



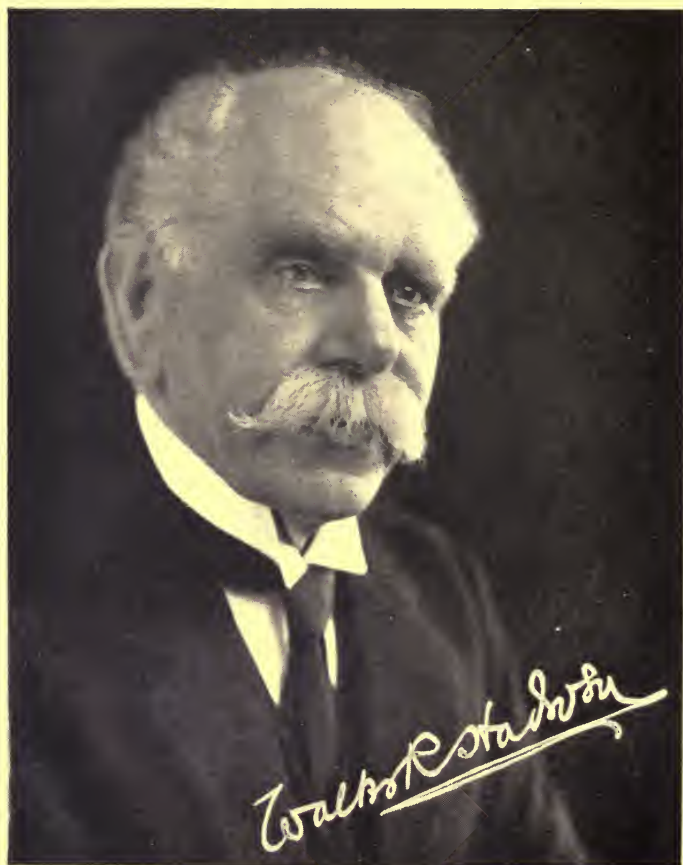
FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF  
AMERICA.



Chance & Bland  
Ltd., Gloucester  
General Printers







# FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

BY

DR. WALTER R. HADWEN

LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO.  
PATERNOSTER ROW.







HAVING been invited in the Spring of 1921 to undertake a lecturing tour in the United States of America, I seized the opportunity of jotting down as I went along my impressions of scenery, places with historical interest, and manners and customs of the people which specially appealed to me, and these impressions were contributed in the form of articles to the *Gloucester Citizen*. It is because so many readers have told me that those articles gave them a better idea of the States than anything they had read before, that I ventured, in response to many requests, to produce them in book form.

This book is not offered to the travelled citizen of the world, but rather to the rank and file of Britishers—dwellers in small streets and rural retreats, and inhabitants of provincial towns—who know next to nothing of the United States and whose ignorance is not dissipated after they have read many books, the writers of which have assumed their knowledge of details that are usually assimilated by the traveller alone.

In dealing with the great cities of America, I have in each case selected for notice what seemed to me the central feature of interest, thus : New York stands mainly for commercial enterprise ;

Washington for government ; Philadelphia for historic associations with William Penn and the subsequent struggles for freedom ; Boston for its link with the early New England settlers and the stories of the Rebellion and Revolution ; Los Angeles, San Francisco and other cities of the West for the vigorous youth of the American nation.

These chapters are exactly what they purport to be—"first impressions." They may assist intending visitors to the States by laying a foundation upon which their own later impressions may rest more profitably than upon one of complete ignorance ; while those whose relatives and friends dwell in the Western hemisphere may feel they have been drawn a little nearer to absent loved ones by a fuller comprehension of the conditions which surround them.

Beyond this I have no purpose in view unless it be to secure the privilege of acting as the connecting link for some of those slender threads of friendship, which, bridging the Atlantic, form live wires from which glow sparks of sympathetic interest. That these sparks may glow ever stronger and brighter is the fervent wish of the author.

WALTER R. HADWEN, M.D., J.P.

Gloucester, 1921.





## CONTENTS

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CHAPT.	PAGE
I. NEW YORK CITY .. ..	9
II. CURIOUS AMERICAN FEATURES ..	27
III. AMERICAN ÆSTHETIC TASTE ..	45
IV. RELIGIOUS LIFE IN AMERICA ..	59
V. SOME AMERICAN PROBLEMS ..	77
VI. BOSTON .. ..	91
VII. PHILADELPHIA .. ..	107
VIII. WASHINGTON .. ..	127
IX. LIFE IN A SLEEPING CAR ..	147
X. NIAGARA FALLS .. ..	161
XI. THE MORMONS .. ..	175
XII. SALT LAKE CITY .. ..	189
XIII. AMONG THE RED INDIANS ..	201
XIV. THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO .. ..	221
XV. THE CITY OF THE ANGELS..	237
XVI. THE LAND OF GOLD .. ..	255
XVII. A TRIP TO VENICE .. ..	273
XVIII. THE HARBOUR OF THE SUN ..	287
XIX. THE GOLDEN GATE .. ..	299



## CHAPTER I

### NEW YORK CITY.



TO a stranger, New York City is a city of surprises. One was prepared for bustle and eternal "go," but not for the masterly ease and *sang froid* with which the bustle and "go" are achieved. Nobody seems to be in a hurry, and yet one sees on every hand the output of stupendous energy and incessant toil.

One is struck with the efficiency and clock-work regularity of everything directly one arrives at the extensive Customs landing stage at New York.

"Your baggage, sir?" asks a uniformed official as you pass the gangway. "You will find it yonder under letter 'H.'"

You wend your way to the spot and find that your baggage, which you had left in charge of the berth attendant a short while before, has been removed from the vessel and placed with precision in its appointed place.

"Customs Officer, sir?" says another official, and your baggage is straightway taken for inspection. You follow, papers are examined, and baggage marked.



“ Shall we send it to your hotel ? ”

“ How long before it is there ? ”

“ Within an hour.”

You are relieved of all anxiety and responsibility ; there is no confusion, no hurry, no breathless haste ; you feel as much at ease as if you were among your own servants within a few yards of home.

Another uniformed official quietly walks up :

“ Here is a telegram for you, sir. Do you wish to send any cablegrams to England ? ”

Cablegram forms, pencil, writing board, are all ready ; you write your messages there and then, pay the fees and receive an official acknowledgment.

“ I expect some friends to meet me,” you remark, as the official is leaving, “ could you tell me where I can find them ? ”

“ Certainly, come with me,” and after a walk of two or three hundred yards, the official chatting pleasantly all the way, you reach a long line of barriers behind which many scores of friends of passengers are waiting ; you rapidly scan countenances as you pass along, then hands are held up and the official, with a polite bow, wishes you good day.

I was but one of the many hundreds who walked down the gangway of the *Mauretania* ; but every stranger who needed assistance found it forthcoming in the same easy, leisurely, practical, good-

natured way that it was my own good fortune to experience.

You go into a bureau or store to institute inquiries or to make a purchase. You see at a glance that a huge business is being carried on ; the very atmosphere you breathe carries with it the sensation of ceaseless activity ; a clerk comes to you in the most leisurely way, speaks to you with familiar ease, answers every question with deliberation, enters into details without the slightest hurry, loads you with printed matter bearing upon the subject in hand, furnishes you with every useful hint that may occur to him, and not until all your difficulties have been solved or your needs met does he leave you for the next inquirer. When you look at your watch, you are surprised at the speed with which so much has been accomplished in a space of time as brief as it has been profitable. The American generally seems to understand business, and what it is to be businesslike, without conveying the impression that he is turning the world upside down to oblige you, or that he will be glad when the interview ends. With one or two exceptions, I found the same leisurely ease and obliging attention to detail in every store, every hotel and every department I entered. The riddle of accomplishing much whilst apparently doing little seems to have been effectively solved.

I was amused by the remark of a gentleman who was driving me in his automobile (they never say "motor car" in America).

"I am going to make a pile of money ; it is just as easy to make a heap as a little."

"I suppose it is," I commented, "if you know the right way to go to work."

"Oh no," he rejoined, "it is not done by one's own work ; you must make other people work."

"But," I protested, "everyone I come across seems to be taking his ease."

"Just so," he answered, "we have the knack in this country of doing ten times as much as you do in your country with one tenth of the bustle that you put into it."

I noticed the enormous number of automobiles that sometimes blocked the streets, four or five in a row and five or six deep, as they were being held up whilst a policeman regulated the traffic.

"Surely," I said to a friend, "everyone in New York must possess an automobile ; they are in crowds everywhere."

"There are one million of them in New York State," he answered.

"What is the population ?" I asked

"Ten millions ; and six tenths of it is in New York City."

"One automobile to every ten of the population !"



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I exclaimed in surprise. "If we reckon five persons to a family, that means half the population possess motor cars of their own."

"Some would have several," he said, "but, nevertheless, they are very common; it is an easy and rapid way of doing business, without making much fuss."

But gigantic business travels side by side with pleasure. The provisions for the latter are beyond conception, and, I am told, can scarcely keep pace with the demand.

Manhattan Island, the original New York City, is the great centre of business and amusement. Wall Street, the world-famed quarter of finance, lies at the southern end. Packed into a small space barely two miles wide lie some of the greatest banking institutions, industrial corporations, and railroad offices in the world. Jostling with these immense financial centres are situated the numerous theatres, railway stations and huge hotels; and farther north lie the chief residential sections. The whole extent of Manhattan Island is  $13\frac{1}{2}$  miles, but it does not exceed a width of two miles in any part. Less than 300 years ago this little island was bought from the Indians by the early settlers for goods valued at 24 dollars—roughly, a five-pound note. It is now worth about £2,000,000,000, *i.e.* the assessed value of its real estate. Its streets could indeed be paved with its gold.

As one enters New York Harbour from the sea, Manhattan Island comes into relief in a remarkable way. Crowded together on its narrow terminal strip stand some of the famous skyscrapers of which everyone has heard so much, and usually in terms of reproach as "the ugliest structures on earth."

That was not the way they struck me. They appealed to me at once as erections of remarkable beauty. They are certainly unique. They could



not be compared, of course, with any of the famous buildings in Europe, or with the temples at Karnak or Luxor on the Nile, for the simple reason that there can be no comparison between things that are quite different. Skyscrapers are the product of modern necessity. The ground space is limited, business demands are unlimited, so the architects soar into no man's land above.

About two dozen of these lofty buildings suddenly meet your gaze as you turn a corner in New York Harbour. Great structures of different heights placed at different angles, of varied ornamental

architecture, but all alike in their wonderful skyward elevation, in their countless windows and, with few exceptions, in their dazzling whiteness.

They seem to increase in height as they recede, and are flanked by the great Woolworth Building. This stands 55 stories above the ground, and its foundation was sunk through 115 feet of quicksand to bed rock. It forms the most majestic pile I have ever looked upon ; its great tower and cupola, rising 570 feet above the side-walk, with its two projecting wings, present the appearance in the distance of an immense Cathedral tower with its naves brought into prominent relief. The value of the land on which these erections stand is something about £200 for every square foot.

The hotel at which I stayed in New York is one of these immense buildings ; my bedroom was on the 21st floor, from which I looked far down over a considerable portion of the great city ; the number of my room was 2138. Every room, large and lofty, is furnished with its own individual bathroom and with every convenience that can be conceived.

The ground floor, as is the case in every first-class hotel throughout the States, is of immense size and height, with galleries all round. Comfortable divans and luxurious chairs and couches embowered in trees and shrubs, and statues interspersed with handsome vases of flowers, are tastefully arranged

in all directions. Anyone can walk in, at any hour of the day or night, whether they are staying at the hotel or not. Tired ladies come in for a rest or to meet their friends, or they go up in a lift to one of the galleries and pass an hour or two watching the panorama below. Business men meet there and transact their affairs. At the Bureau of Information or Transport every question is readily answered and help given on every conceivable subject. There are two telegraph offices at these large hotels with attendance day and night. You can send a day letter or a night letter of fifty words, at a small charge, which is delivered at any part of the United States next morning. There are tables and desks in the galleries at which you can sit and write, and writing material, newspapers, books and every literary and stationery requisite can be obtained at the department for that purpose. Half a dozen lifts are going continually. People who wish to reach the upper floors can travel in an express lift without any stops. By the side of every lift on every floor is the letter box which conducts your missive to the post office on the ground floor. You pay only for your bedroom as a rule ; there is an immense restaurant on the establishment where you can take your meals or you are free to go elsewhere. There is nobody to interfere with you or ask questions ; there are plenty of uniformed

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men and boys about, but they are only there to do your bidding and to study your convenience.

The Metropolitan Life Building in Madison Square is another structural wonder. Its tower is exquisitely beautiful in design, rising 700 feet in height. The dials of its clock, which is 350 feet above the pavement, are  $26\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter, and the figures 4 feet high. The minute hand is 17 feet long and weighs 1,000 pounds. Its chimes, soft and beautiful, are heard at a great distance, and at night, in addition to the chimes, the quarter-hours and hours are flashed in different coloured lights by electricity. More than 3,000 people are employed there.

Then there is the Singer Building, not so high—612 feet ; but its searchlights of 13,000,000 candle-power make the tower visible for 40 miles. It has nine acres of floor space, and its boilers require 8,000 tons of coal annually.

These details will give some idea of how business is done in New York City. The latest skyscraper, the Equitable Assurance Society Building, which stands in Broadway, is 537 feet high, and accommodates 15,000 people.

The "skyscrapers" are, of course, everywhere ; they are the characteristic of New York City. A stranger might suppose that they would be appalling in their magnitude, that the neck would be strained

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beyond endurance to look up at them, and that their beauty—manifested in their bevelled stonework, ornamentation and sculpture, Corinthian pillars, domes, multi-shaped windows and every device that an architectural mind could devise in order to relieve the structure of monotony—would be lost. This is not the case. The immense width of the streets and avenues, and the clever arrangement of the various erections, brings them all within the range of vision and adjusts them to correct proportions. The fact is, everything is great, and all sense of disproportion is lost in the well-balanced and well-thought-out building scheme.

The plan of the new part of the city is simple, and is soon grasped. The great thoroughfares running straight as an arrow from end to end are called "avenues," and all the branchings from them at right angles are called "streets." The avenues are numbered as a rule from 1 upwards, and the streets are similarly treated. For instance, if you asked the way to the Flatiron Building—an extraordinary erection, 286 feet high with 21 stories, standing by itself and well worthy of its name—you would be told Fifth Avenue East 23rd Street, and it is the simplest matter in the world to steer in that direction. An iron standard at the corner of every street indicates its number. The parts between each street are called "blocks." If you



ask for a certain shop or hotel in a street, you are told, for instance: "Four blocks down, turn to the right and second block."

This rectangular plan was not adopted till 1830, and in the old part of New York—the first two miles of the City running North from the South Ferry—the streets are short, narrow and irregular; and they were not numbered, but named without method in the early Dutch or British days of the Colony.

The avenues are immense, roughly about seven miles long. The traffic, which seems to be congested with motor cars in every direction, is regulated day and night by coloured lights from elevated signal towers, supplemented by policemen at the street intersections; and when the red light flashes, every automobile in the avenue stops dead at the nearest street corner, whilst the traffic from the streets commences to cross; every pedestrian is held up until the way is clear; the light changes to green, and on rush the cars to the next point. Everything is done by a system of clockwork, and the straight and broad thoroughfares intersecting one another must make it much simpler for a New York policeman to exercise control than for his London confrère with our narrow streets and multitudinous awkward turnings.

Electric trams run day and night. The cost is

5 cents ( $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.) for any distance in one direction; you can get free transfers from car to car, so long as you don't go back. You pay the conductor, drop the ticket he gives you into a box, and that ends the matter. The expense of ticket inspectors is thus obviated.

The streets at 12 o'clock at night appeared to me to be more crowded than by day. The shops, though closed, keep their lights on just the same, and some shops never close, they have relays of assistants. The establishments in the big thoroughfares possess the most remarkable electric revolving and changing advertisements I ever saw in my life. They reach up hundreds of feet to the top of these mammoth buildings. They were of intense interest to me, and I enjoyed strolling round late at night and studying New York life in the peculiar conditions which then presented themselves. Broadway is called "The Great White Way" because of its appearance at night. Owing to these wondrous advertisements which, every night and all night long, present a scene such as is witnessed in London only on occasions of great historical interest—and even then the London decorations pale before these ordinary New York illuminations—the night is turned into day; you can recognise objects and persons right across the wide thoroughfares as clearly as in daylight.

A friend suggested that I might wish to see what night life was like in New York City.



THE FLAT IRON BUILDING

He took me to a restaurant—one out of hundreds of the same description. It was half-past twelve at night. We entered a huge hall. Fairy lights hung in all directions, festoons, flowers, palms—it looked like a scene from the “Arabian Nights.” The lights were all subdued into a weird, semi-dark, mysterious shade, but reflecting different coloured

rays upon the spectacle below. Hundreds of people sat at little tables, five or six deep around a great central space, in which, perhaps, a hundred couples were dancing to jazz music. When one set of dancers had tired, others took their places. The women, painted and pencilled, were dressed in the flimsiest costumes, and the style of dancing baffled description. At the tables waiters were busy serving all manner of ices and cakes and drinks at very high prices. And this, be it remembered, in a teetotal city.

Yes—a teetotal city. Teetotalism is a practical reality as far as State ordinance is concerned, and the Prohibition Law of the United States has had its effect. It has shut up all the drinking saloons that were a curse to the better life of the city, and in Boston especially I saw dancing saloon after dancing saloon that had put up its shutters, as the altered conditions had destroyed its trade. And if scenes such as I have described still exist, they are, at least, robbed of an element which would have made them considerably worse.

But there is a very strong line of cleavage between the parties interested in the Prohibition question. The “pros” and “antis” are both very pronounced in their views, but both are emphatically agreed upon one point, namely, that Prohibition has come to stay, and that never, never will the Prohibition

Act of the United States be repealed. There are 48 States in the Union, and before that Act could be repealed no fewer than 36 States would have to be agreed upon repeal, and this is regarded as a contingency so remote as to be impossible.

Some are very bitter about the new law. One gentleman—a wealthy man who lives in a magnificent house in New York—opened a closet door, and showed me his collection of wines. “If that were known,” said he, “it would be confiscated. The effect of the new law is that I have drunk more alcoholic liquors since Prohibition came in than I did before.” How he had obtained his stock I did not inquire, but at dinner I noticed that only iced water, non-alcoholic drinks, and coffee were provided for the guests.

Those who protest most strongly against the law are those who are the most bitter about the way in which it was carried into effect.

“It was done by a trick,” said one, “effected during war-time, when everyone was hysterical, and prepared for anything so long as victory was assured.”

Others declare that employers of labour realised that a sober nation would mean more effective and regular work, and so they strongly advocated Prohibition as a war-time measure. They were ready for anything—anything that would win the war.

So the great nation went in for Prohibition as a temporary measure, and when the war was over and the battle won, and they expected to return to the old order of things, they discovered to their chagrin and amazement that such is the Constitution of the United States that the law was as unalterable as the law of the Medes and Persians. There it stands on the Statute Book until the crack of doom, unless a social revolution or a political earthquake, such as is deemed an impossibility, brings the drinking saloon and its associations back to the Land of the Stars and Stripes.

“How it came about is an absolute puzzle,” said a prominent society lady to me. “It seems like a dream ; it is certainly a mystery ; nobody seems to understand it. The suggestion was raised by someone (who quoted the example of Russia) that Prohibition would win the war. No one knows who started the suggestion ; it began to be talked about ; the suggestion became a positive assertion ; it became more positive every day ; it was flashed from State to State, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coasts ; no one dared to raise his voice against the slogan ; the politician by some mysterious spell seemed awed into submission, and voiced its mandate from platform to platform. The householder bowed ; the working man resigned himself, he would “make good” when the war was over ;



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and so everyone, from the President and officials of State, from the Senator, the Representative, and the tub politician down to the hucksters and the wandering Jew, joined in the cry 'It will win the war!' And thus the battle of Prohibition was won by little more effort than the waive of a magician's wand. And then, when the war was over, the nation awoke to the fact that they were bound by its edict for ever! Never will 36 States unite to restore the liquor traffic. Men and women would sacrifice their own individual predilections in favour of liquor rather than risk the probability of the national industries being crippled by the loss of time and the incompetence which would follow the restoration of King Alcohol to his throne. We are a nation of money-makers, and behind the Prohibition Law now stands the power of the Almighty Dollar."

In that vivid account of the situation from the lips of a lady stands revealed the whole history of this marvellous achievement.

Of course there are all sorts of attempts to evade the law. Home-brewed drinks are manufactured, but it has to be done with considerable caution in those States which allow this concession, lest the legal limit permitted to the private citizen be exceeded; and the game is hardly worth the candle.

The chief enemies of the Prohibition Law are the

medical men, who write prescriptions for alcoholic liquors. I was not able to find out how far they went in New York, but in Chicago, which I visited, I learned that the doctors were writing prescriptions for 180,000 pints of whiskey every month. It



BROOKLYN BRIDGE

costs a dollar (4s.) a pint, all of which goes into the pockets of the city druggists. Thus about 7 per cent., or one-fifteenth of the population of Chicago, gets its whiskey through the agency

of the doctors. I understand that this sort of thing will be shortly investigated.

At present, in exactly one-half of the States, no doctor is allowed to prescribe alcoholic liquors at all. In the other half permits have to be obtained to prescribe them, but only 22 per cent. of the medical practitioners of the latter 24 States have availed themselves of the privilege.

But there is one thing worth noting. Whilst the confirmed drinkers among adults are in some instances surreptitiously drinking, the children of the nation are growing up without alcohol, propaganda against it forming part of the curriculum in their schools, and in this fact rests the hope of the future.

## CHAPTER II

### CURIOUS AMERICAN FEATURES.



THE object which immediately arrests the attention of the voyager as he enters New York Harbour for the first time is the immense Statue of Liberty, standing on one of the many islands separated from one another by the North and East Rivers.

When Bartholdi visited the United States, he noticed how eagerly the immigrants crowded on deck to gain a first glimpse of the new land they were so hopefully approaching ; and this incident suggested to him the proposal that France should present to the United States a Statue which might enshrine the great principle of Freedom for which the New World claimed to stand.

An American gentleman whose acquaintance I had made on the voyage pointed out to me with considerable enthusiasm the chief points of interest as we slowly steamed towards the Customs landing stage.

“ That,” said he, “ is the largest statue in the world. You see that torch which the woman holds in her hand ; it looks uncommonly small, don’t it ? Well, one hundred men could stand on the top of it.”

This may be an exaggeration ; but I discovered later how immense is the size of the Statue. From the foundation to the torch it reaches 305 feet. The index finger is 8 feet long and the length of the hand 16 feet. From the chin to the top of the head it measures 17 feet, and the length of the right arm is 42 feet. The waist is 35 feet in circumference, and the nose  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet long. And yet, as one viewed it from the deck of the *Mauretania*, it looked exquisitely graceful and of little more than lifesize proportions.

On the day after my arrival, at a large public luncheon given in my honour by the New York Anti-Vivisection Society in the famous Plaza Hotel, I could not resist drawing attention to the fact that America was scarcely consistent with the principle which this beautiful work of art was intended to represent.

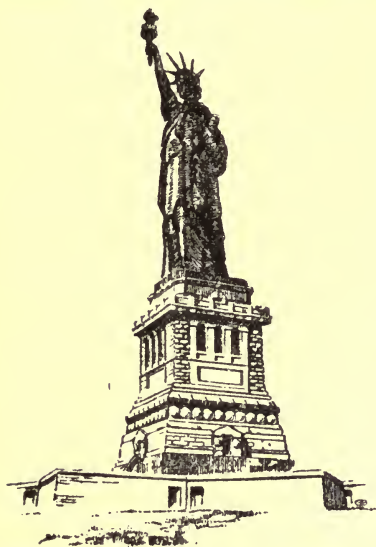
When, before sailing, I visited the American Consul at Bristol to get my passport visaed, he looked with surprise at my name and said :

“ Are you Dr. Hadwen, of Gloucester ? ” On my replying in the affirmative, he asked me if I were aware that everybody—first and second class passengers included—would have to be vaccinated before landing on American soil ?

“ What ! ” I exclaimed, “ is that your Land of Liberty ? ”

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“Unfortunately it is,” said he, “and unless you are prepared to submit, you will be put on the first boat for England and sent back.”



This was disconcerting. The obliging manager of Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son kindly made further inquiries from the American Ambassador in London, and from the Cunard Steamship Company, whilst I cabled to New York. The replies were conflicting, and I decided to take my chance, hoping and believing I

should get through somehow.

On our reaching Cherbourg the mystery was solved. The American gentleman to whom I have referred above came on board there, and was one day using rather strong language about having had to submit to vaccination, from the results of which he was suffering severely, when I discovered that the vaccination regulation applied only to foreign ports, and that all passengers except those from

England had to be vaccinated by command of the United States Government before being allowed to board a vessel for New York. He told me that a young Englishman said to the Medical Officer at the Cherbourg port: "I don't believe in vaccination."

"Then we do," was the answer.

"Well, I shan't be done."

"Then stand back," said the doctor, "you can't go to New York."

I instanced another case of interference with personal liberty. It was that of an Irish cook, Mary Mallon by name, commonly known as "Typhoid Mary," who, because of a foolish medical dogma, which the Chief Medical Officer of the London County Council has recently declared to be supported by no scientific evidence, is confined as a prisoner for life on an island in New York Harbour, because she is reputed to be a "germ carrier." The fallacy of the theory is evidenced by the fact that thousands of soldiers who have suffered from typhoid fever during the war (the majority of whom must be so-called "germ carriers") have been scattered widely among the civil populations of both England and America, and yet the incidence and fatality of typhoid fever among the civil populations in both countries is lower than it has ever been before.

My American friends agreed with me, when I quoted these and other instances, that their country was not maintaining those rights of personal liberty which form the basis of the American Constitution, and for which the men and women of the *Mayflower* had craved and suffered when they left the land of their forefathers 300 years ago.

As we moved farther up the harbour, my informant said : " See that clock ; it is the largest clock in the world," and he began to rattle off the stupendous dimensions.

Then, excitedly, he turned toward the skyscrapers

" See that building over there ? That's the tallest building in the world," and he ran off at railroad speed all the details of its immense proportions.

" See that roof," he continued, " that's the top of the biggest railway station in the world ; and just over there is a the-a-ter that holds more people than any two the-a-ters in the whole world put together."

I could only breathe deeply and exclaim : " Indeed ! "

I have grown accustomed to all this since then, but I think the climax was reached when I walked from the station to my hotel at Chicago, and my companion exclaimed, as we leisurely and easily crossed over a moderately busy street :



“ This is the busiest street in the world ! ”

I didn't like to ask him if he had ever been outside Chicago !

When I reached California it was the same thing :

“ That's the Auto-mobile Association housed in that building ; it has the largest membership in the world.” “ See that place over there ? That's the largest ostrich farm in the world,” and so on.

Still, I must admit, America is a very wonderful country, though, perhaps, not quite so wonderful in some points as its people believe. They are very proud of their country, and rightly so. It is young, and its people are young. Their form of Government is young and, exultant at the dimensions and possibilities of their mighty heritage, and their ever growing population, the less thoughtful citizens among them are apt to overrate their own greatness and to belittle the greatness of others.

I was amused by a rather pompous American, who formed one of a small party of us that visited the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and who had frequently informed me that this, that or the other was the “ biggest,” the “ greatest,” the “ largest,” the “ tallest,” or the “ heaviest ” thing in the world. Looking down into the depths of the great chasm he said quite seriously :

"Say, do you know, that the whole of Great Britain could be dropped down there and completely lost?"

"Very likely," I quietly replied, "I hope you'll come over some day and see the little place; you will be able to measure it up."

"By gosh," he added, "but ain't it a wonderful sight? Do you know that that's the biggest hole in the world?"

I had not been 48 hours in America when my bedroom telephone bell rang, and on crying "Hilloa" I was told that Mr. Somebody wanted to see me, might he come up?

"Certainly," I replied, and as quickly as the elevator could rise some 400 feet, two Americans entered my room, and each informed me that he represented a big daily newspaper. I asked them to sit down, and my new experience of the American interviewer began.

The first question was as to the kind of voyage I had had. Was this my first visit to America?

Then asked one, "Can you tell us anything that is new in medicine?" That was a bit of a poser!

"Do you intend to lecture right through the States?" "How long are you staying in this country?" "Is your cause making progress?" "Do you think you'll get vivisection and vaccination abolished in this country?"

Questions poured down like rain. Then came the inevitable interrogatory: "What are your impressions of Amur-rica?"

I told them that I had had scarcely time to look round yet, but I had come to the conclusion from what I could gather so far that America and every-



thing in it was the biggest thing in the world. That pleased them!

"Well, doctor," said one of them, "tell us what has impressed you most so far."

I told them that the two things which had impressed me most were, first, the size and magnificence of their skyscrapers, and, second, the fact that the women of America appeared to be of considerably more importance than the men.

This amused them greatly and they wrote it down eagerly.

"Now, doctor, what about Prohibition in your country ; are you going to get it pretty quick ? "

"No," I said, "not for many a long year. Our statesmen are not so smart as yours, and we are a very slow-going people."

"But isn't Radicalism very strong with you ? What about your Labour Party ? " he asked.

"Bless you," I replied, "every Labour man is a Conservative."

My interviewer looked puzzled. "I don't think I understand your English politics," said he.

"I am not surprised at that," I remarked, "for we don't understand them ourselves."

"I thought the Labour Party was opposed to the Conservative party."

"So it is," I said, "but they are all Conservatives just the same."

He looked more puzzled.

"But what about the Radicals ? " he asked.

"They are all Conservatives, likewise," I answered. "Every Englishman is a Conservative, only some are more Conservative than others. Everybody moves very slowly and very cautiously in my country, and they generally move in a circle ; nobody ever gives up a recognised institution, however rotten, till it comes to the last ditch, and then something else very much like it is usually put in its place. Like Nature, English people

abhor a vacuum, and we love the odour of antiquity as we love Eau de Cologne."

My interviewers wrote rapidly, but they were bent upon more information.

"What about Liberals?" one asked.

"Just the same," I replied, "they are all Conservatives—Conservatives to the backbone. No politician ever moves in my country until he is forced to do so; he waits to see which way the people want him to go, and the people are so conservative that they won't go at all till the politician has made up his mind which party in his constituency is likely to poll most votes at the next election. It ends in his constituents, as a rule, making up his mind for him."

"According to that," said my interviewer, "things remain pretty much at a standstill."

"Yes," I said, "there's been no progress during the last century, and there won't be any for the next century, for directly we get rid of one bad thing, the conservative nature of the English people compels them instinctively to set up another bad thing or two to take its place. Every reform carries its own antidote. English legislation travels like the lobster in the wrong direction. It's very much like a game of skittles."

"Re-mark-a-ble," he exclaimed, in his American drawl.

"What is your view of Mr. Lloyd George?" asked one of them.

"Oh," I answered, "he is the most out-and-out Conservative there is in the British Cabinet."

"You don't say!" said the interviewer. "I thought his views were va-a-a-ry pro-gressive."

"He hasn't any views," I answered, "they change so rapidly he doesn't know what they are himself; he always waits to see which way the cat jumps."

"What politics are you?" my interviewer bluntly and pointedly asked.

"I don't think I have any," I answered, "I can't find much use for them. I expect I am a bit of a Conservative, like everybody else, and something of an Independent when I feel it necessary."

My interviewers seemed inclined to give me up as a bad job, but decided to have one more try.

"Which is the chief governing force in your present House of Commons?" asked one.

"Human nature," I answered, "just the same as it is in your Congress."

"But which party is the most important in thrashing out questions?" he urged.

"There is very seldom anyone in the House of Commons to thrash them out," I replied. "Unless a big speech is on, the members live chiefly in the

smoking-room, dining-room, tea-room, committee-room, or perhaps in the library, writing evasive answers to inquisitive correspondents, and they fill their odd time in taking constituents round the House and expatiating on its beauties, unless the division bell rings."

"What happens then?" he asked.

"Oh, then they all emerge like rabbits from their burrows into the Lobby and march where their Whips order them. Heads are counted, and back they go to their burrows again; a good many of them don't know what they've voted for, but they won't miss a party division if they can help it. Their attendances thereat are counted up at the end of the Session and are supposed to stand for devotedness to their constituents, and for hard work."

"Then, I suppose, the Government do all the real work?" he queried.

"O dear no," I said, "the Government only do the talking; the work is done by the bureaucrats behind the scenes. England is governed by bureaucrats, and they are all Conservatives to the backbone, and they move just as fast as they wish; as a rule the motion is too slow to be visible, and the circumlocution office reigns as supreme as it did in the days of Dickens. And thus we muddle on from generation to generation."



My interviewers looked hopeless, and after asking what States and cities I was visiting and making a note of them, they shook hands and told me that they had had "a va-a-ry in-ter-est-ing talk."

And a very funny muddled-up mixture got into the papers.

The American newspapers are a marvel. Twenty-four, thirty-six and fifty or more pages for a daily, and 72 to 150 pages for a Sunday newspaper are quite the ordinary thing. Headlines with letters sometimes three or four inches long, of a most sensational character, are scattered through the columns of some of them, and anything more than usually exciting is seized upon with avidity.

For instance, I lectured in one of the chief Halls of Washington City early in May, and the Medical Director of the Government Health Laboratories, with other medical men, came down to hear me. Some Senators also turned up, and much interest was evoked. At the close of my lecture—or "talk," as every public address is called in America—the audience was asked by the Chairman to put me any questions. For some time nobody rose. At last the Government Medical Director (Dr. McCoy) was appealed to. He said he would not ask questions, but if permitted he would expose my fallacies. Of course, I agreed willingly.

In the ensuing harangue, he flew into a violent

passion and declared I had told "a damnable lie." The audience shouted with indignation, and when the excitement was somewhat subdued I said, "Perhaps my medical friend will be good enough to prove his assertion." This landed him in further trouble, and amid considerable hubbub, the debate, in which some of the audience took part, went on till nearly midnight.

This was very late for sedate and highly respectable Washington, where dinner parties, theatres, picture palaces and all other places of public or private entertainment or instruction are expected to close promptly by half-past ten.

Next morning the chief official Washington paper (corresponding to our English *Times*) had startling headlines right across the centre of the front page : "Damnable lie passes as doctors clash on Germs," and a lengthy and exceedingly good report of the proceedings followed. This grotesque incident was flashed straightway to every newspaper in the United States. I came across it in journals in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, down in Chicago, and 3,000 miles off in far distant California. That is the sort of thing an American paper loves.

The American is a voracious reader of his newspaper. It constitutes the chief educational instrument of the mass of the people. It is true that America has some very fine universities, colleges,

and schools, but such institutions in any country, including our own, can only provide the mere mechanical basis of education. The true education of an individual depends upon the way in which he employs his faculties after he has left his school or university ; upon his rubbing shoulders with other men ; upon travel and experience ; and to the great bulk of the American people the daily newspaper constitutes the one important factor in moulding taste and directing mentality.

Many of these newspapers, as far as I have been able to judge, possess little order or arrangement. The news is shovelled up like coal, and allowed to sort itself out as best it may among the monster advertisements ; and anything connected with crime, scandal, gossip, personalities, and sensationalism forms the principal "stuff" that the reader has to feed upon. Highly seasoned food of this kind must make wholesome diet insipid.

There are some excellent specimens of journalistic literature and some very fine monthlies published in America, but many of them are of a low standard, as Americans themselves have admitted to me.

Of some of the sensational headlines an Englishman cannot make head nor tail. Here are a few specimens from the front sheet of a leading daily of 38 pages published on the date of writing :—

Body Blow for Hiram.

Blair Confirmed in Bitter Fight.

Breach Between Johnson and Administration  
is now Wider than Ever.

Disgruntled Senator Fails to Get Revenge  
On Man Who Voted Against Him

All this in connection with a quite ordinary and  
uninteresting political debate in the Washington  
Senate.

Here is another specimen on the same page,  
spaced enormously and in huge type :—

“ Lily Love ” Goes to Test.

Juanita Miller's to Give Acid Bath  
to the Sincerity of Mate in “ Nest.”

This forms the introduction to a lurid description  
of a divorce suit, accompanied by a melodramatic  
portrait of “ Juanita ” (nine inches long).

One more on the same front page, in startling  
type and with big photograph :—

Jealousy was Motive.

Woman in Bronx Shooting Case says  
Blackmail Idea was Police Bunk.

Lastly, here are the headlines of another front page  
description of an ordinary baseball game :—

Siwashes Get Good Clawing.

Tigers Sink Nails Deep into the  
Cocky Rainiers.

Wheezer Dell Braces Up After Early  
Wildness.

Sensational Fielding Stunts.

Feature Ball Game.

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That is the sort of thing that seems to interest and to form a leading line in the education of the American public.

“The public,” said Ruskin, “is a big baby that only asks to be flattered and amused.” That appears to be specially recognised in America.

A Sunday newspaper should be included among the seven wonders of the world. I have one in front of me now. There are no fewer than 156 pages. The sheets measure 24 by 19 inches, and there are eight columns on a page. The news columns are copiously illustrated ; it has in addition 12 separate pages of coloured photogravures of fairly good character, and four additional pages of highly-coloured pictures, with accompanying letterpress of low class and silly wit. Religious talk runs side by side with the latest Divorce Court scandal. Finance jostles with the latest music-hall ditties, and theatrical news rubs shoulders with the latest crime. There is a special literary supplement of well-written articles, a sensational love story, and the latest political news of the world dished up with spicings of a rare blend !

It takes the average American all day long to get through his 172 pages, and from my brief experience of an American Sunday he must fairly well compass the contents of his mammoth newspaper, which weighs over two and a quarter

pounds. You see everyone reading it—as he goes along the street, as he rides on the tram, as he sits on his doorstep—the white man, the black man, the yellow man, the Pole, and the Jew. You can see people devouring its contents as they sit in the open cafés or lounge in the luxurious divans of the hotels. They all live on their newspapers, especially the Sunday edition.

### CHAPTER III

#### AMERICAN ÆSTHETIC TASTE.



I THOUGHT, when I left England, that New York was a cramped-up city of ugly buildings, crowded streets and stifling courts, where everything that was æsthetic, tasteful and refined was sacrificed to the exigencies of the Almighty Dollar.

I was disillusioned immediately. A drive with a friend in her comfortable automobile on the second day of my arrival dispelled all such ideas. In cities and towns like those of the Old Country, where houses have gradually grown around some old monastic institution—an abbey, a cathedral or a church—and have spread themselves out as need arose into short streets and alleys with curves and turnings of endless variety, with all their interesting associations and historic reminiscences, we get a result so homely and fascinating that we fail to realise what a city would be like if we sat down and planned it from the very commencement, and sketched it upon paper ere we laid stone and brick to our foundations.



New York—except in the older portion near the harbour where the houses and streets are irregularly built much like any English seaport town—was just planned to order. It is a city of never-ending straight lines ; streets and avenues cross one another as symmetrically and as accurately as the squares on a chess board. Skyscrapers have solved the riddle of space ; they have allowed the laying out of roadways and pavements of enormous width, and have permitted the planning of immense squares and parks and open spaces, with luxuriance of foliage and horticultural beauty where least expected. Uncle Sam has not forgotten the æsthetic in the midst of his drive for wealth.

The immense population passing and re-passing along the exceedingly wide pavements, and the constant rush of vehicles of every description in the roads, give an impression of space little more than that of an English country town, and the well-regulated traffic creates less difficulty in this city of six millions than does that of London in its congested areas.

The oldest park in the city is called Bowling Green, which stands at the foot of Broadway. It was a market-place in the old Dutch days, and the English made a small park of it and put up a leaden statue of George III. which, when the Revolution came in 1776, the young Americans pulled to the

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ground and turned into 42,000 bullets to fire at the troops of the hated monarch. A statue of Abraham de Peyster, an old Dutch merchant, now stands there instead. Bowling Green is quite small, and is hardly worth calling a park.

Similarly, there is Gramercy Park ; just a private square which resembles one of our London squares ; there is no other in New York to compare with it. It is surrounded by houses in which live descendants of the old aristocratic families of the city. I addressed a large company in one of these fine old mansions, where the great dividing doors leading from one large, lofty room to the other were all thrown open, making one handsome reception room of surprising size.

There are also Union Square, Washington Square (which occupies nine acres), and the celebrated Madison Square, besides several extensive parks, such as Morningside, Mount Morris, Bronx, etc., and the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, all within the radius of the city. But the most interesting of them all is Central Park, which leads on to Riverside Park, on the banks of the Hudson River. No one who has visited Central Park, with its marvellous landscape gardening and beautiful lakes, its lawns and meadows, could accuse New Yorkers of sacrificing beauty to wealth. It consists of 879 acres of delightful scenery, with nine miles of roads

and 28 miles of walks, right in the heart of the great city. An Egyptian obelisk (corresponding to that on our Thames Embankment) brought from Heliopolis by Vanderbilt at a cost of a quarter of a million pounds sterling, is erected there. This park also contains an interesting Museum and a Menagerie.

The Ramble, as a portion of this park is called, takes you right outside all thought of city life and roar; you are transported at once to the very midst of country scenes, where splashing waterfalls, wooded thickets, gay flowers, singing birds, cave and woodland beauties of every description greet the senses. And in another part, every outdoor game that can be thought of to interest children has been provided by the wealthy utilitarian fathers of the city.

I was driven on three occasions by kind friends in different directions for 20 or 30 or more miles on roads immediately surrounding New York. The scenery was rapturous. Remarkable houses built in woods abutting upon the road, and mile upon mile of a great arched avenue of trees through which one passed and which allowed glimpses beyond of the mighty Hudson and its towering cliffs, presented a scene more like a dream than a reality.

There is, in my opinion, a peculiar charm about the private houses in most American cities. They

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have no railings, no walls, no gates. Beautifully kept green lawns and beds of flowers slope right down to the road or street. There is not even a dividing rail between the gardens. You may find the most luxurious flowers growing right at the edge of the pavement or side walk, which is usually set in concrete between beds of grass and flowers, and everything is open right up to the house, which is a picture of quaint architectural beauty, always with a verandah running its length. I have passed thousands of these houses and gardens, and there is the same delightful openness everywhere, presenting the picture of a vast garden, and a garden, too, of ever changing charm. It is the rarest thing possible to see a wall anywhere. In England flowers are stolen and beds trampled on, but nobody thinks of doing it here, I suppose because they can do it if they like ! Such is the strange contradiction of human nature—lock your door and cupboard, and the thief and inquisitive intruder are anxious to break through or to look inside ; keep the door and the cupboard open, and the same individuals are robbed of their inquisitiveness and cupidity. Conservative human nature in England would take a long time to accustom itself to this sort of thing, and I could not have supposed it possible of attainment in any part of the world, least of all in the land of the Almighty Dollar. But there it is, and

the sight of it filled me with surprise and delight.

At the moment of writing I am sitting at an open window in one of the large towns of California, 3,000 miles from New York. In front of me is the open road—a wide road, for half a dozen motor cars at least could travel abreast—and yet I can scarcely



believe it is a road at all ! It stretches for several miles in a straight line, but palm trees edge the pavement and between them are strips of green ; on this side of the pavement is a beautiful green-sward leading up to the delightfully old-fashioned house at which I am staying ; on the lawn are giant palms, on the house festoons of roses ; tropical trees and shrubs are studded here and there ; and across the road it is the same, your eye never tires, and as far as you can see, this captivating

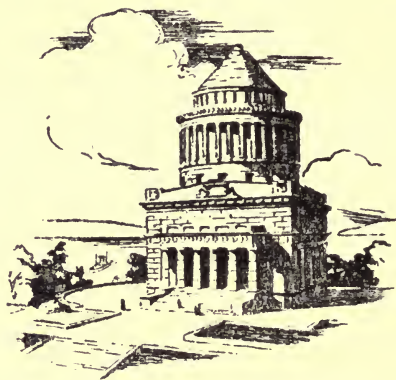
arrangement is everywhere in evidence. Everything is open ; not a gate, or a rail, or a wall, or a hedge is visible, and you feel free as the air you breathe.

Turn round the corner and you find an orange grove ; the rows of orange trees laden with their golden fruit stretch away as far as the eye can see ; you walk beside them ; thousands of people in the course of the day pass by ; there are oranges which have fallen from the boughs lying around the stems of the beautiful trees ; you may put out your hand and take them as you pass ; but no, the tempting fruit is left for its owner to gather up.

This morning the newspaper man went by in his automobile. The free and easy youngster charged with the delivery of the papers just flung them out on to the pavement as he passed by and left them for the householder to come right down the long stretch of his lawn and fetch when so disposed. Pedestrians pass to and fro along the pavement flanked with flower beds, step over the newspapers, and walk on. Nobody touches them. They are too free to offer any temptation to theft. There they lie all the way up the road ; only when it is wet does the newspaper boy condescend to get out of his automobile and fling the paper on to the verandah that prettily sweeps the front of the house. The openness of everything is the same all over the States—North, South, East, and West.



New York is no less artistic in its monuments than in its parks. Every prominent place has its statue. The only complaint one can make is that there are so many with frock coats and stove-pipe trousers, and all the artistic skill in the world will never create a thrilling sculpture from such a model. English sculptors can generally turn out their models in court dress at least, and with a loose



cloak and knee breeches you can make even Cromwell look æsthetic. But America does not admit of that sort of thing, and pray, what can be done with a plain coat and waistcoat and a pair of trousers?

Some monuments, however, are magnificent, such as that to General Grant. It is most impressive. Externally, 70-feet-wide granite steps lead up to the base, which is built like a Doric temple with



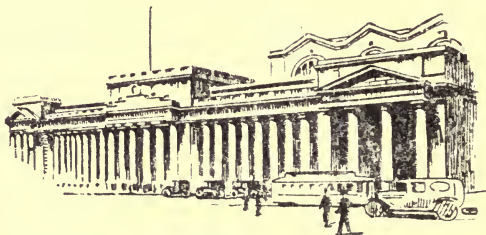
double lines of columns, surmounted by the entablature, and above this is a Cupola with Ionic ornamentation finished off with a pyramidal roof. Majestically it stands on a mound overlooking the Hudson River, visible from many points of the city. You enter it and look down, as you do upon Napoleon's tomb in Paris, into a crypt, where stands a great granite sarcophagus hewn from a single block of old porphyry and closed by a massive lid of the same material which contains the body of the national hero ; and you ponder over the simple inscription, " He stood four-square to all the winds that blow." In a similar coffin by his side rests the body of his wife.

I need not refer to the Art Galleries and Museum of Art, or the Museum of Natural History, or the great Educational Establishments or the magnificent marble pile known as the City Hall, or the giant Municipal building of the skyscraper type, which, in my opinion, is a thing of ethereal beauty, and cost, in our money value, about three millions sterling. In architectural magnificence all these great edifices leave our own corresponding institutions some distance behind.

As to the railway stations, there are certainly none in the world to compare with them. The Grand Central Terminal in Park Avenue is, for magnitude and beauty, a marvel ; built of granite

and Indiana limestone, the entrances to it are by three great openings in form of triumphal arches, raised upon an immense platform above the street and entered by a wide bridge leading to the central arch. It opens upon a magnificent waiting-room, 275 feet long, 120 feet wide, and 125 feet high, where there is every convenience for rest, and around which are all the necessary offices. The total area of this station occupies 79 acres.

The Pennsylvania Station is another remarkable feature ; it has a frontage of 430 feet, composed of



great colonnaded façades which remind one of ancient Rome ; and the immense general waiting-room is built on a model of the famous Roman baths of Caracalla. The Americans can certainly give the Old Country points on railway stations.

As to the houses in New York, it must not be supposed they are all skyscrapers. Nothing is more interesting than to go down Fifth Avenue and pass along what is called Millionaires' Row, and look at their individual houses. Here and in

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adjoining streets one sees the architectural wonderland where live William Rockefeller, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Goelet, Hamilton Fish, Jay Gould, Vincent Astor, and a host of others, who together could possibly buy up all of New York that does not belong to them already. And scattered about here and there away from the commercial life of the City are thousands of exquisite private houses, all built with an eye to spectacular effect. And the prominent men and women who live in them and hold the finances of the world very largely in the hollow of their hands—from where do they spring?

A little more than a century ago this mighty New York was a small town of some sixty thousand inhabitants, standing at the mouth of the Hudson River; there were no paved streets and few street lights; it did its business with foreign coins, and possessed neither a reading-room nor a library. John Jacob Astor, whose descendant holds high place in our House of Lords while his wife sits in the British House of Commons, landed at that little town as a poor boy with a slender stock of violins for sale. Roosevelt's forefathers had a small tannery in this same primitive spot. The original Vanderbilt was a poor man who squatted on the land now controlled by the great Central Railway I have mentioned above. Seventy years ago the founder of the Gould fortune was a surveyor,

poor and unknown. It is said he began life by selling mousetraps. Rockefeller was unknown in financial circles fifty years ago, but he tapped oil one day on a bit of waste land, and his wealth has long since reached a fabulous sum. His special hobby for the disbursement of his millions appears to be the upkeep and endowment of the Rockefeller Foundation, which concerns itself with medical education, not only in the United States, but in many other parts of the world. To this no objection could be raised, were it not that the great Institute associated with his name has become a centre for widespread advocacy and practice of experimentation on living animals, with all its pain and suffering. The published official records of these experiments issued by the medical authorities of this Institute leave no room for doubt as to the cruelties which have been and are being perpetrated there to no useful purpose; and it is remarkable that Mr. Rockefeller, who holds a prominent position in a Christian Church, should permit these atrocities to continue. Let us have scientific and medical research by all means; but the exploitation of sentient and sensitive creatures, which have their own rights equally with their torturers, should be altogether eliminated. Nothing has yet been gained by these revolting and unscientific practices, and nothing will nor can be gained by them while

the world lasts. If the voice of Mr. Rockefeller and his son were but raised in denunciation of these crimes against civilization and righteousness, their name would be handed down to posterity as that of some of the greatest of the world's humanitarians.

Of such are the families that rule New York society to-day. It must not be supposed that New York, with all its talk of "equality," knows nothing of class distinctions. There is, in my humble opinion, greater distinction between class and class in New York than there is in the Homeland. There is much more freedom and sense of bonhomie between classes in the Western States than in the great commercial capital of the East.

In England it is birth, breeding, and education, which largely make the difference between classes. In New York it is more generally the dollar. In England your servants become your friends; you become attached to them, and they become attached to you; and there are mutual confidences and trustful reciprocations which frequently bring different classes together on to a platform of sympathetic equality with a generous recognition of respective positions which is rarely abused. But there is nothing of that sort in New York as far as I could see. Class distinction appeared to me to be supreme, and more marked than anywhere in Europe, except perhaps in Germany, where I doubt

if even the war has made any difference to the unalterable boorishness and conceit of its "superior people" and the obsequiousness to them of their "dependents."

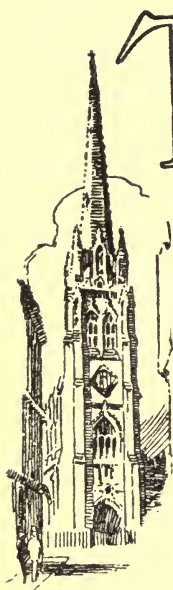
But the obsequiousness of the German "dependent" has no parallel in America. If the educated Englishman who knows how to conduct himself receives the respectful title of "Sir" when addressed in his own country, he must not expect any such recognition of "class" in New York, unless from a poor recently imported Pole or Hungarian, say, who has not yet learned the independence of "the Land of the Free."

If there is difference of class between the "upper" and "lower" strata of American "society," as soon as the latter begin to make dollars (as they very rapidly do) they draw no such distinction; and as a result courtesy, as understood in England, is a quality practically unknown in the great commercial hub of the United States.



## CHAPTER IV

### RELIGIOUS LIFE IN AMERICA.



**T**O walk up Broadway or along Fifth Avenue or among the City purlieus on a Sunday afternoon, or at night, would give one the impression that the religious life of New York is as dead as Queen Anne. But the streets are almost equally thronged in the morning, and chiefly with those who are going to some "place of worship." When the morning is over the great bulk of the population appears to give itself up to recreation and pleasure: the windows of the drug and tobacco shops flare with electric light when dusk comes, and illuminated advertisements, flashing from the base to the summit of the skyscrapers, turn night into day. But even then a large proportion of the population enter some religious conventicle—for services do not begin until 8 o'clock—and all of these, almost without exception, appear to lay themselves out, by means of attractive music and trained singers hired for the purpose, to secure a share of public attention.



There are innumerable magnificent ecclesiastical buildings, scattered all over New York City, which point unmistakeably to the fact that it took money to build them, and they require people to support them. One of the most wonderful of these buildings is a Jewish Synagogue—the Temple Emanu-El. It is an exquisite structure of Moorish design, one of the most beautiful erections I have seen, and certainly much more remarkable and ornate than any edifice I have met with in Morocco itself. It would almost compete with the grand Alhambra in Spain.

Perhaps the wealthiest church is Trinity, in Broadway, facing Wall Street—the great financial centre of New York. It is built upon land which, when the English conquered Manhattan Island, was occupied as a farm, and was handed over to the clergy for the site of a Colonial Church. A great deal of the land was subsequently given away for various purposes, but enough is left to bring in the comfortable income of £100,000 per annum! The great bronze doors constitute a memorial to John Jacob Astor, who attended there in the romantic days of his early financial triumphs; and the altars and reredos were erected to the memory of W. B. Astor at a cost of some £25,000.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine will ultimately be the strangest-looking if not the most

magnificent in New York. I could not make out exactly what its object is. Apparently it is to be an asylum for almost every creed, like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. The only thing I could discover with certainty was that it is expected to cost £3,000,000 sterling before it is finished. By



“THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER”

that time it will be the fourth largest cathedral in existence, reckoning from St. Peter's at Rome, Seville and Milan, but I shall not be at all surprised if, before it is completed, Uncle Sam will make up his mind that it shall be “the biggest in the world”!

One of the prettiest little churches stowed away in the heart of the City, and lying in the sweetest of settings, is “the little Church around the Corner,” as it is called, in 29th Street near Fifth Avenue, a Protestant Episcopal, known ecclesiastically as The Church of the Transfiguration. It appears that some years ago a pastor in Madison Avenue refused

to perform the burial service over the body of an aged actor, named George Holland, and told the messenger he might go to a "little Church around the corner," where he would probably be accommodated. In the memorial window to the actor who had been refused burial are inscribed the lines :—

If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me "Nay" ?  
Not till earth, and not till heaven,  
Pass away.

Nearly all the actors and actresses who die in New York are now buried therefrom.

St. Patrick's Cathedral is a masterpiece of the Gothic style of architecture, of which Cologne Cathedral is an outstanding example. It is of enormous size—332 feet long and 174 feet wide ; the spires rise 330 feet. It cost about a quarter of a million sterling, exclusive of the land.

Needless to say, every kind of religious creed has its followers in America, and churches of every description and of every line of thought, orthodox and unorthodox, are scattered over the city. All the hotels display in their great central waiting rooms long lists of Sunday services, with the hours at which they are to be held, the names of preachers, and frequently the subjects they propose to take up.

In spite of appearances, America—New York included—is essentially religious ; of open infidelity

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there is very little ; of claim to morality there is a good deal. I was very much amused at a conversation I had with an American travelling companion on the way out. I asked him some questions about the American Civil War. He said with a strong nasal intonation :—" W-a-a-l, you see, it was this way : When you go to war, you're obliged to fight about something and it won't do to fight about nothing, or else you won't get the chaps to fight at all. The niggers were as good as anything to fight about, for the South had 'em in grips right enough. Not that we troubled very much about them, for a nigger's a nigger wherever he is, and he's got to be kept in his place or else you'll be knocked out of yours, and we are finding that out up North pretty fast. But still, the South had the niggers in grips, and so we went to war over slavery ; but the rale purnciple of the thing was that the South wanted to git right away from the North and we didn't want 'em to. We wanted to hold the Southern States and keep up the Union. So we went to war over slavery and kept the Sta-a-tes. That's just the facts of the Civil War."

I repeated this conversation to an intellectual New York lady one day and she was highly amused, but remarked : " There is after all a good deal of truth in it. You could never stir the American people unless you had a great moral question

behind you ; every political question is bound to have a moral issue, or it won't succeed." And she added laughingly : " There may be as much political jobbery and corruption and scheming as you please, but it must have a moral basis ! " So New York is religious !

On my first Sunday morning I turned into a dignified-looking ecclesiastical building, and inquired of a sidesman, who was showing the people into their seats, of what community was it ? He said it was the oldest in New York, it dated right back to the early Dutch settlers and had a continuance of pastorship from that time onward till the present, but the form of worship was Presbyterian. The body of the building, which was very large, led up to a raised dais terminating in a dome-like structure of considerable size and of most elaborate design and workmanship. Two ministers sat on a lower platform, and two men and two women took their places on a higher platform. These were highly-trained singers with absolutely marvellous voices who, in the course of the service, contributed solos, duets, and quartettes. There was not much congregational singing, and what there was was nearly drowned by the organ. The congregation was very large, and unquestionably wealthy, in short, a very fashionably dressed and intelligent looking company. There was an entire absence of the working class.

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One of the pastors took as a text for his sermon the story of the Centurion who petitioned Jesus for the healing of his servant (Luke vii. 9), "When Jesus heard these things he marvelled and said: 'I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.'"

The preacher began by saying that Christ was only said to marvel on two occasions, and to marvel or to wonder was an important faculty; the world was full of wonders, we lived in a wonderful age, and a great many wonderful things were being accomplished. The capacity for wonder was a very important factor in life. He proceeded to enumerate some of the wonders of the universe, such as the number of miles to the nearest star; and he waxed very warm and raised his voice to a pitch that destroyed clear enunciation as he developed his idea of "wonder," until I began to "wonder" what his object was and when he was coming to close quarters with his text. I suppose his congregation did not need the latter, but preferred a dissertation upon wonderful natural phenomena; and whether he forgot his text or only wished to use it as a peg on which to hang a sermon consisting largely of extracts, it subsequently appeared, from some recently published book on "wonder," I cannot say. Anyhow, if the congregation received spiritual stimulation from the discourse, it was more than I did.



On another occasion I attended a Christian Science Church, or as was written in great letters over the commanding portico :—" The Church of Christ Scientist." It was a truly magnificent erection, simple in design, of solid stonework and most imposing. It was reached by many steps that



led up from the roadway into a spacious vestibule, and doors beyond opened into a vast hall arranged in tiers, theatre fashion, surmounted by an immense domed roof, and at one end, from which all the seats radiated, was a long straight platform with two white marble reading desks. Behind these was a long velvet-covered couch in which the two "readers"—a lady and gentleman—sank visibly. The seats in the immense church were all equally comfortable, and every inch of floor space was covered with a soft green carpet. The congregation



was, as far as one could judge from outward appearance, wealthy, aristocratic, and intellectual; the number present was, from a rough calculation I made, about 2,000, and there was not, I should think, a single poor person amongst them.

There was no sermon; I understand this is the invariable rule. There was no audible prayer, but once in the course of the service a few moments were allotted for the congregation to pray in silence. The service consisted mainly of alternate readings from the Old and New Testaments, with commentaries thereon from the writings of Mrs. Eddy, the founder of the sect. The lady reader read the Scriptures and the male reader read the Comments. Interspersed there was congregational singing which was very hearty, and set to very beautiful tunes, led by a special lady singer, accompanied by a small but exquisite organ, most beautifully played. It was real congregational singing. Passages from a psalm were alternately read aloud by the lady reader and the congregation, and two solos were sung in a powerful but most mellifluous voice by the above-mentioned singer, who came on to the platform specially on each occasion and stood by the side of one of the reading desks, and disappeared when her solo was concluded.

The whole service occupied an hour. Both readers performed their parts with clearness of

diction and correct emphasis, and their voices could be heard throughout the entire building. The dominant idea in the teaching which forms the basis of their cult may be gathered from one example to which I listened attentively.

The lady reader took the 11th chapter of St. John, and recounted the history of the Raising of Lazarus from the dead. Then the gentleman reader took up the running and gave Mrs. Eddy's commentary thereon as follows :—

“ Jesus said of Lazarus : ‘ Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep.’ Jesus restored Lazarus by the understanding that Lazarus had never died, not by an admission that his body had died and then lived again. Had Jesus believed that Lazarus had lived or died in his body, the Master would have stood on the same plane of belief as those who buried the body, and He could not have resuscitated it. When you can awaken yourself or others out of the belief that all must die, you can then exercise Jesus' spiritual power to reproduce the presence of those who thought they had died—but not otherwise.”

I felt that that was a bit beyond me, and I should think no Christian Scientist has, as yet, reached the level of “ Jesus' spiritual power ” enabling him to resurrect those who “ thought they died.”

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I have never yet seen a corpse, especially one of whom it could be said, "He hath been dead four days and by this time he stinketh," that could be restored to life ! I don't think there is any history of Mrs. Eddy's success in the direction of "reproducing the presence of those who thought they died." It would perhaps be urged that no one has yet reached the right "plane of belief" to accomplish this result.

By way of contrast to these orthodox and unorthodox gatherings, I next time wended my way to a Negro Worship Meeting. I was the only white man among a great crowd of negroes and negresses, most of whom were black as coal.

There was no green pile carpet here ; no ornate building, no comfortable cushioned seats. They were bare benches fixed in a plain hall, but theatre fashion, starting from a height and sloping downwards to the far end where was a rostrum. A wide platform was divided in two. The right-hand half formed a small hall partly hidden by a curtain. The left-hand half rose by stages from the floor until flanked right at the back by an organ.

Not knowing the hour the service commenced, I arrived half an hour too soon. Only two ancient negresses were there before me, one of whom told me on inquiry that the service began at 8 o'clock. But a meeting of young folk was being held on the

right-hand half of the platform, part of which was hidden from my view by the curtain, although a considerable portion was visible ; so I sat still and listened. A negro lad prayed earnestly ; the company then sang a hymn together very sweetly to a most bewitching tune which made me quite



long to be amongst them, and when it was finished a little negro girl with very big eyes and enormously thick lips and coal black skin stood up and read a paper. I could not gather what it was about, as I was too far off, but there was a good deal in it about "the Kingdom of Heaven." Then a quaint-looking little negress in a big beflowered hat came down to the floor of the hall and sat at a

piano and played and sang a solo, which, for touching pathos and plaintiveness, outshone all I had heard from the skilled songstresses either at the old Dutch orthodox or the Christian Science church, and all the young negroes and negresses came from behind the curtain on the platform and joined in the chorus. The part-singing, as the harmonious voices rose and fell, was haunting ; I bent forward in my seat spellbound. Then the little negress got up from her seat at the piano, they all retired behind the curtain, another young negro prayed, and all was over.

A negro boy looked furtively from behind the curtain away up at me. There were half a dozen others in the hall by that time, and he bashfully approached me ; on his black face was a broad grin, which played around a set of shining white ivories, and hesitatingly he held out a plate. " What is this for, my lad ? " I asked. " Christian Endebbar, Saar," said he. So I dropped into his plate a dollar note, and he literally ran back to the stage, and two or three of the black kiddies peeped from behind the curtain at the white stranger, who had given them, apparently, an unaccustomed donation.

The black men and women began rapidly to come in. By 8 o'clock the hall was practically full, and I found myself surrounded by a strange company. I was struck by the fact that, almost without

exception, negroes and negresses alike were built in splendid muscular proportions. Scores of the negresses were five feet and eight or ten inches or more in height. It was a strange sight—that mass of black faces with the kinkley-woolley heads of the men and the showy hats of the women. The majority were well dressed, the negroes being particularly smart and well groomed. Some were evidently very poor.

I was told by a negro beside me that it was a Methodist Community.

Punctually at 8 o'clock I heard some subdued singing in the distance. A door opened which led on to a lower front stage of the platform, and the negro pastor, a man of about fifty, who, although very dark, evidently had a dash of "white blood" in him, entered, followed by an old, very black, white-headed negro. The pastor sat at a reading desk, and the old negro sat on a stool against the wall to his right. The singing grew louder, when through a door on the right came five negresses in white surplices, walking very, very slowly, and through the door on the left four negroes similarly dressed, singing softly and sweetly. They filed past one another, and took their seats.

The service began with a hymn from "Songs of Awakening." A negro sat at the organ and we all sang. It was a hymn with a charming tune, and



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composed of good, sound words. Then the pastor called upon the old negro on his right to pray. The old chap was very much in earnest. He got a bit mixed sometimes, repeated himself fairly often, gave God an "uncommon" lot of unnecessary information, and, being rather fat, he perspired a good deal over it, but I enjoyed his prayer for all that. The pastor read a Scripture and prayed. We had more of the delightful singing—aye, these black folk can sing, and always in harmony—and then came the sermon: "God is our refuge and strength, and an ever-present help in the time of trouble." The preacher began by saying: "Friends are very good as long as you hab plenty of money in your pocket and you don't need 'em, but dey ain't much good when you habn't got nothing. Brudders are all very well when tings go slick, but you want somebody who'll stick closer dan a brudder when tings don't go slick." He traced out quite eloquently and very fluently without a single note a number of scenes in life where every hope was lost and every resource gone—"Den we turn to God, and in our extremity we find a refuge and a strength which nebber fails."

At times he got very excited, but never lost control of himself; he waved his arms and stamped the floor, and raised his voice, but his diction was always clear and his sentences modulated with



ease, and no matter how rapidly at times he flung out his quaint aphorisms, distinctness never failed him. At last it came to the peroration ; he had worked up his subject in masterly style from point to point : God as a refuge to the sinner, a refuge to the saint, a strength to the weary, to the troubled, to the tried ; a hope to the hopeless, sunshine in the darkness, a resource in everything. And then he concluded : “ People say Christianity hab failed. No, my friends, Christianity habn’t failed. If dey tell me civilisation hab failed I’ll believe ’em, for civilisation hab failed, and science hab failed, and philosophy hab failed, but dose who says Christianity hab failed is dose who hab never tried it.”

The choir immediately sang some plaintive appropriate air about “ God alone can help you, won’t you come to Him ? ” They sang sitting, with bowed heads, and all the congregation bowed their black curly heads too, and when it came to the refrain at the last everybody rose—it seemed spontaneously—and literally swung every passion into harmony, with the organ chiming in, until a sense of uncanny weirdness pervaded the very atmosphere.

Then the pastor descended from his stage, amid breathless silence, and two old negresses, dressed in white, stood one on either side of him, and he said :

“ Now, would any inquirer like to come along ? ”— a pause—“ Would anyone like to come and be a probationer and work his way gradually up into de Church ? ” No response ; so the pastor and the two elderly dames sang a trio, the pastor marking time with his arms and hands. I was watching the



women—their great mouths and tremendously thick lips and white teeth, which seemed literally to play music as they sang. They swayed their bodies backwards and forwards, and threw their whole souls into the weird, ringing, compelling tune, but nobody came forward.

So the pastor said “ Now we will take de collection, and if any ob you have any o’ that thaar dollar money ’bout you, just put ’em in de plate ; it will do yaar good to get rid ob ’em.”

The plate came round, and sure enough there was some “ o’ that thaar dollar money ” in the plate, and although I had my fingers on a 25 cent. piece I listened to an inner voice that pleaded for a dollar note, obediently searched for a “ green back ” and “ got rid ob it.”

## CHAPTER V

### SOME AMERICAN PROBLEMS.



**I**F ever there was a Cosmopolitan City in the world, it is New York. It may be said : " Surely it cannot be more cosmopolitan than London." Of course, if you go to certain parts of London you may find representatives of every nation under the sun, but in the main streets of the West End, or of the City itself, you will not meet many foreigners. But wherever you turn in New York you are face to face with foreigners, or persons of foreign extraction.

To commence with, Hebrews are everywhere. Twenty-five to thirty per cent, of the whole population of New York City is composed of them. Practically all the Jews of America concentrate in New York, and some of the trades, such as those of tailors and jewellers, are almost entirely in their hands. They own most of the cinemas and theatres, and that they have much to do with finance goes without saying. The poorer Jews have their own special quarter in New York, where the bulk of them live, and it is the most crowded

spot in the whole city. There are six and seven-storied buildings packed to the roof with humanity. One square mile in this part is said to contain a quarter of a million inhabitants, and a gentleman told me jokingly that they all have to take it in turns to go to bed in shifts of eight hours each, as it is impossible for them all to sleep at the same time. A stroll in this part of the city is very fascinating ; you meet Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Ruth and Rebecca, Martha, Mary and Lazarus, at every street corner and on every doorstep.

Then there are the negroes. They are there in hundreds of thousands, and their numerical advance, combined with their liberty of franchise and increasing power, is becoming a very serious problem which the United States will yet have to face. The negroes are being educated, and though, generally speaking, the black man is inferior intellectually to the white man, there are, nevertheless, many exceptions in which individual members of the negro race show a marked intellectual superiority over the average white. They are beginning to know and to appreciate their power. They conduct numerous business houses. A million farms in the States are owned by them, and this number is increasing. They control banks, and expend millions of dollars in education. They possess eighty-six million dollars' worth of church

property alone, and eleven hundred millions' worth of private property. Immense sections in the South belong to them, and some of the wealthy negroes are among the largest taxpayers. Their aggregate wealth is enormous. They have their own social distinctions among themselves; they even have their clubs suited to these differing social conditions; they have their Societies formed for intellectual advancement, with black presidents, black committees, black secretaries and black lecturers, and there is no subject of learning left out of their curriculum.

In several of the houses of friends with whom I stayed, negro servants waited at table, but one lady told me that unless kept in their place they soon take advantage. She related of a negro servant whom she had recently employed, that her brother made great friends with him and joked and laughed with him, so the negro promptly took to calling him "Charlie" and behaving on terms of equality. I call to mind an incident in my own experience: after travelling three or four days on a train I went off one day for some sight-seeing. When I again boarded the train I found my negro porter dressed up and also just returned from a day's outing. As the result, I suppose, of long conversations I had had with him, he clapped me familiarly on the back as we met, and said: "Waal, and 'ow did yah enj'y yerself?"

" Oh," I said, " very well indeed, thank you how have you got on ? "

" Jolly foine ; sorry I didn't meet yah ! "

In Chicago, they tell me, the blacks are dominating



the elections, and politicians are pandering to them for their votes. They, too, have a quarter of their own New York City. There you meet all the different classes of negroes and negresses from the heavy swell with his eye-glass, white Trilby hat, button-hole, and latest cut in clothes, to the humble

woolly-headed negro or the old scantily-dressed negress in big spectacles. I liked nothing better than a slow drive through this district ; and I found the negroes very interesting.

Then there are the Irish ; there are very large numbers of them in New York. Practically all the police are Irish. Politics are run largely by the Irish. In Boston two-thirds of the population are Irish and they have an Irish Mayor, and the Americans themselves—the genuine Americans, I mean—whilst they all deplored the reprisal policy of the British Government toward Ireland, admitted that but for American money the Irish rebellion would



cease to exist. But there is growing up in America a very strong party which appears to have its headquarters in Boston, and which is seeking to bring about a vital rapprochement between England and America in opposition to an attempt made in other quarters to create dissension between the two nations on the question of Ireland.

Then there are the Chinese and the Japanese. Though the Japs are not loved in America, they are very numerous, and you meet them everywhere. In some hotels all the waiters are Japs. In others they are all negroes. In others they are mixed whites of all nations.

The Chinese do not seem to be numerous in New York streets ; though they are frequently met with, they confine themselves chiefly to their own quarter of the city.

I paid a visit to Chinatown with a guide late one night. I left the city about 10 o'clock and half an hour later found myself among the lodging houses and restaurants, the joss houses and business establishments, and Chinese men and women. I was at once struck by the cleanliness of everything both in the houses and persons of the natives. They are a quiet, hard working, very intelligent lot, and are said to be most dependable.

A visit to their Joss House was interesting. It is not a large room ; it is reached by a flight of

rickety stairs. One side is filled with a great shrine at which the natives worship ; its arrangement presents the appearance of a tiny theatre. Gwan Gwing Te, the original God of the Chinese, and Lee Poo, his secretary, and Ju Chong, the ferocious-looking bodyguard, are each represented. A row of candles illumines the altar, and on a massive carved table in front are arranged the joss sticks, sandalwood urns, brass jars and every requisite for worship. Here the Chinaman lights his incense sticks and sacred paper, pours out his offering of rice wine, and repeats his prayers. I was introduced to the High Priest, who wanted to tell me my fortune, but as I probably knew more about that than he did, I did not think it worth while to pay him for his ignorance.

I saw very few Hindoos in New York, but a fair number of Mexicans. Of course, it is on the South and West Coasts that the Mexicans gather ; there they are in vast numbers ; the citizens are very thankful for them, for they work well and more cheaply than other people, and they will do work that a white man considers beneath him.

Besides those I have named, every other nation will be represented, Germans especially, Hungarians, Italians, Russians, Poles—that is as far as these latter can be separated from the Hebrews. There is a special Russian quarter, where many a refugee is in hiding.

It is becoming a serious question with the American Government as to how far the interests of these various foreign nationalities are likely to swamp those of the old American element. It does not follow that naturalisation is synonymous with loyalty to the Constitution, especially at a time when crucial questions of Administration or political urgency may arise.

In my opinion, the calling out of the great army of Americans in the late war was a wonderful feat in a country whose population is composed of so many races ; and we in England are accustomed to suppose that ex-President Wilson, in view of his success in that direction, is looked upon as a hero in this mighty land. It has been one of the great surprises of my visit to America to discover that he is, perhaps, the most unpopular man in the United States. I have discussed him with many scores of people, and I have not yet heard one solitary individual say a good word for him.

Three things seem to have militated against his reputation : (1) That he dilly-dallied with Germany when he ought to have struck the blow many months before—immediately, in fact, on the violation of Belgium's neutrality, in the maintenance of which America was as much interested, if not pledged, as were England and France ; (2) that he was obstinate and pigheaded and would not listen

to the advice of others, but acted autocratically and independently ; (3) that he left his country in face of strong protestations and in opposition to the fundamental rules of the American Constitution, and went over to France to join in the Peace Conferences, when he should have stayed at home and sent a representative—so his opponents declare—better fitted for the job than he.

I did not catch sight of him when I was in Washington, but I was told he drives out most days, and that he looks a complete physical wreck, crushed and broken, with never a smile upon his pale face. But he receives no pity from anyone, as far as I can gather. It seems a sad ending to a great career pursued by an apparently high-principled man. It is only in the records of future history, when the prejudices of present-day party politics and strife will have disappeared, and events will be looked at in their true perspective, that the facts will be rightly adjusted. But—the actors in and the subjects of the tragedy will by that time have passed from the stage for ever !

Now that the war is over, and the men have returned, the same kind of thing is happening in America as is happening in England—the soldiers are complaining of neglect, and are looking for posts which do not turn up, many of which have been filled by others who were making their pile at home

while their comrades were wearing their lives out in the trenches on insignificant pay. Immigrants still pour in to complicate matters, but in spite of slackness of work, the demand for high wages continues, and the conditions of unemployment and its causes seem to be much the same the world over. Wages, however, are fast coming down in proportion as the cost of living lessens.

The servant difficulty, too, is the same as in England, perhaps rather worse. According to published official statistics, only six per cent. of the population of the United States now keep servants. The householders say they have come to prefer doing without servants altogether and are getting used to the new mode of life. Some employ a man once a week : he drives up in his own automobile, brings his patent electric carpet sweeper with him, goes through every room in the house, cleans and dusts it thoroughly, and puts the whole place tidy in a few hours.

The women, as in England, have been spoiled for the old-fashioned domestic's life by the excessive wages they earned and the free life they experienced at the munition factories during the war, and they decline to return to former conditions. So the lady members of the household divide up the work between them, or close their houses, and live in hotels, or in flats served by the landlady. Every

kind of labour-saving device is brought into play, and it is amazing how well the American ladies carry on.

I was told of one small residential place of 4,000 inhabitants in New York State, where in pre-war days every household without exception kept one or more servants ; there are now only three families in the whole town who keep servants, and they are very wealthy people.

At a large mansion standing in 35 acres of ornamental grounds at which I stayed, there was only one male servant kept—a Dane—who cooked the meals and did the odd jobs. To live in the house, servants were asking my friend 130 dollars a month—about £350 a year—and as a matter of principle he simply would not give it, in spite of his being well off ; so his wife turns to, and with the help of married women from cottages on the estate, she gets through the work, and things seem to jog on very well. There are very few servants immigrating into America now, as compared with former times.

The American woman is a very remarkable piece of humanity. She is like no woman I have met elsewhere. It may be that the climate has an invigorating and stimulating effect upon her mental and physical capacity, but, whatever it is, she is a curious combination of all that is virile and



entertaining. "Smart" is perhaps the best word for her. There are English women, of course, as smart as she is, but they are the exception, not the rule. She seems to be ready for any emergency ; can turn from the wash tub or the cooking stove to the platform or a drawing-room reception at five minutes' notice. She is well educated, her brain is well stocked with general information ; she has usually travelled, understands all the ins and outs of social and political life, and if she does not actually take the lead in all that is considered worth doing, you may depend upon it she is behind the scenes pulling the strings. She enjoys a freedom in America that is denied to women elsewhere, and consequently she has confidence in herself.

The American woman was to me one of my most interesting and diverting studies from the first hour of my landing ; her resource and versatility are incomparable. She has not found the servant difficulty so great a problem as have her English sisters. She just goes through with it with a bright face and cheery smile, and keeps up all her social duties as if no servant problem had ever existed. Nothing seems to disconcert her. A young American woman was standing on a public platform some time ago giving a lecture on Woman's Suffrage, when a man in the audience rudely remarked :

" Don't you wish you were a man ? "



Quick as a flash she answered : “ Don’t you ? ”  
That is the type of the American woman.

Of American welcome and unstinting hospitality I can find no words to express my surprise and appreciation. I travelled thousands of miles and met and conversed with thousands of people, and



I found the same spirit everywhere. The Americans of the old stock are all proud of their English lineage, and they love to trace back their ancestry to the Old Country ; and as a consequence wherever I went I was met by friends, who took endless pains to save me all inconvenience. Their motor cars were placed freely at my disposal, and everything of importance that was to be seen they spared no pains in showing me. In every city or town, no matter how short the notice, a public luncheon or dinner

was prepared at some hotel to welcome me, and 50 or 100, in one case over 200 guests came together ; and for all of the arrangements the smart and energetic ladies would be responsible. When the feeding and speechifying were over, it seemed to be an American institution, to which I at last became accustomed, for all the guests to file past one, shake hands, and make pretty congratulatory speeches of welcome and cheer.

There seems to be but little of the cautious, reticent, retiring element of the English character in the American. The American just bubbles over with hospitality and kindness. I dare say there are some very bad-tempered people in America, as there are everywhere else, but all I can say is I have not yet come across them—with one exception. This was a waitress who grumbled at having to get me some special vegetarian food not included in the table d'hôte menu. Three or four Americans at the table at once offered the most ample apologies, saying : " Take no notice, she is not an American, she is a Mexican ; you can see that by the way the corners of her mouth drop. Mexicans are a sour-tempered lot."



## CHAPTER VI

### BOSTON.



WHEN I reached Boston I felt I had got to the heart of things. A friend met me at the railway station and drove me in his automobile to his house seven miles distant. The whole way there was a succession of houses, shops, tramcars, and automobiles galore—it was all Boston, representing a population of three-quarters of a million. Little more than a century ago it had a population of only 14,000. And two centuries before that—on Sunday, November 22nd, 1620—the little *Mayflower*, with its precious burden of 102 souls (of whom 51 died by the end of the first year) sailed along that coast and landed just below there to form the nucleus of one of the greatest and most virile and rapidly growing nations the world has ever seen.

Yes, it was just a few miles down the coast, at New Plymouth, that the Pilgrim Fathers founded their pioneer colony of New England! If they could see it to-day!

A century ago the population of the whole of the United States was estimated at only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  millions, to-day it stands at over 106 millions. And here it

was, in the year 1630, on the banks of the Charles and Mystic Rivers which empty their waters into Massachusetts Bay, that a little group of English Colonists entered "Shawmut" ("Living Waters"), as it was then called by the Indians—ten years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers lower down the coast—and re-christening the peninsula by the name of Boston, squatted on 783 acres of virgin soil.

To-day, it embraces more than 30,000 acres and stretches 13 miles in length and nine in breadth. Like all American cities, Boston, when once you are outside the business portion, is truly a "garden city." My friend's house lay in a wood, and it seemed so strange to drive up turning after turning of wooded pathways, in a light subdued by overhanging trees, by the side of rocks and glens, to catch glimpses of houses in all directions having no pretence at party walls or railings, and to find that all these woodland and secluded roadways, bordered by stately trees and shrubs and ferns and wild flowers, and looking down upon running rivulets, were called "streets."

It is all typical of that air of freedom which the Pilgrims longed to breathe when they left the land of their fathers on that fateful August 15th, 1620, asking only for "liberty to worship God as their conscience dictated." They were a fine company of men and women—those early English settlers.

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I am not at all surprised at the anxiety of the New Englanders to trace their ancestry back to that little group which sailed in the *Mayflower* three centuries ago ; and if, as one becomes acquainted with the stupendous number of descendants who claim lineage from the Pilgrim Fathers, one quietly and discreetly wonders at the amazing procreative powers of that tiny group—well, it matters little ; everyone should be proud who by hook or by crook can link on with the heroes and the heroines of the *Mayflower*. But “ The General Society of Mayflower Descendants ” is taking care that everyone who claims to be enrolled upon their scroll of honour shall trace an unbroken line from the worthies of 1620.

We little realise to-day what things were like in the Old Country in those days when judicial sentences were of the most barbarous nature ; when men and women were tortured in order to extract evidence ; when heretics were burned ; when men were hanged for advocating Congregationalism ; and when kings and queens were steeped to the neck in superstition and advertised special days when they would “ touch ” for the “ King’s Evil.” An ancestress of my own, Alice Hadwen, was committed to gaol for a month simply for having attended a Congregational Conventicle ; and when we remember what the gaols were like in those days—more loathsome than can be described—we can

judge somewhat the condition of things that drove out these men and women to seek for freedom elsewhere. And think of the difficulties, too, that faced them! No steam power then, no electricity, no photography, the sciences in their infancy, and the laws of Nature practically unknown. But Conscience was greater than Circumstance. Nothing daunted, they took their lives in their hands and sailed for the New World.

These people were not Puritans, as is frequently supposed—a fact which Bostonians are anxious to impress upon strangers. They were oppressed and maligned by the Puritans. The latter clung to the national church from first to last. The Pilgrim Fathers were Separatists. And though in fundamental doctrines the Separatists and the Puritans were agreed, they differed materially as to discipline. It was the rarest thing in the world for a Puritan to be sent to gaol for his non-conformity, but the Separatists were swept into prison in batches and numbers of them died of gaol fever.

The early struggles of the Pilgrims—a name which they bestowed upon themselves—when they landed at New Plymouth, their contests with the natives, their search for food and water, and their difficulties in finding shelter, constitute a romance stranger than fiction, before which De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe" pales. When I looked at the



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miles of stately homesteads which I passed in this year of 1921 and then remembered that in 1621 there existed only seven rough buildings with thatched roofs a few miles round yonder coast, I marvelled. The old street is still there—called Leyden Street—where each family built its first home with a plot of land attached, three rods long and half a rod broad for each of its members, the last solitary survivor of whom closed the sacred roll in 1699. That little street still runs up from the sea to the hill, which is now studded with the graves of the generations who once lived under the shadow of it.

The native owners of Plymouth were all dead when the Pilgrim Fathers landed there, so they had no price to pay for it ; all other land they bought by fair contract from the native Indians, and it became their private property. By a just bargain they entered into treaty with the Indians and recognised them as the proprietors by right of the soil, as William Penn did later on.

I was told by a friend as I got into the train at New York for Boston : “ The central characteristic of New York is the pride of the Dollar ; that of Boston is the pride of Literary Genius ; that of Philadelphia is the pride of Ancestry. Of Washington I don't know what to say, unless it is the pride of Politics, and that is the last thing that anyone need be proud of in the United States ! ”

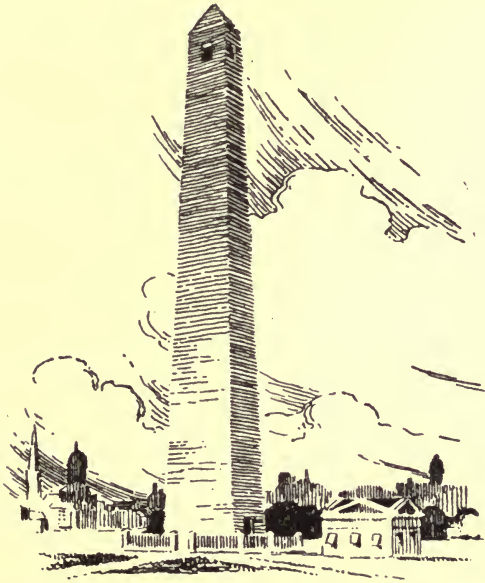
Well, I found those four characteristics fairly equally distributed everywhere, but, certainly, Boston can claim a place in literature of which few modern cities can boast. Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Oliver Wendell Holmes—are some of the names of the famous New England men who brought American literature into front rank.

And America will never forget the sturdy battle that New England fought, too, both in the Revolution and the Rebellion! Neither could have been won but for New England, and New England is proud of the part she played in the emancipation of her land, and proud of the men who carried that emancipation through. At the same time it should be remembered that as far as Abolition of Slavery was concerned it did not commence at Boston. At the outset some of the most highly respected members of her community dragged William Lloyd Garrison (whose descendant I had the pleasure of meeting) about the streets with a rope round his waist!

It is said that Boston lives upon her past reputation, and that literature now finds its home in New York. I am not prepared to argue that point. I can only say that I met many delightful people, with unquestionable literary tastes, all proud of their city and its history, proud of their ancestry, and never forgetful of the handful of brave men

and women who laid the foundation of their wealth and prosperity on the inhospitable shores of New Plymouth some three centuries ago.

Boston itself has in some parts narrow and crowded streets, but is surrounded by a splendid



system of parks. The most interesting points, however, are the old monuments and buildings and graveyards that speak of the days of yore.

Perhaps the most thrilling of all sights to an Englishman is the Bunker Hill Monument in the Charlestown district, one mile out of Boston. It is

an obelisk 221 feet high, and bears the name of Prescott, the American Commander. It stands on the spot where he stood at the opening of the battle on June 17, 1775. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle as she saw it from the Belfry," tells the thrilling narrative of which here are two or three stray stanzas :—

" I had heard the muskets rattle of the April running battle,  
 Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats still ;  
 But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up before  
    me  
 When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of Bunker  
 Hill." . . . .

" At eleven the streets were swarming, for the redcoats' ranks  
    were forming ;  
 At noon in marching order they were moving to the piers ;  
 How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked far  
    down and listened  
 To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted  
    grenadiers ! " . . . .

" So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backward to  
    the water,  
 The Pigots' running heroes and the frightened braves of  
    Howe ;  
 And we shout, ' At last they're done for ; it's their barges  
    they have run for,  
 They are beaten, beaten, beaten ; and the battle's over  
    now ' ! "

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But it was not over by a long way. The British braves fought on, and the sturdy New Englanders laid down life after life till the sun set on Bunker Hill. The battle was a long and bloody fight for American Independence against the soldiers of the hated English King ; the English won at last, but were beleaguered for 12 months until, worn out, they had to surrender ; for what nation, however powerful, can rule by tyranny ? Force can never stifle the cry for liberty which comes from the heart of a people who are longing to be free.

The city that produced Oliver Wendell Holmes must always be interesting : that " plain little dapper man," as David Macrae describes him, " his short hair brushed down like a boy's, a trifle of furzy hair under his ears ; a powerful jaw and a thick, strong under-lip which gives decision to his look," who used to say gaily to his friends, when he commenced his medical career : " Fevers will be thankfully received ! "

He describes his own house in Bosworth Street in which he wrote his " Autocrat " papers, and recounts as " the Professor " one of his walks with the Schoolmistress : " We came opposite the head of a place or court running eastward from the main street. ' Look down there,' I said, ' my friend, the Professor, lived in that house at the left hand next the further corner for years and years. He died

out of it the other day.' 'Died?' said the Schoolmistress. 'Certainly,' said I. 'We die out of houses just as we die out of our bodies. . . . The Professor lived in that house a long time—not twenty years, but pretty near it. When he entered that door two shadows glided over the threshold; five lingered in the doorway when he passed through it for the last time, and one of the shadows was claimed by its owner to be larger than his own. What changes he saw in that quiet place!'"

"The Last Leaf" was Oliver Wendell Holmes's favourite poem. Abraham Lincoln used to repeat it from memory, and the fastidious Edgar Allan Poe made an autograph copy of it. When Holmes died, our London "Punch" referred to it:—

" 'The Last Leaf!' Can it be true  
We have turned it, and on you,  
Friend of all?  
That the years at last have power?  
That life's foliage and flower  
Fade and fall?"

He died in his chair and was buried from Old King's Chapel, on the northern wall of which hangs a tablet to his memory.

Many interesting monuments are scattered over the town. Not the least interesting is a sitting figure in bronze of William Lloyd Garrison, which bears an inscription copied from the salutatory of his

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newspaper, "The Liberator." "I am in earnest ; I will not equivocate ; I will not excuse ; I will not retreat a single inch ; and I will be heard."

The site of the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin is duly recorded, and that of the shop where he worked for his father at candlemaking !

I opened a large and beautifully illustrated *édition de luxe* of Longfellow's poems which stood on a shelf of my hostess's library, and found therein a long and original manuscript letter of Longfellow's dated April 17th, 1844, which he had written to her grandfather. He was a neat and clear writer, and the letter concerned the offer of the publisher to bring out this very edition. My hostess (who had no idea the letter was there) kindly allows me to quote one or two interesting extracts from it. In the course of it Longfellow says :—

"I should wish to have all the engravings original, and designed expressly for the work, and would suggest one or two which, I think, may strike you, particularly of local scenes, as the Shop of the Village Blacksmith, as it really stands here under the chestnut tree, the Craigie House and Charles River, etc., etc., which realities would, in my opinion, give greater interest and value to the work, than any of the fancy designs which might be introduced."

I may say that the Blacksmith's shop was removed and the chestnut tree cut down by the



unpoetic authorities long, long ago, in order to widen the street !

The poet adds : " As to remuneration, I suppose you would be able to pay me 50 cents (2s.) a copy ; and give me in addition ten or twelve copies of the book to be distributed. This is less than Owen pays me ; and would not make the price too high."

He concludes by a reference to his Dante work. " With the ' Book of Translations ' we are going on slowly, but surely. The quantity of work in it is quite appalling."

As a private, unpublished, and very human document, this letter struck me as most interesting.

And oh ! how Longfellow (who was born and bred, and lived and died, on the outskirts of Boston) has made the very stones of the old houses of the city to speak. The historic walls re-echo



with the songs of the Rebellion and the Revolution, the hills and valleys reverberate with the legends of the past, and the old streets clatter with the hoofs of the horses and resound with the shouts of the riders whose ghosts seem to haunt them still.

There is that fine old North Church tower, with its belfry, just as it was on that famous night which Longfellow has immortalised in the poem known to every schoolboy the world over :—

“ Listen my children and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.”

Who could regard unmoved the little house of wood, marked as the home of Paul Revere in North Street ? Or look up at that tall steeple which displayed Revere’s lanterns on the night of April 18, 1775, without a thrill ?

“ He said to his friend, ‘ If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and arm. . . .  
Then he said ‘ Good Night ! ’ and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore.”

The friend watches till he hears :—

“ The sound of arms and the tramp of feet  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers.

. . . . .  
Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church  
Up the wooden stairs with a stealthy tread,  
To the belfry chamber overhead.”

We are next taken to the silent, weird, watching  
figure waiting on horseback across the river, and  
are told how :—

“ he watched with eager search  
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.”

The lamps in the old belfry shone out—one—  
two, then :—

“ A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet.  
That was all ! And yet through the gloom and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night.”

And here are the very roads ! They literally  
live as we drive over them !

“ It was twelve by the village clock  
When he crossed the bridge into Melford town. . . .”

“ It was one by the village clock  
When he galloped into Lexington. . . .”

“ It was two by the village clock  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.”

On those roads to-day it is not the snug villages, the trees, the verdure, the flitting warblers, the browsing cattle, which claim attention. No, one sees nothing but that solitary man riding for life on that dark night a century and a-half ago, and :—

“ borne on the night wind of the past  
Through all our history to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.”

“ Here’s Longfellow’s Bridge,” said a lady who was motoring me home one night after a prolonged public meeting and subsequent supper which had made us very late. “ See,” she continued, “ there’s the old church tower and the identical moon behind it, just as Longfellow saw it.”

“ Oh, stop,” I cried, “ wait, wait ! ” I could hardly believe that I was crossing the very spot which inspired the poem that I had so often recited as a boy. And to think that I should stand on that bridge on another June night three score years after it was penned ! Somehow I had never before thought of the poem as a living picture. It was all in front of me and beneath me now.

“ I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And the moon rose o’er the city  
Behind the dark church tower.

" I saw her bright reflection  
In the waters under me  
Like a golden goblet falling  
And sinking into the sea.

" And far in the hazy distance  
Of that lovely night in June,  
The blaze of the flaming furnace  
Gleamed redder than the moon.

" Among the long black rafters  
The wavering shadows lay,  
And the current that came from the ocean  
Seemed to lift and bear them away.

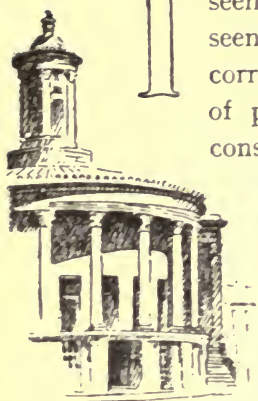
" As sweeping and eddying through them,  
Rose the belated tide.  
And streaming into the moonlight,  
The seaweed floated wide. . . ."

And when I got back that night I slipped off  
quickly to bed, but not to sleep. I was haunted  
with the thought that—

" I stood on the bridge at midnight  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And the moon rose o'er the city  
Behind the dark church tower."

## CHAPTER VII

### PHILADELPHIA.



IT has been said : “ When you have seen one American city you have seen them all.” That is scarcely correct, even if the question of planning alone be taken into consideration : Washington, for instance, will not compare with any other American city ; and most other cities have certain characteristics of their own which distinguish them the one from the other. But there is one

quality which gives to every city its own distinctive place, namely, its history and associations. It is impossible to divest locality of the sentiment attached to it.

Philadelphia will be known for all time as the city of William Penn, and however much time may make inroads upon its old institutions and its ancient landmarks, it will ever be remembered as the Quaker City, founded in 1682, in a Quaker Colony, on land purchased by fair dealing from the native Indians who owned it, and secured by an agreement which rested solely upon the word of

mouth uttered by the two contracting parties. When William Penn sketched the plan of that city on the soil of Pennsylvania two hundred and forty years ago, it was a fair name he gave to it—the Land of “Brotherly Love.”

I stayed in Philadelphia with Mr. Robert Logan, descendant of William Penn’s secretary, James Logan, who was Deputy-Governor of the Colony of those old days and Chief Justice of the Province of Pennsylvania, and managed all William Penn’s affairs for him when the latter was in England; and he took me over the old home of his ancestors, in which the furniture and family relics have been carefully preserved—the books having been consigned to the Loganian Library. The houses both of William Penn and of Mr. Logan have been purchased by the State and are open to the public. They serve not only as reminders of a romantic past, but also as examples of the old colonial style of architecture. William Penn’s house was the first brick structure erected in Philadelphia.

Mr. Logan also showed me the camping ground on the estate of his forbears, where the Indians used to stay in the early days when they passed to and fro or paid visits to the neighbourhood. And “over yonder stood the tree under which,” said Mr. Logan, “William Penn made the only treaty with Indians that was ever made between savage



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and Christian not ratified by an oath or by a written agreement, and the only one that was never broken." Mr. Logan told me this on the morning of my leaving Philadelphia, and it was not until I was in the train speeding for Washington that it occurred to me that Voltaire had immortalised that fact in one of his writings.

Goodwin, the author of the "Pilgrim Republic," who, in his large work of over 600 pages, gives the fascinating history of the *Mayflower* settlers, says Voltaire was wrong in his statement, as the Pilgrims made a treaty with native Indians which was unbroken in their life-time and was unconfirmed by an oath, long before William Penn was born. But both Voltaire and Goodwin apparently omit the essential fact which Mr. Logan supplied and which makes the Penn treaty the more remarkable, namely, that the latter was made only by word of mouth. It was a written agreement by which the Pilgrim Fathers entered into treaty with the Indians on the Plymouth coast ; it was a verbal agreement with which Penn concluded his treaty in Philadelphia. The white man trusted the word of the red man, and the red man trusted that of the white, and honour found her votaries unrestricted either by colour or by race.

I was struck, immediately I arrived in the city, by its architectural beauty, its long and stately

streets, and by the wealth of marble which entered into the composition of its buildings, giving dignity and simplicity to the whole.

As William Penn originally planned the city, the main streets ran diagonally, and this plan has been continued as far as those particular streets are concerned ; but later, in the newer thoroughfares, the American plan of rectangular streets was followed. There is a peculiarity in the naming of some of them after certain trees which grew on the spot before the builder began to alter the face of the countryside. Hence we have Chestnut Street, Filbert, Cherry, Vine, Poplar, Laurel, Walnut, Pine, Juniper, and so on.

One prominent feature of William Penn's planning is the number of small parks and squares which he provided all over the city. There are 56 of these altogether, besides a large number of playgrounds for children, equipped with every requisite for their enjoyment.

It may be noted that there were Dutch and Swedes in the vicinity before William Penn's arrival. The Dutch settlers built their first village in 1623, and the Swedes laid out some land in 1631, and a few Quakers settled there in 1675, that is, seven years before William Penn himself landed at New Castle, which was on October 27th, 1682.

It is rather paradoxical that this Quaker City,

founded upon the principles of peace, should in less than a century have been the storm-centre where the chief official steps were taken in connection with the great Revolution of Independence.

Mr. Logan told me a quaint story in connection with William Penn and his Quaker views. On one of his voyages to the New World on board a sailing vessel they saw in the distance a ship bearing down upon them. They believed it to be a Spanish vessel which would shortly overtake them. James Logan said "We must prepare to defend ourselves," and shutting William Penn and other non-combatants in the cabins below he mustered all the firearms they possessed, closed down the hatches, and remained on deck with the sailors to await events. At last the supposed enemy vessel altered its course and disappeared, to their great relief. James Logan went down and reported the news with much glee, when William Penn upbraided him most severely for resorting to carnal weapons, saying he should have left them alone and trusted God. "But," said his trusty secretary, "thee did'st say nought when thee did'st think danger was nigh, and now that danger is past and the enemy has vanished thee dost upbraid me for doing what I could for thee in thy defence." How William Penn took this rebuke my friend did not know.

An immense statue of William Penn surmounts the City Hall. This magnificent building covers  $4\frac{1}{2}$  acres of ground. Its tower was reputed to be the



INDEPENDENCE HALL.

highest building in the world until the Woolworth and Singer skyscrapers of New York robbed it of this glory. The height of the Penn statue is 37 feet, and the diameter of the Quaker hat 9 feet. Every button on the coat is 6 inches wide, and the circumference of the calf of the leg is over 8 feet.

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But whilst the man of peace majestically dominates the situation, the Esplanade surrounding the Hall is filled with statues of the heroes of war ! One of them, who possessed a fine collection of Scriptural names — Major-General John Peter Gabriel Muklenberg—was a Lutheran minister. When the War began he said to his congregation : “ There is a time for all things, a time to preach and a time to fight, and now is the time to fight ”—and when he had finished his sermon, he tore off his gown and revealed himself in full uniform as a Colonel. He straightway read out his commission, and sent all the drummer boys of his regiment pleading for volunteers. I wonder what William Penn would have said to that !

The feature of which the Philadelphians appear to be most proud is their Fairmount Park, said to be “ the largest city park in the world.” Every city in the States has the “ biggest ” something or other, and I have no reason to doubt the claim in the majority of instances. This park occupies 3,000 acres, and extends for four miles along both banks of the Schuylkill River. Mr. Logan motored me as far as the automobile was allowed to go ; there are some wonderful gorges of singular loveliness scattered along the romantic valley, beyond the limit of the motor track, which I had no time to see, but what I did see was natural sylvan beauty

unspoiled by works of art. I described in a former chapter the magnificent Central Park of New York, with its miles upon miles of roads, and its exquisite scenery and landscape gardening. Well, Philadelphia, in addition to all its small parks (designed chiefly by William Penn), can boast of this immense resort, which is three times the size of the New York wonder.

The suburbs of Philadelphia are very beautiful. We motored through Germantown, which contains some of the most interesting old houses I have seen in the States. In fact, I felt I was in an old-fashioned English village, except that the absence of railings and gates and walls threw trees and gardens and swards into the roadways, and, as the latter curved, and turned, and circuited in and out among the houses, the whole suburb presented the appearance of one great garden sprinkled with ornamental outhouses. The effect was delightful. I came to the conclusion that the designers of our English garden-cities have an immense lot yet to learn from our more daringly original Amercian cousins.

Nothing could be prettier than the old Mermaid Inn. The first Bible in the European tongue was printed here in 1743. In one old house which is pointed out, Peter Keyser, a Mennonite preacher, once lived. He knew his Bible so well that he



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could repeat it, so the story goes, from the first verse in Genesis to the last verse in Revelation without making a single mistake.

Germantown has its historical interest, too, for here it was that Washington was defeated by Lord Howe in 1777, and on the walls of the quaint old Chew House, marks of cannon balls still exist.

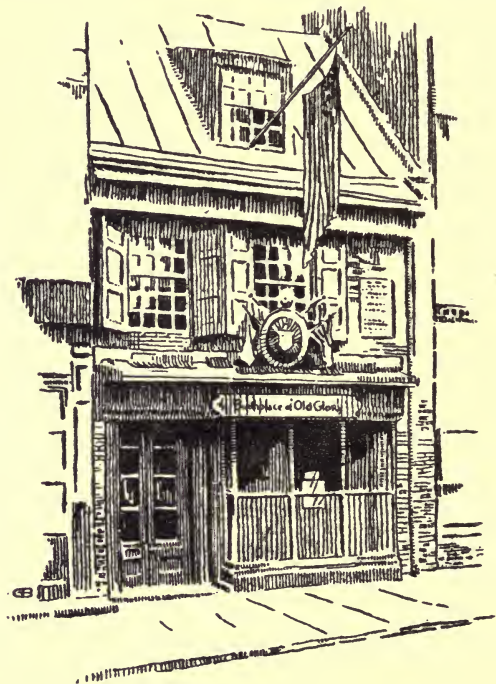
Of course, the elm tree under which Penn made his treaty with the Red Indians in 1682 has long disappeared. It was blown down in 1810 ; but in its stead there is a small Penn Treaty monument in Penn Treaty Park on the banks of the Delaware River.

To me, the most interesting attraction in Philadelphia was Independence Hall, or the old State House, although I must say I felt particularly drawn to two other relics : one, a little shop in Arch Street in which Betsy Ross made the first American flag in 1777 (then 13 stars and 13 stripes) ; the other, a little railed opening in a wall in the same street which revealed the flat tombstones of Benjamin Franklin and his wife.

The former is a little old-fashioned shop with one small window of six panes of glass and a double door opening at its side. On the fascia board just below the shuttered first floor windows is written : " Birthplace of Old Glory," and from the dormer window above floats the Standard of the American Republic.



What a place the Flag holds in the life of a nation ! How men have lived for it, fought for it, died for it ! It expresses, perhaps, as a symbol



of national life and loyalty, of pride and self-sacrifice, the strongest and best sentiments of a people. In its very simplicity and silence lies its power. No other national symbol can compare with it in its mysterious influence over the passions

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of the populace unless it be—the Drum. No music of brass or silver or of stringed instrument can stir like the latter the martial spirit of a nation. The sight of the national flag and the sound of the military drum have together done more through the centuries to stimulate to deeds of heroism and to shape the destiny of a Commonwealth, than the finest oratory that ever fell from human lips, or the most herculean efforts of patriotic zeal that ever characterized a leader. They have made and marred civilization a thousand times. They have a language all their own—mysterious in its appeal, inarticulate in its expression, unfathomable in its meaning, and yet possessing an influence that holds spell-bound the noblest and basest of mankind.

It is only natural that when the population and resources of a colony increase there should be a desire for self-government. But the separation of America from England was certainly not desired by the former ; America was driven to take the course she did by the foolish action of Britain in the enforcement of obnoxious taxes. The American Colony would not submit to the arbitrary exactions of the British Government, and the war with England was the result.

They were a fine set of men, those early leaders of American Independence who met in Independence

Hall in Philadelphia to discuss their position a century and a half ago. William Pitt wrote of them at the time :—

“I must declare that in all my reading and observation, for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no body of men could stand before the National Congress of Philadelphia.”

As I went up the steps of the plain, unassuming, but substantial building in Chestnut Street, and turned into the large room on the left where the Declaration of Independence was signed, I felt almost on sacred ground. It has been left, except for new flooring, just as it was on the memorable day in 1773 when George Washington, Patrick Henry, John Adams, and Jefferson, among 58 delegates from the North American Colonies, met in their first Congress to consider their grievances.

Separation from England had not then been thought of. They believed that if a proper representation were made to the British Government, fairness and justice would be the response ; and it was when the report of that Congress, with its closely-reasoned arguments, reached England, that Lord Chatham declared : “ All attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty Continental nation, must be

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vain—must be fatal.” Chatham’s earnest words were treated with contempt; foolish King George III. declared them to be “a tempest of sedition,” and so forced his own autocratic will against that of his advisers that when the second Congress met in this same Independence Hall in Philadelphia on May 10th, 1775, it was to assume the functions of sovereignty and to issue a decree for the raising of a standing army, with Washington as Chief of Command.

Even then, they did not think of separation. They considered it an evil to be avoided rather than a good to be attained. They stood only for the defence of their liberties. Twelve months later however, on the ever-memorable July 4th, 1776, the American Declaration of Independence was signed. On the wall behind the President’s chair in the historic hall, hangs a facsimile of that manifesto, the original of which is preserved in the Department of State at Washington. Around the walls hang portraits of all but twelve of the signatories of the Declaration, and there too hang the original “Rattlesnake” flags of the Union bearing the motto “Don’t tread on me.” The chairs and table are those which were there during those stirring days, and on the latter rests the original silver inkstand—with its quill box and sand shaker—from which the men who autographed the world-famed

document dipped the ink. There are fourteen more of the original chairs arranged around the room.

That manifesto has taken no small part in moulding the political sentiments of the American nation. It has been charged against the signers of that Declaration that their statements were inaccurate, inasmuch as George III. was regarded by them as



CONGRESS HALL.

an absolute monarch and he alone was held responsible for the unjust act of his Government.

I have discussed this matter with a great many Americans, and all are agreed that this fixing of the blame upon the King himself was deliberate, and that it was done to show that the people of the American Colony had no quarrel with the men and women of their own flesh and blood across the sea.

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Their quarrel was with the bigoted and foolish King who forced his own will upon his Government under the pretence of acting as a constitutional sovereign.

To this day America holds to the view that but for King George III., she would never have separated from the old country. Her celebration of "the glorious Fourth of July" (when the Declaration of Independence was signed) is no menace to the English people: it is her rejoicing in being freed from the obstinate and hated despotism of a Monarchy that was but slightly removed from the feudalism of mediæval times. In such rejoicings, English people themselves, who live under a happier and more enlightened monarchical régime than "when George the III. was King," can heartily join.

But July 4th is not now kept as formerly. I contrived to be in New York City on July 4th of this year. Beyond its being a general holiday there was no fuss. There were a couple of big processions—one composed of about 8,000 protesters against the prohibition of alcoholic liquors, mainly Germans and Italians—but I saw no horse-play, and beyond a few patriotic speeches, in prominent spots, on liberty, there was nothing to distinguish the 4th of July from any other workless day of the year. And as a better understanding between



America and England is cultivated, the 4th of July will lose its significance, except as a warning to future kings.

John Adams, whose name appears so frequently in American Revolutionary history, was the first Ambassador appointed by the United States to the British Court in 1785. In view of the then slender resources of his Government, he took rooms on the first floor of a bookseller's shop in Piccadilly—some contrast to the present American Embassy! When he was presented to King George III., the latter said in reply to the new Ambassador's speech: "I will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation, but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, and I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power." Later, Adams became President of the United States.

Strange to say, both John Adams and Jefferson, who succeeded him as President, died on July 4th! When Adams was dying (he was then 91 years of age) he was awakened to consciousness by the rejoicing in the streets and the bell-ringing from all the church towers.

"Do you know what it means?" he was asked.

"Yes," he answered, "it is the glorious 4th of July. God bless it. God bless you all."



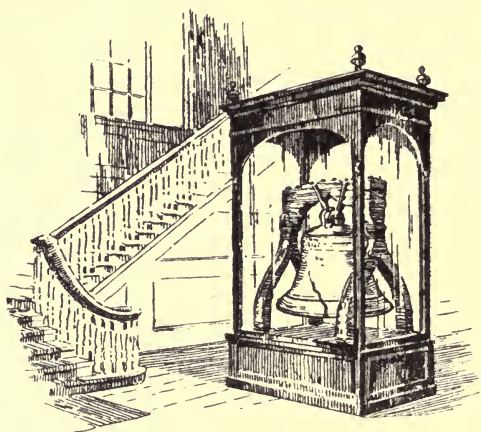
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And thereupon he crossed the borderland with the smile of the victor on his face.

These are tit-bits of history that crowd into one's memory as one stands in the old Independence Hall in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia ; the comparatively small and humble room that witnessed so many thrilling scenes in those momentous days, seems alive with the spirits of the heroes who founded the great American Republic. In his speech from the Throne to Parliament on December 5th, 1772, when the final separation of America was announced, King George said : I make it my humble and earnest prayer to Almighty God . . . that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved in the mother country how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty." Perhaps, the least that can be said is that so far his Majesty's prayer has been answered, though monarchy has not been found " essential " to its fulfilment !

In a small room just behind the historic hall, which forms the shrine of a nation's patriotism, hangs from its original beam, within an ornamental frame, the old Liberty Bell, whose tongue first announced the Declaration of Independence. Inscribed upon it are the words :—" Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.—Lev. xxv., v. x."

It was rung only at times of great national importance. When the "Royal Charlotte," under convoy of an English man-of-war, came up the Delaware River in 1765, carrying stamps for the State, for which the latter was being heavily taxed, the old bell was muffled and tolled a funeral dirge.



When the Stamp Act was put into force, it again tolled its muffled peal.

In 1768 the famous Bell called a town meeting, and the following resolution was passed :—

Thus are the Colonies reduced to the level of slaves. The produce of their toil is at the disposal of others to whom they never entrusted power and over whom they have no control. Justice is administered, government is exercised,

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and a standing army maintained at the expense of the people, and yet without the least dependence on them ; nay, the money which we have earned with sweat and toil and labour being taken from us without our knowledge or consent, is given away in pensions to venal slaves, who have shown a readiness to assist in riveting the chains on their brethren and children.

This resolution, in few words, presented the case for America.

The old Bell called the people together again in February, 1771, when the outraged citizens petitioned the King for a repeal of the duty on tea ; and again summoned them when they decided that the tea in the ship *Polly* should not be landed, and the vessel was sent back to England, tea and all ! It rang a peal of rejoicing when Lord Cornwallis surrendered to the American troops in 1781, and clanged for all it was worth when peace was proclaimed in 1783. After that it only rang its merry joy notes when July 4th came round and on each New Year's Day.

Its other duty was to toll mournfully for the honoured dead. When engaged in this last sad rite on July 8th, 1835, it cracked, and now it rests—its work done—by the stairway at the back of the old Independence Hall, guarded as a priceless treasure ; and the American of to-day visits it,

gazes on it, almost talks to it as if it were an old friend who had passed with him through all the joys and sorrows of his national life. And he thinks of it as a loved companion whose voice mingled with the smiles and tears of his forefathers in the greatest, the brightest, and the blackest days of their history.

Yes, Philadelphia is a fine old city—as America reckons age. It has lived its life as no other American city has had the opportunity of living it. But beautiful as are its old houses and the traditions that belong to them ; refreshing and invigorating as are its many sylvan retreats ; interesting and startling as are some of its huge commercial establishments, and patriotic and English-loving as are its people, the charm that will for ever linger with treasured and inspiring memories over this fascinating spot is its association with William Penn, and the thrilling reminiscences that haunt the precincts of the old State Hall and its silent Bell.

## CHAPTER VIII

### WASHINGTON.



I WAS always bad at geography. At school, when it came to that subject, I was a failure ; I have only become partially acquainted with some of its mysteries by the very pleasant, though rather expensive, method of travel, and I humbly confess I had a very hazy idea as to where Washington was situated until I came to America. It had not occurred to me to study its location on a map ; perhaps I was not sufficiently interested to do so. I was aware that New York was the hub of the United States, and I presumed that its seat of Government would not be very far off. I could not think of London or Paris or Berlin apart from its great centre of constitutional administration, and I presumed that Washington with its Capitol, the White House and its President, must be somewhere or other just around one of the corners of New York City. Judge of my surprise when I found they were situated at least 250 miles away !

'Tis true that is not thought very far in America, where everybody who is anybody runs an automobile and pays only one shilling per gallon for

the spirit that drives it. One day a gentleman said to me, "My wife and I are going to motor down to Greenwich after 6 o'clock in the evening to see an uncle and aunt, and we shall be so glad if you will accompany us." It was a distance of over 38 miles from New York, but going there and back in one evening was considered merely a pleasant drive.

When Washington is reached, the contrast between it and New York is the first arresting feature. It is, I should say, the most beautiful city in the States. Directly you get out of the train and pass into the truly marvellous waiting-room at the station (which is said to be the "largest room in the world"), and then out into the ornamental flower-gardened and tree-bedecked thoroughfare, you are struck by the stateliness, beauty, and calmness of everything, compared with the thronged streets and busy life of the mighty New York City.

It has been called "The City of Magnificent Distances." I think it should be called "The City of White Palaces," for the imposing erections of white granite and marble which meet one at every turn, and the garden-like arrangement of all the promenades, give one the impression of having been suddenly transported from the drabness of ordinary business life to the luxuriousness of royal pomp and ease.

Some years ago the Manx Government asked

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me to visit the Isle of Man and give evidence before the Upper House on the Vaccination question, in order to assist its members in coming to a conclusion as to whether compulsion should be done away with. Before the inquiry began I had a long chat with the Governor, Lord Raglan, and I asked him in the course of conversation what was the chief industry of the Island. He promptly replied, "Letting lodgings." I laughed and remarked, "That's a queer 'industry.'" "Well," he said, "we've nothing else, and that is why we sent for you ; for if small-pox broke out here we should be ruined ; and we want to get all the best evidence we possibly can on the subject before we act."

I thought of this incident when I became acquainted with Washington. It possesses only one "industry." There are no great factory chimneys to be seen, no smoking shafts, no huge gates belching out their thousands of grimy male and female "hands" at meal hours. No, it is just a City of about 400,000 inhabitants (perhaps 90,000 of them negroes) consisting of a few private residents, and the remainder, some 100,000, military, naval and civil officials of the Government, with their wives and families, and the necessary tradespeople to supply their needs. Its "industry" consists of housing Government employees and looking after them.



This world-famed Elysium is situated on the left bank of the historic Potomac River and was designed by a French officer of Engineers, Major L'Enfant. His plan or arrangement consisted in making the Capitol a centre from which all avenues should radiate, whilst its streets should be marked out in the usual rectangular fashion of all American cities, hence the ground plan presents the appearance of a wheel laid upon a gridiron.

The Avenues are named after the different States ; they are all lined with trees and flowers ; and open greenswards lead up to the houses, so that every flowered and leafy garden, unrailed and unwall'd, is thrown into the general plan of the thoroughfare. The streets as usual are designated by numbers. Where the streets and avenues intersect, circles are formed, and these are converted into gardens or rustic retreats. This arrangement forms one of the most charming features of the city, and is, as far as I have seen, unique.

The Capitol and the Washington National Monument—a huge obelisk of white marble 555 feet high—dominate everything, and can be seen from all quarters of the city. The public buildings, monuments, leafy squares, and garden circles are so arranged with due regard to artistic and æsthetic effect that the whole of the central portion of this Edenic metropolis, instead of being, as one might

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suppose, a bustling centre of business activity, looks more like one huge ornamental pleasure garden, where everything is designed to gratify a taste for leisurely ease and refined enjoyment.

The City of Washington is co-extensive with what is called the District of Columbia, and occupies about 69 square miles. It is ruled directly by the President and Congress through a Board of Commissioners, and the peculiarity of it is that the inhabitants belong to no State, and therefore have no voice in national or local government.

I visited Washington twice. On the first occasion I went there to lecture. I returned a month later after my visit to California, a special Committee of the Senate having been appointed in the meanwhile to hear me in support of the Bill for the Abolition of the Vivisection of Dogs. Two years before, when a Committee had been appointed by the Senate to take evidence, vivisectors from all over the country, about 60 in number, headed by Dr. Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute, poured into the Capitol, and they quite overwhelmed the representatives of the opposite opinion who were mainly "lay" people. It was felt, as a matter of justice, that I, as what was euphemistically termed "an expert," should now be heard on behalf of the Bill. On this occasion not more than seven or eight vivisectors were present, including Dr. G.

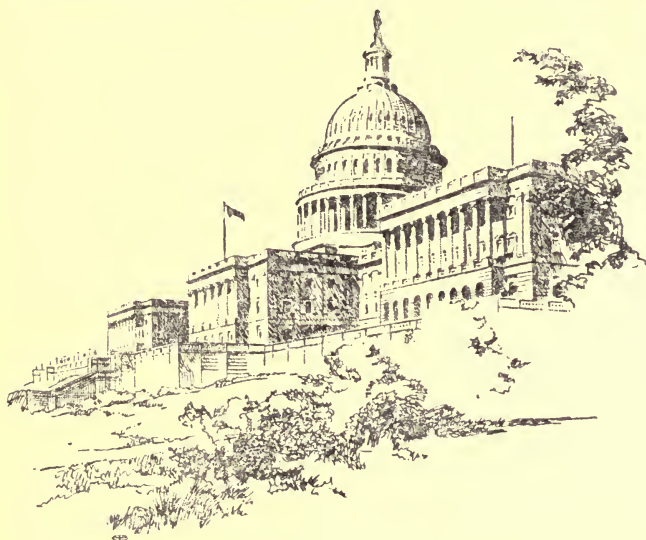
McCoy, the Director of the Hygienic Laboratory, Washington, Dr. G. Kober, Dean of the Georgetown University, Dr. Reid Hunt, Professor of Pharmacology, Harvard University, and several others, but, unlike the previous occasion (when they continually interrupted every speaker throughout the sitting), they were absolutely silent while I developed my case, the only cross-examination coming from the Senators who constituted the Committee. The inquiry occupied four hours, two in the morning and two in the afternoon, during which an immense amount of ground was covered, and it proved a most interesting time which I thoroughly enjoyed. But unfortunately the German Peace Bill came up for discussion in the Senate House late in the afternoon, and the Senators were imperatively sent for, so I was unable to finish. I was, however, informed that I could add anything further when the official stenographer's notes were supplied to me. No official stenographer's notes were sent me however, nor was I afforded the opportunity of completing my case prior to the publication of the report of the proceedings.

This second visit gave me the opportunity, under the genial guidance of Senator Myers, of Montana, of thoroughly exploring the Capitol. It is a wonderful building. Standing upon a hill ninety-seven

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feet above the level of the Potomac, and approached over gently rising lawns up flights of immensely wide steps, it dominates the whole district, and is, I consider, one of the most beautiful structures in



the world. It covers an area of three and a half acres. The central edifice is built of sandstone painted white. The 24 columns of the grand middle portico are monoliths of Maryland sandstone. The wings are of white marble. Its hundred columns are monoliths of Maryland marble. It was expected that the city would spread towards the east, so the principal façade looks in that direction ; but the city, on the contrary, spread towards

the west, so on the latter side a fine marble terrace, 884 feet long, has been constructed, approached by two broad flights of steps, all of which add considerable dignity to the building. The great dome over the central portion, rising to a height of 287 feet and springing from a peristyle of fluted Corinthian columns, is the crowning glory of the whole. It is surmounted by a majestic bronze statue of Liberty. The entire length of the building is 751 feet, and its breadth 350 feet. No words can express the stately grandeur and beauty of this imposing structure. It must be seen for its magnificence to be realised.

The statuary and the paintings scattered throughout its interior are all reminiscent of some of the most stirring events of American history. In the Hall of Statuary, where America's greatest heroes are represented, I was arrested by one effigy—that of the only woman among them all. It was the statue of Frances Elizabeth Willard, of Illinois, Founder and President of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, and for many years Dean of the Woman's College of the North-Western University, Illinois, lecturer and author. On the pedestal was inscribed Miss Willard's eloquent plea as follows :—

“ Ah, it is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune, when to the battle of life

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they have sent their best beloved with fearful odds against them. Oh, by the dangers they have dared, by the hours of patient watching over beds where helpless children lay, by the incense of ten thousand prayers wafted from their gentle lips to heaven—I charge you to give them power to protect, along life's treacherous highway, those whom they have so loved."

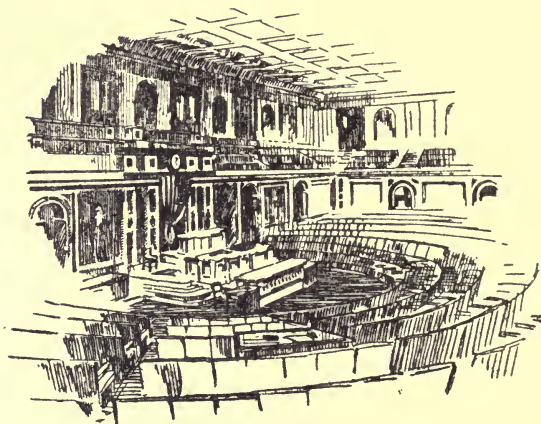
The chief centres of interest to me in the Capitol were the Debating Chambers, consisting of the House of Representatives and the Senate (corresponding respectively to our House of Commons and House of Lords) which together constitute the Congress. The former is composed of about 400 members, and the latter of 96, two for each State. The members of both Houses are paid. The number in the House of Representatives for a population of 106 millions is small compared with the 600 or 700 in our House of Commons, which represents only about 40,000,000, and the American "House of Lords" is still smaller in proportion to our own.

I was privileged to hear debates in both Houses, and in spite of the great size of these chambers found the acoustic properties excellent in each.

The arrangement of the seats is quite different from that in our own Houses of Parliament. In the House of Representatives, the Speaker's desk



of white marble occupies an elevated position in the centre of the South side, and the seats of the representatives are arranged around it in concentric semi-circles, with radiating aisles. Every seat has a silver plate attached to it with the owner's name engraved on it, hence there is no confusion



as in our own House of Commons when a full-dress debate takes place. Instead of the small space allowed for visitors in St. Stephen's, there are galleries open to the public right around the whole building, so that the accommodation is immense and unrestricted. The Speaker's Mace, which consists of a bundle of ebony rods, bound together with bands of silver, with a silver globe on top surmounted by a silver eagle, is laid on its pedestal of



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Vermont marble at the right of the desk. On either side of the Speaker's desk against the wall hang full length portraits of Washington and Lafayette, and in between is spread a great flag of the Stars and Stripes. Each member who is going to speak leaves his seat and walks down to the floor of the House and standing with his back to the Speaker addresses his colleagues. This is in striking contrast to our own method of procedure.

I heard several speeches. Most of the speakers addressed the Assembly without notes and as a rule very vigorously, some excitedly, but all of them well, briefly and to the point, though none that I heard were what might be termed eloquent. There was a good deal of the tub-thumping, electioneering style about the orations, but there was none of the verbosity and "airy nothings" which characterise so many of our own House of Commons speeches. The speakers all seemed in earnest and business-like and anxious to get to rock bottom on every question. On the whole, their manner was quite different from that of our own Members of Parliament.

The Senate Chamber, or "House of Lords," has none of the huge luxurious velvet couches in which the blue-blooded nobility of the nation sink in our own Purple Chamber. It is very spacious, about 113 feet long and 82 feet wide. The Senators' seats are

arranged, in like manner to those of the Representatives, in concentric rows, with aisles radiating from the dais of the President's desk which is situated on the north side ; but, instead of continuous desks as in the Lower House, each Senator has a separate desk to himself marked with his name on a silver plate, and when he speaks, he speaks from his desk and does not go out on to the floor as do the Representatives. The style of speaking, too, was entirely different from that of the House below. There was a subdued air about the whole proceedings, more deliberation and an appearance of grave responsibility. The matter of the speeches was in each instance exceedingly good, and in some cases the language and delivery rose to heights of forensic skill. The meetings of both Houses commence in the morning and end in the afternoon, another great contrast from our own Parliament, which begins in the afternoon, and may go on till midnight—or even, later, especially if the Government wants to tire out the members and hurry some questionable Bill through by a trick at the last moment. On my second visit to the Senate Chamber, the President's chair was occupied by Senator Shortridge, an eminent Californian lawyer, who also presided over the Committee before which I gave evidence. I may mention that he kindly went out of his way to come to me at the conclusion

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of the latter inquiry, heartily shaking hands and entering into a friendly chat for some little time. I refer to this, as such geniality is unheard of in English official quarters in similar circumstances. But it seems to be just in keeping with the general hospitable nature of the American people.

The Senate Chamber is decorated with a screen of Ionic columns of Potomac marble ; the white capitals are modelled after those of the Temple of Minerva. They form a kind of loggia, and have their use in the support of a gallery. As in the House of Representatives, galleries extend right around the House for the benefit of the public ; there is nothing of the exclusiveness characteristic of our own corresponding Chamber. The walls are richly decorated with gold arabesques on delicately-tinted backgrounds, with buff panels ; and the glass of the ceiling is filled with symbols of War, Peace, Union, Progress, the Arts, Sciences and Industries. In wall niches around the galleries are marble busts of former Presidents of the Senate. The President's chair is occupied by the Vice-President of the Republic (in the instance I mentioned above, Senator Shortridge had occupied the Chair in the Vice-President's absence). The present Vice-President is Mr. Coolidge, formerly Governor of Massachusetts, a very young-looking man of about forty. If the President suddenly

went out of office by reason of death, disability or other cause, the Vice-President would finish out the term as President.

One special room in the Capitol is set apart for the President of the United States on his visits ; it is that in which, at the close of the session, he signs the last Bills before the adjournment. It is a very handsomely decorated room, the walls of which are adorned with portraits of Washington and his first Cabinet, and with Emblems of Discovery, Exploration, Religion and History, represented respectively by portraits of Columbus, Vespucci, Brewster and Benjamin Franklin. The figure of Religion is very striking ; it appears to turn towards one from whatever part of the room one looks at it.

In one of the dining halls of the Capitol I was treated to a first-rate vegetarian lunch, and was introduced to some of the Senators and Representatives.

The Treasury Building in Pennsylvania Avenue is second only to the Capitol itself in architectural beauty. It is 450 feet long, and is adorned with a colonnade of stately Ionic columns after those of the Temple of Minerva at Athens, and on the north, west and south fronts are porticoes of similar columns. The architect intended this beautiful building to be set in grounds of equal charm instead

of its being erected upon the street, but it appears that President Jackson, growing impatient at the delay in choosing a site, one day stuck his walking-stick in the ground, and said " Build it here." And " here " it is ! I regret I could not spare the time to go over all its wonderful departments.

To describe the many other Government white marble and granite palaces scattered throughout



this beautiful Garden City would fill a volume. I will, therefore, only briefly refer to that world-famed building " The White House " and its present occupants.

The White House, with its Departments of State, is about two miles from the Capitol. The latter literally turns its back upon the former and is separated from it by the immense Pennsylvania Avenue. The White House may " propose," but Congress alone can " dispose." The President's power is limited. The chief characteristic of The

White House is its stately simplicity. It was the first public building erected at the new seat of Government, and was completed in 1799. Washington selected the site and laid the corner-stone in 1792, and the architect drew his plans closely after those of the seat of the Dukes of Leinster near Dublin. The famous John Adams was the first occupant in 1800. It is built of Virginian freestone, and is 170 feet long and 86 feet deep. It has a rustic basement, two storeys and an attic, the whole surrounded by an ornamental balustrade. It is enshrined in noble trees and gardens, and a circular pond of water, from which a fountain plays, lies in front. Altogether the President's grounds occupy about 80 acres, which are freely open to the public.

An enormous negro in livery opened the front door and admitted us into a large hall about 80 feet long by 40 feet wide, and thence up the staircase to the apartments. There is nothing about the latter which calls for remark except that the furniture is all comfortable and simple, and the walls are decorated chiefly with portraits.

Passing to the Executive Office, Senator Myers showed me the President's room where he meets with his Cabinet of some eight members twice a week to discuss important national affairs ; it is only just about large enough to hold the good-sized table at which they sit.



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Senator Myers had arranged for me an interview with the President when my meeting with the Committee of the Senate at the Capitol was concluded. I was also invited to join half a dozen ladies who were calling on Mrs. Harding in order to present her with some photographs of a recent procession of Humane Societies in which the President's famous Airedale took part. I accompanied them to The White House and waited for some time in the Green Room, but as Mrs. Harding was still engaged when the hour arrived for my introduction to the President, I had, reluctantly, to leave my friends and forego the pleasure of meeting the President's wife. When I met them afterwards, they described to me the interesting time they had had, in the course of which Mrs. Harding said: "That is one thing I want money for. I would like to be at the head of a Humane Society and prosecute in every case of cruelty to animals, myself." I have no doubt that will be arranged!

At the stroke of the clock we were ushered into the room of President Harding.

He is about 5 ft. 11 inches in height, of a somewhat powerful, muscular build, and has a Napoleonic type of face. Turning to me, as my name was mentioned, he shook my hand with a strong grip, saying, "Delighted to welcome you to our country, Dr. Hadwen." After a few general remarks had



passed between us, Senator Myers introduced the subject of one of the main objects of my visit to America, and remarked to the President: "You know, I go in rather for the regulation of vivisection and the abolition of certain portions of it; probably I don't know sufficient of the subject. But Dr. Hadwen is uncompromising in every detail; he demands its total abolition, neck and crop." I said: "Well, Mr. President, I consider I am fully justified in taking that course, for I maintain and I am prepared to prove to the full that nothing whatever has been gained from the vivisection of animals that has been of the slightest benefit in the amelioration or cure of any human disease. And what, logically, can be done with a cruel, unscientific, and useless practice but to get rid of it?"

"You ought to see Mrs. Harding," said the President, "she is heart and soul with you on that subject."

After a few words about my visit to the Capitol and to the Senate, the President shook my hand again very heartily and we left.

It is not difficult to understand the popularity enjoyed by the President of the United States. It is generally conceded that he is one of the most popular Presidents who has ever occupied The White House. He has a strong face and a very

open expression, and there is, perhaps, less of the back stairs work going on under his leadership than has characterized some régimes. Anyhow, he enters into every matter that makes for the public welfare, and in doing so is ably assisted by his wife, who is, from all accounts, the most popular woman in America.

Needless to say, I left Washington next morning with a feeling of admiration for the magnificent city which constitutes the centre of administrative power of the great American Republic and for the President who controls its destinies.



## CHAPTER IX

### LIFE IN A SLEEPING CAR.



WHEN I left New York for the West, I made my first acquaintance with an American sleeping car, on which I had to spend nearly a week—excepting two or three excursions therefrom. I was very curious to see what an American sleeping car was like.

The train itself was of enormous length ; it looked nearly a quarter of a mile long. The car into which I was introduced was very long and narrow, and had a passage running down the centre with seats upon either side capable of holding two persons each ; there were no compartments, but the seats were in pairs, facing one another. There were sixteen of these four seated inlets. I wondered where the beds were to come from, for there was nothing to be seen but comfortably cushioned mahogany-coloured seats and a sloping mahogany-coloured roof, and certainly no evidence of privacy. So I decided to go on a tour of investigation.

I passed down car after car, car after car, each occupied to the full with passengers, some unpacking, some playing with children, some eating fruit, and a large number working their jaws unceasingly as if they had a nerve irritation which

they were unable to control, and in every car I inhaled the odour of peppermint. When I passed the porter, as he is called—that is, the negro attendant attached to each car—the peppermint odour was particularly strong, and the big negro jaws were working vigorously.

At last I reached what was called the observation car, which was furnished with comfortable seats and lounges, a piano, writing desk, pens, ink and paper, together with copies of the latest American magazines ; at the farther end, a door opened on to an open-air platform, guarded by a railing, where several ladies and gentlemen were sitting. I went out into the fresh air—or at least as fresh as it could be with tobacco smoke blowing in one's face from each quarter—and noticed that when the gentlemen were not indulging in the extraordinary pastime (the joys of which I have never been able to understand) of drawing in smoke and puffing it out again, their jaws were in a perpetual motion.

I addressed a young man who looked essentially English, and who was not apparently suffering from this jaw affection, and after a few preliminaries I said :

“ Can you tell me what is the matter with these Americans : their jaws are continually on the go ? ”

He smiled and said : “ Oh, they are enjoying their chewing gum ; that's a very common habit in

the States. If they are not smoking they are chewing."

I had noticed automatic machines for the supply of "chewing gum" in all the streets of New York, and had wondered what it was, but my curiosity was not fully satisfied until I reached the Pacific Coast, when a lady gave me a sample packet to try. The gum consisted of long, thin strips, each wrapped in tinfoil paper. When put into your mouth the substance quickly dissolves, until a certain portion like india-rubber is left behind, and you can go on chewing that residue day and night for eternity—it never dissolves.

I had not found the sleeping compartments yet, so I turned round and retraced my footsteps. At the end of my own car I found a room with washing basins and mirrors, hot and cold water laid on, and another tap which supplied liquid soap; and outside, in a corner, was a tap for drinking-water also a number of drinking cups in the form of envelopes made of cartridge paper, which when used were thrown away.

I prosecuted my search, car after car, until I reached the dining saloon. I went no farther, but returned to my seat to await events. Just then a uniformed messenger came through shouting, to my surprise, "Dr. Hadwen." He had a telegram in his hand addressed to the train—a very un-English practice.

As the shadows deepened, I was sitting on the numbered seat allotted to me, reading, when the darky came up, and with a broad grin, said "Git ter bed!" I said it was a bit early, but I had no objection to turn in, so he pointed to the seats opposite, on one of which a lady was sitting, and just said, "Sit dere," and I did as I was told.

In less than no time, he had turned the two seats facing one another into a complete bed; he dropped down the mahogany roof in a twinkling, a mattress, pillows, sheets, blankets all appeared like magic, and in less time than it takes to write, he had metamorphosed the space into upper and lower sleeping compartments, each with curtains drawn in front, racks at both ends for the deposit of goods, and a long bag of netting at the side. When he had finished, I pulled aside the curtains and saw there was an electric lamp in the corner. I lighted up and gazed on the interior. I was puzzled.

I found that the Englishman whose acquaintance I had made on the platform at the rear of the car, was near me, and as the black necromancer was going from seat to seat rapidly transforming the situation, I asked my fellow countryman if he had ever travelled in that way before.

"Oh, yes," said he, "many times."

"Well," I inquired, looking askance at the lady who sat right opposite my curtained bed—"Where on earth are we to undress?"



“ You will have to crawl inside and manage the best way you can,” said he, “ it’s a horrid business,



but you get used to it, you know, like you do to everything else.”

“ But,” I remarked, “ there’s a lady right opposite my bunk.”

"That's nothing," said he, "I've got a lady on top of mine; she'll have to mount right up there after I've gone to bed."

"How will she manage it?" I inquired.

"Oh, darky will bring along a staircase directly," he explained, "And look what I've got next door to me," he continued, "that mother has to undress her squally youngster as well as herself inside there, and she's so tall, that she can't put her head erect without touching the bottom of the bed above her."

"Good gracious!" I cried, "and a week of this! How on earth shall we dress in the morning?"

"Same way," said he, "stoop down, sit on your bed, put all your things on best way you can, then walk down the corridor and complete your toilet."

"It won't be very pleasant," I remarked, "to meet the ladies on the road."

"O, bless you," he laughed, "they don't mind. They'll meet you in their nightdresses or dressing gowns and won't think anything about it."

So I turned in and tried to get used to it!

But I was the first to rise every morning—after peering cautiously through the curtains to see if my lady opposite was moving—and I usually contrived to get my toilet completed each day before anyone else was about. Then I sauntered off to the outdoor platform, until the negro had done another conjuring trick by transforming my sleeping

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bunk once more into two seats facing one another, and as I had no neighbours on the top storey, I enjoyed the privilege of claiming both seats at once. I cannot say that I look back with any pleasure to that experience.

The upper berths are much less expensive than the lower ; but the latter are much more in demand and for the long journeys they have to be booked, as a rule, some time ahead. A passenger who could not quite understand the difference between the two situations is said to have had the matter carefully and lucidly explained to him by a conductor, as follows :—

“ The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower you’ll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. Most people don’t like the upper, although it is lower, on account of being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed and get down to get up.”

Before the next day had gone by I had become friendly with most of my car companions ; there were some very nice Americans amongst them, and I was greatly interested. Two things struck me more particularly than anything else—the inquisitiveness of the men and the dress of the women.

I could not enter into conversation with anyone

of the male sex for five minutes before he would say : " What's your business ? "

When I had satisfied him on the point he would ask me where I lived, how large the place was, and if my business was pretty big. He would then go on to ask if I was married, and had any children. Following on these inquiries he would want to know what brought me to the States and how long I was going to stay, and then would come the inevitable question, " What do you think of Amur-rica ? " I dare say they wondered why I never inquired into *their* private affairs, although that was really quite unnecessary, for, as a rule, when they had finished catechising me and were satisfied with my answers, they began to tell me all about themselves. One man, resplendent in watch chain and rings galore, actually told me what his income was and how he had invested his money—he had made his pile out of a dry goods store and was very proud of the fact that he had " started with nothing but what he stood up in."

The ladies were quite modestly dressed during the day, but some of them dressed very lightly when they went in to dinner ; and the rings !—I never saw anything in England to compete with the enormously large rings of gold filagree work and jewels which hid the fingers of some of these ladies. Nearly all the fingers on each hand of the wife of

my dry goods friend were lost beneath their sparkling glory. There were some quiet American ladies who made no display, but I must say they were the exception on this occasion, and unlike the rest of their fellow countrywomen, they were subdued in their conversation instead of making their voices heard in a babel of sounds from one end of the car to the other.

It was when we got out of the train for a few hours that one was able to study dress. Some of the ladies of indefinite age had a remarkable knack of making themselves look exceedingly young, but the young ones contrived to make themselves look younger. Of the latter, few had dresses which came below the knee. One girl of about 20 or 21, who slept in my car, presented a masterpiece of American fashion. Her chest was as bare as it was possible to be, and the garment (of black silk) was cut fairly far down the back likewise; the substance of her dress came no lower than the top of her thighs, and was finished off with thick black fringes that stopped short just below the knees, and when the wind blew in that direction there was displayed a pair of flesh-coloured breeches underneath. The stockings were of flesh-coloured silk. It must have been cool, to say the least of it, and was as close a copy of the unassuming dress of the aboriginal ladies of Central Africa as it was possible to devise in a civilised community.

I had found her a very agreeable companion when conversing with her on board the train. She was free and unconventional as all American women are, but there was nothing immodest in her manners or conversation ; she talked intelligently on several topics ; had done the tour of Europe and climbed the pyramids of Egypt, and had formed her own views about most things, which she discussed quite learnedly through her nose while she puffed at a cigarette. The latter is, of course, deemed the natural concomitant of the American society lady. She seemed innocent with an utter absence of self-consciousness ; whilst her travelling dress called for no criticism. She was the most curious mixture I had met, though most American women seem to be possessed of a similar easy-going style. It is just "fashion" or "custom."

There had been some talk of forming parties for seeing the Grand Canyon ; fortunately nothing was definitely settled, and directly I saw my interesting young friend dressed up for the occasion in her African war paint I quietly slipped off to a less fashionable





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company! The next time I saw her was 2,000 or 3,000 feet down the Grand Canyon riding astride on the back of a mule, but the guide had evidently persuaded her to put on a suit of blue overalls. She waved her hand to me and said, "I am gwi-ing strong." Later, she was posing for a photograph. When we had got on board once more and she had changed her costume I took her in to dinner, for she was travelling alone—American girls are rarely chaperoned anywhere; they are taught to be absolutely self-dependent, and are quite capable of taking care of themselves—and she at once commenced a dissertation on the causes and formations of the great Gorge we had visited, and I found that her geological knowledge was of no mean order. Intellectually, she is a fair specimen of the average educated American girl I came across, which is an average above that of the ordinary educated English girl of similar age and station in life.

The accent of American women varies. It depends a good deal upon what part of the States they come from. You meet some in whom the accent is quite pretty, just enough of an intonation to lend a pleasing touch to the English. One realises the same thing in the accent of an educated Irishman, but the broadest Irish brogue could never reach the strangeness of the unadulterated broad



accent which one frequently comes across in America.

I was amused one day when I sat chatting in the train with an American gentleman evidently in very comfortable circumstances; he suddenly remarked, "You have a va-ary broad English ac-cent."

I was taken aback for a moment, but nothing of this sort is considered rude in America; it is all thoroughly well meant.

I replied, "I am not supposed to have any accent at all, but to speak fairly pure English without any provincialism."

"Oh, but yer have," he insisted, "yer've a turr'ble strong brogue."

"I am very interested to hear you say so," I remarked. "You would naturally be a good judge."

"Yes," said he, "I'm an uncommon good judge of ac-cent. I can tell every Sta-ate a man comes from, and some of them's turr'ble. Now, you notice my talk. Mine is the pur-est Amurr'can there is in the Sta-ates. I haven't got the touch of an ac-cent in me."

As my friend had about the strongest and most unpleasant nasal drawl I had ever listened to—so much so that I sometimes found it quite difficult to understand him—I was somewhat embarrassed when he suddenly said: "I guess yer haven't heard a pur-er talk than mine ever since yer've been in the Sta-ates."

"It is certainly most interesting," I cautiously remarked ; "it is quite a pleasure to listen to you."

And he commenced to tell me where the "worst talkers" came from. I have not met any of them yet !

Everything is called "talk." Whether it is a sermon, a public lecture, a demonstration on science or philosophy, it is always a "talk." I was announced to give what in England we should call a "lecture" on "A Century of Progress in Health and Sanitation." The secretary, prior to its being delivered, said "That's good talk !" He simply meant the subject. Even a book is called "talk."

The meals on board the train were well served, and I found no difficulty, as I was warned beforehand would be the case, in getting my vegetarian tastes met. But prices were stiff, and you were expected to tip proportionately.

America presents one universal system of tipping. An American in the train said to me : "This tipping in my country makes life a perpetual burden."

When I went to my first hotel in New York I put my boots outside the door at night to be cleaned. I had just got into bed, when somebody abruptly opened the door, plumped the boots inside, and said, "Yer mustn't put these air shoes out here ; the val-lay will see to them." But as the valet

didn't turn up, I went next day to the lady clerk who sits at a desk on every floor to superintend the work of that part of the establishment, and she said, " Oh, if you want your shoes shined you will have to make arrangements with the val-lay. Would you like me to call him up ? "

I said, " Yes, please ; and shall I have to tip him every time he fetches my boots ? "

" Yes," she answered ; " every individual service is sepa-rate-ly paid for in this country."

" Then what have I to give him ? " I said.

" Oh," she answered soothingly, " he will be satisfied, I think, with about 15 or 20 cents (9d. to 1s.), but you can, of course, come to an arrangement with the val-lay for the whole time you are here if you like."

I discovered a way of polishing my own boots without taking up the precious time of the "val-lay!"

## CHAPTER X

### NIAGARA FALLS.



IN very many instances visitors to remarkable scenes have confessed themselves disappointed with their first experiences. That has rarely been the case with me, for I have never expected too much, and in the chief events of my life I have usually found anticipation surpassed by realisation. Niagara was no exception to this rule.

Pictures of the Falls were familiar to me, travellers had described them to me again and again. I was fairly well acquainted with the legends which hang around them and clothe them with mystery, but no power on earth can convey any adequate conception of the appalling grandeur and sublime impressiveness of Niagara, except an actual visit to the Falls themselves.

I took train from New York to Buffalo, and thence to Niagara. Tramcars were waiting outside the Station, which did the round trip at a round price, and these were rapidly filled. I preferred going alone and taking my time, so hailed an automobile; and after I had interrogated the driver

to make sure he knew his job, we struck a bargain and started on a five hours' trip.

The driver was a naturalised American, born in Canada of English parentage, and proved to be a very intelligent man. His pride of English birth, as is the case with everyone I met in the States, was colossal. Every American of British extraction, no matter how far back his or her lineage goes, burns with pride at his origin. These English descendants are the genuine American nation, and in any crisis it is their voice that will be heard. Americans complain that England "stands off," "patronises" them, and treats them with reserve and suspicion. They wish to be friends; and, in my humble opinion, the cultivation of the closest friendship with America will prove the solution of many political problems.

My driver's first bit of local information was that the pretty musical word Niagara, like many other sweet-sounding names in the States, was of Indian origin; it means "The Thunderer of the Waters." His second contribution was that the whole of the district around the Falls, comprising 107 acres, had been bought from private owners by New York State and thrown open to the public in 1885. Every trace of commercialism had been removed, and the whole of the surrounding lands restored as far as possible to their pristine beauty

and ruggedness. This big tract of land is now included in Niagara Park.



We made our first stop at Prospect Park, which is a pretty wooded expanse of some ten acres, running for 1,000 feet along the river chasm and



about 500 feet by the side of the Upper Rapids, which rush and tumble and foam over great boulders above the American Falls. I got out and walked to Prospect Point, where I had my first sight—or rather my first thrilling realisation—of Niagara.

Here one is suddenly confronted with a wonderful panoramic view of the American Falls, the Luna Falls, and the Canadian Horse Shoe Falls upon the opposite side of the mighty chasm; they are separated from one another by islands. In front are the frowning cliffs of the Canadian escarpment; to the right the International bridges spanning the awe-inspiring Gorge; and in the far distance one sees the first line of breakers, which indicate the beginning of that terrible stretch of waters called the Whirlpool Rapids.

The thunder of the waters is deafening, and the sense of omnipotence almost overpowering. After a prolonged look at this wonderful scene, I went down lower to what is called Hennepin Point, named after Father Louis Hennepin, who in 1678 drew the first picture of Niagara Falls.

It was a marvellous sight. I stood on the edge of a rock between the two gigantic Falls. To the right and almost on a level with my feet came a great sheet of water speeding along with immense velocity, its surface calm and placid and smooth as glass, and then it bounded over the cliff to a depth



of some 160 feet below. On the left, nine feet above me, a similar view was presented, and one looked down with instinctive horror into the awful chasm into which the waters rushed. The length of the crest of the American Fall is 1,030 feet ; that of the Horseshoe Fall is more than double.

The story goes that every year in the old days a Red Indian maiden guided her canoe over those terrible American Falls and sacrificed herself to the God of the mysterious waters. In the hotel where I stayed, painted upon the wall was a beautiful 10 feet panel depicting the strange legend.

I returned to the automobile, looking back again and again at the sublime spectacle, and was then driven on to Goat Island. After walking over some rocky, wooded ground, I stood on the Bridge and gazed at the Upper Rapids. It was almost nerve-splitting to look out upon these tumultuous waters as they came bounding on like white steeds, in endless cascades, in dashing foaming billows, eddying around rocks, flinging the foam into the air, and twirling great boulders and tree trunks around and around like straws. The white crests appeared so human in their rush ; one seemed to hear them laughing in their sport and shrieking in their anger as they came on wildly, dashing themselves against one another, never staying an instant to take breath, until they flung themselves with wild fury into the

Gorge below. The whole scene seemed alive. I literally trembled with excitement as the maddened waters dashed by me and plunged onward to their doom.

Once again entering the automobile, we drove through Goat Island, which separates the American from the Canadian Falls. It is a romantic spot of 70 acres of wood and glen, where the Indians believed the Great Spirit lived, and where, my guide told me, the bodies of the chiefs of their tribes and those of the maidens who made the annual sacrificial trip over the Falls were reverently buried. The name of the island is derived from the incident that when it was first bought from the Seneca Indians the owner put a number of animals thereon to preserve them from the wolves which infested the neighbourhood; the winter was so severe that all the animals died except a goat.

And here my guide beguiled the time as we drove slowly along to the next vantage point, by telling me that "away up yonder, the British, in December, 1837, seized the steamer 'Caroline,' set it on fire, and sent it drifting over the Falls." "Over there on the Canadian side," he went on, "was fought the battle of Chippawa in 1814, and on Queenstown Heights, where a monument is erected to the memory of Sir Isaac Brock, the British General who fell, a battle was fought in 1812."

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“Down below there is the Devil’s Hole,” he told me, “where in 1763 a British force of 90 men was ambuscaded by Seneca Indians and all but three were annihilated. They were hurled with bag and baggage over the cliffs. One drummer boy was saved through being caught by his braces in the branch of a tree.”

We stopped at Luna Island—there are any number of islands scattered about the 412 acres of the Niagara reservation—it was reached by a stone staircase and a rustic stone bridge. Here the view of the Falls was surpassingly beautiful. The great cataract tumbled its waters at one’s feet, and as the spray splashed up in the sunlight perfect semi-circles of rainbows were formed on a level with one’s eyes.

Hard by here is the “Cave of the Winds,” where the visitor can walk right under the Falls. My guide advised me not to go. “You will have to strip to the skin, put on a flannel suit and a waterproof and will get thoroughly drenched; it isn’t worth it, you’ll have a better experience on the Canadian side.” So I contented myself with looking down at a number of men and even women in oil skins struggling along delicate-looking bridges from rock to rock in showers of spray and disappearing among the rocks behind the tumbling waters.

After going round Goat Island, we came to Three Sisters Island, connected with Goat Island by picturesque bridges. At the foot of the Third Sister Island is a small unconnected islet called Little Brother Island, which looked very neglected.

Harking back to the waiting automobile I had a long riverside drive ; it was a delightful spin, with the mighty Falls almost continuously in sight, and their roar ever in my ears. I had spent a long time—some hours—in trying to take in these scenes of appalling grandeur, and found them so fascinating I could with difficulty tear myself away from them.

We then passed over the great bridge to the Canadian side, and entering a curio shop in the wall of which is inserted an immense sheet of plate glass, I looked straight ahead through this picture frame at the Canadian Falls. It was a marvellous sight. Near here is a tunnel down which I went in an elevator, a sheer descent of 100 feet ; and going into a small room I took off my boots and socks, put on a pair of rubbers reaching up to the thighs, covered myself with oilskins and waterproof hat with drooping brim, and thence passed down a narrow, slippery descending passage, cut through the rocks and lighted by electric lamps, which extended for about a quarter of a mile, until I came under the Falls. Here I and the other sightseers passed out to three different spots successively, and

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as we stood upon projecting rocks (guarded by rails) the mighty waters dashed down over our heads in front of us from the heights above into the abyss immediately below. It was an extraordinary experience. We were almost blinded by spray, and the roar was deafening. Three English girls came down besides myself, and very pluckily went through this curious adventure.

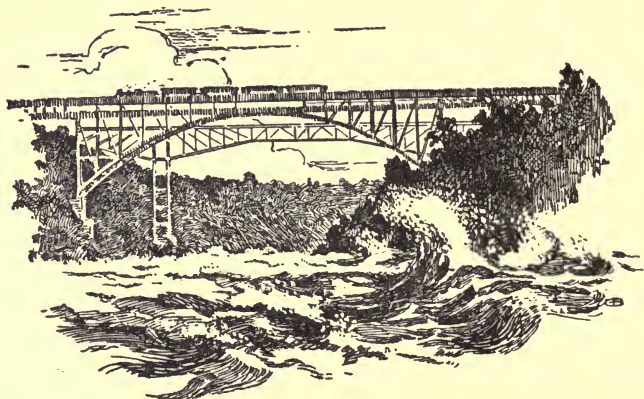
Another lengthy drive and we came to a spot which led down a tunnel that brought us to a path cut in the rocks bordering the Whirlpool Rapids.

How shall I describe them ?

Consider for a moment the incalculable volume of water pouring over those mighty cliffs from the several gigantic Falls into the gaping Gorge below. Contemplate the fact that that entire volume of water from the upper lakes before it passes out into the sea has to pass through a narrow channel which contracts into a width of less than 300 feet. Note that at this narrow chasm through which this appalling volume of water from these dizzy heights has to pass, the granite rocks, rising a sheer acclivity of 300 feet, make a sudden curve, and so partially bar its egress.

Now, watch the mighty waters approaching at their furious dare-devil speed with a deafening roar, and you perceive that just as they are about to gain their freedom, they are baulked by this

solid wall of granite. Against it they impotently hurl themselves! The result can be imagined. The waters are flung back defiantly by the imperious rock—back, back they rebound for an enormous distance only to meet the other onrushing sweep of water, whilst the towering Falls above



continue to pour their millions of gallons of liquid relentlessly into the seething cauldron below.

The back-wash from the granite rocks and the on-rush from the giant cliffs fight each other like demons let loose from hell, and throughout the whole sixty acres over which this scene of grim warfare spreads, the battle of the waters fumes and rages and struggles and groans until you can hear the hoarse cries of the vanquished and the



shouts of the victors, and can watch the never-ending multitude of reserves brought up on both sides to continue the deathless struggle. Hour after hour, aye, age after age, while the centuries roll, this battle of giants goes on.

There is a gigantic tree yonder ; it has been washed over one of the terrible rims whence the placid waters above have carried it. You see it in the distance coming towards you, floating down, a great grim hulk, as if to survey the battlefield and stem the torrent of ferocity that holds the foes in its grip. It comes nearer and nearer ; it begins to swerve and tremble as the opposing forces shake in their rage, and struggle in their anger ; then suddenly it is lifted right up in the air like a toy in the hands of a giant, and the next instant it is sucked under and disappears.

Big rocks lift their heads here and there above the raging waters. Around these unmoved and unmovable obstacles the forces which are driven from below and those that come from above chase one another in maddened fury. Fuming and foaming, the white-crested waves rise high above the impregnable rock, spend themselves in anger, and helplessly descend in scintillating spray. But nothing can stay the forces from above. On they come in never-ceasing battle array, and in seeking to escape their angered foes they swing round and



round and round in a prodigious whirlpool or series of whirlpools, chasing each other at close quarters until escape is secured, and then with a roar and a dash through the narrow opening the erstwhile opponents pass on together to the sea.

That is the story of the Whirlpool Rapids.

Here it was that Captain Webb courted death in a foolhardy attempt to swim them. This is the spot where the daring Bristol man recently boasted that he could defy the forces of nature by riding through the maelstrom in a barrel !

Of the various view-points of Niagara I have tried to describe, the spectacle of the Whirlpool Rapids is the one that appeals to me as the most thrilling. As long as I live I shall never forget the overpowering sense of horror, excitement, fascination, and awe that laid hold of me while watching that weird, uncanny scene. I stood for an hour on a commanding rock about five feet above the battle of the waters. Every nerve of my body pulsed with emotion as I watched the combat. I could not drag myself away, but was held spell-bound by a mysterious power that was irresistible ; my eyes were rivetted on the watery battlefield. Away up to the right I looked at the forces coming on ; away down to the left I looked at the forces coming back. " Which will win ? " I asked myself again and again. Never in my life before felt I so

utterly awed as when standing in the presence of this overwhelming spectacle. Even when I had turned my back upon it and had gone on some distance toward the waiting automobile, I had to retrace my steps and take one last look. If ever I re-visit America, it will be to Niagara that I shall again wend my way. The call of the Whirlpool Rapids will haunt me till I die.



## CHAPTER XI

### THE MORMONS.



WE were steaming toward the world-famed Salt Lake City, and were just about to cross the low bridge over the Great Salt Lake, which took an hour for the engine to traverse. Opposite me sat a young American girl with whom I had been conversing on general topics, when I suddenly discovered she was a Mormon. Those who suppose that Mormons in their native haunts are to be distinguished from the rest of the world by any peculiarity of dress or manner or conversation will be speedily disillusioned. They will find nothing of the Puritanical or any other "unworldly" element about them.

If it be not too rash to judge a lady's age, I should say she was about twenty-five. She talked through her nose and at the top of her voice. She wore her hair in "bobbed" effect, that is, with a big knob like a yellow bun fixed mysteriously over each ear (for even a Mormon girl follows the fashion); her dress was of the latest cut, and displayed somewhat ostentatiously a pair of lower limbs, the muscular development of which did her credit;

and she carried with her the invariable accompaniment of the majority of American women—a well-filled case of toilet requisites, including an oblong mirror fitted into the lid, a powder puff and powder, eyebrow pencil, rouge stick for tipping the lips, nail trimmers, and a few other odds and ends that a



“mere man” does not profess to know anything about.

It is quite a common sight to see an American woman of any age stop dead in the street with her face toward a shop window, open her little case, hold it up, puff her nose and cheeks, and then hurry on.

They do it in the tram cars, in the railway trains, and in public assemblies. Suddenly up goes the mirror, an affectionate tap is bestowed upon the side curls, the stray hairs are fixed up, the cheeks powdered, and the case slung deftly back again upon the arm.

My young Mormon companion was no exception to the rule.

I asked her to tell me exactly what was the basis of the Mormon faith.

“Well,” said she, with an easy nonchalant air, while she dabbed her nose with her powder-puff,

"it is this : There was a prophet named Joseph Smith, who had a special revelation from God about the Book of Mormon, and it is that book which forms the basis of our faith."

"Then you don't believe in the Bible?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "we believe in the Bible, but the Book of Mormon is a later revelation. You may say it completes the Bible."

"Do you believe the Bible to be inspired?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," she answered, as she went on titivating herself, "the Bible is inspired, and so is the Book of Mormon. We need both."

"Do you believe in Christ?"

"Certainly; we believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost."

"And what about the Atonement of Christ?"

"Oh, we believe in that, too." And my young friend drew a little coloured stick out of her case, and with the aid of the mirror began carefully to pencil her eyebrows. "There are four steps in our salvation," she continued, peering over the top of her looking glass. "First, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, repentance; third, baptism—that is by immersion, you know; it must be by immersion; we are very great on immersion. Fourth, laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost." She paused, and resumed her pencilling.



“ Then do you believe the Book of Mormon to be the Word of God ? ”

“ Oh, certainly,” she promptly replied ; “ it is part of it. It teaches us to be honest, and chaste, and virtuous, and to do nothing but what is good.” And with a final look at herself as she held the mirror up in all directions, and a final dab of the powder puff, she closed the lid, and settled down for further questions.

“ Then who was Joseph Smith ? ” I asked.

“ He was an American who didn’t know what to believe in, or what sect to join, and he had a heavenly vision, and was told to form a church of his own,” she replied.

“ Can you tell me when, where, and how he received this heavenly vision ? ” I asked.

“ Oh, certainly I can,” she responded alertly. “ I shall be most pleased to tell you all about it. He had several visions. The first was when he was a young lad. He had gone out into a wood alone to pray, and he saw a great light like a pillar, and it came and settled down upon him. Then he saw two persons standing in the air, and one of them called out, ‘ Joseph Smith,’ and pointing to the other said, ‘ This is my beloved Son. Hear him.’ So he asked them to tell him which sect was right, and which one he had better join, and they told him they were all wrong, and that all the religious teachers were a bad lot ! ”

"That was rather sweeping," I remarked; "I should think Joseph Smith must have felt a bit worried."

"Yes, he was," she went on. "But then he had another vision after that. He was in bed this time, and a great light came into the room, and another messenger came and stood in the air by his bed-side, and told him that his name was Moroni, and God had sent him to let him know that He had a great work for him to do among all nations."

"I don't think Moroni's name is in the Bible," I remarked.

"Perhaps not," said my companion; "he was the son of Mormon, and he went on to tell Joseph Smith that there was a book written on gold plates hidden away in the mountains, which would give an account of an ancient people who formerly inhabited the American Continent."

"Where did these ancient people spring from?" I asked.

"Oh, they came from Jerusalem 600 years before Christ, and were led by a prophet named Lehi. They had a lot of prophets, and kept records. Mormon was one of the last of the prophets, and he wrote an abridgment of all the records on gold plates, and gave them to his son Moroni. Christ came to America before He was crucified, and visited the Colony."

“That is very interesting,” I remarked. “Then did Moroni tell Joseph Smith where he could find those gold plates?”

“Yes,” replied my companion, “he told him he would find them in a mountain called Cumorah, in New York State. He also told him he would find two stones in silver bows, fastened to a breastplate, called Urim and Thummim, deposited with the plates, and those stones were what is called ‘seers,’ which would enable him to translate what was written on the golden plates.”

“Do you know what has become of this ancient race?” I asked.

“The American Indians are their descendants,” she promptly replied. “That’s all we know about them, but their history was told on the gold plates.”

“Have you seen those gold plates?” I asked. “I suppose you have them carefully guarded in your Temple?”

“Oh, no,” said my young friend; “Moroni told Joseph Smith he was not to show them to anyone except those he was commanded to show them to, and when Joseph Smith had finished translating them Moroni called for them and took them away, and nobody has seen them since. But it doesn’t matter,” she confidently added, “we’ve got the translation, you see.”

“How did Joseph Smith know where to find the plates?” I asked.

“ Oh, he had a vision,” said she ; “ there was no difficulty about that. Moroni showed him the exact spot, and he went straight there. It was on the west side of the hill, not far from the top, under a big stone, and the plates were in a stone box. He had rather a bother to get at it. He had to get a lever, and use all his strength to hoist up the stone, but when he had succeeded there were the gold plates and the Urim and Thummim and the breast plate.”

“ That was a lucky find,” I remarked, “ but I should have been glad to have seen them. I suppose Joseph Smith carried them home in high glee.”

“ Oh, no,” she answered ; “ the heavenly messenger, Moroni, came whilst he was there, and told him he wasn’t to take them away until he was told. He was to go to the same place at the same time every year for four years. Every time he went the angel gave him fresh revelations, and then at last he took them home.”

“ Can you tell me the date of that ? ” I asked.

Quick as lightning my companion answered : “ September 22nd, 1827.”

“ And do you know when Moroni fetched them away ? ”

Without a moment’s hesitation she answered : “ May 2nd, 1838.”

“ So it took him eleven years to translate them,” I commented. “ Didn’t he hear anything from heaven all that time ? ”

“ Oh, yes,” said my friend. “ John the Baptist came to him about twelve months after he had the plates. Joseph Smith had become acquainted with a schoolmaster named Mr. Cowdery ; he did the writing and Joseph Smith did the translating ; and these two were praying in some woods in Pennsylvania, when John the Baptist came to them, and in the name of the Messiah he conferred upon them both the Priesthood of Aaron. You see,” added my companion, “ this was an addition to the priesthood of the Jews, for it gave Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, after they had been baptised, the power of conferring the gift of the Holy Ghost.”

“ But who baptised them ? ” I asked.

“ They baptised one another,” she promptly answered. “ Joseph Smith first baptised Mr. Cowdery, and then Mr. Cowdery baptised Joseph Smith.”

“ I suppose they were quite sure that the heavenly messenger was John the Baptist ? ” I cautiously inquired.

“ Oh, yes,” she answered brightly ; “ there was no mistake about that, for he told them he had come under the direction of Peter, James and John, who held the keys of the Priesthood of Melchizedek ;

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and he told Joseph Smith he was to have this priesthood and form a church, and he was to be the first elder, and Oliver Cowdery the second."

"I suppose, then, these two men were divine as well as human after this?" I asked.

"Pretty much like it, I guess," she replied, "for when Mr. Cowdery was baptised the Holy Ghost fell upon him, and he prophesied a lot; and when Joseph Smith was baptised the Holy Ghost fell upon him, and he did a lot more prophesying."

"It is a pity," I remarked, "that there was no one else there to see and hear all this."

"Yes, it would have been nice," she said; "but it didn't matter much."

"Then I suppose these two prophets, Smith and Cowdery, had to wait until they had finished the translation before they founded the Mormon Church?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said my companion, who had dates at her finger tips. "Moroni didn't come for the plates till May 2nd, 1838, but they commenced the church April 6th, 1830, twelve months after John the Baptist gave them the keys of the Melchizedek Priesthood."

"Did any other notable persons from the next world visit them besides John the Baptist?" I asked.

"Oh, lor, yes," she airily replied; "I guess they



did indeed. The Saviour Himself came to them for one. He accepted the first Holy House they built, and promised a lot of blessings if they kept the Temple free from pollution. Nobody can go inside our Temple who smokes," she added ; " and you mustn't drink tea, coffee, or alcohol."

" That must be rather rough on some people," I remarked.

" Oh, but there are a lot of nice drinks you can have," she said encouragingly.

" Did any other notable persons visit them ? " I asked.

" Lots," she answered. " There was Moses. He gave them the keys of the gathering of Israel, and the bringing of the Ten Tribes from the North Country. Elias also visited them, and he gave them the dispensation of the gospel of Abraham ; and then there was Elijah, the prophet, he gave them the keys to turn the hearts of the children to their fathers."

" What became of Smith and Cowdery ? " I inquired.

" Shot," she answered tragically. " Shot in prison. Martyred for the truth of God ! "

" What happened then ? " I asked.

" The twelve Apostles elected Brigham Young as the President of the whole Church."

" That was the gentleman who had so many wives ? " I cautiously remarked.

“ Yes,” she said unabashed, “ he felt it necessary for the blessing of the church, but anybody who takes more than one wife now is excommunicated.”

At this juncture my sprightly young friend looked at her watch. “ We shall soon be in Salt Lake City,” she remarked ; and her hand instinctively grasped the little reticule by her side. As she opened it she said, “ This is a wonderful inland sea we are crossing over, isn’t it ? Like the Dead Sea in Palestine, no one can sink in it. It contains 22 per cent. of salt, and no outlet is known ; it is 70 miles one way, and about 50 miles the other.”

Then she drew out her powder puff, and lifted up the mirror. Presently she laid the little box of indispensables on her knee, with the mirror conveniently placed, and the patting and trimming of the hair recommenced, with the subsequent application of the rouge stick to her already red lips. As we were drawing near to the station, and I was thirsting for more information, I said, “ Now supposing I wished to join your Mormon Church, should I be accepted ? ”

“ Certainly,” she said, as she put the finishing touches to the corners of her mouth. “ Certainly, only you must be saved before we could admit you.” And she carefully put back her rouge stick and gave another look at herself on all sides, with the powder puff in her hand.

" And what have I to do then ? "

" Well," said she, " I suppose you believe in the Bible ? "

" Yes."

" That's all right," she commented soothingly. " Then all you have to do is to believe in the Book of Mormon. That is, you know, the American New Testament. Do you smoke ? "

" No," I said. " I neither smoke nor drink intoxicating liquors ; but I am very fond of a cup of tea."

" Yes," she remarked, " I believe the English gentiles are ; but you are three-parts a Mormon already, and the tea don't matter much. Well, then, you've got to repent, you know ! "

" What does that consist of in your church ? " I asked.

" Oh, well, you've just got to say you're sorry for anything you've done wrong. It isn't much, that. The principal thing is getting baptised. Immersion, you know ; it must be immersion. And then laying on of hands. That's all. It's very simple. Directly you get out of the train, go straight up to the De-pôt in the Temple Grounds, and ask for lit'ature, and you'll learn all about it. Good bye-e-e ! "

And we shook hands heartily.

I watched my little Mormon maiden, as she

skipped gaily off the train, and a tall, well-dressed young man came forward to help her down. I thought he might be her brother, but evidently he was somebody else's brother, for on reaching a pillar behind which they thought they were safe from observation, he rapturously kissed her, and I felt sorry for the starch powder. I concluded that Mormons were very human, after all.



## CHAPTER XII

### SALT LAKE CITY.



HAILING an automobile, I told the chauffeur to drive me to the Temple Grounds, and I entered the "De-pôt" of the Mormon Church. Attached to it was a small museum, containing relics of the early days of the Mormons; one of the most interesting of these is the first log cabin that was erected in Utah. There is also the printing press on which the first newspaper of the West was printed, as well as the bodies of the old cliff-dwellers in their sepulchral wrappings of fur and feathers, with weapons, tools, etc., that were, according to custom, buried with the dead.

Within a small, well-kept area outside stands all that is most sacred to the Mormon Church. The manner in which the chief buildings are concentrated in one spot reminded me of Pisa. They consist of the Assembly Hall, the Tabernacle and the Temple, besides which are monuments to Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, and the Seagull monument—a lofty pedestal surmounted by two bronze seagulls. It appears that in 1848 the Early Colonists, just when about to gather their first harvest, were visited with a plague of crickets.

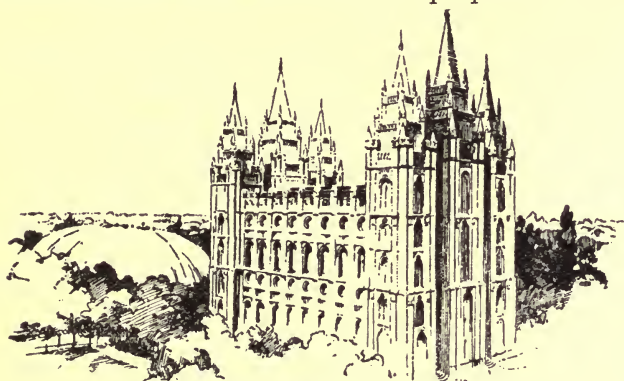
The black armies came on in millions of millions ; no efforts at destruction were of any avail in reducing their numbers, and the crops were at their mercy. At this juncture, " in answer to prayer," the air suddenly became filled with flocks of seagulls which swooped down upon the crickets, gorged, disgorged and feasted again, until the remainder of the crops was saved. The Mormons believe it to have been a miracle of Divine interposition. Rome has her sacred geese ; Utah has her sacred gulls. A rigid law forbids any slaying of seagulls.

The Assembly Hall seats about 2,000 people, and is used for meetings which are too small for the Tabernacle. All seats are free, there is no paid ministry, and there are no collections. Every Mormon is expected to follow the Jewish plan of giving one-tenth of his income to the Church ; consequently it is the wealthiest Church in existence.

The world-famed Tabernacle is elliptic in shape and seats 10,000 people. Going in at the western door and surveying the immense building from the pulpit end, the vastness of the place, with its seemingly endless rows of seats, is quite awe-inspiring. It measures 250 feet long by 150 feet wide, and 80 feet high, and the floor slopes upwards, thus forming a great amphitheatre. Its self-supporting wooden roof, resting upon buttresses of red sandstone, is a clever piece of work. These



buttresses support wooden arches 10 feet thick and having a span of 150 feet ; they are secured by wooden pins, no iron nails having been used in any part of the framework. It was planned by Brigham Young, who was a carpenter, and he invented a method which makes its acoustic properties most



THE TEMPLE AND DOME OF THE TABERNACLE.

remarkable. Taking me to the farthest end of the building—a distance of about 200 feet—my guide asked the custodian to drop a pin on the table at the other end, also to whisper with his back to us, and to rub his hands, all of which could be heard distinctly. By asking my guide some questions, I elicited that Brigham Young is regarded as a prophet of God and the divinely chosen successor of Prophet Joseph Smith.

The Temple is a massive structure with six majestic spires, the whole built of granite, and again

designed by Brigham Young. It took 40 years to complete from the time of laying the first foundations. Until 1873 there was no railway to the granite quarries, and up to that time the huge blocks of stone were hauled by ox teams; sometimes it took four yoke of oxen four days to transport a single stone.

No "Gentiles" are allowed inside the Temple, nor, indeed, is any Mormon admitted unless of "good standing." "It would not matter," said my guide, "if a Mormon were worth ten million dollars, if he were known to smoke he could not go inside that Temple; we are enjoined by the Saviour in His message to Joseph Smith to keep it free from all pollution."

When I questioned him further, he answered: "Solomon's Temple was held sacred to the Jews; the Courts of the Gentiles were outside, and we adopt the same exclusion."

"Why do you consider it so holy?" I asked.

"It is the place where our sacred ordinances are held—baptism and marriage and the laying on of hands, and especially baptism for the dead."

I asked him to explain the latter, and he said the Apostle Paul mentioned it in the 15th chapter of Corinthians, and in Peter's Epistle we are told Christ preached to the spirits in prison. "We believe everybody has a second chance; they have

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the privilege of hearing the gospel of forgiveness in the next world ; even a murderer stands a chance there, and as baptism is necessary to salvation, we baptise for the dead, so if those for whom we are baptised accept the gospel in the next world they will be saved."

" Then," I said, " some of you must be baptised pretty often."

" Yes," said he, " we get baptised vicariously for all our ancestors of whom we can think ; it is part of our mission to act as proxies for our dead relatives."

I suggested the possibility of a different interpretation being put upon the passages he had quoted, but my guide would not hear of it. Moroni had explained it all to Joseph Smith, and that settled everything. " These are precious truths," he said, " which have been restored by revelation to the Church of Christ of the Latter Day Saints." The font in the temple, he told me, is a copy of that in Solomon's Temple (I. Kings vii., 23-25), and is supported by twelve brazen oxen.

" And there is no possible chance of my seeing it," I asked, " even if I get you a sheaf of good testimonials ? "

" No," said he, " impossible unless you become a Mormon."

Temple marriages, he said, were only allowed to

take place between parties who are beyond reproach; all marriages performed in that sacred building are perpetuated throughout eternity. Those performed elsewhere only last for this life. That mistakes are made, however, even under these immaculate conditions, is evidenced by the fact which I elicited, that divorces occasionally take place. "The Church which has power to bind is the Church which has power to loose," was the somewhat inconsistent excuse of my informant.

The Mormons appear to have a marvellous system of visiting. Salt Lake City is divided into wards, with ward chapels, each presided over by one president and two counsellors, under whom an army of visitors called "teachers" work. Every member in the ward is visited at least once a month, and his or her spiritual and temporal condition carefully inquired into. No poverty is allowed to exist.

The great organ called, like everything American, "the most wonderful in the world," is certainly an extraordinary-looking instrument. The choir is also said to be "the largest enrolled choir in the world."

The grounds in which the sacred buildings are situated are most beautifully laid out and kept, and whatever may have been in former days the hardships and persecutions of the Mormons—on

which my guide dwelt with considerable emphasis—their lines now appear to have fallen in pleasant places.

Calling at a public garage, or what is called in America a “Transfer Office,” I asked the proprietor to let me have a good man who knew all about Salt Lake City to drive me to the chief points of interest; and a very excellent and droll fellow was supplied.

I had years ago read the thrilling story of the long, weary trek of the early Mormon pioneers, who, having been driven from city to city, wandered on and on until they reached the Wasatch range of mountains, whence Brigham Young and his hapless followers looked down for the first time into the great Salt Lake Valley. So calling my chauffeur out into the middle of the road, whence a fine view of the mountains could be obtained, I asked him to point out to me the exact spot where the Mormons first appeared upon the scene in the memorable July, 1847.

“They came along that trek yonder,” said he, pointing to a gap between two mountain peaks.

“Then drive me there as far as you can go, or at least high enough to command the whole country. We’ll see about details afterwards.”

We reached a high plateau, at which I said “Stop.” A wonderful panorama was opened up.

Salt Lake City presented a vast amphitheatre, completely surrounded by giant mountain peaks, which even in the month of June were capped with snow. It was easy to see how water could be conducted from those snowy heights into the valley, and a desert thereby converted into a paradise.

"What a wonderful situation!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is," said my chauffeur, "but it needed a clever chap to see it seventy-four years ago. We can all see a thing when it's been accomplished."

"Why was it so clever?" I asked.

"Because no water had been trained into the valley, and there was nothing but a great desert in front studded with sage-brush. I guess Brigham Young knew what very few people know—that where sage-brush grows anything in the world will grow if you give it water. They were all the finest farmers that America ever produced, and a steady, upright set of men into the bargain."

"Do you know how many there were in that advance party?" I asked.

"Yes; 143 men, 3 women and 2 children, and before they had camped a single hour they had found water, conduited it on to a piece of land and sown wheat and potatoes. They were the first men to start irrigation farming in America. In 12 months they had 8,000 acres under cultivation, and had planned out the whole valley into streets and avenues just as you see it to-day."

“ I was struck as we drove along,” I remarked, “ by the very wide streets and the wide, green lawns between the pavements and the houses, and the abundance of clear water running down the sides of the main streets.”

“ Yes,” said my man, “ I guess they are the widest streets of any city in America for its size, and the storage and the distribution of the plentiful supply of water has turned the whole city into a great public park. It is the purest, clearest water you will find anywhere, and there’s enough to supply millions of people. But nobody knew it till Brigham Young found it out. Every explorer before him had said it was a worthless waste.”

“ Do the Mormons now rule the city ? ” I asked.

“ Not necessarily,” said he. “ It is the usual democratic form of Government, and the people can elect anyone they please. The Mormons only form 45 per cent. of the population ; the Roman Catholics come next ; they are running them very close. That’s why the Mormons are so anxious for their members to come and settle here. Most of them come from England. Last year the Chief of the city was a Jew. See those enormous buildings over there ? That’s the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and that’s the State House.”

“ What is the staple industry of the State ? ” I asked.



"Ask me what isn't," he laughed. "There are some of the biggest copper mines in the world up there. Fruit growing is now quite a big thing. There is every description of agriculture. Dairy-farming and ranching have increased, too. Wheat covers thousands of acres. They have turned that old Dead Sea into a gold mine, for visitors come from all over the States to bathe in it, and salt is exported all over the States for commerce. Then there's the beet-sugar industry, and Utah produces five millions of bituminous coal annually, besides doing a respectable business in gold and silver. Ah, America has something to thank that little handful of Mormon farmers, for ! "

"Yes, indeed," I said, "and now let us move on."

The business part of the city is just like any other American city—handsome shops, places of amusement, busy streets filled with tramcars and automobiles. We motored down the streets, and I noted the fruit groves, the parks, and the handsome public buildings, as I stopped here and there to listen to my guide's sage descriptions.

We went to the residential spots :—

"That's where Brigham Young's first wife lived." "That's where he got his second." "That's where some more of 'em lived. You can always tell how many wives lived in a house by the number of chimneys—a cosy fireside corner for each."

"That's Brigham Young's mansion where he lived last of all ; he had become a gent when he built that." "That's where he lived first of all ; contrast, ain't it ?" "That's his grave." "That place is where the old wives put up when they were neglected." "That's Brigham Young himself on top o' that monument." So he rattled on.



JOSEPH SMITH.

"That's where the Mormons teach dancing."

"Dancing !" I exclaimed.

"O yes," he answered, "that's the chief accomplishment of the young ladies ; all Mormon girls are great dancers." "Here's the Park, see what a fine lake we have, and all those boats on it ; hardly believe that lovely spot was a desert not so long ago, would you ?" "That's the recreation ground for the kiddies, they've every amusement under the sun."

"What is the population ?" I asked.

"One hundred and twenty-five thousand. That's the old mill where they crushed their first wheat. They don't do it that style now, you bet."

"How old was Brigham Young when he died ?" I asked.

"Seventy-seven ; not old as we reckon it to-day ; but he had too many wives to look after. One's enough for anybody to manage."

“How many had he?” I inquired.

“When he died he had had 19 wives and 18 mothers-in-law and 52 children—two of them were adopted.”

“That was a lot to provide for,” I commented.

“The old chap left 20,000 dollars and a house to each wife; 5,000 dollars (but no house) to each mother-in-law; and 10,000 dollars to each child. So he had feathered his nest all right.”

I thanked my driver heartily for his entertaining drive, and I left Salt Lake City with a very high opinion of the agricultural, economic, commercial, communistic and political instincts of the Mormon settlers, whatever I may have thought of their religion.

## CHAPTER XIII

### AMONG THE RED INDIANS.



I TURNED on the electric lamp which hung in the corner of my berth on the Pullman car and looked at my wrist watch ; it was 4.45 a.m. There are two windows in the berth ; one against the head, which is kept closed at night, usually with the blind drawn ; the other is wide open for ventilation, but covered with very fine gauze to guard against flies. mosquitoes, sand and smoke. The light that struggled through told me that the morn was waking.

The heat had been stifling all night, and I had lain there without any covering, but it seemed a little chillier now and I drew a sheet over me. The train went slowly, and I wondered why ; and as I felt restless and thirsty, and longed for a breath of fresh air, I decided to get up. Peering through the curtains and finding all was still, I put on my nether garments and repaired to the dressing-room for my morning douche. On the sofa lay Sambo, the negro attendant, fast asleep. Just as I had finished shaving he awoke with a broad grin and said, " Oop airy, Saar." I told

him to go to sleep again, and depositing my brush and comb and other belongings in my berth, I started off through the long corridor from car to car until I reached the extremity of the train, and opening the door passed out on to the little railed-in platform which is open to the air and is capable of accommodating about eight persons.

It was 5.30 and I was all alone. I sat down bareheaded on a deck chair, with the fresh air playing all around me. Oh, it was refreshing after the stifling atmosphere of the sleeping berth! Two days before we had left Lake Michigan and crossed over the north central part of Illinois and a corner of Iowa to Kansas City, and the whole of the previous day we had been steaming over miles upon miles of alfalfa and barley fields until the sight of them grew monotonous. The line ran along the route of the old caravan trail which commenced to traverse the prairies for the first time just a century ago. Every mile was dangerous then. Buffalo Bill has immortalised those early days when the pack mules and oxen, doing about 15 miles a day, dragged their heavy wagons over the rough roads in the valleys and the still rougher passes on the mountains to the dreary music of the cowboys' merciless whip and the bang of the old-fashioned firearms of the Indian braves.

During the night we had crossed the eastern

corner of Colorado and were now slowly climbing the steep gradient in New Mexico ; already we had reached 3,000 feet above sea-level and were still ascending. A vast stretch of wild country spread itself in every direction, great hillocks were dotted over the extensive plains, and huge mountain peaks, some 13,000 feet in height, formed the background. Red clay predominated everywhere, and the whole scene was flushed with colour. The air was exquisite and seemed to stimulate every fibre in one's frame. We reached a comparatively level plateau, and here and there were scattered about strange square-built adobé huts made of sun-dried bricks ; and the queer-looking American Indians who dwelt in them came out from their quaint doorways to see the train pass by. I waved my hand to them, but they stood immobile, like statues, and took no notice of my salute.

The landscape here was studded with diminutive pine trees and bushes of fairly good size ; and these were interspersed with large and small boulders, which looked as if they had been flung helter skelter.

We now began going up again ; we passed a strangely romantic spot where hills rise tier above tier in bewildering beauty and behind stands a great semi-circle of mountains. Along a single line of rails we proceeded through what appeared to be a wholly deserted country and as far as the eye

could reach not a living soul, not a solitary dwelling, not one adobé hut was to be seen. It was wild, majestic, and inspiring in its grandeur. In the far distance peak upon peak of the mountain range seemed to reach the sky. Oh, how I pitied my fellow travellers in their stifling berths! Hundreds on board and I alone revelling in this glorious panorama!

We mounted higher. We had now reached a height of nearly 5,000 feet. The clouds touched the tops of the mountains around which we were winding, and snow was lying on every side, yet it was not cold; indeed the sun threw its rays down the slopes with cheering warmth. And here were more adobé huts, and a mountain path wound almost side by side with the rail-line; rough hewn bridges had been flung over deep gullies and quite a little village of Red Indians nestled on the summit.

We passed over an immense plateau surrounded by sugar loaf hills, and the sun was warm and the scenery exquisitely beautiful. Mile after mile the great train sped on until we came to larger trees—tall and imposing firs clustering together into woods. There were a few horses grazing—long thin lanky horses—but all this time I had seen no birds. We still wound round and round the mountains and the great train dragged its way slowly and heavily up the gradient. Here and there were huts built much like those in Switzer-



land, and the whole scene, in fact, had a Swiss setting.

We reached the summit, about 7,000 feet above sea level. The beds of big lakes—now dry—were seen all around, and there was also an encampment of American Indians. I was watching them with keen interest when I felt a draught of air, and turning round I found my “boy”—every negro is called a “boy” even if his kinky hair is bleached like the crown of the Nevada mountains—standing with a broad grin on his face, announcing we were to stop “ten me-noots.”

So I sprang out of my chair and was soon steering for a little low wall that bounded a bridge over an immense chasm. Adjusting my Kodak as I went along, in case anything of interest turned up, I laid it on the parapet and was soon entranced with the scene below and around me.

I thought I felt the presence of someone two or three minutes later, and looking round saw close beside me a short, thick-set man, with an old billy-cock hat on his head, wearing a greasy pea jacket and a pair of very loose blue trousers. His face was of a dark mahogany colour, absolutely expressionless, with high cheek bones, and eyes black as coal deep set in their sockets; whilst his hair, as dark and glossy as a raven's wing, hung over his shoulders and down his back. I was startled for

the moment at this strange apparition, for I had become so absorbed in my surroundings that I had not heard the stealthy tread of his shoeless feet ; and when I found him at my elbow he had hold of my camera, and was examining it closely.

Recovering from my surprise I said, " Do you understand that instrument ? "

He made no response, but just turned it about, looked through the focussing lens, and then put it down again with an air of such abstract imperturbability that I believe if an earthquake shock had occurred that moment it would have left him completely unconcerned.

" Do you live about here ? " I inquired. He fastened two dark inscrutable eyes upon me, but said nothing. His face was as impassive as a lump of moulded bronze, and without a word he turned abruptly away.

I then discovered that two women were standing near, who at once joined him, and entered into a low toned conversation. They were watching me with the same expressionless black beady eyes that I had noticed in the man, and they possessed the same stolidity of countenance. Striped blankets, very ragged and very dirty, were thrown round their bodies, and their dark mahogany faces looked out from great masses of unkempt, glossy black hair. One of them (the younger) had a red handkerchief

tied over her head, and I noticed a blotch of red paint on each cheek.

Directly I saw these ladies I smiled and lifted my hat. They only looked at me like pieces of coloured



rock, and with absolute impassiveness they turned and slowly walked away with their male companion. It was my first close acquaintance with American Indians.

The bell rang, and I hurried away to board the train. Passing the trio I again lifted my hat, but

only a passionless stare rewarded my efforts at politeness.

When I reached the train there were several more of these Red Indian women gathered around the footboards with bits of pottery in their hands for sale, but nobody bought. There was no time for bargaining, and such articles were not easy to carry.

Two of the squaws carried their babies on their backs in their papoose bags. Curious looking little creatures they were. One that was nearest to me was wrapped in blue cloth, which was tied round and round with cord upon a sheet of light wood or wicker-work of some sort, the cord being brought under the feet to prevent the child from slipping. The whole was slung from the mother's back by a piece of the same cord brought round her chest. Above the little one's head a wicker basket with a cloth covering was fixed, to protect it from the sun. Its arms hung helplessly outside the bag, and the round head and fat brown solemn face with its quaint little black eyes presented such a pretty comical picture that I am sure—in spite of the dirt and smell—I should have wanted to kiss it had I been near enough. As it was, I could not resist the temptation of pointing to the little chap and giving the mother a quarter of a dollar for him. Then for the first time I caught a smile on a Red Indian face. It was worth at least four times

that price ! The train moved off, the mother still stood there, and the last I saw of her was the smile.

Some hours later in the day we reached Albuquerque, and here we were in the midst of the Indian Reservations ; right opposite the station was the railway hotel, which contained a wonderful collection of Indian and Mexican relics, and the whole roadway toward it was lined with American Indians, men, women and children, most of them sitting on their haunches, some standing or lolling about, but all having something to sell—baskets, trinkets, pottery, blankets and mats woven by themselves, and all kinds of odds and ends.



They were a strange looking company, with the same smileless, stolid, immovable faces, and some of them absolutely repulsive looking.

As we were passing them a young American took hold of my arm and said : “ By arrll that this world ever produced did you ever see such a tarnationally ugly face as that old woman’s got ? By gum, it’s the most awful specimen of ugliness I ever set eyes on.”

Whether the old lady understood what was said or not I can't say. It was said loud enough for her to hear ; and several others who heard the remark gave a glance at the immovable features of the old lady and then passed on laughing. But I noticed that the deep-set, black eyes that glistened from out the mahogany face were steadily fixed upon my companion. He was busy getting his Kodak out of the case and putting it into working order.

"By gosh," he repeated, "I must snap her, that face is the most superb piece of ugliness I've ever seen in arrll my existence."

The old lady still watched him keenly. Those black eyes followed every movement. At last he was ready ; he trained the lens upon the matchless object in front of him, and looked down into the finder to focus his prey. As he did so, the old lady quietly lifted up her shawl and covered her face !

"Here, get out o' that," cried the youthful photographer, "put your blessed shawl down. I want to snap you and display your beauty to the universe !" From behind the shawl came a strange, soft voice : "Twanty-five shents !"

I roared with laughter and cried "Bravo, she's a match for you, my boy. She has reached the very pink of American civilisation ; you ought to be proud of her !"



"Golly!" exclaimed the young American in staggered amazement, "Who'd ha' thought it!"

I only laughed the more, giving the old girl a congratulatory pat on her head, as she carefully looked with one black eye out of the corner of her shawl to see if the "twenty-five shents" were forthcoming.



My friend almost collapsed. His puzzled expression was comical to a degree as he stood, still holding the Kodak in his hand, repeating "My golly!" At last he looked at me and said:

"Say! Do you think she's worth it?"



"Worth it!" I cried; "why, she's worth two dollars at the very least to an appreciative taste like yours."

"Arrlright," he exclaimed resignedly, "here y'are old cherubim, here's your twenty-five cents"; and the mahogany fingers clutched the quarter dollar piece, whilst the unexpressive face, solemn as ever, and as unfathomable as the Egyptian Sphynx, came from behind the scarlet and yellow striped shawl, and she was "snapped."

"Aren't you going to have a shot at her?" appealed my friend to me.

"No, thank you," said I. "I see her in yonder window on a postcard, coloured, at two cents."

"Why so she is! My golly," he cried. "I wish I'd known that; I wouldn't ha' wasted twenty-five cents on that old bit of polished ugliness."

"Don't worry over it," I laughed. "She thoroughly deserved the twenty-five cents, and you equally deserved to lose it."

With a very subdued air he went inside, and following my example paid two cents for the coloured portrait of the Red Indian beauty.

As we returned, to my intense amusement, my young friend cast a sheepish glance at the old girl as she still sat there with the same stolid countenance.

Going up to her I picked up a pretty little basket and asked:

“ Did you make this ? ”

“ Yerrup,” she answered, in a very soft and rather pretty voice.

“ How much is it ? ”

“ One dollar, twanty five shents.”

“ Then let me have it,” I said. “ I should like something by which to remember you.”

And with the same serious air, she gave me the basket and took the money.

These children of the desert are strange creatures ; fanciful legends clothe their every thought, and superstition governs their lives ; magic and mystery, medicine bags and traditions, the Red Man is as much of a puzzle to-day as he was when the Spaniard first discovered him. Ritchi-Manitou, their Great Good Spirit, lives in heaven, their Matehi-Manitou, or Bad Spirit, lives somewhere on the earth. The Red Indian sees his personal god or fetish in anything that strikes his fancy. He passes by a rock one day exhausted with fatigue, and his imaginative mind traces a face in its scarred surface and it seems to nod to him as he wearily looks at it, and that becomes forthwith his personal Manitou to which he appeals in every emergency. Or he sees a piece of metal shining among the moss that grows by his adobé dwelling, or hears the wind sighing and whispering among the leaves of a pine tree in the glen, and that metal or that tree becomes his

“ Hope ” for the future—the nearest approach to divinity with which this world can furnish him.

As everyone knows, the names of the Indian tribesmen are as extraordinary as their creeds. There is no consultation among relatives as to the name which shall be bestowed upon a child, nor does it enter the head of these primitive, mysterious people that it would be advisable to name it after some relative or friend who may be of advantage to it in after years. No, the parents wait until some striking event occurs in the life of the little papoose. A raven, for instance, may suddenly settle on a branch of a tree where the papoose bag hangs, and the little one will be known by the name of The Black Raven ever afterwards. A squirrel may dart across its path one day and commence cracking a nut to the delight of the little pickaninny ; its mother notices the fact with glee, and from henceforth her boy is known as The Bush-tailed Squirrel. A dark cloud comes along as the mother sits knitting by the door of her wigwam ; she watches it anxiously as it draws nearer and nearer until it seems to stop right over the spot where her little one lies cooing, and for the rest of his life he will be known as The Black Rain Cloud. Or the father dreams—many of the names of their offspring are settled in dreams—and he sees a white otter or a yellow fox or a startled hare, and they

become the messages sent to him by his Manitou from the unseen world to tell him the title by which his new-born babe shall be known throughout its future life.

Dreams are the source of inspiration in every step of their life's journey. The young Indian as he approaches maturity is led out into the forest, and the topmost branches of a great tree are interlaced, a new mat is placed thereon, and there he is left to fast and dream. The wild imaginings generated by the solitude, by the hunger and thirst, and the weird surroundings, as he rocks to and fro amid the rustling leaves and whispering winds and ghostly shadows, shape themselves into a kind of humanized oracle, and he there and then decides upon his life's destiny, and returns home with his plans for the future fixed and irrevocable.

American Indians have received the name of "Red Indians," not because of the natural colour of the skin, but because of the paint with which they cover it. It was the colour best known to the early pioneers on the American Continent, for when the Indian braves went out to war against the trespassers of their rights, their faces were painted a fiery red, the colour of blood, and they must have been terrible to behold in their war paint and eagle feathers, and all the multi-coloured trappings of the battlefield. But in sorrow the colourings are

different. Half the face may be painted black for mourning and the other half in various hues ; if a distant loss has been sustained rambling lines of black with parti-coloured lines between will announce the fact, and the colours are graduated according to distance of relationship. Dandies will change their paint frequently, just as their "civilized" brothers change their waistcoats and neckties. We show our own depth of appreciation for our lost ones by the gradation in the colour of our clothes ; it is a very thin line after all between "civilization" and "savagery." We dream, too, and draw our imaginary pictures and shape our lives on quite as slender material as the superstitious Indians of the American Continent.

In the American census results just published the Indian population is given as 242,959, which is a decrease of 22,000 during the last 10 years, but I notice that the Rev. Dr. Higley, superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, denies this, and says the Indians are increasing and muster over 333,000. The difference may be accounted for in some measure by the fact that in the 1910 census Indians of all shades of mixture were called Indians, but in 1920 those in which the trace of Indian blood is but slight were all reckoned as whites.

These Indians speak 57 different languages. Each tribe stands by itself, and whether it be the

Sioux (pronounced Soo), Apache, Chippeway, Hopi, Crow, Blackfoot, Ojibbeway, Iroquois, Huron, or any other tribe, each has a distinct language, though they believe they will all have but one in Heaven. In that Happy Land there is to be no more fighting, no more hunting ; only dancing, singing, eating, and playing. Strange to say, however, by an extraordinary system of sign language all of the Indian tribes are able to communicate with one another even now. They may not understand a word of each other's language or dialect, but they can make themselves perfectly understood by means of their ten fingers, and can even tell long stories and crack jokes. One finger thrust straight forward from the mouth signifies truth ; but two fingers parted and moved from the mouth like the forked tongue of a snake means lying. Two fingers of the right hand placed astride over the fingers of the left hand and moved rapidly represent a journey on horseback. A river is shown by serpentine lines on the ground, and a mountain by the hands moved up and down in the air ; and so on. The attempts at a universal language by means of Esperanto have not proved a success. The Indian method is the only one that has so far been successful ; and it is, after all, but the counterpart of the hieroglyphic or coloured picture writing of the Ancient Egyptians which we can find traced

on the walls of their 3,000 or 4,000 year-old tombs, and on the pillars of their great temples.

We may well ask ourselves if the symbols of the savage Indian in his forest home do not bear some relation to the stone-cut signs sculptured by the mighty Pharaohs along the Nile Valley in the far-away days of Egyptian civilisation.

But these American Indians, though still superstitious by nature, are by no means unintelligent. They are not allowed to vote, but they are full-fledged citizens of the United States, and the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico own no less than 900,000 acres of land. Many are not only prosperous farmers but are even wealthy, and some are well educated. But whatever their education, and whatever their "conversion" to the Christian faith (which consists in "soap, sanitation, and salvation") may be, the Red Indian merely makes a concession to the authority under which he lives. He still remains the same inscrutable, mysterious, dusky citizen of the wilds, plunged in the pathetic darkness and beauty of his ancient rites. Two-thirds of the Red Indians to-day know nothing of the English language, and they maintain in all particulars the integrity of their own individuality.

I went into a Hopi house (Hopi means good or peaceful), and the visit was interesting, though there was little to be seen beyond bare walls and flooring.



The chief characteristic of these particular Indian houses is their being perched high, like fortresses upon rocks, thus maintaining the old conservative custom of seeking protection from their tribal foes by inaccessibility. They are keen, like all Indians, on dancing, and these Hopi Indians favoured a few

of us with an impromptu Snake and Eagle Dance.



The Snake Dance was very grim and weird. The performers were loaded with snakes, some said to be very venomous. They followed one another round and round to the noise of a beaten drum, shouting,

dancing, gesticulating, contorting, and shaking hand rattles. They were decorated in all manner of strange head-dresses, their bodies being semi-nude. They evidently sang some sort of rhythmic song which, in my ignorance, I could not appreciate nor understand, but I gather that the snake dance consists chiefly of messages and beseechings to the underworld to send them rain.

The Eagle Dance, when every Indian wore a head-dress of eagle feathers, and carried the spread-out wings of eagles in the hands or across the shoulders, was very interesting. The natives

worked themselves up to a pitch of the most intense excitement, and the medicine man especially was in great prominence.

The latter has a large following in every tribe, and his bag of charms, made of the skin of some animal, is gruesome. His remedies appear to consist of incantations written on slips of paper, much as we write our prescriptions in cabalistic signs in Latin, and his preparations consist almost entirely of the different organs of animals, which are administered for the cure of diseases of the corresponding organs in his human patient. As this is the most up-to-date method of modern medicine in this and other countries, for the "discovery" of which a good many knighthoods and baronetcies have been distributed of late years, and for which honours galore have been poured upon medical men in all parts of the civilised world, the illustration only provides one more bit of evidence to show how exceedingly thin is the veil which separates the highest "civilisation" from the most grotesque savagery.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO.



**B**EFORE I went to America I had never heard of "The Grand Canyon"; when I reached the United States and spoke of going on to California, I heard of very little else. "You must see the Grand Canyon" was on everybody's lips. "You will have to cross the great Arizona desert and be nearly baked alive with heat and dust for a good twenty-four hours at least, but it is worth it; you must not think of returning to England until you have seen the Grand Canyon."

I wanted to know what it was like, but the only intelligible answer I could get in reply was: "It is a huge Canyon!" In my ignorance, I wanted to know what "a Canyon" meant. "A great gorge," said one; "A big chasm," said another.

"Then, what is the difference between the Grand Canyon and any other Canyon?" I inquired.

"Because there is no other Canyon like it in the whole world!"

That was as much information as I could obtain. If I asked for a description, I was told: "It is indescribable, you must see it for yourself; we never

knew anyone yet who could describe it. It must be seen to be understood, and even then you won't understand."

Well, I have seen a good many chasms in my time. I have looked down into the smoking mouth of Vesuvius, scoured the larval craters of Mount Etna, shuddered at the precipices and crevasses of the Alpine range, marvelled at the fitful fiery ebullitions of Stromboli, gazed with awe at the dizzy gorges of Teneriffe, tracked the Grand Curral of the Island of Madeira, and wandered along the brim and into the hollows of many another gigantic break in the Earth's crust, and I could not for the life of me see that one more gorge or one more chasm, however "grand," could be very different from the rest. But "take my advice," said friend after friend, "go and see the Grand Canyon, and—die; there's nothing else like it in the world. Everything else will sink into insignificance beside it."

I asked for photographs that I might get some idea of what it was like. I was shown them. They only mystified me the more. I asked what the many coloured castellated and turreted erections that peeped out of those big hollows meant. I was told "They are part of the Grand Canyon! We cannot explain it, and it is no use trying to do so, you must go and see it for yourself."

I attended a "Reception" in New York a few days after I landed. As one after another shook hands with me, they said "We hear you are going on to California. Which way are you going?" "I have not yet decided," was my answer. "Oh, take my advice," was the cry of one and all, "travel by the Santa Fé line, and go and see the Grand Canyon; you must see the Grand Canyon." So I yielded; I went by the Santa Fé, and decided to steal a day out of my long six days' railway journey westward to visit the Grand Canyon of the Colorado!

From New Mexico we passed right through the centre of Arizona. If Arizona means Arid Zone, it deserves its name. We went over hundreds of miles of dreary desert; the heat was oppressive, and the driving sand was suffocating. I was washing my hands and face every two hours.

We stopped at a town called Williams. The special Grand Canyon Pullman cars were here disconnected, so that the remainder of the train should go on to California. In the early morning we found our cars had been re-engined, and when we peeped out of our sleeping berth windows, discovered that we had been carried along a side line of about 64 miles, which brought us within walking distance of the object of our journey—the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

It was quite early morning. We hastily washed

and dressed, and leaving the cars, sauntered up several flights of terraced steps to the El Tovar Hotel, where we ordered breakfast—and a very good breakfast it was. Through the windows and corridors of this rather extensive building we caught sight again and again of what appeared to be some very curious structures, but decided to satisfy our appetites first and to leave curiosity to be satisfied subsequently.

Breakfast over, we walked out on to the macadamised terrace which surrounded the hotel, and to our amazement we came, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, face to face with the Grand Canyon ! The hotel had been built upon its very rim !

The suddenness of the view, the staggering sight which presented itself, the bewildering scene of indescribable and mysterious grandeur which stretched in front, the ever-changing vista of colour that disported itself in the light of the morning sun, the almost horrifying spectacle of a sheer cliff of rock descending to the depth of a mile below our feet, and the great range of mysterious, stupendous, multi-coloured mountains, painted as it were by a scenic artist in all the colours of the rainbow, that lifted their gigantic heads from the floor of this titanic gorge, constituted something that, without question, stood alone in the universe

—something that, for the moment, held everyone who saw it for the first time, spell-bound ! I then understood as I could have understood in no other way, what was meant when on every hand was rung in my ears, “ You must see the Grand Canyon ! ”

The Queen of Sheba could not have been more startled than I was. When she saw the glory of King Solomon, “ the house that he had built, the sitting of his servants, the attendance of his ministers and their apparel, the ascent by which he went up unto the House of the Lord, there was no more spirit left in her ! ” She said to the King : “ It was a true report that I heard. Howbeit I believed not the words, until I came and my eyes had seen ; and behold the half was not told me . . . it exceedeth the fame which I heard.” That was my position.

I said to an American travelling companion : “ What does all this mean ? ”

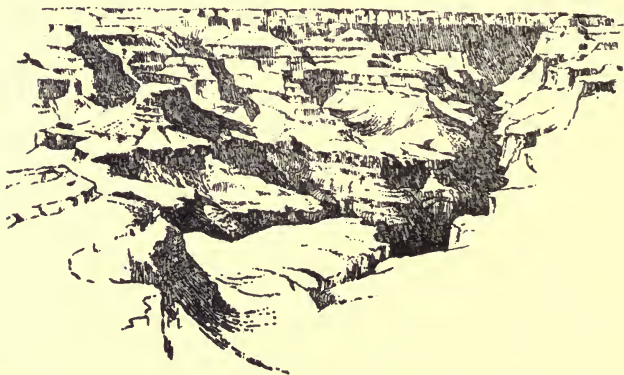
“ Heaven only knows—I don’t,” he answered, “ I never saw anything to match it in my life. My people are always bragging about something or other being the biggest thing in the world ; I always like to be on the safe side and say, ‘ the second biggest.’ But I guess I shall be right here in putting this on top. It is just stupendous ! ”

Well, let me try to describe it from the spot



where I first saw it—on the terrace of the El Tovar Hotel.

I stood there leaning against a low stone wall surmounted by a flat coping, and I looked sheer down along a scarred, jagged, precipitous chasm that descended to a depth of 6,000 to 7,000 feet. Put it the other way, and try to think what a mountain of 6,000 feet in height means. We generally look up at the wonders of the world ; this was a novelty such as only an aeroplane could furnish ; one



looked down into the very heart of the earth. Moving a few yards to the right, I gazed across this enormous rent to the opposite rim of the chasm ; it looked like a mile across, everything was so clear in the morning air. And all was so fresh and still, except for the flitting of the numerous humming birds and the little rustle among the pine leaves

when a saucy squirrel poked out his head and looked at one inquiringly.

Just then an Englishman walked up to me and said : " Isn't this simply wonderful ? I can't grasp it. Do you know the distance to that opposite cliff ? "

" About a mile, I should think," I answered, " perhaps less."

" That is what I thought," said he, " but it is 18 miles across ! Fancy being able to see a distance of 18 miles as clearly and closely as that ; and think of what that awful gash means—18 miles wide ! "

I could make no reply. I was just awed.

Then my eyes followed the length of the chasm ; it stretched as far as the eye could reach, until lost in the distance.

" Do you know how far this gigantic gulf extends ? " I asked my companion as we stood gazing at the immensity.

" Yes," he replied, " about 200 miles."

" Good gracious ! " I exclaimed. " Why England itself is less than 300 miles from end to end ! Is it this width all the way ? "

" No," said my friend, " it runs, I believe, from 9 to 13 miles wide on the average. But as it reaches its limit it is little more than a great narrow precipitous gash in the earth's crust."

I then viewed the strange structures of which

I had caught a glimpse from the hotel windows. Rising up from the bed of the mighty hollow stood extraordinary architectural erections ; from my vantage ground scores of them came within the line of vision. Were they monster castles, or turreted battlements that belonged to mediæval times ? Were those jagged pinnacles and terraced perpendicular walls the remnants of long lines of ruined fortifications left by Titans of other days ? The panorama was overpowering. The sun was rising high over the edge of the gigantic gorge and its rays were reflected in the mighty masses of masonry that lifted their heads from the depths below. Every colour of the rainbow shone from those mysterious walls, and one enormous elevation was deep red as if the whole structure had been dyed with blood. The stillness was so intense that I started violently as I heard a scream above me, and saw a great golden eagle swoop down into a crevasse behind one of those rocky glens.

Gradually the whole scene came into strange relief. As the sun rose higher, light and shadow leaped from gorge to gorge, crag to crag, and battlement to battlement, until all was ablaze, and peak after peak lifted its glittering summit as if by magic and disclosed these great coloured mountains—for such they were—whose giant heads were no higher than the level of one's feet, and yet were

taller than the tallest mountain among the Wilds of the Rockies !

What must have been the emotions of the Spanish discoverers who, five hundred years ago, gazed for the first time upon this geological wonderland ! And how far back in the history of this globe was this mighty architectural work wrought ? And how was it accomplished ? Who can tell ?

There must have been in the world's remote history some gigantic upheaval of this immense mass of rock ; and the swift-flowing Colorado River that sweeps along its base, the rain and tempests, and the gradual erosion of the surface did the rest. The effects of erosion would account for the chief results. Water and air would wear away the surfaces of the gigantic rock, scoop them out into every possible fantastic shape, and mould them into towers and minarets, citadels and escarpments, terraces and battlements, and all the weird designs which present themselves, just as one sees the same thing on a small scale in the erosions on the banks of an ordinary ditch.

The marvellous colourings are easily accounted for by the differences in the strata. The tints of the successive layers of deposit during the millions of years of formation of the earth's crust, present no difficulty. The red, amber, orange, grey, white, blue, yellow, green, and brown, correspond with

the minerals which lie buried in Nature's womb. Some of the giant mountains in this immense chasm are shaped like Egyptian pyramids, and the stratifications are so regular and horizontal that it is difficult not to believe that the great structures of thousands of feet in height were built by the hands of some mighty pre-historic race who painted them in different colours to give effect to the landscape and attractiveness to the monument.

But Nature wrought and painted to her own designs in the hidden recesses of her curious factories, unaided by the art of Man. When she had finished, she tore asunder the veil that hid her beauty and she laid bare the secrets which she had treasured throughout the long ages before any human eye could gaze in wonder upon her. She has since battled with the elements that would destroy her charms, and she has grown old and seamed with a million wrinkles which give evidence of the tragedies through which she has passed.

Serene and dignified, Nature, in the Grand Canyon, looks down from her throne with a face that presents many a scar received in deadly combat with her foes. But those scars, which tell of the stubbornness with which she defended herself against the onslaughts of her enemies, have given to her features a beauty that is all their own, a beauty at which the traveller of centuries hence will still stand and

wonder, for it is a beauty that only age and struggle could bestow.



A small party of us—five men and one girl—decided to explore the Grand Canyon itself, and after engaging a stalwart cowboy as guide, we each



mounted a mule and commenced the descent. I had no idea what it would be like when I started, or I should not have gone, and I certainly shall never go again. It was the most nerve-racking experience I ever remember. We took the Bright Angel Trail, which, from the hotel to the Colorado River that flows at the bottom, is seven miles long.

The path for the first two or three miles was nothing more nor less than a narrow ledge just wide enough for a mule to walk on, cut out of an almost perpendicular wall. The gradient was so steep that I felt as if I must inevitably be flung forward over the mule's head, but I stretched my legs straight, planted my feet firmly in the stirrups, grasped the reins tightly, and keeping myself back with knees in the mule's ribs, clung on for dear life ! All of us were silent, as if we were in a funeral procession. Outside the narrow ledge was the sheer precipice. I simply dared not look down, but kept my eyes steadfastly gazing at the back of the mule's head ! The most tragic moments to me were when we turned the sharp corners of the trail, and this we did on the zigzag path every two or three minutes. It seemed as if nothing could save one. How on earth the mule twisted his lithe body and negotiated those corners I cannot tell. Again and again I felt as if I must stop, but it was useless thinking about it ; there were the mules moving



slowly down the steep descent in single file in front and the remainder coming on behind. There was no turning or getting off unless one fell into the abyss at one's side. The perspiration poured down my cheeks, and my soft collar was soon soaking, but I dared not reach for my pocket handkerchief ! I felt if I let go my grip of the reins I should fall over. Of course, I need not have troubled, the sure-footed mule makes no mistakes, and can be safely trusted. I am told there never has been an accident. Nevertheless, to the inexperienced mountain rider it was nerve-splitting, and I should have been heartily ashamed of my tremors had I not discovered that everyone else suffered from them as badly as I did.

Apparently the only exception was the young American girl, who turned the whole thing into a joke, and declared it to have been " the jolliest ride of her life." But that was when it was all over ; she was as quiet as the rest of us as we were descending that steep narrow gradient of the " Devil's Corkscrew " trail ; but whatever may have been her feelings, she was too smart to let anyone know about them ! The men were all frank enough ; nobody wanted a second edition—once was sufficient for a lifetime ; we each decided if we came again, neither the Bright Angel Trail nor the Hermit Trail would allure us, but we would

take a comfortable automobile drive round the rim at the top. Whatever Jacob's Ladder was like, and however it may have been fixed, in the vision vouchsafed to the progenitor of the Israelitish race, it could scarcely have been more bewildering than that path down this declivity of some 6,000 feet.

We were all thankful when we reached the Indian Garden a little over 3,000 feet down, and were able to dismount, wipe the perspiration from our faces, and get a drink of ice-cold water from a running mountain stream. Our legs ached with the effort of the long ride, and we were in no hurry to remount our steeds, although the remainder of the journey necessitated much less strain on the nervous system. When we did reach the bottom we were thankful, and a long rest and some refreshment that we had brought with us were appreciated to the full. We were told that at such a depth—a mile from the rim into the bowels of the earth—some people feel the strain upon their hearts, but none of us suffered any inconvenience on that score.

The journey back was not so bad, except that we were all very stiff and tired ; but we had become accustomed to some extent to this form of mountain climbing ; we had learned to trust our faithful and intelligent animals, and we were going up instead of down. I found myself able to look over

the precipices with some confidence ; but when I looked up a distance of 2,500 feet at a perfectly perpendicular wall of rock, against which not a solitary inch of footing was visible, and when I realised that up the face of that cliff we had to travel on the same narrow ledge down which we had come, I must confess I felt somewhat appalled.

On the return journey, wherever we reached a spot just wide enough to allow us to dismount we did so, in order to rest the mules and to exercise our own limbs. When we did at last reach El Tovar, we found it difficult to walk for a while, and were glad enough to sit down and drink some iced water, followed by a cup of tea and a hearty meal.

Refreshed and rested, we came out on to the terrace again, and had another look down into that huge paint pot of riotous colour.

At one point on the rim of the gorge, upon a projecting rock, stood an Observatory with a telescope trained upon the mighty multi-coloured mountains that arose from the bed of the Canyon, and on the summit of one of them I noticed an American flag. A plucky American girl had climbed its apparently inaccessible walls a few weeks before and planted it there.

The sun was sinking low in the west, and the blood-red ball was sending its rays over the great

rocky fastnesses of the battlemented scene. There was only one expression on every lip as the gold, red, blue, green, orange, purple, brown, grey, white of the scarred mountains in the titanic canyon were lit up afresh with the glory of the departing day—"Isn't it wonderful?"

No artist ever painted such a picture on his canvas as Nature painted there. No kaleidoscope ever revealed such a series of rapidly changing tints as presented themselves to our gaze in the silence of that closing scene. It was awesome in its grandeur, terrific in its immensity, overpowering in its inspiration. The very soul seemed subdued by the eloquence of such silent expression of omnipotence.

Then the sun went down, the moon appeared over the rocky precipices; the stars shone and glittered above, and in the silver light that streamed across the ghostly gorge ten thousand spectral forms haunted the gloom of the mountains, while the enchanted, mysterious underworld slumbered and slept.

## CHAPTER XV

### "THE CITY OF THE ANGELS."



CALIFORNIA is a wonderful country, and Los Angeles—"the city of the Angels"—is the most talked of city in the United States, for this commercial metropolis of Southern California has increased its population from 11,000 to 750,000 in the course of 35 years, and it is still going strong. On an average there are only twelve days in the year without sunshine. There are no extremes of summer heat or winter cold. Thunder and lightning, snow and hail are practically unknown. The brightest flowers bloom all the year round, and in the middle of winter the sun still smiles.

An Englishman who took me out in his car one day for a drive asked me, as he jumped in like a young man of 30, "How old do you think I am?"

Wishing to be complimentary I answered, "I should say you are quite fifty."

"Yes," said he, "everybody thinks I'm a youngster. Well, I am 86. I came here to end my days, but the marvellous climate has so metamorphosed me that I am beginning to wonder if my days will ever end."

Los Angeles was founded 140 years ago by a mixed lot of colonists numbering 141 in all. Seventy years later the population had not increased to more than 1,500, and 25 years ago there was not a paved street in the city. To-day it will compare in up-to-dateness with any city in America. "Mushroom growth" hardly expresses the marvellous rate at which things have moved, and still move, in this wonderful city of three-quarters of a million souls.

I was driving by a magnificent hotel one day. It was several stories high, and must have contained many hundreds of rooms, all of which were furnished and in occupation. It looked like a big palace and was in full working order. Huge palm trees, pepper trees, eucalyptus trees, semi-tropical shrubs, and luxuriously laid out gardens with endless ornamental flower beds surrounded it. To all appearances it was the development of half a century at least.

"Twelve months ago," said the friend who was driving me, "all that area was bare land. Those great palm trees were brought there bodily a short time ago, and planted as you see them. Those fine lawns are the growth of a few weeks; there wasn't a patch of grass six months ago."

That is how they do things "in the West"!

But the whole history of California reads like a romance. It was not admitted into the Union

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until 1850—just 71 years ago. The State was then little more than a desert, and Los Angeles merely a big village. You can drive through the main street of that “village” to-day for fourteen miles on end ; it has immensely broad roads and wide



pavements, bordered with grass plots and flower beds, which lead on either side by green swards and sloping lawns to thousands of houses of architectural beauty, not two of which are alike ; and you can tread miles upon miles of streets lined with magnificent shops, many of which are equal to the best in any capital of Europe. Los Angeles—a city 50 miles long and 30 miles wide—is, I should say, in size and rapid growth unquestionably “the biggest thing” of its kind in the world.

Not only has the commercial side of life been considered, but everywhere in the States the æsthetic and healthful requirements of the people



have been kept constantly in view ; and, in nothing is this fact more fully exemplified than in its wonderful parks.

The parks of the city of Los Angeles cover altogether about 5,000 acres. They are marvels of exquisite beauty and design. Their development is largely due to the skill and energy of a Scotsman, Mr. Frank Shearer, a graduate of Edinburgh University.

Every day he motors to some of these immense breathing spaces, of which he is the official superintendent, watching and directing their cultivation with all the zeal of an enthusiast.

He took me with him on one of these excursions, and we spent a whole day motoring through some of the marvellous creations which this horticultural wizard has raised in the course of a few years from out the desert.

I found Mr. Shearer an interesting companion, a clever raconteur, one of the most versatile yet unassuming men I met in the States, and possessed of a large, rare, and varied experience. His whole heart is centred in the children he has raised in the Californian wilds—children that turn their exquisite floral faces toward him from greensward and flower bed, and shady nook ; and beam upon him from out the glass-roofed wonder-houses of tropical vegetation, that extend for miles.

In the latter the rarest ferns, the choicest orchids, and the richest specimens of floral beauty from the tropics flourish ; and on the banks of dainty ponds, or creeping over cleverly contrived walls they impose their delicate fronds, their quaint forms, and delightful odours, upon the attention.

There were hundreds of species, thousands upon thousands of varieties, and Mr. Shearer knew them all by name, and had a story to tell about many of them ; he proved to be a veritable storehouse of information and of plant-lore.

The variety in the parks is as astonishing as the beauty.

Here is a glen through which a stream of water has been diverted so as to fall in little cascades down the side of a mountain. You walk by high moss grown and flower-bedecked banks, under overhanging trees, along narrow green paths, across rustic bridges ; and then you rise higher and higher on the rugged and rocky slopes of this romantic retreat—always in the pleasant subdued light of the shadows.

Here, again, is a wood in which picnic devotees may spend the day. In a great cleared space water has been laid on, and every convenience for boiling it provided. Benches, even tables, and everything else that can be thought of or desired to render a day's outing easy and enjoyable has been supplied.

Next is found a many-acred space under a hill clothed with majestic trees, where automobiles and tents by the score spread themselves in all directions. The owners have travelled perhaps many miles with their families to "camp out" on plots provided by the City Fathers for that purpose; the time allowed to each family being limited to a fortnight. Here they are, as busy as possible, cooking, washing, feeding, playing, basking in the sunshine, squatting and chatting on this big camping ground where the "simple life" is lived among the trees in the beauteous landscape California so lavishly supplies.

Farther on we come to a mountain. The whole mountain has been turned into a park. It rises three to four thousand feet in height; acres and acres of its bare sides have been planted with trees; and around and around that great mountain has been cut, from base to summit, a road wide enough to take two automobiles abreast; and driving round and round, up and up this mountain road, one looks out upon ever varying scenes, as orange and lemon groves, vine-clad valleys and picturesque cities come into view.

The children are not forgotten. Perhaps nowhere in America are the children more carefully considered than in the City of the Angels. There is even a special Playground Commission devoted

to their interests. Nearly a dozen playground parks flourish at different centres in Los Angeles ; in these are wading pools and sand courts, swings and bowling alleys, swimming baths and gymnastic apparatus of every description ; and in some places trained instructors of both sexes are engaged to superintend the frolics of the children. More per head is spent in this city on education than in any other city in the United States.

I must not omit one park of 3,000 acres called, after the name of its donor, Griffith Park, past which a river flows. There are within its boundaries forests, mountains, deep canyons, and an indescribable wealth of shrubs and flowers.

It is a beautifully preserved specimen of original Californian landscape, over which elk and deer roam in primitive freedom.

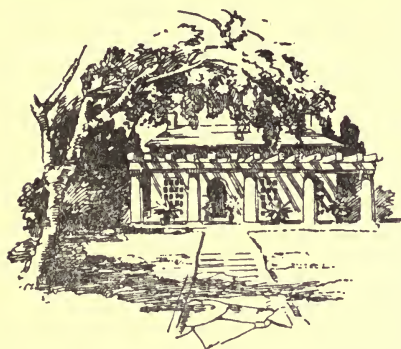
Los Angeles has a water supply sufficient for five millions of people, which is brought along an aqueduct from the Sierra Nevada mountains a distance of 250 miles away. The fall to the city level is utilized to work a hydro-electric plant, which is said to be "the greatest inter-urban electric system in the world." It has over a thousand miles of tracks which radiate like the spokes of a wheel from the heart of the city. Six hundred thousand horse power of current is generated, which is retailed at the absurdly low

price of  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 cent per unit ! There is enough power produced to work all the trams in the city, in addition to heavy plants of every description.

The people of the West appear to be quite different from those of the East. The latter are Anglo-Americans, of the old sturdy stock of the Pilgrim Fathers and the early English colonists who inter-mixed with other races, chiefly Dutch, which gathered upon the soil of the New World. The Westerners, however, consist largely of the new "American nation" that trekked from the East toward the golden land 70 years ago. The East acknowledges that the West is the centre of the go-aheadism of their great nation. One prominent American in New York said to me on one occasion : "The East is being played out, we are becoming effete, we are getting cramped, narrowed up, moving in a circle and sinking into the demoralising influences of luxury and ease ; but the West is all life, energy, vigour, soul. It is going to be the moving power of the States in the future."

All this was too pessimistic ; I think he had had too heavy a dinner ; but the fact remains : "East is East and West is West." The Eastern American and the Western American are altogether different creations. The contrasts are a study of the most interesting nature, especially as portrayed in the women.

All American women are warm-hearted. Whether they belong to North, South, East, or West, there is a freedom and generosity and good nature, combined with smartness and general intelligence, that compare favourably with the qualities of any women I have come across in any other part of the world. It is due, no doubt, to the greater liberty



which has been accorded them, the better opportunity they have found for mental training, the fuller responsibility which they have had to assume, and the newness of everything in a new

country which creates an interest in all that is going on—a sense which is apt to diminish as the age of a State, or that of an individual, increases. The American woman has almost been forced, at least she has been drawn, into consideration of all the vital problems which concern the growth of her country ; and as States were added to States, and question after question arising in the course of their development assumed a prominent place in the considerations of political and social life, every homestead became more or less affected and woman took her place in



the ordering and the building up of the Commonwealth.

She seized her opportunity as only woman knows how, and to-day, in my opinion, the woman is the greatest force in American life. It is in America more than anywhere else, that the aphorism holds true : " The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Side by side with this fact, however, I have been struck by another : the greater the liberty which is given to woman and the more liberty she takes, the more willing she appears to be to give man his place as nominal leader, and then to drudge for him for all she is worth. Nowhere in the world, I believe, are the finer qualities of women better displayed than on the American continent, and nowhere, so far as I have been able to see, does sex find itself more equably and rightly apportioned. Of course, there will always be found women who, individually, will abuse their privileges, just as there will be found men who will do the same ; but let women as a class be given their head, and they speedily discover their limitations, and the majority will have sense enough to abide by them. In this respect America is a magnificent object-lesson.

It is not that man is superior to woman, or that woman is superior to man. They are two distinct and definite orders of creation, their respective



places are not interchangeable. The mentality of the one is as high as the mentality of the other, but it is of a different order. It has been the curse of the world from earliest times that men have dictated to women what their sphere should be, instead of allowing them to find it for themselves ; and men have bound women down to the level of their own ideas of subservience and inferiority and driven them into moulds of their own making, instead of affording them opportunity for free self-development.

America has produced a free woman. It is the only place in the world, as far as my knowledge goes, where man can hold his place without being grudged it by woman, and where woman can hold her place with the full accord and satisfaction of her male admirer.

And yet, as I have remarked, the woman of the East differs from the woman of the West, as the woman of America differs from the woman of England ; it is not so much a difference of race as a difference of climate, opportunity, and outlook, combined with the fact that the West is newer, younger, and more vigorous than the East. In the West perhaps there has also been an admixture of the warmer blood of the Southern races with the sturdy stock that sprang from New England soil. But be that as it may there has been produced in

the West a special type of race which is seen more fully developed in the woman than in the man. Striking as are the American women of the North (that is, if we divide up America in a general way into North and South), and warm and generous and impulsive as they undoubtedly are, they are cold compared with their sisters of the South. They lack the romance and the poetry of the Southerner. There is more of the stolidity and caution of the old English stock in the North, and more buoyancy, optimism, and fire in the South.

I spent a month in California. I spoke at a large number of meetings, to all classes of people, and mixed with a great many in their social and daily life, and I was simply amazed at the place the women of California held everywhere, at the respect and unfailing courtesy afforded them by the men with the apparent lack of all sex jealousy, and at the readiness with which the women yielded to the men the places of honour in their own sphere. I saw nothing of the rivalry, the bickering and the little-mindedness between the sexes which one observes in the Old Country.

On one occasion I had the privilege and honour of addressing the Women's City Club at Los Angeles. There were some 300 women assembled, and I was amazed at the truly masterly and business-like way in which affairs were conducted. They had

before them on that occasion, prior to my address, the question of the erection of a library in connection with the Club, and they discussed the site, the arrangements, the architecture and endless details, and proposed and carried resolutions in a smart, intellectual, and businesslike manner that no City Council of men in the Old Country could excel and few could equal. There was no waste of time, no one was allowed to occupy a moment beyond the time limit, each speaker stuck to the point, and the President conducted the whole proceedings with a precision that was a marvel of decorum and skill. Our own House of Commons was not in it when compared with the well-trained members in their obedience to the chair and their respect for the rules of debate. They went through it with the regularity of a machine, and yet no point was lost, no weak link in the chain was missed, no flaw in the proposals or objections escaped criticism, and every woman seemed alert and alive to every detail that claimed attention. I honestly do not believe, judging by my own experience, that any society of men in England could have conducted such a discussion without wandering off somewhere into extraneous matter that had no direct bearing upon the subject in hand.

From the limited opportunity afforded me of judging of the men of California under similar

circumstances, I confess they did not score to the same extent ; but all that I wish to put on record here is the prowess of the very fine and able women in Los Angeles, and the part they play in the cultured life of the city.

A lady was motoring me one day right out to the far boundaries of Los Angeles. We had passed miles upon miles of orange and lemon groves, miles upon miles of verdant lawns and sun-kissed flower beds and delightful bungalows, and were nearing



the great mountains which guard the City of the Angels. We reached an immense stretch of practically barren country where pine trees and stray palms and monster Yuccas grow wild, where the sage-brush flourishes among rocks and stones, and where mountain streams flow here and there across the rugged path, descending from the melting snows on the summits. I noticed numbers of tents scattered about, with now and then a stone house, and there were motor cars in all directions.

" Why," I remarked, " I thought we should have been out of the world here, but apparently the farther we get away from civilisation the more we get into it. What is the meaning of all this ? "

"That is the way of the West," my friend replied. "The first thing a man thinks about is to buy an automobile, that comes before everything. Then he motors out to a no-man's land like this, and fixes up a tent and puts his wife in it (if he has one) to cook for him. He motors backwards and forwards to business by day—distance is nothing here—and spends his spare time in the early morning, and after he gets back in the evening, in running his automobile around picking up stones. You see a big pile of them over there, and there are some more yonder. And when he has collected enough stones he beds them in concrete one on top of another, just as you see in that patch, and builds a house for himself and settles down."

"But what an awful time is wasted," I remarked, "in going backwards and forwards all those miles to business."

"No," she said, with the usual directness of the American girl, "it is not wasted; it is just that which makes the difference between the East and the West. The East is getting cramped up and overgrown, and with the cramping up of the body you get the cramping up of the mind and the contracting of the soul. The West is the land of freedom. You get out like this into the great open, under the shadow of those big rough mountains, you breathe a free, pure air, you enjoy freedom of

soul and body, you can think and dream and plan and act, and you feel that life is worth living and that the world is your own and everything in it. And that is why the West is more progressive than the East, and why the West resents the shackles with which the East is content to be bound. The mind grows and develops, in my opinion, in proportion to its outlook ; give it a big outlook, as we have it here, and it will flourish like a bay tree at the water's edge ; give it a cramped-up range on which to fix itself and you get a stunted growth."

That was the mature judgment of a girl of twenty summers ! She herself was a girl from the East, born of New England stock, but she had imbibed the infectious spirit of the West. She was a type of the Western woman in her ideas, which she expressed in the logical matter of fact language of the East ; but deeply interesting as she was as a study, there was still room for the romance and poetry of the West.

I attended a meeting smaller than that of the City Club, but none the less interesting. Again it was a woman who presided. She was a tall, stately woman, with keen black eyes and raven hair. Gracefully lifting her right hand she said : " As I looked out of my bedroom window this early morning while it was yet dark, I saw a solitary star glistening in the heavens ; it was the Morning Star

that God Almighty had left shining there to tell me that the night was passing and the dawn would soon be here ; and I looked from that mighty impenetrable space to my own little homestead and it seemed to me so small, so I turned again to the great realm where God sits upon His Throne and fixed my eye there—there—out from the globe on which I lived—out to that star, the emblem of His message for me ; and then as I looked, the star slowly flickered away, and the great red glow of the sun shone out and took its place, and I thanked God for the lesson. ‘ Hitch your wagon to a star,’ we have been told. Yes, but let it be the Morning Star ; it lingers in the darkness till the morning breaks—it is the harbinger of the coming day.”

I heard some good speeches from the lips of women in the East, but not one like that ; that was the breathing of the spirit of poetic imagery peculiar to the romantic daughter of the City of the Angels which sits enthroned by the Western Sea.





## CHAPTER XVI

### "THE LAND OF GOLD."



H ! What a wonderful sight," I cried, as I sat on a jutting rock overlooking an immense golden plain stretching almost as far as the eye could reach.

It was a field of Californian poppies.

"That is the flower which has given our land its name ; we call it the Land of Gold," said a friend who sat beside me.

"I question that interpretation," said her matter-of-fact husband. "I believe it received that title from the fact that gold was found here."

"But the ' Land of Gold ' is only the fancy name," I remarked, "what is the origin of ' California ' ? "

The lady suggested two words : "Calyx and Forma—the form of the calyx of the Californian poppy," she explained.

"But," I said, laughing, "that would only give the form and not the colour. I am afraid that is too fanciful."

Another friend of the party said, "How would Calida Formax do—that is, ' A Hot Furnace ? ' We must remember that everything here is of Spanish origin ; and what application could be

more suitable to the hot desert as the Spaniards found it than Calida Formax, which could easily be contracted into California."

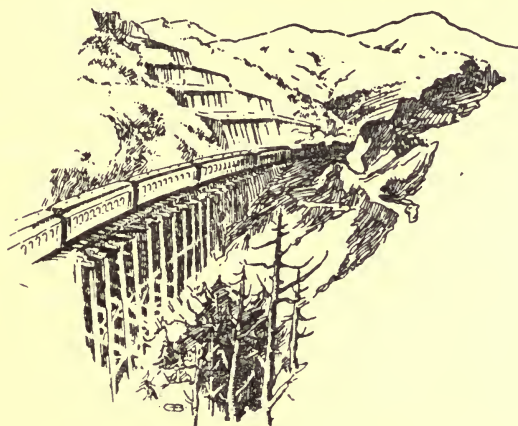
We all agreed that that was the best solution of the problem, unless the name had been derived from some old Spanish romance, the origin of which has been lost and buried in the centuries that have gone.

But it was not all desert when the Spaniards first set eyes on the Land of Gold. No. The immense central valley of California, which is about 400 miles long and 50 to 60 miles wide, is guarded by the great Sierra Nevada range of mountains at the back, and by that mighty Coast Range which looks out over the sandy shores of the blue Pacific in front. The valley itself is watered by the life-giving Sacramento and St. Joaquin rivers.

Oh ! those majestic Sierra Nevada mountains ! Ascending ten to fifteen thousand feet above sea-level and stretching five hundred miles in length, they arrest one's very soul with their stupendous grandeur and their marvellous fertility.

You pass over monster snow-clad mountain summits ; creep under miles of heavy snow-sheds which protect the train from avalanches and snow-drifts ; you look out on stupendous glacier-bound peaks that are silhouetted in gaunt and fantastic shapes against the sky ; you gaze down into gigantic

canyons, carved into multitudinous forms as by a wizard's hand ; you listen to roaring cataracts which foam and tumble over naked rocks and wash the sandy strata where the gold-digger seeks for wealth ; you climb rocks of ever-varying nature



and colour—granite, limestones, slate, sand-stones, basalts, porphyries—which preach their sermons and tell their stories of primeval days of unrecorded history ; you peer into mysterious purple pine forests which for generations have furnished the Red Indian with his legends and filled his mind with traditions of superstitious folk-lore ; you look up to the dizzy tops of the mighty trees 300 feet in height that must have been seedlings when man himself was young ; you pass by lakes and streams

and waterfalls away in the very heart of the mountain wilds ; and when you near a chance cliff and can gaze at the landscape far below, you see where the life-stream from the towering heights has found its way into orchards where apples of gold hang on dark green trees, where bananas and peaches ripen under a sky of cloudless blue, where flowers display all the colours of the rainbow and turn a wilderness into fairy-land, and where all that is beautiful in nature has found a resting-place and a home.

It was over these pitiless snow-clad mountains and giant rocky elevations, and along passes untrodden except by the stealthy Indian, that, weary and footsore, hungry and thirsty, battered and torn, the old pioneers came in '49—that year which will never be forgotten in Californian history—to seek for the mines of gold. Over mountain ranges and scorched plains for thousands of miles the gold hunters journeyed on, fighting the Indians, fighting wild beasts, sometimes fighting one another, leaving trails of suffering and death behind them ; but buoyed up ever by the lure of hidden treasure the dauntless survivors struggled on.

At a spot called Sutter's Mill, some specks of gold had been discovered in the mill race, and the news spread like wildfire to the far end of the Northern States, and on came in their thousands men with

pick and shovel to Southern Oregon and California, to tunnel the hills, to dig the land, and to wrest from gravel and mountain stream the ever-coveted "gold."

The news spread the wide world over, and every nation provided its quota of eager humanity which steered for "The Land of Gold."

And now—broken huts, ruined habitations, huge chasms where the gravel was washed away in the feverish quest, and a few broken-down descendants of those early adventurers, are all that remain to remind the present-day traveller of the Gold Fever of '49. But that wild rush laid the foundations for the commencement of Californian prosperity.

The next year, 1850, California received its charter as a State, and that huge tract of country, about a thousand miles in length and over 200 in width—the largest State, I believe, in America, unless Texas can claim a slightly bigger area—embracing both ranges of mountains and the whole coast-line from San Diego to the border of Oregon State, was pressed to the bosom of the great Republic.

Then the iron horse appeared upon the scene—that power of harnessed steam which, more than any other force, has knit together the remotest borders of the earth, and made the world what it is to-day. I came across, when in California, the first

copy of the "Pullman's Hotel Express," issued on May 24, 1870. America is nothing if not original, and this newspaper was the first paper ever composed, printed, and published on a railway train! Among the items of news was the announcement that that day was the birthday of Queen Victoria. Its leading article was headed "All Aboard for San Francisco!" and it was dated from Niagara Falls. That was a wonderful day for America, and it is not surprising that the excited editor did get a bit mixed! This is how he exulted:—

"The 'Yes' of Helen to Paris was the cause of a ten years' war; the 'Up, Guards, and at them!' of Wellington annihilated an Empire; and these words, 'All Aboard for San Francisco!' meant that the most magnificent train produced by American art was starting on its passage over the longest line of rails operated by any nation."

It was enough to make any editor lose his head! It was a stupendous feat to cross those gigantic snow mountains with a railway at a height of over 8,000 feet above sea-level. But Americans do nothing by halves; they believe in that good old motto: "The best way to do a thing is to do it."

When they wanted to put down a rebellion, they just raised a million men and they did it.

When they decided to wipe off a war debt they



accomplished it at the rate of thirty million pounds a year. When France had failed at Panama and Uncle Sam realised that the Atlantic and the Pacific must, for the benefit of the world and civilisation, be united, he took the matter in hand, and without a moment's hesitation, put a few score thousand men on the job and made the Panama Canal a wonderful achievement.

When Americans at length made up their minds to cast the weight of their immense power into the scale that was trembling in the balance of the Great War, neither the cosmopolitan nature of the inhabitants of their vast Republic, nor the distance of 3,000 miles to the European battlefields, nor the probable cost in blood and treasure, nor the herculean task of providing food, clothing and war material for their warrior-hosts, stood in the way for an instant. They neither expected nor demanded nor took reward or compensation for their losses ; they just flung themselves into the seething cauldron determined that wrong should be avenged ; and then calmly returned to their ordinary avocations as plain American citizens.

And in the same spirit, when once they had decided to extend their iron rails across the great deserts and over two huge piles of mountain ranges, they did it. They dashed on, ten and twelve miles a day, over those great prairies and steep acclivities ;

thousands went in front and levelled the track, thousands more came on with sleepers and rails, and overtook the other workers as they went along ; there was neither strike nor "ca' canny," they sped right ahead for the 3,400 miles until the last rivet—a silver rivet—had been driven into its socket in California. Then they had a great feast ; they fixed their artillery on the shores of the mighty oceans East and West ; and when speeches had been delivered, a prayer to Almighty God for His blessing was offered up at each end of the great continent, and the telegraph wires carried "Amen" from one signal station to the other ; and then the artillery crashed its thunder from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and East and West clasped hands over the iron rail.

The train started—May 24, 1870 ! In eight days the distance was covered. And another ceremony followed—a poetic ceremony—which I doubt not had its origin in the romantic West. Water bottled from the Atlantic Ocean was poured upon the bosom of the Pacific, and water bottled from the Pacific Ocean was poured upon the bosom of the Atlantic, and from the throats of hundreds of thousands of bare-headed citizens who stood upon those shores, East and West, went up a shout of rejoicing and triumph that echoed in every throbbing heart in that great continent.

From that time forth California, generally, has gone ahead by leaps and bounds similarly to the way, as I show, that Los Angeles and other cities have prospered in the Southern portion of the State.

But there has been a factor in the prosperity and charm of California which, in my opinion, outweighs the influence exercised by the countless hordes infected with the gold fever, or that of the union of East and West by means of the iron rail. I refer to the influence of the old Spanish Missions.

Centuries before the flag of the Stars and Stripes floated over the City Halls of California, the Spaniard had planted his ensign on its rocky crags and sun-scorched plains, and had waved his sword over the blue Pacific and claimed it in the name of his King. Countries, like individuals, owe more than they are apt to realise to the unconscious influences which are brought to bear upon them in their earliest years, and to the lessons which are wrought in their mind at a time when impressions are most easily made and are the most likely to endure.

It is four centuries since Christopher Columbus sailed from the Spanish coast and discovered the American continent. It is said that Scandinavian explorers had discovered it four centuries previously, but of that we have no absolutely authentic

record. As far as we know the first European man to gaze on that wonderful land was Columbus ; and his primary act was to plant a cross upon its soil, to call his men around him, and to kneel down upon the beach and praise God. That initial proceeding was typical of all the subsequent early history of the land that lay along the Pacific coast.

At that time America was peopled by the Indians. How long had they been there ? Where did they come from ? What was their origin ? All these questions must remain unanswered. When the King of Babylon was erecting his hanging gardens on the plains of Mesopotamia, and the Pharaohs of Egypt were building their pyramids and temples, the mahogany-coloured natives of the American continent were weaving their legends and formulating their creeds of mysticism, and worshipping the same " unknown God " : and among the fastnesses buried deep in American soil, are remnants of ruined cities which tell of a people who apparently did not belong to the Indian tribes, and who passed away leaving not a shred of history behind them.

It was some twenty years after Columbus had spied out the land that Balboa, the Spanish Conquistador, set foot on the Pacific Coast ; and one Spanish adventurer after another visited it, and departed again, satisfied, apparently, that the land itself and its Indian inhabitants had been added to

the Crown of Spain—then the mightiest nation in Europe.

Half a century later Spain was disturbed from her peaceful serenity by the news that English buccaneers were searching the Pacific Coast. It was on December 13th, 1577, that Francis Drake, with the permission of Queen Elizabeth, left Plymouth with a squadron of five ships, and, sailing west, took one Spanish galleon after another, laden with gold and silver, until, on June 17th, 1579, entering a bay a few miles north of the Golden Gate of San Francisco, he claimed the land of Upper California for his English Sovereign, and giving it the name of "New Albion"—left it!

Eleven years later the sea power of Spain had been crushed by the overthrow of the Invincible Armada, and the sea power of Britain dominated the world.

But the Spaniard, who had already gained a footing on the Pacific Coast itself, lured by the lust of gold and silver, yet with something of the fanaticism of the Crusader, carrying the sword in one hand and the Cross in the other, pursued a pioneer work among the Indian natives on the Californian Coast for nearly two centuries, and he has left his mark through the length and breadth of the State. Mountain and valley, city and town-ship, river and fortress bear pretty musical Spanish

names, and the romance and poetry of Spain has been mingled interminably with the legends and traditions of California. England was busy elsewhere, and Spain quietly pursued her way. The Spaniards of the better class prided themselves on their pure Castilian descent, and declined to intermix with the native races, but the soldiery and lower classes took Indian women for their wives, and became known as Mexicans, or a "mixed" race.

In the meantime, the Pilgrim Fathers had sailed for the North American Continent—that was toward the close of 1620. Three years later the Dutch had repaired there also, and Scandinavians followed. In 1675 the Quakers arrived, and in 1682 William Penn landed, and "New England" became a centre from whence the Anglo-Saxon race began to spread and to make itself felt. But the English colonists were far too busily occupied in developing their new-found treasure in the East to ever give a thought to the land by the Western Sea. So the Spaniards were left in quiet possession, and California dreamed on under their religious and peaceful domination for another century.

It was about the middle of the 18th century—to be exact, in the year 1769—that the Spanish king, anxious to colonise the whole country, induced the Franciscan monks to establish missions throughout California, so as to encourage Spanish



emigration. A very devoted man, Junipera Serra, was chosen to take charge of the work, and he founded his first mission—now in ruins, but a very interesting ruin—in San Diego, and proceeded to form one mission after another right along the coast line—twenty-one in all—reaching as far north as

San Francisco. The San Juan Capistrano mission was erected in 1776, then the San Buena Ventura, San Fernando, San Luis Rey, and Santa Barbara.

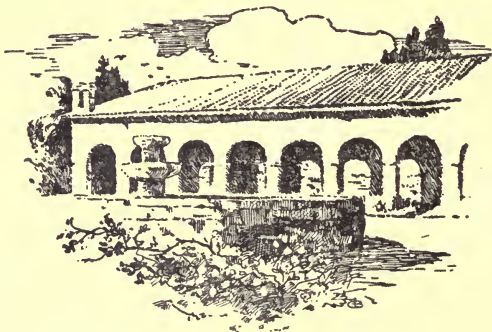
The last has solid

walls and is well buttressed, with two-storey towers and chimes of bells. I was disappointed in not being able to visit it, for monks live there, and tend the gardens just as was the case over a century ago. The distance between these old mission stations was reckoned as a day's journey, and the worthy Father who superintended them, and whose name is spoken of with reverence to-day throughout California (I heard him mentioned scores of times) used to tramp the whole distance on foot from station to station, year in and year out, and the Californian Railway to-day follows the same old trail between these missions for hundreds of miles.





I visited the San Fernando Mission, the ruins of which are very extensive, but are, comparatively speaking, well preserved. The chapel is still standing also several entire parts of the monastery. The arched corridor which stands in front of the monastery with its fine tile-paved floor is intact, and a large fountain and basin stand in the court-



yard. There are many rooms in the lower part of the main building, and a number above them, concerning the use of which one's imagination may play at will. The buildings extend for more than a mile and a half, and the area of the cultivated land was immense, one extensive field of 20,000 acres having been devoted entirely to wheat. And there is the old graveyard of the honoured padres, and the remains of the cactus hedge and the old adobé wall that once surrounded the enclosure. This will give an idea of the immense extent of

these missions, and of the work they provided for the native Indians who toiled for the padres in thousands.

The labour entailed in the erection of these missions must have been enormous. Stones had to be quarried, and wood brought on men's shoulders over trackless mountains sometimes miles distant. The main object of the padres was to win the Indians to Christianity and civilisation. Every kind of trade was carried on, woollen work, wood-craft, and all manner of manufactures. They introduced the orange, olive, banana, date, fig, and all sorts of other sub-tropical fruits from sunny Spain. So they lived, a great happy community where strife was unknown, and prosperity reigned, in the sacred atmosphere and under the fostering care of the devoted padres.

It is this influence that has done, perhaps, more than anything else to shape life and character in the Land of Gold. While America was growing into greatness on the Atlantic side, these simple religious Franciscan friars were striving, according to their light, to assist the poor Indian on the Pacific coast to reach a form of civilisation to which he had been a stranger. It was a time when no one ever dreamed that the United States would reach to far distant California !

The very architecture of these old Mission

Stations has been copied into countless houses, private and public, throughout the State.

Spanish is still largely spoken, and a good many of the better class Spaniards, who naturally declined to enter into matrimony with the Indians, became the husbands or wives of American colonists, who came to California when the gold fever raged or followed on when the steam engine linked East and West together.

But the character of the people is essentially English, though touched everywhere with the romance and vivacity of Spain. And the people love England. Again and again, I heard the remarks: "We owe everything to England," "We can depend on England as we can on no other country in the world."

And oh, how they love their own land ! They are proud of their great mountains, their beautiful scenery, their matchless climate ; they bury their houses in roses and clematis and border their pavements with elegant palm trees, graceful pepper trees and with miles of geranium blossom, and tend them as if they were their children. In midwinter the roses still flourish, the geraniums still bloom, the clematis still weaves its garlands of flowers.

The beauty and variety of Nature's wealth, and the musical ring of the saints' names attached to the hills and rivers and glens and mountain passes

and valleys, ever and anon must carry the mind of the thoughtful back to the days when that which was material was subordinated to the spiritual, and when the calmness of religious zeal prevailed over the bustle of commercial life.

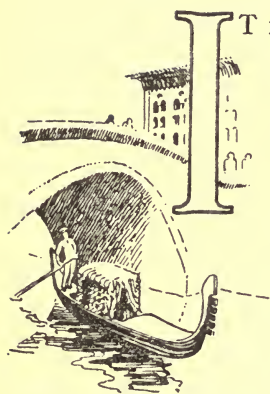
The business man of California may not know it ; he may be indifferent, perhaps, to the romantic elements of Spanish individuality and vitality which are stamped on architecture, land, produce, nomenclature, language, spirit, poetry, imagery and every quality of culture that has blended itself with the rougher, sterner, more matter-of-fact elements that constitute the make-up of the Anglo-Saxon race. He may think, perhaps, that the secularisation of those famous Mission Stations was a righteous act ; that the banishment of the Fathers from the scene of their years of self-sacrificing toil, and the scattering of the Indians to their forest homes to resume, in many instances, their aboriginal life, were necessary to the development of the country ; that the breaking up of the property into smaller parts and selling the results of other men's labours to the highest bidder were all as it should be in this best of all possible worlds ; that the dispersion of the life of consecration that was associated with the sound of those fine old bells, now silenced for ever, and the disorganisation of that romantic community, memories of which still cling to those

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now broken arches and crumbling walls, are the price that must be paid for progress and higher civilisation. But, in spite of himself, those ruins, their history and all their refining associations, must still have their influence on him ; and as they have been, so they ever will be, in my humble opinion, one of the greatest factors in moulding—quite unconsciously, perhaps—the character and destiny of the inhabitants of the “ Land of Gold.”

## CHAPTER XVII

### A TRIP TO VENICE.



IT is a generally accepted dictum that "when the mountain cannot go to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain;" but Uncle Sam does not look at it in that way at all. He just says "The mountain must come," and consequently, when California found it a bit too far to go to Venice, Venice

was brought to California. And that ended the difficulty.

When a good friend offered to take me to "Venice," I looked up with surprise and asked: "Where?" He, upon his part, seemed to be surprised at my supposing that Venice existed anywhere else than in the United States of America; at all events he assured me that Venice was quite within get-at-able distance, and that it was absurd to suppose it necessary to go all the way to Italy to see Venice, for Venice lay almost at his back door, "just 20 or 30 miles—which in an automobile is a mere bagatelle—and there you are." So I

readily accepted his kind invitation to "run down and see Venice."

There were plenty of magnificent mountains on the way, and no Italian will dispute the fact, when once he has seen them, that Uncle Sam can hold his own in mountains. I do not mean to say that the Californian Coast Range itself surpasses the Italian Alps, but of course you cannot put everything in one place; Uncle Sam never supposed you could, he believes in a very wide distribution of his properties; and besides that, the Venice that lies away down by the Adriatic cannot boast of any mountains at all. Uncle Sam's up-to-date Venice has a fine range of mountains right at the very back of it, which are as old as any in Italy. In fact, I am quite sure, if you inquired of him on the subject, Uncle Sam would tell you they are not only a "good deal older" but that, without doubt, they are the "very oldest in the world!"

These mountains are noted for something that you will not find in Italy. They are the home of the movie show hunters! Here you will find in and out among the steep crags and mountain trails, flanked by primeval forests and fairy glens, where mysterious hollows and deep crevasses make you creep, all sorts of old castles and feudal ruins (all of which must be haunted, by the look of them), and if you cannot find the dungeons which



ought to be there, and which you know exist in the Italian Venice, you have no difficulty whatever in fancying that they must be there somewhere. For there is the frowning gateway, and the gaunt portcullis, and the drawbridge and the moat, and gigantic castellated walls that nobody would dare to scale, and the lofty watch-towers, and a look-out or two in shining armour peering over the battlements. What more do you want? It is of no use telling the cinema-goer who sits in his cheap seat enthralled at the awful scenes enacted in the year 1546, that they were not enacted, when the movies say they were, nor would it be possible to persuade that competent judge of mediævalism that a penny popgun could do a terrible lot of damage to that fine old structure; indeed when you drive by in your automobile and catch sight of this old world castle, which, by the look of it, must have a fearsome history, resting calmly in its mountain stronghold, you naturally hold your breath and stop dead to look at it and to inquire what old baron it belongs to. For you are apt to forget that Columbus did not come over with William the Conqueror or that the United States has not—at present—distributed coronets among successful property holders. Of course, we know that “brigands” belong especially to Italian mountain passes, but there is that man in shirt

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sleeves with a long ladder and a paint pot, a slouch hat and a pair of blue trousers hitched up with a black leather belt, climbing through that mysterious looking barred window, and if he is not a brigand what else can he be? No, it is of no use to tell us in these days that the New World cannot compete with the Old in castles.

And that is not the only arresting scene. You have scarcely got over the sensation that fine old baronial masterpiece gave you, than your attention is held by the awful spectacle of two men struggling together at the very edge of a mighty precipice. Again and again it seems as if one or other must be hurled to destruction. The combatants dash for one another with all the ferocity of tigers. One or both must go over directly, you say; nothing can save them. You see them at last struggling on the ground together; one puts his foot against the rock behind to give him leverage for a final swing upon his opponent, but the latter by a clever move suddenly reverses the order of things, and the conflict increases in intensity. "How will it end?" we breathlessly ask, and behold, as we wind round the base of the hill, we catch sight of half a dozen men hidden in a hollow just below the combatants with a canvas sheet held firmly between them, and we pass on with a laugh, and leave the strugglers still fiercely contending on the mountain pass.

When we reach the seashore we find ourselves transported to a village in Central Africa. There are the tall date palms, of quite recent growth, and the oasis in the desert with its pools of water, and the remnants of native huts ; they had finished their history the previous night, when the whole village had been in a blaze, and the dark-skinned natives had dashed out of their burning homesteads in all directions in a state of terror, while the cinematograph operators turned the handles of their machines with unconcerned composure. No such asset as this is possessed by the Italian Venice !

This neighbourhood, too, is the home of the distinguished Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford, who certainly do not belong to Italy. This loss does not, perhaps, disturb Italy's equanimity. I was entertained with information as to the amount of money these notorieties made respectively in the course of a year, the palatial residences in which they lived, and many other details which would take the breath out of an Italian.

At length we are in Venice. When I told my kind hostess at the breakfast table that I was going to Venice, she smiled and said, " It ought to be called Venus."

I asked her, " Why ? "

She only smiled again, and said, " You must wait till you get there, and find out for yourself." So

I was naturally very curious upon the subject. At first I could see nothing to call forth my hostess's remark, unless it were that the goddess of beauty presided over such a charmed area as Uncle Sam's Venice.



Having been to Venice in Italy, I was able to compare notes. There were the canals sure enough, any number of them, winding in and out among brilliant pink moss banks such as you will not find in Italy ; but the water struck me as being somewhat cleaner than that found among the

labyrinths of its Italian competitor. I think Uncle Sam leans a bit more towards the sanitary side of things than they do away down in the European quarter, for I saw no mothers in the Californian Venice sitting on their doorsteps carefully searching their little ones' heads with tooth-combs. But there were the lofty bridges spanning the canals ; nobody could possibly distinguish them from the fine old artistic elevations that span the liquid streets of the Adriatic beauty spot, only that time or colour-wash will be needed before Uncle Sam can make his Venice look as ancient as its Italian namesake.

Still, there are the gondolas—there is no mistaking them. They are the same shape and the same size and the same colour, and they are rowed in the same way by equally picturesque gondoliers—surely it must be Italy !

The only thing missing in “ Venice ” is a Doge's Palace. Moreover, Uncle Sam prefers keeping his feet dry, so he has improved upon Italy by introducing flower beds and green banks between the canal and his residence, so that the bungalows do not rise sheer out of the water.

But there is St. Mark's Plaza—as good an imitation as you could expect to get in California—but you miss the little shops in the square where you can buy bags of biscuits with which to feed the pigeons that alight on your head and shoulders and arms and

hands and fly all around you by the score, and pluck biscuits out of your mouth and make friends with you as if they had known you all their life. And there are no little shops where they sell the pretty coloured beads made of Venetian glass which every lady commissions you to buy when she hears you are going to Venice in Italy.

But then, on the other hand, Uncle Sam has a big bath—and Italy does not believe in that sort of thing ; she only gives you a few tablespoonfuls of water in which to wash yourself, and provides you with a towel about the size of a table napkin. Uncle Sam tells you he can provide you with “ the largest heated and filtered salt-water plunge in the world,” and just close by is “ the world’s greatest dancing pavilion,” and such revolutionary ideas as these would turn the hair of any Italian Venetian grey in one night.

There is no form of amusement ever conceived since the world began that you will not find in the Venice that shimmers on the Pacific Coast ; they are far too sedate on the Adriatic to think of that sort of thing. The one city is as busy making money as the other, but they make it in a different way. Uncle Sam caters for his poor relations as well as the rich ; he believes as much in the nimble ten cent piece as he does in the almighty dollar, for he knows the former is much more numerous and more

easily secured. So all his nephews and nieces go down to Venice to profit by his bounty. They go by tens of thousands, and he provides them with all they need according to the varied length of their pockets ; but those who think they can be similarly treated at the other Venice will find themselves woefully mistaken. They want no poor people there, nor even the moderately rich ; everybody who speaks English is supposed to be a millionaire when he reaches the Adriatic, and is treated accordingly, and if you have not been skinned by the time you leave an Italian Venetian hotel it will not be the fault of the proprietor and his staff. If Uncle Sam does get all he can out of you, he gives you plenty of fun for your money, but you will not get that in Italy.

You can travel a couple of miles in a little train up and down the canals and the plazas and the squares and over the bridges of Uncle Sam's city, for Venice is a city—just as is the Venice of the Italian King—and it is no toy concern, but a big city of probably 10,000 to 15,000 inhabitants.

But when you talk of a "city" in California, you must remember that it may be a very different sort of thing from a city elsewhere. California is quite a law unto itself. So is every American State for the matter of that. "State Rights" are immensely real in America. America is a



particularly accommodating country. As to "cities," however, I think California stands by itself, for it is composed of nothing else. It possesses neither towns, nor villages, nor hamlets ; its dignity declines to recognise anything short of a "city."

It is said that if two Englishmen were cast upon a desert island, the first thing they would do would be to call a meeting and elect a chairman ; but California would call a meeting and elect a mayor. It matters not how small the community, the Californian believes in absolute equality and in beginning as he intends to go on. So when a dozen or twenty men and women (perhaps in America one ought to put the women first) who have taken a piece of waste land and have replaced their canvas tents with houses built of cobble stones and cement, decide that they will claim a certain area of so many miles and turn it into a city, they come together, and confer upon one another the dignities of Mayor, Aldermen and Councillors, appoint the necessary officials, and then invite the world to come and settle down, and profit by their enlightened policy.

So Venice is a city with all a city's honours and responsibilities.

I was greatly struck, as I walked those parts of Venice which are dry land, at the number of hatless ladies in loose cloaks ; and steering in the general

direction, and leaving all the multitudinous places of amusement behind me, I found they wandered toward the beach, where cloaks were at once discarded and thrown into tents. In all directions—walking, standing, lying, paddling, playing, climbing the rocks, exploring the canyons—were these ladies, and I then for the first time understood



why it was suggested to me that Venice should be called "Venus"! 'Tis true they each had on a skin-tight coloured jersey, which reached from just above the breasts to the hip joint, but with that exception they would have made very good models of Venus—

as far as nudity was concerned. Mr. Clarke, who was commissioned by the "Daily Mail" to write articles on his visits to various bathing places on the English coast, was very much shocked at ladies who wore bathing drawers which reached half-way down their thighs, but what would he say and where would he put himself were he to go to Venice! There was no thigh covering beyond the pin-bones.

Most people would say this was very indecent, some may remark—"immoral." I do not know

that I should call it either. I think the best term, from the English standpoint, would be "indelicate," but it was such a commonplace—men being garbed in precisely the same way—that, apparently, no one thought anything about it at all. The uppermost sentiment in my own mind was that of regret, for I did not consider the sight of these hundreds of women in scanty garb by any means attractive. I have sufficient admiration for women to wish that they should not spoil themselves. This sort of thing did not add to the beauties of Venice, for the anatomical structure of the female figure does not lend itself to this kind of display ; the width of the female pelvis is fatal to such exhibitions. The Adriatic Venice provides no opportunity for such extravagances, for they have no such immense stretches of beach, but there is plenty of statuary there, and no master would have cared to reproduce any of these American ladies in their upright attitudes, however well-proportioned might be their figures, or however fine might be their muscular development. I have spent many hours in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, and many more hours gazing at the sculptures beneath the Loggia in the great Piazza, where Michael Angelo sat hour after hour in his declining years gazing upon the creations of his genius, and I was struck by the fact that every female figure was carefully draped

or elegantly posed so that the sharp pelvic corners might be avoided.

But, turning from these strange exhibitions, I was attracted by my friend's little girl who came running up to me as we were picnicing on the beach and gave me some dull looking stones she had found among the pebbles. Her father said, "These are our Californian jewels, they only require polishing ; we have moonstones, jaspers, turquoises and all sorts of other beautiful stones on this beach." And when I was leaving California and saying farewell to my friends, he handed me a little box and said "Put that in your pocket, it is a memento of a pleasant day's outing." When I opened it I found therein a note as follows : "The enclosed stones I found on the beach and had polished. The light-coloured ones are moonstones, the red ones are sardonyx and the greenish-coloured one is a jasper. Please accept them as a memento of the beach. Yours, Geo. Starr White."

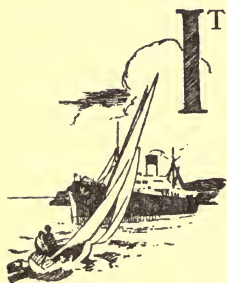
I was amazed at their beauty.

It would be difficult to know what Uncle Sam does not possess ! Nature has been very rich in her bounties towards him. He has accepted from Nature what treasures she can yield, has added his genius to her wealth, and so turned a desert into a paradise.



## CHAPTER XVIII

### “THE HARBOUR OF THE SUN.”



**I**T was in the harbour of San Diego —“the harbour of the Sun” —that the first white man anchored his ship on the Californian Coast 379 years ago (1542). His name was Cabrillo, and he was the first of the famous Spanish navigators who had ventured thus far along the shores of this hitherto unknown land. San Diego has, therefore, a particular interest for the American, especially for the American of the “Land of Gold.”

But more interesting still is the fact that here the white man just a century and a half ago (1769) built his first settlement on the shores of the Western Sea. Here it was that the Franciscan friars erected their earliest mission and gathered around them the uncivilised tribes of native Indians who at that time held free and undisputed sway throughout the whole Western territory of America.

What changes have taken place in that century and a half ! San Diego would have been sufficient in itself to establish the reputation of the white man for progress and civilisation ; but if we track his

pathway along the line of the old Spanish missions, from the very first one founded in 1769 by the "Harbour of the Sun" at San Diego to the last one erected by the "Golden Gate" at San Francisco in 1776, and note those magnificent thriving cities with their teeming populations, stretching for a thousand miles along the coast, spreading farther and farther inland and ever forming fresh States until West meets East and East meets West, it is then that we get some idea of what has been accomplished in the course of one hundred and fifty years.

When Cabrillo dropped his anchor in San Diego Bay nearly four centuries ago, he declared he had "found a good harbour"—how good he had then no idea, nor did he know anything of the country beyond. If he scaled the nearest range of mountains, as he probably did, and looked away over the great plains, he must have been struck by the fact that it was a vast treeless region as seen from the San Diego coast, where rock and sand and sagebrush held high court. But for the ingenuity of man, who has watered and tilled the soil, that vast area, once the bed of the ocean, would still be a desert. It is irrigation alone which has changed the whole face of the district.

I went to San Diego by train in the early morning; it was a four hours' run from Los Angeles to the Coast; and directly after we emerged from



the station we passed through avenues of green trees laden with their golden fruit, which extended for miles ; following upon the orange groves were walnut trees and extensive fields of beet and acres upon acres of bright green alfalfa. Pretty bungalows embowered in roses peeped out here and there from between elegant palm trees, and all around were the greyish green orchards of olives, leading on to miles of wheat fields bordered with the tall feathery golden mustard plant. Irrigation has worked this miracle and "turned a desert into a paradise," for the rainfall throughout the year is slight, and from May to October there is no rain at all.

In the distance, shadowed against the blue of a Californian sky, rose the giant purple mountain ranges whence the water flows which man has harnessed to his service, and nearer were multitudes of hills whose sides literally glittered in the light of the morning sun with their patches of golden mustard. And here numbers of graceful pepper trees garnished the meadows, forming quite a little forest in yonder valley ; the first one was planted by a Franciscan monk with his own hands in this spot just 120 years ago, and they now ornament the drives and parks and border the city streets from one end of the State of California to the other.

Toiling up among the mountains, the train at

last reaches the summit, and beneath us we get a sight of San Diego, where the brown-robed Franciscan monks in their sandalled feet planted the first palm tree brought from sunny Spain, where the vine and olive first found a home in Californian soil, where the first field in the whole of this charmed land underwent cultivation, where the first imported orange tree bloomed, and where native Indians were taught for the first time the lessons of culture and civilisation to the music of the mission bells that echoed across the valley from those arched openings in yonder now crumbling walls. Around those ruins linger the dreams of the Old World ; beneath us and around us lie the realities of the New.

San Diego to-day is "no mean city." It has a population of over 80,000 and extends for a distance of 25 miles northward along the coast. It possesses nearly a hundred miles of immensely wide streets and pavements, adorned by magnificent shops and stately residences ; and yet fifty years ago San Diego, as such, was non-existent !

The vandalism which followed the secularisation (as it was called) of the Mission Stations had long left the little Spanish community in the northern part of the harbour scattered and helpless. In 1867, however, Alonzo Horton, who had saved a few hundred dollars out of his profits in a San

Francisco furniture shop, came to San Diego, and saw the possibilities of founding a city. He invested all the money he had in buying land at one shilling an acre. Practically the whole of the land upon which San Diego was subsequently built became his property. He divided his acres into lots, advertised them, and sold them at £20 apiece. Those £20 lots are now worth £100,000. He is well called the Father of San Diego !

To see its fine railway stations, its electric tram-cars plying the streets in all directions, its library of 70,000 volumes, its magnificent public schools, its numberless churches, its great hotels (some of which cost half a million sterling) replete with every possible up-to-date requirement, its fine banks and great business houses, its big printing establishments which run five daily newspapers, its noble public buildings, its multitudes of uncrowded homes, where indiarubber trees, palms, and magnolias stand by every door, where heliotrope and fuchsias climb over the windows and brilliant geraniums flourish everywhere, is to leave one dumbfounded at the fact that fifty years ago there was not a solitary house or street in all that great area !

Right in the very heart of the city is Balboa Park, covering 1,460 acres. It is a lovely spot, with rugged rocks, deep gorges, and picturesque valleys, of which every advantage has been taken

to develop schemes of landscape gardening. Thousands upon thousands of rare trees have been planted in all directions, and the architecture of the buildings scattered about is chiefly an imitation of the delightful old Spanish Mission Stations. By damming a canyon, a multi-branched lagoon has been formed, ornamented by flowers and shrubs of every description. There are several other parks, gay with flowers, presenting shady walks, comfortable seats and endless sources of pleasure.

For many miles all around the Bay of San Diego the City Fathers have reclaimed immense tracts of land from the shallow, swampy borders of the Harbour. They have done the same in Chicago by the banks of Lake Michigan, and turned the surroundings of the City—practically swamps—into beautiful ornamental parks, and they are still working at it. The “System of Parks” is a live scheme in every American city: one of the first things the authorities think about. America not only knows how to make her dollars, but she also knows how to spend them wisely.

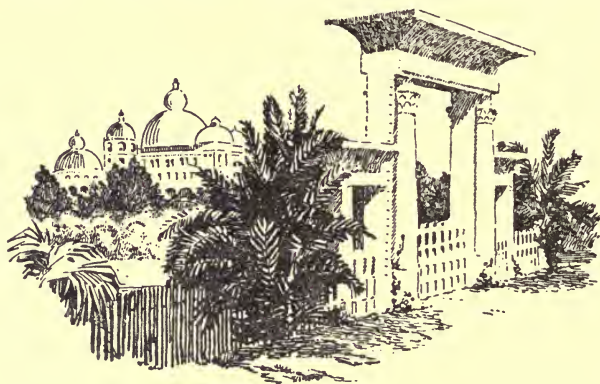
Marvellous as is the transformation scene which has taken place on one side of the harbour of San Diego, I shall not easily forget my surprise when, at the invitation of Madame Tingley, the leader of the Theosophical movement, I one day paid a visit to Lomaland, and the famous International Head-

quarters of the "Universal Brotherhood," on the other side of the bay. It is as near an approach to wonderland as anything can be ; and is situated at Point Loma, which stretches out a long way into the sea and thus forms the northern boundary of the crescent-shaped harbour.

Not more than twenty years ago the whole of Lomaland (which lies eight miles distant from, but is within the boundary of, the city of San Diego) was a bare wilderness given up to sage-brush and chapparal. To-day it is a veritable paradise where domes and cupolas that cover temples of Oriental magnificence lift their heads from the midst of luxurious vegetation, and look out upon the boundless waters of the blue Pacific that bathe its feet for two miles along the coast.

Passing through a massive and elegant white gateway of, apparently, Egyptian design, we ascended through avenues of palms (presenting vistas here and there of sub-tropical vegetation and beds of rare exotics) and approached the front of a temple of curious shape shrouded in luxurious verdure which made a striking contrast with the pure white of the building. The door of the Temple opened, and I found myself in a beautifully decorated circular hall surrounded by white pillars and covered by a large dome of green glass. In front of me, opposite the entrance, some fifty children

were seated, and to the right and left a number of ladies and gentlemen ; and I discovered that an entertainment by the children of the Râja-Yoga College, founded by Madame Tingley, had been



arranged for my welcome. The display of musical, elocutionary and dramatic talent by children of such tender years was remarkable.

The grounds of the Theosophical Headquarters are very extensive, and the residents and students live in beautiful bungalows of simple but exquisite designs which are scattered in large numbers amid the rich sub-tropical foliage that flourishes on every hand. The children were part of the school of 300 pupils, ranging from those of tender years up to others attending the College and University courses, all trained by Madame Tingley according to a



special system of her own devising ; her aim is to draw out from them the best that is in them ; instead of letting them run in formal and pre-arranged ruts which have been furrowed by others, she seeks to develop what is original and to cultivate the latent powers of each individual. Music constitutes a prominent part of this teaching, not necessarily to cultivate musicians, but rather to develop the thoughtful, critical, and finer faculties which, in Madame Tingley's view, go to build up character. In this she is anatomically and physiologically correct. A high moral tone is associated with all that is taught. No fewer than twenty-four nationalities are represented among these students.

When the interesting and remarkable entertainment to which I have referred was over, Mr. Fussell, the Secretary of the Society, took me to the Greek Theatre situated at the head of a canyon—a faithful imitation of the famous erection at Syracuse. From here I went to the workshops, passing by canyons, natural rockeries, wild flower reservations, and endless winding pathways and rustic retreats.

In the printing department where all the most up-to-date machinery is installed (for from this centre is turned out the leading literature of the cult for the world's supply) the most beautiful engraving and colour printing is done as well as elegant book-binding.



All the clothes for students and residents, both male and female, are made in other workshops. There are forestry, agricultural, carpentering, and arts and crafts departments. There is a meteorological station, fitted with delicate seismographic recording apparatus, and from it weather reports are sent to the Bureau at Washington daily.

Not a soul receives payment, all are volunteer workers; they live an ideal life, each working for all and all for each. They dine in a common hall, and some are trained in all the various details of domestic life.

On this occasion I was asked to dine in one of the bungalows with a few refined and cultured leaders of the movement, and I had a very delightful time.

Later, we were summoned by a bugle call to the Temple of Music—another beautiful erection surmounted by a great purple glass dome. There are several of these fairy-like edifices, all of which were designed by Madame Tingley, and decorated by the students—all call themselves “students,” no matter of what age. Here a concert had been arranged, and fifty or more musicians of different nationalities stood by their instruments, which were of every conceivable kind. The large Temple was filled with an audience of 200 to 300 people.

When I entered the vestibule a gentleman came forward, and holding out his hand said, “Well, you

haven't changed one bit." To my surprise I found him to be the brother of a fellow medical student whom I had known over 30 years ago ! He was now a "student" at the International Theosophical Headquarters. One could not help remarking how small the world is, after all !

The concert was opened with a few kind words of welcome to me, the eloquent speaker adding some interesting details connected with the work carried on by Madame Tingley. The music itself was a marvellous exhibition of talent. The musicians, many of whom I recognised again, having seen them in the workshops, had been trained to a high point of excellence ; and in the final theme the wild, impassioned notes of the instruments were made practically to speak. I never remember anything which, by its overpowering passion, so impressed me. When the music was over, I was asked to address the company. I gladly complied with this request, and, after many a hearty farewell, motored back to the City.

The next evening I dined with Dr. and Mrs. Woodward at their beautiful home on Point Loma. "Come with me," said my genial host, "if you would like to see San Diego Harbour and San Diego City to advantage, come down to the terrace at the back of my house and you will see a sight which you will never forget." And, indeed, it was

a wonderful sight. The bay, which has a total area of twenty-two square miles, lay in front. Point Loma, on which we stood, stretched its long arm across the north and north-west. From the southern shore came a silver strand which protected the bay on the west. Deep-draught vessels were lying in the harbour, smaller vessels were gliding swiftly by, away to the right were the distant mountains, and over the other side of the harbour rose that City of miraculous growth reared on the site of the "Birthplace of California." It looked much like Malta when viewed from the Mediterranean, with its white houses rising on the sides of the rock-hewn hills, and the sun blazing down on the fairy-like scene, lighting up the harbour and its surroundings with golden splendour.

Later in the evening, as I motored towards the city where I was to lecture that night, I turned to the West and watched the great ball of fire drop into the waters of the Pacific. It was much like a Mediterranean sunset in the varied colours it threw up from the skyline. I noticed it shooting out its yellow and purple and orange tints in an all-embracing glow over the land-locked bay, and reflecting its shadows in a dim mysterious light upon the buildings that rose from the pebbled beach, then I understood to some extent why that silent sheet of transparent blue has been called "The Harbour of the Sun."

## CHAPTER XIX

### "THE GOLDEN GATE."



IF the reader will look at a map of the United States and run his eye along that portion of the Coast which borders the State of California, he will see nothing at first sight to lead him to suppose other than that it forms one continuous line from its southern to its northern extremity.

And yet about mid-way along that coast there is a small opening, scarcely one mile wide, situated between long ranges of towering rocks. That opening permits ingress to and egress from the largest and most remarkable inland sea in the whole world. It is called the Bay of San Francisco, and is a land-locked harbour of such magnitude that the combined fleets of the civilised world could be anchored in it with ease, and practically at any time the flag of every nation may be seen there.

Stand where you will upon the widely-separated shores of that inland sea at sunset and turn your gaze toward that small opening (for it appears to be very, very small in the distance), and your attention will be at once arrested by a truly

marvellous sight. All around the north, south and east of the great harbour rise hill upon hill stretching one behind the other like "the hills around Jerusalem," and out toward the west the immense gaunt black mountains that guard the coast lift themselves in solemn grandeur. There is but one



rift in the rapidly-gathering darkness of night. Immediately behind that small gap in the western rocks the sun dips into the boundless Pacific, and while its colourings of shaded crimson illuminate the sky and spread themselves as a canopy above the dark rocks which stand out like battlements against it, the full blaze of the setting sun itself in all its royal splendour bursts through the opening between the towering crags and presents to the wondering gaze of the onlooker the dazzling spectacle of "The Golden Gate."

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This "Gate" is a strait bounded by the mountains on either side for a distance of five miles before opening out into the harbour; it has an average width of two miles, and at low water the depth reaches from 55 to 67 feet.

This remarkable entrance may be termed the front door to California, the back door consisting of the Southern Pacific Railway, the route and history of which I have already described. The concealed harbour has an area of four hundred and twenty square miles, and has a shore line of 100 miles. It lies upon the trade route of the world. Toward "The Golden Gate" the produce of the Californian Valley pours its wealth upon the one hand, and the ships of all nations with their merchandise gravitate toward it upon the other. Practically every ship coming from Europe and the Atlantic via Panama, and bound for the Orient stops at San Francisco for fresh water and supplies.

And yet centuries passed ere that strange cleft in the rocks was known to civilised man. Sir Francis Drake raided all up and down the Pacific Coast without discovering its whereabouts. Even Captain Cook had failed to find that entrance to the Land of Gold, although the native Indians brought their seal skins to his ships and went backward and forward in their canoes through the mysterious "Gate." Spanish adventurers came



and went without San Francisco yielding up to them her secret. Once again it was left to the brown-robed, sandal-footed Franciscan Friar to discover what the boldest and bravest spirits of the past had failed to find.

It was in 1772 that a party headed by a padre from San Diego crossed the Californian foot-hills in the hope of finding Monterey Bay, which had been described by a Spanish explorer 160 years before. Having failed in their search, they proceeded northward, and ascending the mountains overlooking the sea discovered for the first time the great harbour and its exit through "The Golden Gate."

Two years later another expedition headed by a Franciscan monk climbed the scarred rocks which overhang the "Gate," and in solemn appeal asked the blessing of Almighty God upon their enterprise, and planted a cross upon the summit of the crags. Twelve months later, the *San Carlos* sailed through "The Golden Gate," and the ship of the white man entered for the first time that wonderful bay, the knowledge of which had been locked for centuries in the red man's breast. And as they gazed upon the towering hills looking calmly down upon that peaceful sea, they decided to call it after the name of their patron saint St. Francis d'Assissi, and it has been known to the world as San Francisco ever since.



It was not until more than seventy years after this event that America came upon the scene. The Old Mission founded in 1776 went on its quiet way with its devoted Friars and their Red Indian followers, and British ships with business men on board did a big trade in seal skins, buying them from the natives at 6d. apiece and selling them in Canton for £20.

The Congress at Washington was constantly petitioned to establish governments on the coast, but the appeals met with a blank refusal. There were the "Expansionists" and the "Anti-expansionists." One American Senator cried, "Nature has fixed the limits of our nation," and referring to the Rocky Mountains, he eloquently described them as "a western boundary of inaccessible mountains, whose base Nature has skirted with irreclaimable deserts of sand" !

The troubles between England and America in the East, to which I have referred, became accentuated in the West when England claimed the Columbia River as a boundary in order to secure her rights in connection with her fur trade. Most of those difficulties were settled when peace was declared between England and America in 1782. The Columbia River became Anglo-American, and then it was that America began to look about her and to decide upon expansion. In 1803 she

purchased all Louisiana from France. In 1819 she acquired Oregon and Washington State, and this brought her down to the Pacific Coast. It was practically all barren desert, but America more than doubled her original area. At the same time she purchased Florida from Spain ; this brought her down to the Gulf of Mexico. In 1845 Texas joined the United States. In 1848 came the Mexican cession, which embraced the whole of California, Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada. This brought the United States again to the Pacific further down toward the south, with a total coast line of 1,500 miles ; 1853 saw the Gadsden purchase of a small disputed strip on the Southern boundary, and thus she completed her territory north and south in almost straight lines right across the map. Since then she has purchased Alaska from Russia. That was in 1867. As the result of the war with Spain she occupied Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, previous to which she had secured Hawaii and Samoa. The American diplomat during the last century has shown that he possesses the same bold, enterprising, adventurous spirit which guided the hand and brain of his ancestors, and which has led to three-fourths of the habitable globe being painted in flaming red.

The United States has become a great world power, and her position in the Pacific brings her

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cheek-by-jowl with Russia, China, Japan, Australasia, and the Dutch East Indies. In all the great Pacific and Asiatic questions of the future, the United States must become a tremendous factor, and her voice will have to be listened to. English statesmanship, it seems to me, should be directed to one essential point, if peace is to be secured and political and territorial ambitions kept within bounds, namely, to the cultivation of closest friendship, to the fullest extent of its resources, with the American people. England may coquette with France, and play with Germany, and replenish the coffers of Italy ; but I am certain of this, that the trump card for the British Empire is a clear understanding and the very best relations with the American Republic.

America is, from her position on her Western Coast, in a specially favoured situation for doing an enormous trade with all the Pacific-Asiatic countries I have mentioned, and as she still further develops her immense virgin resources she will have to be reckoned with. She has not the abundant harbours which Great Britain possesses in British Columbia and Canada. Nevertheless she has San Francisco, Puget Sound, and San Diego. I have put these in their order of importance. San Francisco stands first and foremost. Puget Sound is in Washington ; and the famous " Oregon Pine "

from the inexhaustible forests of that State is conveyed from the Port of Olympia, which stands at the head of the American portion of the Sound, to every part of the world ; and as this port is 300 miles nearer Canton and other Chinese ports than San Francisco it shares with the latter the traffic carried on between America and the " Flowery Land." And then last, but not least, there is Seattle, the chief city from which the great ships sail.

The critical American statesman, to whom I have already referred, told the Washington Congress some seventy years ago that he " would not give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory," that is, of Oregon and Washington, which together embraces 500 miles of coast line. I wonder what he would say now !

It must be remembered that the State of Washington on the West Coast is more than 3,000 miles distant from the City of Washington, D.C. (District of Columbia) in the East. That fact must cause endless confusion to the Post Office authorities, as to other people.

This inland sea of Puget Sound is shared by the British, for it extends from the American territory of Washington into that of British Columbia, which, since America purchased the huge territory of Alaska from Russia, is wedged in between Alaska and Washington State.

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It is around the harbours of the world that population and commerce will ever gather, and it is to the harbours especially that the eye naturally turns when the possibilities of trade and the developments of a country are to be considered. Puget Sound in the northern part of the American Pacific Coast and San Diego in the south, both constitute magnificent harbours because of their size and depth ; but the bay of San Francisco is *faciles princeps*, for it lies centrally along the coast, is of enormous dimensions and great depth, and is in immediate connection with the direct railway routes to the Atlantic. Moreover, it is conveniently situated on the line of Uncle Sam's cleverly fixed-up stepping stones in the Pacific Ocean. First, there is Hawaii, which forms a central base ; Samoa lies on the way to Australia ; Guam and the Philippines command China, Siam, Borneo, Java and other islands ; whilst San Francisco itself is, without any intervening land, in a direct straight line with Japan. In my own opinion, San Francisco is destined to be in the near future one of the greatest cities yet founded. As an American poet has sung :

“ She sits at the gates of the world where the  
nations shall gather and meet,  
And the East and the West at her bidding  
shall lie in a leash at her feet.”

Her rise, fall, and resurrection read like a romance.

When in 1776 the Franciscan friars and a handful of soldiers and colonists landed on the shores of the harbour of San Francisco, their first idea was to erect a Mission, and within a few months the adobé building was completed. The main building, "The Mission Dolores," still stands in remarkable preservation, almost the last vestige of San Franciscan antiquity. Around it in the old days were gathered the native Indian dwellings, constructed chiefly of willow poles covered with native-woven cloth or skins. The old Mission house now lies packed between modern dwellings.

In the year 1844—that, let us remember, was only 77 years ago—there were only 14 houses in San Francisco with 60 inhabitants! It began to attract the attention of some adventurous Americans and in 1847 the population had risen to 500. Then came the cry of "Gold in California," and the onrush of prospectors, which I have already described, called "The Gold Fever of '49." Vessels dashed into the harbour with fevered haste from all quarters of the globe, and gold-seekers tramped over the mountains from the East. In February of 1849, the population had quadrupled—namely, 2,000; by August it had increased to 5,000; and by the following April it had jumped up to 67,000—60,000 of them being gold-seeking emigrants! It now has a population of more than half a million.



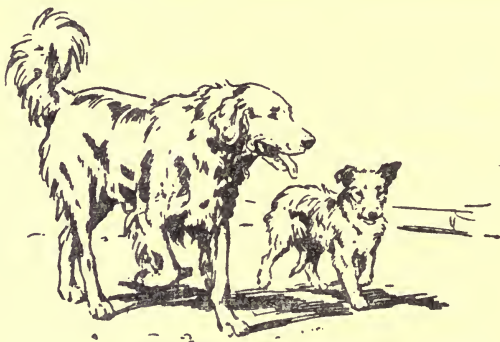
Cosmopolitan as is New York City, it is not to be compared in this respect with San Francisco. Every nation of the world is gathered here among the inhabitants of what is virtually a city of only 70 years' growth. Men of all nations have been swept together ; their varying policies have been pooled and strained for the benefit of the community as a whole, and thus there has been evolved from this heterogeneous mixture a really magnificent ideal of virile citizenship.

One fine characteristic of the American mind consists in its receptiveness. The genuine American is always ready to learn : and, although essentially original (as we all know by his inventive genius) he is, nevertheless, always prepared to adapt to his own requirements and institutions the best he can discover in the methods and ideas of others. Sentiment runs high in his composition, but he is none the worse for that ; and with all his hard-headed business-like activities, there is ever a tender side to his nature which softens what might otherwise be considered harsh.

I do not know that this could be better illustrated than by a very common-place incident which occurred in San Francisco some years ago, and which is still narrated by its warm-hearted inhabitants. There were two dogs in the city, named Bummer and Lazarus, (their names were conferred upon



them by the public, as descriptive of their respective qualities). The former was a big dog, a sort of vagrant that everybody liked but which nobody could coax into domestic life and responsibility. The other was a wretched looking, mangy little half-starved cur that nobody troubled about or



cared for. One day poor little Lazarus was attacked by other dogs, when Bummer, declining to allow an outcast like himself to be illtreated by civilised ruffians, went to his rescue and the enemy beat a hasty retreat. A firm friendship was at once established between Bummer and Lazarus, and they were never after seen apart. All San Francisco knew them. They could always be seen at definite hours of the day toddling along in certain directions side by side. Bummer had been accustomed to go the round of restaurants, where he could always rely upon a warm welcome and a tit-bit, and when

Lazarus and he swore eternal friendship, Bummer took his friend round with him and introduced him to his human friends, until the little fellow grew plump and healthy, for Bummer was always most careful that all the choicest morsels should go to Lazarus.

On a certain day one of those stupid periodical scares about rabies was raised in the State, and the Legislature, by the advice of its hide-bound medical officers, introduced to the Senate the usual senseless Bill for the muzzling of every dog. Legislators consider themselves, as a rule, compelled to abide by so-called "expert-advice" on such occasions, no matter how absurd they may feel that advice to be, and consequently the Bill passed into an Act. But a special clause was introduced into it, in accordance with a popular wish, that against Bummer and Lazarus the law was not to be enforced! Perhaps in no Legislative Assembly in the whole world outside America would senators in solemn conclave deign to discuss the question of the exemption of two homeless dogs from the rigours of an enactment passed with a view to the safeguarding of human life!

At last poor old faithful Bummer died, and the very next day little Lazarus was found lying by his side with his head pressed hard against the heart that had beat for him and for him alone during their

years of close companionship. He was dead too. They stuffed the bodies of Bummer and Lazarus, which had contained two such faithful souls, to keep as memorials of canine love and human sympathy.

The fall of San Francisco was as dramatic as its rise. It was in 1906 that the great earthquake came ; the tall skyscrapers swung like hammocks, and all the great buildings and small ones, the churches and offices, the Chinese drinking saloons and gambling dens, were shaken as by the hand of a giant, were toppled over, and the streets were crumpled up like matchboard. I know what the results of an earthquake are like, for I was in Messina within three weeks after that awful disaster of 1909, which in three seconds had crushed and buried alive 90,000 persons. But San Francisco's trouble did not end with the shock ; it was followed by a fire which had all its own way, for the earthquake which fissured the rocks for 300 miles, dislocated the water mains and rendered the firemen powerless. I heard many lurid accounts of the awful catastrophe from those who went through it.

What struck me particularly was the calmness with which the stories were narrated, and everybody assured me that no sign of despair was noticed on any face during the catastrophe itself, even though the fire rushed along the streets like a tornado

sweeping everything before it. The nearest approach to despair one told me, came from a big cage which stood on a pavement, and from which rose a queer sound like the broken sobs of a woman, crying "Poor Polly, Poor Polly." My informant found the little creature huddled up in its feathers, so he picked up the cage as he dashed along in front of the flames and hurried on with it, "Poor Polly's" sobs ringing in his ears all the way!

The picturesque Chinese quarter, with its 40,000 inhabitants, was swept bare; the wooden shanties only offered fuel for the flame. But yet these strange people were placid and imperturbed as ever. A friend went up to one to condole with him upon the homeless state of his people; the Chinaman calmly replied: "We build all new presently."

The American method of doing things was never seen to better advantage than in this awful disaster. From every quarter came help. The Los Angeles Relief Camp was there and in full working order within twenty-four hours. In one week there had been erected a sufficient number of wooden depots to hold 27,000 tons of food. Every State in the Union poured in its help, and the military carried out the work of distribution with masterly precision.

The earthquake and fire left San Francisco, with little exception, a heap of ruins. To-day—in fifteen

years—the city has been completely rebuilt. There is not a vestige of the ruin to be seen ; lofty skyscrapers rear themselves in all directions, handsome shops line the great streets. The four public buildings—City Hall, Public Library, State Building and Exposition Auditorium—cost two millions sterling. The great lecture hall holds 12,000 people ; it cost half a million sterling, and it has an organ which cost £13,000. It would have taken any English municipal authority all the fifteen years to decide upon that purchase alone ! The great banks and hotels seem innumerable ; together, the latter are computed to accommodate 50,000 people.

I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of Professor Kimo Esanon, a talented Hawaiian Professor of Music who kindly motored me and three or four friends to all the chief attractions of the City. The Hawaiians are great favourites with the American public. The Professor is about 5ft. 11ins. in height, but immensely muscular ; his dark skin sets off a fine row of white teeth, and his pleasant, boyish face is always lighted up with a good-natured smile. His lofty forehead and large head are surmounted by an immense crown of frizzy jet-black hair that rises up like a monster halo. His hat seemed to be poised upon black billows of hair.

It is very interesting to contrast the various types of hair in different nationalities. The Red

Indian, for instance, with his long straight black shiny hair ; then the negro with his close kinkley-woolley crop, and the Hawaiian so different from either.



When I was in New York I had pointed out to me a splendid house in which an old negress lived in luxurious ease surrounded by a retinue of black servants ; she had "made her pile" by inventing a preparation to take the kinkle out of the negros' hair. Sambo is very sensitive on that point, it is his badge of slavery, and he prefers to have hair like



Massa. So he pays frequent visits to his black hair-dresser to get the kinkle taken out. The specialty which does the trick is a sticky, waxy salve ; after it is rubbed on, a hot flat-iron has to be passed over the scalp, and when finished Sambo walks proudly out with a head as smooth and round and shiny as a black billiard ball.

The streets of San Francisco, like those of every other American city, are full of life and bustle, but their peculiarity lies in the fact that there is scarcely a level spot to be found. It is uphill and downhill all the time, and the hills are of the steepest, so that when you get to the top of one you look down into people's chimney pots at the bottom. Down at the bottom the sunlight is very uneven in its distribution. Hence, "a sunny spot" always forms a special attraction in a house agent's advertisement. But from the top of these hills the panorama is magnificent.

Golden Gate Park is a marvellous beauty spot. The waves of the Pacific rolled there a few years ago ; it covers a thousand acres, practically all of which have been reclaimed from the sea. Numerous lakes—every one of them artificial—spanned by picturesque stone bridges, and studded with islands, lie in the midst of a vast number of beautiful trees and shrubs brought from all parts of the world. Richly coloured flowers which, I am told, bloom



throughout the year—winter as well as summer—adorn all the walks. One can hardly believe that the scene of this wonderful and extensive achievement of landscape gardening was nothing but a swampy desert a few years ago !

We lunched at the Cliff House, which stands on a rock at one end of the bay and commands a view of the inland sea as far as the eye can reach. The sun was shining brilliantly upon the immense sheet of water, and within a stone's throw from the window at which I sat rose a picturesque mass of broken crags on which scores of seals were disporting



CLIFF HOUSE.

themselves. It was intensely interesting and amusing to watch these graceful creatures. Some were of enormous size, others quite small ; one tremendous fat old barnacled patriarch had quite a dozen baby seals around him—or her—floundering about, or rolling over one another, and tumbling into the water, and others lay watching the fun ; while each and all at times barked in glee like dogs.

The Japanese Tea Garden hard by is a very delightful spot, a bit of old Yeddo transplanted

to the New World. In the midst of dense greenery are quaint bridges spanning dark pools, where fat frogs sun themselves on the leaves of water lilies and croak for all they are worth. Dwarf pines and cedars jostle with cherry trees full of white and pink blossoms ; and tiny Japanese houses, wherein dwell Japanese people in Japanese costumes, bask in an atmosphere of sweet smelling odours.

I was somewhat disappointed in China Town. The Chinese quarter of San Francisco has been talked about the wide world over, with its picturesque wooden houses, its opium dens, its underground chambers with their labyrinth of galleries running in all directions, plunged in subterranean darkness but for flickering dips. All this is changed. The under world is closed. Opium smoking is forbidden by law. Some of the Chinese shops are truly magnificent in their size and display, but only the doorkeepers and other menials in these leading establishments are dressed in Chinese costume ; the young ladies with almond shaped eyes and small feet, assume European style and fashion behind the counters. Here and there in the street you may perchance see a pigtail escaping from beneath a black ornamented skull cap and resting placidly upon a long black or blue robe, but such symbols of nationality are exceptionally rare ; the children appear to be, if anything, less distinguishable by their dress than their fellow country folk in New York.

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The Latin quarter is crowded with Italians, Spaniards and French. They congregate largely about Telegraph Hill, which is so steep that it is only mounted by steps as is the case in Malta. The dwellings of the poorer Italians seem practically to hang on the heights as if they were about to topple over.

Across the harbour opposite San Francisco stands Oakland. Farther on is Berkeley, the site of the famous Californian University. Mrs. Hearst and her son, the famous newspaper proprietors, have lavished enormous sums of money on these stately buildings.

Of all the wonders of California the greatest is the climate. Talk of it to any American inside or outside of California, and the usual remark which bursts from his very soul is, " Ah, it is God's country ! "

But California and the " City of the Golden Gate " are only parts of one great whole. Every State and city that I visited has its own peculiar charm, and yet they together represent a combination of qualities which it would be difficult to find elsewhere.

The American is proud of his country, and he likes to hear it well spoken of. He believes in it. He rejoices in its past. He has confidence in its future. His buoyancy of spirit turns his geese into swans, and leads him to gild sombre details with a golden hue. There is something childlike in the







