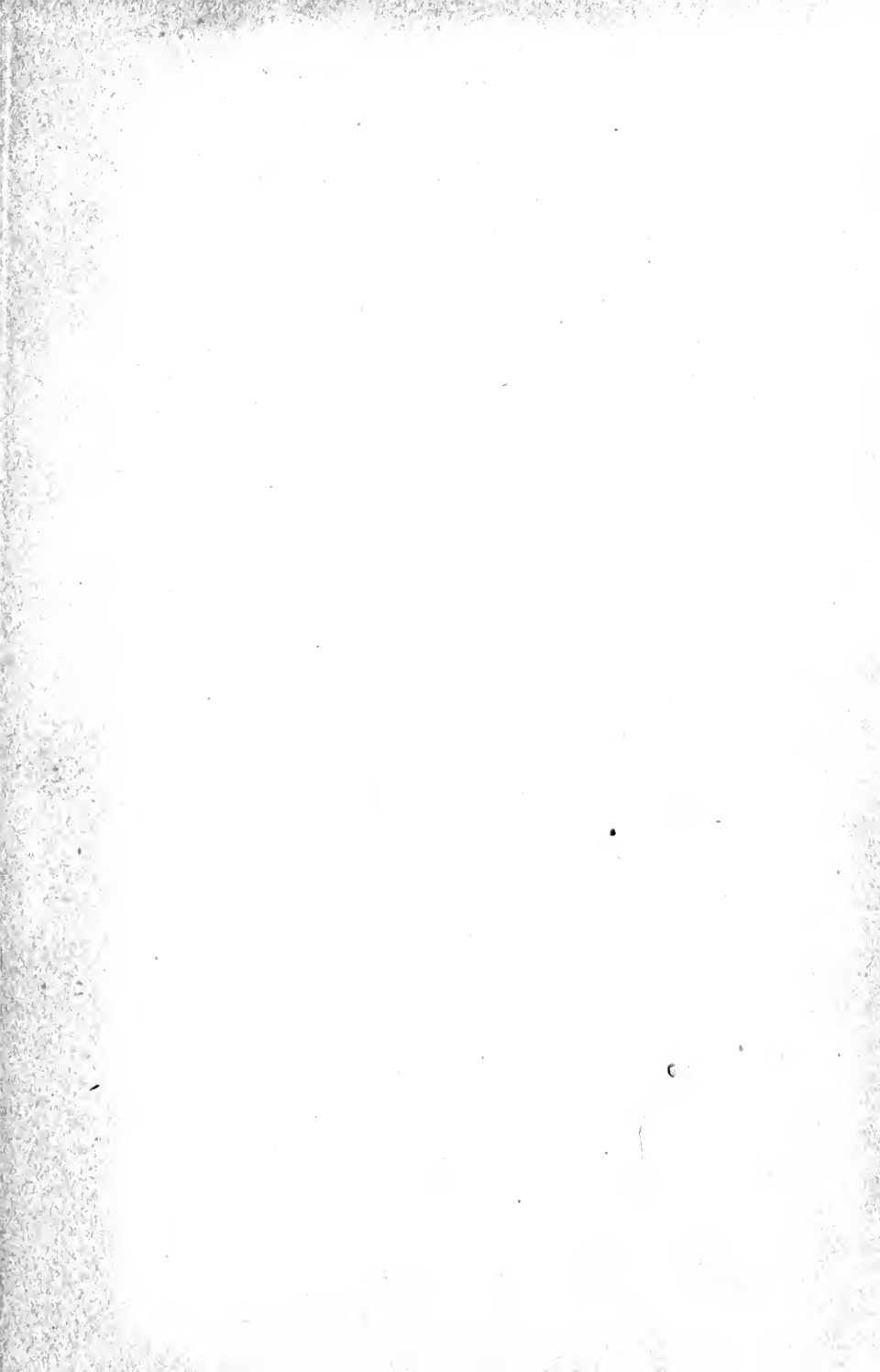


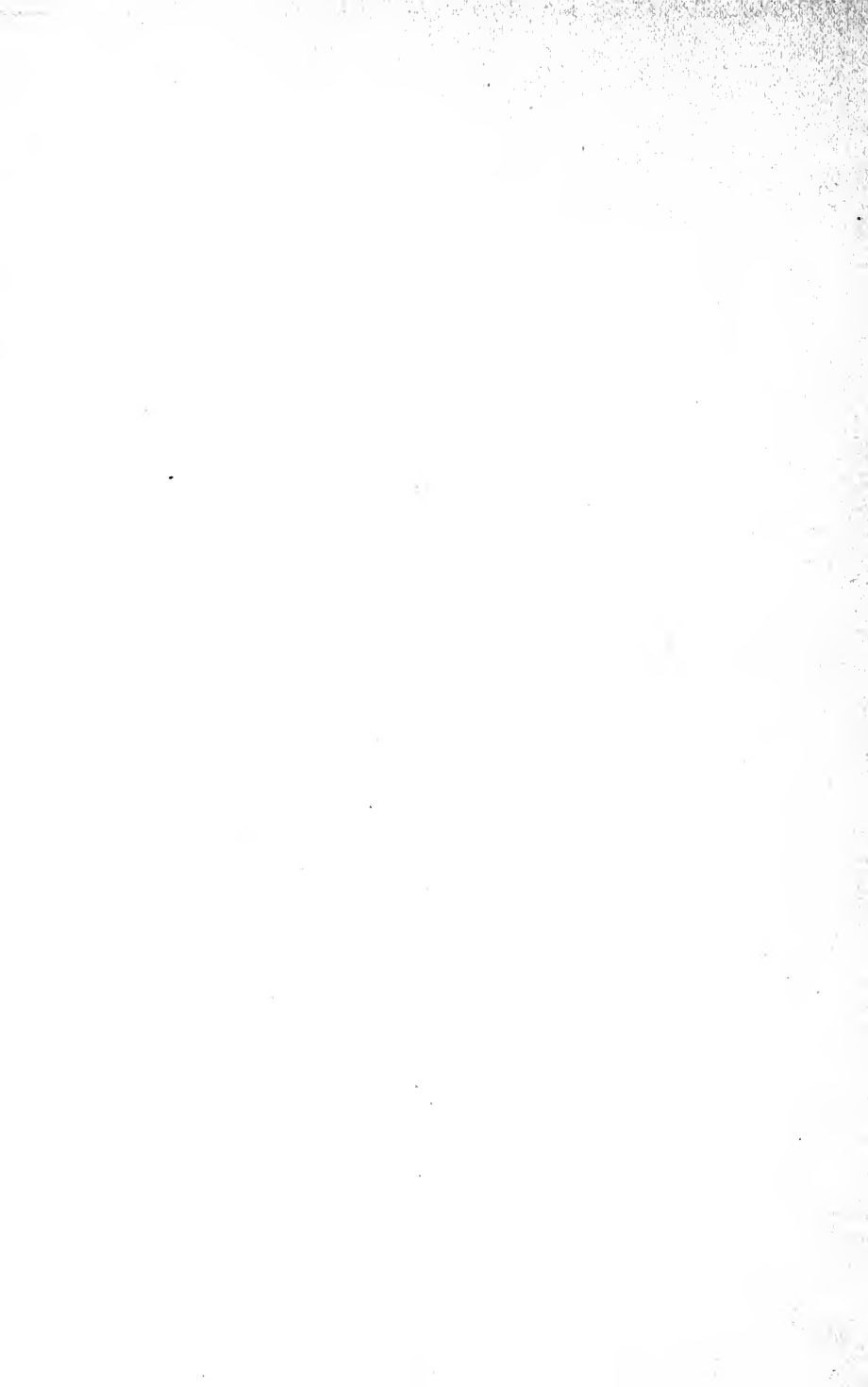
ON THE NEW SANTA FÉ
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ON THE NEW SANTA FÉ TRAIL



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THE ZOO SPECIAL



THE TENDERFEET

ON THE NEW SANTA FÉ TRAIL

THE RECORD OF A JOURNEY
TO THE LAND OF SUNSHINE
BY SIX AND A HALF TENDERFEET

*WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED
BY ALL OF US TOGETHER*



NEW YORK — PHILADELPHIA

PRIVATELY PRINTED AND NOT PUBLISHED AT ALL,
BECAUSE WE ARE ON VACATION

1903

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Please keep off the grass

THE WORLD'S WORK PRESS
NEW YORK

TO

PAUL MORTON

JOHN J. BYRNE

E. W. MCGEE

I. L. HIBBARD

JOHN F. HUCKLE

and all the good Santa Fé people who have made us
thrice blessed, this book by little-known husbands of
well-known wives is

DEDICATED

THE HAYSEEDS FROM THE EAST:

MR. and MRS. F. COIT JOHNSON, now first taking up the literary life, known as *The Gazelles*; MR. and MRS. EDWARD BOK, from Philadelphia, and glad of it, known (Heaven knows why) as *The Lambs*; MR. and MRS. FRANK N. DOUBLEDAY, hard-working, industrious citizens, libeled as *The Bears*; DOROTHY DOUBLEDAY, small but A. D. G. S.

FOREWORD

AS this story begins at Independence, Mo. (a suburb of Kansas City), the present tenderfoot will say nothing of the difficulty of trying to get a special car from the Pullman people, the failure to achieve this end because other people happened to have vacations at this time, and the final rescue made by Tom Brown, who seemed to be Mr. Paul Morton's second self and right-hand man. He promised a car at Albuquerque, and was as good as his word.

To give "verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative," we will copy here the letter given by us to Mr. J. J. Byrne, of Los Angeles, from Mr. Morton; but for this, all that follows might seem a pipe dream. Here it is:

February 7, 1903.

MR. JOHN J. BYRNE, G. P. A., LOS ANGELES.

My Dear Byrne: This will be handed to you by Mr. F. N. Doubleday, who is a very old friend of mine, and a publisher of one or two cheap magazines, *The World's Work* and *Country Life in America*.

Mr. Doubleday, with his wife, and Mr. Bok, of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. F. Coit Johnson, of New York City, are out to see the painted desert for the first time. The entire party are tenderfeet, and there are many places that it will not be safe for you to take them. Silver City should be avoided.

I want this party to see everything worth seeing west of Albuquerque. They ought to stop at Isleta or Laguna, stop

at Flagstaff, go to the Grand Canyon, see the Kite-Shaped Track, especially visiting the orange groves at Riverside and Smiley Heights, see Mount Lowe, Coronado, and other places, and I will depend upon you to take good care of them.

Incidentally, you might call their attention to the advantages of California as a summer resort. I do not think it will ever be necessary for us to advertise in any of these periodicals represented again, so far as winter business is concerned, but we may have occasion to use them, now and then, for our summer trade.

Yours very truly,

PAUL MORTON.

THE FIRST AND SECOND DAYS (Feb. 8-9, 1903)

Saturday night, February 7th, we left Chicago in a snow-storm and woke up near Kansas City in a land still powdered white. With the broad fields and horizons stretched out beyond the reach of the eye on both sides, the tenderfeet awakened to new sensations of the prairie and the bigness of the face of the earth.

We were sorry when the conductor told us we would have to spend four hours at Kansas City, not because we had anything against that prosperous place, but because we had seen such places before. After slopping around in a regular "east-side" sort of neighborhood, we took a trolley with the idea of killing time, and, as luck would have it, we found we were going to Independence.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE

Now Independence is a very important place; none of us had ever heard of it before, and after seeing it from the car window we never cared to hear of it again; *but* Mrs. Bear discovered late in the day that it *was* a most important place when the Santa Fé trail was doing business, mostly in killing people, until the ground was "soaked with blood."

Curiously enough, ground soaked with human gore was in some respects new to us, and Mrs. Bear is most anxious that her husband should crib from a book called "The Old Santa Fé Trail," by Inman's, and write a full description, preferably in red ink, but he won't. If you want to know about it, save up \$2.40 and send it to a publisher called Crane & Company, of Topeka, Kansas, for a copy of this book; turn to page 141 and help yourself.

HAIL TO THE HARVEYS!

When the gang got back to the car we found we had missed seeing Mr. John F. Huckle, an old friend of the Lamb and the Bears when all were publishers' scrubs together in New York, but now Mr. Huckle is a great dignitary in the firm of Fred. Harvey, who feeds the elect on the Sante Fé.

Just before starting, however, Mr. Huckle turned up; we were glad to see him, of course, but if we had known that he was full of magic "press-the-buttons," which flew over the country with telegraph sparks, we should have kow-towed in a manner to have made *San Toy* look like a shilling tuppence ha'penny. In every restaurant we went into Huckle's word had preceded us and we were received by the resident manager with a grandness which made our heads palpitate with great bunches of swellings.

ON THE ENGINES

Among other things, we had been promised by Mr. Morton a permit to ride on the engines. It

had been sent to Topeka, and as our Number 7—we had begun already to call the trains in this familiar and personal way—did not go via Topeka, we had despaired of getting our permit, and said so, amid a flood of tears, to our friend Huckle, with the result that an hour later, and at the first stop, the conductor placed this telegram in the hands of the Bear:

TO CONDUCTOR No. 7.

TOPEKA, 8, 1903.

This will be permission for Mr. Doubleday and two traveling friends. This party are on your train and will probably want to ride on engine at various points of road west. Locate them and advise. Answer.

J. E. HURLY.

We used this telegram to rags. We never met Mr. Hurly, but we'll go bail that he's the real simon pure thing—may his shadow never grow fainter. Mr. Gazelle, the Lamb and the Bear took the precious telegram in their hands and approached the engine at the first stop. With quaking knees and trembling hands we handed it to a great strapping specimen of the West, a splendid American—expecting to have all our faces pushed in at the mere idea of helping to run a fifty-ton Dixon. He read the magic words. If we had been President Roosevelt, Prince Henry, Paul Morton and the Bear that made Milwaukee famous all rolled into one, we could not have been treated better. We hung on and around that engine for hours, and the Lamb pushed Mr. Engineer Gossard off his seat. They talked together in three-ply tones for hours, while the

Gazelle and the Bear enjoyed themselves on the fireman's seat.

Thus we ran through Kansas, following the setting sun, which beat us at the end and sank between the rails in front. Three kids with a small carmine-colored wagon could not have been more happy when we went back to our wives and told of our experiences. Later we all took rides, even Mrs. Gazelle hopping spryly on the locomotive and enjoying a hundred-mile spin.

HO! FOR NEW MEXICO

All day Monday, February 9th, we rode through Kansas into New Mexico. When we went to meals, a member of Mr. Huckle's staff seated us and gave us, not woolen sandwiches, but food that did us good to eat and which added weight to the ponderous forms of at least two of our party.

A little fine writing is due just here. Take a tenderfoot and set him on the plain of New Mexico and his soul is dead if it doesn't leap with the joy of living. The coloring of the rocks, the soil, the sky, and the blend of it all is too much for me to tell about, but it was a revelation. That night we landed at Albuquerque, and Mr. E. W. McGee, of Los Angeles and the Sante Fé, met us. He seemed just a plain man like the tenderfeet themselves, but he turned out to be another wizard. He touched everybody and everything for our benefit without apparent effort and

invited us to go into our car. We tried not to look too pleased, but we failed.

THE THIRD DAY (February 10th)

On the morning of the third day we awakened to the glorious sunshine which seems to be our New Mexican portion. After feasting our eyes on the Aztec colorings of the Alvarado, especially those of the dining-room, which is a most delightful place; and incidentally having satisfied the inner man, we started out to do the city of Albuquerque. We were almost immediately halted by the alluring visions of the Harvey Indian Emporium and at once succumbed to its fascinations. We were introduced to

THE BEST BASKET-MAKER IN THE WORLD.

Mrs. Joseppa, who, according to Dr. Dorsey, is the best living basket-maker, introduced us to some specimens of her handiwork which convinced us of the truth of the claim. She is said to have made as much as \$500 in a month by the sale of her products. What a commentary that is on the wisdom of those misguided friends (?) of the Indians, who are striving to have them taught to make tidies at twenty-five cents per dozen, and other useless things for a living, when there is an unsatisfied demand for those works of art, to the production of which the Indians have a natural and hereditary gift, but which the white man has taught them to look on as worthless

and contemptible. We were becoming extravagantly enthusiastic over the attractive wares offered for sale,

WHEN OUR PRUDENT CONSERVATOR,

Mr. McGee, noticing alarming symptoms on the part of some of our ladies, dragged us away for a drive through the old town. We got the "Lamb" safely past "Pat's Place," the gambling Hell (with a capital H) of the town, alas! only to be fleeced later by an innocent appearing vendor of blankets; and entered the narrow and crooked streets of the old Mexican settlement. We were told that the streets were laid out that way so that the Indians could not attack in force any one section of the town, and by reason of the frequent turnings must exercise caution in their rushes. We arrived at last at the Government school for Indian boys and girls and were courteously shown through by the superintendent, Mr. Collins. I don't know enough about such matters to criticize, but it seemed to me the Government support left much to be desired. After another æsthetically toned meal, we separated, not because of any estrangement, but that a diversity of tastes might be satisfied. For those who could sleep I can only feel a helpless wonder. The walkers were doubtless repaid, but the riders were the ones who really enjoyed life. Our dead game sport,

THE LITTLE SHE BEAR DISTINGUISHED HERSELF

on a calico-spotted ex-circus pony and has since been unable to think, talk or dream of anything else. Well, if you have ever had the happiness of bounding over the plains of New Mexico on a broncho, you will understand her delight; and if you haven't, I am sorry for you. Later in the afternoon we rendezvoused at the Harvey Museum, and there, under the scientific guidance of Doctor Dorsey, we spent two wonderful and happy hours. Those of us who had previously resisted the Indian bacilli here became inoculated, and we are all now hunting [hunting is good—*Editor*] for blankets, baskets and the gory scalping-knife. The good doctor was bent on driving sixty-five miles to the Moki Pueblos, and he reassured us by saying that if we could arrange for relays of horses the sufferings of the trip would be "less intense" from cold and fatigue. When we had partially shaken off the Dorsey spell, we discovered that it was time to eat again and to pack for a jaunt of several days among the wonders between Albuquerque and Los Angeles.

Before dinner Mr. McGee introduced us to Mr. I. L. Hibbard, Superintendent of the Albuquerque division of the Santa Fé. He, observing the size and pervasiveness of our party, with that delightful Santa Fé hospitality which we have met everywhere, promptly ordered his car attached to the other one that had been assigned to our use, and, with bulging chests and constantly swelling heads, we boarded our train for the start.

Oh! those cars——
But that is another story.

THE FOURTH DAY (February 11th)

Up with the sun (mark that for the Lambs!) and we were at Laguna, sixty-six miles west of Albuquerque, with our "special" side-tracked, three hobos washing and shaving in a railroad-tie camp beside the car, the town of Laguna, with its population of one hundred and fifty Indians, on the rocks above us at the right, and the "desert" and the far-off mountain peaks at the left.

The first thing was the first breakfast on the "special," and how fragrant is the memory thereof! We were Force-ibly led up to "cakes," and enough is this silent record:

The Three Bears, 29.

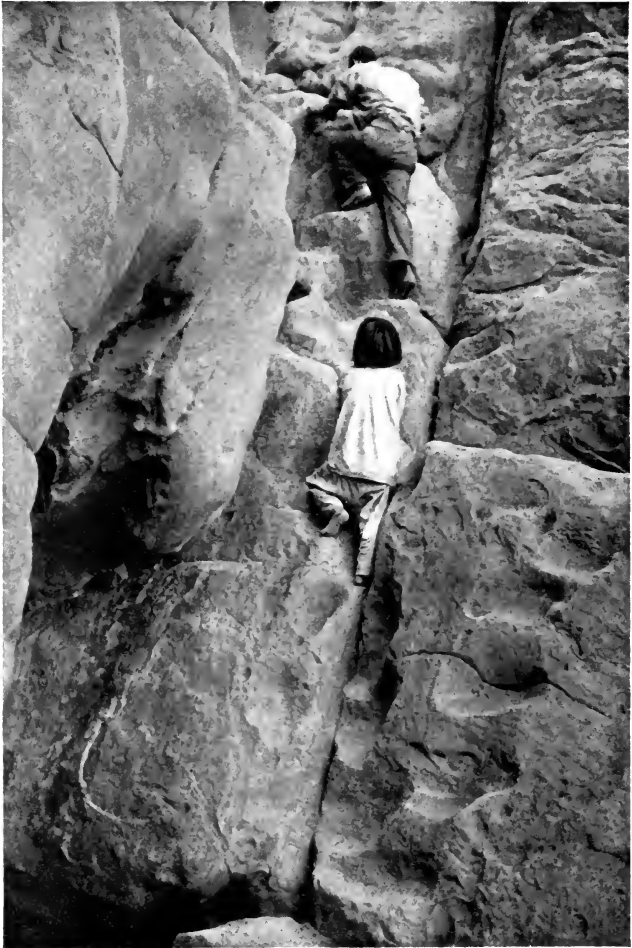
The Two Gazelles, 24.

The Conservator, 2 (according to his own figures).

Full of Force, we climbed into three wagons and we were ready for a drive to the settlement of the Acoma Indians, twenty miles away. At nine the wagons were off—that is, the first one was literally off. In another sense the second was off; especially as regards a gray horse seventeen years old, who had gotten

THROUGH WITH THIS WORLD'S WORK

several years ago. There were still four miles to the hour left in him, and with the help of a few Indian yells, the lash of a whip set one to a minute



SAFETY-PIN TRAIL

At Acoma

and a few pebble stones, we went along that "desert" wooded for miles and miles with cedar and oak trees, sage brush of a soft gray tone, cacti of beautiful forms, with every now and then a flutter of blue birds (and they were blue, God's blue), robins and snow birds in the air, with sheep, horses, broncos and cattle grazing on the arid plains, with a panorama of perfect scenic beauty of mountain peak and sloping valley—it was indeed a desert not in accord with the preconceived notions of six and a half eastern tenderfeet. Over this desert we raced—that is, the first wagon did—with the bronco and the gray regulating the speed of the other two wagons, until the "Enchanted Mesa" loomed on the 'scape.

THE BEAR BEGINS TO SNORT

Four hundred and thirty feet it rose into the air, and the Bear, with his natural climbing instincts, snorted at the idea that its summit was so difficult of ascent that only a few white men and only one white woman have ever reached its broad top. When the Bear's desire to bet that he could reach the summit before the gray horse and the bronco could pass the "Mesa" was finally overcome by a compromise that he could sleep in the bottom of the wagon on a bed of alfalfa, the journey was peaceably resumed, and at one o'clock the Acoma settlement was reached.

This Mesa was three hundred and fifty feet above the plain. It looked easy of ascent, especially to the Lady Gazelle, and, true to her name, she

sprang to the duty which lay before her like a fawn. Whirling sands disturbed her not, but whirling skirts! It was here that the conservator conserved, and with the skill of a dexterous builder of gowns, and the help of a mouthful of safety-pins which were only to be called for to be produced (so fruitful is this New Mexico desert), the swirling skirts became mountain climbers, and the party was face to face with the Acoma Indians in their own homes. Thirty homes there were, so neat in their interiors that it seemed strange that the sense of neatness was not a part of the Indian himself. But

THE STRONG AND HANDSOME FACES OF THE
INDIANS,

the soft, well-pitched voices of the women, the shyness of the children, the courtesy and warm welcome of them all, told the best in the clear natures of these children of the "Mesa." Into their homes we went, seeing their pottery, seeing the girls grinding their corn-meal for dinner. The church of stone and mud, representing the labor of generations, is no more remarkable, perhaps, than their graveyard for every foot of the soil of which was carried up from the plain. Perfect contentment seemed to be the prevailing characteristic of this people who have deliberately chosen to live on this stone summit to which they must bring every drop of water, every stick of wood and every mouthful of food from the plain below, and

whose houses are only reached by ladders of a dozen rungs even after the summit is climbed.

But the gray horse was champing its bit, restive for another four-mile-to-an-hour gallop, and homeward we turned. The drive was another feast of Nature—this time with those wondrous opalescent colors that only this western country knows. At six the drive was over, Laguna and the "special" hove in sight, and the day was done, and so was the party.

But it was a great day.

THE FIFTH DAY (LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY)

We supposed we had left the hoboes behind at Laguna when the royal party was pulled westward by a special engine on Wednesday night, but behold a tramp, who said he had stolen a ride in a freight car, comfortably seated in the royal library when the Tenderfeet rallied this morning before breakfast. Moreover, he looked as if he actually had rights there. "Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered" he certainly was not. With calm self-assurance he lolled in a deep-seated chair, his patent leathers comfortably crossed, a cigar held lightly between his manicured fingers. Who could the interloper be?

"Let me introduce Mr. J. J. Byrne,

GRAND POOH-BAH OF THE SANTA FÉ

Railroad," said the Conservator, just entering. All kow-towed with bated breath.

So this was the gentleman who, like the Conservator, had left his happy home in Los Angeles for us! He had traveled more than a thousand miles to overtake the Tenderfeet and personally conduct them through the wonderful region traversed by that section of the road which is his special care. It was not enough that Mr. McGee should lie awake nights planning comforts and luxuries for the party—not forgetting aqua ammonia to soften the water, or Pond's Extract for the sunburned faces. It was not enough that Mr. Hibbard should banish himself from his comfortable private car and annex it to the royal palace, he, himself

SLEEPING ON THE DESERT, ON CAR TRUCKS

or who knows where, that we might luxuriate in space. No! The High and Mighty Hobo must needs devote a week of his valuable time to see that the desert flowed with milk and honey for us unworthies.

It would be a miserably ungrateful chronicler who made no allusion to the griddle cakes—those dreams of delight—after which we awake daily to the consciousness of work ahead. "Let us dream again" is the prayer breathed at Robert's door each night before we sleep.

The day's work this morning began with

AN UNPREMEDITATED VISIT TO A TRADING STORE

beside the railroad track, where it was hoped a Navajo rug might be found to compensate the

Gazelles for the loss of the bargain which the Lamb secured at Laguna—a loss which had cost Mrs. Gazelle bitter tears of regret and most unchristian pangs of envy. But the Bear, with his mighty paw, snatched a splendid large bath-rug from the trader, while the Lady Gazelle tried in vain to comfort herself with a pink Navajo postage stamp. (The store was also the post-office.)

Another short run behind an iron horse propelled by oil—coal, like greenbacks, being associated with the Effete East—brought us to

THE DENSELY POPULATED CITY OF ADAMANA, ARIZONA

whose sky-scrapers were scarcely visible behind the imposing railroad station. Here prancing Indian ponies attached to prairie schooners stood in readiness to conduct the tenderfeet to the Petrified Forest, about seven miles away. A gentle zephyr murmured welcome to us as we rode over the snow-covered desert. Soft-tinted plants reared themselves bravely along the way—tufts of yellowish-green greasewood that wafted an aromatic odor as we passed; gray, lifeless sage-brush; grayish-green, many-spined cacti of various species, some creeping over the ground, forming a prickly carpet, some standing like gaunt sentinels, challenging acquaintance with the passer-by, their forbidding arms nevertheless tipped even now with yellow flowers; tufts of curly brown buffalo grass that furnishes the apparently nourishing food of

COUNTLESS SHEEP KEPT BY MEXICANS AND
NAVAJOES

alike throughout this arid region; and along the scanty water-courses, grayish-white cottonwood trees—the tallest that grow hereabouts—advertise precious refreshment for man and beast. Over the snow were seen tracks as if multitudes of birds had recently run across it; but not a bird was in sight. No; these were the impressions of the grasses which, whipped by the wind, were also bowed low until they printed their outlines on the spotless surface. Under the mounds of sand that drift around the roots of greasewood and other desert plants, many little animals tunnel their homes: ground squirrels, mice, rabbits and owls; though the rabbits are said to prefer the shelter of the stunted cedars that dot the landscape.

On jog

THE PRAIRIE SCHOONERS ACROSS THE DESERT

the hubs of their wheels scraping the red mud which melting snow formed in the deep ruts of a well-worn road. The ponies bend their heads to the keen wind. The Tenderfeet, swathed in Navajo rugs, nevertheless shiver in their seats as the piercing blasts sweep across boundless open space, meeting no opposition until it strikes their shrinking bodies. "By and by I think it is going to blow," observes the driver to the nearly petrified Tenderfeet in Schooner No. 2. "Then

let's prepare," said the High and Mighty Hobo, letting down the strong white curtains so as to enclose the shivering guests over whom he was Guardian Angel. In Schooner No. 1, Mr. Gazelle was intently examining the aforesaid curtains, noting the number of "picks" to a "fill," and wondering how he should set about securing a contract.

To be "rocked in the cradle of the deep" is as nothing compared with being rocked in a prairie schooner by a howling sou'wester. Happily there was

ONE OF OUR TWO HEAVYWEIGHTS IN EACH
WAGON

anchoring us to earth, or we might have been blown back to Chicago. Mrs. Gazelle's famous safety pins found a new use in fastening Navajo blankets around Siamese twins.

Presently we entered a gorge between bare sandstone hills of curious chocolate and pistache tints, and sprinkled over the ground were broken bits of petrified trees, cross-sections showing bark, cambium layer and inner circles of growth, logs of stone from two to ten feet long and from a few inches to several feet in diameter: logs of a beautiful rich red marked with indescribably beautiful tints of green, yellow, gray, white, black, brown and blue. It was as if some huge Titan had sawn the trees of a prehistoric world asunder and tossed them about his vast lumber-yard.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PLACE APPALLS ONE

For nature here takes on a grandeur and majesty that the puny imagination of man dimly comprehends. Even the scientist stands in the Petrified Forest with his finger held to dumb lips. He may speculate as much as he pleases about the work of glaciers in the Ice Age, bringing down from the remote mountains trees of a vast size, coloring them with chemicals that turned them to stone in their travels, and finally depositing them upon a well-nigh treeless desert; but the wonder and the mystery of the forest remain.

Unoppressed by speculation

THE TENDERFEET ALIGHT FROM THEIR SCHOONERS

only to feel the earth sinking beneath their feet. Down; down, down they go into the soft mud. See the Gazelles leap from stone to stone with marvelous agility, picking up bits of the forest as they skip from point to point; note the Bear pawing the mud frantically, to unearth sections of parti-colored stone; pity the gallant Conservator losing overshoes—but not his temper—in his efforts to pave the floor of our schooners with prehistoric mosaic;

WEEP FOR THE LAMBS STANDING GUMLESS

and miserable in the midst of beauty that they struggle nobly to attain. Seeking the seclusion that the schooners granted, some of the Tenderfeet

retired to commune with Nature—to read her “sermons in stones”—or to scrape the mud from their soles.

As the schooners wound their way back from the forest, the wind subsided, a marvelous sunset did its best to eclipse the colors of the petrified trees; the desert took on new beauty in a light that mellowed gradually from brilliancy to ethereal softness until darkness fell over all. But even now the lights from our cars shone a welcome to the returning Tenderfeet. Home again!

And here endeth the fifth lesson, but without a word of our tragic supper when, peacefully dallying with more of Robert's good things, we felt a crash and bump and then our car being hauled away into the cruel outside world again. Our High and Mighty Hobo opened the door upon our Conservator's back porch and hurled an inquiry into the darkness, when in sepulchral tones from the depths below came the reply, “We were No. 33, but we died.” When we came to after this thunderbolt it was explained to the *very* Tenderfeet that a train twelve hours late loses not only its rights, but its very existence.

And now for our sixth day, which was started at Flagstaff with another of those long-to-be-remembered breakfasts, followed by a fleeting glimpse of Babbitt's wonderful emporium containing everything from shoestrings to Indian junk, with an accent on the Indian junk, which the Bear, Lamb and Gazelle discovered later, and of which more will be heard anon.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS

After fortifying ourselves with arctics, sweaters, woolen gloves and still another "heart to heart" with our commissary department, we embarked in a schooner and a surrey for the cliff-dwellers, nine miles away. Lighted lanterns were tucked away with our feet under the multitudinous Navajoes in which we were buried, keeping us warm and comfy, though a scorched spot was left upon one—a treasure trove by the famous Bear family at Navajo station, but with their usual *sang-froid* they treated it as a mere "bag of shells."

We were warned that we might come upon a bear, coyote, antelope, and many other things *en voyage*, so a sharp lookout was kept on the tracks in the snow, but it was not until we disembarked at Walnut Canyon and were following the trail down the gorge that we came upon the real thing. There in the deep snow we could see where the deer or antelope had bounded down the slope, closely followed, alas! by the larger tracks of the mountain lion; we saw where the latter made the spring across the gorge, but the probably harrowing outcome we can only surmise, Mr. Thompson Seton being left in the effete East. A ten-minutes' walk brought us to the first view of the marvel we had come to see—a huge, deep bowl-shaped canyon surrounded on all sides by these prehistoric dwellings, rising tier upon tier to the heights above.

Whether the shelving rocks had been worn by

lava or water is not known, but that the projecting roofs and rocky walls made snug, warm homes could not be doubted; many stone walls and partitions remain, laid neatly with a mud cement, and many bits of pottery were found both in and about the dwellings. The gentlemen of our party went exploring, leaving the ladies chaperoned by the gentle Gazelle, to marvel and dream of the life that had been here ages ago, when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

ORIGINAL DISCOVERIES

Many discoveries were made of bits of pottery with black-and-white decorations, and some more interesting with the thumb indentations, which pattern our Lady Bear proved to us was taken from the bark of the pines which covered the surrounding country.

THE GAZELLE GAMBLER

Our time here was all too short, and each and every one asserted on the home-stretch that we would never again know true contentment until we could come in more leisurely fashion and pursue our explorations. Upon arriving at our home on wheels once more, we all turned to and joined the Bear family around the festive board, voting the day had been the best ever. Then, while the ladies settled down to writing *billet-doux* as well as they could, for the attentions of the H. and M. H. would not be side-tracked, the

men went out to paint the town of Flagstaff a brilliant carmine, and one more day was to go thundering down the ages.

THE SEVENTH DAY (February 14)

This morning, as the Menagerie gathered for food, they found on the breakfast table, at each plate, various little packages and notes, and realized that February 14th was indeed St. Valentines' Day. Each member of the party opened his or her package, or read aloud the poems—and the air sparkled with wit. There were references to Hoboes, New York Budds, Knights of the Safety Pin, Lady Jockeys,

INDIAN NELL, PANCAKE FLOSSIE, TWO-FACED MARY

Omnivorously Appetited Bears, and "Woolly-Mutton-Headed Rams"—but each member of the party seemed hilariously pleased—with his neighbor's cognomen. After a cake-less (but not biscuit-less) breakfast, the party wandered out to inspect Babbitt's Emporium at Flagstaff. There were more blankets, pottery and baskets—and the Gazelles, being sore on the point of their two-cent postage stamp, covered themselves with glory by buying a rug at least as large as a special delivery. It was a beauty, and the party all applauded.

MRS. BEAR FELL PREY TO THE CHARMS of one Mr. Fournier, and they talked long and earnestly of things Indian and prehistoric. In

fact, Indian Nell talked so much that she had time to buy only two pieces of pottery—but they were beauties.

At 10:30 the train started for Williams, reaching there in two hours. Luncheon was announced, but the ladies had heard that Fred Harvey had a curio shop close by, and to it they went instantly. One thing which took their eye was a sign over a neighboring saloon, announcing

ALL NATIONS WELCOME—EVEN CARRIE

They were joined for luncheon by delightful friends of the Hobo, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm and Miss Malcolm. Indeed, the party was surprised to find a Hobo boasting friends of such intelligence.

After the noon meal, at 3:30 P. M., the train started for the Grand Canyon, reaching there at 6:30. There was just time before dinner for the party to walk over to the Log Cabin Hotel,

QUITE AT THE BRINK OF THE CANYON

Where we located some of our party who were to sleep there. Then we peered out through the fast-falling gloom at the great canyon, and were hushed to silence by that vast stretch of twilight-filled space. It was already too dark to see outlines, but we were awed with even that dim glimpse of the wonders that lay awaiting us, the description of which this chronicler gleefully leaves to the Bear.

**THE EIGHTH DAY (Sunday, Feb. 15, 1903): THE
GRAND CANYON**

Even in the dark we could feel the mysterious presence of perhaps the First Wonder of the World as we looked out into the great void, silent and awful. Most of us spent the night in the car, and the heating apparatus having given out, we slept in a temperature of about ten degrees above zero and minded it not the least, so dry and pure was the air and so plucky and game were the ladies. In the morning, before breakfast, we hurried up again to the Rim, and what was a black pit the night before, "without form, and void," was now

A GLORIOUS CHASM FILLED WITH PEAKS

and monstrous cuts in the rock, torn with gigantic slashes, and, as the Santa Fé so justly and continually remarks, "painted like a flower."

In this manner the party wished the Grand Canyon described, but the Bear has too much respect for Nature to paw over it with his Waterman fountain pen. None but a blithering idiot would attempt an adequate description of this stupendous amphitheatre. One might as well undertake a picture of the Day of Judgment. When that eventful day finally comes the ceremonies will surely be held here. The canyon is built for a performance of this kind.

Among the first things we did was to seek out Captain Hance, the Baron Munchausen

of this place. He tells impossible stories with the calm air of an advertising man and the gentle assurance of a spring poet. But he

ABSOLUTELY REFUSED TO TAKE US DOWN THE
CANYON

The Bear, with all claws set, attempted the first reach or two of this trail. It was covered with hard-packed snow and ice, was about two feet wide, and a slip would have sent one sailing into space. Captain Hance certainly was right in refusing to lead our party down the trail, and his caution explains the extraordinary statement that no serious accident has ever occurred at the canyon. The sides drop anywhere from 300 to 3,000 feet, and why some maniac has not chosen this dramatic opportunity to end his days we can't imagine. I confess that, standing, as we continually did, on the brink of these chasms, my legs felt as though they were made of jelly which had not thoroughly jelled.

In the morning we drove, and two of us rode ponies, to some point to look over the canyon. In the afternoon all went together in a huge old-fashioned stage to Sentinel Point and looked some more. The horses in this part of the world are wonders, so sure of foot and intelligent.

THE GAZELLE AND BEAR GALLOPED BACK TO THE
CAR

over frozen roads and at breakneck speed, yet not a hair's breadth did they slip.

The afternoon we spent about No. 99, now our old and true friend, the bird sharp of our party going into spasms of joy over the big blue jays; as big as crows and as brilliant as *The Ladies' Home Journal*. They picked up a late lunch from the tracks beside our car. Other visitors came in a mangy crowd of Hava Supai Indians (from the Cataract Canyon, forty miles away), who made us pay ten cents each for a glimpse of their filthy babies. It is strange how these Indians charm us—but this they certainly do.

THE NINTH DAY (February 16)

Those of us who were at the "Bright Angel" hotel were aroused before daylight by the stentorian voice of a mighty mountaineer roaring and resounding through the hall, "Six o'clock! Those wishing to sleep until seven have an hour yet!" A few minutes later the same resonant fog-horn yelled the word "Breakfast!" Needless to say

THE SEVEN-O'CLOCK SLEEPERS GAVE UP

and arose to see the indolent sun follow suit. Those in the car had an even more dramatic awakening. The mercury in the thermometer had been hovering around zero for two days, and the poor, overworked steam pipes became discouraged, and at about 6 A. M. a coupling blew off with a report that made the Bears and the Lambs wish they had lived better lives, and

induced resolutions for the future, conditioned upon a preservation and prolongation of life. Alas! how sad that they should so soon be broken.

Well, we have started again on our pursuit of the "Setting Sun." We intended to stay another day at "Bright Angel," but because of

THE DECLINATION OF CAPTAIN HANCE TO
GUIDE US

down the trail, we decided to start on ahead of our schedule, notwithstanding the fact that our Mighty Magician of a Hobo had ordered two sleighs to be shipped from Williams, sixty-five miles away, for our use on a trip to Grand View at the head of Cameron's trail, to-day. So we bade farewell to that marvel of nature which has baffled the best descriptive powers of so many competent writers, and by its immensity appalled the cleverest of artists, and at nine o'clock car No. 99, with its ravenous but hilarious party at breakfast, began to roll back toward Williams.

During our somewhat protracted wait at that point we had an interesting discussion on ethics and religion, and while we seemed to agree that

THE REALLY HONEST MAN IS A SOMEWHAT
RARE EXOTIC,

and that Diogenes, were he with us to-day, would have to work his lantern overtime, the trend of mankind is, after all, toward a better and

simpler religion, irrespective of creeds and, in a measure, of churches. There were some irrelevant remarks about a recent blanket purchase, with convincing arguments by the Lamb that commercial law and the law of the survival of the fittest require that purchases should always be made in the cheapest markets obtainable.

At 3:30 P. M. we left Williams for Raymond, and our next victim has the light and easy task of recording our first impressions of California.

THE TENTH DAY (February 17th)

With a shiver of cold, the tourists arose, pulled up the stateroom curtain, and there was still the "desert." True, there was the "yucca," showing that we were in California. But where were the flowers—especially where was the warm, sunny climate? For an hour we rode. Suddenly, we passed through a rocky gorge in the mountains, then the train glided on a down-track; quickly the grass became green and we were in the San Bernardino Valley. We had crossed the Divide—the great Divide between God's land and man's land—we were in California! The dream of years had been realized! On sped the train, and as the cakes piled onto the merry breakfast table (and disappeared as quickly as they came), the "special" seemed to go on through a perfect lane of orange and lemon groves, with the pepper trees laden with their fruit, the almond trees in bloom, cacti everywhere, while the sweet, green grass sent a fresh aroma on

the "back porch" of car Number 99 that seemed like a breath of a May day in the East. The pictures of the lithographer's art which we had for years seen of distant, snowpeaked mountains, with orange trees with their deep-geen leafage and golden fruit in full bearge in the foreground, became pictures of the eye.

LEAVING OLD No. 99

Eleven o'clock brought us to Raymond station, and there must be the parting of the tourists with "99," which for seven days had been their home on wheels. It seemed strange to see the car of pleasant friendships and memories pull out of the depot with the tourists on the station platform and the gentlemanly Hobo on the "back porch" waving his good-by to his traveling companions. But tides and railroads wait for no man, and less so on sentiment, and in a moment the thread seemed to be broken. It was not strange, perhaps, that a tug at the heartstrings seemed a general feeling as the tourists climbed into the hotel 'bus and in a moment or two were landed on a sure-enough porch—the porch of the Hotel Raymond. Truly, the tourists in a special car had fallen to the level of a first-class hotel filled with people dressed in studied negligee. In less than ten minutes every member of the party was in a bathtub, and everything, save the memories of "99," went with the water through the drains.

AT RAYMOND-PASADENA

It was certainly like a dream-picture that the tourists looked upon from the front of the hotel an hour later—a hotel set in the middle of a garden with a flora as profuse in February as in June in the East. Twenty-four hours ago we were shivering in an atmosphere of zero; now the thermometer smiled at us as it registered seventy degrees.

With lunch over, the Gazelle chaperoned the ladies to Pasadena, while the Bear and the Lamb took up their golf-sticks and sought the links. Then came a view of the first California sunset, and with it the tourists shed their traveling clothes and, arrayed in full evening garb, became part of the life around them.

But with recollections of a freer life and the little sitting-room of "99" they cry aloud:

"How long, O Lord, how long?"

FROM THE ELEVENTH TO THE FOURTEENTH DAYS
(February 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st)

It is a terrible come-down from the privacy and unrestrained hilarity of our dear departed car to the commonplace, Waldorf-Astoria sort of hotel, thronged with fashionables, mostly from the effete East. No singing at the table here; no more jollyng; nothing to eat but too much food; nothing to wear but our bestest clothes; nowhere to go but out (for parlors and corridors swarm with tourists)—out on the golf links, out on the trolley car,

OUT TO THE ORIENTAL AND INDIAN SHOPS

out a-carriage ridin', out a-callin' and answerin' telephone calls. There was no time to write letters; none even to write up this diary, which had to wait for our ride in a parlor car to San Diego.

The Lamb and the Bear made the mistake of their lives when they allowed themselves to be interviewed by the first reporter. Presently reporters began to swarm around like hornets, especially after some tactful, pleasant remarks about Women's Clubs had been printed in newspapers of Los Angeles, the town where the federated Women's Clubs of America met only last year, and

WHERE THE WOMEN ARE SO ADVANCED (?)

as to have erected two fine club-houses. Oh! gentle Lamb, how could you be so cruel?

As it turned out, all the Tenderfeet had friends in Pasadena: the Johnsons, their pretty trained nurse now pitifully wrecked by tuberculosis; the Boks' school friends, photographers and reporters; the Doubledays, some Indian cranks and Brooklyn relatives. The latter came to lunch with them on Wednesday to compare traveling experiences. What the Dickinson relatives missed by not leaving the train for side trips in New Mexico and Arizona was mercilessly borne in upon them until they winced with pain. After luncheon, while the men chased the merry Haskells

over the links, the wives, with the Dickinson guests, drove around the country searching for a happier home on a ranch. We found a dream of a place: a bower of flowers surrounded by acres of orange trees in full bearing and a would-be host whose western hospitality was quickly quenched by an overpowering, austere spouse who

WOULDN'T BE BOTHERED WITH US

—*Us* with a capital U, erstwhile the pampered darlings of the Santa Fé: *Us*, for whom kings had abdicated thrones and Hibbards their private cars. Poor Tenderfeet: they are getting thorns in them!

Bright and early Thursday morning "the original ostrich farm of California" was visited and the kodaks snapped incessantly. Doubtless the pictures will do more than this blunt lead pencil can to describe the gigantic, interesting birds. Like so many other enterprises in California, this farm is owned and managed by Englishmen. The intelligent keeper of the ostriches has served his apprenticeship in Africa. Oh! how these Englishmen travel from their little isle to the ends of the earth if only they may make a living.

This Recording Angel's lips need to be touched with a live coal if she is to tell of Charles F. Lummis,

PERHAPS THE BEST-KNOWN MAN IN CALIFORNIA

and filled with the spirit of the just (though the Tenderfeet are not unanimous on that point);

certainly a good deal of a crank and more or less of a genius. We found him dressed in white cotton overalls and jacket, his flannel shirt open at the throat, hatless, an aureole of bushy, grayish hair around his keen but pleasant face; with trowel in hand—for he was laying a wall to extend his house when we entered his grounds. But he quickly dropped his tools to welcome the Sequoia Leaguers. Sometime, if he lives to be two hundred or so, he will finish the house which he has built thus far with the help of only an Indian boy. One section—enough for comfort—is now lived in by his family. It has taken him four years to build it, but the work has been his recreation and joy.

Steeped as he is in Spanish history, how could he build anything but a mission-house with thick stone walls, red-tiled roof, open court—in which a beloved old sycamore spreads its blanched limbs toward the encircling walls. An ancient bronze bell, brought from a distant mission, swings from the arched gateway, giving the verisimilitude of truth to an already convincing bit of architecture. Solid hand-hewn doors, with hand-wrought hinges, swing inward, and we enter upon rooms filled with treasures that every museum in the land must envy: exquisite weavings of the Incas, pottery from prehistoric cliff-dwellings, Pueblo ollas, rarely beautiful old Mexican and Navajo blankets, Spanish manuscripts, Latin

MISSALS FROM THE FIRST AMERICAN MONASTERIES
Peruvian cloth with the pattern inserted like

that of a Persian Kez Killim, marvelous Mexican opals, and paintings by William Keith, a truly great artist after the composite manner of Rousseau, Corot and Constable, of whom we of the effete East had never even heard but whom we hope to meet in San Francisco. Artistic, historic and prehistoric treasures galore has our host, and with such alone is his house adorned. Surely this is a tangible exponent of William Morris's theory that a home should contain only that which is useful or what is believed to be beautiful.

This was a strenuous day, for another lunch party to the Lambs was immediately followed by a round of calls in Los Angeles by the Lady Tenderfeet, while their exempt husbands toyed once more with the Haskells and Kempshels. It might have been expected that the deserted wives of the High and Mighty Hobo and the Conservator would turn cold shoulders upon us, but the warmth of the reception given us by Mrs. Byrne and Miss McGee, who did the honors in her mother's absence, convinced us that the men of those households did not tell all about this party that they knew.

GREAT EXCITEMENT THRILLED THE TENDERFEET

on Friday morning when Mr. Hill, of Pasadena, took some of us for a trolley ride among the foothills of the Sierras and the most perfect bungalow was discovered in the midst of an earthly paradise that might possibly be rented for a consideration. While hope of securing this ideal resting-place

remained, we floated around in rose-colored clouds of ecstasy, in which Robert and his griddle appeared as if in a mirage. We have the memory of that morning among the heavenly foothills—"simply that and nothing more."

Another dash to Los Angeles and we reached the California Club in time for the splendiferous violet luncheon given the Tenderfeet by Mr. and Mrs. Byrne and Dorothy's friend, Constance. Reminiscences of a busy week were the staple of conversations. Yes, decidedly, California is the greatest State in the Union (except possibly the Empire or the Keystone). Once more the men

DESERT US FOR THE GOLF-LINKS,

this time to the Country Club, while Mrs. Byrne takes the ladies to drive through miles and miles of streets lined with charming homes, for the most part small or unpretentious, but of a surprisingly high average of architecture. It is true these beautiful, luxuriant gardens would enhance the attractiveness of any home, but we all agreed that we had never seen elsewhere so many homelike, artistic, high-class residences to the mile as in Los Angeles.

But then, we had not seen Pasadena. On Saturday morning our good Samaritan, Mr. Hill, took us to drive through the beautiful shady avenues of this gem of a little city whose suburb, Altadena, makes the boasted suburbs of

BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA LOOK LIKE "TWO BITS,"

as they call a quarter of a dollar here; that is to say, they look, by comparison, less than thirty cents.

Half a dozen families offered to move themselves out of their happy homes if we cared to occupy them for a week or longer—to live at hotels, camp out, sleep in the gutter, live anyhow so that we pampered Easterners might get what we wanted. The hospitality and kindness of these good people are wholesome lessons to take to heart.

The evening of the 21st was eventful because our Conservator brought Mrs. McGee to dine with us. Mr. Vroman showed us a series of photographs that he made of the route the Tenderfeet had traveled so recently—marvelous pictures, showing a skill that is not surpassed by any one in America and an appreciation of the Red Man in his natural environment that awed even Indian Nell into silence.

THE FIFTEENTH DAY (February 22nd)

Bright and early on the next morning of the great and glorious 22nd we all left the Raymond, again as guests of Mr. Byrne, the erstwhile High and Mighty Hobo, in a special observation car, for the far-famed "kite-shaped track." The rest of the party included Mrs. Byrne and her two little girls, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Clover and Mr. and Mrs. McGee.

After riding two or more hours through a wonderful fruit-growing district, we left the train at Redlands, where a commodious four-in-hand was awaiting us; and after a short delay at the corner druggist's, where our great black Bear *must* absorb an alleged bromo-seltzer, we were driven about the town and then out to Smiley Heights, where the road turned and twisted for miles through a wilderness of strange and beautiful vegetation, until we overlooked the country round and the miles of perfectly kept orange groves, looking for all the world like "Alice's" chess-board in the looking-glass. We returned to Redlands at noon, and had lunch at Casa Loma, in weirdly assorted groups, then back to our train, which soon afterward deposited us at Riverside, where we had another and more glorious drive

THROUGH SUCH A WEALTH OF ORANGE GROVES

as we had never dreamed of, extending mile after mile as far as the eye could reach. The town here is very thriving, the new public school a perfect joy to look upon, a pure type of the mission architecture, as is also the great Indian school here; but above and beyond everything stands out in my memory the stately Magnolia Avenue, apparently going on forever with its five rows of trees—the graceful, brilliantly berried pepper trees in the centre. White with dust, we returned again to our train and were entertained for some time with original recitations by Mr. Clover, and

much conversation on all sides, and at six-something, or thereabouts, we found ourselves back at the Raymond, tired as dogs, it is true, but with another evergreen firmly planted in memory's garden.

THE SIXTEENTH DAY (February 23d)

On Monday morning we arose refreshed, and adamant as to our resolve of the previous day that we would move on down to San Diego; so while the Bear, Lamb and Gazelle gambolled on the green with Mr. Fiske,

THEIR POOR LITTLE WIVES SLAVED OVER TRUNKS

and valises, Mrs. Lamb being expeditious enough to accomplish one last flight into Pasadena for the purpose of scattering shekels in certain curio establishments as usual; and at 12:30 we all met about our once festive board, so changed is it, alas! from those glad feasts on our never-to-be-forgotten Car 99. Then we thankfully bade good-by to the Raymond and all its glories and departed via the blessed Santa Fé (long may it wave!), only to find our good Conservator awaiting us at Los Angeles with pockets bulging with our accumulated mail. Not only that, but he announced the cheering fact that he was to accompany us; that all the thorns might be removed from the path of our still tender feet.

After riding two or three hours through very beautiful country, always with the Sierra Madre and San Jacinto ranges for the background,

**WE CAME UPON OUR FIRST GENUINE POPPY
FIELD,**

followed very shortly by the picturesque mission of San Juan Capistrano, which was founded the same year that our nation was, and which was partially destroyed in 1812 by an earthquake. Not long after this we came upon the glorious Pacific, our train running for sixty miles along the coast, with now and then a few rocks near shore plentifully besprinkled with seals sunning themselves; then came little coves and inlets alive with ducks sailing, diving and flying. When at last we reached San Diego, a wagonette carried us down to the wharf, then on the ferry and across the bay to Coronado, which is on a peninsula, and we find ourselves ensconced in a mammoth caravansary, not conspicuous for its beauty, but, as our Conservator remarks, containing in its lower regions

“EVERYTHING FROM MANICURES TO CURIOS,”

so some of us should be contented while others golf. However that may be, we all speedily “seek the seclusion which our cabins grant,” to be fit for the fray again to-morrow.

THE SEVENTEENTH DAY (February 24th)

On awaking from sleep more or less troubled, the party decided that they loathed this place. By noon, however, they had taken heart and

realized that they were dangerously near liking it, and when luncheon came, and each one of them had devoured thirty-two steamed clams, they rose in a body and declared that no one would ever, ever hear them say

“WE ARE GOING AWAY FROM HERE”

In detail, their day was as follows: After breakfast the Bear, the Lamb and the Gazelle went off for golf, and had a fine morning on the links, which has the San Diego Bay on one side and the Pacific Ocean on the other. The Conservator took the ladies to San Diego by trolley, going to what the H. and M. Hobo would call the “hoopskirts” of the town, where they spent twenty minutes on the porch of a pavilion overlooking a great valley which lay below them. The San Jacinta Mountains, with the Sierra Madres back of them, were ahead of us—the valley between—and two miles from where we sat was the oldest mission in California. As we rested,

THE MEADOW LARKS FILLED THE AIR WITH THEIR
SONGS

and the music and the quiet restfulness of it all entered our hearts and peace came. All met at the Coronado Salt-water Swimming Tank at 1 P. M. and had a glorious time swimming and sliding down chutes from dizzy heights—and no height was too dizzy for the Littlest D. G. S.

She distinguished herself, and I am sure she has another evergreen for her garden, worthy of a place near that other to which her Albuquerque calico pony is tied. In the afternoon the party walked along the shore to the Tea Garden, finding a new type of ice-plant and numberless sweet-smelling wild flowers along the way. The gate of the Tea Garden was opened for us by

A SMILING, SOFT-VOICED LITTLE JAPANESE
WOMAN

Kiku Saito by name, to whom we all instantly lost our hearts. She served us with tea and cakes in a lovely little arbor, every proportion and detail of which seemed as perfect as it was *petite*. The garden was as neat and pretty as could be, with its little stream, its growing bamboo, its lake filled with gold fish, and its bits of lawn with tiny, twisted old trees that "antedate all dates," if we are to believe what was told us. A Japanese house was in the centre, to which guests were invited if they would put on the Japanese straw slippers before entering the antiseptically clean dwelling.

We left the garden and Saito with regret, and walked back to the hotel in an air that was wonderful in its sweetness, and balminess that was as bracing as it was delicious.

THE SUNSET OVER THE PACIFIC

was something to be remembered and worthy of another tree-planting. By this time we hated

to leave Coronado—but plans had been made for us and we had to start northward the next morning at 8 o'clock.

THE EIGHTEENTH DAY (February 25th)

After a four hours' ride from San Diego we reached Los Angeles, still in the company of our Conservator. We refused to be parted from him, and asked him to take luncheon with us at Levy's—a place which did not fulfil all our hopes for it. After luncheon our Conservator escorted us to the train, where we were to begin our acquaintance with the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Kind people met us here, welcomed us to their road, and gave us

A COMFORTABLE START FOR SANTA BARBARA, but our minds were full of the thought that now we must part from our Conservator. He beamed kindly, paternal smiles, but we found words absurdly inadequate when it came to voicing our grateful adieus to that Prince of Caretakers. His courtesy and graciousness, all the time that we had been with him, had far exceeded the bounds of any "instructions," and we treasure the memory of that kindly gentleman.

NINETEENTH TO THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY
(Thursday, February 26th to March 4, 1903)

AT SANTA BARBARA

Once more the Santa Fé influence was felt, as Mr. Ripley had engaged rooms for us at the

Arlington. The place was so crowded we should probably have been obliged to sleep hung on the nail of a front porch but for his kindness.

Of course the first thing we did after a ten-hours' sleep was to pay our respects to Mr. Ripley, who again pushed us along in the real Santa Fé style by inviting us to play golf, putting us up for a fortnight's membership at the Santa Barbara Country Club, and in general giving us the right hand of fellowship in its most fraternal and helpful form.

The brutes of the party played golf perhaps a *little*—just a very little—more than the law allows; and seeing an impending cloud arising on the face of the sun of feminine loveliness, Mrs. Ripley invited the ladies to a golf widows' lunch, which, as an exhibition of tact as well as human kindness, we agreed came close to the limit.

I suppose something should be said here about Santa Barbara, but I feel an embarrassment to know how to begin, as the lady did at the Grand Canyon. She approached the edge of this terrific chasm, "13 miles wide, 218 miles long and painted like a flower," and began to adjust her puny camera in an agony of uncertainty whether to fix the focus at thirty-five feet or put the gauge up to a full one hundred.

Santa Barbara is a place to stay in, not to stop a day or two. Its delightful combination of mountains, sea, flowers and sunshine would take a full-page advertisement of *Country Life in America* to properly describe. There is everything to do: you can swim in the ocean or in the

pool—Los Baños del Mar; you can drive a new road, they say, every day for a month; you can spend your husband's money in baskets and other things; you can play golf until you drop on the most beautiful links you ever saw along the ocean's shore; you can talk Spanish to your Mexican caddies, and they won't understand that you are cussing them for a lost ball; you can play tennis at the club, and craps at the corner saloon; you can sleep after lunch without rocking (even the Gazelle did); you can ride horseback until every bone rises up and howls with pain (the Lady Bear's bones did: we heard 'em); you can meet old friends on the streets—the Gazelles met the Knoxes, the Lambs met an aunt who had recently married a thrice-mated old gentleman who was building an old ladies' home to pass his last days in; the Bears met the Lockwood De Forests and planned a scheme for Rudyard Kipling's visit to this country which will probably be killed; and we all met Carrie Nation, "our loving home defender," who haranged us vigorously on the evils of smoking cigarettes, especially as the fumes of the weed issued from the mouth of *The Ladies' Home Journal*; you can visit the mission which is supposed to be particularly great, and see an old and beautiful building run by modern thrifty monks who show around hordes of visitors for a small fee; if you are a lady you can't set foot in the mission gardens because only three women ever have done so; you can believe all you like about these Santa

Barbara mission stories and forget the rest; you can ride on an observation trolley-car and see the whole town in two hours for fifty cents per mutton head; and so on.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH AND TWENTY-SEVENTH DAYS

We have at last discovered why we brought our umbrellas more than three thousand miles from their happy homes, for we have actually experienced a rainy day—the first on our travels—and that naturally draws attention to the water question which, in an Irish sense, is a burning one with the California ranchers. In some of the most prolific fruit-growing sections the average total rainfall does not exceed fifteen inches per annum, and every drop is husbanded—the Los Angeles River is not even permitted the luxury of a mouth, all of its wetness being diverted and absorbed before reaching the sea.

It seems odd that in such a State the water exported should amount to many thousand tons annually. It goes out

DONE UP IN NEAT AND SUCCULENT FORM

to the markets of the world; of course I refer to the citrus fruits.

During the absence of the lady members of the Zoo at Mrs. Ripley's house, the male specimens inveigled the large-minded, delightfully many-sided and able President of the Santa Fé into one of their dens at the Arlington for luncheon. Then,

feeling that we should not further attempt to gild fine gold, the Zoo pulled up stakes and bade good-by to Santa Barbara.

Here ends this truthful chronicle, for we have sailed out from under the kindly hands of the Santa Fé. No more will the gentle and patient High and Mighty Hobo cast a spell about us, and make engines and cars, and meat and drink, and sunshine and shade appear as by a "magic"; not again shall the suave Conservator appear at our right hand and take us out of all our minor troubles, answer all our questions, give us the impression that there is no time but our time and nothing going on in the world excepting just US.

THE END



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TOWARD THE SUNRISE
ON "THE SUNSET"