

Glimpses of the Far West

G. A. KELLEY.

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GLIMPSES OF THE FAR WEST

AN ACCOUNT OF A PARTY OF EDWORTH
LEAGUERS, WHO ATTENDED THE 1901
CONVENTION AT SAN FRANCISCO

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE LONG JOURNEY
WITH ITS MANY SIDE-TRIPS

By C. A. KELLEY, Leader of the Party



LOWER FALLS IN YELLOWSTONE RIVER.

These falls are 212 feet high, and very beautiful. The banks of the river at this point are 800 feet high.

DEDICATION.

To those most interested—the members of our party who, by patience, kindness, and uncomplaining loyalty, made this long journey of nearly five weeks and seven thousand miles one of peculiar pleasure and profit—this modest souvenir is cordially dedicated.

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INTRODUCTION.

This little volume was written at the request of nearly every member of a California party of seventy, under the leadership of the writer. The occasion was the Epworth League International Convention of 1901 at San Francisco. A party of seventy was organized in Chicago, which for nearly five weeks traveled together, a distance of almost seven thousand miles.

During these weeks strong friendships were formed, and many happy acquaintances were made. It is somewhat remarkable that so large a party could be kept together for such a length of time and for so great a distance.

This volume will be of special interest to the members of our party, who will understand the allusions and will live over again the scenes of that splendid journey. However, we trust it

will be of interest also to our friends and to any who may contemplate a Western trip. They will find here many a suggestion that will make a future tour alive with interest.

It is difficult to see how a better itinerary could be planned, with one exception, and that would be to include Yosemite, which we could not reach, in addition to the many other places visited. The illustrations, all of which were made from photographs taken by members of our party, and the descriptions given of the places visited will be of value to those who shall in the future visit the Far West.

We will be glad if the reading of these pages shall induce anyone to make a journey to the plains, mountains, canyons, and valleys of our splendid country.

CHAPTER I.

ORGANIZING.

Ours was a party of seventy. Indeed, there were eighty of us on the outward journey and seventy on the return, but the company has generally come to be spoken of as "the seventy," and a royal seventy they were. In all the company there was not a chronic grumbler. In this respect the party was one of the most remarkable ever organized. It is seldom that so many people are brought together in one company, even in a church organization, which most of all should be free from bickering and strife, that you cannot find one or more that make life a burden for all the others by their continual complaints and murmuring.

But such was not the case with our party. Each member seemed to feel that his reputation was at stake, and strove to make friends instead of driving others from him. If any unreasonable complaints were made, or if any member of

our party made himself disagreeable on account of his continued murmuring, it did not come to the knowledge of the leader of the party. Mr. W. W. Wylie, who cared for us through the Yellowstone Park, said that ours was the easiest party to handle he ever had; that while others stormed and fretted and were sometimes two or three hours getting settled for the night, our party was settled and every one knew his place within five minutes after alighting from the carriages. We appreciate such testimony from one who is constantly handling large numbers of tourists.

The work of the leader was very pleasant—much pleasanter than anticipated. He thought such a large company would be very difficult to handle, and was not encouraged by the foreboding remarks of several friends before starting. They said: "You will be sick of it before you get back." "They will make life a misery for you." "You will be loaded up with a lot of chronic grumblers, who will make vigorous pro-

tests at everything that goes a little wrong, and you will wish heartily that you had never undertaken such a long journey with so large a party." Again, he was commiserated for not abandoning the party at San Francisco and allowing them to scatter and find their way back in any way they might be able. It was suggested frequently that the return journey would be more difficult to manage than the outward trip.

Such mournful predictions were made so frequently that the leader had prepared for almost anything, and was ready to defend himself against a thousand attacks, but they never came, and the surprise was so pleasant as to make the journey as great a pleasure for him as for any member of the party.

We did have a few drawbacks, to be sure, such as the contemptible action on the part of the Northern Pacific Railroad in refusing to haul our first-class tourist sleepers and crowding us into wretched emigrant cars. But even under the greatest of all our trials the members of

the party were remarkably patient and considerate.

The greatest task is not in conducting a party already organized, but in organizing the party, and if in this regard the work is well done the actual journey is comparatively an easy task. So it proved in our case.

But the leader discovered that organizing a party consists in hard work and plenty of it. It takes a great deal of time and patience, not to speak of expense.

Our party was more than six months in organizing. The members of it came from seven different States and from many walks in life. There were farmers, teachers, preachers, merchants, bookkeepers, musicians, physicians, stenographers, clerks, a dentist, politician, banker, mail carrier, physical director, seamstress, railroad agent, trained nurse, and a janitor.

Illinois furnished 58, Indiana 7, Wisconsin 7, Ohio 3, Michigan 2, New York 2, and Iowa 1.

Forty came from Chicago and the others from outside the city.

They wrote letters to the organizer—plenty of them. Everybody wrote and wrote often, and many letters came from inquirers who did not join us. There were almost three hundred letters from as many different persons inquiring about our plans. Those who decided to go with us wrote frequently, so that nearly five hundred letters had to be answered during the time of organization. And they asked questions. These came thick and fast, and many of them revealed strange and weird workings of the human mind.

One questioner asked concerning the age of the leader. It is only fair to our young women to say that this question was not asked by one of them. Another wanted to know if we had ever conducted a party before, evidently afraid to trust herself in green hands. One desired to know what a tourist sleeper is. It must be said that he knew what a tourist sleeper is *not* before

he was freed from the clutches of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

An Illinois member of our party asked if each one would carry his own lunch basket or whether all would use the same basket. This question came from one who is probably a member of a communistic society.

These are only a few of the hundreds of inquiries that poured in during the days previous to our departure. Besides answering questions the itinerary had to be arranged, and this was a very considerable task. In making the plans and in looking after the details lay the success of our excursion. Every stop-over was carefully arranged. It was known before we left Chicago where we were to stop and when; who was to carry us upon side trips, and how much such a trip would probably cost. To arrange all these details required time and patience, for it must nearly all be done by mail, often requiring several letters before matters could be settled at any one place, but the outcome of the

trip justified the care that was taken to make all arrangements before leaving Chicago. Had it not been done we would have been crowded out of many grand side trips. As it was, our plans worked admirably, and we enjoyed every

part of the trip. The members of our party who had traveled considerably before taking this journey were loud in their praise of this splendid tour. For their words of appreciation the writer is indeed grateful.



CHAPTER II.

THE START.

We left Chicago July 8 at 2:45 A. M., a very early hour. But we desired to start as soon as possible after the Sabbath, in order to make our anticipated side trips to the Petrified Forest and Grand Canyon and reach Los Angeles before the following Sunday, or at least by the early morning of Sunday. And this we did, arriving at Los Angeles at 2 A. M. the Sunday following—five hours ahead of time.

In order to leave Chicago at such an early hour it was necessary for those outside the city to come in the day previous. Most of them came in on Saturday and remained in the city over Sunday, thus avoiding travel on that day. They were met at the train by the committee appointed for that purpose, and escorted to their various resting places. A great deal of fun was occasioned by this plan of action. None of those who met trains had ever seen any of those whom

they were to meet, and some plan of recognition must be devised. A narrow bit of ribbon, on which the word *Chicago* was printed, was sent to each out of town member, and they were instructed to wear it in a place where it could be seen. Those meeting them at the train wore the same badge, and at any one of several depots in Chicago on Saturday, July 6, you might have heard some such greeting as this as two wearers of the little ribbon approached each other: "My name is Shaw; yours is Hop, I presume?" "No, my name is Hoppe, and this is Miss Vicinus, my friend. Your name is Shaw? I thought it was Kelley. I was looking for Mr. Kelley." "Yes, but Mr. Kelley sent me to meet you, as he has his hands full meeting others at this very moment."

Mr. Shaw did valiant service that day, and came around to report, after each meeting of some new arrival, with many a broad smile and twinkle in his eye, as things too humorous to write in this account presented themselves to his

fancy. How the pen almost rebels against the judgment, in an insane desire to record some of his experiences! But I forbear. If you read between the lines, and your curiosity is aroused, pen a line to Mr. Shaw, at Saunamin, Ill., and ask him what is the most effective means of "stopping a clock." Verily, he can tell you. What a splendid fellow he is! Though the "happy family" had a sort of corner on him, they were not the only ones who appreciated his genial companionship.

Tickets were purchased on Saturday at the city office of the Santa Fe road. Too much cannot be said of the courtesy of the Santa Fe. They fulfilled all their promises to us and showed us many favors which they did not agree to furnish. One of the most congenial employees of the road, Mr. S. Larimer, was sent with us all the way to San Francisco to look after our comfort. His presence was much appreciated, as is shown by the following resolutions, adopted with a shout by the entire party:

"On Board the Santa Fe,
California, July 13, 1901.

Whereas, the Santa Fe Railroad, through the agency of Rev. C. A. Kelley, has furnished a special train, with all necessary accommodations and trainmen; and,

Whereas, they have furnished us a very courteous and gentlemanly passenger agent in the person of Samuel Larimer; and,

Whereas, Mr. Larimer has shown himself to be a most obliging and attentive host during our itinerary, sparing no pains to accommodate our party, even at the sacrifice of his own personal comfort. Be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Kelley Party assembled, do hereby tender Mr. Larimer and the Santa Fe company a vote of thanks for courtesies shown and for so accurately fulfilling all promises made by them. Be it

Resolved, That a copy of these unsolicited resolutions be presented to Mr. Larimer and sent to the officials of the Santa Fe road."

The Santa Fe will not soon be forgotten by the members of the party. Their treatment was all that could be desired, and was in the greatest contrast to that afforded by the Northern Pacific.

The latter road, although claiming to be short of tourist cars and offering no reasonable excuse for their action, refused to haul our first-class tourist sleepers, which we took all the way to Portland, and in their stead furnished us with emigrant cars, which were inferior to any others seen upon our whole trip. This might have found some semblance of excuse had we not had our cars already on the ground, requesting that they be accepted by the road for our party. This rank service on the part of the Northern Pacific deserves the condemnation which they are receiving from the thousands of tourists who were compelled to take the same treatment as was accorded to us. For this wretched service the full tourist rates for berths were charged. Their action is simply inexcusable and cannot be condoned.

We left Chicago July 8 at 2:45 A. M. The members of the party began to arrive at the station six hours before the time of starting, and as soon as the train was ready found their berths and retired for the night, not waiting to get acquainted with their neighbors. A pleasant surprise awaited us at the station. We found that a special train had been prepared for us. This was decided upon by the road without our knowledge, and gave great satisfaction to the party. As far as Kansas City and from Adanna to Los Angeles we had the train all to ourselves, with "no one to molest us or to make us afraid."

All were sleeping soundly when our train drew out of the station and were nearing the Mississippi before we scarcely realized that we were off for the long journey.

At Kansas City, where we arrived at 2 P. M., we were joined by Rev. G. W. Shepherd and wife, of Alton, Ill.; also by Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kelsey, Mr. Bishop, Miss Ferguson, Miss Seed,

and Mrs. Westall. This company saved time and expense by joining us at Kansas City rather than by coming to Chicago.

By this time the party was in the midst of the introduction period, and were not long in getting acquainted. A committee had been previously appointed to introduce backward members, but the committee had little to do. There were no backward members. From the sedate Matlock to the vivacious Miss White, the members were bent on having a good time. There was no waiting for formal introductions. What need was there for waiting? Nobody was on the train except our party and the crew, and you could make no mistakes. All were of the same mind, bent on the same business, going to the same places. They were soon friendly. At daylight of the first morning Miss Straight, of Chicago, was organizing the "happy family," a company of five, which through all that long journey of seven thousand miles maintained its equanimity, integrity, and entirety, with the ex-

ception of one member, who fell out of the party at Yellowstone Park. The family consisted of Mother Straight, Sister Jennie, and the three brothers, Shaw, Pierson, and "Friedy."

Shaw (Willie) was the elder brother and Friedy was the baby boy. What a time they had, occupying the same part of the car at all times, by special assignment and special request. They sat together, ate together, read books together, and together visited the places of interest when the train was sidetracked for our benefit.

Some were envious of the "happy family," and a few tried to break into it, but it was of no avail. You might as well have tried to break through a stone wall.

One member from Ohio especially made commendable and persistent efforts to break into the combine for Friedy's sake, but the effort failed, though oft repeated. Miss Straight was general superintendent and manager of the combine, but the star attraction was Shaw. When

he was absent there was a feeling of goneness. When he was present all was life and laughter. It is amazing what a difference one man can make. Long live the "happy family"!

The hours of the first day passed quickly as we sped through Iowa and Missouri and Eastern Kansas. At dark we reached Newton. When we awoke the following morning we were pass-

ing out of Kansas into Colorado and were soon in sight of the Spanish Peaks. Pike's Peak, to the northwest, was not visible. All forenoon we skirted the foothills of the mountains and crossed the range in the afternoon, arriving at Albuquerque at daybreak next morning, eight hours late.



CHAPTER III.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

Then began a race for the petrified forest. We were to have been there at 7 o'clock, but were eight hours late. Could we travel the 232 miles in time to see the forest before dark?

This was our first stop-over. For months we had longed to be there. For years some of us had hoped some day to visit the great petrified forest of Arizona. And now the opportunity had come, but it seemed about to be lost through the lateness of a train.

We were to sidetrack at Adamanna, a little station twenty miles east of Holbrook. Holbrook is the point from which the forest is usually visited, but Adamanna is much nearer and saves the fatigue of a long ride.

This town is composed of a sidetrack, coal shed, water tank, one dwelling, and Adam Hanna, for whom the place is named. Indeed, he is the place himself. Take away Hanna and

you have no occasion for sidetrack, coal shed, water tank, or dwelling in that desert place. Hanna is there, and he is monarch of all he surveys. Weeks before our arrival arrangements had been made with him to take us out to the forest, and he was ready for us. Could we get to him in time was the question. It worried us not a little. To have failed to make connections at the very first stop-over would have been a source of no little chagrin. We telegraphed to Hanna to be patient if he could—that we were coming.

At 2 P. M., nine hours late, our train drew into the station. As we looked out of the windows we saw a wondrous spectacle. There was Hanna and everybody else for miles around. He had eleven teams lined up to receive us—eleven teams, drawing every sort of conveyance known to the Western plains. They had come from far and near for our especial benefit. Some of them had come a distance of twenty miles and had to come the day previous to be ready for duty.



Photo by Mr. Crandel.

A SCENE IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

Near Adamanna, Arizona. All the fragments seen are broken pieces of petrified logs. There are many thousands of these scattered over a large area.

It was a welcome sight to see them there, after waiting patiently for nine hours, ready to receive us. In less than ten minutes our party had filled those wagons with eighty-one souls, including the Pullman conductor and Mr. Larimer, and we were off for the forest, six miles away. Now, a twelve-mile trip is not long in the beautiful Eastern country, where there are green grass and trees and a moderate temperature, but in a desert, where all you can see is a stretch of sand, and where the sun is pouring down upon you at a temperature of 110 in the shade—and no shade—the case is different. Again, such a trip in a covered buggy, with a spanking team and good roads, is quite a pleasure. But in a lumber wagon, loaded with ten people, and six inches of sand under the grinding wheels, the pleasure of the drive seems to vanish. It did in our case. Much as we enjoyed the forest, the ride was a burden to the flesh. We are not sorry for the experience, for we know how a

drive in the great American desert seems, but we are not spoiling to take a like journey next year. And, again, we had no water. A cool drink is sometimes refreshing when you are famishing, but this luxury was denied us, and for five hours we suffocated. The first mile or so was all right, and we all acted like fresh colts turned out of the stable, while Adam looked on at our antics with a huge twinkle in his Scotch eye. Our coltish frolics soon gave way to sober sense, and before the journey ended we felt like old plow horses twenty years of age.

But the forest is great. It is worth the trip—and a much longer one. Many curious ideas prevailed concerning it in the minds of several of our party. Some asked before seeing it if the trees were standing, and if they had leaves on them, and whether the leaves were petrified. We overheard one member replying to such a question that the trees were full of petrified birds, singing petrified songs.

Rev. G. W. Shepherd related an incident of a stammering Irishman who visited the forest and came back with a glowing account of it, about as follows: "E-e-everything's petrified. The t-t-trees are petrified. There is a man on horse-back sh-sh-shooting a deer, and the d-d-deer and man and h-h-horse are all petrified. The r-rocks are petrified; the b-birds up in the air are p-petrified." At this some one replied that it could not be true that the birds in the air were petrified, for it would be contrary to the laws of gravitation. "Oh, b-b-but you d-don't understand; the g-g-gravitation is p-p-petrified!" We almost felt as he did before we got away from the heat and dust and tiresome ride.

The forest is a great curiosity. It is strange the government has not made a national park of this forest. We understand that steps have recently been taken to do this. It should be done by all means. The best specimens are being constantly carried away. There are several hun-

dred acres of trees, all turned to solid stone. Of course, they are all lying down and are much broken up. How they came there and how long they have been there nobody seems to know. The wood seems to be not unlike the redwood of California. Our genial guide, Mr. Hanna, ventured the opinion that the trees were floated there, from the fact that all were lying down, and that they did not grow on the spot where they now are. Whether he has any authority for this opinion we do not know. However, it is worth considering. Some of the trees are underground, and perhaps the greater part of them are thus hidden from view. Some are very large, approaching four feet in diameter. One log which we visited spans a gully thirty-five feet wide and about twenty feet deep. The tree is nearly four feet in diameter at the base, and can be traced for one hundred and twenty feet. Beyond that it is covered with sand, and probably extends many feet further under ground. Almost



Photo by Rev. G. W. Shepherd.

A PETRIFIED LOG.

Almost 4 feet in diameter, spanning a ditch 20 feet deep and 35 feet wide. This tree is 120 feet long above ground. Its top is covered with sand. This is the most remarkable specimen seen in the forest.

our entire party walked over it, and the cut shows thirteen standing upon it. It would be interesting to know how long it has lain there.

Further back from the railroad there are more extensive forests than the one visited by our party. The trees are more numerous and are not so much broken up. However, the trip is much longer, and consequently more tiresome. We were well satisfied with our visit. Each

member of the party carried away a number of fine specimens. When polished these stones present a surface of great beauty.

We reached our train about 7 P. M., tired, hungry, thirsty, and dusty, but by no means sorry we had taken that jaunt across the sands to one of the great curiosities of the West and of the world.



CHAPTER IV.

THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA.

As soon as all could be hurried aboard at Adamanna, our train pulled out for Williams. Now again we had the train all to ourselves and had not to depend upon time cards. The fact of our having a special train stood us in good stead at this time, as will be presently seen.

The branch line for the Grand Canyon leaves the main line at Williams, one hundred and forty-six miles west of Adamanna. We reached Williams before midnight, and the regular train did not leave for the canyon until 1:30 P. M. the next day. That meant a lay-over of about fourteen hours. But Larimer was with us, and he went to work on that proposition, and in a very short time we had orders from headquarters to proceed at once to the canyon.

This was all done in the night while we were asleep, and when we awoke in the morning we

were well on our way to the most stupendous scenery in America.

The distance from Williams to the hotel on the rim of the canyon is about sixty miles. The first fifty is made by rail, the rest by stage. Formerly the trip was made by stage entirely, which started from Flagstaff and required eleven hours for the journey. Now it is made in four.

We arrived at the end of the branch line early in the morning, but we had not long to wait for the stage. The landlord had been notified by telephone of our early arrival, and his employees were there with mules, horses, and stages galore. There was not room for all in the stages, and some rode horseback or muleback, as the case might be. Larimer and myself were among those who made that ten miles on horseback. And a merry ride it was, through the pine forests, along a road that wound in and out in a most picturesque way. Our horses struck an easy canter and kept it up nearly all the way. We distanced all the stages, and in a little more

than an hour galloped up to the rim of that awful canyon, which no words can describe. One stands in the presence of it awed into silence, for there are no adjectives that will fit the case. The men who invented the adjectives of our language had never seen the Grand Canyon.

We met a gentleman from Canada, a well known Methodist preacher, who said he had traveled in nearly every country and had seen all the most noted scenery of the world, and that nowhere on earth was there anything to compare with the Grand Canyon.

I will not endeavor to describe it, but will content myself with recording a few impressions and facts.

As we rode up to the rim and looked out across the canyon to the opposite rim, the distance seemed to be about three miles, or even less. But we were assured by those at the hotel that the distance was fourteen miles. It did not seem at all possible, yet we were quite ready to believe it before the day was over.

We put up at the Bright Angel Hotel, at the head of the Bright Angel trail, and now the terminus of the Grand Canyon branch of the Santa Fe Railroad. Where it received its name I do not know, but the hotel itself bears no dignity and glory commensurate with its name. However, we were well treated and made no complaints. They did the best they could under the circumstances.

As soon as we were rid of some of the dust that had clouded us during the ride up the trail and had washed our faces, we began to explore the canyon in the immediate vicinity of the hotel.

At this point the canyon is fourteen miles wide and six thousand feet deep. The Colorado River flows through this tremendous gorge at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. From Rowe's Point, not far from the hotel, one may see the river, five miles away. At that distance it looks like a yellow ribbon, although it is actually 300 feet wide.



Photo by Miss Hammond.

BRIGHT ANGEL HOTEL AND STAGE COACH.

Grand Canyon, Arizona.

Of course we desired to descend into the canyon. This can be done either on foot or on horseback by following the trail, which has been made at considerable expense, down the steep sides of the cliffs.

And we are free to say to any who may read these pages that they will never have much of an idea of the "bigness" of that gorge until they go down into it. Then they begin to feel that they have been told the truth about its size.

Nearly everybody in our party desired to go down, and they did so, and if there were no horses or mules to ride they went on foot.

The landlord had only nineteen horses and mules—by no means enough for our party. By arriving in the forenoon instead of afternoon, as tourists regularly do, we had the benefit of almost two whole days there instead of one. This gave opportunity for some of our party to go down the first day and some the second. As soon as we arrived all the saddle animals on the place were engaged for both days for mem-

bers of our party, so that the people coming on the regular stage in the evening could not find a single horse to carry any of them down.

This gave rise to some complaint on their part, but it was no fault of ours. We had not enough to supply all our own party, and could not be expected to relinquish them to strangers. This would have been carrying chivalry a notch too far. We stuck to our horses and mules, and they either remained upon the rim or went down afoot—a task that no one cares to repeat.

The climb is steep and long—very long. As some one remarked, it is four miles down and twenty-four miles back. The saddle horses and mules have been carefully trained for this work of climbing. They are sure of foot and never make a misstep. If they should it would be a long time before one would cease falling. But there is no cause for fear, dangerous as is the climb. Those horses always put their feet in the right places (unlike some men), and he will



Photo by Mr. Thompson.

PREPARING TO GO DOWN INTO THE GRAND CANYON OF THE
COLORADO ON HORSEBACK.

be carried through safely if he keeps his place in the saddle.

The narrow path winds and twists back and forth, seeking out the safest places. Nineteen horses follow each other in single file upon this path, each one carrying a trembling stranger who for the first time is making the descent. In front of the line is a guide. In the rear follows another. Two guides go down with every party to see that all goes well.

At one point about half way down the rider must dismount and follow his horse. The trail is so steep that it has been necessary to make steps in it. To a tenderfoot it may seem like an impossible feat for a horse to walk down a pair of steps, yet they do it, and do it very neatly, too. This is the steepest and most dangerous part of the trail. When he has passed this point on the return trip he begins to feel as though he would get out safely after all.

After nearly four hours of winding downward the brink of the river is reached. We have trav-

eled between four and five miles from the rim and have descended four thousand feet.

Now we are at the brink of the river, but the water is fifteen hundred feet below—a marvelous sight. Straight down from the rock on which we are standing is the rushing, turbid river. We take a stone and throw it far out over the cliff and watch it fall—down, down, down—until it splashes into the water. It seems like it will never reach the water. It is a thrilling sight. No one who visits the canyon should fail to go down into it.

It is possible to go even further than we did, but it is five miles further travel in each direction, and cannot be made in a day. Those making this trip remain over night at the water's edge.

When the line reaches the brink of the river it is visible from the hotel, but can only be seen through a strong field glass. Through the glass the horses look like ants creeping along the ground, so great is the distance.

But now where are those who started down



Photo by Rev. G. W. Shepherd.

THE GORGE OF THE COLORADO RIVER.

The immediate banks are 1,500 feet high. The elevation of the farthest point seen in the picture is 6,000 feet above the river.

on foot, for several of our party made the climb in that way? They have already started back, far ahead of the horses. They came down the trail much faster than the horses, and by the time the brink was reached were perhaps a mile ahead of those who rode. This gave them great courage and assurance, and they had started to return before the horsemen reached the brink, thinking they would climb out of the canyon and finish their supper before their mounted friends reached the top. But alas! how human hopes vanish! To their never-to-be-forgotten chagrin, they discover that a man can go down faster than he can go up, while a mule can go up faster than he can go down. The old story of the tortoise and the hare floats before their minds as they step aside to allow the long line of horses and mules with their burdens to pass them before they have gotten half up that never-ending hill.

The mules are slow enough, but a man is

slower when it comes to climbing a hill four miles long and so steep he can hardly see up it. It is hard on the wind, and if he is not accustomed to it (which he is not) he must pause to catch his breath about every four rods.

And then the heat and thirst hinders most of all. As we descended it was in the comparative cool of the morning, but the ascent is in the hottest part of the day—in the afternoon, from one to four o'clock.

Climbing a steep hill in the burning sun makes one thirsty, and if he has the foresight to carry a bottle of water with him it is a great help, although the water becomes very warm and flat.

But if he thought he could wait until his return for a drink, as some did, then he must cry out a hundred times, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this hillside, heat, and thirst?"

About half way from the rim to the brink is a fine spring. Some thought that by taking a



Photo by Mr. Crandel.

AT THE BRINK OF THE COLORADO RIVER.

4,000 feet below the rim and 1,500 feet above the water.

drink at this spring, going and returning, they could get along. But they soon were aware that such thoughts were delusions, and had it not been for a helping hand and a helping bottle some would be in the canyon yet.

Poor Kelsey! They are laughing at him still. In the early morning of the second day he walked down in company with Rev. G. W. Shepherd. The downward trip was made easily, and the return trip was begun with much assurance. Before they had reached the brink they had passed a party from Kentucky who were imbibing too freely from a bottle filled with "old Kentucky bourbon." Kelsey proceeded to give them a temperance lecture, showing them the evils of drink, and how very much harder it is to climb when one is under the influence of liquor.

The boys were not much impressed, but took kindly to the lecture and proceeded slowly up the hill. They were very slow, owing, perhaps, to the whisky and to their avoirdupois, and Kel-

sey and Shepherd overtook them. By this time Kelsey was fagging out. He was thirsty. His eyes were bloodshot and his throat was scorched. When he saw the boys from Kentucky his thirst overcame his judgment, and he said: "Boys, give me just one little sip from that bottle!" It was cheerfully granted, and Kelsey declared that it helped him wonderfully; and we haven't any doubt that it did, although the best physicians say that alcohol, even as a stimulant, is of but little value, and should be seldom used. The joke was on Kelsey for the rest of the journey. We found considerable drinking in San Francisco and a great many opium smokers in Chinatown, but Kelsey was not "forward" with any more lectures on the evil effects of alcohol and narcotics upon the human anatomy.

He and Shepherd were both very much worn by their trip and declared they wouldn't take it again for the whole canyon.

There were several others who walked down,

among them four or five ladies. The trip was particularly trying on them, but all succeeded in getting out alive, yet not without many misgivings on the part of their friends.

As the time drew near for our departure there were still about ten who had not reached the rim, and, fearing lest they would miss the last stage and be compelled to stay over night, thus delaying our journey twelve or fifteen hours, I decided to go down and render them any assistance possible in reaching the summit.

Taking a stout stick and a bottle of water, I hastened down the trail. The first persons met were Dr. Oakey and Professor Robinson. Oakey was standing the trip well, but Robinson was about played out. He could hardly drag himself along, and had to rest every few steps. His worst trouble was thirst, and he seemed famished for a drink. After taking a few swallows from my bottle he got on better.

Further down others were met, among them one of the young men from Kentucky whom

Kelsey had lectured earlier in the day. He was completely exhausted, and help was sent for to assist him in getting out. His "stimulants" had proven a failure. A boy came down the trail and gave him a helping hand, for which service the lad charged him a dollar. Several times that day—and, no doubt, on other days—that boy earned dollars pulling people out of the gorge.

A little lower, Haskins, Stewart, Harker, and Gabriel were passed. They were doing well, with the exception of Gabriel. He was very tired and thirsty, and my bottle helped him out. The poor fellow had given the last drop out of his bottle to a fellow-sufferer, and now he was in need of it.

About a mile down the trail Mr. and Mrs. Davis and Rev. J. A. Matlock were discovered. Mrs. Davis was tired out. It didn't seem as though she would be able to reach the top unless we sent for a horse. But we determined to do what we could. Giving her an end of my stick,

I went ahead and pulled, Matlock pushed, and with the pulling and pushing after about an hour we brought her to the summit.

This work had delayed the stage about an hour. The landlord would not have waited had not the leader of the party been down in the canyon, and until he came out the angry landlord could not collect his bills. He had nothing to do but wait, and wait he did, until we all arrived, and after ten minutes' delay, during which time the bills were paid, we took the waiting stage for our train—that is, those who could find room in it.

But there was not room for all, and the saddle horses were brought out. Miss Bronson and Mrs. Turner volunteered to ride horseback and seemed anxious to do so, and their wish was granted. So these two ladies, Mr. Harvey and myself started off at a lively canter, the wind in our faces.

Mrs. Turner rode a rough traveler, and soon her hairpins were jolted loose and lost, and her

long black hair floated out on the wind. Then her hat blew off, and she was a picture worthy the brush of an artist. Her horse would not travel at a proper gait, but determined to be as swift as the best, and as he tore down the road Mrs. Turner, hatless and with her hair standing straight out in the wind, was the image of an Indian squaw. From that time forward she carried the sobriquet of "the squaw."

But Harvey was not to be outdone. He was not to be beaten by a woman. He was mounted upon a mule, which rather nettled his dignity, but the mule was a good traveler, and this compensated his feelings to a considerable degree. But the mule was a little rough on foot also, and in one of the more rapid stretches Harvey's waistband seemed to be loosened up and his negligee shirt showed signs of insubordination. Of a sudden, when the mule was making a three-minute record, the negligee could not be longer restrained, and, breaking away from its moorings, streamed out gaily like the flag of his coun-

try. Harvey was looking at the road ahead and consequently did not see what was going on behind him. The mule noticed it and quickened his speed a bit, which only added luster to the picture, already comical enough.

When we finally could overtake him we notified him of the situation as gently as possible, and for a brief space Harvey fell out of the ranks to readjust his belt.

In about an hour we reached the waiting train, having lost not a single member of the party, and were glad to be in our friendly cars once more. In a few minutes we were on our way to Williams, which place we reached about 10 o'clock at night.

Williams is a bad town, one of the toughest in the West, and during the night members of the party heard several pistol shots not far away. We learned in the morning that the sheriff came home drunk and was firing off his pistol to show his authority.

Williams had had a bad fire a few days before

our arrival. The hotel was burned. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, had left his trunk in the hotel while he visited the canyon, and had specially charged the landlord to take good care of it. The trunk was saved and almost nothing else, so rapidly did the building burn. The doctor was happy to get his trunk, but the disaster caused him to leave the canyon a day sooner than he intended, and thus prevented his going down to the brink. He will never know what he missed unless he is permitted to make the descent at some future time, which he certainly ought to do.

During our two days' stay we made excursions along the rim, and next to going down into the canyon this affords the greatest interest.

Although the hotel stands upon the very edge of the canyon, it is not situated at the best point of view. It is rather located with the idea of being convenient to the Bright Angel trail, which starts down from the very door of the hotel.

But side trips, either on foot, on horseback, or by carriage can be made along the rim to very great advantage. Our party was not slow to note this, and nearly all made one or more such excursions, usually on foot.

Rowe's Point furnishes the best view of the canyon of any within easy walking distance of the hotel, although there are several others that are very good. It is about two miles west of the hotel as the crow flies, but if one follows the winding road is nearer three.

This point is a narrow neck of rock, jutting out some 300 feet from the main wall into the canyon. One wonders how it remained standing while the action of the waters wore away the rocks on either side, but there are so many wonders about the canyon that you have not time to try to solve them.

From the point of this wall you get an entrancing view of the great gorge in three directions—north, east, and west—and I might add one other direction, and that is *down*. And this

is the most appalling of all. From here the river is visible in seven places, as it winds in and out among the rocks, and although it is more than four miles from you in a straight line, you can see the waters moving, so swift and turbulent is the current.

Geologists tell us that the river has formed that awful gorge in the course of thousands of years, and that every year it is still wearing its way deeper into the rocks. This does not seem credible, and yet there seems no other way to account for it.

Rowe's Point would be a decidedly unhealthy place for people who have a mania for leaping over precipices, unless they were really bent on suicide.

Chicago people frequently commit suicide by jumping into Lake Michigan. Sometimes their efforts fail, and they are drawn out before they accomplish their purpose.

Toronto has a bridge over a little gorge some two hundred feet high, from which people some-

times leap who are tired of life. Several have leaped from that bridge, some unsuccessfully, and on reaching the ground below they find the distance has not been great enough to accomplish their purpose.

All such maniacs could find a suitable place for their folly at Rowe's Point. As one stands at the edge of the rock and bends over to catch a glimpse of the depths below, he needs a level head and a steady nerve. Only the most daring will attempt such a feat. As he looks down he sees the first landing, a shelf or rock three thousand feet below. More than half a mile is a long distance when one is looking straight down and realizes that a misstep would start him on a quick journey to the bottom. We gathered stones as large as we could carry and, stepping near the edge, hurled them over the precipice. Then we listened intently to hear the report as they crashed upon the rocks. But no sound came back. We could see them going down, down, until they faded from sight. But the

depths were too great to hear the crash as they reached the ledge below.

Perhaps some one will arise some day who will be able to describe this canyon, but it is doubtful if the English language or any other is capable of such description. One must see it to get any idea of its grandeur. Every American ought to have the privilege of seeing this most marvelous of all the scenery of his country. We came away from it feeling that we had been fully repaid for the whole Western tour if we had seen nothing else.

An amusing incident occurred at the hotel. In anticipation of the coming of the Epworth Leaguers a great many tents had been set up. The hotel itself is small and will only accommodate about fifteen. With the tents they could readily take care of seventy. The night we were there 120 people had to be provided for, and so things were very much crowded.

But our party was on the ground first and consequently had possession of the tents and

hotel. When the afternoon contingent came in there was not room for all in the beds, even after the severest crowding. Five or six had to sleep on the floor of the hotel office without even a mattress. Among this half dozen was Dr. C. B. Spencer, editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*. That night Dr. Spencer was robbed. The amount lost, we understand, was \$280, besides his transportation.

Mr. Larimer and the writer were down in the canyon when this second contingent arrived and were assigned to their rooms and tents. As we reached the summit in the evening and saw the crowd we suddenly remembered that we had failed to procure a bed. We had been busy looking out for our party and forgot ourselves. While we made some inquiries a gentleman told us that there was no chance for a bed, and he with others had to sleep on the floor.

The master of ceremonies was a bustling colored porter, who was courteous and very officious. After a while we found him and told

him our predicament and asked him if he would have to assign us a place on the floor with the other worthies. To our surprise he said: "Oh, I got a bed fo' yoh-all." Taking us upstairs, he ushered us into the best room in the house, where we had an excellent bed, and, weary with the hard day's work, we were soon lost in a most refreshing sleep, and never once awoke until the sun shone in upon us the next morning.

How we thanked that porter! He had an eye to business, and, seeing we had charge of affairs, thought about the size of the tip that he might procure from so large a party.

The fellow was accused of stealing Dr. Spencer's pocketbook, but it could not be proven, and nothing was done.

Mr. Larimer succeeded in procuring a special engine for us out of Williams, thereby getting us away early in the morning instead of at noon, as we had expected. This greatly delighted our party, and Mr. Larimer and the Santa Fe company came in for many a word of praise.

Our next stop was at Los Angeles, and we had expected to reach there at 7 A. M. Sunday. Instead we arrived five hours ahead of the regular train and reached the station at 2 o'clock.

All day Saturday we were crossing the desert. What a wide waste of sand! We had all read and re-read of the great American desert, but we had never realized it was *so* great. After leaving Kansas we saw little else but sand, except where the valleys of the rivers had been irrigated, thus causing vegetation to flourish. We saw land in Arizona that was worth a hundred dollars an acre and other land adjoining it and only across the fence that was not worth one dollar an acre. The difference was in irrigation. Absolutely no crops except sagebrush can be raised without irrigation.

One would naturally think that traveling through such a country would be very warm and disagreeable, but not so. We were surprised to find the traveling quite comfortable indeed, and only felt the heat once, and that was at the

Needles, where the train crosses into California. We paused here for dinner about 3 P. M. and found the thermometer registering 115 degrees. Such heat would be fatal in the moist air of Chicago, but in that dry atmosphere it is not as oppressive as 98 degrees is in our climate. Sunstrokes never occur. We were more oppressed with the heat while passing through eastern Kansas than in all the rest of the journey, except, perhaps, a few hours one afternoon in Washington.

We left the Needles Saturday afternoon at 3:15 o'clock for the run to Los Angeles. The greater part of this ride was in the night, and thus we failed to see the magnificent orange belt of southern California. However, we saw the abundant crops of other kinds of fruits, such as apricots, prunes and grapes.

During the afternoon of Saturday the members of our party planned for an entertainment in the evening—the first programme that we had since starting from home.



Photo by Miss Ferguson.

NATIVES OF ARIZONA.

The committees were very busy all day arranging the programme and incidentally doing other things not at that time known to all on board.

It was really to be a surprise upon the leader of the party and his wife, and so well were the plans laid that neither of them had the slightest suspicion of what was in the air. They put him up for chairman of his own surprise party,—how gullible he must have been!

The programme was very good Pierson went through his antics. Hutchinson mimicked a young lady preparing for an evening party and Miss Hammond read her best selections. Others helped things along and all was regular enough until Rev. Shepherd was called upon for a recitation. He arose and said that he had decided to make a speech instead of giving a recitation. Then he proceeded to laud the Santa Fe Railroad for its courtesy, and Mr. S. Larimer, its agent, who was doing so much to make our journey pleasant. He presented a set of resolutions of a very complimentary character to Mr. Lari-

mer, which we understand helped him before the summer was over to a better position with the company at Kansas City. We are all glad to hear of his promotion and are pleased if the resolutions had any influence in securing it.

Then, having presented the resolutions to Mr. Larimer, after they had been adopted with a shout, Mr. Shepherd turned upon the chairman and began to make fun of him in some far-fetched and imaginative remarks. He closed his speech and took the chairman's breath by presenting a set of very rosy resolutions and a purse of fifty dollars. This was indeed a great surprise and a very welcome remembrance, especially when the Northern Pacific road afterward cheated him out of fifty dollars' worth of promised transportation. But it was the more highly appreciated inasmuch as it expressed the pleasure of the party with the plans and arrangements for the trip.

A song was sung and Rev. J. A. Matlack led in prayer, after which the party retired, to wake up next morning in the depot at Los Angeles.

CHAPTER V.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

There were many places in southern California that we very much desired to visit, and that will well repay a visit; but our time was limited and we had to choose the most interesting and leave the others for a future journey.

We remained at Los Angeles from Sunday morning until Tuesday afternoon. On Sunday most of the party remained in our cars or attended services in various parts of the city. There was an Epworth League rally in the afternoon, at which Dr. Berry and others were scheduled to speak. Some of the party attended this rally, but the majority took the time for resting after the fatigue of the long trip. Nearly all of the ministers of our company were drafted for preaching services either morning or evening.

Inasmuch as Monday and Tuesday were the only days for sightseeing in this region, we planned to put in the time well. It was arranged

to visit Santa Catalina Island on Monday and Mount Lowe on Tuesday.

Los Angeles is thirty miles from the ocean, and Santa Catalina is nearly thirty miles from the mainland. So the trip had to be made by rail and by boat. The day was not stormy and the sea was not what would be called rough, yet there was a brisk breeze and the waves rolled along in considerable swells. This made things very uncomfortable for a landsman, and our party soon began to show signs of seasickness. What made matters worse, we had not caught the large boat which runs daily to the island and had to take a boat that was miserably small for a trip upon the ocean. But we had planned to go and had bought our tickets, and we were not to be thwarted by the size of a boat. So ahead we went.

As soon as we cleared the harbor and struck the open sea our boat was caught in the trough of the swells in such a way as to give it a double motion. This increased the agony and soon the

floor of the cabin was strewn with the slain, who lay flat upon their backs to prevent their feelings from getting the best of them.

The boat would go shooting into the air, dance around awhile, and when it came down one's stomach seemed to remain aloft upon the wave. This process, oft repeated, had a discouraging effect upon the one unaccustomed to sailing, and long before we had reached the island the deck as well as the cabin was a scene of intense agony. As Mark Twain said: "The first hour you are afraid you will die, and the second hour you are afraid you will not."

Seasickness does not kill people, and so those afflicted with it receive but scant sympathy from those who are not similarly afflicted. Indeed, they are frequently laughed at for being so faint-hearted.

Some of us were not sick and had no end of fun with others less fortunate. But I had to watch myself every minute to fight off the prevailing malady.

Four or five of us stood near the left rail upon the upper deck. On the lower deck directly beneath us were two young men standing by the rail observing the flying fish. Close by us sat two or three of the young women of our party beginning to feel inwardly disturbed, and showed signs of collapsing. They were hugging the rail so as to be ready for any emergency. We saw that the young men directly underneath were in danger if these young women should grow worse, and we shouted to them to clear the deck and make way for liberty.

They evidently thought we were laughing at them and made no move. Three or four times, seeing their peril, we tried to persuade them to stand aside, but they paid no attention to our warnings.

Suddenly the climax came. The suffering young women could no longer control their feelings. Another shout of warning was given to those below, but it was too late, and the consequence was upon their own heads (and backs).



Photo by Thompson.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

The hills of Catalina are unsurpassed for picturesqueness.

Then, and not until then, were they willing to heed the oft-repeated warning. They quickly withdrew and dared approach the rail on the lower deck no more.

Finally we reached the island, to the great joy of those on board. Catalina is a delightful place. The only thing that marred our visit was the ever-present thought in the minds of many that we would have to return across that thirty miles of disagreeable water. Some wanted to take the train, and Carl Swigart said he would rather walk than try that boat again, but such thoughts were in vain, for we were upon an island. However, their anxiety was not necessary, for when we returned the swells were not so high, and we were fortunate enough to catch a large boat, so there was but little sickness on the return.

Catalina is a beautiful spot, with its grass covered hills rising up a thousand feet above the sea. We saw many rugged mountains and scenery far grander and more stupendous, but it is

doubtful if we saw anything more beautiful and picturesque than the hills of Catalina.

We landed at Avalon, a summer resort upon the northeast shore of the island. There are hundreds of cottages and several beautiful hotels here. But that is all. The people come here simply for recreation, and have nothing else to do. As the boats land, bringing the new-comers, almost the whole population of the town comes down to the wharf, "to see the boat come in." It reminds one of the custom of the people in country villages that have only one train a day. Frequently half the people of the village will be at the depot simply to see the train pass through.

At Avalon they line up on either side of the wharf, and as we left the boat we had to run the gauntlet of a thousand people, and were stared at from two thousand wide-open eyes. It is a peculiar experience, and we were glad when we had passed to the end of the line.

We had but a few hours on the island, and



Photo by Miss Hammond.

BATHING IN THE SURF AT CATALINA.

spent the time in the immediate vicinity of Avalon. Some of us longed for a coach ride over those beautiful hills, but the time would not permit. A few climbed the hills, others strolled around the beach, and still others went bathing in the sea.

This was the first experience of all in salt water bathing and it was a pleasant and interesting pastime. The water was not warm, and we had to paddle around lively to keep the blood going. Gabriel was one of the bathers, and he couldn't swim, so he kept well within the danger line. Once he tried to swim. His feet went up and his head down, and he swallowed a lot of water. When he finally righted himself he declared that the water was salty.

Most of our party enjoyed a ride in the glass bottomed boats. This is one of the most pleasant features of this resort. The glass being in the bottom of the boat, the ripples on the surface are overcome and you are enabled to look down at the wonders of the sea. One can easily see a

hundred feet into the depths. In the harbor of Avalon there is an immense growth of sea plants. There are many varieties and they are of rare beauty. Some of them grow to a height of twenty feet. It is a great curiosity to look down at a submarine forest. Besides the vegetation there are many other curiosities, such as fish of various kinds, the gold fish predominating. It costs but 25 cents an hour to ride in these boats, and those having the privilege will never have occasion to regret it.

And now for a fish story. Avalon is the paradise of fishermen. You can catch all you want and suit yourself as to size and quality. Fish weighing as much as two hundred and fifty pounds are caught by hook and line. One of that weight was caught the day before our arrival. Many of our party saw it.

The finest fish for eating are the barracuda. All the restaurants and hotels have them in abundance. They average from twenty-four to thirty inches in length and weigh about five pounds.

While standing upon the beach a lad rowed in from a three hours' experience in catching these fine fellows. He had nineteen of them, which he had hooked in that short time. Such a record in Minnesota or Wisconsin would be published far and wide, but at Avalon it is the ordinary experience and nothing is thought of it.

The popular sport is fishing for tuna, a fish that weighs from one hundred to almost two hundred pounds.

There is a Tuna club at Avalon, the president of which is the one who catches the largest Tuna for the year. These great game fish feed upon their smaller neighbors, especially the flying fish. When many flying fish are seen it is a sign that the Tunas are after them, and hence the fishing is good. Then the fishermen go after this splendid game. They go out in steam launches, and it costs five dollars per man to fish.

When once one of these fighters is hooked the fun begins. No other fish fights like this, and it frequently takes two and a half hours to bring

him to gaff. When he is worn out and the gaff hook is in his gills a Tuna flag is run up and the launch makes for the shore. Long before the boat reaches land the people, aware of the catch by seeing the flag, gather at the landing to see the prize and learn its weight. Great is the interest in this sport. It is the leading pastime, and the man who lands the largest Tuna is for a year the hero of Avalon.

Before we were at all ready to leave this delightful spot the boat was announced and we went aboard for the return trip. The sea was somewhat calmed by this time, and but few of the party were sick. Everything went pleasantly with the exception of our being somewhat annoyed by some rowdies on the boat. Carl Swigart wanted to put them off, but the walking was not good, so we endured their folly. We reached Los Angeles and our welcome cars about half past ten.

The next morning we started for Mt. Lowe. This is one of the finest trips in southern Cali-

ifornia. The Mt. Lowe Company granted us a special car for our party, but failed to carry out their agreement to keep strangers out of it. The failure hindered us not a little by causing delay.

The ascent is made by trolley cars, with the exception of the steepest part of the grade, which is made by cable. Before reaching the mountain the road passes through Pasadena and Altadena, beautiful suburbs of Los Angeles.

The grade is steep after leaving Pasadena, and finally becomes too steep for the trolley, and the cable is resorted to. This part of the road makes an ascent of fifteen hundred feet, and rises at a very steep angle, probably not less than 70 degrees.

The scenery during the ascent is grand. A vast region stretches out before us, making a panorama that is impressive. Los Angeles seems just at our feet, while the ocean is in plain view, thirty miles distant. Even the hills of Santa Catalina island are visible, more than sixty miles away. Mt. Lowe is six thousand feet high. The

electric railway ascends to an altitude of five thousand feet. The rest of the ascent must be made on foot or horseback. Why the road does not ascend to the summit we did not learn, but it is a disappointment to be set down a thousand feet from the top, and in a grove so dense that nothing can be seen. In all probability at some time the road will be extended to the summit. At the end of the line there is a quaint little hotel, bearing the name of "Ye Alpine Tavern." Those desiring them can obtain refreshments here.

As our time did not permit us to go on up to the summit, we took the first train for the descent. From Rubio Canyon, about half way up the mountain, the outlook is much finer than from any other points except the summit.

On our way from this trip we stopped at the ostrich farm in Pasadena. This is one of the places of interest that almost every traveler desires to visit, and is a source of no small income. A charge of twenty-five cents is made for admission, and our party alone brought fifteen dollars

to the owner. Many people visit the farm every day.

There are ostriches of all sizes and ages in this inclosure. From tiny birds just out of the shell to the horny-headed old grandfather ostriches. The size of these birds surprised us all. We knew they were large, but were not prepared to see birds that stood eight feet high in their bare feet. It would take a giant to approach them in stature. They weigh from 200 to 300 pounds.

The annual plucking of feathers is worth about one hundred dollars, and the market price of the birds is about five hundred dollars. So it is easy to see that with about forty ostriches there is no need of the farmer complaining of poverty.

They will eat almost anything. Rutabagas are the staple article of food at this farm, but if occasion offers the ostrich is not particular to confine himself to this diet, but will swallow

anything that comes his way, such as pieces of iron, stones, bricks, glass, old shoes, etc.

We saw one of them swallow a rutabaga as large as a half brick. It was comical to see this big knot sliding down its long, slender neck.

They are very strong. An ostrich can easily carry two men on its back. They defend themselves with their feet. The foot has two toes, the inner one being about seven inches long, with a claw. This is a terrible weapon, and with it the ostrich can strike a deadly blow. With this claw a lion or a tiger can be ripped open at a single thrust.

The ostrich does not strike with its bill, as do many other birds, but relies upon its feet for defense. When pursued it can run at the rate of sixty miles an hour, although it cannot keep up such speed for a great length of time. The keeper, by teasing them, gave us an exhibition of their fighting qualities. They struck at him viciously with those terrible claws, but of course



Photo by Shepherd.

OSTRICH FARM AT PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.

These birds stand seven feet high, some being taller still.

he took care to keep on the other side of the fence out of their reach.

The egg is large, weighing about three pounds, being equal to two dozen ordinary hen's eggs. In South Africa they are used for food by the natives. Before the feathers are ready for the market they must be dyed and curled. These are picked every seven months and are at their best when the bird is about twenty-one months old.

We did not much indulge in plumes, as we needed our money for other pressing purposes, and so bade adieu to this interesting "farm," after having taken several pictures of the birds. The picture in the cut is the best we obtained, and was taken by Rev. G. W. Shepherd.

This visit almost caused us to miss our train, but by much hurrying we reached the depot in time. One member was much put out because we did not send for her, and help her from the

hotel to the train. The leader of a party is expected to do many things, but this was going too far and she was roundly laughed at for her folly. For some time after she was inclined to put on the air of injured innocence, but it was of no avail and she gave up the ruse. A whole-souled party like ours, composed of people who are traveling for profit as well as pleasure, very soon takes the kinks out of a disgruntled member.

Our cars were placed in the regular Southern Pacific train, leaving Los Angeles at three o'clock, and this ended our special train service. However, we were not crowded any longer for time, and were not inconvenienced by the change, except for strangers passing through our cars.

Our train was upon the coast line, which for a hundred miles skirts the ocean. This gave a grand view of the Pacific, although it was growing dark when we came within sight of the sea.

CHAPTER VI.

DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS ON THE TRAIN.

The trip to San Francisco was uneventful and we will take this time to tell of our devotional services.

Two or three of the men of the party had been asked to take charge of these exercises, and they were to be held every day. This program was carried out quite well and many were the delightful services held as the train sped along.

The usual plan was to have the members of the party who cared to join in the service gather together in one car and hold one service, instead of three. This worked admirably, and the meetings were full of power and were very helpful. They usually lasted about half an hour, and consisted of songs, prayers and sometimes of testimonies.

A colored porter came into one of these meetings one day as we were passing through Arizona. He listened to the songs and prayers with

rapt attention, his black face shining with the joy of his soul. He said at the close that he had not been in such a service for many years; that in Virginia he used to attend camp meetings when he was a boy, and that this service carried him back to the old days. Tears filled his eyes as he spoke of the joy that came to him in remembering the good times of his younger days.

On another occasion we were holding a service as we were crossing the Cascade mountains on the way from San Francisco to Portland. For hours we had been passing through scenery that was grand beyond words to express. But of course considerable danger attends such a trip, as the train rushes up and down the mountain sides.

At this time, after several had led in prayer, the meeting was closed by Bro. Shepherd. His voice is strong and clear, and he was led to pray for the train crew, especially the engineer and fireman. Two young ladies sat upon the platform, not caring to attend the devotional meet-

ing. But they could hear his prayer, and as they heard him pray for these men and that no harm might come to any of us they smiled and said: "What good will that prayer do for those men?"

In less than five minutes after Bro. Shepherd had finished the prayer our train entered the tunnel at the summit of the Cascade range, and as we emerged from the other end of the tunnel the second engine left the track and the train was stopped.

As we went out to see what was wrong we saw the accident to our engine and noticed that we were upon a very high embankment, and should the train have gone over it the accident would have been appalling. But we were safe. Not a single person was in the least harmed in what might have proven to be a bad wreck.

This incident impressed the two young women greatly, and they afterward said that usually you have to wait a long time before prayers are answered, but that this prayer was answered very soon. After that they were usually at our meet-

ings, and were much interested in them.

Another most impressive service was enjoyed by most of our party, and especially by six of us. It was on the Columbia river as we returned from that glorious ride up to the Cascades. Six of us had met two old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Hatfield, who had formerly labored with us at Asbury church, Chicago. They had gone to Oregon on account of the health of the doctor and had been often exceeding lonely and longed to see some one from home.

When they heard of our coming they wrote that they would meet us in Portland. They came fifty miles to meet us, and had to travel twenty-five miles of the distance on horseback. How glad we were to see them! They are royal souls who had done valiant service for the church in Chicago, and in the wilds of Oregon their zeal had not abated. Their kindness in other days had endeared us to them, and we were happy indeed to grasp their hands once more.

We only had one day's stop over at Portland,

and it was to be spent upon the Columbia. Of course they went with us upon that trip, and what a visit we had! We can never forget it, and if we should never look into their faces again the joy of that day will abide with us. The struggles of the days when we toiled together were rehearsed, and our successes and sorrows were repeated, for we talked to friends who loved us and who listened gladly. It was a heart to heart visit. We fear many of our party thought us exclusive and selfish that day, but when they read these lines they will forgive us, I know.

As we returned toward Portland, and the shades began to gather, Mrs. Hatfield suggested that we hold a meeting together, and it was done. All our party was invited and many of them

came. It was a good meeting to all, but it had a special meaning to us.

We could not sing well, and we could not pray with ringing words, for our utterance was choked. Our hearts were full. But the memory of that hour will not fade from us. Of all the hours of devotion held upon that long journey, to a little group, that evening hour upon the Columbia was the most precious.

Rev. J. A. Matlack, A. S. Haskins, Grant Stewart and W. E. Shaw had charge of the arrangements for these daily devotions. That they made them successful was evidenced by the deep interest manifested and by the lasting good accomplished.



Photo by Mr. Thompson.

ASBURY GROUP.

The picture was taken on the banks of the Columbia River, 60 miles east of Portland. Dr. and Mrs. Hatfield, who are in the forefront, are old friends of the others, living now in Oregon. They spent the day with us on the Columbia River.

CHAPTER VII.

SAN FRANCISCO AND THE EPWORTH LEAGUE CONVENTION.

As before stated, the trip to San Francisco was uneventful. However, it was not without interest, as we traveled through the splendid orchards and wide-extended fields of grain, not to speak of the mountain ranges constantly in view.

There was a desire on the part of many of our party not to leave California without seeing the big trees about which we had heard for many years. Our train did not pass through any of these groves, and so several members decided to make side trips for the sake of visiting at least one grove.

Dr. Galliver figured it out that by leaving our train at Pajaro a side trip could be made to the big trees at Santa Cruz, and the main line could be reached again at San Jose without loss of time

or extra expense. Other members of the party left the main line at another point. These latter saw the big trees, but Dr. and Mrs. Galliver and Miss Mainwood were disappointed. Their train was late and they were unable to make the proper connections to visit the grove. They arrived at San Francisco in the evening, greatly disappointed.

Miss Mainwood was especially grieved, for she had counted so much on seeing the trees and had been busy telling other members of the party what they would miss by not making this side trip. We had a good laugh at her expense.

Our train drew into the Southern Pacific depot in San Francisco at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, July 17. We were met at the train by the white-capped reception committee of the convention. Indeed, we had met those white caps for the last two hours before reaching the city. As far out as San Jose they came aboard our cars. They were kind and courteous, but could not tell

us what we wanted to know, and that was where we could find a place of entertainment during our stay in the city.

It is to be hoped that future convention committees will be armed with a list of places of entertainment in the city where the conventions are held, for that is what a party of strange delegates first of all desire to learn. Badges and registration can come along later.

Some of our party had made previous arrangements for entertainment, and went direct to these places. Mrs. Mays, on Guerrero street, took about twenty of us, and these had little difficulty in getting settled.

A company of about twenty-five were recommended to the Valencia hotel. Upon arrival things did not look overly propitious, but the hotel had been recommended by the convention managers and it was resolved to give it a trial.

The newcomers were rushed into the bar-room to register. This was not very agreeable, but

we were strangers in the city and did not know the customs and didn't care to make formal complaint for fear of exposing our ignorance.

Then the members were assigned rooms. The first thing to be done was to wash and try to get rid of some of the California soil, which came in at the car windows. But there was no water in the rooms, and the occupants were under the necessity of walking down four flights of stairs and to go out into the back yard to get water.

And then the rooms were unpleasant. They were dirty and there were strong hints of the presence of live animals that creep about at night in search of prey. All in all it was a most unsatisfactory place, and the members of the contingent began to get ready to move out. Early in the morning the exodus began, and before night all had vanished, leaving the astounded landlord to nurse his chagrin and disappointment.

The Valencia is an abominable place, and after the report brought to headquarters by numbers,

of our party it was not offered again to delegates of the convention. No further complaints were heard and soon all were settled, ready for the opening session.

The great convention opened Thursday, July 18, at 2:30 p. m. Addresses of welcome were made by the Governor of the state and Mayor of the city, and by Bishop Hamilton. At this service about twelve thousand people were in Mechanics' pavilion and probably the largest audience that assembled during the whole convention.

The addresses were good, especially that of Bishop Hamilton. They were responded to by Bishop Joyce, Dr. Du Bose and others.

Not half of the great audience heard what was said. The pavilion was a wretched place for such a gathering, and from that time forward the hall was rarely more than half filled at any regular session of the convention. The people could not hear, and consequently would not attend the exercises. The building at its best is not easy in which to hear a speaker. To add to the

noise and confusion of the place, the space outside of the seating was arranged as a sort of county fair, with many booths, where all sorts of offices were set up, and where the products of California were exhibited. In front of these booths a stream of humanity was constantly passing. This hubbub of walking and talking could be heard within, inasmuch as cloth curtains were the only preventive of the noise from the auditorium.

It was the worst arrangement for a convention hall that we have ever seen, and it is to be hoped that such a farce will never be repeated at our great international gatherings. Allhambra theater and Metropolitan temple, where the other meetings were held, were much better in every way, but were small, and could not accommodate large audiences.

The convention was largely attended—surprisingly so, considering the distance the delegates had to travel to reach it. About twenty thousand registered, and of course many did not register,

as is always the case in these great gatherings. Besides the delegates, many people took advantage of the low rates to visit the west. Truly a great company visited California.

And California welcomed them royally. The people of that far-away region were glad to see their eastern friends, and they gave them the warmest welcome they knew how to give. San Francisco was a blaze of bunting and flags and League mottoes. All along Market street the badge of the League was suspended above the middle of the thoroughfare and illuminated with electricity. It was a beautiful sight. Even some saloons had up large welcome banners upon which these words were printed: "Welcome, Epworth Leaguers." We did not hear of any one taking advantage of this latter welcome.

The program throughout was good—exceptionally good—but was much hindered by the unfavorable condition of Mechanics' pavilion, where the principal meetings were held.

The sermon by Bishop Joyce on Sunday after-

noon was strong and impressive. The people heard him gladly. A vast throng sat for an hour and a half listening to this grand sermon, which was probably the climax of the convention. The Bishop was at his best, and carried the people with him to the close. How glad we are for such Bishops, with a joyful evangelistic spirit.

The convention laid great stress upon missions, and it is well that it did. What a forward movement there will be when our young people become imbued with the missionary spirit!

Taken as a whole the convention was a splendid success, and it is to be regretted that it was marred by the unfitness of the main hall. There certainly was a most remarkable gathering of the Methodist hosts, and it is to be hoped that each came away better fitted for his future work.

We have no intention in this narrative to tire our readers with a minute report of the convention, nor does it come within the proper scope of this volume to give an elaborate report, so we leave the minutiae of the meetings to be gath-

ered from the note-books of the several members of our party and will return to our sight-seeing, which this volume especially considers.

San Francisco is a busy place. It is a hustling western city that has sprung up and grown into the metropolis of the west in a very few years. Fifty years ago it was a mining camp. Today it is the most important city on the Pacific coast, with a population of nearly four hundred thousand. It has become the ninth city in size in the United States.

The manufacturing establishments include many and various industries. Here is the finest harbor on the coast for nearly fourteen hundred miles. The bay would easily protect the shipping of the world, being fifty-five miles long and from three to twelve miles wide. It has two hundred and seventy-five miles of coast.

The city covers several hills, from the summit of which one can look out upon the ocean. There are several fine parks, the largest being Golden Gate, which covers an area of more than a thou-

sand acres. Many other places and objects of interest attract the visitor and afford him delight.

Having seven days in the city, our party took advantage of its privilege to visit the various places pointed out to us as well worth our attention.

And first of all in fascinating interest was Chinatown. Every visitor to San Francisco has heard of Chinatown before his arrival, and has had an intense desire to visit it. Such was the case with all our party.

The first night appointed to see this famous section our guide failed to meet us, and we were disappointed. Perhaps some other company offered him a larger wage, and he yielded to the temptation. At any rate he did not put in an appearance, and we had to go home.

But the next night we were more successful. We were fortunate enough to find a converted Chinaman—one of our Epworth Leaguers—who took us through the quarter and showed us more



Photo by Miss Hammond.

JOHN CHINAMAN MARKETING HIS PRODUCE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

than we would have seen had we gone with one of the city guides.

Chinatown contains forty thousand Chinamen, "huddled together in quarters that would not accommodate one-fifth that many Americans, and they have brought with them all the ways and habits of the mother country. They have five theaters, joss houses, opium joints and gambling houses, all conducted in the Chinese fashion.

Our guide first took us to visit the missions—the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational. The licensed city guides do not think these will interest visitors and consequently do not take them to see them. But we were much interested in them. The guide was acquainted with the teachers and officers of the missions and thus was able to show us unusual attention. The children and young people sang songs for us, and in every possible way manifested their interest in seeing us.

The Methodist mission has recently erected a

rescue house for slave girls, and we had the pleasure of adding several dollars to their building fund.

At the Presbyterian mission the choir was holding a rehearsal and entertained us with two or three selections of music very well rendered. Here we saw some very young children, who seemed as glad as anybody to welcome us, and made themselves right at home with the members of the party. They looked comical enough, perched upon the knees of one or another of the visitors, who seemed anxious to get their hands upon them. These children had been rescued from a life of slavery.

We also visited a Chinese store and thought we would never get away. For the ladies took it for granted that this would be their only chance to go shopping in China, and proceeded to spend their money lavishly. For a long time the clerks were kept on the jump. At last heroic measures were adopted and we escaped, but not until the

pocketbooks of the women looked hungry and flat.

Then we were taken to a joss house, or Chinese temple, and saw gods great and small. This was a curious place. There are no seats for worshipers. Here and there incense (or punk) is burning before some idol, but it is more like a fair than a temple. Perhaps they were trying to imitate the American church bazar. At any rate you saw something for sale at every turn.

At the entrance a crier stood shouting to those that entered, trying to persuade them to buy some punk, which, when burned in their homes, would bring a blessing upon them. He was very persistent in selling this punk, and many people thought they had to buy it before they would be allowed the freedom of the temple. But our guide was too much for them. He announced to us before reaching the temple that they would try hard to prevail on our buying, but that we

did not need to purchase unless we wished to do so. Consequently we were very poor customers, and the guide came in for a scathing lecture on our account, but he stood his ground with them and we came off with our cash.

We did not visit a Chinese theater, but we paused long enough before the door to hear the dreary, monotonous music. Those who went in said the acting was exceedingly tame and uninteresting.

We did, however, visit an opium joint. It was a sort of a fake, but gave us a very good idea of what those dens are like. The city is very strict in suppressing these dens, and especially so when large numbers of visitors are in the city.

However, we were taken into an old rickety building, which was infested a year ago with the plague, we were told, and in a dingy room at the rear was an old man lying upon a couch smoking opium, or pretending to be. Our guide

was a Christian and did not try to deceive us. He told us he thought the licensed guides had hired the old man to give this exhibition, because every visitor wanted to see an opium joint, and would feel dissatisfied with the guide if he could not take him into one. Whether it was real or not, it was a very good imitation, and answered the purpose just as well.

Before going to Chinatown we had heard much of the rudeness of the Chinese, and were told that they would crowd us off the sidewalk and show us no courtesies whatever. We were rather prepared to take a brace and give them a football shoulder if they should try that plan on us, but they did nothing of the kind. They may have been on their good behavior because of the large number of visitors, but they were very respectful and gave us no trouble. One is more jostled and crowded any day on State street, Chicago, than we were in Chinatown. John was probably trying to be good, but we saw Chinatown at night, and came away well satisfied with our visit.

On another day we visited the United States Mint and were conducted through by a guide who was very funny. He had a little piece to speak, and spoke it with many gestures and flourishes. The mint is interesting if one likes to look at gold. The government charges no commission for coining the gold of the producer into money. If a mine owner brings a thousand dollars worth of gold to the mint he takes away a thousand dollars in coin. But in coining the gold a certain amount of alloy is put into it to harden it. This is less expensive than gold; consequently when the gold is coined it turns out more than it would without the alloy. For example, when a thousand dollars worth of gold is coined it makes about eleven hundred dollars in cash. The producer gets his thousand dollars and the government gets one hundred dollars for its part in the transaction. That is doing a pretty fair business as far as Uncle Sam is concerned, and is what might be called in common parlance "coining money."

It is an interesting sight to see the gold coined. The bullion is first melted and mixed with alloy. Then it is poured out on a flat surface and when cool is rolled into strips of any thickness desired for the coin to be made. These strips are run through a punching machine, which punches out one hundred and ninety five-dollar gold pieces per minute. This is making money pretty fast. Then the coins are run through a stamping machine and come out full-fledged money ready for the market. However, before leaving the mint each coin is weighed, and if it varies in the least from its proper weight it is thrown back into the crucible and melted over.

If the visitor desires he is permitted to take a bar of gold in his hand, but the guide is careful not to allow him to put any in his pocket. There seems to be plenty of it, and one naturally feels as though they wouldn't miss a little pocketful, but they think differently, and the visitor is allowed to leave without even a souvenir coin.

A number of our party took an excursion up

the bay to Vallejo, at the north end of this fine harbor. Such a trip gives one a good idea of the size and convenience of the bay.

Our first landing was at Mare Island Navy Yard. Here a number of the party spent two or three hours. Anchored at the dock was the cruiser Baltimore, one of Admiral Dewey's ships at the battle of Manila. We were glad to get a look at one of these historic boats. A few days after our visit at Vallejo a band of robbers stole two hundred and eighty thousand dollars in gold bricks from the smelter at that place. The thieves were afterward caught and the gold recovered.

On an island in the bay is located the State Penitentiary. There is no connection with this island except by boat. An escaping prisoner would have a long distance to swim before he reached *terra firma*. One of our number, seeing there was no bridge, wonderingly asked how the prisoners were taken to the island. Another facetiously remarked, "Why, on the train, of course."

At one point on this trip the Golden Gate

came into view. When this became known one of our ladies asked the captain to be sure and tell her when the gate could be seen, as she was anxious to get sight of it. He assured her that he would do so, and at the proper time pointed it out to her. She looked quite a while, and then, in a surprised tone, remarked, "Why it is only an opening!" Why anything should be called a gate that was no gate at all, but only an opening, was too much for her. Many such amusing incidents occurred to add spice to our interesting journey.

We made more than one journey to the beach at Sutro Heights. The trip may be made either by electric cars or by the dummy railroad. The latter runs along the bluffs of the sea and affords a grand view of the Golden Gate and the ocean beyond. As we were riding along these bluffs on one of our visits we had the very great pleasure of seeing a whale. He was out in the bay, just within the gate, and was cavorting around in great fashion. Thousands of sea birds were

hovering around him, and he seemed to be pleased with his company. At frequent intervals he played at his usual game of spouting, and sent the spray shooting into the air. We had earnestly hoped to get sight of a whale before leaving the coast, and our ambition was gratified.

On the cliff at Sutro Heights is the famous Cliff House, and just opposite the Cliff House are the seal rocks, where many seals may be seen at any hour of the day. They are protected by law, and nobody ever thinks of harming them. Indeed, it would be difficult to harm them, except with firearms, as they are out from shore, and the rocks are not accessible to tourists.

Near the Cliff House are the Sutro baths, the finest baths in California. The tanks are arranged on a large scale, being about sixty feet wide by one hundred feet long. The water is heated. Each tank is a different temperature, and you can suit yourself as to the warmth of water. There are separate tanks for men and women, but they are not careful to keep in their

own pews, and this plan does not work perfectly. The reason probably is that the men have to teach the women to swim and prevent their being strangled by the salt water.

At any rate we had a glorious time at these baths. The price of admission, including suits, is only twenty-five cents, and we remained in the water as long as we chose.

A springboard is provided for divers and a chute for those who care to enjoy this excitement. The chutes are about thirty feet high and very steep. They are smooth, and there is no danger of anyone being hurt by using them. The ideal way of "shooting the chutes" is to lie down flat upon your face and let go, with your hands out before you, as in diving. You come down that chute like a toboggan and strike the water in such a way as to sail along on the surface instead of sinking. It is very exciting, and the first time a fellow tries it he feels as though his time had come and his journey was about over. But it is only in the feeling, for he is safe enough,

and if some one is below to catch him after he strikes the water he does not even get a good ducking.

How Shaw, Harvey, Robinson, Oakey, and others of us did enjoy those chutes! Yes, and some of our ladies even learned to enjoy the excitement of such a plunge. After the first awful trial they did very well and seemed to enjoy the fun as much as anybody. Perhaps we had better not record their names, for some of their experiences were laughable in the extreme, and they might feel a little sensitive about it. But if you are curious call upon the Asbury family for further particulars. One of our ladies thought she was already drowned when she came to the surface after one of these plunges, and was not a little gratified, not to say chagrined, when she opened her eyes to find herself safely clinging to the neck of a fellow-bather. No wonder these baths are well patronized. It is great fun, as well as a health-giving exercise. While here taking a plunge we met Dr. E. M. Mills, of "for-

ward movement" fame, and the "member from Virginia," who made such a glowing temperance speech in the General Conference at Chicago. Everybody enjoys these baths. They form no small part of the pleasure of a visit to San Francisco. We left them with regret.

One of the noteworthy features of San Francisco is the cool weather. It is never warm, as we understand it in Chicago. The wind comes in from the sea every day, a cool, brisk breeze that makes an overcoat feel comfortable nearly all the time. On Monday, July 22, we noticed in the papers a dispatch from Chicago, dated the day before, which was Sunday, in which it was stated that Chicago was sweltering with the thermometer at 102 degrees at the weather bureau tower. Down in the street it was 106 to 108 degrees. While our friends at home were suffering from this fearful heat we were wearing our overcoats and heavy underwear. And this was

no exceptional day. Every day almost is the same the year round.

However, such a climate is too monotonous for most people. We prefer the changes, though often sudden and severe, of the East to the everlasting monotony of a perpetual summer. California is all right for invalids, but a man of vigor and robust health likes to see a snow storm occasionally.

Our visit to California was one of great pleasure. To most of us it was our first visit. But few of us were sorry that we lived in another section of the country. No sight during all that long journey of seven thousand miles was more welcome than the grass-covered hills and prairies of our own home State. We had seen sand enough to last us a long time. The green fields never looked so beautiful to us as they did after seeing those wide stretches of sand.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO LIVINGSTON.

We left San Francisco Wednesday evening, July 24. There was a great scramble to get to the train. Many of the party had visited in the city until almost train time, and as a consequence it was all they could do to catch the last ferry that would get them to Oakland in time to take the train for Portland. When we rounded them up we found we had seventy. Our number on the outward trip had been eighty, but some had to reach home sooner than the party and had gone on ahead. But two were not accounted for. We had expected them to return with us, but they strayed from the flock and we have not seen them since. However, we have heard that they found their way back to Chicago.

We were glad to get back to our cars, the same, or at least the same kind, that we had left eight days before. We had a sort of reunion, for it

was the first time we had been all together since arriving in San Francisco.

We took the Southern Pacific ("Shasta Route") to Portland. Our plan at first had been to take the steamer from San Francisco to Portland, but we are glad that we did not carry out that idea. The "Shasta Route" was grand beyond our expectations.

The best way to travel over this route is to leave San Francisco in the morning instead of the evening, as we did. This will give two days and one night to Portland, instead of two nights and one day. The "Shasta Route" ought to be traveled by daylight as much as possible. Our choice of the evening train came from our desire to spend a day on the Columbia River, which would have been difficult to arrange if we had arrived in the evening.

This matter was thoroughly canvassed before leaving Chicago. By leaving San Francisco in the evening we did not see the splendid Sacra-



Photo by Miss Ferguson.

MT. SHASTA IN THE BACKGROUND.

mento Valley, but we did see Mount Shasta, which we would have passed in the night had we reversed our plan. As a scenic route the "Shasta" is all that is claimed for it and more. Railroads usually overdo things in the way of advertising, but this scenery is not praised too highly. Indeed, after reading the printed matter descriptive of it we were more than surprised at the sublimity of the scenery.

All day long we were riding through the mountains, covered with forests of pine. After that ride we no longer had any fear lest the supply of telegraph poles would run out. What wide stretching forests of pine in Northern California, Oregon, and Washington!

When we awoke on Thursday morning we found the train following the bed of the Sacramento River. High bluffs arose on either side, so that the view was somewhat limited, except before and behind us. The train was made up of eleven coaches and two engines. On some of the sharp curves, as the track followed the wind-

ing bed of the river, the train made almost a semicircle, and those in the rear coaches would be saluting those in front with waving handkerchiefs.

For nearly three hundred miles we followed the river. Suddenly the track seems to grow weary of the stream, makes a sharp horseshoe bend, leaves the bed of the river, and makes a bold dash for the summit of the range. This is an exciting ride. The ascent is very steep, and three engines are now required to pull and push the train.

In the next eleven miles of travel the train only makes one mile of headway. The track after making the bend parallels itself, and for miles we look down upon the track we have left a few minutes before. We are rising higher and higher above it, climbing upward toward the summit. We could throw stones down upon the lower track if the train should pause long enough to find one, which it dare not do for fear it could not start again, so steep is the ascent.

We have gotten away from the bed of the river now, and from the heights can get a better outlook. Mountains are all about us—high, rugged, pine-covered mountains. The engine has conquered these hills. We feel like taking off our hats to the engineer whose bold imagination prepared the way for this triumph of science.

Now and then we get a glimpse of a snow-capped mountain, which looms up before us as the train speeds along. It is Mount Shasta, some one says. And sure enough it is! Mount Shasta is in view, the sight which has aroused our eager curiosity for many days. To see Shasta is one of the features of a Western tour. Great is the joy when first the hoary-headed monster rises to the view. He seems so near, and yet the old giant is fifty miles away. For hours Shasta is in view, and not until we pass the summit of the range and begin to go down into the valley beyond does the snow-covered crown of this famous mountain disappear.

We had been hearing about Shasta water for

two weeks. When we were at Bright Angel Hotel on the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, we had seen quart bottles on sale at a high price. In San Francisco it was at every restaurant, hotel, and soda fountain. We wondered what it was like, but its price prevented our trying any experiments.

But now we were approaching the fountain head of Shasta water. Our fondest hopes did not anticipate free soda water, but such was the case. Our train was approaching Shasta Springs, a station taking its name from the soda springs which are bubbling up all around.

We were told that the train would stop five minutes, and all would have time to get a drink of the water. And such a scrambling, as five hundred passengers made a rush for the spring with cups, cans, buckets, and anything that would hold water!

And there it was, sure enough, rivers of it. There was no stint. The waters came rushing down the hill with a roar and overflowed the

large tank built to receive them at the station. The oft-repeated line came vividly to my mind: "Enough for each, enough for all, and enough for evermore." And it is "without money and without price."

Such generosity as nature provides here is rather startling, and you wonder why some capitalist does not corner the springs and sell the water at so much per glass. Probably the great abundance and number of springs discourages any such attempt. This is certainly a paradise for those who like soda water. It is quite a resort and a delightful place among the foothills of Mount Shasta. Had we known more about the place we would probably have arranged to spend a day there, and it would be well worth the time and expense.

We met tourists afterward who spent some time at the springs, and they gave glowing accounts of the attractiveness of the surroundings. On our next trip we will not pass this spot so hurriedly.

Leaving Shasta Springs, the train moves on up grade toward the summit. Every few minutes a new panorama opens out before us, as we pass from ridge to ridge. Tunnel after tunnel is passed, in many of which it is necessary to close all windows, transoms and doors, that we may not suffer from smoke and gas.

Finally, after climbing upward nearly all day, we reach the summit of the Cascade range. At the highest point is a curved tunnel. A curve in a tunnel is very unusual, but the bluff beyond is so steep there is not room to make the curve necessary for the descent. The only remedy is to begin the curve in the tunnel. Even then it is so steep as to make this a dangerous spot.

As we emerged from the tunnel upon this sharp curve, and while most of the train was still under ground, the second engine left the track, causing what might have been a serious wreck. As it was the front engine prevented the other from turning over into the ditch. The train stopped and all were safe.



OUR TRAIN ROUNDING HORSESHOE BEND.

On the Mt. Shasta Route. In eleven miles' traveling, at this place, the train only makes one mile of headway, so crooked is the track.

While the crew, assisted by nearly all the passengers on board, were trying to get the engine back upon the rails the boiler burst, allowing all the steam to escape. It was useless now, but the only way to get rid of it was to get it back upon the rails and take it to the next switch.

Almost two hours' time was lost before this could be accomplished, but it was finally done, and we started down the other side of the mountain range, the valley below us spreading out in a picturesque view, the like of which is seldom seen.

It was a thrilling ride down the twisting, zig-zag track to the valley, and looked very dangerous to a tenderfoot, but we made the descent in safety.

The evening was coming on, and soon it was dark. We retired for the night, to awake the next morning in the far-famed Willamette Valley.

We were due at Portland about 8 o'clock, but we were late on account of the wreck, and did

not arrive until about 9. We had planned to make an excursion up the Columbia that day and did so, although our plans were within an inch of being upset by the lateness of our train. A telegram sent on ahead had chartered a boat. As matters came about this would have been unnecessary, and we could have gone cheaper on another steamer, but the boat had been chartered and had to be paid for. The loyalty of the entire party saved the leader a serious loss. Instead of accepting the cheaper rate offered by another boat they all paid a higher rate and stood by him. No incident of the entire trip gave the one responsible for the arrangements of the party keener pleasure than this manifestation of loyalty at a trying time.

A steamboat ride on the Columbia River is not easily forgotten. We went as far as the lower cascades, about fifty miles from Portland. The scenery is varied and beautiful. After reaching the "gorge" of the Columbia the bluffs on either side of the river rise to a height of fifteen hun-

dred feet and in some places higher. Rooster Rock and Castle Rock are very imposing. Castle Rock covers thirteen acres of ground. It looks from the steamer as though it would cover only about an acre, so deceiving is the distance and apparent size of objects in mountainous country.

Multnoma Falls, a beautiful cataract, is eight hundred and fifty feet high. This is almost impossible to believe. It seems less than a hundred. It looks like a ribbon, but we were told by the captain that it is thirty-two feet wide at the top.

From Castle Rock up the river we saw many fish wheels, a contrivance for catching salmon. These were running, but it was not the best season for fishing.

From the deck of the steamer at that point of the Columbia where the Willamette flows into it five famous snow-capped mountain peaks can be seen, viz.: Hood and Jefferson, in Oregon, Ranier, Adams, and St. Helen's, in Washington.

Our steamer anchored at the Portland wharf

after dark, and we left at 11:30 P. M. the same night. Because of this we saw nothing of the city of Portland, as we should have been glad to do. We especially desired to climb upon the heights back of the city, from which point is said to be a grand outlook.

But we did not leave the city until we had dined at one of the best restaurants and learned the delights of a fresh salmon steak properly cooked.

After dinner we prepared to continue our journey. Here our troubles began. It was necessary, of course, to change to the Northern Pacific. All the way from Chicago we had brought our tourist sleepers and desired to keep them back to Chicago. But the Northern Pacific was invincible; although pleading a scarcity of cars, they refused to haul the cars we brought them and instead crowded us into emigrant cars. These cars were crude and small, so that our party, while paying the full rates for tourist cars, were

forced to ride in these third-class coaches. Moreover, there was not room enough for all, and two of our party had to sit up all night.

This was the most trying time of all the journey for myself and for the party as well. Their patience under the extreme provocation was most commendable.

However, time was precious, and we could not spend much of it brooding over the shortcomings of the railroad. We were soon asleep, to awake the next morning in Tacoma.

About half of our party desired to visit Seattle. Arrangements were made for them to do so, while the other half went on to Yellowstone Park. This divided the party, and they were all together but once afterward, and that was at the Upper Geyser Basin, in Yellowstone, where we all camped over night together.

The half of the party visiting Seattle had a royal time. Outside of a little expected battle with the railway officials no inconvenience was

experienced. One day was spent there visiting the city, the Navy Yard and other points of interest. The leader was not with this section of the party, and cannot tell as much about the trip as might be told by another. Nor can he be held responsible for the marvelous doings of the party, which, if common report be correct, would fill a book larger than this. We have not space to record the stocking story. Ask Haskins, or Stewart, or Shepherd, or White. They know all about it and can tell it to a turn.

We heard that service was held on the train, and that Shepherd preached, and we were glad to hear it, but the problem is, how did they find time for the service if they did all the other things reported? Haskins has scarcely recovered yet from the happenings of that side trip. He loves to dwell upon them, and certainly they are not without interest as related by him.

While this section was thus enjoying themselves the other section of our party were well

on their way to the park. The two sections were twenty-four hours apart. This arrangement worked very well, inasmuch as the party was too large to go through Yellowstone in one section.

The writer was at this time with the first division, and when they were safely started into the park he returned for the second section, leaving the first in charge of Rev. W. E. Shaw. This arrangement was carried out during the whole park trip. Shaw had good success in managing his part of the work, and those under his command had nothing but praise for his fatherly care.

He ran against only one considerable snag, and that was when he came in contact with one Mr. Smith, a figurehead manager of Canyon Camp. Ask Shaw to tell this incident. He can do it better than anyone else.

The ride eastward from Tacoma is most pic-

turesque. Two mountain ranges are crossed—the Cascades and the Rockies. The Cascades are sharper in outline, while the Rockies are more massive. The Cascades were crossed in the daylight, while the Rockies were crossed in the night.

After leaving Tacoma snow-capped Mount Ranier is in sight for several hours, lifting his head above the dense forests of pine. In building the road over these mountains some marvelous feats of engineering have been performed. Looking down from the train after nearing the summit we can see the track below us in three or four parallel lines, and travel several miles in order to make a few hundred feet of headway. One cannot help feeling that there is a great deal of danger in such daring climbs, yet few people are ever hurt, and certainly our party came off unscathed.

CHAPTER IX.

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

We toured the park with Mr. W. W. Wylie, who has the only license granted by the government for stationary camps.

We found him a courteous gentleman, who did all in his power to make our stay pleasant. Our whole party came away enthusiastic over the treatment we received at his hands. His coaches are first-class, his camps excellent, and the meals he furnishes all that any reasonable person could ask. It is a delight to travel with him.

The Transportation Company (or Hotel Route) does not like Mr. Wylie, because he takes so many people whom they would otherwise carry. They have made repeated efforts to have his camps debarred from the park. Thus far they have not succeeded in accomplishing this injustice, but they are constantly on the alert to influence Congress to cancel his permit. We sin-

cerely hope that they will not succeed in this, for if they do they will have but little opposition, and the public will pay dearly for a trip through Yellowstone. As it is their terms are much higher than those of the Wylie Company, and the accommodations are much inferior. Constant complaint is made by those who make the tour with them, while Mr. Wylie is praised on every hand.

As these facts become more widely known Mr. Wylie's business increases, until he has become a very busy man, and has to turn many tourists away.

We reached Livingston (from which point the side trip to the park begins) at dusk, Sunday, July 28. On the entire trip we managed so as to avoid Sunday travel, with the exception of this one day. It was time for church when our cars drew up at the station, and we repaired to the Methodist Church and heard an excellent sermon by the pastor. His name is not recalled. The service was much enjoyed, and we were glad for the privilege of attending it.



Photo by Miss Ferguson.

ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

A branch line of the Northern Pacific Railroad extends from Livingston to Cinnebar, a distance of fifty-one miles. Cinnebar is at the entrance of the park. On Monday morning our car was attached to the regular train on the branch line, and we were taken to Cinnebar.

This short run is full of interest. The scenery is fine, as the train follows the windings of the Yellowstone River. On the south of Livingston are some high mountain peaks. We were asked to guess their distance from the train. Some said two miles, and others three, and still others thought they might be five. The actual distance was eighteen miles. It is absolutely impossible for a stranger to form any accurate estimate of distance in these mountainous countries.

On the train was a pompous "runner" for the Transportation Company, whose business it was to inform the tourists of objects of interest along the route. Several times he came into our car and announced to us in a loud voice the names of various places. He evidently thought we were

booked with his company, and when he learned better gave us no further information.

When we arrived at Cinnebar we were met at the train by Mr. Wylie's coaches and taken to Gardiner, three miles away, for lunch.

After lunch the coaches again drove up, the party took their places, and were whirled away upon the government road into Yellowstone Park for the most interesting week's outing of their lives.

The writer gave them a parting salute and prepared to return to Livingston to meet the second section of the party.

The train did not leave until evening, and he determined to go fishing for speckled trout in the Gardiner River, a short distance away. The Gardiner is a very turbulent, rapid, mountain stream, and it seems like a fish would have to make heroic efforts to stay in such waters at all. But they do, and if one is skillful he can catch plenty of them, although these mountain trout are very wild indeed.

This afternoon's sport was much enjoyed, and, although few fish were taken, yet the art of casting a fly was learned, and in after days this lesson did not come amiss.

The second section of our party arrived at Livingston two hours before the writer and were visiting curio stores when our train drew into the station.

About a dozen of them were found together in a store, and when we met what a greeting and handshaking there was, amid shouts of glad surprise! The clerks opened their eyes in amazement at our childish actions, but we were really glad to see each other again, and didn't see any reason for not saying so. Repairing to the special car, we heard the report of the party on the pleasures of the Seattle trip, together with various experiences en route, after which we retired for the night.

Next morning, after providing ourselves with fishing tackle and other necessary equipment for

the trip, we took the train for Cinnebar, whence we were carried in Mr. Wylie's splendid coaches to Gardiner.

At Gardiner, as well as at all of his camps and lunch stations, Mr. Wylie has a corps of competent attendants, who remain in the same camp and do not travel with the tourists. This plan works admirably, and the best of meals are served. We heard no member of our large party utter a single word of complaint, but on every hand heard the most unstinted praise of the efficiency of this arrangement.

After luncheon the coaches were loaded and we were off for the initial stage of the splendid park trip.

For the first five miles the government road follows the picturesque Gardiner Canyon. Then we come to the first great wonder of the park—the mammoth Hot Springs. These are just what their name implies. It was our first sight of

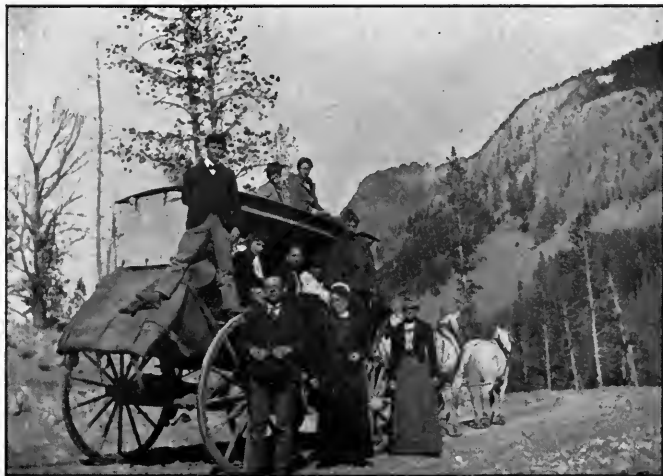


Photo by Thompson.

COACH USED IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

such a phenomenon, and great was our surprise and interest. There are two large springs and several smaller ones.

The larger spring is about sixty feet across and several feet deep. The water is boiling hot. If one is foolish enough to thrust his hand into it he will be rewarded with a severe scalding. The water deposits a sediment as it overflows, and these deposits are most beautiful. One of the terraces thus formed is from sixty to seventy feet high, and is covered with an incrustation of pure white.

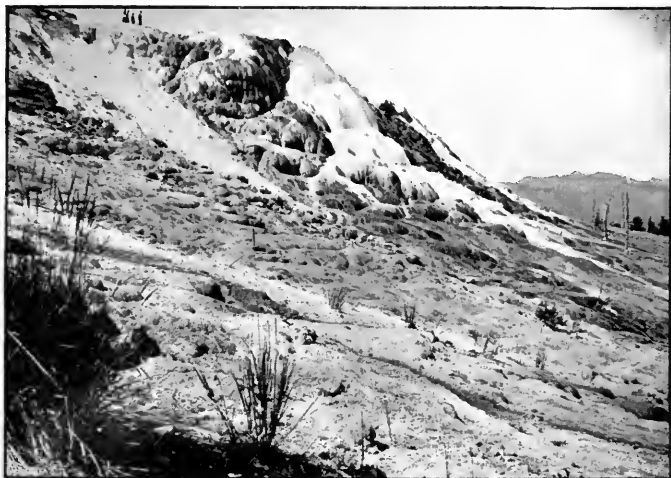
Not far from these springs is a large fissure full of bubbling, boiling water, which makes one think that the heated interior of the earth is very near the surface here. All around columns of steam issue from the ground. These things are calculated to make a man think and inquire the cause of such phenomena.

There was in our party a member of the Illinois Legislature, who represented the Thirtieth

District. We were glad of his company, for he was a congenial traveling companion and a good-hearted fellow, but not a professing Christian. The hot springs were a great surprise to him. He looked at them long and thoughtfully. Then he told us he would have to change his views regarding future punishment.

He said he had never believed there was a place of future punishment as described in the Bible, but after seeing those hot springs and reflecting of what must be the fire somewhere beneath the surface to cause what everybody could see, he was ready to believe the Bible and to lead a different life. We think he meant what he said, and hope he has carried out his determination.

Three miles beyond these springs we pass the Silver and Golden Gates and enter upon the park plateau. We have ascended in the eight miles from Gardiner about twenty-two hundred feet and are now at an elevation of seven thousand



MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

five hundred feet. This is the mean elevation of the plateau, although at the divide the elevation is higher.

At the Golden Gate the road was more difficult to build, and had to be blasted out of the solid rock. A single mile cost the government fifteen thousand dollars.

Six miles from Golden Gate is Willow Park, and here at 5 o'clock we arrive at Wylie Camp No. 1. It is a delightful place, and our stay in this, as in every camp, was thoroughly enjoyed and was only too short.

The sun was three hours high when we reached camp, and as a fine stream near by offered excellent opportunity for fishing, some of us soon availed ourselves of the privilege.

Trout fishing is fine sport, but they are so wild that the fisherman must keep out of sight. If he is seen the jig is up. Having learned this lesson at Gardiner River, I understood how to go after the wily trout, and during the two hours'

fishing landed twenty-seven. In addition to keeping out of sight one must know how to cast a flyhook. Contrary to the ordinary method, the hook must not sink in the water, and must not be left standing still. As the fly strikes the water it must be given two or three quick jerks on the surface and then lifted and thrown again. These fish bite often before the fly strikes the water, leaping up into the air to meet the bait.

This characteristic of speckled trout gave rise to a great deal of fun that evening. Robinson, Stewart, and Haskins were also trying their luck. Stewart and Haskins had fair success, but Robinson never got a bite.

He put a sinker on his hook, and then walked out upon the bank and stood up in plain sight. His pole was held as still and his fly was sunk down as deep in the water as though he were fishing for mudcats or Lake Michigan perch. The stream was full of fish, but Robinson couldn't catch them. They were jumping out of the water

all around him to see what sort of a specimen it was had come down to the creek. They were playing hop, skip, and jump with him and having a game of leap frog over his pole, but he couldn't get them to bite. Robinson went back to camp disgusted and didn't try to fool Yellowstone fish again. But he didn't forget it soon, for Haskins told it everywhere and geyed him day and night as long as the party was together.

That night around the campfire we had a royal time, telling stories and playing games, closing the programme with songs and prayer.

The campfires are a pleasant feature of the Wylie camps, and they were thoroughly enjoyed by our party.

At 7:30 the next morning we were off for the Upper Geyser Basin. A mile and a half from camp we passed Obsidian Cliff, a mountain of glass. The glass is of dark color and almost pure. The road cuts through the base of this cliff, and when it was built the glass presented

quite an obstacle. It was too hard to be picked or drilled. The only way to break it up was to build a fire against it, and when it was hot throw buckets of water upon it, thus chipping it off.

Beyond this cliff we passed many boiling pools, one of the most interesting of which is called the Devil's Frying Pan. It is strange how many interesting places are named for the devil. During that day's drive we passed, besides the Devil's Frying Pan, the Devil's Inkstand and Hell's Half Acre. All along the route through the park are places with similar names. We cannot account for it unless the outbursting of steam and hot water suggests the proximity of the lower regions.

At noon of the second day we reached the lunch station on the Gibbon River. The ride along this stream is among bluffs covered with wide, extended forests of pine. In places the road is a hundred feet above the water on the very banks of the river. It is a charming ride.



Photo by Crandel.

GOLDEN GATE, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

A single mile of road around this cliff cost the government \$15,000.

During the forenoon, as we looked on ahead, we could see a dense cloud of smoke arising over the treetops. The driver told us the forest was on fire. A fire in an oak forest is bad enough, but a fire in a pine forest is worse. When we arrived at the lunch station the fire was near by, and we were told to lose no time at lunch, for the tents would probably have to be taken down and moved to keep them from being burned.

The warning came none too soon. We hurried through our lunch. When we finished the United States soldiers who are stationed in the park were already there to help in case of need. Before the teams could be hitched up the rushing fire had leaped the road and was burning on both sides, and we saw that we must turn back or pass through the fire literally.

The wind was carrying the fire rapidly, and instead of being confined to the brush on the ground the flames were leaping to the tops of the trees and blazing fiercely a hundred feet from the ground. It looked like a hopeless task to at-

tempt to pass through, but the soldiers told us to try it. The driver cracked his whip, and the four-horse team bounded away on a dead run. A mounted soldier rode before and another followed us. As we passed into the smoke and fire the heat was fearful and the smoke stifling, but on we went as fast as the horses could carry us and came out unscorched.

But ours was the last coach that was allowed to pass that day. The soldiers turned all the others back, and they had to wait until the next day or take a different route.

It was at this lunch station that Gabriel is said to have seen the bear. The park is full of bears, and the first one seen by our party was at this place. He was not very wild, but didn't care to be too familiar, and when the party attempted to shoot him with their kodaks he ran away. He was followed by some of the party, Gabriel being one of them. Fried was on ahead, and, while the others were not looking, hid behind some brush. As they came up he jumped out, and

some one yelled, "There he is," and Gabriel, already scared, almost jumped out of his shoes. He don't like the telling of this incident, but the boys persisted in it during the rest of the trip. When you see Gabriel ask him to tell you the bear story and then watch his eyes snap.

Besides bears there are many other kinds of wild animals in the park. By being unmolested they have become quite tame, and a deer will stand quietly looking at the tourist as he passes along within two rods of it. There are thousands of deer and elk. It is estimated that there are not less than fifteen thousand of the latter in the park. Of course, the game is protected. No one is allowed to carry any firearm in the park unless it is sealed. If one desires to take his gun with him it is sealed by the government at the entrance, and if the seal is broken the gun is confiscated and the owner punished.

No one is allowed to injure the game in any way. Our guide told us that even the mosquitoes were protected, but that the government only

rounded them up once a year, and that then if any were missing they could not tell who did it, and consequently no one was punished for this offense unless caught in the act of killing them.

This guide was almost a match for the one at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, said to be the biggest liar in Arizona. He claimed he had the best horse in the country. He tells that one day he made a bet that his horse could jump across the canyon with him on its back, a distance of fourteen miles—quite a jump for a horse, even without a rider. He went back a distance of a mile or so to get a good flying start. The horse came like the wind, and, reaching the edge of the canyon, gave a leap and went sailing through the air. But when he was about two-thirds of the way across he saw he couldn't make it and turned around and went back.

At Yellowstone not only the game is protected, but everything else. The formations around the springs and geysers are especially under the watchful eyes of the guide. The forests and

everything else are left just as they were found in their natural state. The idea of the government is not to beautify the park, but to preserve it as it is. And so, with the exception of the road and buildings for the accommodation of travelers and the soldiers, the park remains the same.

To show how particular the government is to protect the park in its natural state, an incident will suffice. A tourist punched his cane into a crack in a formation at a geyser. The guard told him to desist for fear of breaking the formation. He thought the soldier was jesting and continued twisting his stick into the crack, whereupon he was arrested, taken to the barracks, and fined forty dollars.

One morning an old man in our camp went out with a pick and was picking away at the formation to procure a specimen of the deposit. Luckily for him, one of the drivers saw him before the guard noticed his folly, and he was saved a heavy fine and probable imprisonment. Fre-

quently offenders are banished from the park for their pains. Some time before our arrival a colored man was driven out of the park because of some misdemeanor. A mounted soldier escorted him, compelling him to walk a distance of twenty-seven miles to the entrance, and then told him never to return. Should anyone disobey such an order he would be immediately imprisoned.

Having escaped the fire, we passed on toward the Lower Geyser Basin. Here we paused to see the Fountain Geyser and the mammoth Paint Pots. These Paint Pots are great caldrons of boiling mud of various colors and have much the appearance of paint. There are several of these in Yellowstone.

Two or three weeks before our visit a mother and daughter, with some others, were touring the park. As they were looking at two of these Paint Pots, which were close together, and they were standing between, they fell into them. The mother apparently became dizzy, and, starting

to fall, the daughter caught her dress. The dress loosened at the belt, and they fell in opposite directions, landing in the boiling mud. They were terribly though not fatally burned, and were hurried to a hospital.

We saw the place where they fell, and wondered how it was that they had escaped all the dangerous places and then fell into such an innocent looking place as this. Anybody that could walk a sidewalk seven feet wide ought to be able to walk between those two Paint Pots without falling into them. And then to fall into both of them is carrying awkwardness too far. Some folks would fall out of the window of a sleeping car or out of their pews at church if their friends were not near to prevent them.

About four miles beyond the Lower Geyser Basin is the Middle Geyser Basin. Three things are here found of marked interest—the Excelsior Geyser Crater, Prismatic Lake, and Turquoise Pool. While the Excelsior is constantly and furiously boiling and emptying an immense volume

of boiling water into the river, it has not been in eruption as a geyser since 1888.

Having visited these interesting places, we mounted our coaches for the five-mile drive to Camp No. 2, at the wonderful Upper Geyser Basin. At this camp tourists spend two nights and a day. Consequently the second section of our party would here overtake the first, and a joyful reunion was in store for us. For five days the sections had been separated, and there was the keenest interest in the anticipated meeting. We were in a hurry, and the drivers and horses seemed to catch our spirit, and we made that five miles in short order. As we reached the top of a knoll and the white tents of the camp came into view, we saw many of the first section watching for our coming. We rushed into camp on the gallop, amid shouts and waving of handkerchiefs, and the long separated children were reunited.

What a time we had that night telling our experiences and impressions! And as it was to be



Photo by Miss Ferguson.

IN CAMP, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

the last time the whole party was to be together, we improved our opportunity. Gathered around a roaring campfire after supper we had a glorious time. It was late at night before our songs and speeches and pleasant converse was over, and Mrs. Wylie advised us to retire.

At 1 o'clock we were aroused by the camp superintendent to see the Giant Geyser "play," a marvelous sight, and one witnessed only twice before our arrival during the summer.

Perhaps the writer could not do better than reproduce here a description of this event, written by him only a few days after its occurrence, and printed in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of November 6, three months later. The description was entitled:

FORTUNATE EPWORTH LEAGUERS.

"The Giant is playing! The Giant is playing!"

"Such was the cry that rang out a little after midnight, July 31, 1901, in Wylie camp No. 2, Yellowstone park. There were 70 of us in camp—a large party—

organized in Chicago for the Epworth League convention at San Francisco. On the homeward journey we had stopped to make a tour of Yellowstone park.

"On the second evening of the park trip we had reached the Upper Geyser basin—the home of the finest geysers in the world. Here are to be found some twenty geysers and more than 200 boiling pools. The pools differ from the geysers in that they do not 'play.' Their waters are as clear as crystal and you can stand beside one of these beautiful springs and look down forty or fifty feet into the depths below—so clear is the water. And it is hot—so hot that to hold your hand in it for a half-second would give you a severe scalding.

"A short time before our visit a dog, heated by running, thought to cool himself by leaping into what appeared to him the cooling water of one of these pools. In less time almost than it takes to relate it the flesh had been burned from his bones. A horse, belonging to Mr. Wylie, our genial camp superintendent, escaped from his driver and was not found for two days. When discovered he had fallen into one of the pools and nothing but the bones remained to tell the story of his fate. The surprising beauty of these pools cannot be described. They must be seen to be appreciated.

"We arrived in camp about 5 p. m. All about us were spouting geysers—Riverside, The Daisy, Beehive,

The Twins, Oblong, Economic, The Grand, Old Faithful and many others.

“But we call particular attention to the Giant, the largest geyser in the world. It was near our camp, or rather our camp was near it. Very few tourists ever see the Giant ‘play,’ owing to its irregularity and long silence. Formerly it played twice a week, but now it plays only at irregular and long intervals. Before our visit it had played but twice this summer.

“The camp superintendent told us upon our arrival that the Giant had been grumbling for a day or two and that he would probably play before our departure. We were loath to go to bed that night, fearing he might play during the night and we would miss him. But we retired after having the promise of the superintendent to awaken us should the Giant come forth.

“About 1 o’clock we were aroused by the cry of the watchful guard, as he ran from tent to tent, shouting: ‘The Giant is playing!’

“We waited for no second warning, nor did we tarry to clothe ourselves as for the day, but throwing our wraps about us we hastened to the side of the old Giant. He was playing, indeed. It was a sight never to be forgotten. He was sending up a column of water five feet in diameter at the base to a height of 250 feet. It was at night, to be sure, but the moon was shining through the clouds and our view was fairly good. We

were satisfied, for this was the Giant, and we were fortunate to see him play at all.

“Anyone can see Old Faithful, for he plays every hour. You can see, almost any one of the twenty geysers play almost every day, but to see the Giant is a rare privilege. We watched the ascending column of water and steam for half an hour and then returned to our tents, feeling grateful for a treat enjoyed by few travelers in Yellowstone park.”

After breakfast the next morning we again bade the first section of our party good-bye. Some of them we saw again at the Canyon Camp, but about twenty of them we saw no more during the journey, and a few we have not met since. They began their homeward journey before the second section overtook them.

As soon as they were gone we started out to explore this marvelous region, full of geysers and boiling pools. A stream near by is named the Firehole River from the fact of its being formed and fed by water from the geysers.

Old Faithful is probably the most popular geyser of all. He sends a column of water 150 feet

into the air and plays every seventy minutes. Others play more frequently and some not so often. Still others are very irregular, and there is no telling when they will play. The one question in the minds and upon the lips of everybody is, how are the waters heated? The only plausible answer seems to be that found in the old physical geographies, that the interior of the earth is a lake of fire.

The day we spent at this camp was probably the most profitable of any of our Western trip, inasmuch as it presented to us an opportunity to see so many natural wonders in so short a time, the geysers being in close proximity to each other. We were loath to leave this interesting spot.

After another pleasant evening around the campfire and a refreshing night's sleep, we started for Yellowstone Lake, nineteen miles away, where we arrived at noon.

During this drive we passed the Lone Star

Geyser, the most beautiful geyser crater in the park. The Continental Divide is twice crossed at an elevation of 8,300 feet.

At one point where we cross the divide is a little lake about three hundred feet long. There is an outlet at both the east and west ends of it, and when it overflows part of its water flows toward the Pacific and part toward the Atlantic Ocean. This ride across the crest of the Rocky Mountains is grand. Beyond the divide the road descends rapidly to the lake.

By an arrangement made by Mr. Wylie each tourist holding one of his tickets is entitled to a ride across Yellowstone Lake in a steamer. It is a fine ride, requiring about two hours. The little steamer Zillah is the only one on the lake, and, of course, is there by government license.

About half way across the lake is Dot Island, upon which an advertised herd of buffaloes is kept. However, this is a sort of fake. There are, indeed, two or three buffaloes, but they are owned

by the captain and owner of the boat, and are kept there for the exclusive purpose of persuading tourists to cross the lake. The captain gets two dollars and a half from everyone making the trip, and he has an eye to business. As an additional inducement he advertises the "herd" of buffaloes on the island. Most of our party had visited Lincoln Park in Chicago, where many animals are kept, and this little exhibition of the captain seemed like a joke.

We arrived at the further side of the lake about 3:15 o'clock. The point of landing is near the outlet of the lake. This is an excellent place to fish, and we were anticipating three or four hours of fine sport. To my surprise the captain of the boat offered me a rowboat, with an oarsman, free of cost. His charges are very high, and why he did this it is difficult to say. Probably Mrs. Wylie, who was with us, persuaded him to make the concession. I was allowed to take any one with me whom I might choose. Mr. Shepherd

was the lucky partner, and we were soon on our way to the fishing grounds (or waters), rowed by a good-natured Swede, who did all he could to add to our enjoyment.

Miss Hoppe and Miss Vicinus hired a boat and went upon the same errand. They had good success—quite as good as did we—for the time they were out.

Others of our party fished from the bridge that crosses the river at this place, but had poor success.

Shepherd and I had all kinds of fun. At first we didn't know how to catch the wily trout. They refused to bite. The water was perfectly clear and we could see the fish, hundreds of them. We felt like taking a club and knocking them on the head, they swam around so provokingly. Those fishing from the bridge were exasperated beyond measure. They could see the fish in the water and could almost put the hooks in their mouths, but could not get them to take any notice.

The reason was the fish could see those who were trying to catch them. As soon as Shepherd and I saw this point we ran our lines out about sixty or seventy feet, until they were so far from us that the fish could no longer see us. Then they began to bite; and such fun! A very heavy rain came up, but we only got under the bridge and kept on fishing. We remained until dark, and when we counted our fish found that we had eighteen fine trout, weighing about a pound and a half each. One of the assistants at the camp cleaned them, and we had them for breakfast next morning.

At 8 o'clock we were off for the Canyon Camp, sixteen miles away, visiting Mud Volcano and Sulphur Mountain en route. This is actually a mountain of almost pure sulphur, and a most unusual thing. But we were becoming accustomed to the unusual, and nothing surprised us very much. Yellowstone Park has so many wonders.

That morning's ride was most enjoyable. Indeed, no other coach ride was quite so pleasant

as this. The rain had fallen, and we were no longer bothered with dust. The sun came from the clouds, causing the raindrops to sparkle like diamonds on the grass. We had been traveling for days through timber lands, but now we came out into the Hayden Valley upon the broad, open prairie. The moisture caused a peculiarly pleasant odor to arise from the grass. The country was hilly, giving many fine landscape views. All in all it would be difficult to excel that ride on that particular morning through the Hayden Valley.

We arrived at Canyon Camp about 11 o'clock, nearly an hour ahead of the schedule. This camp is near the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

We had been hearing a great deal about this canyon, but were not prepared for such magnificent scenery. We supposed that after seeing the Grand Canyon of the Colorado no other canyon would be worth while for us to spend our time looking at. But we were mistaken. In stupen-



Photo by Mr. Thompson.

CASTLE GEYSER AT "PLAY," YELLOWSTONE PARK.

The picture, of course, cannot do the geyser justice, though this photograph taken by Mr. Thompson is a very good one.

dous grandeur the Grand Canyon of the Colorado is incomparable. There is nothing like it in the world. But for coloring and picturesqueness the Yellowstone far surpasses it. The expression "as beautiful as a flower" fits it exactly. There are more than two hundred tints and shades of color, the light predominating. We saw it just after a rain, the best time to see the color effects.

Then there are two splendid waterfalls, not far apart, and neither far from camp. The upper is one hundred and twelve feet high, the lower two hundred and twelve. The lower falls are especially beautiful and are at the head of the most picturesque part of the canyon.

When one looks upon a picture so charming he is tempted to a rather extravagant use of adjectives. One of our young ladies, looking at these falls, was overheard to exclaim, "Well, isn't that cute!" as though she might have just seen her baby brother don his first pair of trousers.

Some of our party crossed the river in a boat

and visited Artist's Point, where Moran painted his famous picture of the canyon. This is the finest view, although the falls are not seen from this point.

Our guide on this occasion was "Tom," an attache of the camp. His last name we did not learn, and he probably has none, for everybody calls him Tom. He is quite a character, and one is bound to like him. He has built a trail down the steep sides of the canyon to the water's edge. The trail is dangerous and steep, but he is very careful of those under his care. The government protects his interests, and no one is allowed to interfere with his rights, nor to build another trail. He has a monopoly.

When once one is down Tom says, "You must be thirsty by this time," and dips a cup of water from a spring and offers it to the one nearest him. He raises it to his lips, only to discover that it is hot, and Tom, giving him the wink, proceeds to play the trick on the next one in order.

Then, after this experience is forgotten by the tenderfoot, he tells him to dig in the sand and he is liable to find gold nuggets, for the sand is full of gold. The advice is eagerly taken, and the fingers are thrust down into the sand, only to be burned by hot water, which is just beneath the surface. All come away voting Tom a success, and hoping to take a future jaunt with him.

As we returned from this trip we started two deer and gave them quite a chase. We were safe enough in doing it, for there were no soldiers on that side of the river. But the deer escaped. They could run faster than we.

Bears are quite numerous around the camp. One of them, which has been named "Dooley," is quite tame, and will eat out of the hand. On Sunday afternoon three of our young ladies were seated under the trees writing letters home. As they were busily engaged they did not notice Dooley approaching until he was quite close, and with a scream they started for camp. They did

not know that it was a tame bear, but thought their lives were in danger. Dooley was hungry, as usual, and desired to eat out of their hands. He was not to be thwarted by their flight, and away he went right after them. This convinced them beyond a doubt of his ferocity, and they lost no time getting to their tents, with Dooley a close second. Great was the mirth in camp when the story came out.

Our arrival at Canyon Camp was on Saturday, and about forty of the party remained here over Sunday. It would be difficult to find a better place to spend the Sabbath. Nature preaches grand sermons here. No more congenial spot for spending a vacation could be found. It is an ideal camp, and the climax of our great itinerary.

Early on Monday morning we started for Cinnebar, where our cars awaited us. We landed at Willow Park Camp, and in the afternoon traveled the road from Willow Park to Cinnebar, past Obsidian Cliff and Mammoth Hot Springs.

We arrived at Livingston in time to take the



Photo by Miss Ferguson.

VENTURESOME CHILDREN. THE BEACH.

evening train east. At Billings part of our company took the Burlington road and went across to Denver, proceeding thence to Chicago. Others came by way of St. Paul, a few pausing for a day's visit in the twin cities and following to Chicago the next day.

Those who went to Denver report a fine visit to that city, and also at Colorado Springs and Manitou. Several walked to the summit of Pike's Peak.

Our party really broke up at the Grand Can-

yon of the Yellowstone, and we like to think of that as the climax of what was one of the most successful and satisfactory itineraries that could be arranged for the great West. All came home hoping that at some future time we might be able to take this journey again. We could wish our friends no keener pleasure than that they might travel over these routes and see for themselves what we have in this little volume tried briefly to describe. No description is adequate. These places must be visited to be appreciated.



CHAPTER X.

CALENDAR.

The following calendar was chiefly arranged by Rev. A. S. Haskins, upon whose head the blessings and anathemas of the party must fall. It will be of interest to those who see the point of the references, and of intense interest to those who were the heroes and heroines of the occurrences:

- July 2—Larimer has lady visitor.
Fun for the office boys.
- July 7—Drew employs several luggage boys.
- July 8—Aug. 6—Miss W. shows signs of matrimonial intentions.
- July 8—Aug. 4—Covey guards his scissors.
- July 8—Miss Straight organizes the "Happy Family," at daybreak.
Dr. and Mrs. Galliver entertain impromptu charivari party.
- July 9—Swigart begins to play checkers.
- July 10—Shaw and Miss Rattenbury get lost in the petrified forest.
The upper crust of Winnie's nose begins to show signs of insubmission.

- Robinson kisses papoose—cost one penny.
- July 10—Friedy resists attack from Ohio.
"Mother" Straight comes to his rescue.
- July 10—Hutchinson rides home from the Petrified Forest.
- July 10—Larimer and Swigart chase a horned lizard up a petrified tree.
- July 10—Bishop rides eleven miles on a donkey and calls it "horseback."
- July 11—Crandel "does" the Grand Canyon on foot.
Miss ——— conquers bucking broncho.
Kelsey tries the efficacy of spirits.
- July 12—Miss Hammond sees how close she can get to the canyon without falling in, and wins the first prize.
Mrs. Turner plays the role of squaw.
Harvey mistakes his negligence for the Stars and Stripes.
- July 12—Miss Bronson makes a record in horsemanship.
- July 12—Mrs. Turner plays "Squaw."
- July 12—Matlack walks out of the Grand Canyon.
- July 13—Larimer borrows special engine.
Pearson makes up faces and "busts."
Miss B. tries to break into the "Happy Family" for Friedy's sake.

- July 14—Shepherd preaches to large and enthusiastic audience.
- July 15—"A Life on the Ocean Wave" rendered by chorus of fifty fresh water mariners.
- July 15—Pierson loses his breakfast and incidentally his teeth.
- July 15—Aug. 6—Miss Rupert has such a hard time.
- July 16—Miss W. flirts with an ostrich.
- July 17—Valencia Hotel.
Dr. and Mrs. Galliver and Miss Mainwood visit the big trees.
- July 18—N. Y. girls see Chinatown.
- July 19—Robinson and Oakey take a Sutro.
Miss M. shoots the schutes.
Miss F. follows suit.
- July 20—Stewart surreptitiously tucks a big tree in his pocket.
- July 21—Gabriel blows his trumpet and we all go to church.
- July 22—Shaw invests in a talking Chinese doll.
- July 22—Mrs. Milhening sees the "Golden Gate."
- July 23—Swigart discovers that his ticket does not read via Denver.
- July 24—All aboard for Mt. Shasta.
Miss M. misses her baggage.
- July 24—Miss Springer lingers in "Frisco."
- July 25—Shasta lemonade throws engine off the track.
Miss Gray pays for "service" and incidentally for toast.
- July 26—Pearson makes trip up the Columbia river.
Serious accident—cow falls down and strains her milk.
- July 27—Miss W. does week's washing.
- July 28—Shepherd preaches about half an hour.
- July 28—Miss Ochs breaks the Sabbath.
- July 29—One stocking lost—two found—great excitement—charges and counter charges of conspiracy.
Robinson invests in fishing tackle.
- July 30—Hotel route agent points out the "Devil's Slide."
Robinson gets a bite—so he says.
- July 31—Grand chorus: "There'll be no Swigart there."
Miss W. wants a bed all to herself.
Carl Swigart changes his views about future punishment.
Robinson sells fish to Upper Geyser Basin natives.
- July 31—Miss Broadhead does not get dressed in time to see the Giant play.

July 31—Aug. 4—Oakey and Robinson sing a few songs.

July 31—Gibson is chucked under the chin and grows indignant.

July and August—Stewart sees visions.

Aug. 1—Shepherd takes witch hazel for insomnia.

Aug. 1-6—Willie is very sick of "attention."

Drew fears it is a fatal case, but he pulls through.

Aug. 2—Miss W. speaks to Kelley about her ticket.

Aug. 3—N. Y. girls go a-fishing.

Aug. 4—Dooley scrapes up an acquaintance with Mrs.

Turner, Miss Lyons and Miss Bronson.

Miss "See More" tarries at the Grand Canyon.

Miss S. wants to bite Miss "See More."

Miss B. makes a few more attempts to break into the "Happy Family."

Shaw has interesting talks with one Mr. Smith.

Miss White changes cars for Denver and incidentally takes in the sights of Billings.

Swigart goes to Denver.

Haskins takes Northern Pacific palace car for St. Paul.

Aug. 6—Jennie makes some more eyes at Willie.

Aug. 6—Miss Ida Dammarell visits Denver.

Aug. 6—Mother Straight frowns at Kelley for hindering Jennie's plans.

Dec. 12—Thompson visits South Englewood.

First call. Gabriel "visits" with Thompson.



CHAPTER XI.

ROSTER.

No doubt the members of the party will be glad to have the names of all our company, with their addresses, for future reference. They are here presented:

Eugene Bishop, Alton, Ill.
Miss Bockstahler, Akron, O.
Miss B. Boughton, Bowling Green, O.
Miss A. M. Broadhead, Normal, Ill.
Miss F. B. Bronson, Valparaiso, Ind.
T. L. Covey, Weldon, Ill.
Mrs. Cole, Chicago, Ill.
R. A. Crandel and wife, Warren, Ind.
Miss Rena Crosby, Evanston, Ill., 1009 Ayers Ct.
Misses Ida and Anna Dammarell, 1062 Wilcox Ave., Chicago, Ill.
O. B. Davis and wife, 1032 Wilcox Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Duvall.
Rev. M. A. Drew and wife, Brandon, Wis.
Beatrice Ferguson, Alton, Ill.
Misses A. E. and B. H. Foster, 398 Belden Ave., Chicago, Ill.
F. A. Fried, Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. G. A. Galliver and wife, Chicago, Ill.
E. C. Gibson, Manitowoc, Wis.
Miss C. M. Gray and mother, Kankakee, Ill.
Miss Mame Hammond, 3246 Parnell Ave., Chicago.
Rev. A. S. Haskins and wife, 116 W. Grace St., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Hook, Chicago.
H. L. Harvey, 1023 Wilcox Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss H. Holland, 2200 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
Miss L. C. Hoppe, 485 Alexander St., Rochester, N. Y.
H. L. Hutchinson, 57 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
Miss H. Ingram, 1072 Wilcox Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss F. Jahp, 11 Edgemont Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Gabriel Jefferson, 8621 Vincennes Road, Chicago, Ill.
Miss E. Johnston, 716 W. Hill St., Champaign, Ill.
C. A. Kelley and wife, 8748 Emerald Ave., Chicago, Ill.
J. E. Kelsey and wife, Bethalto, Ill.
Miss Ella Lyons, Brook, Ind.
Miss I. Mainwood, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Cora Marsh, Evanston, Ill.
Rev. J. A. Matlack, Leavitt and DeKalb Sts., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Florence Merrill, 3036 Parnell Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Clara Milhening and mother, Evanston, Ill.

Mrs. C. C. Morrison, 3036 Parnell Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Nagle, Manitowoc, Wis.
Miss Mary Nelson, Manitowoc, Wis.
Dr. A. J. Oakey, 451 W. 63d St. Chicago, Ill.
Miss Clara Ochs, 93 Hastings St., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Winnie Ostrander, 8742 Morgan St., Chicago, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. Pattison and daughter, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. F. E. Pierson, Dubuque, Ia., Y. M. C. A.
Miss Jennie Rattenbury, 836 Congress St., Chicago,
Ill.
Mr. O. E. Robinson, 451 W. 63d St., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Clara Rupert, 5821 Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Seed, Sumner, Ill.
Rev. G. W. Shepherd and wife, Alton, Ill.

Rev. W. E. Shaw, Saunamin, Ill.
Miss Pearl Smart, Manitowoc, Wis.
Miss Daisy M. Springer, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Grant Stewart and wife, Chicago, Ill.
Miss D. Straight, 7723 Congress St., Chicago, Ill.
Carl Swigart, Weldon, Ill.
John Thompson, Elbrun, Ill.
Mrs. I. F. Westall, Sumner, Ill.
Miss White, 5818 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Vicinus, 600 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.
Miss L. Lutz, Normal, Ill.
Miss Harriet Unkinholz, Ottawa, Ohio.
Mrs. Westgate, Manitowoc, Wis.







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