to convert them to Christianity and civilization, and many thousands of them were persuaded to cluster around the missions, their daughters becoming neophytes in the convents, and the others contributing their labor to the erection of the enormous structures that occupied many acres of ground and to the industries of agriculture, cattle raising, and a variety of manufactures. There were, after the primitive fashion of the time, woolen mills, wood-working and blacksmith shops, and such other manufactories as were practicable in the existing state of the arts, which could be made profitable.

The mission properties soon became enormously valuable, their yearly revenues sometimes amounting to $2,000,000. The exportation of hides was one of the most important items, and merchant vessels from our own Atlantic seaboard, from England and from Spain, sailed to the California coast for cargoes of that commodity. Dana's romantic and universally read "Two Years Before the Mast" is the record of such a voyage. He visited California more than a half a century ago, and found its quaint Spanish-Indian life full of the picturesque and romantic.

The padres invariably selected a site favorable for defense, commanding views of entrancing scenery, on the slopes of the most fertile valleys, and convenient to the running water which was the safe-

MISSION GARDEN, SANTA BARBARA.



guard of agriculture in a country of sparse and uncertain rainfall. The Indians, less warlike in nature than the roving tribes east of the Rockies, were almost universally submissive. If there was ever an Arcadia it was surely there and then. Against the blue of the sky, unspotted by a single cloud through many months of the year, snow-crowned mountains rose in dazzling relief, while oranges, olives, figs, dates, bananas, and every other variety of temperate and sub-tropical fruit which had been introduced by the Spaniards, ripened in a sun whose ardency was tempered by the dryness of the air into an equability like that of June, while the regularly alternating breeze that daily swept to and from ocean and mountain made summer and winter almost indistinguishable seasons, then as now, save for the welcome rains that characterize the latter.

At the foot of the valley, between the mountain slopes, and never more than a few miles away, the waters of the Pacific rocked placidly in the brilliant sunlight or broke in foam upon a broad beach of sand. In such a scene Spaniard and Indian plied their peaceful vocations, the one in picturesque national garb, the other almost innocent of clothing, while over and around them lay an atmosphere of sacredness which even to this day clings to the broken arches and crumbling walls. Over the peaceful valleys a veritable angelus rang. The

Santa Barbara Mission.

mellow bells of the mission churches summoned dusky hordes to ceremonial devotion. Want and strife were unknown. Prosperity and brotherly love ruled as never before.

It is true they had their trials. Earthquakes, which have been almost unknown in California for a quarter of a century, were then not uncommon, and were at times disastrous. *Rio de los Temblores* was the name of a stream derived from the frequency of earth rockings in the region through which it flowed; and in the second decade of our century the dreaded *temblor* upset the 120-foot tower of the Mission San Juan Capistrano and sent it crashing down through the roof upon a congregation, of whom nearly forty perished. Those, too, were lawless times upon the main. Pirates, cruising the South Seas in quest of booty, hovered about the California coast, and then the mission men stood to their arms, while the women and children fled to the interior canyons with their portable treasures. One buccaneer, Bouchard, repulsed in his attempt upon Dolores and Santa Barbara, descended successfully upon another mission and dwelt there riotously for a time, carousing, and destroying such valuables as he could not carry away, while the entire population quaked in the forest along the Rio Trabuco. This was the same luckless San Juan Capistrano, six years after the earthquake visitation. Then, too, there were bickerings of a political nature, and struggles for place, after the rule of Mexico had succeeded

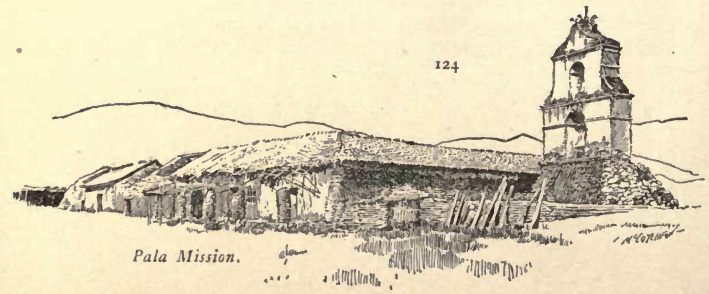
San Gabriel Mission.

to that of Spain, but the common people troubled themselves little with such matters.

The end of the Franciscan dynasty came suddenly with the secularization of the mission property by the Mexican government to replete the exhausted treasuries of Santa Ana. Sadly the fathers forsook the scene of their long labors, and silently the Indians melted away into the wilderness and the darkness of their natural ways, save such as had intermarried with the families of Spanish soldiers and colonists. The churches are now, for the most part, only decayed legacies and fragmentary reminders of a time whose like the world will never know again. Save only three or four, preserved by reverent hands, where modern worshippers, denationalized and clad in American dress, still kneel and recite their orisons, the venerable ruins are forsaken by all except the tourist and the antiquarian, and their bells are silent forever. One can not but feel the pity of it, for in the history of zealous servants of the cross there is hardly a more noteworthy name than that of Junipero Serra, and in the annals of their heroic endeavor there is no more signal instance of absolute failure than his who founded the California missions, aside from the perpetuation of his saintly name. They accomplished nothing so far as can now be seen.

The descendants of their converts, what few have survived contact with the Anglo-Saxon, have no discoverable worth, and, together with the greater part of the original Spanish population, have faded away, as if a blight had fallen upon them.

But so long as one stone remains upon another, and a single arch of the missions still stands, an atmosphere will abide there, something that does not come from mountain, or vale, or sea, or sky; the spirit of consecration, it may be; but if it is only the aroma of ancient and romantic associations, the suggestion of a peculiar phase of earnest and simple human life and quaint environment that is forever past, the mission-ruins must remain among the most interesting monuments in all our varied land, and will amply repay the inconsiderable effort and outlay required to enable the tourist to view them. San Diego, the oldest; San Luis Rey, the most poetically environed; San Juan Capistrano, of most tragic memory; San Gabriel, the most imposing, and Santa Barbara, the most perfectly preserved, will suffice the casual sightseer. These also lie comparatively near together, and are all easily accessible; the first three being located on or adjacent to the railway line between Los Angeles and San Diego, the fourth standing but a few miles from the first named city, and the fifth being almost in the heart of the famous resort that bears its name.



Pala Mission.

Reluctantly will the visitor tear himself from the encompassing charm of their roofless arches and reminiscent shadows. They are a dream of the Old World, indifferent to the sordidness and turbulence of the New; one of the few things that have been spared by a relentless past, whose habit is to sweep the things of yesterday into oblivion. Almost can one hear the echoes of their sweet bells ringing out to heathen thousands the sunset and the dawn.

LOS ANGELES.

One can hardly cross this continent of ours without gaining a new idea of the immense historical significance of the westward yearning of the Saxon, who in two and a half centuries has marched from Plymouth Rock to the Sunset Sea, and has subordinated every other people in his path from shore to shore. The Spaniard was a world-conqueror in his day, and master of California before the stars and stripes had been devised. The story of his subjugation of the southwestern portion of the New World is the most brilliant in modern history. It

Mission San Juan Capistrano.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LOS ANGELES BUSINESS DISTRICT.

is a story of unexampled deeds of arms. Sword and cross, and love of fame and gold, are inextricably interwoven with it. The Saxon epic is a more complex tale of obscure heroism, of emigrant cavalcades, of pioneer homes, of business enterprise.

The world may never know a sublimer indifference to fatigue, suffering and death than characterized the Spanish invaders of America for more than two centuries. Whatever the personal considerations that allured them, the extension of Spanish empire and the advancement of the cross amid barbarians was their effectual purpose. The *conquistador* was a crusader, and with all his cruelty and rapacity he is a splendid figure of incarnate force. But the westward-flowing wave of Saxon conquest has set him, too, aside. In this fair land of California, won at smallest cost, and seemingly created for him, his descendants to-day are little more than a tattered fringe upon the edges of the displacing civilization. He has left his mark upon every mountain and valley in names that will long endure, but himself has been supplanted. He has not fled. He has diminished, faded away.

In 1781 he named the city *Pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles* (Town of the Queen of the Angels.) The Saxon, the man of business now supreme, has retained only the last two words of that high-sounding appellation; and hardly a greater proportion remains of the original atmosphere of this old Spanish town. You

The Angelus.

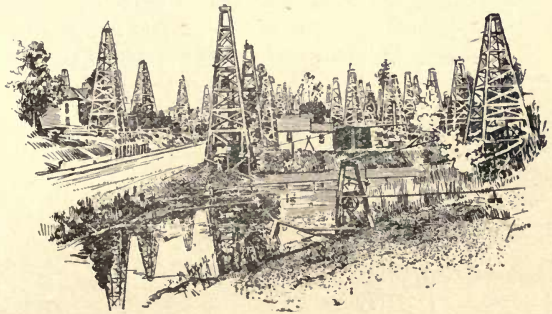
will find a Spanish (Mexican) quarter, unkempt and adobe, containing elements of the picturesque; and in the modern portion of the city a restaurant or two where English is spoken in a halting fashion by very pretty dark-skinned girls, and you may satisfy, if not your appetite, perhaps a long-standing curiosity regarding *tortillas*, and *frijoles*, and *chili con carne*. As for *tamales*, they are, as with us, a matter of curbstone speculation.

Señores, *señoras*, and *señoritas* are plentifully encountered upon the streets, but are not in general distinguished by any peculiarity of attire. Upon the borders of the city one finds more vivid types, and there the *jacal*, a poor mud hovel thatched with straw, is not quite extinct. The words Spanish and Mexican are commonly used in California to distinguish a racial difference. Not a few of the Spanish soldiery and colonists originally took wives from among the native Indians. Their offspring has had its charms for later comers of still other races, and a complexity of mixture has resulted.

The term Mexican is generally understood to apply to this amalgamation, those of pure Castilian descent preferring to be known as Spanish. The latter, numerically a small class, represent high types, and the persistency of the old strain is such that the poorest Mexican is to a certain manner born. He wears a contented mien, as if his Diogenes-tub and his imperceptible larder were regal possessions, and he does not easily part with dignity and self-respect.

The existence of these descendants of the conquerors side by side with the exponents of the new *régime* is one of the charms of Los Angeles. It has others in historic vein. After its first overland connection with the East, by way of the Santa Fe Trail, it rapidly took on the character of a wild border town; the influx of adventurers and the stimulation of an unwonted commerce transforming the Spanish idyl into a motley scene of remunerative trade, abandoned carousal, and desperate personal conflict. Its romantic career of progress and amelioration to its present enviable estate is marked by monuments that still endure. Fremont, the Pathfinder, here first raised the Stars and Stripes in 1846, and Winfield Scott Hancock, as a young captain, had quarters in this historic town.

In modern interest it stands for a type of the material development that belongs to our day. In 1860 it numbered 4,500 inhabitants; in 1880, 11,000; in 1890, 50,000; in 1900, more than 100,000, or, to be exact, 102,479. To-day the population is estimated at 175,000. Surrounded by hundreds of cultivated farms, whose varied products form the basis of its phenomenal prosperity, it is a really great city. It is well paved, well lighted, and abundantly served by intramural railways. It has parks of extraordinary beauty, and avenues shaded by the eucalyptus and the pepper, that most esthetic



Hotel Van Nuys.

of trees. Outside the immediate thoroughfares of trade the streets are bordered by attractive homes, fronted by grounds set with palm and orange and cypress, and blooming with flowers throughout the year. It is backed by the mountains that are always present in a California landscape, and fifteen miles away lies a vista of the sea, dotted with island peaks.

Los Angeles is an up-to-date American city in every respect. To find evidences of the old Spanish life we must hunt it out in obscure corners. Los Angeles is the least Californian of all the important cities of the State. Of 53,513 voters on the great register of Los Angeles county, a few years ago, less than ten per cent were natives of California. The rest came from every State and Territory in the nation, and from almost every country in the civilized world. The States of Illinois and New York and Ohio each furnished almost as many voters as the home State. Los Angeles is a brilliant example of what sturdy American brawn and keen American intellect can do in a climate which sometimes has been referred to as enervating, although it is really nothing of the kind.

Geographically, Los Angeles covers a large area, embracing 27,000 acres within the city limits. This makes less than seven persons to the acre, or perhaps actually about twice that number, after allowing for the parks, roads and vacant territory.

It is, consequently, not surprising to find that the average family in Los Angeles has plenty of elbow room. The ordinary size of a residence lot is 50 by 150 feet, and many are considerably larger. It is only during the past few years that apartments have been introduced, and probably ninety-five per cent of the permanent residents live in separate homes. Wood is the almost universal material for building, pine being used for the exterior, and redwood and pine for interior finish. Owing to mild climate, the expense of building is considerably less than in the East. There is a great and pleasing variety in the architecture of Los Angeles residences. Of late the Mission style, with some modifications, has come into favor.

Any one who has not visited Los Angeles for fifteen years would scarcely recognize it to-day. In 1886 there was not a paved street, few graded streets and scarcely any business blocks of importance. Horses and vehicles would sometimes be mired in black, sticky mud, in the very heart of the city. To-day there are more than twenty miles of paved streets, and upward of 300 miles of public thoroughfares are graded and graveled.

The city is brilliantly lighted by electricity, most of the lights being on tall towers. It was the first in the United States to entirely abandon gas for street lighting. Seen from one of the surrounding hills, it is a striking sight, as the lights are turned on in the evening,

twinkling like stars against the dark firmament. There is a great variety of sites for building within the city limits. In the northern and northwestern and western districts are hills, from many of which a view of the ocean, distant about fifteen miles, is obtained, with the Sierra Madre range of mountains, snow-capped in winter, bounding the view on the north. These hills have come into favor during the past few years as residence sites. That part of the city in the west end, around Westlake Park, contains hundreds of beautiful homes that have been erected during the past five years.

The excellent electric street-car system of Los Angeles, which is said to excel that of any other American city of equal size, has contributed much toward the growth of the outlying sections. In addition to the lines within the city limits, there is an electric system connecting the city with Pasadena, and others connecting with Santa Monica, San Pedro, Redondo, Long Beach and Ocean Park. Plans made contemplate the ultimate construction of over 450 miles of suburban electric roads, radiating from Los Angeles in all directions.

There are altogether about a dozen parks within the city limits of Los Angeles, of which five are tracts of considerable size. In these parks may be seen many beautiful examples of the semi-tropic vegetation which flourishes here. In four of them are lakes, with boats, and music is usually provided

on Sundays. In Eastlake Park, on the east side of the river, the nurseries are worthy of inspection.

Elysian Park, a romantic, hilly tract of over 500 acres in the northern part of the city, is a remnant of the thousands of acres of land formerly owned by the municipality, and either given away or sold at ridiculous prices. At one time, in the early days, the pueblo owned nearly all the land within the city limits. Had the city leased this land, instead of disposing of it at a nominal figure, it would now be one of the wealthiest municipalities in the country. Little has been done at Elysian Park, beyond improving the portion near the entrance and the construction of a few roads from which enchanting views of the city and surrounding country may be had. Just outside of Los Angeles, on the north, is Griffith Park, a tract of 3,000 acres of mountainous land, presented to the city a few years ago by a public-spirited citizen. Nothing has yet been done toward the improvement of this great tract, except a start at reforestation under the direction of a United States Government forestry expert.

Socially, Los Angeles is a refined and cultivated community. There is nothing here that might be

termed "wild and woolly." This is not surprising, when we consider that Los Angeles has been chiefly settled by people of culture from east of the mountains. The school facilities are excellent, including a great variety of private institutions, in addition to the public schools. Most of the leading religious denominations are liberally represented. An army of specialists give instruction in music, painting and every department of art and science. Lectures and entertainments by home and foreign talent are almost daily occurrences. Many brilliant writers and artists have made their permanent homes here, or in the surrounding suburbs. There is not a fraternal society of importance that is not represented. In short, Los Angeles offers all the "modern improvements" of American twentieth century civilization, with the "glorious climate" in the bargain.

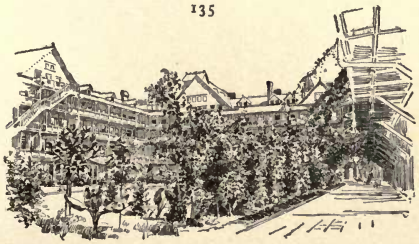
Many new-comers inquire as to the reason for the marvelous growth of Los Angeles during the past decade, and doubting Thomases are always ready to hint that it can not possibly last. So far, there is certainly no indication of any halt in the forward march of the City of the Angels. Never have building operations gone forward on a scale of such magnitude, and the army of Eastern visitors is so great that the hotels and lodging houses are taxed to accommodate them. It has sometimes been asserted by envious communities that Los Angeles lives on "oranges and tenderfeet." That this statement is unfounded is shown by the fact

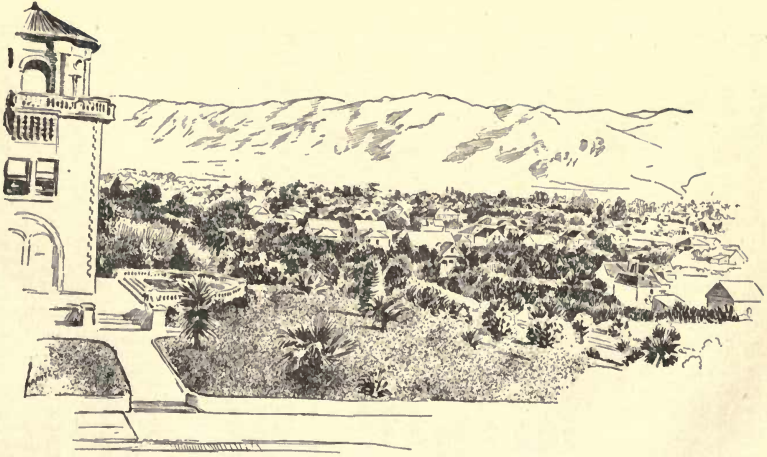
that the value of the leading products of Southern California this year is estimated at over $35,000,000, a large amount of money to be divided among a population of less than 400,000. And that does not include the money spent here by health and pleasure seekers.

Many valid reasons might easily be cited for the remarkable growth of Los Angeles. The leading cause of that growth may probably be found in the fact that many Eastern people of wealth, who have visited Los Angeles with their families, have been so charmed with the climate and surroundings that they have become permanent residents, and then, after a short interval of idleness, have invested their money in various productive enterprises, such as mining, horticulture, the development of petroleum, or manufacturing. A large proportion of the millions invested in Los Angeles and Southern California during the past ten years has come in this way, and most of the investors appear to be satisfied with their experience, apart from the improved condition of their health.

PASADENA.

Just outside the limits of Los Angeles, intimately connected by railway and street car lines, is Pasadena, a thriving modern city of 20,000 inhabitants. For the origin of the name you may choose between the imputed Indian signification, Crown of the Valley, and a corruption of the Spanish *Paso de Eden* (Threshold of Eden). It is in any event the





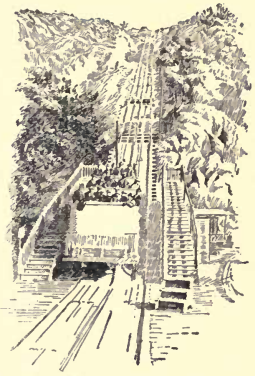
PASADENA.

crown of that Eden, the San Gabriel Valley, which nestles warmly in its groves and rose-bowers below lofty bulwarks tipped with snow. Here an Eastern multitude makes regular winter home in modest cottage or imposing mansion. Every fruit and flower and every ornamental tree and shrub known to Southern California is represented in the elaborate grounds of this little realm. It is a playground of wealth, a Nob Hill of Paradise, a blessed home of happy men and women and children who prefer this to vaunted foreign lands.

Orange Grove avenue is one of the most beautiful residence thoroughfares in the United States, or in any other country, for that matter. Pasadena entertains a large crowd of Eastern visitors within her gates during the winter months. She is well prepared to receive them, hotels and lodging houses being numerous. The magnificent new Raymond hotel on the hill is a prominent landmark for many miles around. The Hotel Green, adjoining the depot of the Santa Fe, is a fine specimen of California architecture. Another notable edifice is Hotel Maryland, recently built. The visitor to Pasadena in the present year of grace finds it difficult to believe that less than thirty years ago the site of this beautiful city, then known as the San Pasqual rancho, was sold to the "Indiana Colony" for $5 an acre, and the seller afterward expressed contrition at having taken advantage of the "tenderfeet," in charging so exorbitant a price. Then there is Mount Lowe.

HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA.

MOUNT LOWE.



From Los Angeles, through Pasadena and Altadena, electric railway cars run to Rubio Canyon, a distance of sixteen miles. There from an altitude of 2,200 feet, the cable incline conveys visitors to the summit of Echo Mountain, nearly 1,400 feet higher. From this point, where there is an observatory already somewhat famous for astronomical discoveries, radiate many miles of bridle-paths, and another electric railway extends to still loftier heights at the Alpine Tavern, nearly a mile above the sea, and within a thousand feet of the objective summit, which is reached by bridle-path. There is no more pleasurable mountain trip than this, nor anywhere one more easy of accomplishment. Sufficiently elevated above its surroundings to afford commanding views which stretch across wondrously fertile valleys to other ranges upon the one hand and to the coast-wise islands of the Pacific upon the other, the total altitude is not great enough to distress those who are disordered by the thin air of more exalted summits, as in the Rockies. Among the manifold attractive features of California the ascent of Mount Lowe worthily holds a conspicuous place. Its details are fully described in local publications, and may be omitted here.

THE "KITE-SHAPED TRACK."

The most interesting trip for a visitor in Southern California, whose time is limited, is that over what is known as the "Kite-shaped Track" of the Santa Fe. Should a visitor have only one day to devote to Southern California, he could not do better than to expend the time on this journey, during which he passes through the heart of the most thickly populated and best cultivated portion of the "Land of the Afternoon." The trip may be made between breakfast and dinner, allowing time for an inspection of Riverside and Redlands. The track is in the shape of two loops, the larger one extending from Los Angeles to San Bernardino and the smaller end from San Bernardino to Redlands.

The traveler may start from Los Angeles either by the northern or southern branch of the "kite." Twenty-five minutes after leaving the city, by the northern route, the train arrives at Pasadena. Turning eastward from Pasadena, the Santa Fe line traverses the heart of the San Gabriel Valley, perhaps the most beautiful stretch of country of equal expanse in all Southern California. Especially is this so in winter when covered with a vivid mantle of green, beyond which are the tawny foothills, dotted over with chapparal, backed by the majestic Sierra Madre, pine-fringed and often

The California Limited at Pasadena.

snow-clad in winter, when oranges are ripening in the valley below.

East of Pasadena the train runs for several miles through the Santa Anita ranch of "Lucky" Baldwin. The home place, with its lake and beautiful grounds and thoroughbred horses, is a favorite resort for Los Angeles people and visitors. There are many well kept orchards of citrus and deciduous fruits in the valley. The old mission, from which the valley obtained its name, lies several miles to the south, and is not visible from the train. A dozen flourishing towns are scattered along the fifty miles between Pasadena and San Bernardino. The most important of these are Pomona and Ontario, through the northern suburbs of which the Santa Fe runs. At Pomona a specialty is made of olive culture. This is the home of Osgoodby, *alias* Murchison. It was here that he wrote the celebrated letter to Sir Sackville West, the British Ambassador at Washington, which caused such an uproar during a presidential campaign. Ontario is celebrated for its lemons.

An electric car line runs from Upland (North Ontario) down Euclid avenue, a wide, shaded thoroughfare. On either side nestle the homes of the citizens, embowered in orange and lemon groves and gardens. Ontario was founded by the Chaffey brothers, somewhat more than twenty years ago. They then went to Australia and laid out a large irrigated colony there, after which they returned to Southern California,

and are now engaged in developing the settlement of Imperial, on the Colorado desert, near Yuma. The visitor from sections of the East where heavy soils are the rule will probably notice the lightness of much of the soil between Ontario and San Bernardino. With an ample water supply, this apparently poor soil gives excellent results in fruit culture. As San Bernardino is approached there is seen on the mountain side a big arrowhead, a natural freak that is visible for many miles around.

San Bernardino is an old city, as age is reckoned among the American improvements of Southern California, having been settled by Mormons from Salt Lake City in the fifties. They were afterward ordered back to Utah, but a few of them chose to remain in this land of promise, and some of their descendants are still living there. Here are the Santa Fe shops, which give employment to a number of men. The merchants of the place do a considerable trade with the surrounding country. A fine toll road leads, by an easy grade, up to the pine-clad summit of the mountains, back of San Bernardino, where, amid the big forest trees, is a picturesque club house, known as Squirrel Inn, surrounded by cottages, in which some of the members of the club spend weeks every summer.

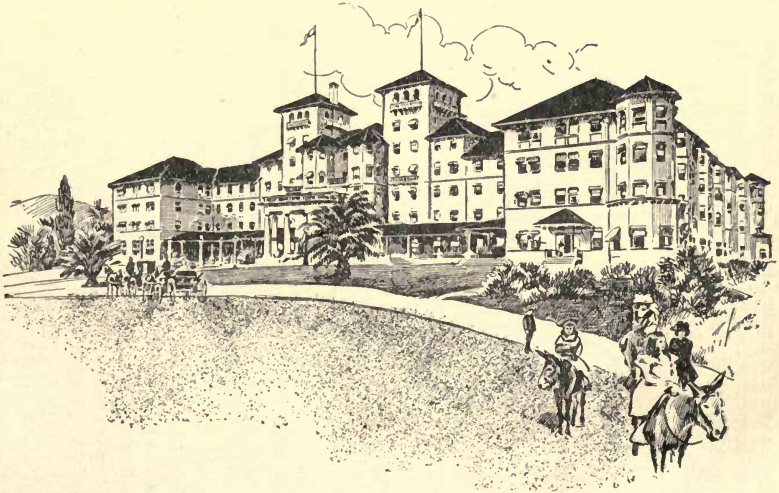
At San Bernardino commences the smaller loop of the Kite-shaped Track, which runs around the

Squirrel Inn.

upper end of the Santa Ana Valley. Here, in the foothills, overlooking a magnificent panorama of mountain and valley, lies Redlands, a beautiful up-to-date little city, less than twenty years of age, having been laid out during the big real estate boom of 1887. Redlands people claim that the finest oranges in California — or in the world — are raised there, and the prices paid for the product in the East seem to justify their assertions. Canyon Crest Park, Smiley Heights, a picturesque and beautifully improved private estate, now the property of the city, from which there are magnificent views of the surrounding country, is open to visitors. Up in the mountains, behind Redlands, and connected by a stage line during the summer months, is Bear Valley, with its lake, from which water is obtained for the thirsty orchards below.

This is a favorite camping place for the valley people, who find excellent fishing and shooting, with plain and comfortable accommodations at several points in the valley. There are sawmills in the neighborhood. Returning around the loop, close to the foothills, the train passes Highland, where is located one of the State insane asylums. San Bernardino is soon again reached, and the train runs southward on its spin around the lower branch of the loop. Colton is a railroad junction. Between Colton and Riverside a branch of the Santa Fe System runs off to the southeast, through a section of the country that has been celebrated by Helen Hunt Jackson, in her widely read Southern California novel,

The Casa Loma, Redlands



RAYMOND HOTEL, PASADENA.

"Ramona," to Perris, where it again divides. One branch runs to San Jacinto, in the valley of that name, the starting-place for Strawberry Valley, a romantic spot among the pines, a mile above the cities of the plain. This has for many years been a favorite camping ground during the summer months, and has recently been purchased by a syndicate of Los Angeles physicians, who have expended a large amount of money on a sanitarium, where the sick find new life and well people become stronger in the pure, balmy atmosphere of this lofty region. The visitor who is fairly robust may scale the summit of San Jacinto Mountain, five thousand feet higher up. Idyllwild, as this resort is now known, is reached from San Jacinto or Hemet by stage, which will shortly be supplemented by an automobile omnibus. The main branch of the Santa Fe from Perris extends to Elsinore and Temecula. At Elsinore there is a lake of considerable size, and more than a hundred hot springs, with great curative properties. Around the lake is a drive, fifteen miles long. Near Murietta, south of Elsinore, is another group of hot springs.

The run from San Bernardino to Riverside occupies only a little over twenty minutes. Alongside the track may be seen the big cement main ditch, which furnishes ocular demonstration of the wealth of water that has transformed this arid section into a blooming garden. Riverside is a locality renowned for oranges, and oranges, and still more oranges — white and odorous with the bloom of them, yellow

Idyllwild.

New Glenwood, Riverside.

with the sheen of them, and rich with the gains of them; culminating in a busy little city overhung by the accustomed mountain battlements and pendant to glorious avenues many miles in length, lined with tall eucalyptus, drooping pepper and sprightly magnolia trees in straight lines as far as eye can see, and broken only by short lateral driveways through palm, orange and cypress to mansion homes. The almost continuous citrus groves and vineyards of Riverside are the result of twenty years of co-operative effort, supplemented by some preponderating advantages of location. The pioneer settlers, who were considered more or less crazy by the Southern Californians of the early seventies, had much to contend with in the shape of animal pests, lack of sufficient water, isolation from society and supplies, and other drawbacks, but they persevered, and their monument is visible to all. The community is one of culture and refinement, and the Riversiders boast that their city is the wealthiest in the United States, in proportion to population.

After leaving the station, the train runs for several miles through a succession of well-kept orange groves. Eighteen miles from Riverside is Corona. A tree-lined avenue extends almost the entire distance between the two places. A few miles farther

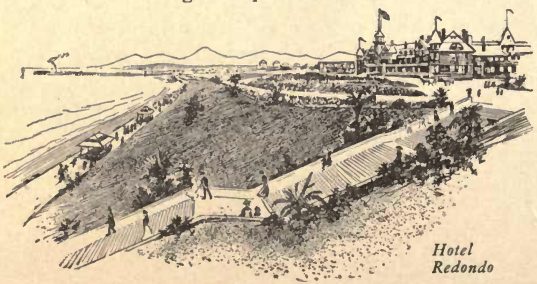
Arcady, Montecito.

and the track follows the windings of the Santa Ana River, through a wild, picturesque region, bounded on each side by low ranges of mountains. Orange is the next place of importance. The three towns of Santa Ana, Orange and Tustin form practically one continuous settlement of attractive homes.

Here one may travel mile after mile, over good roads, aligned by beautiful shade trees, behind which are orchards of deciduous and citrus fruit, in a high state of cultivation. Orange is a railroad junction on the line from Los Angeles to San Diego, by way of Santa Ana. Anaheim, the next stopping place, is the pioneer settlement of this region, having been founded more than forty years ago as a co-operative vineyard colony by Germans from San Francisco. The town lies a short distance from the railroad, on the left. A few miles west of Anaheim, and connected with it by a short line of railroad, is the Los Alamitos beet and sugar factory, in which Senator Clark, the Montana mining millionaire, is interested. Fullerton, the next largest town of Orange County, was laid out during the real estate boom of 1887. It has since developed on merit, and it is now an important shipping point for horticultural products. There are also a number of profitable oil wells in the neighborhood.

La Mirada, with a pretty little station, built in the Mission style of architecture, is the center of an extensive tract of olive and lemon orchards, covering 3,000 acres. It was founded by a well-

known Chicago publisher, whose object was to assemble here a colony of congenial people of wealth and taste, who should erect country villas to be occupied during the winter. In connection with this enterprise is a chemical laboratory, in which are prepared a number of by-products from the orange, lemon and grape fruit. Santa Fe Springs, formerly known as Fulton Wells, is so named from springs of mineral water, for which great medicinal effects are claimed in the treatment of rheumatism, gout and other diseases. There is a sanitarium, which is open all the year around. A few miles away, to the right, on the side of a sloping hill, may be seen Whittier, which was started in 1887 as a Quaker colony. The large brick building is one of the State reform schools, in which several hundred wayward boys and girls are taught useful trades. Fine lemons and other fruit are raised at Whittier, and there are a number of producing oil wells in the hills back of the town. Rivera, a small settlement between the old and the new San Gabriel Rivers, is the chief walnut-growing section of Southern California. Standing upon the dome of the hotel, and looking to the northeast, south and west, the eye may follow long stretches of this valuable tree, for miles in every direction. In less than twenty minutes after leaving Rivera the train pulls up at the Los Angeles depot.



Hotel Redondo

SEASIDE RESORTS.

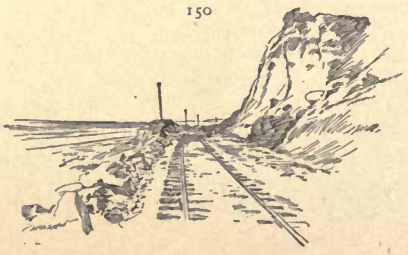
There are several popular seaside resorts in the vicinity of Los Angeles, easily reached, within an hour, by steam or electric cars. They are largely patronized by residents and visitors, especially during the summer months. Of late the fact has begun to be realized that in some respects these places are even more attractive during the winter, after the rains have carpeted the surrounding country with a mantle of green, and laid the dust. It is no uncommon thing to see a crowd of merry visitors sporting amid the breakers at Christmas, in plain view of the snow-capped Sierra Madre Mountains.

The chief of these resorts are Redondo, Santa Monica, Long Beach, Ocean Park and Plaza del Ray. Santa Monica is the oldest. All are well improved, progressive towns, with beautiful homes, fine beaches, comfortable hotels and many attractions for summer visitors. About three miles north of Santa Monica is the mile-long wharf of the Southern Pacific Company. Adjoining Ocean Park, a new resort called Venice of America is being built on novel and unique lines.

Redondo has a large hotel and wharf, from which there is good fishing, a swimming bath, pebble beach, and a nursery, where may be seen several acres of beautiful carnations. There is a commodious hotel, facing the ocean.

Long Beach, the most easterly of the seaside resorts of Los Angeles County, has made a very rapid growth during the past two years. It is specially favored by families, and is the place of meeting for the Chautauqua Association in this part of the country. Here is one of the finest hard beaches on the Pacific coast, several miles in length, where excellent surf bathing may be enjoyed.

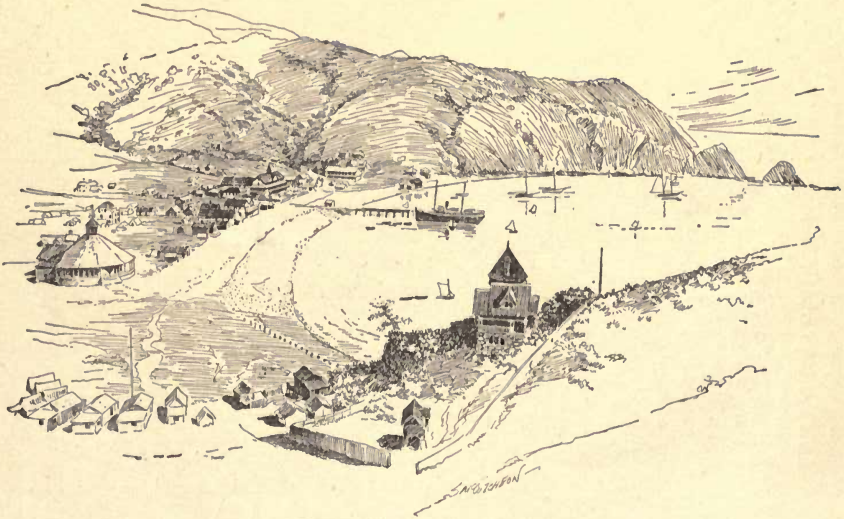
A few miles west of Long Beach is Terminal Island, a new seaside resort on a narrow spit of land, where a number of Los Angeles people have summer cottages upon the beach. Across the bay is San Pedro, the chief port of Los Angeles. Off shore may be seen the long trestlework where the United States Government is building a big breakwater for the improvement of the harbor, so that ocean-going vessels may enter, instead of lying off shore. Standing out boldly against the horizon is the lighthouse on Point Fermin, a beacon to mariners. San Pedro is now a place of considerable importance, which will be greatly increased after the harbor improvements are completed.



SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

Thirty miles off the coast it rises, like Capri, from the sea, a many-peaked mountain cap, varying in width from half a mile to nine miles, and more than twenty long. Its bold cliff shores are broken by occasional pockets rimmed by a semicircular beach of sand. The most famous of these is Avalon, one of the most frequented camping grounds of Southern California. In midsummer its numerous hotels are filled to overflowing, and in the hundreds of tents clustered by the water's edge thousands of pleasure-seekers gather in the height of the season. Summer is the period of Santa Catalina's greatest animation, for then, as in other lands, comes vacation time. But there is even less variation of season than on the mainland, and the nights are soft and alluring, because the seaward-blowing mountain air is robbed of all its chill in passing over the equable waters. Here after nightfall verandas and the beach are still thronged. The tiny harbor is filled with pleasure-craft of every description, from rowboats to commodious yachts, and hundreds of bathers disport in the placid element.

Wonderful are the waters of Avalon, blue as a Mediterranean sky and astonishingly clear. Through the glass bottom of skiffs specially constructed for the purpose you may gaze down through a hundred feet of transparency to where emerald weeds wave and myriad fishes, blue and



AVALON, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

brown and flaming red, swim over pebble and shell. Or, climbing the overhanging cliffs, you gain the fish-eagle's view of the life that teems in water-depths, and looking down half a thousand feet upon the fisherman in his boat see the bright-hued fishes flashing far beneath him. He seems to hang suspended in the sky.

Notable fishing is to be had. The barracuda is plentiful; likewise the yellow-tail, or sea-salmon, also generally taken by trolling, and frequently tipping a truthful scale at fifty pounds. Sea-bass fishing is a famous sport here, and probably the most exciting known anywhere to the hand-fisherman. This fish is commonly taken, and in weight ranges from 200 to 400 pounds. The fisherman who hooks one is frequently dragged in his skiff for several miles, and finds himself nearly as much exhausted as the fish when it finally comes to gaff.

The most popular fishing at Catalina, however, is for the tuna, known in the Mediterranean as the "tunny," a gamy fish that furnishes the ambitious angler all the sport he can reasonably expect, and more than many can appreciate. Visitors come from all over the world to fish for tuna at Catalina and a tuna club has been formed, which issues diplomas and prizes to those who capture with rod and reel the biggest tuna during each season. They must do it without assistance, and this is frequently a difficult job, as the tuna sometimes weighs over 250 pounds, and has been known to pull a boat containing three people for nearly twelve hours. The

favorite diet of the tuna is flying fish, in following which they will jump out of the water and catch their prey in the air. The average weight of sixty-one tuna caught with rod and reel at Catalina during the season of 1901 was 119 1-2 pounds, and of 142 black sea-bass, or "jewfish," caught in like manner, 225 1-2 pounds.

Perhaps the greatest novelty of a trip to Santa Catalina, for most travelers, is the great number of flying fish that inhabit its waters. At only a few miles' distance from the mainland they begin to leap from beneath the bows of the steamer, singly, by twos and by half dozens, until one wearies of counting, and skim over the waves like so many swallows. The length of flight of which this poetical fish is capable proves usually a surprise, for in spite of its abundance off the Southern California coast its precise character is none too generally known. In size, form and color it may be roughly compared to the mackerel. Its "wings" are muscular fins whose spines are connected by a light but strong membrane, and are four in number. The hindermost pair are quite small, mere butterfly wings of stout fiber; the foremost pair attain a length of seven or eight inches, and when extended are two inches or more in breadth. Breaking from the water at a high rate of speed, but at a very low angle, the flying fish extends these winglike fins and holds them rigid, like the set wings of a soaring hawk. With the lower flange of its deeply forked tail, which at first drags lightly, it sculls with a con-

vulsive wriggle of the whole body that gives it the casual appearance of actually winging its way. The additional impulse thus acquired lifts it entirely from the water, over whose surface it then glides without further effort for a long distance, until, losing in momentum and in the sustaining pressure of the air beneath its outstretched fins, it again touches the water, either to abruptly disappear or by renewed sculling to prolong its flight. Whales of great size are frequently seen in the channel separating Catalina from the main land.

In the less frequented portions of the island the wild goat is still common. If you wish to hunt the goat you must first procure a permit, and to obtain that you must adduce evidence of your ability to tell a goat from domestic sheep upon sight.

Santa Catalina is reached by steamer from San Pedro, connecting with trains from Los Angeles. The exhilarating ocean ride and the unique pleasures of the island can not be too strongly commended.

SANTA BARBARA.

Saint Barbara is, in Spain, the patroness of gunpowder and coast defenses, and the invocation of her name seems to have occurred in the light of a desirable precaution to the founder of this mission, who was so fond of building by the sea; although, like one of our own heroes, who supplemented his trust in Providence by protecting his ammunition

from the rain, he kept here, as at a number of other points, a garrison of soldiers and a few small cannon.

The place was long known the world over as "The American Mentone," because in seeking a term to convey its characteristics some comparison with celebrated resorts of Europe was thought necessary and this particular comparison most fitting.

Such definition is no longer required. Santa Barbara is a name that now everywhere evokes the soft picture of a rose-buried spot, more than a village, less than a city, rising gently from the sea-rim by way of shaded avenue and plaza to the foot of the gray Santa Ynez Mountains, above whose peaks the condor loves to soar; where, when with us the winter winds are most bitter, normal existence is a joyous activity in constant summer sunshine. It presents an endless variety of winsomeness.

The flat beach is broken by rocky points where the surf spouts in white columns with deafening roar, and above it lies a long mesa, dotted with live-oaks, that looks down upon the little dreaming mission city and far oceanward; and on the other hand the mountain slopes beckon to innumerable glens, and, when the rains have come, to broad hillsides of green and banks of blossom. There are long level drives by the shore, and up the prolific valley to famous orchard ranches, and Montecito, a fairyland of homes, is close at hand. Between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, on the

Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara.

coast, lies San Buena Ventura, with a well preserved mission, and Summerland, where may be seen the curious spectacle of oil wells pumping from wharves erected for the purpose, and extending beyond low-water mark.

Four of the Channel Islands lie opposite Santa Barbara — Anacapa, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and San Miguel. The last three are only less attractive by nature than Santa Catalina, of which mention was made in its place, and although equal facilities do not exist for the tourist, many persons find their way there by means of fishing boats, which frequently leave Santa Barbara for the island fishing grounds.

These islands, now permanently inhabited only by sheep-herders, who tend flocks of many thousands, were once populated by a primitive people, whose burial mounds, as yet only partly exhumed by casual visitors, are rich in archæological treasures.

Santa Barbara lies northwest from Los Angeles, on the coast line of the Southern Pacific. The new Hotel Potter, located on a large tract facing the ocean boulevard, is the largest in the city. This palatial edifice is six stories high, covers two acres of ground, and cost a million dollars. The architecture is that of the old Spanish missions. There are five hundred guest rooms, four roof gardens, polo grounds and tennis courts. Visitors to Santa Barbara are thus guaranteed the very best accommodations.

OSTRICH FARMING.

One of the popular attractions of Southern California, that is visited by most new arrivals, is the ostrich farm, at South Pasadena, about half an hour's ride from Los Angeles on the electric railroad. Here may be seen nearly 150 ostriches, ranging in size from the newly hatched chick to the mammoth, full-grown bird. Ostriches appear to do as well in Southern California as in South Africa, their native habitat. There were formerly several small ostrich farms in this section, but they have all been combined in the establishment at South Pasadena, which has been running for a number of years. It is not merely a show place for visitors, but does a large and profitable business in the sale of ostrich feathers and useful and ornamental articles manufactured therefrom, which are exported to all parts of the United States.

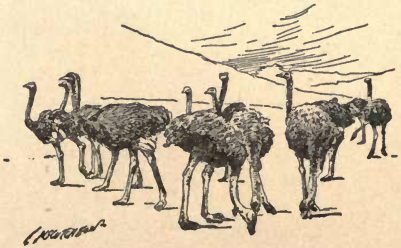
There were recently imported to this farm seventeen Nubian birds, which are supposed to have the finest plumage of any of the African ostriches. They run wild, and the only way to obtain them is by bartering with the natives for the chicks, the old ones escaping. As there is an export duty of $500 on each ostrich sent out of South Africa, these are the only birds that can now be obtained to improve the California stock. The proprietor of this establishment recently opened an ostrich farm between

Nice and Monte Carlo, in the south of France, with birds from South Pasadena, so that Southern California may now add to her other varied resources the exportation of ostriches.

WINTER SPORTS.

Where out-of-door life is the rule, there being neither frost nor chill throughout the day, recreation becomes a matter of pure selection, unhampered by any climatic condition outside the relatively infrequent rainstorm. A few enthusiasts make a point of taking a daily dip in the surf, but the practice does not reach the proportions of a popular pastime in midwinter. Cross-country riding finds then its perfect season, the whole land being transformed into a garden, over enough of which the horseman is free to wander. Happy must he be who knows a purer sport than to gallop, either singly or with comrades, in fragrant morning air over a fresh sod spangled with poppy, violet, forget-me-not, larkspur and alfilerilla; bursting through dense thickets of lilac and mustard to cross an intervening highway; dipping to verdant meadow vales; skirting orchards heavy with fruit, and mounting tree-capped knolls that look off to glimmers of sea between the slopes of the hills.

Coaching has its proper season then, as well, and the horn of the tallyho is frequently heard, For such as like to trifle with the snows from which they have fled, the foothills are at hand, serried with tall firs in scattering growths or dense shadowy



jungles, topping canyons where the wagon-trail crosses and recrosses a stream by pleasant fords, and the crested mountain quail skulks over the ridge above one's head. There may be had climbing to suit every taste, touching extremes of chaotic tangle of chaparral and crag. There are cliffs over which the clear mountain-water tumbles sheer to great depths; notches through which the distant cones of the highest peaks of the mother range may be seen in whitest ermine, huge pines dotting their drifts like petty clumps of weed. Under foot, too, on the northerly slopes is snow, just over the ridge from where the sun is as warm and the air as gentle as in the valley, save only the faintest sense of added vigor and rarefaction. So near do these extremes lie, and yet so effectually separated, you may thrust into the mouth of a snow man a rose broken from the bush an hour or two before, and pelt him with oranges plucked at the very mouth of the canyon. And one who is not too susceptible may comfortably linger until the sun has set, and above the lower dusky peaks the loftier ones glow rose-pink in the light of its aftershine, until the moon lights the fissures of the canyon with a ghostly radiance against which the black shadows of the cliffs fall like ink-blots.

Notwithstanding the rapid settlement of Southern California, this section can still show better fishing and hunting during the winter season than almost any other region of the country. With the first grass that follows the early winter rains the

wild duck comes down from his northern nursery to bathe in the warm sunshine. The glistening green of the mallard's neck dots the water of the lagoon. Duck shooting on a moonlight night is a favorite sport. With the mallard come the canvasback, the redhead, the sprigtail, the gadwell, the widgeon, the spoonbill and the delicate little teal. This is not the blue-winged teal of the Mississippi Valley, or the green-wing that is there so common, but another variety of green-wing, of about the same size as the Eastern bird, and with equal swiftness of wing. These ducks, and some others, are found in great abundance during the winter season, within an hour's ride of Los Angeles.

There are great flocks of the Canada goose, together with the snow goose. They feed on the alfilerilla and clover of the plains and hills, occasionally making excursions into the grain fields. The valley quail of California is a gamy bird, which has become somewhat shy since guns have increased in number. Formerly this bird was so abundant that one might easily obtain as big a bag as could be carried home, without a dog, but now a good bird dog is becoming essential, unless the sportsman is an expert, or goes into a thinly settled region. The little brown plover makes good game for the beginner during the greater part of the winter. The mountain pigeons sometimes come down in flocks, and afford lively shooting. The English snipe is found on some of the meadows. Among the brush, on the foothills, cottontail and hare are

plentiful, in seasons of normal rainfall. One needs to be a good shot to make a bag of these active little animals. Deer are becoming scarce, but are still brought in during the season. The Pacific Ocean abounds in fish, and while midwinter is not the best season, there is often good fishing along the coast long before the winter is over. Among the leading members of the finny tribe that may be counted on to furnish sport are mackerel, yellowtail, barracuda and bonita. Then, among deep-water fish, are the rock cod, the redfish and others.

Catalina Island, thirty miles from the mainland, is a noted place for the catching of big fish with rod and reel, especially the gamy tuna, to which sport reference has been made on a preceding page. There are also found the monster "Jewfish," weighing sometimes over 400 pounds. The catches frequently made by fishermen in the Bay of Avalon, within a few hours, are so remarkable as to challenge the credulity of Eastern people, so that the sportsman usually carries home with him a few photographs, as an ocular demonstration of his prowess. In the spring months trout fishing is a favorite sport all along the streams of the Sierra Madre range, within a few hours' journey of Los Angeles, amid wild and romantic scenery.

The grizzly was once exceedingly common. One of the great sports of the old mission days was to hunt the grizzly on horseback with the *riata* for sole weapon, and it is of record that in a single

neighborhood thirty or forty of these formidable brutes were sometimes captured in a night by roping, precisely as a modern cowboy ropes a steer; the secret of the sportsmen's immunity lying in the fact that the bear was almost simultaneously lassoed from different sides and in that manner rigidly pinioned. But *Ursus horribilis* has long since retreated to deep solitudes, where his occasional pursuers, far from approaching him with a rawhide noose, go armed with heavy repeating rifles, and even thus equipped are not eager to encounter him at very close range.

Cricket is naturally a favorite diversion among the many young Englishmen who have located upon ranches; and yachting, polo and tennis do not want for devotees. The recent American enthusiasm for golf likewise extends to Southern California. Excellent links will be found in Los Angeles, Pasadena, Coronado, Santa Monica, Santa Catalina, and elsewhere.

A LAND OF FLOWERS.

Nothing is more delightful and astonishing to visitors in California than the wonderful wealth of flowers, and winter and early spring are the best times to witness this beautiful exposition of natural beauty. Indeed, these are the only seasons in which the wild flowers may be seen in variety. Soon after the first rain the dull brown of the hills and plains is supplanted by a mantle of vivid green,

and this, later in the season, is transformed into a carpet of variegated hues. The most rare and tender plants, which in the East are found only in hot-houses, here grow rampant in the gardens. The size to which some of these plants attain is astonishing. The geranium and heliotrope cover the side of a house, and two-story buildings are smothered in blossoms from a single rose-bush. The mammoth California violet has acquired a world-wide reputation. In the front yard of the humblest cottage may be seen the brilliant poinsettias, luxuriant passion vines, heliotrope, begonias, calla-lilies, together with waving bananas, magnificent palms and graceful bamboos. The calla-lily and tube-rose are planted by the acre, for the market. Among the most interesting sights of Southern California are the flower carnivals, held at regular intervals in Los Angeles, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, and other cities, where may be seen all kinds of vehicles, from a bicycle to a four-in-hand, smothered in fragrant blossoms. Flowering trees are also here in abundance, notable among which are varieties of the eucalyptus, bearing bunches of beautiful blossoms, in all shades of red, white and yellow. At the State Experiment Station, near Santa Monica, are over one hundred varieties of this tree. It is not a constant struggle to make flowers and plants grow in California throughout the year. Plenty of water and a little cultivation, and a kindly nature does the rest. The most noted of the wild flowers which make the

country a blaze of glory during the later winter months and in the early spring is the California poppy, which has been burdened with the unromantic name of *escholtzia*. This has been made the State flower. The hills back of Pasadena are a blaze of gold with this beautiful wild flower, in the early spring, and on a clear day the yellow tint may be clearly discerned from the ocean, thirty miles distant. Another beautiful wild flower, abundant in the foothills of Southern California, is the scarlet larkspur, a flower peculiar to this State, the seeds of which sold in Germany thirty years ago at $25 an ounce.

There is a commercial side to flower culture in Southern California. Besides supplying the local market, florists have occasionally made shipments of cut flowers to the East, with varying success. At Redondo and Santa Monica may be seen several acres of magnificent carnations, a flower which appears to thrive particularly well near the sea-coast. The growing of seeds for Eastern dealers is a profitable business. One enterprising woman at San Buena Ventura has made a great success in growing seeds and developing new varieties. There have been attempts at the manufacture of perfumery from flowers.

V.

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA.

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA comprises that part of the State between Tehachapi Mountains and San Francisco. Its chief feature is the great San Joaquin Valley, bordered on sunset and sunrise sides by the Sierra Nevada and coast ranges.

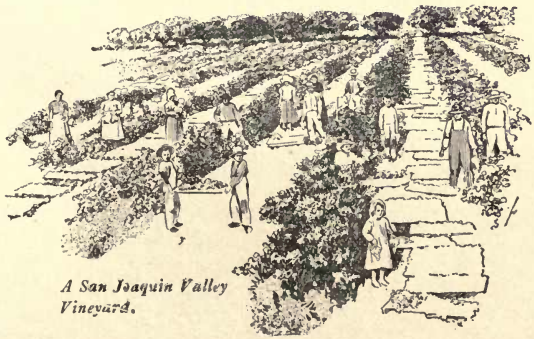
Going from Barstow (junction point for Southern California) over the line of the Santa Fe to San Francisco, the desert continues as far as Mojave. The railroad has robbed these wastes of their worst terrors. Occasional friendly oases mark the homes of adventurous settlers, and on either hand scarred mountain-faces proclaim the conquering miner, who, seeking gold, is undismayed by Nature's forbidding front. Off to the north is the Randsburg mining district, reached by rail from Kramer Station. But the prevailing note is that of silence and desolation.

Beyond Mojave the line bears northward. The summit of Tehachapi Range is achieved by a series of remarkable loops and tunnels. Tehachapi Pass,

with its limpid streams, shady forests and cool air, is in pleasing contrast to the hot Mojave sands. The altitude is nearly 4,000 feet, with steep grades that are only surmounted by a strong and steady pull. Rapidly descending, the imperial San Joaquin Valley, 32,000 square miles in extent, is entered at Bakersfield. In this magnificent basin, containing ten million acres of arable land, products of the temperate, semi-tropical and tropical zones flourish side by side. Along its eastern slope are numerous mines and dense forests, while at its southern extremity an extensive petroleum field pours rich floods from a thousand throats.

The greatness of the San Joaquin is too superlative for more than a brief outline here. Those interested in the subject are referred to a book published by the passenger department of the Santa Fe, entitled "The San Joaquin Valley in California."

The pleasure-seeker may be wooed from his Pullman by stories of the wondrous big trees that are reached by stage rides from either Merced or Visalia stations; or he may be attracted by the scenic beauties of lovely Yosemite, and the wild canyons of Kings and Kern rivers—these latter known to few travelers, but pronounced indescriba-



A San Joaquin Valley Vineyard.

bly grand. Mount Whitney, the king of the California Sierras, rises higher than any peak in the United States, exclusive of the Alaskan giants.

The business man will be allured by the many opportunities here offered for successful farming, manufacturing and trading. This vast expanse constitutes one-fifth of California's total area, contains twelve counties, is 260 miles long by 60 to 90 miles wide, and is nearly as large as Indiana.

Steamers ply between San Francisco and Stockton; the San Joaquin River is navigable at all times for a considerable distance, especially in the rainy season. It is fed by many tributary streams, such as Kern, Kings, Merced, Tuolumne, and Stanislaus rivers, which head in mountain snows and furnish — by irrigation's aid — abundant water for crops. The east side of the valley is a network of main and lateral canals. Abundant crops are thus assured, for the soil only needs wetting at the right times to yield luxuriantly.

Half the grain grown in California is harvested along the San Joaquin. Wheat farms of 10,000 to 50,000 acres are not uncommon. On these big areas wholesale methods are imperative. Large gang plows, operated by traction engines, are employed. Harvesting is accomplished only by the aid of machines drawn by as many as thirty horses, that cut and thrash the grain, delivering it in sacks ready for shipment.

Alfalfa, the favorite forage plant of California, grows greenly on thousands of acres, and great cattle ranches contribute their quota of industrial wealth. The tendency now is to divide these big holdings and invite settlement by small farmers, fruit-raisers, and cattlemen. The Laguna de Tache grant, west of Fresno, is an example of such colonization.

Raisin and wine industries center at Fresno, where there are raisin-seeding and packing plants, wineries and distilleries. Fresno County alone has 40,000 acres of vineyards.

Bakersfield, Tulare, Visalia, Hanford, Fresno, Merced and Stockton are the principal cities—thriving communities, with modern business blocks, tree-bowered homes and public buildings worthy of cities twice their size.

Clustering around these busy centers of industry are found immense orchards of prunes, peaches, apricots, figs, and other fruits, also profitable dairies.

On the rich river bottom lands, near Stockton, winter vegetables are grown for the Eastern markets.

A million and a quarter persons could easily be accommodated on the farming lands of the San Joaquin Valley, allowing a family of five to each forty-acre tract. Without wishing to usurp the prerogatives of the real estate boomer, one may truthfully affirm that the San Joaquin Valley is an ideal place for the man who wishes to begin in a

moderate way and surely acquire a competence. Small tracts can be bought at reasonable rates, on time, with excellent water rights. One need not wait years for his orchard to come into bearing. Here the Iowa or Illinois or Nebraska farmer has no new business to learn. He can at once start in raising hogs and cattle, wheat, hay and garden truck, and make the farm pay from the start — gradually working into fruit, as a side issue or the main support, at his convenience.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The bay of San Francisco is almost completely encircled by land. The Golden Gate is the tide-way, a narrow passage between the extremities of two peninsulas, upon the point of the southern-most of which the city stands.

Here, too, the Franciscan mission-builders were first upon the field, and the present name is a curtailment of *Mission de los Dolores de Nuestro Padre San Francisco de Asis*, an appellation commemorative of the sorrows of the originator of the order. The Mission Dolores, founded in 1776, is still preserved with its little *campo santo* of the dead, a poor, unsightly, strangled thing, structurally unimposing and wholly wanting in the poetic atmosphere of semi-solitude that envelopes the missions of Southern California. A modern cathedral overshadows it, and shops and dwellings jostle it. So nearly, in forty years, has all trace of the preceding three-quarters of a century been obliterated. Changed

The Santa Fe Ferry.

from a Spanish to a Mexican province early in the century, then promptly stripped of the treasures that had been accumulated by monkish administration, and subsequently ceded to the United States, California had on the whole a dreamy, quiet life until that famous nugget was found in 1848. Then followed the era of the Argonauts, seekers of the golden fleece, who flocked by the thousand from Eastern towns and cities by way of the plains, the Isthmus and the Cape to dig in the gravel-beds; lawless adventurers in their train. San Francisco practically dates from that period. Its story is a wild one, a working-out of order and stable commercial prosperity through chapters that treat of feverish gold-crazy mobs, of rapine grappled by the vigilance committee, of insurrection crushed by military force. And in this prosperity, oddly enough, the production of gold has been superseded in importance by other resources; for although California annually yields more precious metal than any other State, the yearly value of its marketed cattle, wool, cereals, roots, fruits, sugar and wines is twice as great, and forms the real commercial basis of the great city of the Pacific coast.

As if it were fearful of being hid, it is set upon

not one but a score of hills, overlooking land and sea. As you near it, by way of Point Richmond, you will be dull, indeed, if your pulses are not stirred in anticipation of viewing one of the really great cities of the world.

The traveler steps from the train at Point Richmond or Oakland and soon is out on the bosom of the bay—San Francisco Bay; one of the finest harbors in all the world.

Few bays are more picturesque; none better suited to the purposes of commerce. Crossing on the fine Santa Fe ferry-boat (on which delicious meals are served) and leaving the dock at Point Richmond, San Francisco Bay proper extends far beyond the limits of vision southward. To the north are other portions of the same bay, though carrying distinctive names. At the head of San Pablo Bay is Mare Island, with Uncle Sam's big navy yard. Mount Diablo seems to rise close upon the Suisun shore, while from Point Richmond, and during the run to San Francisco, can be seen upon the right the sharp peak of Mount Tamalpais, which looks beyond across the wide Pacific.

When the first burst of delight at the wondrous panorama has settled into a calmer satisfaction, the traveler will begin to pick out and enquire concerning the various points of interest. Off to the right, which is here the west, is a lofty red island, and beyond, on the shore, a grim cluster of red and

Music Stand, Golden Gate Park.

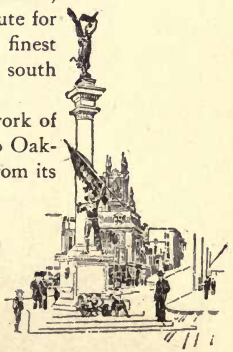
gray buildings. The cluster of foreboding buildings is the State Prison on Point San Quentin.

Angel Island, on the south of Raccoon Straits, is, like all the islands of the bay, government property. Just around the first headland is Hospital Cove, and there is located the United States Quarantine Station. The island itself is one-and-a-half miles long, its crest rises 760 feet from the bay, and its area is about 600 acres.

Looking back toward the bay shore on the left, the island between Point Richmond and the mainland carries the pastoral title of Sheep Island. The Government puts it to no use. On the shore beyond, the various building clusters generally mean powder works, where dynamite and other high explosives are manufactured for use in mines.

The eye, now sweeping to the southward, soon catches evidences of urban life. This is Berkeley, and against the shoulder of the hills, which mark its boundary, may be seen the buildings of the great State University. The present buildings are looked upon as makeshifts and are soon to give place to far more adequate and imposing structures to be erected on the magnificent plans of M. Bernard, of Paris. The buildings of the State Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind — one of the finest schools of its kind in any country — are just south of the University.

Across San Antonio estuary, which the work of the Federal Government has converted into Oakland Harbor, the city of Alameda peeps from its



clustered oaks. A little closer on the view looms the island which the Spaniards called Yerba Buena, but to which the more prosaic Anglo-Saxons have given the name Goat. On this the Government has a torpedo-supply station for the war-ships, a depot for the buoys and supplies of the light-house tenders, and a new Naval Training School, where American lads are to be taught how to defend the country's honor upon the sea.

But there is a whiff of a fresh salt breeze as the boat passes beyond the southerly point of Angel Island, and all travelers will turn to the right again to get the first view of the Golden Gate.

Here, indeed, is fascinating beauty. The broad bay narrows to the width of a mile — the Golden Gate proper — and through this narrow passage ebb and flow the mighty tides. Some resistless forces of old earth's agony seem to have rent the big hills to make this way for commerce. On the north the bluffs rise sheer and frowning. From their tops may be seen the guns of a heavy battery, of 12-inch rifles — 473 feet above the sea level — the highest heavy gun battery in the world. General Nelson A. Miles calls it the Gibraltar of America.

Inside the Gate are attractions for the nearer view. In mid-channel the fortified island of Alcatraz rears itself 140 feet above low water. Here is the military prison and an artillery post, with a torpedo station and a light that can be seen for nineteen miles out at sea.

But now the eye begins to be engaged with the view of the city of San Francisco itself — a city of 400,000 inhabitants, cosmopolitanly planned, a shifting concourse of strange peoples and stranger trades — odors unknown and unfamiliar tongues, a medley of the stories of the world. It appears to be built in terraced rows rising steeply from the water-front; but that is a bit of foreshortening. It is still rather motley in architecture. Low frame buildings were at first the rule, partly because they were sufficient to the climate and partly in deference to traditions of earthquake; but at length builders ventured taller structures, of brick and stone, and now every year many lofty, elegant buildings are added. Certainly no one of them has been shaken down as yet, and possibly the architects have authority for believing that even Vulcan is superannuated and in his second childhood is appeased with a rattle.

It is a city of fair aspect — in one direction undulating from the water's edge, in another rising abruptly to the precipitous heights of Telegraph Hill.

San Francisco's topography is such as to display, from each of half a hundred vantage points, some new phases. Then, too, most of the treasures are gathered and placed for the visitor rather than for the selfish pleasure of its own citizens. In the magnificent union ferry depot (owned by the State of California) at the gates of the city, is housed the splendid collection of the State Mining Bureau and State

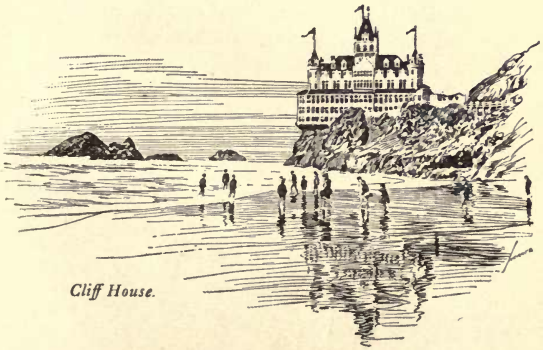
Board of Trade and the exhibit of curios of the Alaska Commercial Company, now owned by the State University. Another interesting treasure house is that of the Academy of Sciences on Market street. The rooms of the Pioneer Society, the Hopkins Art Gallery, and the Museum in Golden Gate Park are also notable.

Golden Gate Park is impossible of duplication. It is beyond compare. This is due first to climatic conditions, second to its topography. Beautiful shrubbery, abundant bloom, varied landscapes and artistic statuary are here. Wide stretches of grassy plain are succeeded by beautiful eminences, at the feet of which are on one hand placid lakes, on the other the glinting waves of the Pacific. From the Cliff House, on its sunset edge, may be seen bare rocks wave-washed, where a colony of seals warm themselves in the kindly sunshine after a frolic in the salt sea.

San Francisco is well equipped to care for the hurried stranger of a day, or the visitor whose stay lasts indefinitely. There are a dozen first-class hotels and an army of fashionable boarding-houses, furnished flats, and restaurants. These restaurants, of which the city is justly proud, occur nearly every block — American, English, Italian, French, German, Japanese, Mexican, Austrian, Swiss, Swedish, Russian and Chinese — a variety of which one never tires. The play is popular here, nightly the theaters are filled — on their stages have

appeared the world's greatest artists. The world of clubdom is exemplified by clubs like the Bohemian, University, Cosmos, Union League, Merchants, Concordia, San Francisco and Olympic. Here weighty affairs of business, state and society are discussed in luxurious privacy, by representative citizens. In the matter of newspapers, 'Frisco is wholly metropolitan. Not only do they print news but they mould public opinion, and daily advertise California resources to the outer world.

Overlooking the sands and the seal-rocks from a considerable bluff is the Cliff House resort, and towering above that is the magnificent sky-battlement known as Sutro Heights — a private property open to the public, and embellished by landscape gardens and statuary. Other sights and scenes are the largest mint in the world, not a few magnificent public buildings, innumerable phases of active commerce, and the contrasting life of races representing nearly every nation of the world.



Cliff House.

Chinatown, of course, one must see. Squalid in the day and overcast by an oriental mystic glamour in the night; busy at all hours, but in the eastern fashion of business; foreign to the soil on which it stands, but protected by alien thousands; babbling the cynical scorn of the East, or silent as the Sphinx — ever wise and wicked and wondrous — it mocks us from its imperturbable mystery.

A few steps from your hotel, at the turn of a corner, you come at once upon the city of the Chinese. It is night, and under the soft glow of paper lanterns and through the gloom of unlighted alleys, weaves an oriental throng. Policemen doubtless stand upon a corner here and there, and small parties of tourists pick their way under lead of professional guides; the remaining thousands are Celestials all. The scene is of the Chinaman at home, very John, restored to authenticity of type by the countenance of numbers; and so in the twinkling of an eye you become a foreigner in your own land, a tolerated guest in a fantastic realm whose chief apparent hold upon reality is its substratum of genuine wickedness. It is a grotesque jumble, a panopticon of peepshows; women shoemakers huddled in diminutive rooms; barbers with marvelous tackle shaving heads and chins, and cleaning ears and eye-balls, while their patrons sit in the constrained attitude of a victim, meekly holding the tray; clerks, armed with a long pointed

stick dipped in ink, soberly making pictures of variant spiders in perpendicular rows; apothecaries expounding the medicinal virtues of desiccated toad and snake; goldworkers making bracelets of the precious metal to be welded about the arm of him who dares not trust his hoard to another's keep; restaurateurs serving really palatable conserves, with pots of delectable tea; shopkeepers vending strange foreign fruits and dubious edibles plucked from the depths of nightmare; merchants displaying infinitude of curious trinkets and elaborate costly wares; worshipers and readers of the book of fate in rich temples niched with uncouth deities; conventional actors playing interminable histrionics to respectful and appreciative auditors; gamblers stoically venturing desperate games of chance with cards and dominoes; opium smokers stretched upon their bunks in a hot atmosphere heavy with sickening fumes; lepers dependent upon occasional alms flung by a hand that avoids the contamination of contact; female chattels, still fair and innocent of face despite unutterable wrongs, yet no whit above the level of their deep damnation — such is the Chinatown one brings away in lasting memory after three hours of peering, entering, ascending, descending, crossing and delving. A very orderly and quiet community, withal, for the Mongolian is not commonly an obstreperous individual, and his vices are not of the kind that inflame to deeds of violence. He knows no more convivial bowl than a cup of tea. If he

A STREET IN CHINATOWN.

quits the gaming-table penniless, it is with a smile of patient melancholy. And his dens of deepest horror are silent as enchanted halls.

All except its innermost domestic life may be inspected by the curious. The guides are discreet, and do not include the lowest spectacles except upon request, although it is equally true that very many visitors, regarding the entire experience as one of the conventional sights of travel, go fortified with especial hardihood and release their conductor from considerations of delicacy.

The joss-houses, or temples, are hung with ponderous gilded carvings, with costly draperies and rich machinery of worship. The deities are fearful conceptions, ferocious of countenance, bristling with hair and decked with tinseled robes. A tiny vestal-flame burns dimly in a corner, and near it stands a huge gong. An attendant strikes this gong vociferously to arouse the god, and then prostrates himself before the altar, making three salaams. A couple of short billets, half-round, are then tossed into the air to bode good or ill luck to you according as they fall upon the one or the other side. A good augury having been secured by dint of persistent tossing, a quiverful of joss-sticks is next taken in hand and dexterously shaken until three have fallen to the floor. The sticks are numbered, and correspond to paragraphs in a fate book that is next resorted to, and you are ultimately informed that you will live for forty years to come, that you will marry within two years,

and, if your sex and air seem to countenance such a venture, that you will shortly make enormous winnings at poker. Whatever of genuine solemnity may cloak the Heathen Chinee in his own relation to his bewhiskered deities, he undoubtedly tips the wink to them when the temple is invaded by itinerant sight-seers. The smooth, spectacled interpreter of destinies pays $5,000 a year for the privilege of purveying such mummeries, and hardly can the Heathen Chinee himself repress a twinkle of humor at the termination of a scene in which he so easily comes off best, having fairly outdone his Caucasian critic in cynicism, and for a price.

In the theater he will be found, perhaps contrary to expectation, to take a serious view of art. You are conducted by a tortuous underground passage of successive step-ladders and narrow ways, past innumerable bunk-rooms of opium-smokers, to the stage itself, where your entrance creates no disturbance. The Chinese stage is peculiar in that while the actors are outnumbered ten to one by supernumeraries, musicians and Caucasian visitors, they monopolize the intellectual recognition of the audience. The men who, hat on head, pack the pit, and the women who throng the two galleries, divided into respectable and unrespectable by a rigid meridian, have been educated to a view of the drama which is hardly to be ridiculed by nations that admit the concert and the oratorio. The Chinese simply need less ocular illusion than we in

the theater, and perhaps those of us who are familiar with the grotesque devices by which our own stage-veneer is wrought perform no less an intellectual feat than they. Their actors are indeed richly costumed, and women not being permitted upon the stage, the youths who play female rôles are carefully made up for their parts; and one and all they endeavor to impersonate. Almost no other illusion is considered necessary. The stage manager and his assistants now and then erect a small background suggestive of environment, and the province of the orchestra is to accentuate emotion — in which heaven knows they attain no small degree of success. It is highly conventionalized drama, in which any kind of incongruity may elbow the players provided it does not confuse the mind by actually intervening between them and the audience. The plays are largely historical, or at least legendary, and vary in length from six or eight hours to a serial of many consecutive nights' duration. There are stars whose celebrity packs the house to the limit of standing-room, and there are the same strained silent attention and quick rippling response to witty passages that mark our own play-houses; but such demonstrative applause as the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet is unknown. The Chinese theater-goer would as soon think of so testifying enjoyment of a good book in the quiet of

his home. But as for the orchestra, let some other write its justification. Such a banging of cymbals, and hammering of gongs, and monotonous squealing of stringed instruments in unrememberable minor intervals almost transcends belief. Without visible leader, and unmarked by any discoverable rhythm, it is nevertheless characterized by unanimity of attack and termination, as well as enthusiasm of execution, and historians of music are authority for the statement that it is based upon an established scale and a scientific theory. Be that as it may, it is a thing of terror first to greet the ear on approach, last to quit it in departure, and may be counted upon for visitation in dreams that follow indigestion.

The secret society known as the Highbinders was created two and a half centuries ago in China by a band of devoted patriots, and had degenerated into an organization employed to further the ends of avarice and revenge long before it was transplanted to this country. Relieved of the espionage that had in some measure controlled it at home, and easily able to evade a police unfamiliar with the Chinese tongue, it grew in numbers and power with great rapidity. The greater portion of the people of Chinatown has always been honestly industrious and law-abiding, but the society rewarded hostility by persecution, ruin, and often death. Merchants were laid under tribute, and every form of industry in the community that was not directly protected by membership in the society

was compelled to yield its quota of revenue. Vice was fostered, and courts of law were so corrupted by intimidation or bribery of witnesses that it was next to impossible to convict a Highbinder of any criminal offense. A climax of terror was reached that at last convulsed the environing city, and by the pure effrontery of autocratic power the society itself precipitated its downfall. A peremptory word was given to the police, and a scene ensued which the astonished Celestials were forced to accept as a practical termination of their bloody drama. The Highbinders were scattered, many imprisoned or executed, innumerable dives emptied, secret council-rooms stripped bare, and the society in effect undone. Yet still, for one who has viewed the lowest depths of the Chinatown of to-day, the name will long revive an uncherished memory of two typical faces, outlined upon a background of nether flame. One is the face of a young woman who, in a cell far underground, leans against a high couch in a manner half-wanton, half-indifferent, and chants an unintelligible barbaric strain. The other is that of her owner, needing only a hangman's knot beneath the ear to complete a

wholly satisfactory presentment of irredeemable depravity. And that is why one quits the endless novelties of the peepshow without regret, and draws a breath of relief upon regaining the familiar streets of civilization.

SUBURBAN SAN FRANCISCO.

Suburban San Francisco embraces much of interest. The bay shore cities of Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda (housing a population one-third as great as San Francisco proper), are in turn neighbored by pretty suburbs. On the heights above Oakland is the home of Joaquin Miller, farther south Mills College, delightfully environed, and several charming picnic parks — among them Piedmont Springs and Leona Heights.

On the Marin County shore, beyond the Golden Gate, are Sausalito and Mill Valley, through which a winding scenic railway is built to the half-mile high summit of Mount Tamalpais, from whence one may view the entire bay region. The trip is similar to the climb up Mount Lowe, near Los Angeles. Farther inland is the charming residence suburb of San Rafael.

To the south, along the peninsula, one comes upon the homes of some of California's millionaires, at Burlingame, of polo repute, Milbrae, and San Mateo, while below the junction of San Francisco's peninsula with the mainland the Santa Clara Valley stretches southward between the coast and Santa Cruz ranges. Along this valley lies the

way to San Jose and the coast resorts of Santa Cruz and Monterey, with intermediate points of celebrity.

Palo Alto is the site of the Stanford University, where, in a campus of 8,000 acres, an arboretum to which every clime has liberally contributed, stands this magnificent memorial of a cherished son. The buildings are conceived in the style of mission architecture — low structures connected by an arcade surrounding an immense inner court, with plain, thick walls, arches and columns, built of buff sandstone and roofed with red tiles. Richly endowed, this university is broadly and ambitiously planned, and is open to both sexes in all departments.

Hard by, at Menlo Park, is the Stanford horse breeding and training establishment, where hundreds of thoroughbreds are carefully tended in paddock and stable, and daily trained. Even one who is not a lover of horses, if such a person exists, can not fail to find entertainment here, where daily every phase of equine training is exhibited, from the kindergarten, where toddling colts are taught the habit of the track, to the open course, where famous racers are speeded.

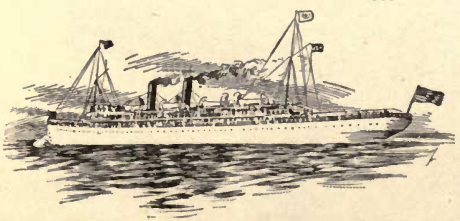
A PACIFIC TOUR.

Along the great San Francisco water front, with its masts and spars, flapping sails and ship chandlery stores, the very spirit of roving and adventure

is in the air. A stroll here will impress the visitor with the city's present commercial greatness and its wonderful future possibilities. The dream that along San Francisco Bay will be built a world-city bids fair to become a reality. Here one may observe the big four-masters, laden with wheat brought around Cape Horn. A rakish brig unloads a cargo of copra and sandalwood, which tells of the scented groves of south Pacific islands. Over yonder are big bunkers, with sooty workmen and busy engines, straining at coal buckets. Farther on is a party of gold-seekers, bound for the Alaskan fields. Other steamers are taking on passengers and freight for lower California, Panama and Mexico, or for the far-off countries of the Orient. Japanese, Chinese and Koreans mingle with the throng. A patriotic bit of color is displayed where soldiers just back from the Philippines are disembarking. And when evening comes on the deep-sea chants rise above the city's roar as anchors are lifted. One then keenly feels the call of the sea. The genius of Stevenson has woven a halo of romance over these semi-tropical seas that woos the traveler with well nigh irresistible charm. As you look westward out of the nation's front door from the Cliff House headland height, it would be strange, indeed, if you were not seized with a longing to set sail.

Where will you go — since go you must?

To Hawaii? Magical isles, wreathed in flowers and laved by flashing summer seas; land of banana



plantations, cane and rice fields; land of roaring volcanoes and verdant plains.

To Samoa? Coral shores under the stars and stripes; happy natives, cocoanut palms and delicious tropical fruit, transparent seas and beautiful shells.

To Tahiti? Riotous vegetation, the supple bamboo, broad-leaved banana and lance-leaved mango; an out-of-doors country, where houses are used only to sleep in.

To New Zealand? Newest England, as it has been fittingly called; half round the world, but nearer than many of you have thought; the famous west coast sounds, rivaling the fiords of Norway.

To Australia? A partly explored continent of vast and varied resources; wonderful cities, strange races, and strange flora and fauna, kangaroos and paroquets, cockatoos and pouched bears.

Which one, or all of them?

It can not be decided for you here. Indeed, the purpose of these brief pages is only suggestive, to point the way and tell you of the excellent facilities for travel. Other publications will tell you more in detail of the attractions, and they may be had for the asking from agents of the Santa Fe. One rare trip outlined therein is around the world via San Francisco, Hawaii, Samoa, New Zealand, Australian ports, India, Suez, the Mediterranean, Continental Europe, England, Atlantic liners. and United States railways.

Commerce, politics and travel have joined to

justify the superb fleet of steamships maintained by the American and Australian (Oceanic Steamship) Line, which are in service between San Francisco and Honolulu, between San Francisco, New Zealand and Australia, and between San Francisco and Tahiti. The boats used favorably compare with the finest Atlantic steamers. They are of 6,000 tons burden, with twin screws, the fastest, largest, and most luxurious steamers in the Pacific trade. Their two sets of triple-expansion engines develop power which makes possible a speed of more than seventeen knots an hour. They are of the latest type, having double bottoms on the cellular system, water-tight compartments, electric lights, commodious deck space, ice machinery, dining saloon on upper deck, and other modern conveniences. These ships are specially fitted for tropical voyaging, with abundance of good things to eat and drink, large and well-ventilated cabins, and service that will please the most exacting.

Luxurious steamers of the Pacific Mail, Occidental & Oriental and Toyo Kisen Kaisha lines may be taken from San Francisco on a straight-away cruise to Yokohama, and thence to Hong-Kong. By this route both China and Japan may be visited, including a run down to our new possessions in the Philippines. Or these three interesting oriental lands may be reached as a side tour from Australia. The service is all that could be desired, the steamers all being swift, commodious and seaworthy.

COAST LINE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

The coast route northward from Los Angeles by rail has many notable attractions, chief of which are Santa Barbara (page 157), San Jose and Monterey. The two last named may be conveniently visited by a short ride from San Francisco and the first from Los Angeles.

The traveler who elects to follow the coast in his journey to the Golden Gate will be taken northward through a somewhat arid section, then west to the sea at San Buena Ventura. On the way San Fernando (near which are the ruins of the San Fernando Mission) is passed and a considerable oil district in the vicinity of Newhall and Santa Paula.

At San Buena Ventura is another mission establishment surrounded by luxuriant orchards of deciduous fruits and vast bean fields, the product of which reaches the far-away "Hub" on the Atlantic.

Beyond San Buena Ventura the winding coast line is closely followed for a hundred miles or more to and through Santa Barbara, until crossing the mountains it leads down into the Salinas Valley, a mountain-walled, oak-dotted park, the northern end of which merges in the far-famed Santa Clara Valley of the north.

From the gray-brown bluffs and rounded hills, for the hundred or so miles by the sea, but little

hint is given of the fertile interior; but a continuous marine panorama of wave-washed shore is unfolded, with a far-reaching ocean view bounded by the Channel Islands.

Wayside items are the asphaltum pits and ocean oil-wells at Summerland, the mammoth eucalyptus trees and great olive orchards at Ellwood in the Goleta Valley, the asphaltum works at Alcatraz Landing, and the mouth of historic Gaviota Pass. There are picturesque ranch houses of the old days, also herds of grazing cattle and sheep, vast fields of grain and mustard and sugar beets, the largest vegetable and flower seed farms in the world, and many other features, each adding interest to the journey, but which must be considered minor attractions where so much is worthy.

San Luis Obispo is a city of four thousand population, the business center of a rich valley. The mountains overshadow it. The church of the old mission of San Luis Obispo is here.

Northward from San Luis a climb over a spur of the Santa Lucia Mountains, with numerous curves in the track, presents from the car window a bird's-eye view of the city and fertile valley in which it lies.

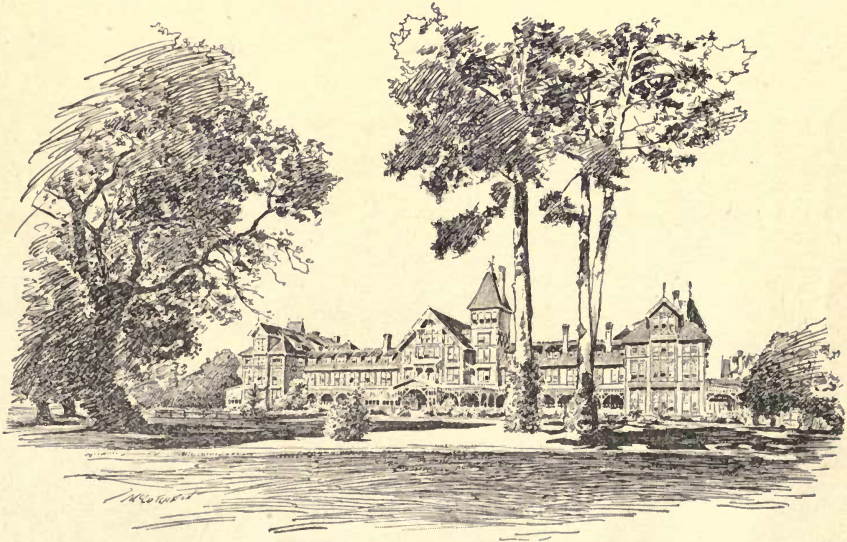
Paso Robles (pass of the oaks) is a place of wonderful mineral springs with a fine hotel and bath houses. Not far away is Santa Ysabel ranch, and Hot Springs. Salinas is a town of growing importance. Near it is the great Spreckels beet sugar factory, one of the largest in the world.

Paso Robles Hotel.

A slight divergence from the main line at Castroville will bring you to Hotel del Monte and the famous old town of Monterey, on the southern shore of Monterey Bay.

Monterey was the old capital of California in the earliest period of Spanish rule. Here the forest crowds upon the sea and mingles its odor of balm with that of the brine. The beach that divides them is broken by cliffs where the cypress finds footing to flaunt its rugged boughs above the spray of the waves, and in the gentle air of a perfect climate the wild flowers hold almost perpetual carnival. Upon such a foundation the Hotel del Monte, with its vast parks of lawn and garden and driveway, covering many hundred acres, is set, all its magnificence lending really less than it owes to the infinite charm of Monterey. Its fame has spread through every civilized land, and European as well as American visitors make up its throng. The del Monte is located in a scattering grove of 200 acres, a little east from the town, and for lavishness of luxury and splendor in construction and accessory has perhaps no superior. The specific points of interest are Carmel Mission, Pacific Grove, Moss Beach, Seal Rocks, and Cypress Point.

The pretty city of Santa Cruz at the northern end of Monterey Bay is reached from Del Monte by a railway along the shore. It is also reached direct from San Francisco by a line crossing the beautiful Santa Cruz Mountains and passing through the big trees (Sequoia semper virens).



HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTEREY.

It is San Francisco's most popular seaside resort as well as a notable summering and wintering place for many eastern people. There are good hotels and ample facilities for enjoying the pleasures of the sea.

An interesting industry of the place is the excavation of asphalt from a small mountain of the almost pure material.

By the main line again toward San Francisco from Castroville one comes upon San Jose, the Garden City, at the junction of the narrow gauge line to Santa Cruz. The appellation Garden City may be taken literally, for besides its urban beauties, it lies in the center of the largest compact orchard area in the world.

Perhaps there is not, in the whole of Northern California, a town more attractively environed. It is protected by mountain walls from every wandering asperity of land or sea, a clean, regularly platted city, reaching off through avenues of pine and of eucalyptus, and through orchards and vineyards, to pretty forest slopes where roads climb past rock, glen and rivulet to fair, commanding heights. The immediate neighborhood is the center of prune production, and every year exports great quantities of berries, fruits and wines. The largest seed-farms and the largest herd of short-horned cattle in the world are here.

Twenty-six miles east from San Jose is Mount Hamilton, upon whose summit the white wall of the Lick Observatory is plainly visible at that

distance. This observatory has already become celebrated for the discovery of Jupiter's fifth satellite, and gives promise of affording many another astronomical sensation in time to come. Visitors are permitted to look through the great telescope one night in the week, and in the intervals a smaller glass sufficiently powerful to yield a good view of the planets in the broad sunlight of midday is devoted to their entertainment. It is reached by stage from San Jose, the round trip being made daily. Aside from the attraction of the famous sky-glass, supplemented by the multitudinous and elaborate mechanisms of the observatory, the ride through the mountains to Mount Hamilton more than compensates the small fatigue of the journey. There are backward glimpses of the beautiful valley, and a changing panorama of the Sierra, the road making loops and turns in the shadow of live-oaks on the brink of profound craterlike depressions.

The remainder of the coast-line trip to the Golden Gate has already received brief mention under title of Suburban San Francisco.

YOSEMITE VALLEY.

The high Sierras have been termed the American Alps, and merit the appellation. Here are snowy peaks that meet the sky along a thousand miles of

the California border, and crowning all, Mount Whitney, the loftiest peak in the United States.

There are in this Sierra region mighty evergreen forests, groves of the greatest and grandest trees in the world, the Canyons of Kings and Kern Rivers, Lassen Buttes, the Minarets, and numerous other wonders. Not a mile of the gigantic mountain ridge but is replete with interest. Among them all, however, Yosemite is the best known and perhaps the most satisfying, as it is the most easily accessible. It lies due east of San Francisco at an elevation of 4,000 feet, and is reached from Merced (a prosperous town on the Santa Fe in the San Joaquin Valley) by an enjoyable stage ride of about ninety miles. To be sure the ride is somewhat arduous, as all staging necessarily must be, but the exhilaration of fine scenery and bracing mountain air do much in compensation. The way is by Merced Falls, the picturesque old-time mining town of Coulterville and the Merced Grove of Big Trees.

It is the only route to Yosemite that passes directly through the big tree grove, without divergence or side trip. The monster trees are from 25 to 30 feet in diameter at base and are of fabulous age — quite the oldest living things on earth's crust.

The valley is reached in the afternoon of the second day, and does not disappoint.

The floor is a parklike tract about eight miles long by half a mile to a mile wide. The Merced River frolics its way through this mountain glade

Yosemite Falls.

and around it rise imperious walls thousands of feet high.

As you enter, mighty El Capitan rears its monumental form 3,200 feet at your right. It is a solid mass of granite, taller than the valley is wide at this point and presenting two perpendicular faces. On the other hand Bridal Veil Fall is flinging cascades of lacelike delicacy from a height of 950 feet, and in the far distance you catch a glimpse of the famed Half Dome, Washington Columns and the crests of the highest peaks in the range.

The road leads on beyond Cathedral Spires, Three Brothers and Sentinel Rock, the valley widens and Yosemite Falls appear, with the Sentinel Hotel and the little village at the stage terminus, midway between the falls and Glacier Point opposite.

Beyond Glacier Point the valley angles sharply, and in the recess thus formed Vernal, Nevada, and Illiloutte Falls, Liberty Cap and Mount Broderick are located, but are not visible from the hotel.

Looking east, Half Dome presents an almost perpendicular wall; at its base is Mirror Lake, and, opposite, North Dome and Washington Arches. The peak of Half Dome is 4,737 feet above

the valley floor, and 8,737 feet above the sea.

The accessibility of Yosemite and the comparative ease with which it may be explored, add greatly to the enjoyment of a visit. The hotel is well managed and the charges reasonable.

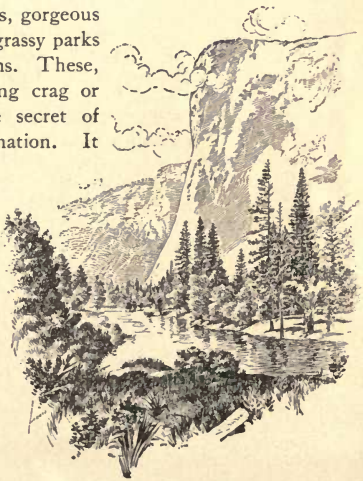
There are excellent public camps here, or you may bring your own outfit and pitch tent almost anywhere, with reasonable limitations. There are telephone and telegraph facilities, a general store and a postoffice with daily mail. The custodian of the valley resides here. The roads and trails have been constructed by and have heretofore been kept in repair by the State. Charges for guides, carriages, saddle animals, etc., are regulated by a commission, and there are no tolls. The entire Yosemite National Park is now under control of the United States Government.

You may visit both the base and lip of Nevada Falls, poise in mid-air from the overhanging rock at Glacier Point, gaze 4,000 feet below from a parapet of Three Brothers or off to the wilderness of peaks that lose themselves in the sky to the eastward; or you may pitch pebbles into the gushing torrent of Yosemite Falls, where it makes its dizzy leap over the cliff.

FLOOR OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

The glory of Yosemite has passed into literature. It lends to word-painting as do but few of Nature's masterpieces. Yet all the pens that have essayed to describe it can have conveyed to you but little of its charm unless you have visited the wonderful valley. Only for those who have seen can the name conjure up visions of a waterfall of filmy tracery that bends and sways in the breeze, of a gigantic cliff that stands at the portal a colossal greeting and farewell, of another fall whose waters plunge from a far height half a mile above you.

It were idle to enumerate. No single feature wins admiration. It is the harmonious whole, blending majesty with color, form and action, that woos all our senses with siren touch. It is not a matter of height or breadth or mere bigness. The Grand Canyon of Arizona outclasses Yosemite a hundred times over in greatness and other-worldness. But here Nature is truly feminine; she is tender, gracious and becomingly gowned; she puts on little airs; she is in the mood for comradeship. For here are found song birds, gorgeous wild flowers, rippling streams, grassy parks and bowers of shrubbery and ferns. These, quite as much as the beetling crag or stupendous waterfall, are the secret of Yosemite's hold on the imagination. It is this sense of the supremely beautiful incarnated which makes Yosemite the desire of all travelers.



El Capitan.

SPANISH NAMES, THEIR MEANING AND PRONUNCIATION.

Name.	Meaning.	Pronunciation.
Adobe,	sun-dried brick	Ah-do′-bay.
Alameda,	shady walk (from álamos, poplars)	Ah-lah-may′-dah.
Alamitos,	small cottonwoods	Ah-lah-mee′-tōs.
Alcatraz,	pelican	Al-cah-trahs′. (In Mexico *z* is pronounced like double *s*, in Spain like *th* in *think*).
Albuquerque		Ahl-boo-ker′-kay.
Alejandro,	Alexander	Ah-lay-hahn′-drō.
Almaden,	mine	Al-mah-den′.
Alvarado,	Spanish explorer	Ahl-vah-rah′-dō.
Amador,	lover	Ah-mah-dor′.
Anita,	Anna	Ah-nee′-tah.
Antonio,	Anthony	An-to′-nee-ō.
Arroyo Seco,	dry ravine	Ar-row′yō Say′-cō (with the *r* strongly trilled).
Bernalillo,	little Bernal	Behr-nal-eel′-yō.
Bernardino,	little Bernard	Behr-nahr-dee′-nō.
Boca,	mouth	Bō′-cah.
Bonita,	pretty	Bō-nee′tah.
Buena Vista,	good view	Bway′-nah Vees′-tah.
Cajon,	large chest or box	Cah-hōn′.
Calaveras,	skulls	Cah-lah-vay′-rahs.
Caliente,	hot	Cah-lee-en′-tay.
Campo,	country or field	Cahm′-pō.
Canyon Diablo,	Devil Canyon	Cahn-yon′ Dee-ah′-blō.
Capistrano,	named from an Indian saint	Cah-pees-trah′-nō.
Carlos,	Charles	Car′-lōs.

Name.	Meaning.	Pronunciation.
Carmencita,	little Carmen	Car-men-see′-tah.
Casa Blanca,	white house	Cah′-sah Blahn′-cā.
Centinela,	sentinel	Sen-tee-nay-′lah.
Cerrillos,	little hills	Ser-reel′-yōs.
Chico,	small	Chee′-kō.
Ciénaga,	marsh	See-en′ah-gah.
Colorado,	red	Kō-lō-rah′-dō.
Conejo,	rabbit	Kō-nay′-hō.
Contra Costa,	opposite coast	Kōn′-trah Kōs′-tah.
Coronado,	crowned (named for explorer)	Kō-rō-nah′-do.
Corral,	enclosure	Kōr-rahl′.
Corralitos,	small enclosures	Kor-rahl-ee′-tōs.
Covina,	small cane	Kō-vee′-nah.
Coyote,	prairie wolf	Kō-yō′-tay.
Del Norte,	of the north	Del Nor′-tay.
Del Sur,	of the south	Del Soor′.
Dos Palmas,	two palms	Dōs Pahl′-mahs.
El Cajon,	the large box	El Kah-hōn′.
El Capitan,	the captain	El Kah-pee-tahn′.
El Dorado,	the gilded	El Dō-rah′-dō.
El Monte,	the hill	El Mōn′-tay.
El Morro,	the castle	El Mōr′-ro.
El Paso,	the pass	El Pah′-sō.
El Torro,	the bull	El Tō′-rō.
Encinitas,	evergreen oaks	En-see-nee′-tas.
Escondido,	hidden	Es-cōn-di′-do.
Estrella,	star	Es-trel′-ya.
Farallones,	small islands, high, rough and difficult of access	Fah′-rahl-yon′-es.
Fresno,	ash tree	Fres′-no.
Galisteo,	a name	Gah-lis-tay′-o.
Garbanza,	wild pea	Gar-ban′-thah.
Graciosa,	graceful	Grah-see-o′-sah.
Guadalupe,	a name	Gwah-dah-loo′-pay.

Name.	Meaning.	Pronunciation.
Hermosillo,	little beauty	Er-mō-seel′-yo.
Isleta,	little island	ēēs-lay′-ta.
La Canada,	the valley, glen	Lah Cah-nah′-dah.
Laguna,	lagoon, pond	Lah-goo′-nah.
La Joya,	the jewel	Lah Hō′-yah.
La Junta,	the junction	Lah Hun′-tah.
La Mesa,	the table-land	Lah May′-sah.
La Punta,	the point	Lah Pun′-tah.
Las Ánimas,	souls in purgatory	Las Ah′-nee-mahs.
Las Cruces,	the crosses	Las Crew′-ses.
Las Flores,	the flowers	Las Flō′-res.
Las Vegas,	fertile fields	Las Vay′-gahs.
Lerdo,	slow	Ler′-dō.
Linda Vista,	beautiful view	Leen′-dah Vis′-tah.
Loma Alta,	high hill	Lō′-mah Ahl′-tah.
Loma Prieta,	black hill	Lō′-mah Pree-ā′-tah.
Los Alamitos,	little cottonwoods	Los Ah-lah-mee′-tos.
Los Alamos,	cottonwood trees	Los Ah′-lah-mōs.
Los Gatos,	the cats	Los Gah′-tōs.
Los Nietos,	the grandchildren	Los Nee-ā′-tos.
Los Olivos,	the olive trees	Los ō-lee′-vōs.
Madera,	timber wood	Mah-day′-rah.
Manzana,	apple	Mahn-thah′-nah.
Merced,	mercy	Mer-sed′.
Mesa,	table, table-land	May′-sah.
Mesa Encantada,	enchanted land	May′-sah En-kan-tah′-dah.
Mesquite,	tree of that name	Mes-quee′-tay.
Montecito,	little hill	Mon-tay-see′-to.
Morro,	tower or fortification	Mor′-rō (r strongly trilled).
Nación,	nation	Nah-see-ōn′.
Nuevo,	new	Nway′-vō.
Pájaro,	bird	Pah′-hah′-rō.

Name.	Meaning.	Pronunciation
Pampa,	plain	Pahm′-pah.
Paso de Robles,	pass of the oaks	Pah′-sō day Rō′-bles.
Picacho,	peak	Pee-kah′-chō.
Pinde,	sweetened corn water	Peen′-day.
Plumas,	feathers	Plōō′-mahs.
Presidio,	garrison	Pray-see′-dee-ō.
Pueblo,	village	Pway′-blō.
Puente,	bridge	Pwen′-tay.
Puerco,	a hog, hence unclean	Pwer′-cō.
Punta Gorda,	thick point	Poon′-tah Gor′-dah
Purgatoire, Purgatorio,	purgatory	Poor-gah-tō′-rio.
Ranchito,	small ranch	Rahn-chee′-to.
Raton,	mouse	Rah-tōn′.
Redondo,	round	Ray-dōn′-dō.
Rincon,	corner	Rin-kōn′.
Rio,	river	Ree′-ō.
Rivera,	shore	Ree-vay′-rah.
Sacramento,	sacrament	Sah-krah-men′-tō.
Salinas,	salt pits	Sah-lee′-nahs.
San Andrés,	St. Andrew	Sahn Ahn-dres′.
San Buena Ventura,	St. Bonaventure (good fortune)	Sahn Bway′-nah ven-too′-rah.
San Clemente,	St. Clement	Sahn Klay-men′-tay.
San Diego,	St. James	Sahn Dee-ay′-gō.
San Francisco,	St. Francis	Sahn Fran-sees′-ko.
San Jacinto,	St. Hyacinth	Sahn Hah-seen′-tō.
San Joaquin,	St. Joachin	Sahn Hwah-keen′.
San José,	St. Joseph	Sahn Hō-say′.
San Luis Obispo,	St. Louis the bishop	Sahn Loo-ees′ O-bees′-pō.
San Miguel,	St. Michael	Sahn Mee-gell′ (hard g.)
San Pablo,	St. Paul	Sahn Pah′-blō.
San Pedro,	St. Peter	Sahn Pay′-drō.
San Rafael,	St. Raphael	Sahn Rah-fah-ell′.

Name.	Meaning.	Pronunciation.
Santa Barbara, St. Barbara		Sahn′-tah Bar′-bah-rah.
Santa Catalina, St. Catherine		Sahn′-tah Cah-tah-lee′-nah.
Santa Cruz, holy cross		Sahn′-tah Krooss′.
Santa Fé, holy faith		Sahn′-tah Fay′.
Santa Rosa, St. Rose		Sahn′-tah Ro′-sah.
Santa Ynez, St. Inez		Sahn′-tah E-ne′ss.
Santa Isabel, St. Isabel		Sahn′-tah E-sah-bell′.
Saucilito, little willow		Sau-see-lee′-tō.
Savana, vast plain (Sábana)		Sah′-bah-nah.
Sierra, mountain chain		See-er′-rah.
Sierra Madre, mountain range	literally mother range	See-er′-rah mah′-dre.
Sierra Nevada, snowy range	(saw-tooth)	See-er′-rah Nay-vah′dah.
Soledad, solitude		Sō-lay-dad′ (*d* in Spanish has a peculiarly soft sound like *th* in *the*.)
Tamalpais, Tamal Indians		Tah-mahl-pais.
Temecula, Indian name		Tay-may-coo′-lah.
Tia Juana, Aunt Jane		Tee′-ah Hwah′-na.
Valle, valley		Vahl′-yay.
Vallecito, little valley		Vahl-yay-see′-to.
Vallejo, small valley		Vahl′yay′-hō.
Ventura, luck		Ven-too′-rah.
Verde, green		Ver′-day.
Viejo, old		Vee-ay′-ho.
Vista, view		Vees′-tah.


Santa Fe
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