

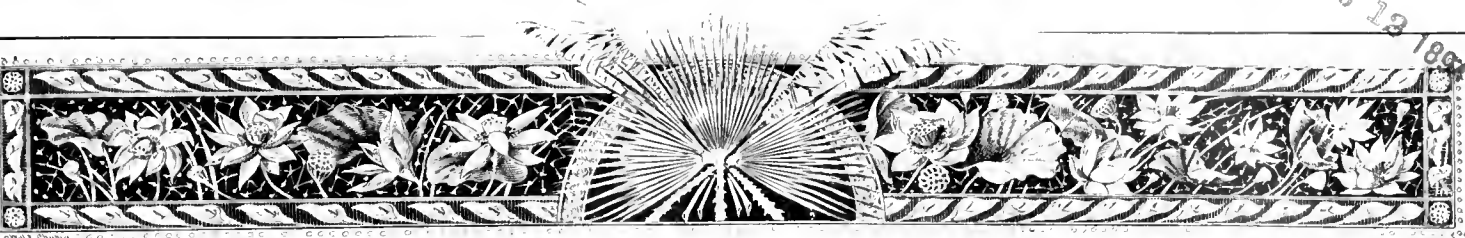


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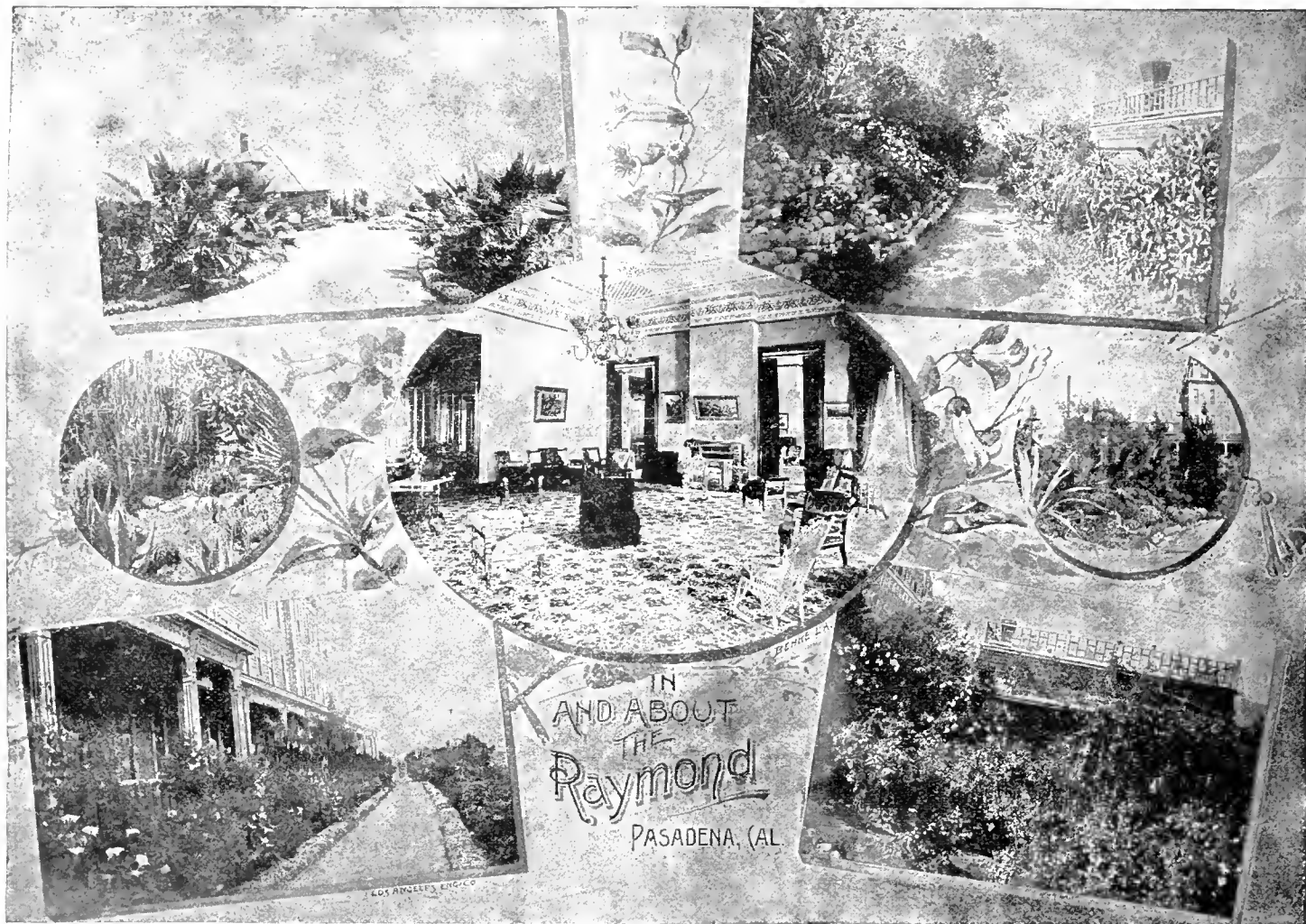
A DECEMBER SCENE, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Knight, Photo.

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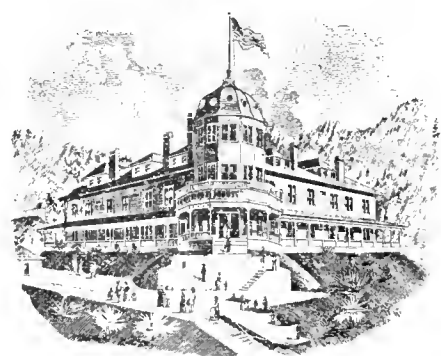
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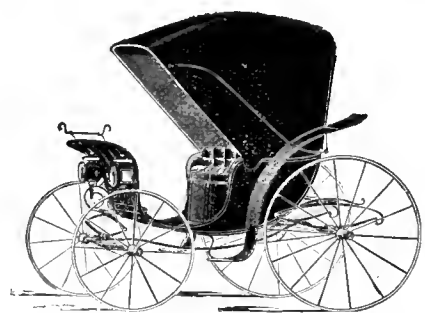


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LAND OF SUNSHINE

LOS ANGELES

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

DECEMBER, 1894

THE SEA COAST OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

ONE of the most attractive features of Southern California is the long line of sea coast, which extends in a northwesterly and southeasterly direction for a distance of about 275 miles, from above Point Concepcion in Santa Barbara county to the Mexican boundary line just below San Diego. Between these two points there is much to interest the tourist, the naturalist, the geologist and the lover of nature.

A great advantage which this coast possesses over similar lines of shore on the Atlantic is the fact that its beauties and attractions may be enjoyed during every month of the year. The larger mass of the great Japan warm stream that reaches

Traveling east from Point Concepcion, along the coast of Santa Barbara county some of the most romantic scenery in Southern California is found, with sloping foothills covered with live oaks in the back ground and the channel islands looming up from the peaceful ocean. Many travelers see a great resemblance between the coast near Santa Barbara and the Bay of Naples.

The picturesque scenery continues through Ventura county and the western portion of Los Angeles county, where the mountains come close down to the sea shore. The location of Santa Monica is very similar to that of Santa Barbara, which gives it a particularly mild climate. South of Santa Monica is Redondo, and then the bold promontory of Point Fermin is passed, on the other side of which is San Pedro.



A BIT OF CATALINA COAST.

the American coast about latitude fifty degrees, sweeps southward along the shores with an average breadth of three or four hundred miles, and a rate of about sixteen miles per day. As a consequence the climate is so mild that sea-bathing is indulged in by all but the most delicate, even at Christmas time.

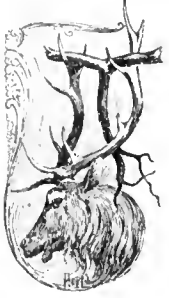
The northern limit of this mild climate is found at Point Concepcion, north of which there is a great change, as those who journey from San Francisco to Southern California by steamer soon find out. A few miles north of the point there is generally a strong wind blowing, which continues with more or less intensity all along the coast from there north, while just south of the point the ocean may be, and generally is, almost as calm as a mill pond.

After leaving San Pedro and Long Beach, the coast, along the shore of Orange county, becomes less mountainous, the range being further inland.

San Juan Capistrano is a picturesque point, with the ruins of an old mission. From here to San Diego the Southern California Railway runs close to or upon the sea shore, giving travelers an excellent opportunity to admire the beauties of this attractive stretch of country, which is destined before long to be thickly settled.

Of the picturesque coast of Catalina Island and its deep, transparent waters, the caverns and sea-worn cliffs of La Jolla, or of San Diego city and its beautiful bay, and Coronado with its big hotel, space will not permit more than a mention in this article.

DEER HUNTING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



HOSI, who have formed their idea of deer from pictures only, are quite apt when they first hunt for one, to be looking for some large animal in statuesque pose, distance about forty feet. With eyes so trained by fancy one might hunt a whole season where deer were plenty and never see one unless in full run. A deer at rest on the ground where he generally feeds, lives and sleeps, is, even when standing up, one of the hardest of all things to catch with the eye. Especially is this the case with the deer of Southern California when in the chaparral that once robed in dense, somber green so many of the hills. The exceptions

seems unusually grateful, and will sometimes jump it a dozen times the same night to show his appreciation of your kindness. The teeth that have been chattered loose by dry ranchers sitting up all night to get a shot at one of these visitors average several dozen to each pound of venison secured. Unless so near that they are quite sure to smell a man, it is next to impossible to see a deer even by moonlight. And almost as difficult is it for one not used to night shooting to hit one at night, even with a shot gun. Unless in a pit in the ground so as to see the deer's whole body above the horizon, the tyro is quite apt to miss or only cripple the game.

Little better does the hay grauger generally fare when, with grim determination, he starts out to track the marauders to their brushy home on the mountain the next morning.



A LONG SHOT.

are few, and nothing but trained eyes of the keenest by nature will make a good deer hunter; for on seeing this game before it sees you depends the greatest part of the hunter's success.

The deer of Southern California, though commonly called "black tail," is the mule deer of the Rocky Mountains and Mexico, named after his immense ears. He is still found in all the rough hills from coast to mountain top where not too much hunted. If not worried too much he cares little for settlement. Some kinds of it he especially loves. He dotes on the chap who plants muscat grapes up some little cañon, and is not at all particular whether you plant plums or apples for him to browse on. If accommodated with an extra high fence to give him plenty of play and exercise he

In the somber depths of the dense chaparral the deer often lies so close expecting that you will pass without seeing him, that you may almost tread on him before he will stir. And he is rarely safer than when the first stroke of his sharp hoofs almost throws the dust in your eyes. By the time you have whirled your rifle into position there is nothing left to shoot at, and the crack of brush soon ceases as the game, with lowered head and silent tread skulks softly out of sight.

In more open brush he rarely waits, but hearing afar the clumsy tread of heavy boots is "just a goin' over the ridge" well out of shot about the time the hunter, under cover of a tall clump of sumac or photinia, scrambles on a rock to get a good view of the ground. The experienced hunter knows that such deer, being well filled with substantial raisin

grapes, will lie down very early and he either gets on the hills by daybreak or lets them alone.

The finest hunting is in and around the live oak groves when acorns are ripe. The deer are not only fond of these, but on this feeding ground will linger late in the morning if not too much disturbed. Some of them are like old English parks and the hunting is the easiest in the world. In the shade of live oaks that were pioneers when Cabrillo was in his cradle, you have only to lounge cautiously about, keeping a keen eye on the adjacent hills as well as down the dim aisles of the forest. And often you will have to stoop low and scan all the vistas that radiate away from you. Beware that your untrained eye does not pass over something looking like mere sticks, for they may be a pair of trim legs with the body above them hidden by the hanging green of some majestic oak.

And when, after long inspection, you perhaps see one of the sticks move, or see a head come down to the ground, or a big round ear show against a patch of sunlight, it by no means follows that you have the game. Long shots are very unreliable in such ground on account of the unseen twigs that are strong enough to deflect a bullet, as well as the difficulty of ascertaining distance in such surroundings. The ground that makes such easy walking is so open that the deer has the same advantage over you that you have over him. Your eyes are better than his to determine the nature of anything at rest, but in detecting a motion his eyes are infinitely superior to yours. You will therefore need all possible caution in getting closer.

Sometimes you may approach under cover of a tree trunk and perhaps a little water course sunk below the level of the grove may aid you, but if the deer is eating acorns from the ground you may crawl quite near him over plain, open ground, provided you may have brought with you your nerve and patience, without which you have no business hunting deer. When his head is down you may creep along with little danger of his seeing you, but the moment he raises it you must stop and remain in whatever position you happen to be. As he will raise his head every minute or two to look for danger, and look for some time, you often find this very awkward. The moment he drops it again for another acorn, scramble out the best time you can without making any noise, for the deer is liable at any time to think the acorns somewhere else are better, and it may take him but a moment to wheel entirely out of your sight. Nor is it so easy as one might think, after traveling a hundred yards or two in this way, to hold a rifle with steadiness for a sure shot. Attempting to rest your elbow on the ground is a dangerous reliance for one not used to it, and when you are unnerved by crawling and anxiety, the way a big buck will dwindle into one of the smallest of marks through the sights of a rifle is wonderful.

When a darker blue begins to creep over the chaparral and rosy haze to flood the valleys, then the deer are on foot

again after dozing away the heat of the day in shade. Then every little spot of grey, brown, white, and even black must be scanned with a quick and accurate eye. Now it may be the light grey rim of an ear above the brush, or the faint white of a rump in its depths, or the tine of a horn, looking to the common eye like the weather beaten tip of a bit of brush. Or it may be only a bit of fur that glistens like a thousand other things in the hills. Ten thousand things must be examined perhaps before you find what you want, but they are all so plain to the practiced eye that you can read dozens of them at once, though every one of them may appear like part of a deer.

And when the eye has caught some faint spot, and watched it long enough to be sure of what it is, it may be too small a mark, or it may be uncertain where the body is, or the whole may be too far away. Then to make a long detour to get closer without coming into sight of it, and find it again after losing sight of it for several minutes and changing position entirely (on what, too, is probably strange ground) is the crucial test of patience and ingenuity. However carefully you may have marked it, everything now looks alike and the spot you saw is gone. Change in the direction of light is alone often enough to make it vanish, and one is very prone to conclude too hastily that it is gone or that he was deceived. If you want a sure shot, patience alone will help you. But generally you are in too much haste and a sudden smash of brush and a whirl of shining grey above it is the result of your first careless movement. It curves gently downward, leaving your bullet just above it, and in a moment more is out of sight in some little unseen ravine or skulks away perhaps in brush



HOME OF THE MULE-EARED DEER.

no more than waist high.

There are, however, exceptions to all rules, and among the many difficulties to be overcome the deer hunter will sometimes stumble upon an opportunity which, if seized, often partakes more of slaughter than science. An instance occurs to me, in the case of a friend who, after an unsuccessful hunt in the Temescal Range, had concluded, after doing his week's washing, to strike camp and leave the region in disgust. As his one hunting snit comprised his entire wardrobe, it was necessary for him to repair to the adjacent creek clothed in little else than entire ignorance of there being anything larger than a rabbit within miles of the camp. In order to cover the latter possibility he had taken the precaution to slip a single cartridge into his Winchester and take the rifle with him. He had not been long at nature's wash tub when the opportunity for a rabbit dinner occurred and bang went the Winchester. Imagine his feelings when, after a few crashes through the brush, a magnificent stag reached an eminence on the opposite side of the river bank and, pausing within easy range, looked down upon him in wide-eyed amazement for a moment and then vanished from the scene.

T.S. Van Dyke

A LOS ANGELES BANDIT.

HOSE who have read Bret Harte and others of his school to advantage, know the stereotyped border town with its air of lawlessness and general disregard for morality and order.

These pictures of Northern California and of settlements in other mining States, while they are correct even in detail as regards those localities, are representative only in outline of the conditions in Southern California during the same period. For here was color, suggestions of romance, lavishness of ornamentation in living and dress, which differed substantially from the life in the north, as things Latin differ from things Saxon.

Freed from social restraint, northern nature was noisy, hilarious, quarrelsome, rough and pugnacious, with money or whisky usually for *causa belli*. The flannel shirt and cowhide boots were accepted as elegant enough for any occasion, and anything so fine as a "biled" shirt or broadcloth coat was treated with the scorn such effeminacy deserved. But in Los Angeles, under the same conditions, there was music, fandangoes, gay and elegant apparel, and instead of the open warlike demonstrations of the north, brigandage worthy of Spain or Italy, and the ever-ready dagger to cut off an enemy unawares.

In no way perhaps is the difference between the two sections better illustrated than in the tales of outlawry which have come down to us in the annals of the argonauts and other chronicles of the Forty-niners; and among those none is more characteristic of the Southland than that of Antonacio Moreno, the handsome, blue-blooded

Mexican, upon whose shoulders the mantle of the famous Murietta seemed for a time to have fallen.

After the death of Murietta, his followers drifted southward, and Los Angeles was soon in a state of siege. Citizens were stabbed or shot in broad daylight on the public streets, honest, money-laden ranchers robbed and murdered on the highway. No one seemed safe in any place from the solitary assassin or the mysterious band which came and went silently upon its sanguinary errands.

The Rangers, citizen soldiers enlisted to protect the town, searched in vain for a clue to the whereabouts of the marauders, and succeeded only in arriving in time to review the result of their work or in frightening a single bandit from the presence of his murdered victim.

One October night in this fearful year of '53, in defiance of the shadow of disasters which hung over the Angel city, a large adobe house on upper Main street threw open its hospitable doors, and fair women arrayed as became the dark-eyed daughters of the South, danced, smiled and coquetted with men upon whose brilliant apparel the severe fashions of

the gringo had made no impression. Light streamed from doors and windows recklessly opened to the street, proclaiming to all who might pass or draw near that plunder in abundance was within. The tinkling of harp and guitar accompanied by the whirling figures and merry laughter of the careless inmates offered ample protection to any outsider who might wish to approach unobserved and view the gay scene within.

The music grew louder and faster and the mirth more furious, when suddenly, without warning, the ball-room was invaded by a band of outlaws with a mysterious, masked leader who demanded politely, in Spanish, all the valuable jewels worn by the company. Even the fierce *caballero* yielded hastily his jeweled dagger and sparkling button which had served to make him fine in the eyes of some favored *senorita*, and the fair women gave up, with pale faces, their treasured baubles, only too glad to save the

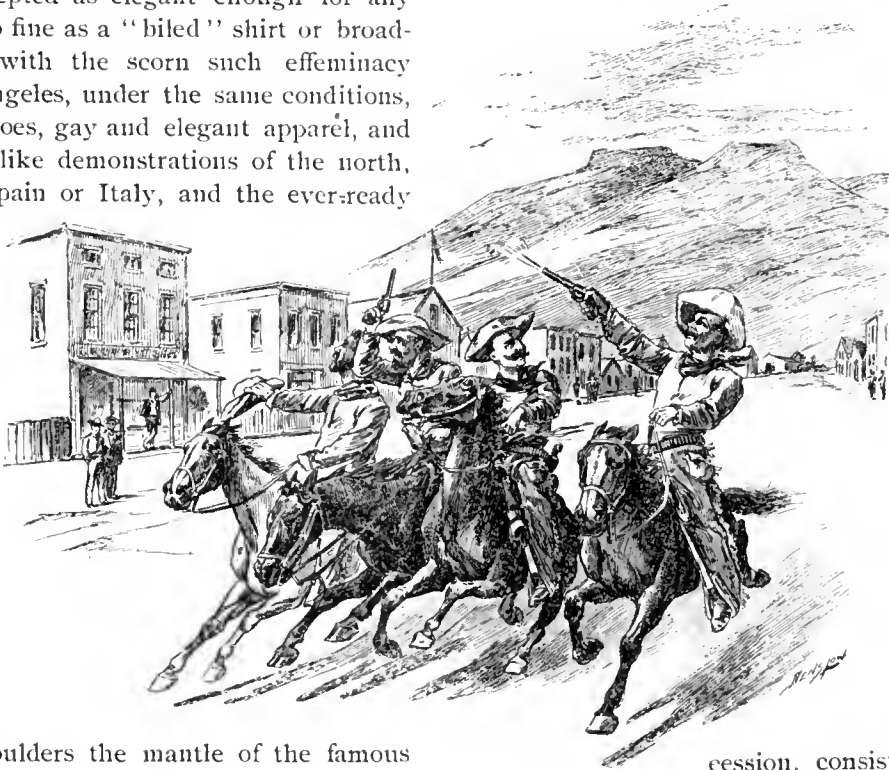
gathering from ending in bloodshed, and with thankful hearts watched the silent band take its departure.

This last outrage increased the uneasiness of the community, and the householders even feared to open their doors at night to welcome a belated stranger. Men went everywhere armed, and the Ranger bands redoubled their efforts to overtake and capture the ubiquitous band.

One cold, wet morning in December, there appeared in the jail yard a ghastly procession,

consisting of an Indian boy driving an ox cart, in which were extended five gory corpses, followed by the tall, handsome figure of Antonacio Moreno.

Moreno had been a Los Angeles merchant; had failed sometime before and disappeared. As he had been respected and trusted, his disappearance was considered mysterious, and his return in such company seemed strange and unaccountable. His story was in keeping with the character of the times and people, and ran as follows: He had been captured by the band of robbers of which Luis Vulvia, Murietta's lieutenant, was captain, and one Senati was second in command. Senati had killed the Los Angeles City Marshal, and for him fifteen hundred dollars reward had been offered; so he—Moreno—determined to bide his time and kill Senati. No chance offered for some months; when the band left Moreno in charge of Senati and three pickets, back of the Brea Ranch, in a cañon, and departed on some



expedition. Seizing a favorable opportunity, Moreno stabbed Senati in the back, when Vulvia appeared unexpectedly, only to share the same fate. The three guards he killed in order to effect his escape, and here was the whole ghastly load as proof of his story. Among the bodies, sure enough, were the valuable remains of Senati. The money was raised and paid over to Moreno, who was fêted as a hero and considered a benefactor by the whole people.

Soon after his return, however, he rashly displayed some of the valuables stolen on the night of the memorable ball, was arrested and confessed that he, himself, was the masked leader of the robber band, and had treacherously killed Senati for the reward; the rest for his own safety.

Moreno was tried and convicted, but as only horse and cattle stealing were unpardonable sins in those pastoral days, was merely sentenced to imprisonment; and was pardoned by the governor after four years. Afterwards he returned to Mexico and engaged in his old pursuits, in which it may be hoped he met the usual fate of his class and died "with his boots on."

M. E. W.

THE ELYSIUM OF OLD AGE.

At the last election in Los Angeles there came to the polls to cast his vote a Californian, Francisco Garcia by name, who is now 113 years of age. He was born in 1781, several months before the surrender of General Cornwallis at Yorktown, and just at the time that Father Junipero Serra was engaged in the work of establishing a chain of missions through California. The proofs of his great age are ample and would satisfy any court in the country.

The case of Francisco Garcia is by no means unique in California. In the neighborhood of all the old missions are to be found a number of Indians and Mexicans of extraordinary age. Cases of centenarians are frequent, and examples of life extending through 110, 120, even to 150 years, are to be found here and there throughout California.

The fact that so many cases of extreme longevity exist in this section has naturally called forth some discussion from scientific men, and it is generally agreed that the Southern California climate is peculiarly favorable to long life.

The subject of longevity had been given careful consideration by disciples of the healing art many centuries before California put in its appearance in their geography. It is, therefore, interesting to note how exactly the conditions which science has declared to be most conducive to long life

have been fulfilled in this climate. Extremes of heat and cold are to be avoided by those who would live to a good old age, as the frequently recurring shock tends to impair the strength and sap the vitality of the system. Moreover, a number of the diseases which are enemies of long life, grow out of these changing extremes of temperature—as the greater part of lung troubles come in winter, and of intestinal difficulties come in summer. A dry, warm soil is also accounted a necessary condition to healthful, easy life. Wet soil tends to produce malaria and zymotic diseases. It does not appear that moisture in the air is injurious—some writers contend, indeed, that it is especially advantageous—but it seems to be essential to the best conditions of health, that the soil should drain rapidly, and remain dry during a large part of the year.

All these conditions are so admirably fulfilled in Southern California that one almost feels that the country was especially created as an elysium of old age. In most sections of the temperate zone the thermometer runs from 110° Fahrenheit, down to 30° below zero—a total variation of 140 degrees. In California it never goes below 22° above zero, nor above 115°—a total variation of 93 degrees. But these figures call for explanatory comment. While it may be true that 30 below, or even 10 below, is rare in eastern climates, zero weather is very common, and that to the human system constitutes a decided extreme. But in Southern California the thermometer rarely drops to freezing point, and only once in several years gets down to 22° or 23° above zero, which could hardly be considered a serious extreme. The same is true of the higher temperatures. A temperature of 110 in Southern California—which is very rare—is never accompanied by sunstroke or even serious exhaustion. It is disagreeable, but it is certainly not as much of an extreme as 95 in the Eastern States.

In the matter of equability of temperature, figures of mean temperature may be better evidence. Taking the months of January and July we find the average mean at San Diego to be respectively 55° and 68°—a variation of 13 degrees; at Los Angeles, 54 and 71—variation 17 degrees; at San Bernardino, 52 and 76—variation 23 degrees; at

New York, 32 and 74—variation 42 degrees; at St. Paul, 22 and 73—variation 51 degrees.

Every year a number of pleasant homes are built in Southern California by people of advanced years, who desire to spend the latter portion of their lives in peaceful enjoyment.



DON FRANCISCO GARCIA, OF LOS ANGELES,
One hundred and thirteen years of age.

[10 C. STAMP] [2 C. STAMP]

At the parochial church of San José de Gracia, on the fourth day of the month of May, in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-one, I solemnly baptised a child three days old, whom I named Ygnacio Francisco de la Cruz Garcia, said child being the legitimate son of Don José Garcia and Doña Mariana Gonzales, both from Spain. The Godfather of said child being Don Felipe Carpena and the Godmother Doña Serafina Carpena. [Signed] Fr. JOSE PICO.

This is a correct and true copy of the original, taken on one sheet of common paper, with its corresponding stamps attached thereto, duly cancelled this twenty-seventh day of April, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.

MATIAS MORAN, E. P. N.

I hereby certify the above to be a correct translation of a baptismal certificate, given to me by Don Francisco de la Cruz Garcia, Los Angeles, May 20th, 1893. CHAS. H. FORBES!

[SEAL] Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of June, 1893. T. H. CUMMINGS, Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.



ADAMS STREET, LOS ANGELES.

IN the growth and development of a city, it invariably comes to pass that certain sections and certain streets attain to special popularity for residence purposes, and are built up with a superior grade of homes. Sometimes the favored

location seems to be selected by mere chance: but at other times the cause of its popularity can be found in its elevation, as in San Francisco, or its nearness to water, as in Chicago, or in such other advantages as special and early improvements, extra width of streets, excellence of soil, etc.

A reputation of this sort attained by any street or section is usually kept up for a long period of years. The presence of houses of a good grade and carefully kept places naturally attracts people of tastes akin to those already residing there.

For example, about seventy-five years ago New York people began to build fine homes on Fifth Avenue. Presently it became the principal residence street of the city, on which every family of social distinction was supposed to own a home. During the last twenty years trade has been steadily crowding its way northward, the famous avenue has deteriorated in a number of ways, and various cross streets and adjoining avenues have made great inroads upon its prestige as the abiding place of the "truly swell." But the magic of the name still clings, and property, much more desirable in other respects, situated off the avenue will not bring the



ADAMS STREET, LOOKING EAST.

Waite, Waite



ADAMS STREET, LOOKING WEST FROM FIGUEROA.

Waite, Photo

money that lots on the famous street will readily sell for.

In the early development of Los Angeles the hills were considered the most desirable residence sections, and many handsome places were located on the higher land above Buena Vista street and on Fort Hill. Many people, however, objected to the hills because of the labor of climbing them, and the city early showed a tendency to grow southward. In 1880, when the census revealed a population of 11,000 people, business had grown southward to First street, and residences were strung along Main street out

to Washington, where the only car line in the city ran. Broadway (then called Fort) and Spring and Hill were also populous residence streets, although after Sixth street, houses did not average more than two or three to the block. Beyond Washington street the city ceased to exist, except in name, and ten or twenty acre orange orchards and vineyards were the rule, with here and there a small cluster of houses.

It was at this time, 1880, that Adams street was regularly laid out and made a street of the city. Before that time it had existed only as a country road. In driving the length of the street as it existed then, from Main to Hoover streets, where it curves to the south, one would pass only three or four residences, the greater part of the land on both sides being set to orchards.

A city does not grow evenly, but has what might be called a spasmodic development. Thus it happened that the extreme southern section of the city was built up before much of the section lying between it and the center was fairly settled. Adams street was laid out ninety feet in width, instead of sixty or eighty, as many of the streets of the city are. The first people who bought property on that street and constructed homes began immediately to improve their surroundings, and as a first step in that direction planted shade trees along the sidewalks. Owners of unoccupied lots noting the tendency of the street to advance, many of them followed the lead, and set out shade trees in front of



RESIDENCE OF S. B. LEWIS.



RESIDENCE OF WESLEY CLARK.

Waite. Photo.

their property. The result is that at the present time almost the entire length of the street is shaded with tall eucalyptus and pepper trees, with here and there a few eypress, grevillea or acacia trees scattered in to lend variety to the view. Other streets of the city may perhaps contest with Adams street for the first place in popular esteem, but not one can show such long stretches of beautiful shade trees arching over the sidewalks and protecting most of the driveway from the rays of the sun.

The most highly improved sections of Adams street at present are between Main and Hoover streets, although east of Main there have recently been constructed a number of large and beautiful residences, and west of Hoover the places, though for the most part new, are many of them beautiful. In the central section of the street the frontage of each residence averages about one hundred feet, which makes two or three to the block. The houses vary in size from small cottages, costing \$2,000 or \$3,000, up to handsome edifices of \$15,000 or \$20,000. The beauty of the street, however, does not lie in the elegance of the dwellings, although as they are for the most part the homes of people of refinement and good taste, they are agreeable to the eye, but rests rather in the highly improved condition of the grounds, which form one continuous park from one end of the street to the other. The houses are set back some distance from the street, and the lawns in front are dotted with tropical trees and plants. There are no fences in front or behind the grounds. In some places low cypress hedges mark the boundary lines, but between many of the

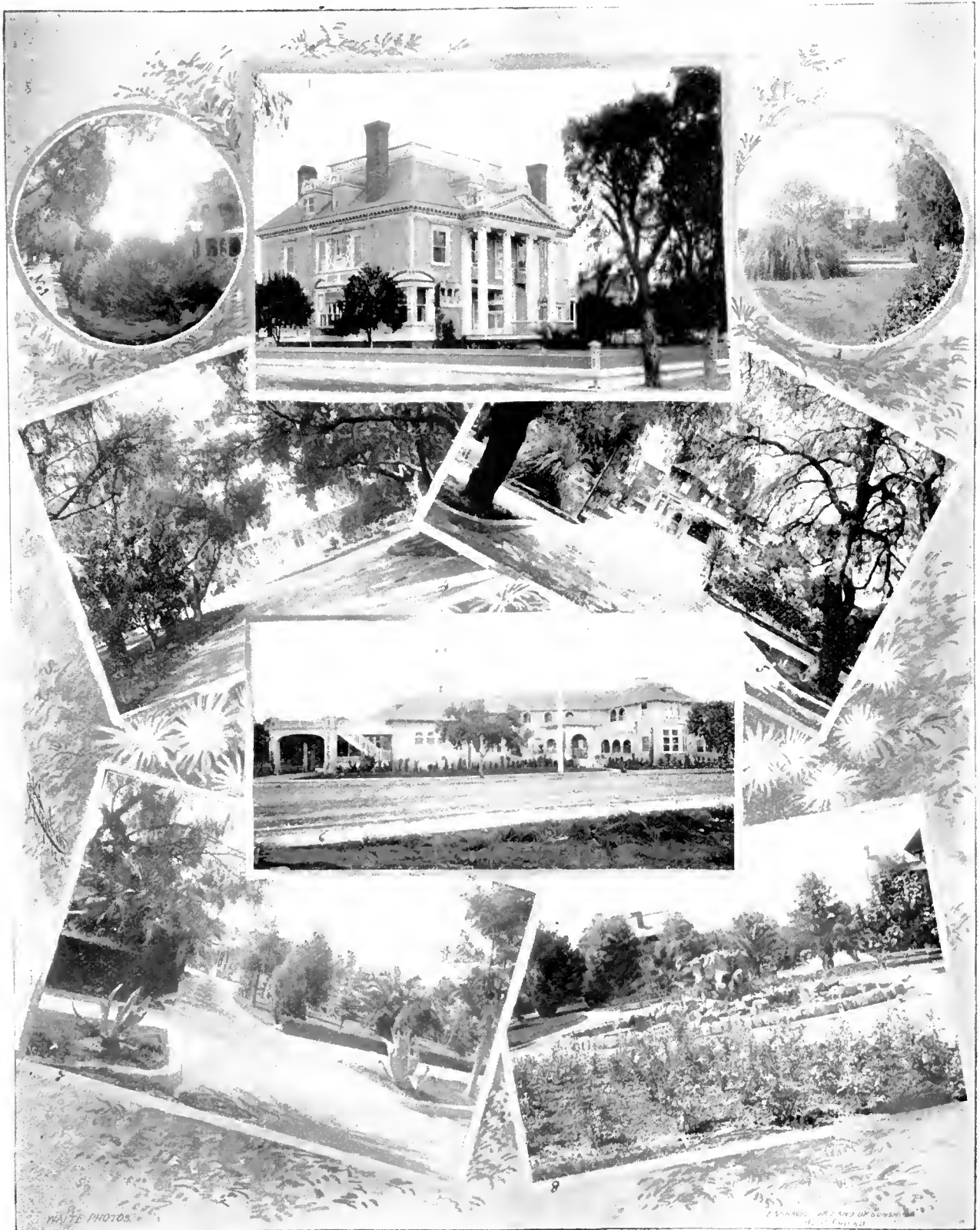


PALM DRIVE.

C. S. Knight, Photo.

homes there is no sign of divided ownership other than such as a gravelled path or a line of rose bushes may indicate. Broad cement sidewalks extend along both sides of the street,

No attempt is made in this article to describe individual places on Adams street, but the pictures which accompany the text speak for themselves. The only notable public



GLIMPSES OF ADAMS STREET, LOS ANGELES.

1 and 3, Residences of Chas. Capen, 2, J. D. Hooker, 4, Chas. Silent, 5, M. S. Severance, 7, A. A. McDonell. 6, Fröbel Institute, 8, St. James Park.

flanked by a strip of well-kept lawn between it and the driveway. The street was curbed with cement curb and graveled about eight years ago, and has been kept in excellent repair ever since.

buildings on the street are St. John's church, a modest and tasteful structure, on the corner of Figueroa; and the Casa de Rosas, a private school on the corner of Hoover street, of unique architectural construction.

SOME BEAUTIFUL DAHLIAS.



AMONG the principal attractions of this "land of sunshine" is the procession of glorious flowers that marches through the entire year.

The variety of rare and beautiful plants cultivated is bewildering to all newcomers, who can hardly

believe these floral wonders related to the delicate things so laboriously coaxed to grow in the East. Southern California offers every inducement to grow flowers, so much can be done to adorn a new home in a short time; and when the flower-garden has fully become a thing of beauty, no cold winter comes to destroy the summer's work. Instead, are copious, warm rains, that freshen all vegetation, followed by brilliant sunshine, which coaxes to renewed growth.

Among the flowers grown with perfect success, justifying the care and space given them, is the dahlia. In the East, generally cut down by frost as it reaches full maturity, here this stately old favorite blooms its full time, and matures seed.

Within a few years many beautiful varieties of dahlias have appeared, which, planted at proper seasons, give a succession of bloom from June to January. Among these, single dahlias, grown from seed, are very showy. The tall varieties have been popular, but a dwarf strain recently introduced eclipses all the single varieties in earliness of bloom, size of flowers and great range of colors, which are all shades of red, from lightest terra cotta, through scarlets and crimsons, to almost black; also, red ablaze with gold, snowy white, orange, yellow, and fanciful variegations. The plant grows about two feet high, with flowers from three and one-half to five inches across, is very readily grown from seed, and begins blooming when about a foot high. Planted in April it blooms from June 1st to November 1st.

About July the double dahlias and the splendid new cactus dahlias come into bloom. There has been great improvement in these. An infinite variety of new colors, petals incurved and recurved, folded and pointed, perfectly regular and unconventionally loose, give scope for all tastes.

One of the first cactus dahlias introduced was "Juarez" a

brilliant scarlet variety, with petals folded back into points, giving a unique effect. Of all that have since appeared, none is more showy, or more generally admired. Grown from a large tuber, it attains the height of eight feet, with a circumference of twelve feet or more; and covered with its brilliant blossoms, is wonderfully attractive.

Another new one, "The Monarch," entirely distinct from all others, has flowers six inches across. It is a deep, rich red, almost black; with petals

broad, folded, and irregular; the center, yellow and mossy, forming a beautiful contrast. The flower stems rise high above the foliage, giving a peculiarly graceful appearance. New varieties are grown from the seeds of these dahlias, which sometimes rival the parents in beauty.

But in the month of November comes the queen of all, the lovely dahlia "Imperialis," and charms all eyes. This stately plant rises eight to twelve feet. It has no branches below, but the broad, pinnate, compound leaves start directly from the stem and grow all around it. A few feet from the top the slender flower-branches appear, bearing spreading panicles of large, single, lily-like flowers, of a soft, light, porcelain-violet shade, lined outside with old pink, and with a pink band around the yellow center of the flower. It measures eight inches from tip to tip of petals. These charming blossoms droop most gracefully on slender stems and sway with every movement of the air. To one looking up into their heart from below, or from a distance, observing the general effect, they are indescribably beautiful; and by moonlight, are most fairy-like.



DAHLIA IMPERIALIS.



HEDGE OF DAHLIAS.

Theodora B. Shepherd



VOL. 2. DECEMBER, 1894. No. 1.

TEN CENTS PER COPY. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL, DESCRIPTIVE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

F. A. PATTEE & CO., PUBLISHERS
144 SOUTH MAIN STREET, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as second-class matter.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—Specific information about Southern California desired by tourists, health seekers or intending settlers will be furnished free of charge by the LAND OF SUNSHINE Publishing Co. Enclose stamp with letter.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Beginning with the January number of the LAND OF SUNSHINE, the editorial management of the magazine will be in the hands of Mr. Charles F. Lummis.

We believe our readers, most of whom are acquainted with Mr. Lummis, through his articles in all the leading magazines of the country and his books and photographic work, will appreciate, without any comment on our part, the importance of this announcement, and its bearing, not only on the future of this magazine, but also on the literary interests of Southern California and the West.

A short sketch of the life and work of the new editor, prepared by his friend, Mr. C. D. Willard, appears on another page of this number.

ADVERTISING THE ORANGE INDUSTRY.

The Herald, of Los Angeles, offers a very sensible suggestion with regard to the coming orange crop, which it declares will be the largest ever produced. It advises the unions to levy a tax of one or two cents on every box passing through their hands, the money to be used specially for advertising the California product in the East, to open up and widen the market. It is claimed that a good many thousand dollars would be collected by this method, and the money, if handled properly, could be made to pay itself back many times over in the improved prices of the succeeding year, and indeed might have a good effect in stiffening the prices this year. There is no doubt that the 65,000,000 people of the East can and will consume all the oranges that are grown in Southern California, but as long as the entire product is dumped into the big cities and the smaller towns passed by, some of the crop is likely to remain unsold.

People should be taught the value of the orange as a fruit food and the superior excellence of the California article.

One special purpose to which such a fund might be devoted would be in publishing to eastern consumers the fact, which few of them appreciate, that the foreign oranges are grown in countries always more or less infected with cholera and other diseases, and picked and packed by dirty lazzaroni to be stowed in the unclean hold of some Italian sailing vessel; while the Southern California fruit is grown, handled and carried by clean and healthy Americans. If the eastern consumer could be made to understand the risk he takes with the European fruit he would let it alone.

THE RIGHT KIND OF PEOPLE.

A short time ago a wealthy and successful eastern newspaper man paid a visit to Southern California, ostensibly in search of health, but really to look for opportunities in his own line of business. In talking over the newspaper field with a friend he made this significant observation: "There is one peculiarity about the situation here which places newspapering under different conditions from those to be found in almost every other section of the Union. The population, while it is not large in total, is nevertheless all good for business. You have no distinctly foreign element, except the Chinese, and only a few of them. In Los Angeles for example, which is a city of 85,000 inhabitants, we are not compelled, as in most eastern cities, to set aside 20 to 30 per cent. as speaking little or no English and caring nothing for American institutions. While it contains a small sprinkling of people from all sections of the globe—enough to give the place a cosmopolitan tone and finish—it is nevertheless essentially an American city, the most thoroughly so, I believe, in the Union. The same is true in a degree of every city in Southern California."

The fact to which the newspaper man referred is one of great importance as regards all of Southern California. Only the best class of immigration has thus far been attracted to this section, and the situation seems likely to continue the same in the future. The country has no great manufacturing interests to employ thousands of half educated foreigners, such as are to be found in many eastern sections. While there is a reasonable demand for day labor on the ranches, there is very little in the cities, and it is a peculiarity of this class that they dislike the country and prefer to keep together in the cities. Horticulture, which is the occupation of a large percentage of the farming population, is not as simple nor as easy as plain farming, and it calls for more capital as well as skill. Consequently the agricultural portion of the population is as a rule better informed than that of the East, and contains no foreign and no illiterate element.

The popular notion which prevails in many sections of the East with regard to Southern California, that it is overrun with Chinese and that one must speak Spanish to be able to do business, seems little short of ludicrous to those who are familiar with the situation as it exists. Of the 200,000 population there is probably not five per cent. who do not speak and read English, and we doubt seriously whether any other section of the Union could make a better showing.

WHERE ENLIGHTENMENT IS NEEDED.

We produce in facsimile below a sample letter received at this office from the East. It will undoubtedly prove amusing to our California readers, but we do not offer it with that end in view. We speak of it as a sample, because as a matter of fact it is no worse in the amazing ignorance that its writer shows with regard to this country than hundreds of others received every month. The point that we desire to make, and which should be driven home in the mind of every true friend of Southern California is that the entire East is pervaded with the most absurd and preposterous misconceptions with regard to this country.

Taking the population straight through in the East, not one in five hundred has ever visited Southern California, and not one in fifty has ever talked with any one who had been to this country, and not one in fifty has ever read a reliable book or paper about this country. Let us remember that the East contains sixty-five millions of people, and the whole State of California contains only one million two hundred thousand, of which the two hundred thousand are in Southern California. Here and there among this vast mass of people you will find one whose thoughts have been turned in this direction by the stories he has heard from tourists, or by what he has read in pamphlets, but the great majority of them are densely ignorant of the country, and are likely to remain so unless some means of enlightenment presents itself.

In the face of these facts, the opinion that we sometimes hear advanced that enough has been done in the way of advertising this country; that the East has been flooded with literature, and that Southern California needs no further advertising, seems little short of puerile. In the first place, who ever heard of such a thing as a business that was over advertised or sufficiently advertised. Take for a well known illustration Pear's Soap. This article has been manufactured for a century. It has been advertised in a wholesale fashion since the present generation were children, and in a smaller degree for half a century. Yet to-day its manufacturers spend a great fortune annually in bringing its merits to the attention of the public. Its name is a household word. It enters into the jokes of the comic papers, it appears in topical songs, it is the basis of slang expressions. No one, it would appear, could possibly be ignorant of its existence, yet fifty

monthly magazines draw from \$25.00 to \$500.00 for a page advertisement of it, not to mention the thousand of dailies and weeklies, acres of bill boards, tons of circulars, lithographs and devices of every kind, sort and description that are employed by the makers of this popular article. And yet if a man were to enter their place of business and warn them that they were advertising too much they would probably ring up the police to take up the lunatic.

Southern California needs more people to settle on its unimproved lands, to go into business in its cities, to put capital into its enterprises, to develop its latent possibilities in many directions. The coming of these people means an increase in the value of every foot of land in Southern California, and an increase in the volume of every business. To those already on the ground it means not only an advancement as well; for with the addition of a great population will come the culture and advantages of eastern city life, some of which this section now lacks. The mind staggers at the effort to grasp the conception of this beautiful country with its perfect climate peopled, as many eastern sections are, with two or three hundred people to the square mile—the magnificent avenues, the prosperous ranches, the ideal homes, the easy, happy life, and the culture and refinement of its people. All these things are possible, and within the sight of the next genera-

tion, if not of this. But they are not to be attained by the doctrine that enough has been done, and that we had better stop and let chance take its course.

All of which brings us to the matter in hand. If you can think of any body in the East that you would like to have come to this country, send us a dollar and we will send them a card like this:

R. H. DIMOCK & CO.,
Druggists and Pharmacists,
COR. CONGRESS AND HOWARD AVENUES

New Haven, Conn., Nov 6th 1894

*Mr. Pattee & Co.,
Los Angeles,
Cal.*

Dear Sirs,

*Inclosed find \$1. for Am. Soldier (100)
for 1 year subscription to "Land of Sunshine"
Will you kindly answer a few
questions -
How many earthquakes do you have
large or small yearly?
How about fleas, - are they not
troublesome?
During the long heated term or dry
season is not the dust 7 unbearable.
Are not Indians & Chinese
troublesome in Los Angeles &
San Diego suburbs? are
they not troublesome to ranches
away from cities?
What is your honest opinion -*

OFFICE OF *Land of Sunshine.*
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

(Here appears your friend's name.)

(And Address.)

Dear Sir:
Your old friend _____ who is
(Your name.)
now residing at _____ in Southern California,
(Your home.)
is anxious that you should know what a fine country this is,
and he has subscribed for this periodical to be sent to you for
_____ months. Your friend is well and prosperous, and
seems to be glad he is here.
Respectfully yours,
F. A. PATTEE & CO.

THE NEW EDITOR.

MR. CHARLES F. LUMMIS, who is to take the editorship of the *LAND OF SUNSHINE*, is one of the best known of the younger school of American writers. His name is a familiar one in the leading magazines of the country, and his books have received the double compliment of being commended by the critics and widely read by the public. An account of his unusual career must have proved entertaining to the reader of this magazine at any time, but will be perused just now with special interest in view of the relationship that is about to begin.

Mr. Lummis is now thirty-six years of age. He was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, of New England stock, and the most marked characteristics of the man, as he is known to his intimate friends, are those of the old Puritan—the stern sense of duty, the indefatigable industry and patience, the intolerance of wilful wrong, and the devotion to high ideals of work and of conduct—and with these a certain gentleness and sympathy which the ancient Puritan character too often lacked. Mr. Lummis was educated at Harvard University, class of 1881. During his college course he wrote largely for the student publications, and during one of his vacations put forth to the world his first books, two tiny volumes of "Birch Bark Poems," printed on birch bark from the White Mountains. These won prompt recognition, and called forth expressions of warm praise from such men as Longfellow, Holmes, Andrew Lang, and others. In 1882 Mr. Lummis began regular newspaper work in an editorial capacity in Ohio. In 1884 he decided to come to Southern California, and the manner of his coming was characteristic of the man. Unlike many men who are known to the world through their brains, Mr. Lummis has a powerful physique and rejoices in its exercise. He was anxious to know the great West thoroughly, and he therefore made the journey from Ohio to Southern California by a roundabout way on foot. The distance was 3,507 miles, and the time consumed was 143 days. An interesting account of this peculiar jaunt appears in Mr. Lummis's book, "A Tramp Across the Continent."

On his arrival in Los Angeles, Mr. Lummis took a place on the *Los Angeles Times*, then (1885) a much smaller and less metropolitan sheet than it is at present, but enjoying, nevertheless, the same reputation for fearless independence and devotion to the welfare of Southern California. For three years Mr. Lummis served as city editor of the *Times*, during the excitement of the period known as the boom, when the city was suddenly doubled and quadrupled in size, and was for a short time overrun with bad characters, which it became an honest newspaper's duty to expose. In the last days of 1888, he was suddenly overtaken by the most dreadful physical misfortune, short of death, from which a man can suffer—paralysis, brought on by excessive work and continual loss of sleep. For nearly four years Mr. Lummis was without the use of his left arm, and during

a considerable period his entire left side was paralyzed; and as the recurring shocks destroyed one faculty after another, even speech, death seemed inevitable and a mercy.

During most of the period of this long struggle for life, Mr. Lummis lived among the Pueblos of New Mexico. Having acquired some knowledge of them on his first trip across the continent, he decided that the calm, uneventful but hardy life which they led was best suited to his physical needs. It must not be supposed that while he was ill he ceased to work. He is accustomed to say that it was the incessant labor of that period that saved his life. During his newspaper engagement he had experimented with photography, and had become extraordinarily expert. Seeing the value, literary and scientific, of intimate photographs of Indian life, he began systematic work, and made many thousand plates, forming such a collection as has never been made elsewhere. At the same time he began to write of the Pueblos, and his articles, couched in a strong, epigrammatic, original style, and showing thorough research and wide scientific and linguistic knowledge, were instantly in favor among all the leading magazines, not only those published for adults, such as Scribner's, and the *Cosmopolitan*,



but also in those for children, such as *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Young People*, and the *Youth's Companion*. As Mr. Lummis's health returned, his books began to appear. They are as follows: (1) "A New Mexico David," Scribner's, 1891, a collection of short stories of the Southwest; (2) "A Tramp Across the Continent," Scribner's, 1892; (3) "Some Strange Corners of Our Country," Century Co., 1892, which had a large sale in this country and in England; (4) "The Land of Poco Tiempo," Scribner, 1893, a description of life among the Indians and Spaniards of New Mexico, a beautiful volume which has achieved a sudden and extraordinary popularity throughout the country; (5) "The Spanish Pioneers," A. C. McClurg & Co., 1893, which presents for the first time, in popular form, the conclusions of modern science concerning the conquest and colonization of North and South America. It was in consequence of this book that Mr. Lummis was formally complimented and thanked by the Royal Academy of Spain; (6) "The Man who Married the Moon," Century Co., 1894, a charming collection of Indian folk lore. All of these works, except the "Tramp," are illustrated. They have been favorably noticed by the leading literary periodicals in this country and Great Britain.

In 1892 Mr. Lummis organized, with the historian Bandelier, a scientific expedition to South America, and spent a year in travel and exploration in Peru and Bolivia. He is now publishing with the Harpers a series of articles on "The West Coast" and South America, and is preparing two books on his South American explorations and experiences.

Although the list of books given above deal largely with historical and scientific subjects, it must be remembered that Mr. Lummis's work is by no means confined to those fields.

His general literary work is to be found in many of the leading magazines and papers, in the shape of short stories, sketches and poems. He is a well known contributor to Puck and Life. He is thoroughly versatile as a writer, and if he is known as yet chiefly for his works on the Southwest, it is only because he has found that first to his hand.

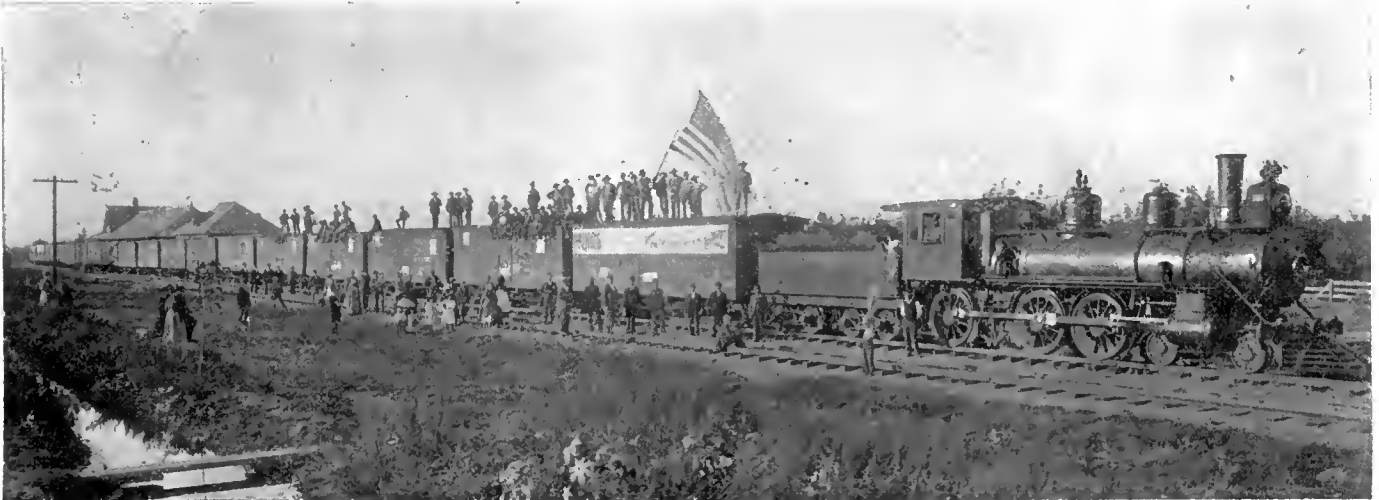
Mr. Lummis has now permanently located in Los Angeles. He has a wife and two children, and owns a pleasant home in the southern part of the city.

I look upon Mr. Lummis's acceptance of the editorship of the LAND OF SUNSHINE, and his beginning systematic work toward building up a characteristic Southern California magazine among us, as an important event in the literary and intellectual history of the section. Beginning its second volume in his skillful and tireless hands, I am constrained to believe that the LAND OF SUNSHINE from small beginnings will grow to great things.

C. D. Willard

The walnut finds its most congenial habitation in soil that is deep, rich and naturally moist, and where only slight frosts occur. Under such circumstances the trees attain large size, and hence it is essential that they be allowed an abundance of space. They are planted from forty to sixty feet apart, and for several years during their earlier stages an abundance of space is thus left, which is profitably devoted to the cultivation of annual crops of various kinds. At maturity the trees yield as high as 800 to 1,000 pounds of nuts each, while the price varies from 6 to 9 cents per pound, making a full-bearing walnut grove a particularly desirable piece of property.

On a narrow strip of land lying between the old and new San Gabriel rivers, and between the old telegraph road running from Los Angeles to San Diego, and the south line of the Rancho Merced, is that portion of the Los Nietos Valley that furnishes to the world some of the finest specimens of English walnuts grown anywhere in the State. This strip is only a mile wide and three miles long, but it is covered with many a luxuriant orchard of this fruit. The oldest of



RIVERA'S \$40,000 WALNUT TRAIN.

Pierce, Photo.

PROFITABLE WALNUTS.

HERE are several varieties of nuts cultivated in this State, among which the walnut and almond take first place. They are perhaps the two first favorites in the general market, and while both are now largely grown in California, they are not produced in any other portion of the Union. By the walnut is meant what is erroneously called in common parlance the English variety, but which is really derived from the countries of Southern Europe. It was introduced on this coast by some of the early American settlers, but owing to lack of knowledge with regard to the best varieties, the proper localities and the most suitable methods of treatment, it did not become a great favorite until a comparatively recent date. One of the great objections, also, was to be found in the fact that of all the fruits cultivated here, the older varieties of walnut required the longest period in maturing, and hence were not favorably regarded by those who were desirous of obtaining substantial results with as little delay as possible. The walnut, however, made up for its slowness in maturing by yielding large crops and demanding but little attention after it attained its full growth.

the trees growing here are now about 30 years of age, and they have made their owners rich long before this. The Rivera nuts have a reputation in the market that is of the best, and the demand for them is at all times great. The shipments from Rivera this season up to November 12 were 120 carloads.

Rivera is, however, by no means the only walnut producing section of Southern California. The nut is largely grown in almost all the seven southern counties, particularly in Orange, Santa Barbara and Ventura. There is a steady market for the nuts, and a great advantage is that it is not necessary to ship them immediately after they are gathered. The soft shell varieties bear quite early, one grower at Whittier having harvested this season 600 sacks from 100 acres of five-year-old trees, between which corn was planted.

The nuts drop out of the shell as they hang on the trees, and are picked up from the ground and put into sacks. The man who owns a forty-acre orchard has no small job on his hands in harvesting his crop. The usual price paid for picking is 40 to 50 cents per sack of one hundred pounds for the first picking; after the trees have been gone over once the nuts become scarcer and the trees have to be shaken.

PROGRESSIVE HOTEL MEN.

THE hotel bears to the material prosperity of the section in which it is located a relation so important as to give general interest to whatever tends to its betterment. It may be made a luxury, but it is always a necessity. It is as well a measure of its proprietor's faith in the future of the community, as the means through which no small part of that future must come. There would be little use in advertising a section which had not hotels enough and hotels good enough to hold and satisfy new comers, who are scarcely apt to settle or invest in a region where they cannot comfortably tarry long enough to find its merits.

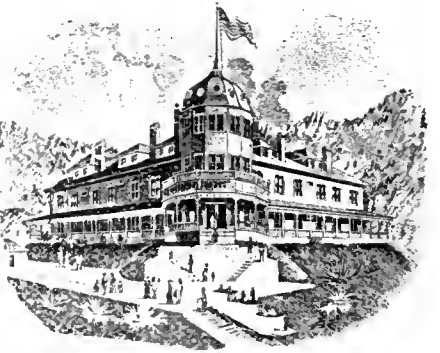
Southern California is fortunate in having already good hotels, and furthermore, in the certainty that they are to be systematically improved. A proper organization for protection, progress, coöperation and study of improved methods, the fuller satisfaction of the traveling public, is something which concerns a far wider circle than the hotel men alone.

The Southern California Hotel Association, which held its first regular semi-annual session in the parlors of the Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles, November 21st, is such an organization. They have the opportunity and the intention to do an important service to this section, and they realize that a great responsibility rests upon hotels in a country which invites the world to pay it a visit.

The growth of this association has been indicative at once of the need for it and its capacity to meet the want. A

progressive. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: president, Geo. W. Lynch, manager Hotel Florence, San Diego (re-elected); 1st vice-president, J. H. Holmes, manager Hotel Green, Pasadena; 2nd vice-president, M. M. Potter, proprietor the Westminster, Los Angeles; treasurer, A. C. Bilicke, proprietor the Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles; secretary, C. H. Smith, of the Daily Hotel Gazette, Los Angeles (re-elected); executive committee, Thos. Pascoe, Hotel Lincoln, Los Angeles; E. P. Dunn, Arlington Hotel, Santa Barbara; Frank J. Crank, Hotel Rose, Ventura; A. H. Pratt, Seven Oaks, San Bernardino Co.; F. A. Miller, the Glenwood, Riverside; N. H. Mitchell, Hotel del Campo, Anaheim; E. S. Babcock, Hotel del Coronado, San Diego; and three members at large. Among a number of interesting papers read was one on hotel legislation, by Thos. Pascoe. Mrs. F. W. Richardson, of the Glenwood, Riverside, in an essay on "The Pantry and Kitchen," suggested that:

"One cause of failure in conducting hotel kitchens is that the one in charge does not understand the art of cooking. We would think it very strange if a teacher in penmanship did not know how to write, and yet we are fully as surprised to learn that some hotel proprietor has taken the place of his disabled chef. * * * Then again, to guard well the money drawer and yet allow irresponsible and unprofessional strangers to handle your hard earned teas and coffees and ham, is like straining at gnats and swallowing camels."



ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

Visited by the Southern California Hotel Association, Nov. 22.

The paper of W. E. Hadly, San Diego, presented his views on a matter as to which there is great diversity of practice among those most vitally interested. His experience of twenty years had demonstrated to him that

"The best advertising medium for hotels is a well pleased man with a well filled stomach. * * No class of business men are so imposed upon by advertisers as hotel men. The average worthless vagabond who fuds himself financially floored, arms himself with some advertising dodge with which to wear out the hotel man. * * There is a class of periodicals which boldly levies blackmail on all hotels to compel advertising. * * There are a few publications, however, which richly deserve the hearty support of all hotel men. Among them "The Traveler" and "THE LAND OF SUNSHINE" stand "at the top of the heap." They have justly earned a good reputation and should be encouraged at every opportunity."

In a consideration of "Transportation to and from trains in cities and towns," F. A. Miller, of Riverside, attacked the "free 'bus" habit

of some hotels as subversive of business and satisfaction, unless it be made general.

"The Reliability of Insurance Companies" was the title of an able and exhaustive paper presented by A. H. Pratt, of Seven Oaks resort.



THE HOLLENBECK

Where the first regular semi-annual session of the Southern California Hotel Association was held, Nov. 21st.

little over a year ago it began with a membership of eight. At this meeting were present some fifty members, earnestly and intelligently discussing matters of importance, not only to their business, but as well to their communities. The meeting was also as harmonious as it was business-like and

Perhaps the broadest topic presented to the association was treated in the paper of J. H. Holmes, of Pasadena: "The Influence of a Hotel in a community." In the Green its manager certainly had an excellent illustration of his text.

Secretary C. H. Smith presented an excellent paper on "Courtesies among Hotel Men." Apt remarks were also

the harmonious strains of the Los Angeles Mandolin Orchestra. Mr. H. W. Chase, the infant member of the association, was elected toastmaster and admirably handled the following programme:

TOASTS.

OUR GUESTS

G. W. LYNCH, President of the Association,
Hotel Floreuce, San Diego.

THE HOTELS OF THE NORTH

R. H. WHARFIELD, of the California Hotel, San Francisco.

THE TOURIST HOTEL

THOMAS PASCOE, of the Hotel Lincoln, Los Angeles.

THE LADIES

G. WHARTON JAMES, of Echo Mountain,
Orator of the Association.

WHY I AM A HOTEL MAN

A. C. BILICKE, Hotel Hollenbeck, Los Angeles.

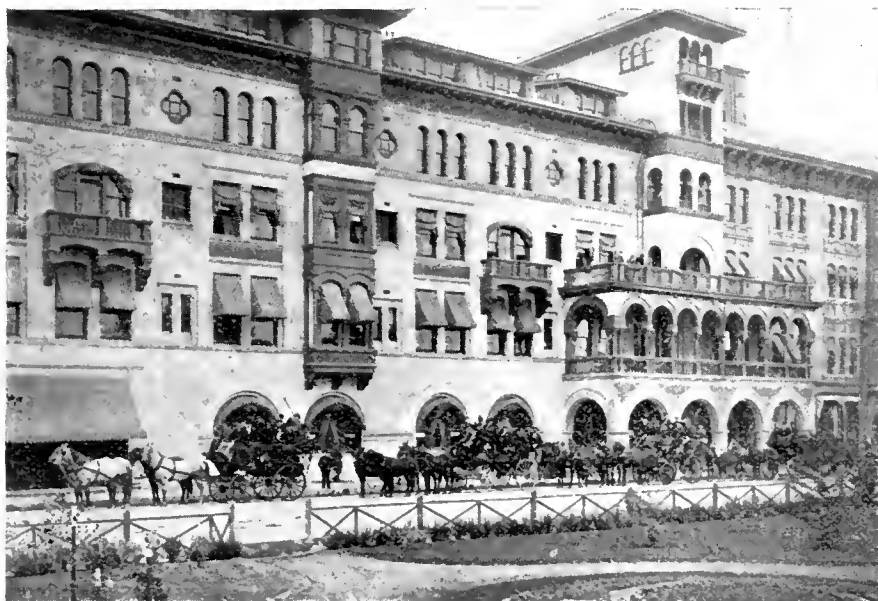
HOTEL ASSOCIATIONS

S. F. THORNE, of the Grand Hotel, San Francisco.

While some of the toasts were flowery and eloquent, and others demonstrative of zeal and enthusiasm in the good work, most of them were of the humorous, bantering sort so conducive to the enjoyment of such an occasion. The Professor's "little him" was a device of this nature. A. C. Bilicke's effort to explain "Why I am a Hotel Man" was another;

"Hotel people are a superior race of mankind, and they have to be in order to prevent the rest of the world from getting the best of them. * * * That man is fortunate who knows what he wants and asks for it, but the hotel man must know what

others wish without their asking for it. * * * The hotel man is not here for his health. They say that persons who have basked in the sunshine of his smile under false pretenses have left the hotel by way of the fire escape. * * * A hotel man must be able to tell at a glance whether a couple have been married six hours or six years, and arrange the rooms accordingly. * * * I am a hotel man because nature did not intend I should be a hotel woman—I don't know exactly why else—I see that my friend Crank has gone to sleep; I am sorry to have bored you with this talk—would rather board you with three square meals a day for a week than attempt it again. However, blame Potter; it was his part, but he 'jobbed' me."



The Southern California Hotel Association in front of Hotel Green, Pasadena, showing Wiley & Greely Tally-ho party.

Hill, Photo

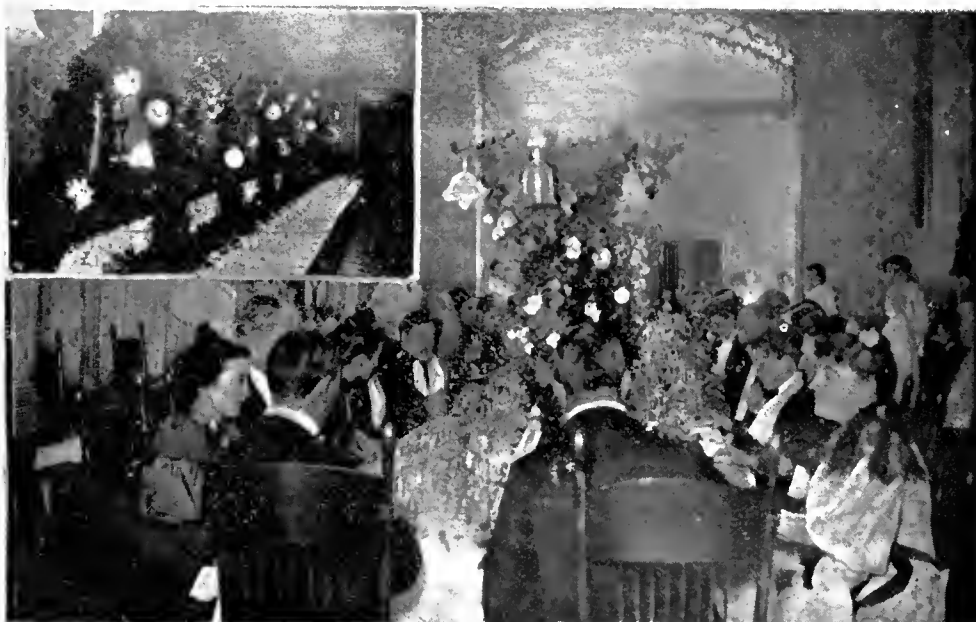
made by Messrs. Thorn, of the Grand; Wharfield, of the California; and Soules, of the Lick House, all of San Francisco.

In the evening the association formed a theater party at the Burbank.

On the 22nd the members accepted the courtesy of the Terminal Ry. to Pasadena, where the forenoon was spent in viewing that beautiful city from the tally-hos of Messrs. Wiley & Greely. In the afternoon they were driven to Altadena, where they took the electric line for Rubio and thence the great incline railway to the Echo Mountain House, 3,500 feet above sea level. Returning after dark, with the great search light turned upon their way, they were given a sumptuous dinner at the Green, and later an entertainment and dance in the theater of the hotel.

During the forenoon of the 23rd many of the members visited the famous permanent exhibit of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, in its new building on Fourth and Broadway, and in the afternoon took a tally-ho drive about the city.

The banquet given in the evening at the Westminster by the Los Angeles and Catalina members was a fitting finale to this successful three days' convention. The long table and room were beautifully decorated with smilax, carnations and roses, ablaze with incandescent lights of various hues, while the air was kept vibrating by



Flashlight view of Southern California Hotel Association Banquet, Westminster Hotel, Nov. 23. Waite, Photo.

Some happy remarks by visitors from San José, San Francisco and Denver followed the regular toasts, after which the occasion ended in a song of good fellowship to the hosts, Messrs. Potter & Johnson, whose untiring efforts had assured no small part of its success.

WILSON'S PEAK.



HOW deplorable is the fact that so many Americans, who visit Europe in search of health and novelty, and who expatiate on its wonders of earth, air and sky, know very little of the glorious possibilities of their own country. I should feel gratified if any words of mine

could convey to a chance reader even a faint idea of the glorious landscape spread out before me this morning, from Mt. Wilson, one of the highest peaks of the Sierra Madre. The grand old Pacific spreading out its waters to meet the sky bending over it; Catalina, sixty miles distant, resting peacefully on the bosom of the ocean; the rich, cultivated valleys sloping down to its shore, dotted with cities and towns, bordered by rugged hills on the west and protected by the massive, towering walls of the Sierra Madre on the north.

What a warm glow hangs over these valleys! What rich tints in the western horizon! Surely this must be a morning on which

"Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

No sound is heard save the sighing of the breeze, the rustling of the leaves and the humming of insects and the soul is filled with the thought embodied in the words: "The world's aglow with God."

I would say to all tourists who visit this "land of sunshine," do not fail to go to Mt. Wilson. Your only regret will be that you must leave it all too soon. The ascent itself



ENTRANCE TO CAMP WILSON.
5,500 feet above the sea level.

is an experience never to be forgotten. An early morning ride of about six miles from Pasadena brings you to the toll house at the entrance to Eaton's cañon, where, almost before you are aware, the excitement of the moment has seized you and set you upon a donkey's back, and you are following the guide with his picturesque train of pack mules, loaded with baggage, provisions and Uncle Sam's mail bag, en route for this station above the clouds.

Any trepidation you may feel as to the safety of the sturdy little animal under you will soon pass away, as the wonderful panorama unfolds before your enraptured gaze. At first exclamations of surprise and delight escape you, but gradually the noble majesty and grandeur of the scene fill the soul and "silence is golden."

A rapid descent from the sublime to the ridiculous is often made on this trip, when one's thoughts are brought down from the "crags and peaks" to the level of the trail, and below it, mayhap, as the mule reaches suddenly over the brow of the precipice to browse, or stumbles over a loose



HERMOSA VISTA—ON MT. WILSON TOLL ROAD.

stone; but hang on to your saddle and all will be well. Three hours of comparatively comfortable riding, over an easy ten per cent grade, accomplish the journey of nine miles. Voices suddenly break the stillness and there is a general rush and scamper down the trail to meet "the packs." Even new-comers are not of much interest to the old timers until after the distribution of mail, so you will have time to look around the camp, with its two rows of neat white tent houses facing each other, and here and there, nestling among the rocks and trees, many more little white cabins. A wave of civilization seems to have swept from the valleys below: you find yourself surrounded by conveniences, which are fully appreciated when you learn that every article used in the construction and furnishing of this "eyrie among the cliffs" has been brought up by the proprietor, Mr. Martin—not on the wings of eagles, but on the backs of mules, at an expense of one cent a pound.

The welcome dinner bell soon summons you to a neat dining-room, where a substantial meal is dispatched with an appetite, the novelty of which surprises you.

One may lead a sort of go-as-you-please life—swinging lazily in hammocks which are hung invitingly in many delightfully shady places, or strolling around on the terraces—or a decidedly energetic one, tramping over the trails that lead to Wilson's Peak, Mt. Harvard, the tunnel, from which an abundant supply of clear fresh water is piped to the camp; and to many other points of interest and observation.

ELIZABETH GRAHAM.

GOOD ROADS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

IN a country where there is no snow, and the frost is never severe enough to harden the ground; where there is practically no rainfall through seven months of the year, and a limited amount during the remaining time, road building ought to be free from many of the problems that complicate it elsewhere, and there ought to be many fine highways.

Compared with the roads of many other sections of the Union, those of Southern California are very good, yet, all things considered, they should be a good deal better.

It is only within the last year or two that the good road enthusiasm, which has raged to a greater or less extent all over the Union, has put in an appearance in Southern California. It is another example of the great difficulty of doing a thing where it can be done most easily. If it were harder to make good highways in Southern California, the energy of the people would be aroused to undertaking the work in good earnest, and better results would soon be attained.

Most of the soil of Southern California is a gravelly loam or a decomposed granite. In some sections the soil is adobe, and in some others a dark rich loam. Gravel ledges can be found almost everywhere. Rock suitable for making Macadam or Telfair roads can be found in a number of places in the section—although many practical engineers maintain that a correctly constructed, well drained gravel road, sprinkled

at regular intervals during the summer and given a reasonable degree of care during the rainy season, is all that the average requirements of the people will call for.

The experience of the Santa Clara County Board of Supervisors, extending through a number of years, has demonstrated very clearly that a road can be kept in good repair more economically by the process of sprinkling it regularly, than by any other method.

A road which is left unsprinkled during the dry season is gradually scoured into ruts and holes, and requires a good deal of hard and expensive work to make it over. But a road which is sprinkled regularly once or twice a day, and from which heavy wagons with narrow tires are excluded, will keep continually in good repair with very little attention.

The presence of shade trees on both sides of the road tends to keep it in better repair, and in a country where trees grow as they do in Southern California, it is possible without much expense thus to beautify and to render more

comfortable all the country highways. While the country roads of Southern California are open to a good deal of improvement, many of the municipalities whose population extends over a broad district of territory possess fine level highways that run for many miles between tall shade trees, and are the delight of every tourist who comes to the country. Through the winter, tally-ho parties are made up of excursionists stopping at the hotels, and a drive of fifty miles through orange, olive and apricot groves, along broad avenues of pepper and eucalyptus, past beautiful homes with highly improved grounds, forms one of the favorite pastimes of the visitors.

One of the most important factors in the new crusade for good roads is the bicyclist, and it is to his activity and good tact that many of the victories achieved in Eastern States over ancient methods of bad road construction may be attributed. The once popular conception of the bicycle as a toy is giving place to a very general suspicion that it is

one of the greatest and most important of modern inventions. The city of Paris recently erected a monument in honor of the inventor of the modern wheel, with numerous inscriptions assigning to the bicycle a prominent place in the mechanical achievements of the century. It is at once the swiftest, most convenient, safest, and by far the most economical device for transporting the human body over distances of moderate length. A good bicycle costs about one-third as much as a good horse and buggy, its wear and tear is less, its main-

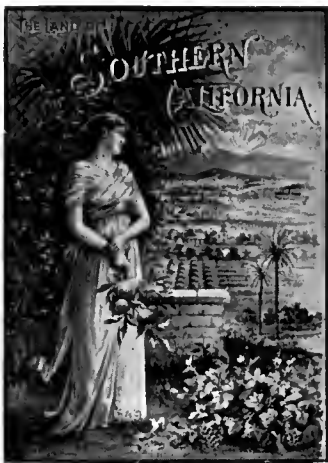


MARENGO AVENUE, PASADENA.

ance practically nothing at all; it is safer than a horse and buggy, as the accident insurance companies figures show, and it is a good deal more convenient. While your horse is being hitched up, the bicyclist is two or three miles ahead of you, and when it comes to dodging about in a crowded street, the bicyclist will run all around you. As to the matter of speed, while it may be nip and tuck between the running horse and the expert bicyclist, there is no question that the average rider leaves the average trotter far in the rear. The bicycle is one of the great institutions of the present civilization, and it will no longer permit itself to be snubbed by the roadmaking authorities.

It seems probable that several Southern California counties are likely to undertake road improvement in good earnest during the year 1895. The good road question put in an appearance in the local campaign just concluded, and in several counties Supervisors were elected largely on that issue.

G. H. WILLIAMS.



Condensed Information Regarding Southern California.

The section generally known as Southern California comprises the seven counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Orange, Riverside, San Diego, Ventura and Santa Barbara. The total area of these counties is 44,901 square miles, which is 29 per cent of the area of the State, or larger than the combined area of Connecticut, Delaware, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Vermont. The coast line extends north-west and south-east a distance of about 275 miles. Within this area there is a remarkable variety of climate, soil and topography. In winter one can travel on foot in three-quarters of an hour from orange groves to snow fields. The population in 1890 was 201,352.

LOS ANGELES, the leading county of Southern California, has an area of about 4,000 square miles, some four-fifths of which is capable of cultivation, with water supplied. The shore line is about 85 miles in length. The population increased from 33,881 in 1880 to 101,454 in 1890. Horticulture is the principal industry. There are over 1,500,000 fruit trees growing in the county.

Los Angeles city, the commercial metropolis of Southern California, 15 miles from the coast, has a population to-day of about 75,000. Eleven railroads center here. There are about 100 miles of graded and graveled streets, and 11 miles of paved streets. The city is entirely lighted by electricity. There is a \$500,000 court house, a \$200,000 city hall, and many large business blocks. The residences are mostly surrounded by beautiful gardens.

The other principal cities are Pasadena, Pomona, Whittier, Azusa, Downey, Santa Monica, Redondo and San Pedro.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY is the largest county in the State. Most of the area is mountain and desert. Much of the latter can, however, be reclaimed, with water from the mountains. Population about 20,000. In the mountains are minerals and timber. The county is traversed by two railroads. Fine oranges are raised.

San Bernardino city, the county seat, is a railroad center, with about 5,000 people. The other principal places are Redlands, Ontario, Colton and Chino.

ORANGE COUNTY was segregated from Los Angeles county in 1889. Area 671 square miles; population, in 1890, 13,589. Much fruit and grain are raised. Most of the land is arable, and there is a good supply of water.

Santa Ana, the county seat, is an attractive place, with a population of 5,000. Other cities are Orange, Tustin, Anaheim and Fullerton.

RIVERSIDE COUNTY was created in 1893 from portions of San Bernardino and San Diego counties. Area 7,000 square miles; population about 14,000. It is an inland county.

Riverside, the county seat, is noted for its extensive orange groves and beautiful homes.

Other places are South Riverside, Perris and San Jacinto.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY is a large county, the most southern in the State, adjoining Mexico. Much of the area is at present desert. Population about 30,000. There are mountains 10,000 feet above, and depressions 250 feet below sea level, furnishing every variety of climate. That of the coast region is remarkably mild and equable. Irrigation is being rapidly extended. Fine lemons are raised near the coast, and all other fruits flourish.

San Diego city, on the bay of that name, is the terminus of the Santa Fe railway system, with a population of about 17,000. Across the bay is Coronado Beach with its mammoth hotel. Other cities are National City, Escondido, Julian and Oceanside.

VENTURA COUNTY adjoins Los Angeles county on the north. It is very mountainous. There are many profitable petroleum wells. Apricots and other fruits are raised, also many beans. Population in 1870, 10,071.

San Buenaventura, the county seat, is pleasantly situated on the coast. Population 2,500. Other cities are Santa Paula, Huene and Fillmore.

SANTA BARBARA is the most northern of the seven counties, with a long shore line. There are many rugged mountains in the interior, about one-fifth of the 1,450,000 acres being arable. Semi-tropic fruits are largely raised, and beans in the northern part of the county.

Santa Barbara, the county seat, is noted for its mild climate and rare vegetation. It is located on a sloping mesa, facing the ocean and islands, with mountains in the rear, and foot-hills studded with live-oaks. Population about 6,000. Other cities are Lompoc, Carpinteria and Santa Maria.

News Items.

During the past year in the Mission district of Redlands 425½ acres have been planted with ten varieties of fruit trees.

Under the personal supervision of W. Raymond, his magnificent caravansary at Pasadena has been undergoing many improvements. The dining room has been made considerably larger and more attractive. Its cut-flower stand or center piece represents a portion of the Sierra Madre mountains, and while at their repasts guests can view its mossy glens and listen to gurgling waters on their way down winding cañons. The Raymond opens December 22d under the management of Mr. M. C. Wentworth, already so popularly known in this connection.

San Diego prospects are improving in every way. October 30th, U. S. Grant purchased land for a handsome business block on Fifth street, near D street. During November Mr. and Mrs. Grant bought a ranch in the Sweet-water Valley. The Grant family now own four pieces of San Diego property—the two pieces named and two of the finest residences in that city. Guests are beginning to fill the Hotel Florence. W. R. Wallace and family have arrived for the winter. Mr. Wallace is the cousin of Gen. Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," and other notable works of fiction. Gen. Wallace expects, in the near future, to make his home for a time at the Hotel Florence. Proprietor A. E. Nutt and his very able manager George W. Lynch, president of the Southern California Hotel Men's Association, have made many improvements in the house, and it is doubtful if the service is excelled in any hotel on the coast. Engagements for the winter are numerous.

The publishers of the LAND OF SUNSHINE are indebted to Mr. J. H. Holmes, the genial manager of the Hotel Green, Pasadena, for

the beautiful cut of Marengo Avenue, which illustrates the article on Good Roads in this issue. The cut in question is a fair sample of the many fine ones which illustrate the new souvenir pamphlet with which the Green provides its inquirers.

Messrs. McDonald & Brooks, the well known real estate firm of Pasadena, have an abiding faith that Southern California will experience this winter an unusual influx of tourists and home seekers. They state that during the past five years inquiries from the East have never been so promising as now.

Graham Babcock, son of E. C. Babcock of the Hotel del Coronado, has been in Los Angeles of late, looking after their interests in this city. Mr. H. F. Norcross is now in charge of the Coronado's interests in this city. This is a most admirable selection. Mr. Norcross is an earnest and popular worker for Southern California and for those who work for Southern California.

In the pretty town of Ventura-by-the-Sea are the seed and bulb gardens of Mrs. Theodosia B. Shepherd, who supplies many Eastern dealers, as well as those nearer home, with her productions. Besides seeds and bulbs, she has a splendid collection of cacti and succulent plants, Mexican orchids, ferns, rare amaryllis, choice roses, fuchsias, chrysanthemums, French cannas and ornamental shrubs and plants in infinite variety. Mrs. Shepherd devotes much time to hybridizing, and has many new and interesting creations. Begonias are her favorites and are a leading specialty; she grows from 75 to 100 varieties of these charming plants, which grow to the greatest perfection in Ventura. Besides old named varieties, she offers some beautiful new seedlings of her own, among which are "Fair Rosamond," "Heart's Delight," and "Modjeska," the latter being named in honor of Madame Modjeska. Flower lovers who desire fine collections and those laying out new places will do well to consult Mrs. Shepherd and send for her catalogue.

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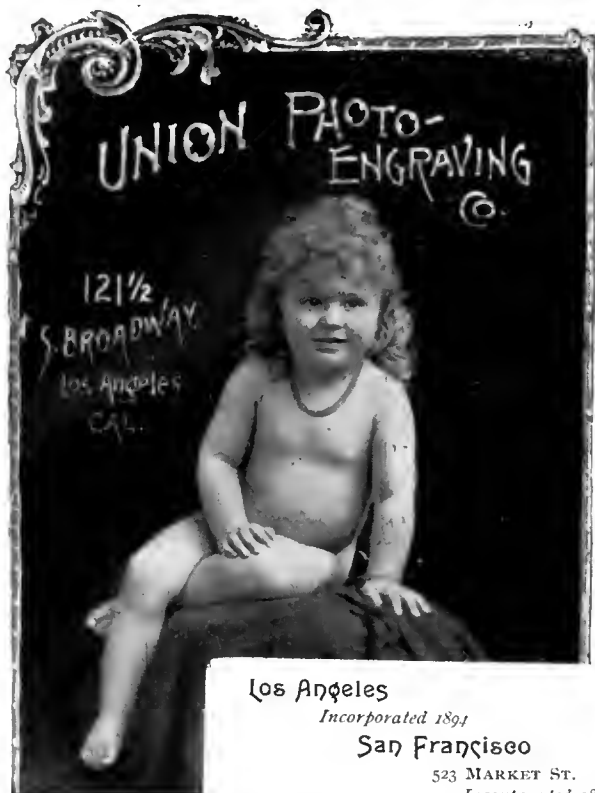
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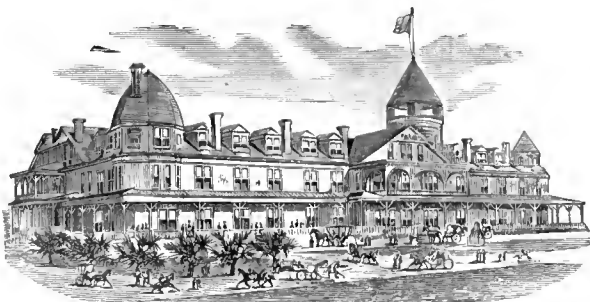
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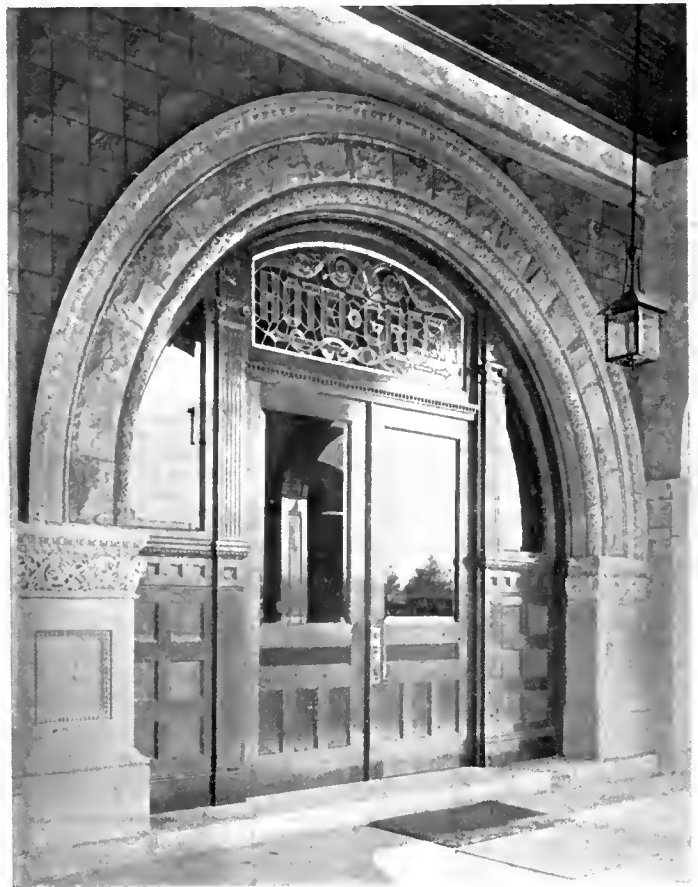
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LOS ANGELES

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

JANUARY, 1895

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN FACE.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE seal of Spain is upon all things that she has ever touched. To the thoughtful student few side-lights in history are more striking than this vital individuality of the Spaniard. Whatever page he opened in the New World, he wrote across it his racial autograph in a hand so virile and so characteristic that neither time nor change can efface it. Three centuries and a half of continuous evolution have not availed to make that *rubrica* illegible or mistakable. He mastered every country between here and Patagonia; and there is no land in which he ever sat down which does not to this last day bear in its very marrow the heritage of his religion, his language and his social creed. His *marca* is upon the faces, the laws, the very landscapes.

How significant this is, we may better judge when we remember that the Saxon, masterful though he is, has never anywhere achieved any of these results. He has filled new lands with his speech and his faith (or his lack of it), but only with his own changing the named States, for in-speech; but what spoke English? greater area of every Indian Spanish, and has turies. The Sax-pressed his language or his religion upon the peoples he has over-run. Something of his face goes to the half-breeds he begets but will not father; but even this physical impress is much less marked than in the case of his Latin predecessor.



A CALIFORNIA TRIO.

It is a curious fact that no other nation in history has ever legitimately produced crosses with so many aboriginal bloods as has Spain. The conquistador was human; but the hand of the church was always upon his shoulder. Individually and casually he might elude it, but broadly he could not. He intermarried with a thousand distinct types of the Original American; and all the way from Colorado to Valparaiso you can tally the varying fruits of these first wedlocks of the first frontier. You are often in doubt as to the mother, distinct as tribe originally is from tribe; but the father—you need no directory to find him. Among these mestizos are some of the finest types, physically, of Spanish-America. The theme of the mestizo is so interesting, and ethnologically so significant, that I hope some day to pursue it farther.

But just now we are to consider the undiluted Spaniard, and the effect that two or three centuries in the New World

have had upon his appearance. The same astonishing individuality which has stamped itself forever upon the offspring of his union with innumerable other bloods, has, when he staid unmixed, as remarkably preserved his own family likeness. Compare the Yankee with the Briton, then the lineal Spanish-American with the Spaniard—and you will marvel to see how much more strongly the latter is “marked” across ten generations than the former across two or three. Among civilized nations only the Jew hands down the ancestral face so persistently through the ages.



COLOMBIA.

The Spanish-American face is always Spanish, yet not of Spain. As much to the artist as to the anthropologist it is a fascinating study—the differentiation of this unmistakable and attractive type by local conditions operating for centuries. That is what evolution means; and here is the very poetry of evolution, as true and instructive as the prose. It is lucid verse, too. One may grow so proficient as to guess very shrewdly, from an unmarked photograph, from what section of Spanish-America the sitter comes, particularly if it be a woman's face, which is more plastic to the hand of circumstance. Yet there is no sameness. A thousand localities have their local variants, each as a rule already a recognized type; each one face has its individuality as clear as with us; and through all, individual or local, runs the inevitable dominant of Spain.

We often talk of the Spanish type as exclusively dark—a notion which argues no great knowledge of either history or geography. All Spaniards are not *morcenos*. The swart Moorish tide that ebbed and flowed across Spain for seven centuries did indeed leave its eternal mark upon the Gothic-Roman; but all Spain was not drowned. As you go northward from the Ebro—that is, up where the Moresque wave rather splashed than inundated—you find the nut-brown of Valencia and Castile shading off to lighter hues. Not unknown in other provinces, in Galicia, Arragon and Asturias the “gold-haired, heaven-eyed” type is familiar. And if there is anywhere a more perfect beauty than that of the true Spanish blonde, I would fain treat my eyes to sight of it.

Oddly enough, this survival of Spain's first days is practically without representation in Spanish-America. In the New World the type is not



L. A. Eng. Co

A LIMEÑA.

only a great rarity, but a disprized one. The epigrammatic wit of the *paisano* shows it no mercy. The *dicho* has a hundred forms; but in some shape it is current in every country from here to the Horn. Palma, the laureate of Peruvian letters, has given it its most finished form:

Como una y una son dos,
Por las morenas me muero;
Lo blanco, lo hizo un platero;
Lo moreno, lo hizo Dios.

As sure as one and one come yet
To two, brown maids are my passion.
A silversmith tinker can fashion
What's white—only God, the brunette.

To us who are fair-skinned (if not thin-skinned) the epigram is rank heresy; but Art, unlike providence, is not always on the side of the heaviest battalions. A man may take his choice as to falling in love with one type or the other; but painter and poet, dealing with abstract and ideal beauty alone and for its own sake, are not so free. Not that brown faces are otherwise handsomer; but the perfect *moreno* is the most perfect skin in the world. We talk of olive glibly—and most of us never saw one true olive type. Now and then you find it in Spain, and it is exquisite as rare. But it is not the "browny" and elfish *moreno*, which is the hue of the "nut-brown maid" of old English balladry. Our forefathers knew a good thing when they saw it.

That perfect brown is so transparent, so fine, so soft, so richly warmed with the very dawn of a flush, as no other cheek that is worn of woman. No other complexion so lends itself to the painter's canvass. Nor would I precisely advise the loveliest of my countrywomen to lay her cheek to one of perfect Andalusian brown. A yard away, her superior beauty is safe; but side by side she cannot afford comparison with that skin—nor ever can, till Art shall have reversed the whole gospel of color.

Perfection of the *moreno* type is found in many parts of Spanish-America. In Peru it sometimes crowns the predominant Andalusian face, the most vivacious of all Spain. In Colombia it is rarer, thanks to the tropics and to—Africa. In parts of Central America, of Cuba, of Mexico, even of New Mexico and California, it has lovely representatives.

The Spanish face in California is less easy than usual to classify; simply because there is here no predominance of any one provincial type of Spain. Here no man can say if more of the Spanish families derive descent from Valencia or Biscay, from Estremadura or Castile. All Spain is broadly represented in a small population.

One generalization, however, is to be made with reference to the Californian type. It is the better for its latitude—and here hinges a broad rule, not to be rigidly defined, and

very subject to exceptions, but important to be borne in mind. Take, for instance, the Limeña face on the preceding page. It is excellently typical of the female beauty of the capital of Peru—a beauty famous all over the world, and celebrated in every civilized tongue. But in one sense it is flattering—not that it is too handsome to be fairly typical, but that it is less Peruvianized. It is as unmistakably an Andalusian type as it is unmistakably Spanish—but that also is the rule in Lima. Wherein it flatters the average is in its retention of the Andalusian outlines; for the peculiar first touch which Peru generally adds is exuberance of curve. As a rule, the facial types of the cooler Spanish-American countries are—perhaps not handsomer, but certainly—finer, more spiritual, than those nearer the equator.

Always and everywhere, the Spanish-American female face is interesting; at least as often as in other bloods, it is beautiful. Photographs tell but half the story, for complexion is beyond them. But a certain clearness of feature, the almost invariable beauty of the eyes and fine strength of the brows seem as much a Spanish birthright as the highbred hand and foot.

Not even the Parisian face is so flexible in expression, so fit for archness, so graphic to the mood. Yet there is a certain presence in it not to be unnoticed, not to be forgotten. To no woman on earth is religion a more vital, ever-present, all-pervading actuality; and that is why you meet the face of the Madonna almost literally at every corner of Spanish-America. And it is not a superficial thing. There is none in whom the wife-heart, the mother-heart, is truer-womanly. The *doña* is human. She may err, but she can never be gross. It is a truth so well known to every traveler that I wonder to find our philosophers so dumb about it—that even when out-

cast, no woman of Spanish blood falls or can fall to the outer vileness which haunts the purlieus of every English-speaking great city. And, thanks to her religion and to her social conservatism, she contributes fewer recruits to the outcast ranks than any other civilized woman.

At her best she is admirable in heart as in face; at her average, interesting in both. Ten years' study of the field in which she is a sociologic part of history have given me to know and to respect her. She is a true woman—which is good as can be said of any creature that is mortal. And for the frontispiece that God gave her—that wise artist-touch of His to cajole the male brute into reading through the best of all books—I can say no more for it than is said: "*Es mucha cara, la cara de ella.*"



L. A. Eng. Co.

YOUNG SPANISH-AMERICAN TYPE.

Chas. F. Sumner

THE ROSE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



UNQUESTIONED queen of the floral kingdom is the rose, dear alike to poet and peasant, young and old. It is without a peer among flowers. But poets who raved over the rose, in times long past, had never seen Southern California roses. We who are so accustomed to them cannot realize the wondering delight of those coming from the East, who beheld them for the first time.

It is said by many that California roses are not so fragrant as those in the East. This is a very great mistake. In the East, the roses cultivated are the Hybrid Perpetuals and June roses, and others which have the old-fashioned rose fragrance. The Tea Rose, too tender to withstand Eastern winters, is grown almost entirely under glass. It is called the Tea Rose from its peculiar tea fragrance. Roses of this class, with the hybrid Noisettes, are the ones that are most generally grown in Southern California. The delicacy and beauty of their flowers, their continuous blooming qualities, and the vigor with which they grow recommend them to all; but neither in California, the East, nor anywhere else, have they the fragrance of the hardy roses. Wherever the latter are found in California, their odor is delightful.

California people are impatient; they want roses that bloom all the time, and will not grow, to any extent, those which bloom only occasionally during the year. Judging by these varieties, which are not fragrant anywhere, people say our roses are not so fragrant as those in the East.

New roses are being brought out every year in other sections of America and in Europe; but nothing has as yet been done in Southern California for the improvement of the rose. Lovers of this glorious flower have a very interesting work before them in hybridizing and growing it from seed. It grows readily and blooms early from seed—and seedling roses are often as beautiful as many of the named varieties.

It is astonishing to those unaccustomed to our climate to note the size of two-year-old roses. A cutting of the Rêve d'Or put down in December will start within a couple of months, and in a year make a plant with branches six feet long. This is only one kind of the many varieties which

will do equally well with any care whatever. Roses grown from cuttings in California make much healthier plants, give better flowers, and grow much faster than those purchased from Eastern green-houses. There is a vigor about them which the latter lack.

We have in Ventura a magnificent specimen of a white La Marque rose which affords a good example of the extraordinary growth made by many plants in Southern California. It was planted a cutting in November of the Centennial year. Its main stem now measures more than a yard in circumference about four inches above the ground. At that height it begins to send out branches, one of which is 23 inches in circumference. At the height of about eight feet it is trained to form an arbor of thickly matted branches and twigs of about 200 square feet in area, whose upper surface is every year covered with thousands of white blossoms. Wagon loads of boughs have been removed from it in these years, and it is certain that the plant would have covered 500 or

600 square feet, at least, if it had been allowed to extend itself at pleasure. The bark from the stems of this rose is a fourth of an inch thick.

It is not uncommon to see roses four or five years old making trees ten or twelve feet high, with trunks sixteen inches in circumference, and branches yards long, clothed with spikes of bloom of corresponding size.

I give a list of 24 satisfactory roses; all remarkably vigorous growers, with beautiful flowers,



Union Eng. Co.

PASADENA ROSES.

Hill Photo.

and thus far unsurpassed:

Marie Van Houte, yellow; Premium du Charrissions, pink; La France, pink; Gloire de Margottin, cherry red; Gloire Lyonnaise, yellowish white; The Duchess, pink; Perle des Jardines, golden yellow; Madame Cecile Bruner, invaluable for boutonnières; The Rainbow, light pink, flushed with deep rose; Queen's Scarlet, always in blossom; Madam Lambard, pink shaded with amber. Climbers: Rêve d'Or, salmon yellow; W. A. Richardson, pure apricot yellow; Clare Carnot, orange, shaded pink; White La Marque, snowy white; Climbing Devoniensis, pearly white; James Sprunt, dark, velvety red; Madam Alfred Carriere, blush white; Reine Marie Henriette, dark rose; Beauty of Glazenwood, tawny, with coppery pink shadings; Cloth of Gold, best yellow climber; climbing Perle des Jardines, like Marechal Neil, but hardier; Cherokee, white, single.

THEODOSIA B. SHEPHERD.

WITHOUT IRRIGATION.

HERE is an idea among Eastern people that nothing can be raised in this section without irrigation. That this is an entire mistake it needs only a short residence here to prove. Irrigation is not employed here for grain. Without irrigation, Southern California raises in an average year a large crop of wheat, averaging about 135 pounds to the sack. On some large ranches wheat has averaged a ton to the acre, of high quality. Barley is peculiarly a Southern California crop. The product of Los Angeles and Orange counties alone, in an average year, is over a million sacks. Vast quantities of wheat and barley are raised to be cut for hay, which also is never irrigated. Corn is irrigated in a few localities, but most of it is raised without irrigation. Our corn is equal to any in the United States, coming up to the highest standard of the great grain markets of the country. The yield is enormous—frequently 100 bushels to the acre.

True, we occasionally get a season of deficient rainfall, when the crop of hay and grain is small, but these seasons are rare. For instance, the season of 1893-94 was what is known here as a dry one, the rainfall being much below the average; and in consequence the grain and hay crops were light, and the grain was in many cases cut for hay. It was, however, seventeen years since there had been a season of such light rainfall—and where the farmer can average sixteen fair-to-good crops in seventeen years he ought to be content. Eastern farmers who contend with droughts, floods and other afflictions, would think so.

Another staple crop raised here without irrigation is beans. Southern California is rapidly becoming a source of

near Anaheim; the Chino factory distributing nearly half a million dollars among the residents of that locality. Owners and renters of land have made good incomes from their beets; and the refuse, mixed with hay, has been largely utilized as food for cattle. All these beets are raised without any irrigation.

As to fruit culture, except in the case of citrus fruits and



L. A. Eng. Co.

RAISED WITHOUT IRRIGATION, ROSECRANS RANCH.

Pierce, Photo

berries, irrigation is the exception rather than the rule in Southern California. All along the coast, from Santa Barbara to San Diego county, there is a wide strip of land where irrigation is not practiced at all. In Santa Barbara county there is not—or at least there was not at a recent date—a single mile of irrigating ditch. In Ventura county there is one irrigating system of moderate extent. Yet, throughout that section fruits of the finest quality are raised. The same is true of the coast regions of Los Angeles and Orange counties. In the mountains, fine deciduous fruits, including apples, pears, cherries, peaches and apricots are raised without artificial watering.

In some moist sections fine alfalfa is raised without irrigation, though that remarkable forage plant requires much moisture. On the coast of Orange county is a section of peat land whence wonderful crops of vegetables, raised

without irrigation, are shipped East by the carload.

Citrus fruits, berries and vegetables must be irrigated, except in a very few localities; but even oranges give better results with less water and more thorough cultivation. Deciduous fruits are irrigated in the dryer and hotter inland sections.

G. H. W.



L. A. Eng. Co.

BARLEY WITHOUT IRRIGATION, SAN MARCOS, SAN DIEGO CO.

supply for the Boston bean-eaters. Ventura county alone has shipped nearly 2,000 carloads of Lima beans in a year, of which 100 carloads went from one ranch of 1,350 acres. These are all raised without irrigation.

Then there is the sugar beet, which has yielded such remarkable results here. Over 5,000 acres was cultivated to sugar beets at Chino last season, and several thousand

REMINISCENCES OF "THE BOOM."



ONLY those who saw it can fully comprehend that onetime fever of Los Angeles—and all Southern California—the real estate boom of 1885-89. They were times not soon to be forgotten by the participants. The boom marks an era in the history of this section as distinct as the discovery of gold and the arrival of the Argonauts do in the history of the State. To the Angeleño who has been here a decade, "during the boom" has the same significance that "in the days of '49" has to the pioneer of that period.

It was in the fall of 1886 that I arrived in Los Angeles. The boom was then under full headway, although it had not yet reached the extreme where judgment and common sense were thrown entirely to the winds. That came a few years later. Things were, however, exciting enough. Real estate was in the air—literally, when the wind blew; for at that time there was not a single block of paved street in the city, and after a heavy rain it was no uncommon matter to see horses and wagons mired down on First street within a few yards of the business center. You could scarcely get anyone to talk about anything but real estate.

Five years before, when I passed through Los Angeles on my way to Arizona, the town was dull as a country village, and everyone was complaining of hard times. A great many citizens were endeavoring to realize on their property and go to Arizona, where the Tombstone mines were then creating much excitement. Tucson and Tombstone were largely filled by Los Angeles people. The census of 1880 gave Tucson 6,994 population and Los Angeles 11,311. Plenty of people in Los Angeles were willing to bet that within ten years Tucson would be the larger city. They were slightly mistaken. The census of 1890 gave Los Angeles over 50,000 people and Tucson something over 5,000. Those Angeleños who had been unable to sell out and go to Arizona were the ones who got rich, because they could not help it; while those who had the enterprise—or the lack of foresight, as you please—to get away, went "broke," and have been gradually drifting back to Los Angeles since.

Shortly after 1881, when the Southern Pacific met the Santa Fé at Deming, there was a slight improvement in Los Angeles, which became more decided in 1882, when the Southern Pacific was opened to New Orleans. The progress continued during the next three years, and property which until then had really no fixed value began to rise, although in the latter year it was still ridiculously cheap in comparison with present prices, not to mention those which prevailed at the height of the craze. The boom began with, and because of, the entrance of a competing trans-continental line—by the completion of the Santa Fé system to Los Angeles, in November, 1885. The railroad rate-war kindled, and brought the fuel for, the real estate excitement of the following years. It was so cheap to come to California that everyone came. One day the fare between here and Kansas City was \$5.00.

With 1886, people began to pour into this section by thousands; and prices of real estate rose with a rapidity that caused the old timers to open their eyes and mouths in

astonishment. They thought these new comers crazy, and hastened to sell them property at prices which gave the conscience of the more susceptible among them a twinge to accept. Yet not a few of these same old-timers, later in the boom—when prices were two or three hundred per cent. higher still—became intoxicated with the general excitement and bought back some of this very same property.

Yes, in the fall of 1886 the boom was under full headway. Everyone who could obtain office-room—and many who could not—went into the land business. There were real estate offices all over the city, by the hundreds, some of them in most unpromising localities—down among the wholesale houses on Los Angeles street, out toward the river on East First street, and in fact on almost every street in the city. Rents went up to a ridiculous price, and legitimate traders in every line were almost driven out of business. Their only remedy was to sub-rent portions of their space to the real estate agents, which they did so generally that in almost every store you would stumble over a desk and piles of circulars in one of the corners. A fruit stand, occupying a space 12x10, would sub-let a corner for a real estate "office" at the moderate rate of \$50 a month or thereabouts. Even in private houses, on streets anywhere near the business center, you would find a real estate agent's sign, he having rented one of the front rooms. Besides these, there was a large class of operators who carried their "offices" in their hats and did business on the curb-stone.

Men went into the real estate business in those days who were extremely illiterate; some, in fact, could hardly write their own names. They came from all ranks and professions—clerks, salesmen, architects, doctors, mechanics, teamsters, farmers, policemen and men who had never done anything but "rustle" for a living. What many of them did not know of Southern California was astonishing; but this did not prevent them from giving an intending purchaser the most positive and definite information upon every subject connected with the land which they had for sale. The purchaser was not asking many questions in those days, however. He generally confined his investigation to a glance at an attractive map which was displayed on the wall of the real estate agent's office. It was hardly deemed necessary to go and look at a new subdivision before buying a lot in it. In fact, it was like gambling in futures of grain and pork, where the purchaser never expects to see or handle that which he buys.

The purchaser was as much of a curiosity as the agent in those days. He—or she, for the female contingent was well to the front in this wild scramble for sudden wealth—belonged to every class of the community. The man or woman who did not own a few lots was indeed a *rara avis*. Cooks, waiters, dishwashers and scrub-women were all real estate operators and embryo capitalists in those days. The fine-tooth comb of the enterprising boomer let nobody escape, and prices were made to suit the poorest. You could buy lots from \$50 up, and payable in monthly instalments of \$5; which looked very reasonable, except when a person happened to reflect that these lots, a dozen miles from anywhere, were not worth over \$25 an acre, and that an acre made 8 or 10 of them. But then, in those days nobody ever thought of thinking.

In the early stages of the boom, dealing was chiefly confined to property within the city limits. Early in 1887, there commenced a period of laying out "paper towns" in the country, all the way from 10 to 50 miles, or more, from Los Angeles. After this was worked to death, city property again came to the front, and remained there until the boom exhausted itself.

The band wagon and the free lunch were great features of the boom, especially during that period when cities were rising like magic amidst the cactus and wild mustard—rising, that is to say, in the fertile brain of the boomers. Musicians were in great demand, and the streets of Los Angeles were resonant with music, such as it was, from morning to night, the big drum playing a very prominent part. Those were halcyon days for the deadhead. He could get all he wanted of free literature, free rides, free music and free lunch. Special trains carried the sanguine crowd of investors to the site of the new-born city, where the music cheered their hearts, the refreshments warmed their diaphragms, and the mellifluous voice of the auctioneer did the rest.

Such sales were not, however, always conducted under the auction plan. In some cases it would be announced that a new town was to be sold off on a certain day at an office in the city. Due notice was given by thousands of circulars, page advertisements in the papers, band wagons and a number of "cappers," who were sometimes regularly retained for "giving tips" and working up enthusiasm. By the day of the sale, many people would have worked themselves up to the belief that if they should miss purchasing a 25-foot "business" lot in Hookem & Snarem's second addition to Southeast Boomville, at the moderate price of \$600 (one-third cash, balance in six or twelve months), they would lose the opportunity of their lives. Said city consisted at that time of several thousand surveyor's stakes and a real estate office 16x12, a mile and a half from the nearest house, seven miles from the nearest town, some thirty miles from Los Angeles. It had cost the parties who were handling it \$500 as an option on the \$50 an acre which they were to pay for it after they got the money.

So great was the desire to seize such "opportunities of a life-time" that in many cases a queue several hundred feet long, such as one sees in front of a Paris theatre previous to a great first performance, was often formed in front of these offices, twenty-four or even forty-eight hours before the time set for the sale. Scores of people (sometimes hundreds) would stand in line through the day; having their food brought to them, or carrying it in their pockets, in order that they might have an early choice of lots. Some men made a business of attending these sales and standing in line for the purpose of selling out to speculators—as much as \$500 in some cases being paid for first or second place. The speculator would then take as many lots as he could handle, expecting to turn them over at an advance, which he generally did—until toward the end of the boom, when he did not.

So much for the inception and some general features of the boom. Later, I shall have something to say of many amusing and interesting happenings of that memorable time.

Harry Clington Brook

[LIFE.]

THE SPANISH LESSON.



Union Eng. Co.

Wal, I'm yer for to take my teachin'—
Lay down, Nina, thet soft guitar.
Got to learn Spanish, shore as preachin'!
"Vamos! I show you that verb *amar*."

"*Amo*, I love"—thet's right an' proper!
"*Amas*, thou lovest"—yo' bet I do!
"*Ama*, he loves"—Hold on! I copper!
He gits sore bones ef he dast love *you*!

Who is this Him that makes so free now
Tryin' to jump my Sweetheart claim?
Wunst I ketch him coyotein' me, now,
Yo' hear me tootin'—*Mud's* his name!

Dad my buttons ef I don't hammuer—
Hey? Yo're laffin'! Wot kin it be?
'Ain't no him? Et's the Spanish grammar?
Wal, now, Nina, thet's one on me!

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

NEVER in the history of art has any other one influence counted for so much, so rapidly, as photo-engraving. The copious and beautiful illustration of books and periodicals is a wholly recent movement. As we know it now, it dates back scarcely a decade. It is an American idea. American magazines invented modern illustration; and the field has broadened bewilderingly. They began with wood-engraving; but the half-tone process, with its almost equal beauty and far greater accuracy, at a tithe of the cost, has half driven wood-engraving from the field. Even the great magazines now depend largely upon the photo-engraver. —The LAND OF SUNSHINE will give special study to the artistic quality of its illustration. It is enlisting the most competent photo-engravers in its line; men who have the ambition to grow in their work, to make it not only perfect mechanically, but artistically admirable. To the beauty, variety and freshness of its pictorial side it will give no less care and effort than to the interest and value of its text.

The magnificent photo-engraving of a Paul Neron rose, life-size, page 37, is from a negative by Hill.

THE BLOOM OF THE CENTURY.

BY CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.



SCUDDER? Mister Scudder? Yes, it's me you're after. Bill Scudder is my name. I guess I remember you better 'n you do me. But you can't sell me no nursery stock today. Glad to see you just the same. To tell the truth, sir, without meaning anything that's uncomplimentary to you, I was feeling that down in the mouth that I would be

mighty glad to see anybody—even a Chinaman.

"Thank you. Much obliged; but you see I ain't sick that way exactly, and if it was doctoring I needed, I would only have to hop on my little bronco there, and get to town in no time. Well, never mind about it.

"You're right enough on that point. I did tell Thompson that I was figuring on putting out that other five acres this spring. Yes, it was only the other day I was thinking about it—but—well, I've kind of changed my mind. Seems like I was soured, so to speak, on the whole place. Do you know of any body that would be likely to buy it, if I should want to sell?

"Of course they are doing fine. Don't you suppose I appreciate that? It's only a year ago that I came here, knowing no more about orange trees than you do, probably, about the kind of trees that grow on the moon, but I just figured that hard work and common sense would tell in this business, like it does in everything else. And I was right, wasn't I? Look at those lower branches. Last year, they tell me, there was just about no crop at all. This year it ought to run two boxes to the tree—though for that matter it's little I care what they have on 'em.

"It's kind of you to speak that way, but you don't understand the situation—and I can't explain it to you. There are some kinds of trouble, you know, where we can't help each other, and even sympathy seems to fall pretty considerably short of the mark. Just the same, I do feel like telling you about this—I really must tell somebody, or I'll go all to pieces. Being kind of a stranger hereabouts, I can speak freer to you than I could to a neighbor, who might talk it around. You are some acquainted in these parts, and perhaps you know old Santiago Linarez, who lives up the road a ways, almost to the arroyo—a big adobe house with old olives in front of it. You do know him? Well, I don't suppose you ever happened to take notice of his daughter—not the one that married into the Lugos, but the younger one—Ysabel?

"Ain't she though? Well, now, stranger, it warms my heart to hear you say so. Living all alone in this place, I ain't had anyone I could talk to about her, and tell 'em how

pretty she was. But I can see it in your eye, that you're the kind of a man that takes notice of a good looking girl when he sees one. But what's the use of my talking about her good looks? She don't mean to have me, in spite of all she pretended to like me so much, and some other fellow will come along pretty soon—and I'd better be getting right out of the country, for I couldn't stand it, stranger. I give you my word I couldn't.

"Asked her? Haven't I though? A dozen times. I ain't one of the tongue-tied kind you're always reading about in books. The first time I tried it I did get a little balled up, but it was only just at the start. Pretty soon I was talking straight out to her, telling how I had bought this place here with my own money earned back East, and had it all paid for and in shape to bring a good income; how the returns from this crop would go a long way toward putting up a better house than this old shack, and how I was waiting for the right girl to come along and pick out the style of house she wanted built. I told her that I loved her for all there was in me, and that I'd do my level best to make her happy. I must have talked like I was terribly in earnest, for she looked scared, and at one time seemed ready to cry. But when I crowded her for an answer, she laughed and laughed and would not say yes or no.

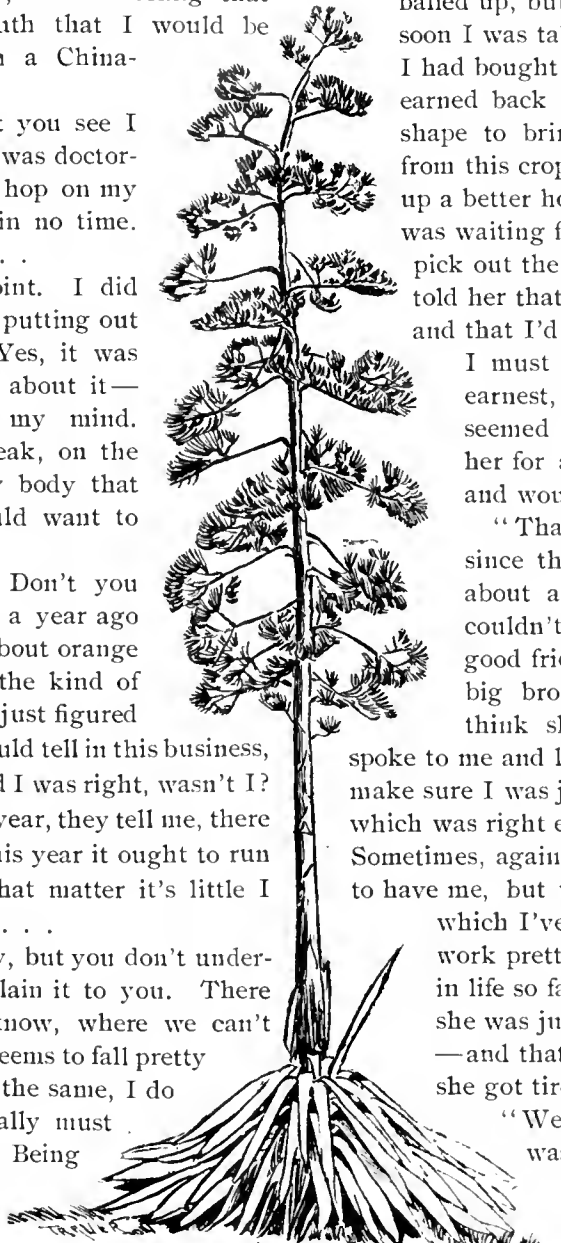
"That was the first time I spoke to her, and since then I have asked her, as I told you, about a dozen times; but until yesterday I couldn't get a real answer. We have been good friends, and she has acted like I was her big brother—almost. Sometimes I would think she must love me, from the way she spoke to me and looked at me, and was only waiting to make sure I was just the kind of a man she wanted—which was right enough, for I didn't want to hurry her. Sometimes, again, it seemed as though she was willing to have me, but wanted me to work hard to get her, which I've no fault to find about, for I've had to work pretty hard for everything good that I got in life so far. But other times I was dead sure she was just laughing at me through and through—and that she would throw me over as soon as she got tired of me.

"Well, yesterday it seemed as though she was more than ever laughing and making fun of me, and talking about her handsome cousin that she said she was going to marry as soon as he got back from Mexico. We had all been riding up the cañon, and coming back Ysabel and I got separated from the others and was riding along by ourselves. When we came past this place, she was teasing and tormenting me almost beyond what I could stand, and all of a sudden I grabbed her bridle and I says:

"Ysabel, I want you to answer my question."

"She looks me right in the eye and I reckon she saw she was going a little too far, 'cause she turned a trifle pale.

"What is your question?" says she.



“‘You know what I mean,’ says I. ‘Will you marry me?’

“‘I held tight to the bridle and never took my eyes off hers. I felt it in my bones, somehow, that I could make her say yes.

“‘Sure enough she did say yes, and the instant she did, I dropped the bridle, and her horse jerked away from me.

“‘And now,’ she says, ‘since I have answered that question, perhaps you mean to ask me another.’

“‘What’s that?’ I asked, not understanding her.

“‘Don’t you want me to say when I will marry you?’

“‘That’s it,’ I said. ‘When will you marry me?’

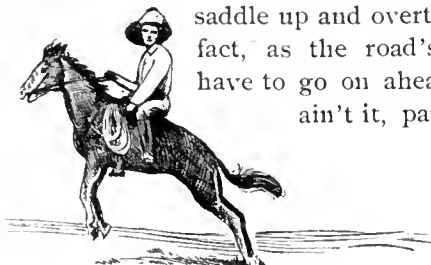
“‘Well, sir, she had pulled her horse over to the opposite side of the road, right in front of the gate. See? When I asked the question, she pointed with her riding whip to that further century plant and said, kind of defiant like, ‘When it blooms I will marry you—not until.’ Then before I could say or do anything, she gave her horse a spiteful cut, and was off down the road like the wind.

“‘What made her do it? Well, I have got it figured out like this: She had n’t never intended to marry me. I ain’t worthy of her—nobody knows it better than I do. As beautiful a woman as she is can marry ’most any fellow she wants, and if it’s education or big money or handsome looks that she is after in a man, she can get it. I reckon it was amusing to her to have me dangling about. Then when I grabbed her bridle and looked at her so fierce, maybe she was frightened into saying yes. I had no business to speak to a lady that way, but I just could n’t help it. So to take it back, the minute she was free from my hold, she said that about the century plant—which means never—yes—never.

“‘Yes, I know about that. They used to think they bloomed only once in a century, but now the time has shortened up to twenty years. But that doesn’t do me any good.

“‘What are you looking at it that way for? You don’t mean to say that there’s a chance that— No, I didn’t notice the swelling there. Now you call my attention to it, it does seem different from the others; but you can’t mean—it isn’t possible that it’s going to—what! Within two or three months? Hold on, man! Stop a minute. Do you think she had any notion— I remember now she did seem to pick it out from the others. Of course, as you say, she has been brought up among them. She must have known. Well! I—I feel better now. Here, only an hour ago, I was making my plans to leave the country, and now

“‘No, I’d rather not stop to talk about that nursery stock just now. Oh, yes, I’ll take it. Drop in on your way back. I don’t want to seem to hurry you, but if you’re going on up the road toward the arroyo I guess I’d better go along with you. I’ll saddle up and overtake you in a minute. In fact, as the road’s pretty dusty, I may have to go on ahead—but that’s all right, ain’t it, partner?’”



OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

ALL things considered, it is fair to say that there is nowhere else in the United States so broad and so pleasant a field for the amateur photographer as Southern California. In the first place, the atmosphere is something which you will in vain try to make intelligible to the Eastern artist, for nothing like it exists anywhere in North America outside of the Southwest. Although Southern California is by its fertility the modern Garden of Eden, though it is on the shore of the greatest sea, it has the characteristic atmosphere of the arid lands—that ineffable clarity, that luminousness, which make a photographic light to be matched in no other civilized country. It glows upon the deserts of Egypt, on the pampas of the Andes, across the llanos of New Mexico—but not every amateur can travel so far for a good light. The most careless and untrained eye realizes something of this effect; but the photographer at once discovers that sunlight here is, in



Herve Friend, Eng. THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE. Jas. L. Smith, Photo.

technical results, as different a thing from sunlight in New York or England as the sky from a second-hand tin pan. It gives him cameos of definition, wonders of detail, and a real revelation in antitheses of light and shade, vigorous without being violent. And this inspiring sky is not something a thousand or five thousand miles off, to which he can go only at great expense and in a hurry which permits no thoughtful work. It is the sky that he lives under and studies and employs at leisure.

It is, in fact, the sky of Spanish America; and somehow, wherever that sky bends, there are certain picturesquenesses which seem to belong to it. The adobe, under the leaden arch of the East, would be a sorry thing; but in the magic light under which exclusively it has been built, it appeals to the photographer with such a variety and intensity of artistic values as no other architecture in the world possesses. Where else will you find such lights and such shadows as those of the adobe? Even the white tufa masonry of Arequipa is less picturesque.

There are human types as inseparable from the atmosphere, and as picturesque in their class. From the undeniable

specific beauty of the higher type of Spanish-American ladies, down through the quaint variants of the Mestizos and the Indians, there is remarkable scope for valuable and artistic work. As for scenery, there is a diversity in Southern California which might be equalled in the East by ranging from the White Mountains clear to lower Florida.

There are many very competent amateurs in this section, though thus far without organization, and therefore still short of the results, individual as well as collective, which may fairly be expected from them. The LAND OF SUNSHINE desires to arouse such interest among these scattered enthusiasts as will focus their zeal and their talents upon results to be achieved only by a combination of energies.

The first amateur photographic competition opened by this magazine called out many pictures of unusual merit. This competition closed December 5, and the photographs were critically passed upon by a jury composed of Herve Friend, a past-master of outdoor photography and a skilled photo-engraver; C. W. Traver, an illustrator of ability; and the editor, an amateur of eight years' practice and many thousands of negatives in North and South America.

It was found impossible to award first place. Jas. S. Smith, of 843 South Hope street, and C. S. Knight, of the Bradbury building (Los Angeles, both), submitted collections so



Herve Friend, Eng.

IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

Jas. L. Smith, Photo.

artistic, so unhackneyed and so beautiful that the jury, after long deliberation, could find no alternative but to divide the

first prize between them. Three pictures in this class are reproduced in this number. The gem of the whole competition—a portrait of an ancient Mexican by Mr. Smith—is reserved for a setting worthy its extraordinary value, both as a type and as a photographic triumph.

The second prize was awarded to Howard M. Linsley, 450 South Hill street, Los Angeles, one of whose

pictures is here reproduced; and the third prize to Miss Belle Weinheimer, 1007 West 7th street, Los Angeles. Others of the successful photographs will be reproduced in these pages from time to time.

By a continuance of these competitions, the LAND OF SUNSHINE hopes to interest and enlist the great majority of the capable amateurs in this field. Its contests will be on generous lines and conscientiously impartial. No one connected with the magazine can compete for a prize. It will not bar an enthusiast from the amateur ranks because he has ever sold a picture; the line is more sensibly and justly drawn at those who have ever conducted galleries or served an apprenticeship in one, or made photography a livelihood. Competitors *must develop their own negatives*, but are not debarred from having the print made and mounted by a professional. Types, genre, landscape, artistic studies, are all acceptable; but everything must relate to Southern California.



Herve Friend, Eng.

A BIT OF SONORATOWN.

C. S. Knight, Photo.



Herve Friend, Eng.

AT SAN FERNANDO MISSION.

H. M. Linsley, Photo.

THE LEMON.

UNTIL within a couple of years, comparatively little attention has been devoted to this important crop in Southern California, and our product yet is scarcely sufficient for home consumption. One reason is that land suitable for lemon culture is restricted in quantity. The lemon is sensitive to cold, and almost entire exemption from frost must be secured to make its cultivation safe and profitable. Then, again, the varieties grown here have mostly been inferior, and little care has been paid to the curing, so that we have been unable to compete with the imported article. This state of affairs is, however, undergoing a change, as the conditions of lemon culture become better understood. It has been conclusively proved that, when grown in a suitable locality, carefully cultivated and properly cured, our lemons may safely enter competition with those raised in any portion of the world.

The lemon will thrive on our mesas at an altitude of 1,000 to 2,000 feet above sea level, where frosts severe enough to damage it have never been known. There are thousands of acres of such land in this county. It has been customary to grow lemons on orange roots, the orange being a hardier stock, but some authorities claim that the lemon is deteriorated by budding upon orange stock, becoming too large and less acid. Seedling lemons have had their day. The only lemons worth cultivating are the choice budded varieties. The methods of planting, cultivating, etc., are similar to those pursued in the case of the orange. The fruit should not be allowed to ripen upon the tree. When it does so it rots early, becomes thick-skinned and loses its juice. In Sicily lemons are picked green and packed in boxes of dry sand, where they are allowed to remain four or five months before they are sorted carefully for shipment.

The growing of lemons is less possible to be overdone than the growing of oranges, the area of possible production being much smaller. There are large profits in the business

for the man who goes into it with judgment, perseverance and capital. The lemon is a staple article, lemon juice entering largely into manufactured products—in citric acid and other forms. Los Angeles county could easily supply the United States with lemons.

One hundred pounds of lemons as they are picked from the tree will shrink so that they will pack a sixty pound box six months later, if the fruit is properly handled and cared for. This is not a serious loss. The fruit as it is gathered is supposed to be worth \$1.00 per box. Six months later the market price usually ranges from \$3.00 to \$8.00 or even \$10.00 per box. If the loss or shrinkage were twice or three times as great, the curing process would pay, as it would return the orchardist more money than the fruit if sold when picked. It is true that the railroads might

be shorn of a portion of the tolls they would receive for hauling poor fruit to market, and the box makers and packers would get less money, but the growers would get more, and the customers would be better satisfied.

Daniel H. Burnham, one of the pioneers of Riverside, and the first one there to introduce and propagate the Lisbon lemon, gives his method of curing them for the market as follows:

"The lemons were picked from the trees in November and later, as soon as they were large enough and while still unchanged in color.

Many at the time were still entirely green. Without waiting for the sweating and shrinking, as many do, Mr. Burnham immediately wrapped them. He lined his packing boxes with manilla paper and after putting in a layer of wrapped lemons, laid a sheet of manilla paper over them; and so continued until the box was filled. The ends and top were also covered with paper of the same kind. These boxes were then stacked fourteen high in a large shed, one side of which is entirely open, the building being shaded by large trees. There these stood untouched all through the winter until opened for packing at the end of the seven months. Strange to say, there was not a loss of three per cent. of the fruit of the earlier picking, and not over five per cent of the later.



A YOUNG TREE, BUT—

Union Eng. Co.

A UNIQUE INSTITUTION.



D. FREEMAN, Pres't.

THE Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles is unlike any concern of similar name to be found anywhere in the Union. While citizens of Los Angeles who have watched its growth from small beginnings to its present size and influence, are accustomed to take the Chamber of Commerce, with all its striking and peculiar features, as a matter of course,

strangers who visit the city—especially those who have seen a good deal of the world through extensive traveling—invariably express astonishment and admiration on being shown through the Chamber and on hearing of the work which it has done.

In Eastern cities a Chamber of Commerce is composed, as a rule, of men in some line of trade, who organize with the purpose of adjusting business difficulties and acting upon such commercial questions as may arise. The membership is usually limited to about one out of every five of those actually engaged in business; with a few manufacturers and probably no professional men, and no property owners, as such. Sometimes this organization undertakes development work, in which case the membership and the sphere of action are considerably widened. The organization then circulates printed matter about the city or section which it represents, and by the raising of subsidies or by other inducements works to bring in manufacturing enterprises.

In the West, particularly on the Pacific coast, the function of the Chamber of Commerce has been extended, until



Union Eng. Co.

LADIES' ROOM.

Waite, Photo.

in the case of the Los Angeles Chamber it is made to include pretty nearly everything that can be supposed to work for the material advancement of the country.

In its membership the Los Angeles Chamber includes nine-tenths of all the business houses of the city—worthy,

in point of size, to be so called—and half the professional men and property owners. Probably no other city in the Union has so large a percentage of its available material gathered into a Chamber of Commerce. To have eight hundred active members paying the usual dues of such organizations (viz. \$1.00 per month), in a city of 80,000 population, would call for a membership of 2,750 for the San Francisco Chamber, where there are only 600 as a matter



Union Eng. Co.

MEMBERS' ROOM.

Bertrand, Photo.

of fact. The membership of the Los Angeles Chamber is not only large relative to the population of the city, but it is larger in point of actual numbers than in any similar organization in other cities, if we except two or three which are located in the principal centers of population in the East.

There could be no better illustration than this of the esteem in which the institution is held by the people of Los Angeles.

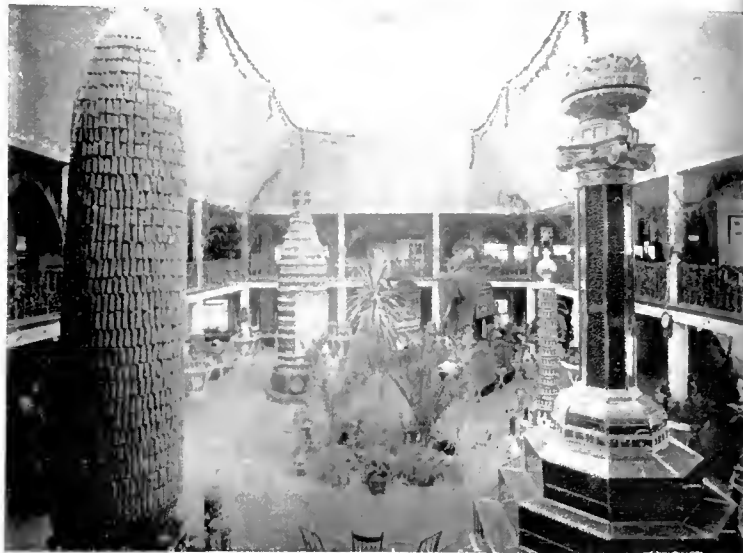
The stranger from the East who visits the Chamber of Commerce for the first time is impressed most of all with the exhibit. It astonishes him to find that a display as large and as beautiful as he is accustomed to see in an agricultural fair at home is here thrown open to the public all the year round, absolutely free of charge. The display feature itself is most unique, although the unusual size and the admirable equipment of its quarters are subjects of frequent comment. In respect to size, the Los Angeles display is not only larger, but is twice or three times as large as any similar display. The main room is 120 x 85 feet and has a height under the skylight of forty feet. It is surrounded on all sides by a gallery averaging twenty feet in width, and the total floor space available for the main exhibit is 15,680 square feet. Under the rotunda, exhibits of considerable size and of imposing dimensions can be erected, a material advantage in the general

effect of the display. The exhibit is strictly one of Southern California products, and includes such agricultural object-lessons as walnuts, oranges, lemons, figs, peaches, pears, wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, beans, dates, pineapples, honey, apricots, nectarines, persimmons, pumpkins,

squashes and vegetables of all kinds, prunes, plums, pomegranates, limes, tobacco, cotton, chirimoyas, olives, broom corn, raisins, dried fruits, almonds, chestnuts, apples, quinces, bananas, coffee-plants, grapes, potatoes, berries of all sorts, loquats—in fact, including all the products of the most capable and most versatile soil and climate the Lord ever produced; the finest obtainable samples, arranged in the most artistic manner possible.

Of manufactured articles, the display contains samples of local work as follows: wine, olive oil, canned fruits and vegetables, pressed brick and terra-cotta, marble, soap-stone, shoes, crystalized fruits, candies, bicycles, soap, refined oils, paints, inks, dyes, sugar, canned sardines, mineral waters, essential oils, perfumes, sheet iron and sheet steel, beehives, and so on. This portion of the exhibit is increasing at a rapid rate as new manufactures come into existence here; and it threatens soon to outgrow its limits and press upon the space now used for horticultural displays.

The miscellaneous displays include a number of things designed for the entertainment and instruction of visitors—as, for example, the relief map of Los Angeles County, the model farm, showing how we irrigate in this country, the historical exhibit and the exhibit of California curios, the natural history displays, the water lilies, the cacti, the flower displays, the exhibit of photographs, the mineral collection, the display of California woods, of school work, and the like.



L. A. Eng Co GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBIT. Waite. Photo.



L. A. Eng. Co. THE PUMPKIN PILE. Putnam. Photo.

A distinctly original feature of the Chamber of Commerce is the art gallery, containing the work of local artists. This is a large room on the second floor, properly lighted and containing about fifty carefully selected pictures, mostly of Southern California subjects. As the exhibit of the Chamber is designed to give to visitors the most comprehensive idea possible of the resources of the country, and of its desirability as a place to live, everything that tends to enlighten them on this point is reckoned to

come within the scope of the display; and a collection of pictures, the work of local artists, is a fair indication of the art culture of the people of this section.

The purpose of the Chamber is not only to instruct, but also to entertain the many Eastern people who visit this city. For this reason there are, in the new quarters of the Chamber, pleasant and commodious reception rooms and reading rooms where visitors may make themselves at home.

A number of views of the exhibit hall and rooms of the Chamber of Commerce are presented with this article, which convey some idea of the quarters of the organization. The building is located within convenient walking distance of all the leading hotels of the city, and is on the corner of two principal streets.

The work of the Chamber of Commerce is based on the proposition that what the country most needs to insure its material prosperity is more people to develop its resources, with all the marvelous advance



L. A. Eng. Co. WALNUTS AND WINE. Hill Photo.

that Southern California has made in the last ten years, it is still a sparsely settled country. A continuous stream of immigration must pour into this section for a long period of years before it can be considered "settled up." It will not do to trust to chance in this matter; the section that sets forth its advantages in the most emphatic and striking manner gets the first and best settlers. The Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles has presented the



L. A. Eng. Co.
C. D. WILLARD, Secretary.

claims of this section by means of exhibits and the distribution of literature of a high grade all over the Union. It is now generally admitted that Los Angeles is one of the best advertised cities in the country, and the fame of Southern California is equally well spread. There can be no question as to the thoroughness of the work done by the Chamber. There can be no doubt, either, as to the results that are attained. Of the people that are now coming into the country, increasing the population by an increment of ten per cent. annually, the majority testify to the influence of the printed matter or the exhibits of this or similar organizations in bringing about their determination to come.

Although it is named the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce it must not be considered an exclusively Los Angeles County affair. Many of its members reside in other counties of Southern California and contribute both to the financial support and the permanent exhibit. The several counties also occupy prominent positions in the exhibit room. San Diego County has a very attractive and instructive display of her bay region. Most prominent of this is a large oil painting of her famous harbor and Coronado Beach, as seen from Point Loma. Her table is filled with the leading productions of her back country, foremost among them being lemons, raisins and olive oil, for which she received such high honors at the Columbian Exposition. She also makes a very creditable display of apples, dried fruits of all kinds, grains, nuts and several specimens of food fish caught in the bay. Numerous pamphlets of information and statistics are kept on the tables.

San Bernardino County also adds a very striking display to the general exhibit. Her table is well filled with artistically arranged jars of citrus fruits, pears, apples, jellies, nuts and beet sugar, for which she has become so famous in the past few years. Dried fruits tastefully arranged in display boxes add much to the completeness of the tables. This county also exhibits a revolving album, moved by electricity, which displays photographic views of her vineyards, ranches, homes, water flumes, irrigation ditches, etc. This was one of the attractions so highly praised in the California Building at Chicago. The mineral display from this county excels that of any other. Illustrated descriptive pamphlets are also there for the taking.

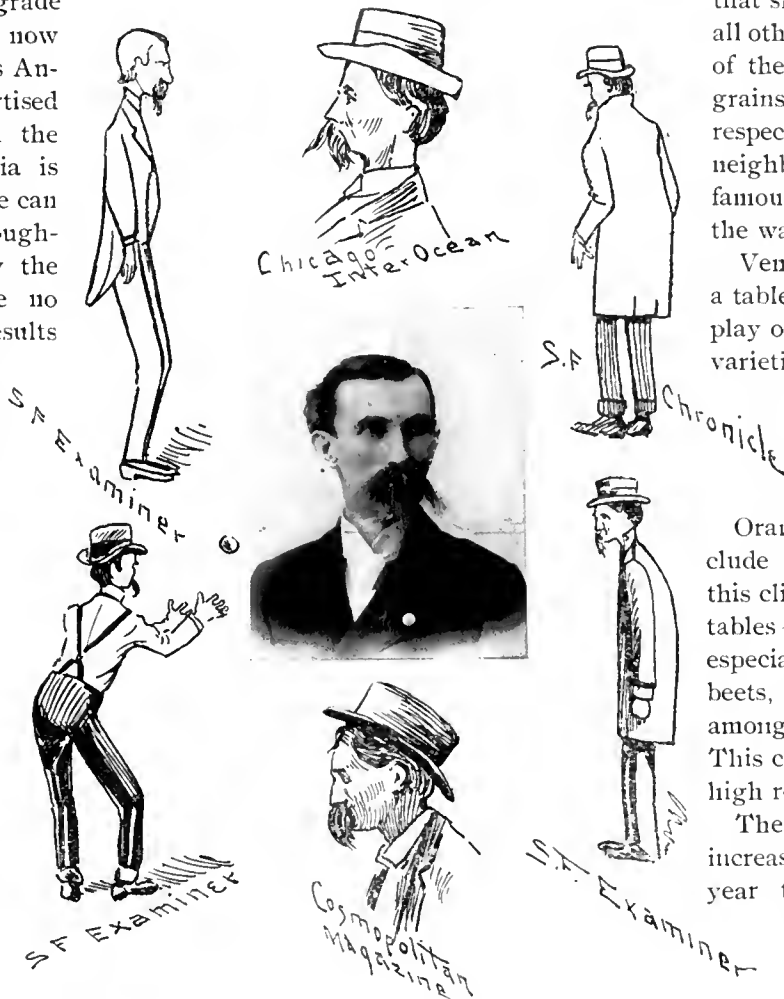
Riverside County in her display makes a leader of citrus fruits, raisins and olive oil—not omitting, however, to show that she is fully capable of raising all other products grown in this end of the State. The dried fruits and grains here displayed are in many respects superior to those of her neighbor counties. Views of her famous groves and avenues grace the walls back of the table.

Ventura County will soon occupy a table on the main floor with a display of her one hundred and twenty varieties of beans. Her celebrated deciduous fruits, mammoth potatoes, English walnuts, gypsum, asphaltum, etc., will also be represented.

Orange County's display will include about everything grown in this climate, and will lead in vegetables—to which her peat soil is especially adapted. Her cabbages, beets, onions, and 20-foot corn are among the big things of California. This county is fast gaining a very high reputation for celery culture.

The membership of the Chamber increases slowly but steadily from year to year, and its influence widens and strengthens. It is economically and carefully managed by competent executive officers, and its

affairs are supervised by a Board of Directors selected from the most responsible and public-spirited men to be found in the city. Through a considerable span of years the organization has demonstrated its right, not merely to an existence but to the confidence and hearty support of the public. Its unceasing, intelligent, progressive work is felt in every phase of every proposition which makes for the consistent and comprehensive development of Southern California.



L. A. Eng. Co. SUPT. FRANK WIGGINS, in Fact and in Fiction.

A. J. Willard



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JANUARY, 1895.

No. 2.

TEN CENTS PER COPY. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS, EDITOR.

F. A. PATTEE & CO., PUBLISHERS

ROOMS 501 AND 502 STIMSON BUILDING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as second-class matter.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—Specific information about Southern California desired by tourists, health seekers or intending settlers will be furnished free of charge by the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Enclose stamp with letter.

THE stingiest map has to give Southern California something more than a round dot which elsewhere serves to denote a million or two of people and a hundred thousand varying interests. Half a dozen of the Eastern States could play tag here without knocking their elbows against the fence. New England contains seven States; Southern California is made up of seven counties. The six most populous of those States do not cover so much ground as six of these counties, either in measured square miles or in range and variety of intrinsic interest. If you will lay to mind this small but typical truth; that here you can stand under the orange trees of Florida and with the naked eye see the pine trees of Maine, it may help you to some notion whether 45,000 square miles of such scope is likely to become an old story with the second glance.

It is, indeed, a field which no man yet has fully bounded, much less covered. No one, that is, except the stop-over genius who knows all (and rather more) in a fortnight. Here is at least one student of ten years' standing who freely confesses that the longer he marches toward the blue last peaks of final knowledge, the farther off they seem—and the more alluring. Personally, he never expects to reach the jumping-off place of interest in Southern California. Through a decade of change that has no parallel, this conviction of the intellectual attractiveness of the field has steadily grown upon him; and with it the minor belief of which this page is token.

It is, that here is room for a competent, reliable, characteristic Southern California magazine—bearing in mind that Southern California is not only the new Eden of the Saxon home-seeker, but part, and type, of Spanish-America; the scene where American energy has wrought miracles strange to the place where American energy was born, but under the skies of New Spain.

That the LAND OF SUNSHINE may be expected to grow with this growing field, its first half year, just rounded, is reasonable evidence. No one of its many predecessors ever received anything like such public favor and support; an indication (presuming common sense in the community) that no other has given readers so good money's worth. And it has but begun. If it has been worthy the generous welcome so far given, it will be worthy continued favor as it continues to improve.

Its field is unique. Nowhere else is there an equal population with so small a percentage of illiteracy as here in Southern California. For ten years this section has been filling with an immigration such as no other land ever saw. Multitudes have been concerned in migration before now, and so have people of wealth and refinement shifted their homes; but always elsewhere the bulk of immigration has been of at least indifferent stuff. New England itself—and in the self-same period—has suffered an invasion which has seriously lowered the mean of culture. The proposition may seem revolutionary, but it is hardly doubtful that the percentage of educated people is higher today in Southern California than in New England. Beyond any question, it is higher than in Massachusetts. Not that the cultured people here are more, but the uncultured less. The most evident and startling sociologic feature of this section is that there is no criminal class; practically no pauper class. These southern counties are settled with people who were not failures somewhere else, nor adventurers, nor refugees; people of comfortable means, of education, of morals, who have come here because here they find life better worth living. We have some of the other sort, too; but numerically they are lonely, and politically and socially the good citizen is not ruled by them.

It is essentially a reading population; the ideal clientage for the home magazine which shall succeed in interesting its public. It has been fashionable to deem San Francisco the only place where a California magazine may live—the conclusion of those who can read nothing but numbers. But it is not population which supports a magazine; it is readers—and in the percentage of that class, the difference between Los Angeles and San Francisco is something very different from the ratio of 85,000 to 300,000.

Again, Southern Californians, of long or short adoption, have a local spirit, an enthusiasm of place, quite impossible—and hardly intelligible—where nature herself is niggardly. The local pride of Boston or Philadelphia or Chicago is less earnest and less generous, because narrower. The Southern Californian loves and admires his new home not because he has never seen anything else—he was not born here—but specifically because he *has* seen other places, and found this better. In such a dominant class, intellectual and interested, should be not only the necessary readers for a home magazine, but the equally essential contributors. There are not a few well-known writers; and a far greater number waiting to be called out.

Another peculiar advantage for a local magazine is that the locality commands abroad such attention and interest as

certainly no other section of the United States can boast. Everyone knows of Southern California; nearly everyone has some appetite to know more. This class, instead of decreasing is growing, and in the nature of things must continue to grow. The magazine which shall furnish (along with the "good reading" which is demanded of all magazines) the information, the local color, the special flavor such people desire, will win its way in proportion as they shall find it enterprising, well informed and above all self-respecting. They are prompt to feel the difference between the hireling "promoter" and the business enterprise which has sense enough to be honest. Temptation to overstate that in which we are in earnest is always strong, perhaps less from mercenary, than from more pardonable, weakness; but in the present case a rigid adherence to fact is an absolute essential to survival. The LAND OF SUNSHINE will consistently follow this principle. Practical information about Southern California will be one of its features; and its treatment will be concise, interesting, expert, accurate. It means to be trusted by its Eastern readers.

* * *

To its home clientage, to which it will first address itself, it purposes to give not only this, but a magazine worth reading in the intelligent homes of Southern California. Its contents will include matter to interest *them*, as well as the very thing they wish to tell their friends back in the old home. Magazines sometimes start at what they think they are worth; this one prefers to begin modestly on its own feet and grow to what stature its public shall find it worthy to attain. It means to build up, by logical processes, a true Southern California magazine, alert as the business community it represents, intellectual to the standard of its readers, clear-cut and interesting as its conductors can make it.

* * *

Here at least a magazine may be local yet neither narrow nor monotonous. Few, if any, of us yet realize the wonderful breadth and variety of this field. Here for the very first time the Saxon has made himself fully at home in a perfect type of the semi-tropics. Hitherto in European and American history it was the Latin races that occupied such lands as this—as they preceded us here. Our blood has befallen climes where to keep alive was in itself a reasonable active occupation. What will be the human outcome of this radical change, is the most fascinating and novel sociologic problem ever set to be worked out. There is truth in the scientist's axiom that adversity develops strength; but even the frostbitten superstition of the East would hardly argue that to keep in training a man must beat and be beaten by his wife. A decent comfort in the home need not make one too effeminate to battle with the world; nor is man to be undone by choosing Nature where she is mother, not stepmother.

* * *

Romance and poetry have here a fascinating and—broadly speaking—a virgin field. The climatic conditions are in themselves a stir of inspiration to which the dullest is not insensible; and beyond all that is the human touch—the romance of the aborigine and of New Spain, haunting every vista. Our history and archæology are equally attractive ground, as yet almost untouched. The hunter

and the fisher find here a paradise no less than do the dreamer and the student. For the artist are such types and such landscapes as nowhere else in the Union—and under such lights as never shone in the humid skies of the East and of Europe. The geologist, the botanist, the conchologist, may here open a volume of nature astonishing in range and variety. For the ethnologist a great section awaits its pioneer; and for the social philosopher, here is a theme the latest and the most absorbing. So all along the list. No equal area of the United States has so great a variety of interests for all minds; yet several local magazines live on the far narrower suggestiveness of New England. And a magazine, even without once stepping outside of California for a subject, could cover as extensive a field humanly and climatically, in miles and science, in physical geography and local color, as one which should exploit the Atlantic coast from Maine to the Carolinas, inclusive, and as far inland as West Virginia.

* * *

This looks to be a reasonably wide scope, and the LAND OF SUNSHINE will try to be content with it for the present. It aims to find out and bring out a literature and art local in color but broad in sympathy. It will make a modest but growing feature of short stories, poems, studies, sketches, all of characteristic flavor; the folklore and folksongs, the history and legends, the types of man and nature, and whatever else shall appeal to the intellectual, with as earnest effort to follow a rising standard of excellence in this as to draw the practical and material side with a steady hand.

The new year opens for Southern California with unprecedented promise. The last pessimist in the tail-end of the procession can find nothing left to growl about. The business interests of the whole section are on a sane, solid, safe basis, and steadily expanding. Their volume is already so vast as to astonish the thoughtful visitor; so significant that it begins to be regarded with something like awe by the long-time commercial Czar of the coast. This material advancement, nothing within human probability or natural laws can now arrest. A "dry year" would have retarded, but could not have stopped it. Indeed it would have been not wholly a misfortune; for it would have proved graphically how independent this section is of seasons. Drouths grazes the skin, here, and that is all. It lessens the profits but does not wipe them out—much less does it bankrupt. But we shall not have the chance this year to show how much better a Southern California "drouth" is than an Eastern "good year." A dry winter is now out of the question. The December rains have set the pace—a quick-step of fertility and prosperity for the year. This Land of Sunshine is "smiling all over"—indeed, the expression of its more than 40,000 square miles may now fairly be called a broad grin.

* * *

The success of our first amateur photographic competition suggests that such artistic contests be made a permanent feature. For the best collection of six photographs by an amateur sent us before March 1st we offer a first prize of \$5 cash; second prize, three subscriptions to the LAND OF SUNSHINE for one year; third prize, two subscriptions. See page 29.

SOME "BIG THINGS."

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is everywhere known as the native heath of all sorts of big things—except big stories. They also mean well; but they cannot keep up with the growth of the material.

The biggest thing in California is the California heart. More than even the lavish sky and soil, this has given California a world-wide reputation. Hospitality here is as large and warm and generous as our semi-tropic outdoors. No one has yet taken the actual weight and circumference of the heart of a genuine Californian; but I will venture that many who read this article can vouch, from personal experience, that it is a "whopper." Run across a Forty-niner, or anyone who has been here long enough for the vaccination of climate really to have "taken" in his system, and it will not take you long to learn what big-heartedness and open-heartedness mean.

The California Building at the World's Fair was the biggest thing in State buildings. California made the first *big* appropriation to the World's Fair fund.

The Midwinter Fair, held in San Francisco last year, was the biggest exhibition enterprise ever undertaken by a single State; and it was the biggest success.

The big things of Southern California are not confined to enterprises only—

though in that line also we can afford comparison with any other section whatever. The products of the soil are big enough to speak for themselves—and they do it, wherever you meet them. The largest grapevine in the world was exhibited at the Centennial exposition, Philadelphia, 1876. It grew in Santa Barbara County, Southern Califor-

nia. It measured 22 inches in diameter, was ten feet high, had a spread of branches that covered an acre of ground, and when in active life produced four tons of grapes a year.

The counterpart of this giant vine can be seen today in Carpinteria, in the same county.

One of the most beautiful "big things," and one most commonly seen in California—particularly in the Southern part of the State—is the Paul Neron rose, which not infrequently reaches the mammoth size of eight inches' diameter. A photo-engraving, actual size, of one of these monster roses occupies part of the next page.

The exquisite Gold of Ophir rose may also be classed among the big things, though its flowers are not particularly large. The bush often attains a height of fifteen feet, with a spread of twenty-five feet, and has been known to produce 200,000 roses at one blooming. That comes pretty near being an avalanche of flowers. A single bush of this variety can be trained to cover a seven-roomed cottage completely.

The Calla Lily—a dwarfish plant of which the housewife in the East nurses in its little pot in a warm room to coax its feeble blossom—grows here out of doors the year round. In places you will see ten-acre fields a solid mass of it. And its flowers are of a magnitude in keeping.

In the more prosaic products, California equally takes the lead. Her pumpkins are "some pumpkins," and famous the world over. A full-grown one makes the nursery rhyme seem quite matter-of-fact:

"Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
He put her in a pumpkin shell
And there he kept her very well."

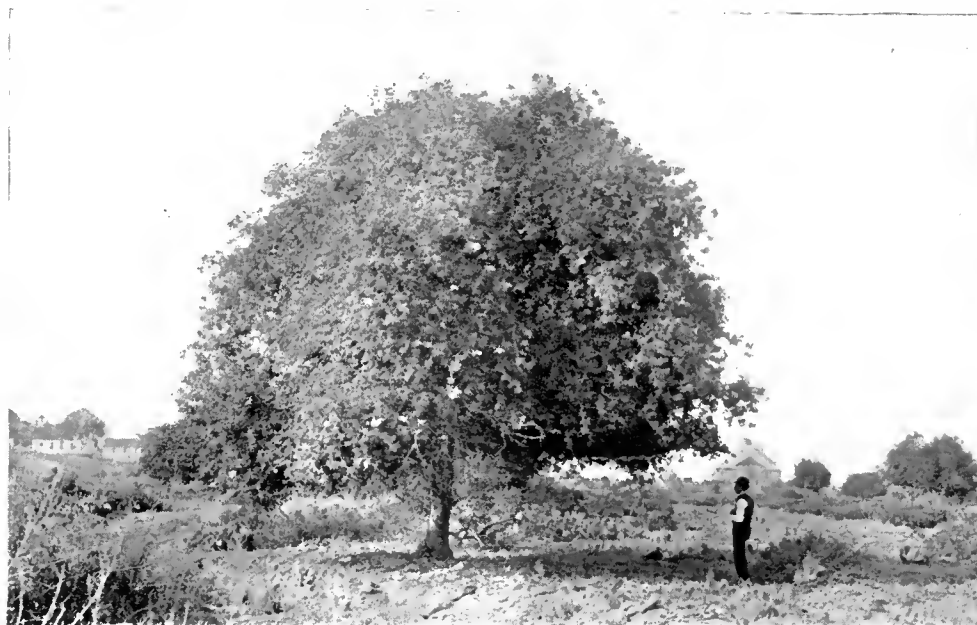
Mrs. Peter could have come somewhere near to housekeeping in the shell of a Southern California pumpkin. They grow to eight and nine feet in circumference, and weigh 250 to 400 pounds. In removing them from the field it is necessary to use a block and tackle



Herve Friend, Eng.

Waite, Photo.

THREE-POUND ONIONS.



Union Eng. Co.

AN ELDERBERRY "BUSH" ON CATALINA.

Waite, Photo.

to get them into the wagon.

Watermelons of 75 to 125 pounds each are no rare sight. Onions are now being produced in large quantities that

average two to four pounds each. Those pictured in this article are fair specimens of the product of a two-acre field, the average weight of whose tearful tubers was 3 pounds apiece. It is an old story than California "beets the world."

15 inches in diameter; 20 feet high, and with a spread of 40 feet—and all this at only four years from the seed.

Eucalyptus trees in four years from



Her beets grow so large, and often with so much of the root above ground, that farmers use them for hitching posts. They weigh from 90 to 175 pounds each. So solidly are they rooted in the ground that it often requires a block and tackle to pull them.

One of the curiosities shown at the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce—and one at which Eastern visitors are astounded—is a section of the trunk of an elderberry "bush," which measures three feet in diameter. It was cut from a tree planted 50 years ago by one of the Mission fathers.

The castor bean knows how to get the benefit of this soil and climate. In the botanics it is an herb; out here, it is a tree. Many specimens can be seen in this city whose trunks are

the seed have grown to the great height of 50 feet, and a trunk diameter of 18 inches. These are only a few of our big things. They are maximum cases, but true and capable of ocular and tangible proof. To the stranger they may seem "whoppers" in both senses; but they are here for him to see. To our own people they have ceased to be wonders—because they are natural and logical results of such soil and climate as those of Southern California.

Union Eng. Co.

PAUL NERON ROSE, life size.

Frank Higgins

WHY AM I HERE?



FIRSTLY—Because, although I came to Los Angeles a physical wreck, pale, haggard and debilitated—my health has been restored. I am now simply robust, and my avoirdupois has been augmented by over thirty pounds.

Secondly—Because I found the opportunities for business more promising here than in almost any other section,

which fact has enabled me to make a living, "and then some."

Thirdly—Because the "glorious climate" (which is all that has been claimed for it, and more) enables me to enjoy life better and appreciate life more, than where the uncertainty of tomorrow's weather impinges upon the planning for that day; and because there are here no blizzards, cyclones, hydrophobia, lightning rods, lightning-rod peddlers, nor sunstrokes, and no earthquakes so frightful as those which sometimes afflict the Eastern portion of our continent.

Fourthly—Because I am here afforded the delights and advantages of the best society imaginable. Southern California has been peopled with the very best of Eastern wealth, culture, education, and exquisite refinement. There are here the highest exponents of art, science, philosophy and belles-lettres.

Fifthly—Because the educational advantages are unsurpassed. In pedagogy the latest and most approved ideas are allowed to prevail. Our public schools rank with the best; and a multiplicity of private and special schools provide for every educational requirement.

Sixthly—I love music, and there are here an abundance of opportunities for the gratification of my desires in this direction. The fine choirs, the numerous vocal clubs, the several high-grade orchestras, and number of accomplished vocal and instrumental soloists, have already made Los Angeles a remarkable musical center.

Seventhly—There is no community in the United States more moral on the average, or more civil than is this in which it is my privilege to live. I have seen more drunken and disorderly men on a Saturday afternoon in an Eastern town of fifteen thousand, than may be seen on the streets of the large city of Los Angeles in an entire month. I doubt seriously, if there is within the whole United States a more generally church-going people; nor is there any locality where there is more religious toleration.

Eighthly—Los Angeles, by reason of its geographical and topographical situation, is destined to become the metropolis, not only of Southern California, but of the entire Southwest. In the East for twenty years I lived in what was known as the "ancient metropolis" of Ohio, and I am proud to contribute my mite toward the creation of a greater "metropolis."

Lastly—Because in all my long experience and observation I have as yet failed to discover any other spot which combines so many of the elements which go to make men happy, healthy, useful and wise; no place where hospitality is more genuine; where friendships are more abiding; where men are nobler or women lovelier. W. C. PATTERSON.

THE OUTLOOK.



I AM sure it is no exaggeration to say that the outlook for Los Angeles was never more promising than it is today. We have got over the depression which followed the boom, and although we have not yet run across anything in the shape of another boom—perhaps it would be better that we should not do so—there is a large amount of business being transacted here of a steady and satisfactory character—more business in fact than

a good many people have any idea of.

A great many Eastern people are coming to make their homes with us; and I find that nine-tenths of these people, after they get here, act as immigration agents to bring others. This, together with the large amount of advertising which Los Angeles is receiving from such agencies as the Chamber of Commerce and the newspapers, combined with the efforts that were made at the World's Fair and Midwinter Fair should have the effect of increasing the population of the city by at least 25 per cent. within the next twelve months.

One of the most important features of the present movement toward this section is that so many of the people come to settle on the land and become producers, thus adding to the wealth of Southern California. In former days a great many Easterners used to come to Los Angeles without any special object in view and without means, just "waiting for something to turn up," like Mr. Micawber. Many of these folks seemed to have an idea that twenty-dollar gold pieces were laying around loose in Los Angeles. Of course such impracticables were disappointed, as were some other persons who came here with lost hags expecting that the climate was something like that of the Pacific Islands, and who found that they could not safely go out nights without warm clothing. Such visitors as these wrote back a good many uncomplimentary things about Los Angeles and Southern California to their home papers. But a different class of people are coming here today. Most of them know just what they intend to do, some of them even having settled upon a location before they left their Eastern homes.

E. P. JOHNSON.

→ The LAND OF SUNSHINE comes out this month in a new cover, on the line of the beautiful black-and-white effects so swiftly made popular in the East and abroad by the new decorative illustrators. American and English art has suddenly gone to school to Japan; and the influence of that grotesque but always artistic pagan begins to be seen wherever illustration is progressive. The massing of black and white, the banishment of shade, the new alliance between silhouette and pure line, are giving some of the most striking effects ever seen in decorative art. The Beardseys and Bradleys commit some excesses; but there is no doubt that the saner and more vital principles of the new departure are a permanent addition to art. This month's cover is drawn by W. E. Chapin, the clever cartoonist of The Times.



L. A. Eng. Co.

• ✓ POMONA—A TYPICAL COMMUNITY.

IT is but a few years since early settlers in the Golden State looked with disdain on Southern California, which was contemptuously termed "the cow counties." It was thought that these then bare plains were fit merely for the pasturing of the vast herds of cattle that roamed at will over the great ranches the Mexican Government had bestowed on the favored few. But there came a class sufficiently sharp-eyed to discover that such soil needed only the application of water and labor to transform the arid plains to thriving cities and prosperous communities. The past decade has witnessed the greater part of the transformation—the evolution of cattle ranches into the orchard cities of today. Everywhere Eastern pluck and capital have been at work, developing the waters of the mountain streams, piping them to the plains below; and the horticulturist, in turn, has raised thereby crops yielding hundreds of dollars from the same land that before scarcely sufficed to sustain a single cow.

Among the Southern California communities which illustrate the remarkable combination of brains and energy that has wrought a miracle of development in this end of the State, Pomona must be counted with the foremost. Typical of the best possibilities of this favored land, its name is apt. The Goddess of Fruits has here been lavish of her favors. Many fruits once believed to be unfitted for the climate, have here been demonstrated capable of successful culture. It is Pomona's boast that agriculturally she is the greatest all-round producer in the world. It is really a "home of the orange, the olive and the vine," and of an extensive array of other semi-tropic fruits and many northern deciduous fruits as well. Its people claim that there is a greater diversity of fruits produced commercially in and about Pomona than at any other point in Southern California.

At the State citrus fairs Pomona has more than held its own as a producer of the finest grades of fruits of the citrus family. Her deciduous fruits find a market, either dried or canned, throughout the Eastern States. The Pomona orchards produce annually about 2,500 tons of apricots, 1,000 tons of peaches, and nearly 1,000 tons each of prunes and grapes; while pears and nectarines are grown to a lesser extent. The State looks largely to Pomona for its supply of young olive trees, of the best varieties; and Pomona pickled olives have a prime reputation.

Besides the fruit interests, the community has, along its southern boundaries, a belt of moist land that without irrigation produces as regular crops ten tons of alfalfa hay, a hundred bushels of corn, and from twelve to twenty tons of beets to the acre. It is this peculiar "all-aroundness" of producing energy that makes Pomona typical of the best possibilities of Southern California.

But the energies of the people are not exhausted in the cultivation of the soil. The very nature of their surroundings and occupation fosters the graces of life. Many miles of shaded avenues, roads excellent even in winter, rose gardens and lawns around the homes—all betoken love of the beautiful and consideration for the stranger. There is something in this climate that anyhow tends to open the heart. The tourist who enters the fruit-growing center must be crusty indeed, if he remains long a stranger. Pomona, though a city of 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants, has not yet adopted urban stiffness, but extends a hospitable hand to the visitor.

The people of Pomona are justly proud of their mountain and artesian water systems, the prime source of their prosperity. These systems convey water by upwards of 100 miles of cement and iron pipes to the orchards during the summer.

Pomonans like to call theirs a city of churches, and as one looks around and sees the costly and handsome church homes of all the leading denominations, one feels the justice of the title. Their pride in their educational facilities is



Union Eng. Co.

IN SAN ANTONIO CAÑON.

also justified by the presence of fine school houses; and, for higher education, the Pomona College, one mile from the city limits, at the lovely suburbs of Claremont. Here is a



Union Eng. Co. POMONA COLLEGE.

corps of professors, of whom a city much larger than Pomona might be proud; and their work is drawing students from all parts of Southern California. The city has also a public library of 3,500 volumes.

Pomona offers the tourist and health-seeker the comforts of first-class hotels, a climate with no superior, and scenery attractive to every lover of nature. From the hills near town, views of the valley can be had, so lovely and so panoramic as never to be forgotten. Sitting on the hotel porches in genial sunshine, viewing the snow-capped mountains towering ten thousand feet above, the visitor marvels at the contrast between the icy peaks up yonder and the semi-tropic fertility around him. To the robust, who delight in exercise, and to those who seek only a quiet resting place amidst beautiful surroundings, Pomona is equally charming.

If change of scene is desired, the Southern Pacific or the Santa Fé railroad will land the traveler in Los Angeles (thirty miles to the west) in a little over an hour; and forty minutes more sets him down beside the Pacific. On the other hand, the near-by mountains afford admirable trout fishing, delightful spots for camping, and rare attractions to the student of nature in her varying moods.

While Pomona is not at present, in the sense that Pasadena is, a city of beautiful residences, there are many substantial and tasteful homes in and around it; and even a careless eye notes that the standard is steadily advancing—both as to cost and elegance of design. Experience in the older settlements has shown that the wealthy home-seeker will establish himself in a community only after a certain stage of progress has been reached there; and the day is at hand when Pomona will vie with Pasadena in the inducements



Union Eng. Co. A HOME IN POMONA.

offered to this class of settlers. The location is all that a location should be; and the people, enterprising and progressive, are making the most of it.

The city is lighted with gas and electricity. It is supplied with the purest artesian water, which, percolating through thousands of feet of sand and gravel on its way from the snow-capped mountains, is brought to the surface by deep flowing wells from two to six hundred feet in depth, and is delivered to consumers direct from the wells, without previous contact with the air or injurious germ cells.

During the past year great energy has been displayed in the work of laying cement and bituminous-rock sidewalks in all directions. The business portion of the city is growing, and several large and substantial brick blocks are in course of construction at the present time. The work of paving the main streets is about to be begun, and will be completed in the spring.

A notable enterprise was established about two years ago by the San Antonio Light and Power Company, which now supplies electric light to the cities of Pomona and San Bernardino. By utilizing the rapid fall of the waters of the San Antonio Creek, north of the city, an energy in normal seasons of seven hundred horse power is developed; and the motive force is likely to encourage manufacturing enterprises, which should in the near future be of value to the city.



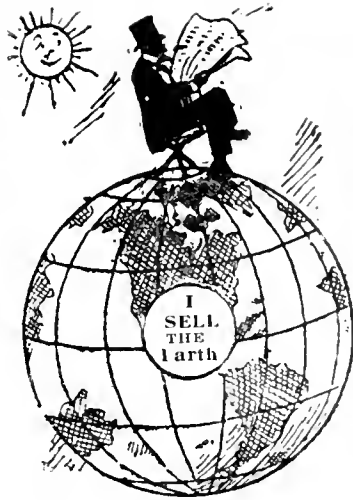
L. A. Eng. Co. HOTEL PALOMARES.

Altogether Pomona is an excellent example of what can be done here by legitimate development in a short space of time. Nearly all that the stranger admires there is the result of ten years' work. If its people shall continue as intelligent, as energetic and as practical as they have so far been—and it is reasonable to presume that they will—there is no doubt as to the future of Pomona. Those who have watched its growth for ten years past have the strongest faith—and the best-grounded faith—in its outcome. Its strategic position with reference to the other cities and considerable towns of Southern California; its versatile soil and superb climate; its scenery, which is of the most beautiful in Southern California and entirely unparalleled by anything in the United States outside of this section; the refinement and progressiveness of its people—all promise Pomona its handsome share of the general prosperity which is now inevitable for all Southern California. When the rest of the United States shall go bankrupt, so, probably, will California; but until then it will continue to draw upon the East for the large and ever-increasing class of people who have the money and the mind to take the rest of their days to a country where it is really worth while to live. Every mind has its own bias; and there are in this "God's country" places to fit any bias. It is best to see them all before settling; and the home-seeker who leaves Pomona out may be missing the very place that would suit him best.

Have You Ever Considered the Olive Industry?

Let me tell you it will be one of the leading industries in California in a very few years. If you are looking for an investment, it will pay you to give this a thorough investigation. Olive oil and pickled olives pay well. Our olive men have orders ahead for their crop. Mr. Howland just received from the East large orders for oil at \$5.00 per gallon, and in the past few weeks large orders have been received for pickled olives.

Investors—I now offer for sale for the first time



...The Howland Olive Orchards...

and complete plant—one of the finest, if not the finest, plant in California. 120 acres, about 116 solid to four of the best varieties of olives known, mostly four years old next spring; located south-east of Pomona. Also 30 acres two miles north of Pomona, 20 acres solid to bearing olives, balance mostly to bearing orange trees. On this 30 acres is located the Howland Olive Mill, probably the best olive mill in the United States. The income last year from the mill orchard was \$3,425.00. This year will run over \$5,000, and will increase rapidly hereafter. But, say! the 120 acres will soon be in bearing, and just imagine, if you can, what the income will be from 120 acres almost solid to olives. I tell you, it will be immense. The Howland Olive Oil took the first premium at the World's Fair, Chicago, also at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco—for good reasons. Mr. Howland will sell his complete plant, including mill and 150 acres, for \$65,000, or will sell the 120 acre ranch for \$300 per acre. For full particulars call on or write to R. S. BASSETT, Pomona, California.

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44 Acres of Apricot, Peach and Vineyard, with water; will make a beautiful home.

10 Acres Orange Grove; most slightly place in Southern California; free from frost; with water.

10 Acres Lemon and Orange Grove; a beautiful spot; with water.

37 Acres No improvements; in frostless belt; finest Lemon land; plenty of water.

320 Acres Stock, Fruit and Grain Ranch; general farming.

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Being a resident here eighteen years, and engaged in the Furniture and Carpet business, I have selected this as choice property, and have more than I can spare time to look after, and must dispose of some of them. Parties wishing to purchase to advantage have now a great opportunity.

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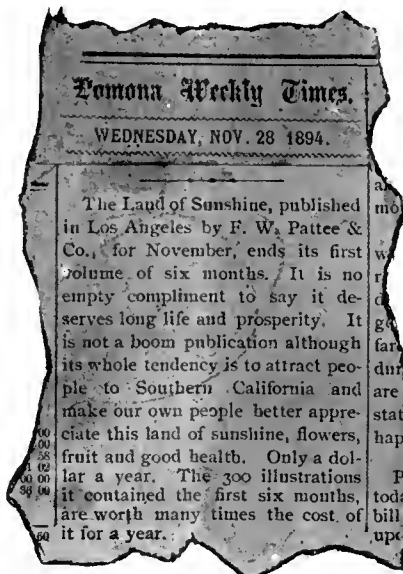
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We hereby certify that we have printed, bound, and delivered to F. W. Pattee & Co. from thousand (2000) copies of the January issue of 'Sunshine'.

King of Books & Stationery Co. 14 Thomas P. Barrage, Jr.

State of California } County of Los Angeles } ss

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of November 1894



W. J. Johnson, Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, California



Condensed Information Regarding Southern California.

The section generally known as Southern California comprises the seven counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Orange, Riverside, San Diego, Ventura and Santa Barbara. The total area of these counties is 44,901 square miles, which is 29 per cent of the area of the State, or larger than the combined area of Connecticut, Delaware, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Vermont. The coast line extends north-west and south-east a distance of about 275 miles. Within this area there is a remarkable variety of climate, soil and topography. In winter one can travel on foot in three-quarters of an hour from orange groves to snow fields. The population in 1890 was 201,352.

LOS ANGELES, the leading county of Southern California, has an area of about 4,000 square miles, some four-fifths of which is capable of cultivation, with water supplied. The shore line is about 85 miles in length. The population increased from 33,881 in 1880 to 101,454 in 1890. Horticulture is the principal industry. There are over 1,500,000 fruit trees growing in the county.

Los Angeles city, the commercial metropolis of Southern California, 15 miles from the coast, has a population to-day of about 75,000. Eleven railroads center here. There are about 100 miles of graded and graveled streets, and 11 miles of paved streets. The city is entirely lighted by electricity. There is a \$500,000 court house, a \$200,000 city hall, and many large business blocks. The residences are mostly surrounded by beautiful gardens.

The other principal cities are Pasadena, Pomona, Whittier, Azusa, Downey, Santa Monica, Redondo and San Pedro.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY is the largest county in the State, comprising numerous mountain ranges, rich in minerals, fertile valleys, and considerable desert, much of which can be reclaimed with water from the mountains. Population about 30,000. The county is traversed by two railroads. Fine oranges and other fruits are raised.

San Bernardino city, the county seat, is a railroad center, with about 8,000 people. The other principal places are Redlands, Ontario, Colton and Chino.

ORANGE COUNTY was segregated from Los Angeles county in 1889. Area 671 square miles; population, in 1890, 13,589. Much fruit and grain are raised. Most of the land is arable, and there is a good supply of water.

Santa Ana, the county seat, is an attractive place, with a population of 5,000. Other cities are Orange, Tustin, Anaheim and Fullerton.

RIVERSIDE COUNTY was created in 1893 from portions of San Bernardino and San Diego counties. Area 7,000 square miles; population about 14,000. It is an inland county.

Riverside, the county seat, is noted for its extensive orange groves and beautiful homes.

Other places are South Riverside, Perris and San Jacinto.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY is a large county, the most southern in the State, adjoining Mexico. Much of the area is at present desert. Population about 30,000. There are mountains 10,000 feet above, and depressions 250 feet below sea level, furnishing every variety of climate. That of the coast region is remarkably mild and equable. Irrigation is being rapidly extended. Fine lemons are raised near the coast, and all other fruits flourish.

San Diego city, on the bay of that name, is the terminus of the Santa Fe railway system, with a population of about 17,000. Across the bay is Coronado Beach with its mammoth hotel. Other cities are National City, Escondido, Julian and Oceanside.

VENTURA COUNTY adjoins Los Angeles county on the north. It is very mountainous. There are many profitable petroleum wells. Apricots and other fruits are raised, also many beans. Population in 1870, 10,071.

San Buenaventura, the county seat, is pleasantly situated on the coast. Population 2,500. Other cities are Santa Paula, Huene and Fillmore.

SANTA BARBARA is the most northern of the seven counties, with a long shore line. There are many rugged mountains in the interior, about one-fifth of the 1,450,000 acres being arable. Semi-tropic fruits are largely raised, and beans in the northern part of the county.

Santa Barbara, the county seat, is noted for its mild climate and rare vegetation. It is located on a sloping mesa, facing the ocean and islands, with mountains in the rear, and foot-hills studded with live-oaks. Population about 6,000. Other cities are Lompoc, Carpinteria and Santa Maria.

LEADING CHURCHES OF LOS ANGELES.

BAPTIST.

East Los Angeles—Cor S Workman and Hawkus sts.
First—N E cor S Broadway and Sixth sts.

CATHOLIC.

St. Vibiana Cathedral—S Main st near Second.
St. Vincent's—Cor Grand Ave and Washington st.
La Parochia—The Plaza.

CONGREGATIONAL.

East Los Angeles—N Daly, near Downey ave.
First—S W cor Hill and Sixth sts.
Plymouth—S side Twenty-first st opp Lovelace ave.

EPISCOPAL.

St. John's—S E cor Figueroa and Adams sts.
St. Paul's—S Olive, bet Fifth and Sixth sts.

LUTHERAN.

First English—S E cor Flower and Eighth sts.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Epworth—N W cor Bellevue ave and Centennial st.
Bellevue (South)—Bellevue ave, near Beaudry ave.
First—S side Broadway, bet Third and Fourth sts.
Simpson—734 S Hope st.
Trinity (South)—E side Broadway, bet Fifth and Sixth University—S W cor Wesley ave and Simpson st.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Boyle Heights—Chicago ave, bet E First & Michigan
First—S E cor Second st and Broadway.
Immanuel—S E cor Tenth and Pearl sts.

UNITARIAN.

Church of the Unity—N E cor Third and Hill sts.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOTEL ASSOCIATION.

GEO. W. LYNCH, Manager Hotel Florence, San Diego, President.

J. H. HOLMES, Manager Hotel Greco, Pasadena, First Vice President.

M. M. POTTER, Proprietor Hotel Westminster, Los Angeles, Second Vice President.

CHAS. H. SMITH, Publisher Daily Hotel Gazette, 205 New High Street, Los Angeles, Secretary.

A. C. BILICKE, Proprietor The Hollenbeck, Los Angeles, Treasurer.

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Geo. W. Lynch, San Diego, ex-officio.
J. H. Holmes, Pasadena, ex-officio.
Thos. Pascoe, Hotel Lincoln, Los Angeles.
E. S. Babcock, Hotel del Coronado.
N. H. Mitchell, Hotel del Campo, Anaheim.
F. A. Miller, The Glenwood, Riverside.
A. H. Pratt, Seven Oaks.
Frauk J. Crane, Hotel Rose, Ventura.
E. P. Dunn, The Arlington, Santa Barbara.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOTELS.

ANAHEIM.

Hotel del Campo—Tourist. \$7 to \$10 per week.

ARROWHEAD SPRINGS.

In the mountains; hot mud baths. \$2.50 per day.

AVALON.

Hotel Metropole—American plan.

AZUSA.

Hotel Azusa—Entrance to San Gabriel Cañon.

CORONADO BEACH.

Hotel del Coronado—Largest in the world; \$3 per day; \$17.50 per week upward.

EAST SAN GABRIEL.

Hotel San Gabriel—\$2.50 per day and up.

ECHO MOUNTAIN.

Echo Mountain House—On line of Mount Lowe Railway. Open all the year.

LA JOLLA.

La Jolla Park Hotel—Open all the year.

LOS ANGELES.

Abbottsford Inn—Tourist and family home.

Grand Pacific—421 to 427 S Spring st.

Hotel Brunswick—Cor Sixth and Hill sts.

Hotel Lillie—534 S Hill st, opp park.

Hotel Lincoln—First-class family hotel. Second and Hill sts.

Hotel Nadeau—European plan. \$1 per day up.

Hotel Ramona—European plan. 75c per day.

Hotel Rossmore—416 W Sixth st, opp park.

Hotel Westminster—strictly first-class.

Natick House—\$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2 per day.

United States Hotel—50c., 75c., \$1 and \$1.50.

St. Elmo Hotel—\$1.50 to \$2.50 per day.

The Argyle—Tourist and family.

The California—Select family hotel.

The Hollenbeck—American and European.

Strictly first-class.

The Livingstone—635 S Hill st.

MONROVIA.

Grand View Hotel—Rates \$2 per day.

MORENO.

Hotel de Moreno—Open all the year.

ONTARIO.

Southern Pacific Hotel—First-class.

ORANGE.

Hotel Palmyra—American plan.

OCEANSIDE.

South Pacific Hotel—Rates \$2 per day.

PALM SPRINGS.

Sanitarium—\$2 per day. Wellwood Murry, Prop.

PASADENA.

Balmoral—American plan.

Hotel Green—American plan. \$3.50 per day.

Raymond—American plan; winter resort.

PASO ROBLES.

El Paso de Robles Hotel—Mineral waters and mud baths. \$10 per week and upward.

PERRIS.

Southern Hotel—Rates \$1 per day up.

POMONA.

Hotel Palomares—First-class throughout.

Keller's Hotel—Rates \$1.25 and \$1.50 per day.

Pacific Hotel—Rates \$1.25 to \$2 per day.

REDLANDS.

Windsor Hotel—Centrally located. Rates \$2 per day.

Hotel Terracina—A quiet, home-like resort. \$3 per day; \$17.50 per week up.

Baker House—\$1.25 to \$2 per day.

REDONDO BEACH.

Redondo Hotel—Seaside resort. \$3 per day.

RIVERSIDE.

Arlington Hotel—American plan; \$2.50 per day.

Hotel Glenwood—Strictly first-class house.

The Rowell—\$2 per day.

RUBIO CANYON.

Hotel Rubio—On the Mount Lowe Railway.

SAN BERNARDINO.

New St. Charles Hotel—\$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50.

The Stewart—Rates \$2.50 per day.

SAN DIEGO.

Hotel Brewster—Splendidly equipped; American plan. \$2.50 per day and upward.

Hotel Florence—Overlooks bay and ocean; American plan. \$3 per day.

Horton House—Fine cuisine; central location; American plan. \$2 and \$2.50 per day.

The Richelieu—Rooms. 1055 Fifth st.

SANTA ANA.

Hotel Brunswick—Rates \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day.

SANTA BARBARA.

The Arlington—American plan. \$3 per day.

Commercial Hotel—\$2 per day; rooms 50c up.

SANTA MONICA.

Hotel Arcadia—Rates \$3 per day upward.

Hotel Jackson—Rates reasonable.

SEVEN OAKS.

Seven Oaks—Summer resort; hunting, fishing.

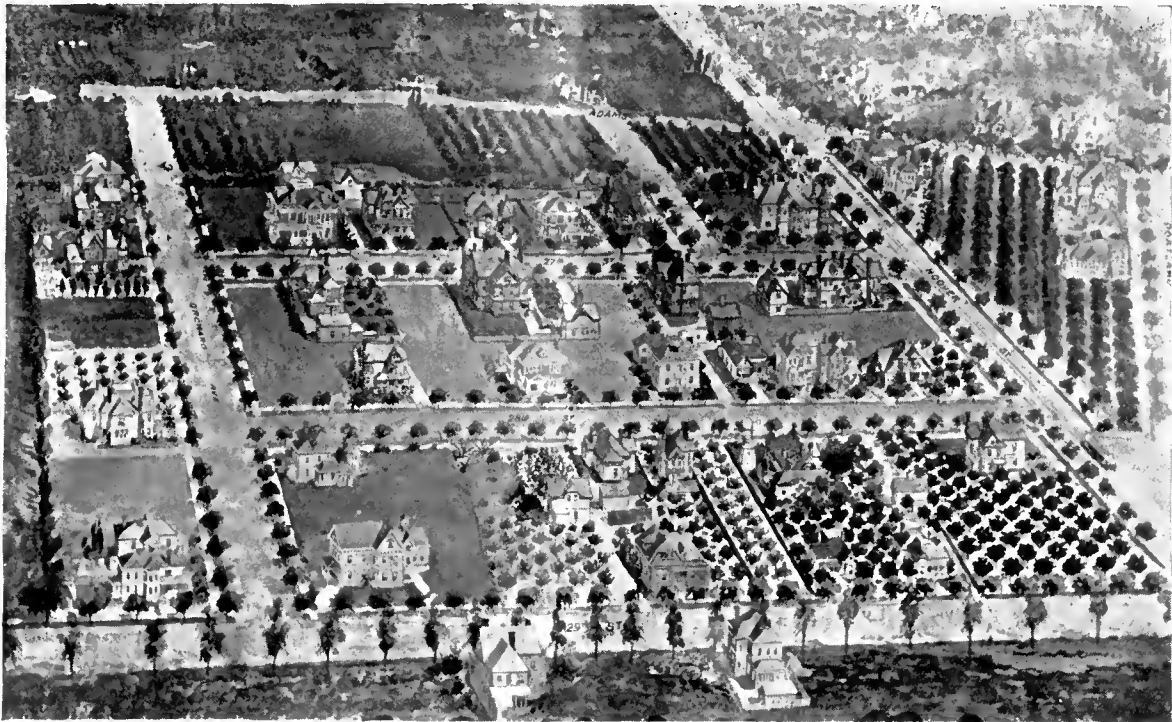
Sierra Madre.

TUSTIN.

Hotel Tustin—American plan.

VENTURA.

Hotel Rose—American plan.



THE HARPER TRACT

One of the new Subdivisions of Los Angeles.



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THE LAND AND ITS PRODUCTS.

IN Southern California one can buy land at \$5 to \$500 an acre, unimproved; the former for grazing land in the mountains, and the latter for choicest citrus land, with ample water supply, close to town. Lands for grain, root crops, alfalfa, and deciduous fruits without irrigation cost \$30 to \$100 per acre. Land with water for irrigation, adapted to all deciduous fruits, \$100 to \$200; and first-class citrus land, with ample water, \$250 to \$400. If these prices seem high to the new-comer, he should remember that land which will pay a net profit of \$100 per acre and up is worth rather more than land which yields a profit of \$8 or \$10 in wheat. There is land in Southern California to suit every pocket.

Farming in Southern California is not wholly by irrigation. Grains and winter crops are not irrigated at all. Corn is irrigated in some localities, being a summer crop, but is grown in many places without irrigation. On irrigated land two or three crops a year are frequently raised by alternating crops. Where water from rivers is used, the sediment renews the fertility of the soil. Sandy lands about Los Angeles, cropped for 75 years, show no diminution of fertility. Water is used in orchards and vineyards, on uplands and about the foot-hills. Citrus fruits, berries, and summer vegetables must be irrigated. Large tracts near the ocean are kept moist in summer by night sea fogs and a day breeze. Here dairying is especially successful, and corn, apples, pears, apricots, etc., do well without irrigation. Farther inland are thousands of acres of desert-like land, apparently worthless, upon which water works a magic—changing the desert to a garden.

The cost of trees fluctuates. A few years ago orange and lemon trees cost \$1 to \$1.50 each; nowadays 15 cents to 25 cents for 2-year old buds on 3- or 4-year old roots. Deciduous trees per hundred cost about: apples \$8, pears \$10, prunes \$10, plums \$12.50, apricots \$12, peaches \$12.50.

The cost of planting and cultivation also varies, and it is difficult to give cast-iron figures. Citrus trees cost more, on account of irrigation, than deciduous trees. \$10 to \$15 per acre per year is a fair average cost of cultivation, where let by contract.

Citrus fruits begin to pay expenses about three years from setting out. Trees planted at two years old should yield a fair crop in five years; deciduous fruits, three years after planting.

We tend nowadays to plant wider apart. Oranges and lemons are generally set about 90 trees to the acre; stone fruits, 25 feet apart.

Until within a few years California fruit trees were not troubled with insect pests. The pests since imported are not nearly so troublesome as in the East. Deciduous trees last a lifetime here, while such trees as the olive promise to be good for a thousand years, as in Europe.

As to profits it is difficult to give specific information of practical value. Many loose and exaggerated statements have been printed. It has been said a profit of \$1000 per acre can be made from orange groves. This *has been done, in exceptional cases*, where the trees were old and carefully attended to, but such cases are no guide. One-third of that

money is good enough, and may be counted upon with full-bearing orange groves in a favorable season. Deciduous trees in full bearing (five years or more from planting) may be reckoned upon for a net income of \$100 to \$200 per acre in ordinary years. Larger returns have been recorded, but it is not safe to figure on exceptions.

The market for Southern California fruits is good and growing. Buyers from all over the country purchase them, dried and fresh. The orange-growers have organized to market their fruit on the coöperative plan, and have met with success. A large proportion of the deciduous fruits (peaches, apricots, prunes, etc.) are dried, so that growers can wait until they can get a fair price. There are several canneries, and in Los Angeles a crystallizing factory.

Many are not in a position to wait for an income until their trees come into bearing. In such cases a revenue can be obtained from crops planted between the trees, such as potatoes, peanuts, corn, berries, etc.; also by the raising of poultry.

The orange is the most attractive crop of Southern California to new arrivals. It is profitable, but also expensive. High priced land, irrigation and waiting for several years, need capital. The sections where orange-growing is safe are comparatively limited. To purchase ten acres of land, plant a thousand trees, and care for the grove for three years, until the trees are in bearing, will cost about \$4000.

The lemon grows under similar conditions to the orange, bearing somewhat earlier and yielding heavy crops. It is picked while green and cured. The profits are large. Other citrus fruits raised on a limited scale are the lime, citron and pomelo.

The grape is largely raised in Southern California for wine, raisins and table grapes.

Other popular fruits raised here on a large scale are: the olive, which is used for pickles as well as for oil; the prune, which is rapidly replacing the imported article in the East; the fig, which is dried, but not yet in sufficient quantity to supply the home market; and the apricot, which is a specialty of Southern California, bearing early and heavy crops. Fine peaches are also raised and are gathered during six months of the year, the trees often yielding a considerable crop the second year after setting out. Nectarines and pears are grown, but not in sufficient quantity for export. Apples do well in the mountains and near the sea-coast. The soft-shell varieties of the English walnut are largely grown and very profitable, hundreds of carloads being shipped East yearly. The almond and chestnut have been raised so far only on a small scale. Cherries do well in the elevated valleys and sell at high prices.

Berries bear heavy crops and are in the market nearly all the year round, hundreds of tons of strawberries being shipped East in the early spring months. Watermelons and muskmelons yield enormous crops.

The guava, a delicious fruit growing on a bush, is largely raised, being utilized both fresh and in the shape of jelly.

Among tropical and semi-tropical fruits raised, on an experimental scale, are the banana, Japanese persimmon, loquat, date, pine-apple pomegranate and chirimoya or custard apple.

A profitable industry is the raising of winter vegetables for shipment North and East.



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Choice Lands for General Farming At Low Prices

\$60 TO \$100 AND UPWARD PER ACRE



Smooth, rich, sandy loam. All under cultivation. Ample water supply for irrigation passes at convenient points through these lands. Unsurpassed for grain, hay, deciduous and citrus fruits, etc. Nearness to city market and seaport adds value to all products. Having access by good level roads, or two lines of railroad, into the metropolis of all Southern California. Beautiful scenery of mountains, valley and ocean. Healthful location. Only six to twelve miles from Los Angeles or the ocean in two directions. Only ten miles from, and in sight of, Redondo, one of the finest health and pleasure resorts on the Southern California Coast.

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ADAMS STREET TRACT

THE TRACT OF HOMES

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Headquarters for Lemon and Orange Groves and Farming Lands.

Oldest and Largest Bank in Southern California.

Farmers and Merchants Bank

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 Surplus and Reserve - 820,000.00
 Total - - \$1,320,000.00

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 For full particulars address

R. C. SHAW, Colonization Agent
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THROUGH SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BY RAIL.



A visit to Southern California would be lacking of much worth did it not embrace a trip over the "Kite," that is, the Southern California Railway, which forms a kite-shaped route through the most interesting portion of Southern California. A half hour's ride from Los Angeles brings the tourist to Pasadena, situated at the entrance of the beautiful San Gabriel Valley. It is one of the most popular and beautiful places of residence in California, while the Hotel Green of Pasadena, with its new annex, enjoys the distinction of being the second largest hotel in Southern California. The hotel is now well filled, and from all prospects a successful season promises to smile on "mine genial hoste," Mr. J. H. Holmes. The Painter, at Pasadena is another hotel of great reputation and enjoys the patronage of many who prefer the more retired surroundings, while at the same time it lacks none of the good cheer within. A short distance from the depot stands the Hotel Balmoral, which is a commercial and tourist hostelry, the new management of which has just completed extensive improvements. One might as easily overlook the great Raymond Hotel on its commanding eminence, as to drop out of mind its widely and favorably known manager, Gen'l Wentworth. And, still nearer the clouds, the famous Echo Mt. House looks down from the Sierra Madre. Few towns can boast of more attractions or better hotel facilities than Pasadena. Leaving this beautiful city of homes one is tempted

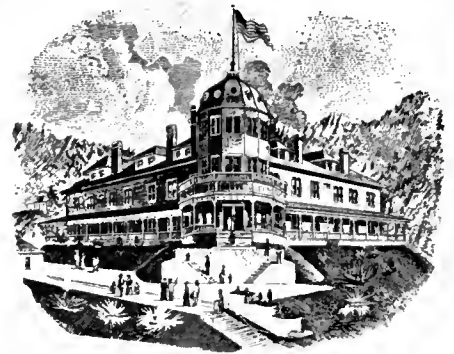
to stop after a few minutes' ride, and visit Sierra Madre Villa, so charmingly ensconced at the foot of the mountains, or to tarry beyond at Ontario, or still further along, leave the route for a few minutes' ride by dummy to Pomona, where the Palomares invitingly awaits the tourist. Two hours' continuous ride from Pasadena will, however, bring you to San Bernardino, the largest town on the "Kite." Here two hotels furnish first-class accommodations to sojourners: the fine Stewart Hotel, recently rebuilt and opened by new management, and the New St. Charles, which has for many years enjoyed uninterrupted popularity. A few miles from San Bernardino one can leave the train for Arrowhead Hot Springs, whose striking arrow-head scar on the face of the mountain can be clearly seen from the cars. A run of twenty minutes from San Bernardino will bring you to Redlands, so named because of the characteristic color of its soil. Here is raised some of the finest fruit in the State. Its high elevation protects it from severe frost, which at times touches the lower country. A view from Smiley's Heights amply repays a visit to this progressive town. In the center of Redlands is the Hotel Windsor, strictly first-class, and with a new addition which is equipped with modern improvements. This hotel is now under the able management of Mrs. Squires, who is also proprietor, W. M. Tisdale, formerly manager, having recently resigned. Centrally located also, is the Baker House, whose proprietor, Geo. F. Heistand was summoned on December 22

to the great register above. The Terracina, prettily situated in the outskirts on a little higher elevation, is a most popular family hotel. It is now under the management of its new proprietor, W. G. Howard, who has refurbished as well as provided it with heat and electric lights throughout. Mr. Howard is welcomed to Southern California as a great addition to the hotel men one may be justly proud of. Once more taking the train, and heading towards Los Angeles, but down the other side of the "Kite," we soon run through Riverside, the parent of the navel orange in Southern California, and the largest orange-growing place on the bell. Riverside possesses no mean array of business blocks as well as a handsome opera house, many beautiful residences and three hotels. The Arlington Hotel is near the station, and is an impressive structure. It has recently changed into the hands of J. T. Ritchey, who is busily engaged in making many improvements in the steam heat and electric lights throughout the house, and the passenger elevator. There is also the Rowell Hotel, centrally located, and enjoying a steady commercial and tourist patronage. The Glenwood Inn, of Frank A. Miller fame, is also centrally located and doing a good business, enjoys a select family clientele, and conducts a very creditable cuisine. After leaving Riverside, the Hotel Temescal invites you to pause at South Riverside, ere speeding on to Orange, where you make connections with the train for the South, and to enjoy a fascinating ride of three and a half hours along the grand span of Pacific Ocean to San Diego. Life at this famous resort is one grand round of pleasure. Tourists thoroughly enjoy its accessibility to the many surrounding resorts, such as La Jolla, Lakeside, Sweetwater Dam, Old Mexico, etc. Here, is the Hotel Brewster,

centrally located, and which under the able management of J. E. O'Brien, its genial proprietor, is, if possible, each day, becoming more popular with tourists and commercial travelers. The Hotel Florence, a first-class family hotel, situated on Florence Heights, enjoys one of the finest views and locations that the city affords. This hotel has recently gone under the management of Geo. W. Lynch, formerly of Redondo Beach Hotel. The proprietor, Mr. A. E. Nutt, has also the good fortune to have as chief clerk for the winter season, Mr. A. H. Pratt, proprietor of Seven Oaks summer resort. The Horton House, which is probably the best known house in San Diego, is still doing the business its excellent cuisine merits. The Richelieu is also well worthy of mention. A visit, however, to this section, would be wholly incomplete without seeing Coronado Beach and its grand and ever famous Hotel del Coronado. A sister trip to that from Los Angeles to San Diego, is the one over the Southern Pacific line to Santa Barbara, which carries one close by the murmuring sea, through pretty Ventura. Here is the Commercial, and the San Marcos, while the Arlington will certainly make one content to tarry and roam among the ruins left to tell of the Franciscan padres and their times, or to explore such nooks as only Southern California can offer the tourist.

A. H. Neidig, 260 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal., has for sale first-class planted almond orchard land; also a bearing olive orchard, with good income, for sale at a bargain.

THE ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE



3,500 FT. ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA

At the summit of the great cable incline, on Mt. Lowe Railway. The Echo Mountain House is the finest and best equipped mountain hotel in the world, and is second to none of the world-famed hotels of Southern California. In location it has no equal, being immediately overlooking the San Gabriel Valley, with mountains, foothills, ever verdant valleys, towns, villages, old mission, sea beach, shipping, islands and ocean in full view. The climate is delightful both winter and summer. It is never hot and never cold. On the verandas there are always cool breezes in summer, and in winter it is warmer than in the valley below. The sunrises and sunsets witnessed from its porches and verandas equal in splendor the most gorgeous displays pictured by European visitors. An additional attraction is the Lowe Observatory, presided over by the eminent astronomer, Dr. Lewis Swift. It is temporarily located on Echo Mountain and is reached by carriage drive from the hotel. A night spent at the great sixteen-inch telescope with Dr. Swift will be more satisfactory than a visit to the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton. For rates apply to **ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE**, Echo Mountain, Los Angeles County, California.

Hotel Windsor... Redlands, California



TOURIST, COMMERCIAL AND FAMILY

Under its new management this hostelry has been refitted throughout with all modern conveniences and arrangements for the comfort of its guests. The sleeping rooms are large and airy, most of them commanding a mountain or valley view of picturesque grandeur. Many of the suites have private baths connected. The proprietor has devoted especial attention to the "cuisine," and has received many encomiums of praise from its guests for its excellence. In fact, the WINDSOR is left with regret, many of its guests hesitating to give the final adieu.

Rates \$2 to \$4 per day. Special by week. Large Sample Room free.

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"The Richelieu" First-class Furnished Rooms by the day, week or month. Centrally located. Electric cars pass the door every few minutes. 1055 FIFTH STREET, between C and D. SAN DIEGO, CAL. J. H. SIMPSON, Manager.

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HOTEL BREWSTER

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The best equipped hotel in Southern California. Centrally located. Elevators and fire escapes. Baths, hot and cold water in all suites. Modern conveniences. Five large sample rooms for commercial travelers

J. E. O'BRIEN, Manager.

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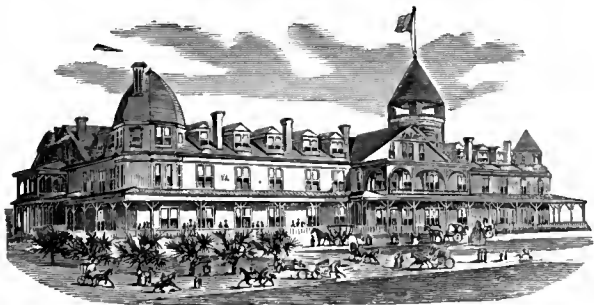
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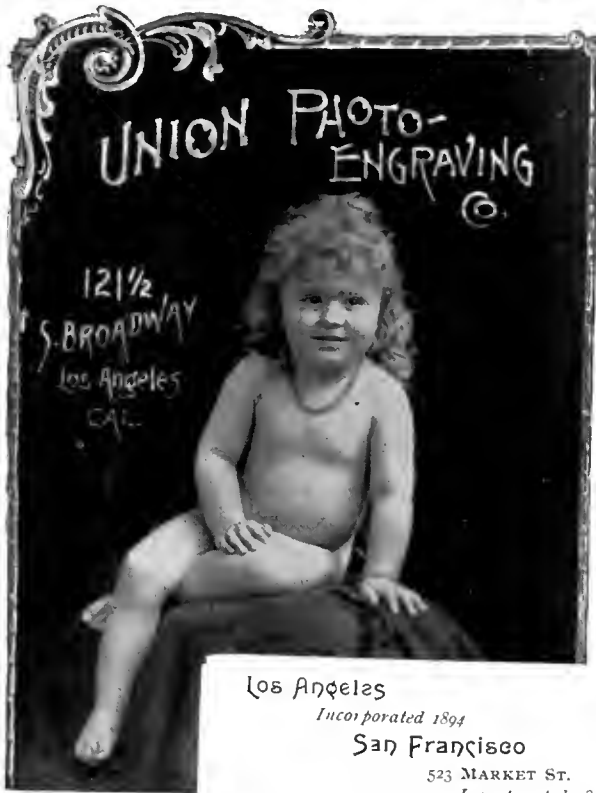
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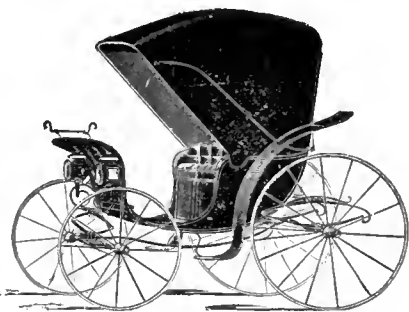
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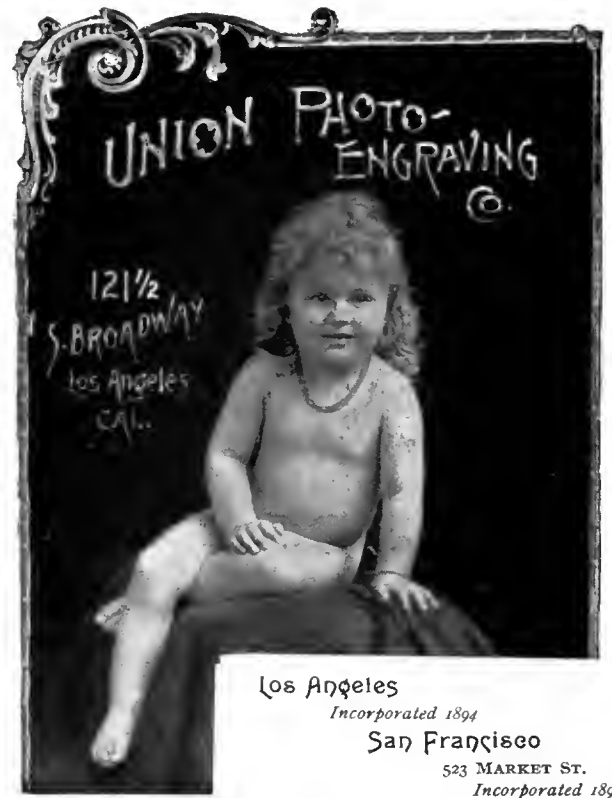
FEBRUARY, 1895

Charles F. Lummis, the well-known literary contributor, has assumed the editorship of THE LAND OF SUNSHINE, an illustrated magazine of Southern California. The New Year's number of the magazine, which is now six months old, bears evidence of prosperity in its many fine illustrations, and is full of good reading. Mr. Lummis may be counted on to give the people of Southern California a periodical of which they may well feel proud. THE LAND OF SUNSHINE is published at Los Angeles, Cal.—*The Evening Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Jan. 11.*

The American News Company
 Manager's Office 398-41 Chambers St New York Jan 14th 1892

*Publisher Land of Sunshine
 Los Angeles, Cal.*

It is my desire and intention to move to Southern California as soon as I can find my way clear to do so. I have while however I would like to invest in a small way in some productive property—a fruit farm for instance, the cultivation of which would be attended to by some one near on the ground. If you can place me in communication with some reliable party with whom I can correspond on the subject you will confer a favor upon
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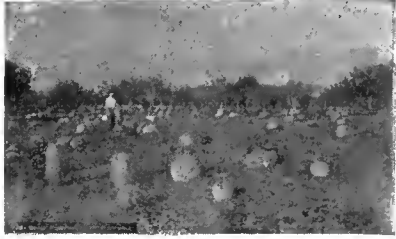


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FEBRUARY, 1895

*Todos dicen que soy un viejo
Yo no sé en que se puede fundar.*

OLD FOLK-SONG.



THE OLD MESTIZO.

☉ GOD give you good evening, *paisano* and yet unknowing
This land that you were born in, your land that has
ceased to be!
Where is it gone—come tell us, you who have seen its going—
That slow, good, patriarchal world that was by the
Western Sea?

Where? *Quien sabe?* But somewhere gone, and beyond
our sifting;
Lost as the years behind you and the faces long unseen.
Under your feet you felt it—the very landscape shifting,
Ever the Olden withering, ever the New grown
green.

Let, if he will, disprize you, the lofty latter comer
(Neither will learn from the other the thing that God knows best).
He, so much the wiser—shall he in his hundredth summer
Turn more steady and even-eyed his face to the shadowy west?

C. F. L.

OUT-OF-DOOR STUDIES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

I—Bluebird Hill.

A FAVORITE perch, in my out-of-door wanderings, is a bed of fallen eucalyptus boughs. The trunks of several old trees have been denuded that thrifty tops may grow again; and I never pass the tempting, discarded pile that I do not utilize it. Such an elastic, scented cushion as it forms! The odor of the branches is very strong, of that peculiar spice of eucalyptus wood; and every movement shakes perfumes. The leaves still retain their shape, unwrinkled although nearly sapless, but so brittle that they snap at a touch. They are faded now from green to a soft, pale manilla color, here and there minutely peppered with black and gray; and they stand out like speckled wings along the limbs, which have a fine, smooth bark, quite dark and clear and of faint maroon-touched purple. The chief beauty yet of the prostrate branches is the conical-pointed, inverted seed-cups and lids, with their flaky, whitish scales; and these hang flexibly, to the last, by their singular flat brown hinges, or flaps, resembling leather. The spice of their scent, I observe, is of an entirely different aromatic quality from that of the leaves and wood, and much more penetrating.

At a little distance from my bed of boughs, up a knoll, a tenantless house is fronted with beautiful blue young eucalyptus trees, slim and tall, encased in boxes. They remind me of slender, old-fashioned children in pantalettes, their tufts of foliage have such a funny bulge, as if tied above the ankles. The "old folks" are still further on, ranged regularly in double rows, high and dark, their great trunks throwing off bark from the erect shafts in curling strips like tattered gimps; and they rain down seed-caps and moisture continually.

On the same hilltop with my eucalyptus bed, and but a short distance away, is a patch of round knoll carpeted with ash-gray selaginella. This is one of my chosen haunts to look for bluebirds, and climbing its slope one morning I found the daintiest of nesting-places, perfectly fitted for the most cunning of jewels, sculptured in the choya wood. A depressed top capped an upright choya column, and in the thimble-shaped hollow, just as nature left it, a ruby-throat humming bird had hatched out twins. Not many days afterward, pushing my way through a green thicket of clematis and galium upon a near knoll, at its opposite side another interesting sight was disclosed. A little architect, again a humming bird, had set up a diminutive establishment of furry stuff, placing it snugly against a choya trunk with all its bristles rigid, and binding it by ropes of webs. Then, as though that was not sufficient anchorage, a sharp, living, stubbed thorn attached it still more firmly. The nest was lined with floss and cushioned with pure white down, the texture of unopened buds showing plainly in its



composition; and it looked so like a blossom that it seemed the humming bird builder might have drawn sweets from it.

There is a winding path across the mesa, going down from Bluebird Hill, and following it one day in early spring I was brought to face a queer receptacle.

A circular old *Opuntia tuna* lobe had been broken from its clump, and hung now by its spines from a bramble, where it could not possibly root itself upon soil or a stone. It had lost every trace of greenness and swung with evenly-upturned, flaring edges, painted by decay in the merest suggestions of pea-green and pale pink, changing and gradually deepening in color until completely margined with a bright rosy wave. The whole was rimmed with inch-long, fiercely upright pure white spines, touched at their base with lavender.

At the point where it was anchored some floating spider-silk was caught, and the cradle-like lobe was one of the prettiest bits of wild art that cactus land can show. It served a purpose, too. It was a funeral casket, a tinted sepulchre where royalty reposed: for, within, rocking gently in every wind, a stiff brown beetle lay in its last sleep. He

was a handsome representative of his race; his coat was of fashionable cut; he wore a standing collar that came high above his ears; his head was bald and shining, and his eyelashes, turned backward instead of forward, gave him a droll but aristocratic mien.

Poor fellow! He had, in death, an almost human look on his face; and I could not help wondering whether he had selected his own most artistic tomb, or whether he had been deposited there by comrades. I left him swinging in silent state, and months afterward when I chanced to again pass that way the rosy-lavender cactus mausoleum still held its occupant, brown, shining and unchanged; while the fierce white spines that fringed the opposite edges of the old lobe had drawn so close together that they formed bristling *chevaux-de-frise* above him—and lifeless royalty needed no other guard.

Estelle Thomson

IN THE MOJAVE.

The pale and parching desert
Stares wistful to the sky—
"Oh, smile not so forever, love,
With lids forever dry!

"In tears and not in laughter
Love oft shall dearest be,
And I am thirsty for your tears
To fall—and fall for me."

I know the desert's longing,
With glaring skies above;
Ah, rain them down upon my heart—
The soft, cool tears of love!

THE SEASONING OF THOMAS.



Chile Peppers

FUNNY thing about these Mexicans," said Wilson in that settles-the-question way of his. "They seem good-natured enough, which surprises me, for I've always supposed they'd do you one under the fifth rib at the first unfair chance. But they are totally without a sense of humor. There were three or four old Dons at the Judge's, last night, and I tried my prettiest to take a laugh

out of them—but you might just as well expect a turtle to rise to the fly."

"My dear boy!" I do not often say "dear boy," but Tom is really a very good fellow. His worst fault is that he looks down on everything he does not know—which is as much as to say that English is his mother tongue. "My dear boy! You've been here six months. You have four orphans out of the Spanish dictionary, and you murder them with a fresh atrocity every time you take them in your mouth. You know just as much about what these people are or are not as a pig knows of side-pockets. A man who talks as if wit couldn't exist outside the one language he speaks, shows that his own sense of humor has not penetrated very far back of the roof of his mouth."

My friends always compliment me on the considerate and soothing delicacy with which I handle their failings. Now it would have been just as easy to say something which might make Wilson mad; but was it really worth while? Thanks to my characteristic tact, his self-possession was not ruffled. He answered calmly, even patiently:

"Oh, you fellows who learn to jabber their lingo get a touch of their nature with it, and become incapable of judging them. 'First endure, then pity, then embrace,' you know. An outsider is much better able to size them up; and I tell you, they wouldn't know a joke if it came to them with letters of introduction."

"Well, the seed of humor will not die out while you live, Tom. They may not have it; but I'll guarantee they could appreciate that *you* are funny—dead funny. Maybe it runs in the blood, and we can't help it. A scientist from London and New York stopped in my camp once, on his way to spend a year or two exploring Mexico. 'Of course you speak Spanish?' I ventured. 'No, indeed,' said he. 'And I shall not learn it. I think I shall be more unprejudiced!'"

Tom looked at me a moment in evident wonder whether I imagined myself to have said anything of interest; and then wearily changed the subject to corner lots and townsites. He had some notion of taking up the Santiaguito rancho and planting it to white stakes and street-signs.

As chance would have it, a matter of business took me to Don Luis's house a few months after. You all know the

broad acres of the Santiaguito—though ten years have broken it up into a hundred fertile farms. But the old home-place is there still, under its ancient pepper trees; the long, low house blinking back the sun from its white adobe walls, its deep *portales* restful with cool shadow, its air at once of home and principality. An urban buggy stood at the rail where I tied and uncinched my horse; so it was no surprise to find Tom sitting in the veranda, discoursing rather eloquently to a portion of the family—of which portion Doña Beatriz was a clear plurality. The two little girls were there, but not so much as offering a minority report.

Doubtless no other thing is so fatal to humility as success with the ladies. Napoleon's self-regard was sheer bashfulness, compared with that of the youth who is popular with the fair. Now there is no denying that Wilson is a conqueror; a decent and manly campaigner, of course, but none the less a Cæsar. And no one knows it better than Wilson. In a somewhat self-esteeming and by no means narrow segment of society he is voted "just lovely." And when a man is thus elected, nothing short of decapitation will generally mend him. If nothing more responsive were accessible he would be "impressive" to a petticoat peopled with a broomstick.

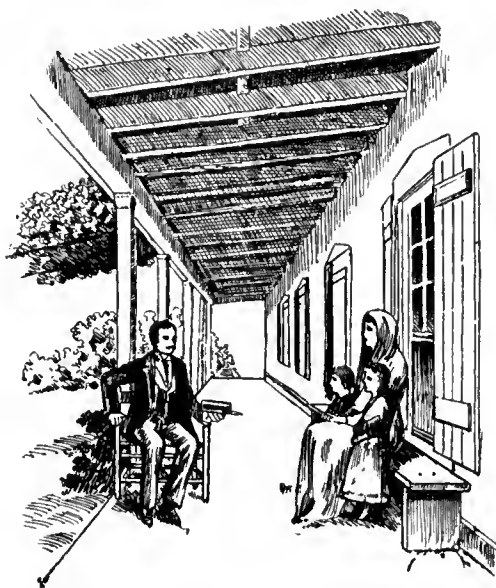
But somewhat to my bewildering, while Tom's face and chest could not wholly forget their professional pose, his voice had rather lost its stage presence. It might be, of course, the constraint of uncertain speech—for Doña Beatriz's English was considerably short of her face. She was, in any company, a lovely girl, with the unutterable eyes of the Andaluz, and that complexion of cream beside which the Saxon skin looks—well, as if it had been a bit skimmed. Tom was not to be blamed if his tone was not its usual lordly self, but had almost

the pathos of appeal. Indeed, I liked him much better, off his perch of irresistible man of the world. And with a passing consciousness that Doña Beatriz was particularly admirable this afternoon, it suddenly occurred to me that Tom had been missing from town a good many times in the last six weeks. Hm! Doubtless the subdivision scheme required a good deal of figuring, and on the spot.

"No, no, *amigo!*" Don Luis said, when my small affair was transacted. "It is precise that you stay-you for to dine with us. Makes much that we have not had you here. And your friend Don Tomás will us accompany."

Tom put on a halo, at the translation of this. "Thank you very much, Sén-yawer," he bowed. And when Beatriz and her father had excused themselves *ad interim*, he turned to me in a burst of confidence.

"Say, old man, you're a mascot! I've been fishing for an invitation to the family circle these two months—and this is the first bite. I *can't* understand these Spaniards—they haven't a grain of business in them. You know, and I know, that the old man is all tied up, and has *got* to sell—



and that nobody else would give him the price for his place that my syndicate can. And yet—well, of course they're polite as chamois, all of 'em; but I can feel the social door always in my face. You'd think they'd try to be nice to me, when so much depends upon it."

"Well, you know, Tom, some people object to using their families to boom business. Maybe Don Luis imagines that he is the one who is selling the rancho, and that he doesn't have to throw in his daughter's face as commission or advertising."

Tom grew red, and choked down a hasty word. In a moment he turned, with a less warlike look.

"You're right, old man—and so is Don Luis. But say, don't you—er—that is, do you think he'll—well, would he object to me, *that way*, after and aside from business?"

To which the only answer reasonable was to lift my shoulders and turn out my palms. I was no prophet, nor son of a prophet; and when you are not, the Spanish shrug is the shortest way to say so.

It was the typical, unfussed home dinner to which we four sat down. There was the thick, grateful soup; the unapproachable olives of the sort which you can buy in no market this side of Ecuador, but that every *hacendado* of California pickles for his own table; the ameliorating *albondegas*; the mutton spine and filet boiled with rice; the crisp, brown roast. And up near Doña Beatriz's seat was a savory platter swimming red to the brim.

"The Señor Weelson, he have not yet eat *a la paisana*?" said the lady. "No? Then he must prove the *chile colorado*—without that can no one learn the Spanish. Not truth?"

"Without doubt. It initiates the tongue. It is the Spanish First Reader. You'll have to study it, Tom!" And I passed his plate, which she served with her own slender hand.

"With thee, then, you shall talk verree soon the Spanish," she said, with a demure glance whose havoc I could see in a little tremor of Tom's eyes as if that sudden light had hurt them.

"I—I hope so!" he answered earnestly, "for I do want to learn it. It's the sweetest language I ever heard."

Which I doubt not, seeing that he had heard it only from the lips of Doña Beatriz.

"What says your friend?" asked Don Luis, politely.

"Oh, he says he must learn the Spanish, it is so musical; and because he would like to talk to you without an interpreter," I translated with impudent latitude. The lady very properly gave me a clear cuff with her eyes for my weak joke—for of course she was interlocutor between Tom and her father.

"*Esta bien*," nodded the old Don unsuspectingly. "He can learn it, but la Beatriz, she shows me very well that which he says."

Just then there was an explosion at my left. Poor Tom! The Spanish primer was stuck in his throat. Thuggee itself could hardly have matched the strangling he went through, and I began to fear he might burst a blood-vessel. It is only fair to say that he bore his agony and mortification like a man; and though great tears ran down his purpling cheeks, he managed to articulate a broken apology and to make a not wholly ignominious exit. He left at the table three grave, concerned faces. No one had cracked a smile—and it almost seemed a pity he might not have returned to behold how utterly lacking was the company in a sense of humor.

I excused myself and followed him out. He was pacing up and down the porch, with both hands on his abdomen, and a face that would have been the despair of Booth.

"Old man, I'm done for!" he said huskily. "Oh, they're treacherous as snakes! What harm did I ever do them, except that I'm a gringo? I ought to kill them both—but—oh, I couldn't hurt *her*! I'd sooner she poisoned me than that any other woman loved me. Damn you for a brute! Can you laugh at my last gasp?"

"Tom, you *have* some stuff in you, for all your conceit. But don't die just because you think it will oblige us. Didn't you see the rest of us eating the 'poison?' That isn't strychnine, it's *chile*—Spanish-American red pepper—*capsicum annuum*, if the botany'll do you any good. And you'll get to like it, after awhile."

But he never did—though I am convinced that he tried loyally. Along in the "winter" I met Doña Beatriz at a birthday party.

"But your *amigo*?" she asked presently. "Makes much time that he iss not seen."

"Eh? Oh, Don Tomás? Why, he started for Alaska yesterday on a year's trip. He is well—though I must say he's a so-much *contrariado* about something. By the way—did you ever get him to like the *chile*?"

She flushed a charming trifle, and said very gently—I've known her from a girl—"No, *pobrecito*, he not could never be reconcile to eet." And then, still lower: "Nor to *las calabasas*, as leetle."

What! You don't know the calabashes? Then the saints forbid that you ever learn their taste from a fair hand. For in New Spain—as in Old—they stand for what we call "the mitten."



E. P. Jones

Miss Estelle Thomson, whose admirable sketches are welcomed by so critical judges as *St. Nicholas* and *The Outlook*, begins in this number of the LAND OF SUNSHINE a series of charming out-door studies, full of the flavor of Southern California, but good literature anywhere. The every-day poetry of Nature here had not before had just so sympa-

thetic transcription. To remarkably fine insight, clear and unaffected, Miss Thomson adds the charm of a delicately accurate prose, without a waste word in it, yet fluent and flexible as it is lucid. The LAND OF SUNSHINE is glad—and so will its readers be—that she has promised a continuation of these dainty nature-studies.

A NIGHT-BLOOMING GIANT.



SINGULARLY beautiful and beautifully singular, the flowers of Southern California are an unceasing wonder to those whose love of plants had before been nourished only upon the fragile and puny flowers of Eastern hot-houses and window-gardens.

A flower grown out of doors the year round surpasses one which has to spend half its year in an artificially heated room, with little sunshine and less oxygen. The superiority of California flowers is no miracle and no accident, but the logical and inevitable result of more favorable surroundings.

The night-blooming cereus is a plant much admired by amateurs in the East, where its blooming is a social as well as a botanical event. It is needless to say, however, that an Eastern invitation to "come and see our cereus bloom" means an indoor affair. But it is not so here.

Cereus Triangularis is one of the most showy of the night-blooming cacti. The branches are triangular, very thick and heavy, with few and short spines. Outside, it grows to immense proportions. If planted near a dwelling, its great branches flatten themselves against the side of the house, sending out long, pale-yellow, adventitious roots on either side, which attach themselves tightly to the wood, until the stems become hardened, when they loosen, turn gray, and hang like fringes of string. Plants bloom from cuttings in a few months. The time of blooming is from July until November.

The buds are at first like rough balls. As they increase in size they develop into a gorgeous flower, with a scaly and pale green stem. They begin to open about 5 o'clock in the evening, and close at 10 in the morning—except on foggy days, when they remain open until the sun comes out. The flowers measure nine to twelve inches from tip to tip of petals, and twelve inches in length. The sepals are greenish-yellow, the broad inner petals fine creamy white, like satin. The stamens lie in the center like a skein of silken floss; their creamy anthers surrounding a magnificent, large, light-yellow, velvety pistil.

In this country the plant gives no seed unless the flowers are fertilized by hand. When this is done, it bears a splendid large fruit, of a beautiful deep rose color. The rind is composed of large, pointed scales, tipped with green—the blossom end somewhat resembling that of the pomegranate. It is spherical, and measures from seven to eleven inches in circumference. When cut open, a pulpy, translucent center is disclosed, dotted with shining black seeds, about the size of large pin-

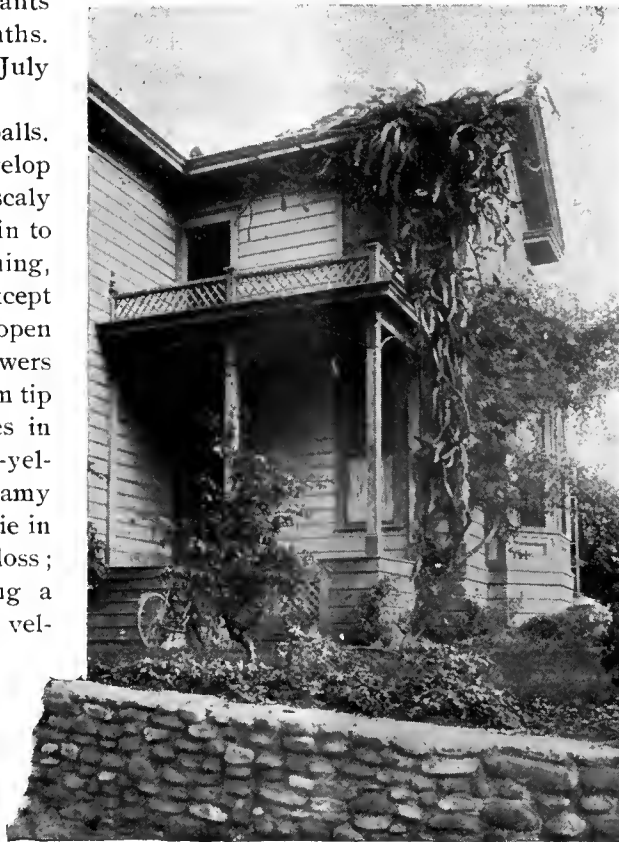
heads, and soft like fig seeds. The pulp is cool, juicy, and delicately sweet. It is surrounded by a broad band of brilliant carmine about three-eighths of an inch wide, which makes a striking contrast, and renders it a most picturesque fruit for the table. Cut in halves, sprinkled with sugar and eaten with a spoon from its deep carmine cup, it is dainty enough for the most fastidious. By some the



Union Eng. Co.
FLOWER OF CEREUS TRIANGULARIS.

taste for this fruit might have to be cultivated, as is the case with olives and figs, but it looks good enough to eat—and almost too pretty.

The gigantic plant shown in the photo-engraving is said to be the largest known specimen of its kind in North America. It was for the first few years of its existence very humble, and wandered about on the ground at the base of the veranda. About eight years ago it was severely trimmed. This experience seemed to arouse in it a new and ambitious spirit. Though its growth since has not been so magical as that of Jack's famous bean-stalk, yet it has grown so rapidly and so enormously as to be called a national curiosity. It has had its own way and never been trained. It measures between 50 and 60 feet in height, with numberless branches. Some of the adventitious roots are nine feet in length, and in places form a perfect network, like lace. The large flowers that bloom on the roof have sometimes been mistaken for white birds perched there.



Union Eng. Co.
MRS. SHEPHERD'S GIANT CEREUS, VENTURA, CAL.

This beautiful cactus will doubtless, when better known, be cultivated for its fruit as well as its flowers. It is particularly decorative for large places. Very likely, also, a use may be found for the gluten it contains.

Theodora B. Shepherd

REMINISCENCES OF "THE BOOM."

SECOND PAPER.



THE great real-estate boom of seven years ago was not wholly air. Though run to mania, it was founded on reason. From the climate and soil of Southern California sprang that fantastic structure which has since been remodeled and built so solidly that it will endure. In this the Southern California boom differed essentially from many similar upheavals which have left only disappointments behind them.

Our boomers went a little faster than the development of the country—that was all. In most cases the country has already caught up with them. In most Los Angeles streets property sells today at as high prices as during the height of the boom. Some towns laid out then, and by the founders themselves scarcely expected to amount to anything, have become prosperous little cities, and centers of production. The intrinsic resources and advantages of the section were enough to sustain Los Angeles through the reaction which naturally followed one of the wildest real-estate excitements that ever attended the upbuilding of an American city.

Had it not been for the boom, Los Angeles would certainly not be so well furnished materially as it is today. The expectation of great and speedy profits induced many persons to invest large sums in improvements which they would never have made had they expected to wait years for returns. Since then the city has been growing up to these improvements; and in some cases has already grown beyond them. The simple fact was that Los Angeles acquired in five years the equipments and finish which in the East logically come with half a century.

Our real estate transfers nowadays are small in comparison, amounting only to \$15,000,000 in round figures for 1894, while the total for 1887 was nearly \$100,000,000. The transfers for June, July and August, 1887, reached the enormous total of \$35,000,000—and that during what is always the dullest time of the year in Los Angeles. The sales made now, however, are wholly for investment and improvement; whereas probably nine-tenths of the transfers in 1887 were purely speculative, purchasers having no intention of doing anything except to turn the property over to someone else at a big profit.

Several districts of the city which are now thickly populated were first laid out and settled during the boom. Take, for instance, the whole section east of San Pedro street, between Third street and the river. As late as the spring of 1887 this was all orchard and vineyard, including many fine groves of old orange, lemon, pear and other trees. What first gave an impetus to the subdivision of tracts in this territory was the location (in 1887) of the Arcade depot on the Wolfskill tract, between Third and Seventh streets. This was the oldest and best-known orange grove of considerable size in California, and covered fifty acres. Some of the orange trees which still stand around the old Wolfskill home are nearly fifty years old. It had been announced that the Southern Pacific Company intended to

erect a passenger depot at some point up town, and this gave the speculators a good chance to work off lots wherever a station could be located—by rumor. In those days it needed but the whisper of an "improvement" to cause a wild scramble for neighboring property. One day it would be a grand tourist hotel; another, a big manufacturing establishment, or car-shops, or a new railroad. In fact, if half the enterprises then outlined had been set on foot, Los Angeles would now have a population of something like half a million. When it was known that the Southern Pacific had decided to locate its passenger depot on the Wolfskill tract, five acres of which was deeded to it, there was a general stampede for all the orchards and vineyards in the vicinity. About a dozen tracts were cut up into lots, which sold at prices that now seem ridiculous. Small lots in the bottom-land near the river, a mile from the proposed depot, brought \$500 apiece and more. The purchasers expected to make a big profit on them as soon as trains should begin running into the Arcade—though how a passenger station could be expected to give great value to property in the neighborhood is scarcely comprehensible. As a rule, property around a depot is occupied with cheap improvements, and is not desirable either for first-class business or residence purposes. But the public mind just then was as a powder magazine, needing but a spark to send it skyward. Parties who got inside information from San Francisco in regard to the depot site secured a piece of land about a mile south, known as the Philbin tract, which is now thickly settled. On the Wolfskill tract, the beautiful old orange and pear trees were sacrificed to the ruthless axe of the "improver"; and the whole area was laid out in business lots, some of which sold as high as \$200 per front foot. For several years after the boom, this section remained thus; with only here and there a residence—built by someone who had purchased a lot at a high price and was unable to sell it. During the past two years, since lots have been offered at reasonable prices, this part of the town has built up rapidly and promises soon to become one of the most populous quarters of the city.

Another project which made a grand hurrah and greatly "boosted" prices in the neighborhood, was the "Tenth-street Hotel," on Main street. It was recognized that Los Angeles needed a mammoth tourist hotel, and several sites were suggested—the two most popular being the St. Vincent's college property, on Broadway near Sixth, and the Tenth and Main street location. A company was formed to erect a huge hotel on the former site, but drew out when the Tenth-street people got ahead of it—on paper. A massive stone foundation was built at a cost of about \$80,000—and that was as far as the Tenth-street hotel ever got. Pictures of a grand edifice, to cost about \$1,000,000, were published, and of course surrounding property changed hands at lively prices. Since then there have been a dozen efforts, including one now on foot, to resuscitate this hotel scheme. At one time the papers opened a competition for an appropriate name for the hotel. That was duly selected—I think it was the "Balboa"—but it did not seem to expedite construction. At present the land and foundation are offered free to any capitalists who will erect a substantial hotel there; and as the site will probably within a dozen

years be close to the business center, the offer ought to find takers—and in all probability will.

The section near the river, south of Third street—which was nearly all cut up into lots about this time—has not much improved in the seven years; but here will be located any factories that may be established in Los Angeles—and where factories are established, workingmen's homes follow. It will be some years, however, before those who purchased property there during the boom will get their money back, with interest to date.

North of the old plaza, in what is known as Sonoratown, several substantial brick blocks were erected in boom times, which are now difficult to rent—for the tide of business has gone in another direction. On the other hand, those who bought property away on the western hills, in the neighborhood of Westlake Park, or in the south and southwest, find it now worth fully as much as, if not more than, they paid for it.

Nowadays, one who has property for sale has to run after a buyer. During the boom the situation was reversed. The fox hunted the hounds, in those "good old times." The owner of any eligible land not yet subdivided, anywhere within five miles of the Court House, was waylaid by speculators at his home, in his office, on the street, in church, in the theater—anywhere he happened to be; and it was no unusual thing for him to be pulled out of bed at midnight and have a big wad of greenbacks shoved under his nose as an inducement to bond his property. Many of the would-be purchasers were com-



paratively impecunious. They had, perhaps, a

few hundred dollars to put up for an option—and trusted to luck for the rest.

The surveyor, printer and grader would be "stood off" until a few streets

should have been plowed up, and a map printed; then the speculator knew that money would begin to roll in from a people who were afraid that the surface of the earth between Point Concepcion and Tia Juana would soon be all disposed of. Really, it almost looked at one time as if this fear was well founded.

The newspapers reflected the prevailing condition of affairs. The advertising columns were devoted almost entirely to page or half-page display advertisements of new subdivisions. So numerous were they that it was a struggle to "get them up"; and some were crowded out of every Sunday edition. Merchants could hardly compete for space with boomers who were making millions—in their minds—and many ceased advertising altogether. The consequence was, that after the boom was over and regular mercantile advertisements began to come in again, the newspapers made almost as much money as they had been making during the land-craze.

HARRY ELLINGTON BROOK.

ONE SIDE OF THE DESERT.

THE desert! To most, the word suggests burning stretches of yellow sand, wide, desolate, mysterious; white Arab tents under the palms of an oasis; perhaps a far caravan of camels silhouetted against the horizon. This idea, camels and all, I will confess to having had before I saw the deserts of Southern California. I had not then learned that this outer rim of the State of Wonders is rather a "wasted land" than a waste land, and that it has beauties as fascinating as have the sea and mountains.

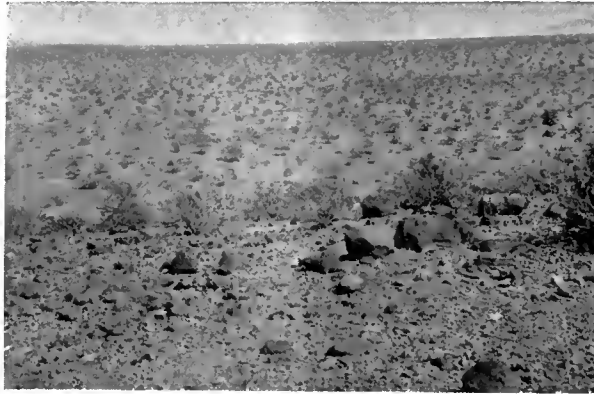
The desert in the dry season would seem, at first flush, unattractive enough; but he who deems it so has not lived in a tent in one of the wide desert valleys, nor watched the break of wonderful dawns over the girding mountains. Neither has he mused through the twilights there, radiant with color, and eloquent with that strange silence which is "the music of the spheres."

When the rains fall, these dry llanos become gardens beautiful with flowers. The sage, the cacti, even the despised greasewood, are in blossom; the tall "Spanish bayonets" light their white "candles of God," and here



and there are lilies which seem to have caught, by some magic, the radiance of dawn and sunset. But these features may be seen by the most careless, and elsewhere than in the desert. It is when the sun has beaten for months upon the arid campagna, and the boldest of blossoms have shrunk into withered brown, that the characteristic life of the desert is best seen. Then the tarantula, the centipede, the rattlesnake, the lazy lizard, the agile "swift", the horned toad, and the jack-rabbit are entertaining to study. Then too, bloom the daintiest desert flowers. There are tiny white-and-purple blossoms, shaped like the forget-me-not, springing from the dry sand where no dew ever wets their petals, nor rain nourishes their loveliness. There are great green burrs, like those of the horse-chestnut, swinging on hairy pale-green stems, surrounded by prickly leaves. There is no nut within the burr, but from each slender prickle depends a lilac-colored blossom, like that of the snap-dragon, though far surpassing it in perfection of form and color. This singular shape in the corolla is repeated in every tint, and upon every scale of size, in the desert flora; from the flower no larger than a wheat grain, to the brilliant scarlet-and-yellow water-weed of the foothill streams.

The desert soil, as fine as corn meal, and apparently as devoid of fertility, is really of untold depth, and even in the driest state has astonishing virility. Of the cacti, which love this soil, the "candle" cactus is one of the most interesting. It rarely grows more than three feet high. At the end of each of its round spiny "candles" it bears a curious and perfect flower, exactly like that of the mandrake, except that it is an exquisite apple-green, with bright yellow stamens. The needles are so full of oil, that if a match is applied they flame up brightly. In the branches of the "candle" cactus the desert-lark builds its nest, and there is born the melody that is like no other—an allegory, it seems to me, of human life. The lark is innocent of poetic intent, but puts her nest



A BIT OF THE DESERT.

where it will be safe from serpents. It is with the needles of this cactus that a popular fable pictures the "road-runner" (a bird of the pheasant family) as fencing-up the rattlesnake to his undoing.

The "candle" cactus, too, furnishes a lurking place for the tarantula-hawk, a pretty, bright-winged insect much like the Eastern dragon fly, or "snake doctor." The tarantula-hawk flits about seeking the wicked-looking great spider which is its prey. If the tarantula sees her first, he makes for cover—and he is a famous sprinter upon such occasions. If no cover is at hand, woe betide him! The "hawk" swoops upon him, and colonizes his body with the eggs whose hatching will cause his death.

The yucca, which the people in one corner of the desert call the "monkey-puzzle tree"—because it would puzzle a monkey to climb anything so bristling—is in harmony with the landscape of its habitat. The Indians are said to have eaten its pods, in times of famine—and they must have been near indeed to starvation. Though the pods somewhat resemble green bananas, they are the last thing in vegetable rankness. Weird, twisted, demoniacal, the yuccas remind me of those enchanted forests described by Dante,

whose trees were human creatures in torment. In twisted groups, or standing isolated, the yuccas may readily be imagined spectres of the plains. In their fall they serve mankind better than in life; their roots and trunks, indurated by years of that dry air, form excellent fuel, and gladden many a humble fireside. The dwellers in the desert are new pioneers. Men of courage and enterprise, they set their tent or "shack" in the wilderness; reclaim it, plant orchards of apricots, pears, prunes and almonds; bring water

from the mountains; and under the magic of man's hand, parched nature becomes blooming civilization. In a few years wide tracts of the desert will be rich deciduous fruit orchards, and the desert will have lost half its meaning in Southern California.

LOU V. CHAPIN.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ADOBE.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

DID you ever take time to thank God that we are not so slow as the Spaniards? That we are not so tradition-ridden, so mortgaged to precedent, so up-nosed at new wisdom—in a word, that the Saxon is "not as other men?" I have done so often. So have we all, whether in set form or not. And so shall we continue, while human nature keeps the amiable foot-rules with which we are wont to measure such of God's handiwork as chances not to be Us. If any blood has reduced this pan-human modesty to a science, it is the Saxon; and if any man was ever a consistent Saxon, it was I. But for ten years various impudent facts have been flying up in the face of my composure until at times I am half ready to believe that the Almighty

did *not* make the rest of mankind in a mere fit of absent-mindedness.

Not to speak of that little affair of the New World itself—which the backward Spaniard found, and won, and lived from end to end of, for more than a hundred years before our precocious forebears ever awoke enough to learn that there really *was* a New World—some disrespectful truth turns up every day to put a hitch in the gallop of self-esteem.

This matter of the adobe is a curiously fascinating study on the purely historical and broad-human side; and it has a direct, material, practical interest even to the hardheaded man who values one edible slice of bread and butter above

a year in a library. That dollars-and-cents value I shall try to make clear in future papers. To my knowledge,



Herve Friend, Eng.

THE UNMITIGATED ADOBE.

neither the practical nor the scholarly side has ever yet been adequately drawn. At the outset here are two silhouetted facts, so clearly contrasted and so antithetical, both, to our congenital notions as to be worth ruminating upon. To Southern California in the last ten years has come an immigration of over 100,000 Americans, very much above the average in social, financial and intellectual rating. They are decidedly not of the superstitious and unprogressive class confessed by ourselves to exist in some quarters of the Union. In this new country—whose physical geography, climate, and consequent habits and necessities of life are radically unlike those of whatsoever section they had previously inhabited—these people have built their own homes. It is safe to say that nowhere else in the world is the average of the home throughout a great community so high in beauty and in comfort. It is broadly true, too, that the average house here is artistically and in convenience an improvement upon the house its selfsame tenant occupied in the East. But it is the same architecture—improved only as art has advanced in twenty years. Not one new house in a thousand here has learned anything *locally*. It is still the house of three-foot snows and zero weather, of summer rains, of forest, humid countries—grafted upon a semi-tropic soil whose sky is that of the Arid Lands. Its only adaptation to the new conditions is a pitiful little more of porch and a cheaper construction—since it no longer has to be burglar-proofed against the air of heaven, nor arteried with furnace-pipes. Why are 95 per cent. of the homes here frame boxes, more or less Queen Annotated? Is it that the home-builder, by exhaustive investigation, has demonstrated this the best type of house for this climate? Or is it because that is the way he has been used to seeing houses built?

The superstition-ridden and unteachable Spaniard had several primary lessons beaten into him in the New World; and among the first and most enduring of them was a new way to spell h-o-u-s-e. For the

adobe* was not and is not an institution of Spain. Garden walls, stables, partition walls, yes—in some little areas of some provinces—but not the adobe house. *That*, the Don learned in America. It astounded and impressed him when he marched into the adobe pueblo of the Aztecs, islanded upon the lake of Mexico; it dinned its meaning into him at every later step he took. The word adobe itself (though I have never been able to prove its etymology) has suspicious earmarks of being an aboriginal American word. It has neither ancestors nor posterity in the Spanish dictionaries.

The sun-dried brick which the aborigine had advanced to architecture over nearly all that enormous stretch that later became Spanish America, was to the *conquistador* a new thing. As he was human, I have no doubt he off-hand despised it. But he took very little time to learn that the new thing was also a good thing; and he so fully adopted the adobe in his exile that even the average student is apt to class it as a Spanish invention.

Spain was in Don Quixote's day, and is in ours, a country of stone houses. Yet practically every Spaniard who came to America builded his new home in a fashion he had never before dreamed of—at the same time teaching his Indian schoolmaster, in turn, a lesson in adobe. It is true that adobe was generally nearer to his exile hand than were sawed planks. But that even convenience could convert him shows that his conservatism was not wholly bigoted. His conscious superiors still cling to lumber at \$27.50 per M.

That providential mud which can be turned into a dwell-

ing simply by piling it up into slabs and laying a mud roof across, is no provincialism. It occurs from one end to the other of Spanish America—that is to say, over one-half the total length, and two-thirds of the habitable length, of the New World; not everywhere, but so persistently as to have dictated the architecture of an area more than twice the size of the United States. There are people who have the air of constantly hushing-up the Almighty's blunders of this sort; but I am content to presume that He knew what He was about—and that He made the adobe on purpose.

It may be that something of this notion filtered into the Spaniard; for conservative as he was, he had considerable respect for the ideas of his maker. Or it may have been merely the pagan persistence of this



Herve Friend, Eng.

THE ADOBE, PLUS.



Herve Friend, Eng.

A PUEBLO ADOBE.

* Pronounced a-dóh-by.

heterodox new architecture. It was insolently comfortable, too. The stupendous stonework of the Sacsahuaman was more wonderful, of course—but no civilized man cares to build a Pyramid for a home. The arabesqued adobes of Pachacámac and Gran Chimú (the greatest cities that aborigines ever built in this hemisphere); the adobe "palaces" of Cholula, the lofty terrace-pueblos of Cibola and Braba—from Bolivia to Colorado, he could not escape the daily proof that the best house for the country was the house of the country. And—well, he acknowledged the corn. He was able to learn.

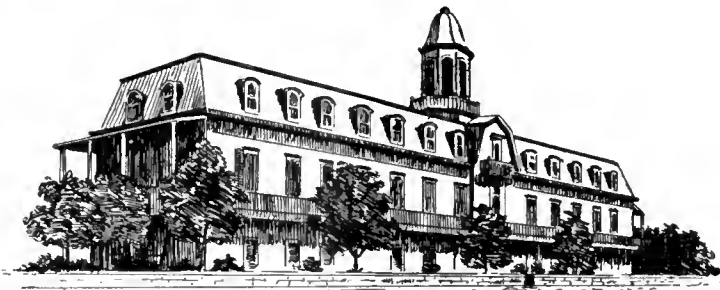
The Indian had learned by the slower processes of human youth. You may say he had no saw-mills, and it is quite true—but that made absolutely no difference in his choice. Work, to him, was the one thing absolutely unconsidered. If he had deemed a timber house a good house, he would have made it—turning trees into planks with a cobblestone for an adze, saw, hatchet and auger. Do not fancy that I jest. I know him the length of America, and his work. In places where stone was more available he hauled and dressed and laid little rocks ten times as big as any civilized architect ever handled—and sculptured them as finely. In adobe he was no less profligate of time and toil. A favorite pastime of his, for instance, was to create a seventy-acre solid masonry 200 feet high, for the sake of setting a 10x12 altar upon its top. He built in stone only when compelled by his surroundings; and as for wood, wholly disdained it. In the utter tropics he employed bamboo—which, architecturally, is not wood. Furthermore, it is practically non-combustible; and he made it absolutely so by chinking and coating it with adobe.

Having proved his unprogressiveness by first learning the thousand aboriginal tongues, the Spaniard began to wrestle with the newer lesson—for it is much easier to learn a language than to unlearn a custom. He found—as teachable travelers still find—that in a country dry enough for it the adobe is the perfect house. He was competent to make out that two feet of clay is a better non-conductor

than an inch of wood. The proposition that mud is reluctantly inflammable was not too great a swallow for his mental gullet. He discovered, in fact, by use of his brains and eyesight, that an adobe house is—

1. Fireproof.
2. Warmer in winter.
3. Cooler in summer.
4. Cheaper.
5. More lasting.
6. More comfortable

than any other house he could build in any country where adobe soil exists. Furthermore, that it can be made as ornamental as any. The labyrinths of Cajamarquilla, the six-story pueblos of New Mexico, were mere pointers to the elasticity of the architecture. There is practically nothing done in stone which cannot also be done in adobe, at one-twentieth the cost. The chief odds in favor of the harder masonry is that it can be less massive. It is also nearer ev-



Union Eng. Co.

AN ADOBE BLOCK.
The Brothers' College, Sante Fé.

erlasting—but the adobe lasts long enough for any human want. The church at Pecos, N. M., built in 1617; the vast walls of Pachacámac, Peru, already an ancient work in 1530—have outweathered the centuries as effectively as if they had been of granite. They are a little more worn in surface, but no weaker, no more tottering, than the day they were built—and what is true of them is true of the adobe in general. A house which will stand supremely solid for 500 years—as any properly constructed and properly tended adobe will—is permanent enough. By then, our finicky 27th power grandchildren will wish a more up-to-date residence anyhow.

A church larger than any in the United States, and costlier fitted, a four-story business block, are among the easy possibilities—and the actualities—of the ignorantly-despised "mud brick." But it is particularly and matchlessly as a *home* that the adobe lends itself; and of that side I shall speak more at leisure.

Chas. F. Lummis

[MUNSEY'S]



THE COWBOY'S VALENTINE.

AY, Moll, now don't yo' 'llow to quit
A-playin' maverick?
Sech stock shud be corralled a bit,
'N' hev a mark 't 'll stick!

Old Val's a-roundin' up today,
Upon the Sweetheart Range;
'N' me a-helpin', so to say,
Though this yere herd is strange

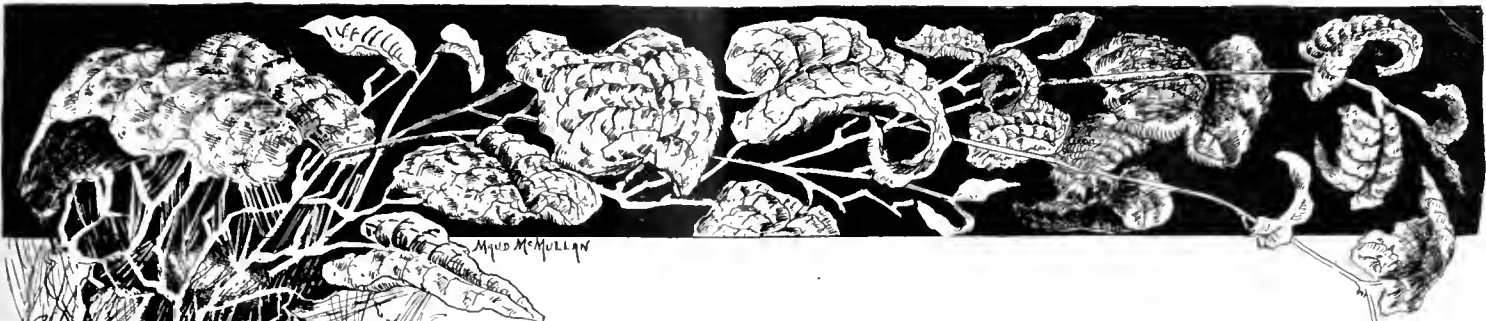
To me--'n' yit, ef I c'd rope
Jes' *one* to wear my brand,
I'd strike f'r Home Ranch on a lope,
The happiest in the land!

Yo' savvy who I'm runnin' so,
Yo' savvy who I be;
Now cain't yo' take that brand—yo' know.

The **♡ MINE**



C. F. LUMMIS.



SILK CULTURE: A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

“Where Wormes and Food doe naturally abound,
A gallant Silken Trade must there be found.
Virginia excels the world in both—
Envie nor malice can gaine say this troth.”

So wrote the favorite poet of the Jamestown colonists in 1619, when James I. was making vigorous efforts to introduce silk-growing into America. The attempt was a failure, for the poet was mistaken about “Wormes and Food” abounding. If he had lived some 280 years later, he might have written the same lines about Southern California without departing an iota from the truth.

Silk culture in Southern California has scarcely advanced beyond a strikingly successful experiment. That silk cocoons can be produced at a fair profit has been shown, so far as individual experiment on a comparatively small scale can show it. Plans are now under way for the establishment of the industry on a business basis, and the outcome will be observed with much interest, not only in Southern California, but also in the East, where silk fabrics are manufactured. The occupation is one for which women are particularly fitted. The silk grower must be patient, careful, exquisitely neat in details, and methodical. The qualities in special demand are feminine rather than masculine, and those branches of the industry requiring lightness of touch and deftness in handling are especially woman’s work.

Where it is proposed to go into silk culture on the basis of a genuine business is at Minneapolis Beach, on the shore of the Pacific, 35 miles north of San Diego, a favorite camping place of Southern California people for years. The soil and location are favorable to mulberry trees, and the climate is all that can be desired for the rearing of silk worms. The undertaking is in charge of several experienced business women, who propose to maintain it on a semi-coöperative basis. An expert Japanese silk culturist has been engaged, and technical instructions are given to colonists free of charge. They are also supplied with silk worm eggs. Mulberry leaves can be secured in the vicinity, and large tracts are being planted to the different desirable varieties of trees. A number of energetic and capable

women have taken land in the colony, and within a short time the product of the Beach cocooneries will begin to cut some figure commercially. If the industry shall prove so successful as to become general throughout Southern California, the establishment of silk spinning and weaving factories will follow as a matter of course, and a new and valuable industry will be added to our long list. The world spends annually \$400,000,000 for silk fabrics—one-fourth of which are used in the United States. Between \$30,000,000 and \$40,000,000 annually is paid by America for raw silk to be worked up into fabrics in our own factories. There is, therefore, small danger of overdoing the work.

The unit of measurement in the cocoonery is the ounce of (about 40,000) eggs with which the breeder begins operations. The worms will use in their life of 35 days about 1300 pounds of mulberry leaves. On attaining its full growth the worm makes the cocoon, a fine-spun web of a continuous thread of silk of from 300 to 1800 yards. In less than three months from the hatching of the worm the culturist may sell “commercial silk,” or in 40 days sell cocoons.

One important fact demonstrated by the experiments carried on in Southern California is that we have a “season” lasting *eight months*—that of other countries lasts only from six to eight weeks. In Southern California and New South Wales (and, as far as is known, nowhere else in the world) a crop may be reared each day consecutively for thirty-two weeks. As the mulberry may be kept in full leaf eight months of the twelve, it is entirely practicable to carry on the business thus long.

The chief objection offered has been that we “could not compete with cheap foreign labor.” The culturists at Minneapolis Beach claim to show by actual experiment that silk may be produced here at a great advantage over other countries; that “cheap foreign labor” cuts no figure, as labor is a trifling item in the cost of placing foreign silk upon our market—costs not incurred on silk produced here. Our silk is conceded superior to that of Japan and other countries. Thousands of capable women are wearing out their lives in office and school-room, who, with the opportunity, would find silk culture agreeable, remunerative and beneficial to health. In the near future extraordinary progress may be made in this new industry. G. H. W.





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TEN CENTS PER COPY. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.
CHARLES F. LUMMIS, EDITOR.

F. A. PATTEE & CO., PUBLISHERS
ROOMS 501 AND 502 STIMSON BUILDING, LOS ANGELES, CAL

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as second-class matter.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—Specific information about Southern California desired by tourists, health seekers or intending settlers will be furnished free of charge by the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Enclose stamp with letter.

THE CALIFORNIA LIAR.

YOU all know him. He needs no introduction in any company; for he is already written down in the universal catechism. The traveler may sometimes unwittingly mislead. The gentleman who inveigles trout—well, there are pessimists who insinuate that Truth and he are related only by marriage, and that marriage an unhappy one. Now and then you will even find persons who are reasonably fair judges where their personal prejudices are not concerned speaking as if they doubted the sincerity of the advertising agent.

These, however, are things of local and ephemeral bias. Heaven has shown its opinion of two-thirds of the States of the Union, by forbidding trout to associate with them. With the average citizen in a vast area, "travel" extends to the post-office, which does not exactly give supreme latitude to the imagination. And to a thousand peaceful hamlets the advertising solicitor is less real than is a personal devil.

But there is no corner in the English-speaking world where they do not know the master-liar when they see him, or his works. No charity lets him down easy on cushions of "error" or "enthusiasm". He is not a fibber, nor a prevaricator, nor "a—er—well, a little imaginative." No, he is simply the California Liar. And he lies so willfully, so without provocation or extenuating circumstance!

Now, the LAND OF SUNSHINE has neither the face nor the heart to condone this sin. The Puritan blood in its veins cannot be wholly undone, even by this corruptingly decent climate. It still believes lying to be wrong, however pleasant and unavoidable; and is truly sorry that its home is the habitat of the Only Liar. That is the one cloud in the skies of its content.

It all shows how correct was the ancient Puritan creed of cold-storage righteousness. Keep a man physically and

morally frozen stiff, and he is all right; but as soon as you thaw him out, you see his character will not keep. So long as he stays where Nature conducts herself as a penitentiary, he is a model convict; but just as quick as ever he breaks out to where she keeps a mother-home for her children—well, he celebrates his escape.

There is something curious in this for the sociologist. Evolution is a field in which they talk as familiarly of hundred-million-years as maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs. But here is Evolution at the drop of the hat. Types developed while you wait. For you must remember that the California Liar was not born in California. Ten years ago, when much—five years, two years ago, more commonly—he was Truthful James, of Back Yonder; a deacon in New Hampshire, a pillar of the church in Massachusetts, a gentleman and a scholar of upper Fifth Avenue, a Chestnut-street Quaker, a Buckeye whose word was his bond, a Chicagoan of unquestioned veracity. In those days, before he had ever seen anything beyond a hundred miles from his back fence, his townfolk found him sober. He did not tell about two-hundred-pound pumpkins on his farm at Squedunk. He dealt in no stories of twenty-foot corn in the Merrimac Valley. He sent no tantalizing letters to friends in London, saying: "This New Year's day, while you are shivering I sit in my shirtsleeves on the stoop of my brownstone front in New York, writing this and watching the birds among the roses." He did not even refer to ten-acre beds of calla lilies on Boston Common; nor to fifteen-foot heliotropes on the Lakeshore.

No, in those days he was a self-respecting and truthful citizen. His communication was yea, yea, nay, nay; steadfastly reliable as the cast-iron dog on his frozen lawn. He could not have told a lie if he had tried. If by any congenital miracle a child had been born in his town who grew up to Lie, it would have been a greater curiosity than the three-headed girl.

For back where we all came from, even the dogs would scorn to bark a false alarm; and as for the people, they practice the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Even on such trivial ground as the weather they are scrupulous. "Fine, bracing air, this!" they chatter from the depths of their beaver collars, as two meet on the street, while a wind of 10° below zero shaves New England. "No wonder we have left our imprint on the whole country, with such a vital atmosphere to tone us!" Then they hasten to their offices, where each will fall on the neck of his long-lost brother the steam-heater, and build up his lungs in the fine, invigorating atmosphere of an air-tight room. They utter pastoral truths of the healthfulness of a climate where consumption is the most populous profession, and pneumonia a fashionable pastime; or that in which the quinine bottle ranks just ahead of the family bible. And with equal exactitude they tell how they enjoy it all, and how much better it is than everything else they have never seen.

Now why is it that one short month in California undoes all this moral training, and wipes veracity off the slate as if it had never been? One may understand a temporary wobbling in some cases. The shock of discovering that the Almighty had either energy or wherewithal left to con-

struct anything else after he had finished Boston, may naturally cause a faintness during which the victim is hardly responsible. Then, however, the stubborn principles of early training should presently reassert themselves; and the wanderer should become able to tell the truth, after he catches his breath.

But he isn't. He straightway begins to lie, and he never gets done lying. The more he looks around, the worse he gets. And the plague of it is that he infects everything he touches, and wheedles the whole scheme of creation into perjuring itself to bolster him up. The birds and flowers lie, for they pretend to be enjoying the winter out-doors. The sun lies, for it makes one believe it is shining. The photographs he sends home, the government statistics he hunts up, the aged mother and pretty sister who came out with him—they all lie. And they lie so harmoniously, so unblushingly, so cheerfully, that sometimes one wonders if after all it may not be better to be a sunny California Liar than a truth-teller kept from spoiling only by being frozen up in a block of Eastern ice.



Either the public needs a guardian, or the LAND OF SUNSHINE is a distinct success. It may be that, as some unselfish sages declare, people do not know what they want; but at all events they know what they think they want—and they are buying the LAND OF SUNSHINE precisely as if it pleased them. There is something curious about the fashion in which this young monthly has already possessed the field in the Los Angeles news-stands. All the New York magazines have large circulations in this city; but more copies of the LAND OF SUNSHINE are sold here than of any of them except Munsey's. The Century, Harper and Scribner are far behind.

From its beginning, last June, the growth of this little magazine of Southern California has surprised even its sanguine friends; and of late the rate of growth has quickened greatly. The January edition of 5,000 copies began to be received from the binders at noon of Monday, December 31; in the evening of Wednesday, January 2, it was found necessary to order a second edition, the first being exhausted. The first systematic and thorough campaign of introduction is now in progress, with highly satisfactory results. In a word, the magazine is receiving precisely what it counted upon—a very large home patronage based upon its being "good reading"; a surprising recognition of its aptness as a message to friends in the East; and an extensive direct Eastern clientage attracted by its artistic and authoritative treatment of the never-tedious text, "Southern California." In all three lines the growth has been much more rapid than was dared to be expected. The LAND OF SUNSHINE honestly believes that it has today a larger genuine subscription list than any other monthly published in California—and that means than any other this side of Kansas City. It is a comfortable record for nine months. Whether the quality of the magazine is responsive to this material encouragement, is a verdict we are content to refer to the public—the inevitable last jury. In the creed of its managers, the LAND OF SUNSHINE is never good enough so long as it could be made better; and at a

steady if quiet gait it is pursuing its way—a step at a time, but every step ahead.



The LAND OF SUNSHINE would very much like to see founded a Southern California museum. Such an institution would naturally, of course, be located in Los Angeles, the chief city of these 45,000 square miles. Off-hand, it should be a public institution; for some reasons it might better be a private enterprise or rather the enterprise of associated private interests. It cannot be kept too far out of gunshot of politics. But the question of auspices is secondary. The vital point is that there should be a museum here—and before it shall be too late to acquire the best that such a museum will ever get.

Very much the same things we said last month of Southern California as a field for an adequate local magazine, hold good of it as a field for a local museum. There is the same vastness of range in subjects of characteristic interest. And the bulk of preliminary labor is already done. We have here private collections which in their one specialty surpass that department of any great museum; and enough of them to give us such a museum as now exists in no city of this size in the world. We can hardly hope to rival the all-embracing museums of a great metropolis; but we could very easily have the largest and best museum of a locality that was ever opened. Distinctively Southern Californian, covering accurately and fully the infinite range of scientific and esthetic interests peculiar to the seven counties—the flora and fauna, the ethnological and archaeology, the history and the romance—it would be a collection so endlessly valuable and ceaselessly fascinating that it would be famous the world over.

An archæologic collection like that of Dr. Palmer would alone be enough to justify the foundation of a museum. It is one of the most complete that has ever been made in the archæology of any section. In other departments of science and of esthetics there are here many other collections, hardly less final and in one or two cases even more costly. The Williamson shell collection, the Silver mineral cabinets, the Coronel Spanish relics, the enormous and priceless Lowe collection—there is no museum which would not be proud to give any one of them a post of honor in its halls.

To us, no cause of this sort is indifferent. Whatever makes for the benefit, intellectual or material, of Southern California is *ex officio* important to us; and such a distinctive museum would be a benefit on both aspects. Even an equal area in the thick-settled East—that is to say, all New England—could not fill a local museum of characteristic objects which should remotely rival, either in volume or in value, what we might make here.

To such an end as this, the LAND OF SUNSHINE purposes to give not only its voice but its work. It will promptly enter upon a series of expert articles touching in turn the more important of the collections owned by enthusiastic amateurs in Southern California; and outside as well as in its columns will labor for the actual assembling of these private museums—or of representative parts of them—in a great central, comprehensive, characteristic Southern California museum.

THE PASADENA LOAN ASSOCIATION.

THE present name of the Pasadena Loan Association arose from certain public exhibitions of material, where such material was made the basis of systematic study and reduced to the form of historical catalogues. The editor of the LAND OF SUNSHINE, himself a collector and connoisseur, in a personal letter of congratulation to the director, speaks of the Association as "an exceptionally interesting institution, in some ways unique;" and commissions the writer to give to his readers some account of the work and the exhibitions through which it became known. The official working plan of the Association sets forth both the general purpose and the specific intentions for the present year, in brief as follows:

"The institution of systematic study, from original manuscripts, narratives, letters, etc., of local California history, and the illustration of such history by all the resources at command.

"The preservation of the Spanish past in the American present.

"The establishing of a yearly February exposition and loan exhibition in Pasadena, which shall be representative and Californian.

"The reviving, for practical travel, of the old Spanish King's Highway, and the furnishing for it of an acceptable itinerary.

"The preservation of the material accumulated, through recorded tradition and through photography until literature and art are reached together."

The specifications of this working plan for the coming year are in terms of equal brevity:

"A special study of the original record books of the Missions for comparison with such documents as illustrate the life of the Pueblos.

"The genealogies of California and the tracing of such local names as date back to the *Conquistadores* themselves.

"An outline of Los Angeles as successively a Spanish and Mexican pueblo, with studies of its manners and customs, ceremonies and forms, government and ayuntamientos, traditions and local history. This from certain papers furnished for this purpose, by the

late Señor Don Antonio Franco Coronel, compared with other written and spoken Spanish testimony."

This historical study will be carefully compared with cor-



Anglo-Indian. Hispano-Indian. India Pura.
 Union Eng. Co. JUANA AND HER CHILDREN. C. J. Crandall, Photo.
 Mission of San Gabriel Arcàngel.

responding study in ethnology, the results of the latter being forwarded directly to Washington to Mr. Otis T. Mason, who requests the director of the Loan Association to consider herself a correspondent of the National Museum. Indian baskets, Navajo blankets and California pottery are the subjects for this year's consideration.

Full discussion of this yearly exposition is being carried on in the newspapers of Pasadena, which are favorable to the proposed working plan and earnest in their commendation of immediate effort to carry it into execution.

It is meant that such an exposition should be made by the combined representation of such merchants as can exhibit characteristic and representative California material, and offer it for sale under attractive and legitimate conditions, and those private citizens who are willing to loan that which has already been collected and which can, in many cases, no longer be bought.

The ten days of such an exhibit, immediately preceding Lent, should evolve a carnival unlike anything possible to any other place than California; each of its days, with separate associations, attributes, plan of amusement, organization and personnel.

Succeeding this carnival there is planned a series of pilgrimages to San Gabriel and San Fernando with the purpose of rediscovering certain landmarks and placing tablets upon certain ancient trees along the line of the Monterey road, running south of the Raymond Hotel; in all of which the Association is promised the aid of that caravanserai. These pilgrimages will later be lengthened to include San Juan Capistrano, San Luis Rey and San Diego, to the south; and San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara to the north; with ultimate plans for the



Herve Friend, Photo and Eng.
 CAMPO SANTO OF THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS.
 "We are treading on everything that was once great and good in Los Angeles."
 DON ANTONIO F. CORONEL.

northern part of the State, and an expedition over the border and into the dominion and jurisdiction of the Black Friars themselves in Lower California.

To carry with one on such a pilgrimage, the Association is preparing a series of interleaved books, by direct arrangement with the original publishers. The first of these is Mrs. Jackson's "*Ramona*." The second book upon the list is a reprint of that part of Mrs. Jameson's "*Legends of the Monastic Orders*" which relates to the Franciscans, or Gray Friars.



Union Eng. Co. Bertraud, Photo.
DON JOSÉ SEPULVEDA.

"Owner of 'Black Swan,' 'Bayo Pinto,' and other horses famous in the carreras (races) at the ranchos and on the San Pedro Road, in the old days."
"A three-league race for \$10,000 in coin and 1000 head of horned cattle, to be carried on the ground at the time of the race."
"As soon as the Black Swan had been cooled off, he called for her to be brought to him, and taking the bit out of her mouth turned her loose. Raising his hand in the presence of the multitude he vowed that she should never again be bridled or saddled. He kept his vow; she ran loose on the plains till her death."—History of Los Angeles.

Corporal Verdugo into no less celebrated a volume than that which contains the philosophical study called "*El Verdugo*," signed by Honoré de Balzac.

The collecting of pamphlets and newspaper articles of value upon California, and the binding together of magazine papers into indexed reference books devoted to specific subjects, is one of many devices being carried out by the Reading Committee, which is enthusiastic over the abundance and excellence of such material, and the interest which such collecting is sure to awaken.

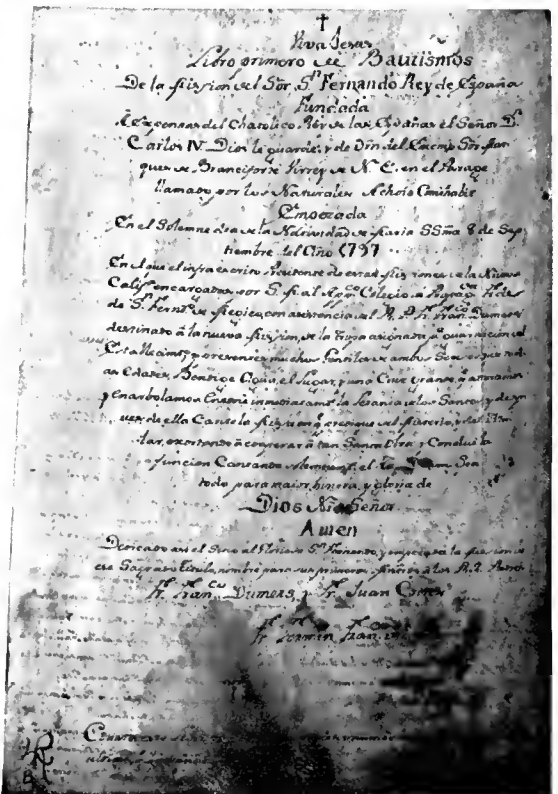
In an article by Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, now preparing for publication, she credits the original idea of the Loan Association to Mr. Abbot Kinney, who, some years ago, proposed such an organization at a meeting of citizens of Pasadena. Mrs. Carr adds: "The carrying out of such ideas demanded time, tact and research, all of which were fortunately at the disposal of the present director, who happily commanded the necessary leisure. Through her, much that is precious has been preserved in forms which at an earlier date would have been impossible."

Most of the present paper is practically a quotation from the records of the Association itself, whose rather intricate plans are easily misunderstood by one not familiar with their direct bearing one upon another. They form a harmonious whole which unites together one hundred people interested in the same cause and agreeing upon one method.

The illustrations in this article are engraved for the LAND

OF SUNSHINE from advance material furnished the editor by the director of the Association, Miss Annie B. Picher. They give some slight idea of the extent and merit of the Association's work. In the way of "special illustrating" perhaps the most final treatment has been given Helen Hunt Jackson's masterpiece, "*Ramona*," and perhaps nowhere else, even among amateurs, has so systematic and comprehensive work been done. The Association has in readiness unbound copies of the book, with an adjustable cover and blank pages ad libitum. Artistic "matt finish" photographs (which do not curl) covering every topic of annotative as well as graphic illustration have been assembled for interleaving to suit the individual taste. Facsimiles of autographs; sepia and pen-and-ink sketches; parallel passages in Spanish; portraits; book-marks—and numerous other devices, all thoroughly characteristic and appropriate, as well as highly artistic, are among the attractions offered for making a unique *edition de luxe* of the noblest novel by a woman since "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*." For correspondingly novel and artistic bindings, the Association has devised facsimiles of the original design, copied in Santa Barbara leather, carved and signed by Señores Cervantez and Lopez. Sheets of orange wood, upon which the title and pattern may be burned in by pyrography, and which may be combined in the binding with this same Santa Barbara leather, are among possibilities, and yucca wood from the desert has been found to be entirely practicable. There will be furnished, also, a cover in raw silk of mediæval colors, with which illuminated Franciscan pictures, copied from missals and stained-glass windows, would admirably harmonize. All these are authorized by Roberts Bros., Mrs. Jackson's sole publishers.

When we add that it is the vital point in the whole scheme that the profits of all exhibitions and sales made by the Association go to found a department of California books, one understands the peculiar interest inspired by it, and the many good wishes which have accompanied it from the beginning. It is in competent hands, guided by alert minds, and is doing a timely and valuable work.



First Page of the Book of Baptisms, Mission of San Fernando.

C. A. Holden

ALL-THE-TIME STRAWBERRIES.

ONE of the things that most agreeably impress the "tenderfoot" from the Eastern blizzard-belt when he first arrives in Southern California is that almost any day in the year he can obtain fresh strawberries at the fruit-stands here, and at a very moderate price. For a dime you may get a pound box of ripe, luscious berries at Christmas; at some seasons, for half the money.

Strawberries are raised not only for home consumption but for export, large quantities being shipped East by express during the spring. About three and a half miles southeast of Azusa, in the San Gabriel valley, is Covina, a pretty and prosperous settlement. Azusa is chiefly noted for citrus, Covina for deciduous, fruits. It is also a great center of the strawberry industry, one of the most important branches of horticulture in the valley. The visitor who alights at the Azusa railroad station during the season cannot fail to be impressed with the immense piles of strawberry cases. By a novel arrangement, cases containing sixty one-pound boxes are provided with a space lined with zinc in which ice is packed. This keeps the berries fresh when shipped by express—as they all are—to Denver, Kansas City and other points. Six cents per pound is the average price received by the shippers. For very early berries more is realized. From March to July is the height of the season. During that period a ton and a half in a day is sometimes shipped. The shipments for April, May and June have amounted to 216,000 pounds. The acreage in strawberries around Azusa is estimated at nearly 200. White help is almost exclusively utilized in picking; and the work furnishes a welcome addition to the income of many families. One noteworthy feature of strawberry culture here is that the berries are extensively planted among orange and other trees. By this means the expenses of a young orange orchard are covered while the trees are coming into bearing.

Under proper care, plantations last much longer than at the East. Twelve-year-old plants, still healthful and fruitful, have been reported, and five to eight years is regarded as the ordinary life. Most varieties commonly grown have perfect flowers, but some pistillate kinds have been introduced, and it is necessary that they be planted in connection with such as have staminate blossoms. Longworth's Prolific, Sharpless, Monarch of the West and 'Triomphe de Gand are the most highly approved varieties, although new kinds are constantly being introduced, and new localities have their special favorites. General instructions cannot be given so thoroughly as to supersede the value of advice from practical growers in each locality.

Another section where strawberry culture is made a specialty is around Gardena, about ten miles south of Los Angeles.

Although in certain sections along the coast and in the thermal belts in the foothills, under favorable conditions, some berries bear every month in the year, yet the main crop that reaches market has its special season, as in other lands. When too hot or too cold the plant remains practically dormant; and as the roots run so near the surface, more careful attention is required to keep the ground properly moist than is needed for other plants.

With thorough preparation such ground as might be expected to do well in corn or potatoes is adapted to strawberries, provided the irrigating facilities are all that can be desired. These should be so arranged as to keep the ground as uniformly moist as possible, with fine cultivation and freedom from weeds. In leading strawberry districts, plants are often set on ridges in rows two or three feet apart with roots a foot apart in the row. Each row has a shallow trench on one side, where water is running most of the time, and a strip of well cultivated soil on the other. In irrigating, it is convenient to have a small stream running between the rows a great part of the time. By having the plants on a ridge, the berries are kept out of the mud, and the ground does not bake, as it would if cultivation were done by flooding the surface. The trenches must be often so worked as to destroy the weeds by taking a thin shaving from the surface. In leveling the land for strawberries, where growers can choose their grade, it is customary to allow half an inch fall to the rod. On hillsides, where a very small stream is used, they sometimes run on a grade as steep as six inches to the rod. From bearing plantations, runners should be removed as carefully as weeds are.

So profitable have strawberries proved, that many growers have retained them in their orange groves after the latter have come into bearing. Still, some aver that the orange tree is bound to be injured by the frequent irrigation which is necessary for berries.

A well known grower of Gardena sometime ago had an exhibit of Monarch of the West strawberries at the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, some of which weighed one and one-fourth ounces each. These berries came from a patch of two and a half acres, from which he had sold within three days 140 crates of thirty pounds each, making 4200 pounds, at seven cents per pound, which amounts to \$294. Deducting from this \$60 for labor and \$10 for other expenses, there remains a net profit of \$220, which is for only one picking. This grower raises three crops a year.

A small patch of berries will keep quite a number of men at work; and the industry is specially fitted for farmers who have large families, as the picking is the principal item of expense. One grower who has less than five acres planted to strawberries and blackberries, keeps from ten to twelve men constantly employed, and his weekly pay-roll amounts to over \$85. During one season he paid out more than \$1000 for labor on these five acres. There are not many countries where land will pay a big net profit over and above an expense of \$200 per acre.

Considering the large and constantly growing market in the cities of the East for berries at a season when they can be raised there only in hothouses, it may be seen what a vast field there is for the extension of this industry in Southern California.

HORACE B. EDWARDS.

The second amateur photographic competition conducted by the LAND OF SUNSHINE closes March 1. For the best collection of six amateur photographs of Southern California subjects, a cash prize of \$5 will be given. For the second best collection, three annual subscriptions to the LAND OF SUNSHINE; and for the third best, two annual subscriptions. For conditions, see the January number.



L. A. Eng. Co.

- ✓ REDLANDS—THE CITY OF MAGIC.

H. B. Wesner, Photo, San Bernardino.

“RECENTLY I saw in San Bernardino County,” said my friend the Eastern tourist, “a real mirage.”

“Oh, no,” I said. “Excuse me for correcting you; but a mirage cannot be real, you know.”

“Can’t it?” he replied. “Well, wait until I explain. Nine years ago this month—in the year 1886—I visited Southern California, and I staid a short time at San Bernardino. I rode horseback all over that country and became pretty thoroughly acquainted with it—as it was then. I particularly enjoyed riding to the eastward, because of the superb views of the valley scenery that one gets from the heights above the Santa Ana. I wondered if it was destined to be forever abandoned to greasewood and cactus, as it was then.

“A few days ago I came out here for the second time, having in the meanwhile lived in the East and in Europe, where only the faintest echoes reached me of the great changes that have taken place in Southern California. We arrived in San Bernardino just before dawn, and after breakfast the proprietor of the hotel took us to the top of the building, that we might look out over the valley. The night had been foggy, and the sun was just breaking through the clouds and the mist. Naturally I looked first toward the east—and there, up against the mountains, above the line of fog and below the line of bright sunshine, I saw the mirage. On the sagebrush-covered slope that I had known so well, I seemed to see a city of brick and stone, with straight, paved streets and long, beautiful avenues. It was marvelously distinct. I could almost make out individual buildings along the streets; and fancied I could distinguish in the midst of groves and vineyards hundreds of

handsome residences. It was a dream of beauty—and unable to keep back an exclamation of amazement I caught my host by the arm and cried:

“See! the mirage!”

“To my surprise he began looking along the horizon in all directions except the right one.

“‘Where is it?’ he asked eagerly.

“I pointed.

“Oh-h! You mean Redlands! Yes, it does look like a mirage—but it is the most substantial thing in sight from here.’

“I was overwhelmed, dumbfounded, and for some moments could not speak. Of course I went to see Redlands. I found my ‘mirage’ an actual city of four or five thousand inhabitants, with business blocks, improved streets, and all the modern municipal improvements far in advance of the average Eastern city of the same size. I know of no other country in the world where such a change would be possible. You have cities, it seems, that grow up by magic, as your agricultural products do.

“And now,” my friend the tourist concluded, “you understand what I mean by a real mirage.”

In an article on irrigation, in the *Review of Reviews*, about a year ago, Wm. E. Smythe referred to Redlands as the most striking example, among the many to be found in Southern California, of a city created through the agency of irrigation. Without the Bear Valley Dam, Redlands in its present size and prosperity could never have existed. Far up in the San Bernardino mountains there lay, many thousand years ago, a large lake. Later, Dame Nature, in a playful mood, split the mountains and left broad, grassy meadows



L. A. Eng. Co.

MT. SAN BERNARDINO FROM REDLANDS.

where once the lake had been. Ten or twelve years ago a young engineer, recently from the scientific school at Yale, spending a winter in Southern California for his health, visited the site of the ancient lake. With the discerning eye of a practical man he marked how easy it would be to restore the lake, by damming up the chasm in the mountains. A company was formed, in which a good deal of local, and afterward of New England, capital was interested to undertake this work. A dam nearly sixty feet in height was constructed on the arch plan, creating a lake of seventy-seven square miles. Pipe-lines have been laid to a distance of nearly 100 miles; many of the mains are 24 to 28-inch steel pipe. It is estimated that in an average season the water impounded by this dam will irrigate 50,000 acres. Without water this land could be had only for grazing purposes, or for raising grain, and would be worth perhaps \$40 an acre. With water it can be used for citrus or other fruits, and is worth from six to eight times that figure. It may be said, therefore, that the construction of the dam created a value in land of \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000.

Only a portion of the area watered from this dam lies in Redlands, for the system extends clear to Perris; nor is Bear Valley the only source of water supply for Redlands, as many of the fruit-growers own valuable water-rights from the Mill Creek and the Santa Ana river. Nevertheless, the people of California are accustomed to regard Redlands and Bear Valley as the complements of one another.

The business of Redlands thus far has been to grow oranges. About 8,000 acres have been set to trees and vines; 6,000 in citrus fruits, the remainder in raisin grapes, peaches, apricots, olives, etc. The Redlands orange takes its rank at the very head of the market, and commands a price in Eastern cities that arouses the envy of localities less advantageously located. The combination of soil, climate, altitude and water, seems most favorable for the production of a high-grade fruit. The true Redlands orange is heavy and solid, almost free from "rag," pure of scale of any sort, and delicious in flavor. Externally it has a beautiful glint or luster peculiar to itself.

The Redlands product of oranges in 1892 amounted to 75 carloads, or 22,500 boxes. Last year the crop had increased to 425 carloads, or 127,000 boxes. Of the acreage planted not more than half is in bearing; and none in actual full-bearing. Five years hence the crop will be 2,500 carloads, and when the whole section is in bearing, 5,000 to 6,000 carloads—which latter figure would mean 1,800,000 boxes. If, as some reckon, prices are bound to come down, and the old figures of \$4 and \$5 a box are never to be reached again, California can still raise oranges profitably if any country can; and if anyone anywhere makes money on them, Redlands will. With plenty of water at reasonable rates, with practical immunity from frost, and the most favorable conditions of soil and climate, and with a rep-

utation as wide as that of the orange itself, Redlands is secure.

Of late a new enterprise has put in an appearance at Redlands, which promises to eclipse even the orange proposition. The Bear Valley dam is 5,000 feet above the city, and millions of tons of water annually make their way down the cañon—enough power going to waste to operate numberless factories of the largest dimensions. A beginning has been made toward utilizing this energy, by the Redlands Electric Light and Power Company. This concern has power on tap, so to speak, at the end of an electric wire, at the same rate it would cost with coal at \$4 a ton. As coal does not sell for \$4 a ton anywhere in Southern California, and is not likely to until some radical change takes place in the situation, it will be seen at a glance that Redlands "has a good thing." The Union Ice Company is the first concern to avail itself of the opportunity thus offered for securing a cheap and convenient form of power; and now manufactures in Redlands the ice which is retailed all over Southern California. Other establishments are preparing to follow suit, and in a short time Redlands is likely to be the center of a considerable manufacturing district. It will be free, however, from one of the most serious drawbacks of other manufacturing localities—*i. e.*, smoke and coal soot—and for that reason will not be injured as a residence city.



Herve Friend, Eng. A BIT ON SMILEY HEIGHTS.

Although the extraordinarily rapid upbuilding of Redlands naturally tempts one to think of it as a "boom" city, it is most emphatically nothing of the kind. Its growth has come almost entirely since the days of the boom, and is founded on the elements of genuine and lasting prosperity.

There is nothing ephemeral about its business blocks, its miles of beautiful shaded avenues lined with elegant residences and highly improved grounds. Well lighted by electricity, furnished with ample and well equipped street-car systems, its business streets paved, its ditches for storm water built of solid masonry, its sewer system complete and carefully designed—what old Eastern city of 5,000 inhabitants can show more? If Redlands has accomplished in eight years what it has taken other cities fifty or one hundred years to attain—and what most others of the same size have as yet failed to attain—the fact should be a sufficient apology for the awful crime of being new. "Youth" in a Southern California city nowadays does not mean rawness nor gawkiness—but sinewy, alert young manhood.

If my friend the Eastern tourist will stay away another ten years; and if by chance he shall keep his ears so plugged as not to hear of Redlands during his absence, when he returns and again climbs to the top of his hotel and looks to the east, I venture the prediction that he will see a "mirage" that will be like the dream of another world.

OWEN CAPELLE.

HOTEL TERRACINA.....

Redlands, Cal.

W. G. HOWARD, Prop.



THIS HOTEL is situated on an elevation overlooking the entire San Bernardino Valley. It is heated throughout, an advantage possessed by few California Hotels. Water is piped direct from the mountains. The air is pure. The service strictly first-class, and rates moderate. In all it is a most desirable house for tourists and invalids.

REAL ESTATE IN REDLANDS....

Orange Groves, Residence and Business Property for sale.
Correspondence Solicited.

JOHN P. FISK, Jr.

REDLANDS, CAL.



View from Smiley Heights, Redlands, looking north.

ing train, ready to convey tourists to every point of interest in and about Redlands. N. B.—Be sure and ask for Club Stable's rigs.

HAVERTY & WILSON

PROPRIETORS

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OPP. WINDSOR HOTEL,
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Carriages, in charge of thoroughly competent drivers, meet each incoming train.

Baker House

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Rates \$1.25 to \$2.00 per day
Special rates by the week or month
Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers

A. D. BARNEY, CHIEF CLERK

FREE BUS . . . OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

REDLANDS, CAL.

This month's frontispiece "THE OLD MESTIZO," is from an extraordinarily fine photograph by James L. Smith, one of the first prize-winners in our first amateur competition.

OFFICES OF A. G. HUBBARD & E. H. SPOOR Bedlands, San Bernardino and Los Angeles.

MONEY LOANED
GILT-EDGE STOCKS, BONDS, MORTGAGES AND
COMMERCIAL PAPER BOUGHT

Offices in Academy of Music Block,
Orange St. and Citrus Ave.

REDLANDS, CAL.

Hotel Pleasanton

CORNER
Sutter and Jones Sts.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



Special Rates to Tourists. Centrally Located. Cuisine Perfect.
The Leading Family and Tourist Hotel of the Pacific Coast.

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

AN INTERESTING FACT, with regard to two Redlands hotels, is that they are conducted by ladies, and very ably, too.

MRS. H. L. SQUIRES is the pleasant hostess of THE WINDSOR, which is presented on page 63, and which has become, under her management, one of the most worthy and popular hotels of the section.

MRS. C. F. HEISTAND, who since the recent decease of her estimable husband, has assumed proprietorship of the BAKER HOUSE, is also abundantly qualified for her position.

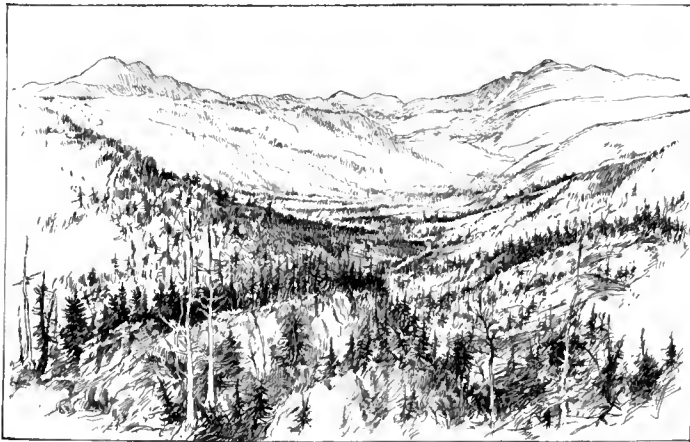
Both ladies demonstrate what is possible for woman to achieve in business circles.

Camp Wilson
Jan. 3, 1894
H. A. Patten Esq
Dear Sir:-
Enclosed please find check for \$5.00 being balance of my bill to you. I sent you five a few days since. Am very much obliged to you for extras. A party of 10 came up here and spent two days with me on the strength of the original advertisement, hereby paying my bill to you and leaving me a profit besides.
Yours &c
C. F. Heistand

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

A FASCINATING JOURNEY.

YOUR choice of the Santa Fé route for a recent trip from Kansas City to Los Angeles, the queen of Southern California, was based on the accident that we had never before taken this line, which would presumably be the preferable one in winter. But the result was as



AMONG THE ROCKIES.

gratifying as if the selection of routes had been from experience rather than chance. No one need fear that anything conducive to pleasure or comfort will here be lacking; indeed, we found the journey anything but the long, wearisome undertaking it is sometimes supposed to be—by those who have never made it. As compared with other routes, this one has a peculiar interest exclusively its own. No other approaches it in ethnic, archaic or historic associations—and in the intrinsic appeal to the eyes and the mind, none surpasses it.

The ever-changing scenery is unlike that of any other route—and it is also unlike anything to be seen elsewhere. The more frowning scen-



PUEBLO OF LAGUNA

ery found at points on the northern routes is of the sort with which everyone is familiar, only on a larger scale—but the landscapes along the Santa Fé are an education because entirely *sui generis*.

The broad prairies of what was, in our boyhood days, "the Great American Desert," have become productive with the thrift and industry which make Kansas a power in agriculture. The plains and snow-peaks of Colorado; the rock-ribbed mesas of New Mexico, with its mountains, too, and valleys, its quaint adobe villages, its old pueblos upon which is still the dreaminess of the past; Arizona, with its cattle-ranges, its little mining towns, its volcanic upheavals and burnt rocks, and strange erosions, its far-extending arid plains (with that huge gash of the Cañon Diablo in their brown bosom) where once rose and fell the tides of a sea—these are a very few of the things which give this journey

its characteristic interest to those who have eyes to see understandingly.

There is also an unusual variety of Indian types, including the Pueblos, who are farmers with permanent homes; the wandering Navajos, whose brilliantly woven blankets are famous, and whose ponies and sheep dot the valleys for a hundred miles; the remnants of the Hualapais and other dwindling tribes of the Arizona upland; the tall, lithe Mojaves, and others.

Nor should the profile of the road be overlooked. Rising at times to over 7,000 feet in altitude (as at the Colorado State Line, the Continental Divide, Glorieta, Flagstaff, and so on); sinking to within 500 feet of the sea-level (as at the Needles) it is a study in itself. At crossing the Colorado we enter southeastern California and the Mojave desert. This waste of drifting sand and rugged rocks is one of the most important lessons of the route—for not everyone has seen or can see the greater deserts of the world. Here the cactus, sage and grease-wood are at home; and the tree-like yucca palm, bristling with daggers on every limb, dominates the landscape.

Passing the "sink," where the Mojave river disappears forever; the mines at Calico; the railroad division at Barstow, we ascend rapidly over vast gravel deposits and dry ravines, between jagged peaks of barren rock, toward the foothills of the San Bernardino range. These scenes were leading to an unsuspected climax. From the long ascent suddenly rushing down grade, crawling around the rim of great chasms (in one instance going seven miles to make



RATON TUNNEL

two) winding around abrupt mountains, with glimpses of snow-capped, cloud-mantled "Baldy" on the right and "Greyback" on the left—we glide into San Bernardino, which is first to greet us with orange groves and palms. By no other route is there so sudden and so startling introduction to the beauty and fruitfulness of Southern California. On through the vineyards and orchards of Pomona, Monrovia and other towns; through Pasadena—once a kind of saint's rest, now an enterprising city, but no less famous for the beauty of its homes and villas—around picturesque hills and down lovely valleys; in a few moments more a journey of exceptional interest to eye and mind finds its conclusion and reward in the City of the Angels.

C. R. PATTEE.



A STREET IN LOS ANGELES

THE HORTON HOUSE

D STREET, BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH
ON PLAZA

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Most Centrally Located and Best Equipped Hotel in the City.

It occupies the entire north side of the Plaza, and has over TWO HUNDRED HANDSOMELY FURNISHED ROOMS, arranged singly or en suite. The table is provided with the BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS, and the cuisine is unsurpassed. Two lines of street cars pass its doors, affording means of transit to almost any part of the city, and the hotel 'bus meets all trains and steamers. The postoffice is just opposite this hotel and it is surrounded by large new brick blocks.

Run on American Plan. Rates \$2 and \$2.50 per Day.

We defy competition as regards the quality of our table.

W. E. HADLEY, Proprietor.

HOTEL PALOMARES

POMONA, CALIFORNIA.



A strictly first-class house of 130 large rooms, elegantly furnished. Situated on the main lines of the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe Railways, 32 miles east of Los Angeles. Rates, \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day; \$12.50 to \$17.50 per week.

V. D. SIMMS, Manager.

First-Class Property for Sale for Homes and Income.



44 Acres of Apricot, Peach and Vineyard, with water; will make a beautiful home.

10 Acres Orange Grove; most slightly place in Southern California; free from frost; with water.

10 Acres Lemon and Orange Grove; a beautiful spot; with water.

37 Acres No improvements; in frostless belt; finest Lemon land; plenty of water.

320 Acres Stock, Fruit and Grain Ranch; general farming.

Other Ranches not improved.

Being a resident here eighteen years, and engaged in the Furniture and Carpet business, I have selected this as choice property, and have more than I can spare time to look after, and must dispose of some of them. Parties wishing to purchase to advantage have now a great opportunity.

NO PLACE LIKE
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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OLIVE TREES

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Send and get a copy
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THE POMONA NURSERY

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These are some of the attributes of

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This institution is open every school day of the year, and three evenings each week, for the accommodation of all who wish to acquire a first-class modern business education. Its courses of study are eminently practical and thorough, its equipments and facilities the best, and its corps of instructors thoroughly qualified for their work.

Students may enter at any time and start right in with their work. For attractive literature giving further information, address



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Los Angeles Business College

144 South Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

ANOTHER new publication, and a promising one, is the monthly called "THE LAND OF SUNSHINE," edited by Charles F. Lummis, well-known as a writer of picturesque travel-books. It is published at Los Angeles, Cal., and aims to reflect the life, social and industrial, of the great far-western State. It is attractively illustrated with process pictures and has in its New Year's issue some very readable articles, including a poem by the editor and a sketch of "The Spanish-American Peace," by him, with several photographs showing such whimsome women as to almost make one decide to cultivate consumption and go out there to be cured. It must be pleasant to grow up with any country that raises such home-produce. Other paper-treat of The Rose in Southern California, The Lemon, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and the real estate boom of 1885-89. Ten cents buys a copy of this bright monthly.—Hartford, Conn., *Courant*, Jan. 9.

Condensed Information Regarding Southern California.

The section generally known as Southern California comprises the seven counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Orange, Riverside, San Diego, Ventura and Santa Barbara. The total area of these counties is 44,901 square miles, which is 29 per cent of the area of the State, or larger than the combined area of Connecticut, Delaware, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Vermont. The coast line extends north-west and south-east a distance of about 275 miles. Within this area there is a remarkable variety of climate, soil and topography. In winter one can travel on foot in three-quarters of an hour from orange groves to snow fields. The population in 1890 was 201,352.

LOS ANGELES, the leading county of Southern California, has an area of about 4,000 square miles, some four-fifths of which is capable of cultivation, with water supplied. The shore line is about 85 miles in length. The population increased from 33,881 in 1880 to 101,454 in 1890. Horticulture is the principal industry. There are over 1,500,000 fruit trees growing in the county.

Los Angeles city, the commercial metropolis of Southern California, 15 miles from the coast, has a population to-day of about 75,000. Eleven railroads center here. There are about 100 miles of graded and graveled streets, and 11 miles of paved streets. The city is entirely lighted by electricity. There is a \$500,000 court house, a \$200,000 city hall, and many large business blocks. The residences are mostly surrounded by beautiful gardens.

The other principal cities are Pasadena, Pomona, Whittier, Azusa, Downey, Santa Monica, Redondo and San Pedro.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY is the largest county in the State, comprising numerous mountain ranges, rich in minerals, fertile valleys, and considerable desert, much of which can be reclaimed with water from the mountains. Population about 30,000. The county is traversed by two railroads. Fine oranges and other fruits are raised.

San Bernardino city, the county seat, is a railroad center, with about 8,000 people. The other principal places are Redlands, Ontario, Colton and Chino.

ORANGE COUNTY was segregated from Los Angeles county in 1889. Area 671 square miles; population, in 1890, 13,589. Much fruit and grain are raised. Most of the land is arable, and there is a good supply of water.

Santa Ana, the county seat, is an attractive place, with a population of 5,000. Other cities are Orange, Tustin, Anaheim and Fullerton.

RIVERSIDE COUNTY was created in 1893 from portions of San Bernardino and San Diego counties. Area 7,000 square miles; population about 14,000. It is an inland county.

Riverside, the county seat, is noted for its extensive orange groves and beautiful homes.

Other places are South Riverside, Perris and San Jacinto.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY is a large county, the most southern in the State, adjoining Mexico. Much of the area is at present desert. Population about 30,000. There are mountains 10,000 feet above, and depressions 250 feet below sea level, furnishing every variety of climate. That of the coast region is remarkably mild and equable. Irrigation is being rapidly extended. Fine lemons are raised near the coast, and all other fruits flourish.

San Diego city, on the bay of that name, is the terminus of the Santa Fe railway system, with a population of about 17,000. Across the bay is Coronado Beach with its mammoth hotel. Other cities are National City, Escondido, Julian and Oceanside.

VENTURA COUNTY adjoins Los Angeles county on the north. It is very mountainous. There are many profitable petroleum wells. Apricots and other fruits are raised, also many beans. Population in 1870, 10,071.

San Buenaventura, the county seat, is pleasantly situated on the coast. Population 2,500. Other cities are Santa Paula, Huene-me and Fillmore.

SANTA BARBARA is the most northern of the seven counties, with a long shore line. There are many rugged mountains in the interior, about one-fifth of the 1,450,000 acres being arable. Semi-tropic fruits are largely raised, and beans in the northern part of the county.

Santa Barbara, the county seat, is noted for its mild climate and rare vegetation. It is located on a sloping mesa, facing the ocean and islands, with mountains in the rear, and foot-hills studded with live-oaks. Population about 6,000. Other cities are Lompoc, Carpinteria and Santa Maria.

LEADING CHURCHES OF LOS ANGELES.

BAPTIST.

East Los Angeles—Cor S Workman and Hawkins sts.
First—N E cor S Broadway and Sixth sts.

CATHOLIC.

St. Vibiana Cathedral—S Main st near Second.
St. Vincent's—Cor Grand Ave and Washington st.
La Parochia—The Plaza.

CONGREGATIONAL.

East Los Angeles—N Daly, near Downey ave.
First—S W cor Hill and Sixth sts.
Plymouth—S side Twenty-first st opp Lovelace ave.

EPISCOPAL.

St. John's—S E cor Figueroa and Adams sts.
St. Paul's—S Olive, bet Fifth and Sixth sts.

LUTHERAN.

First English—S E cor Flower and Eighth sts.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Epworth—N W cor Bellevue ave and Centennial st.
Bellevue (South) Bellevue ave, near Beaudry ave.
First—S side Broadway, bet Third and Fourth sts.
Simpson—734 S Hope st.
Trinity (South)—E side Broadway, bet Fifth and Sixth
University—S W cor Wesley ave and Simpson st.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Boyle Heights—Chicago ave, bet E First & Michigan
First—S E cor Second st and Broadway.
Immanuel—S E cor Tenth and Pearl sts.

UNITARIAN.

Church of the Unity—N E cor Third and Hill sts.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

209 South Broadway.

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General Secretary.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOTELS.

Space in this column not for sale.

ANAHEIM.

Hotel del Campo—Tourist. \$7 to \$10 per week.

ARROWHEAD SPRINGS.

In the mountains; hot mud baths. \$2.50 per day.

AVALON.

Hotel Metropole—American plan.

CORONADO BEACH.

Hotel del Coronado—Largest in the world; \$3 per day; \$17.50 per week upward.

ECHO MOUNTAIN.

Echo Mountain House—On line of Mount Lowe Railway. Open all the year.

LOS ANGELES.

Abbotsford Inn—Tourist and family home.
Hotel Lincoln—First-class family hotel. Second and Hill sts.
Hotel Nadeau—European plan. \$1 per day up.
Hotel Ramona—European plan. 75c. per day.
Hotel Westminster—strictly first-class.
Natick House—\$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2 per day.
United States Hotel—50c., 75c., \$1 and \$1.50.
St. Elmo Hotel—\$1.50 to \$2.50 per day.
The Argyle—Tourist and family.
The Hollenbeck—American and European Strictly first-class.

MONROVIA.

Grand View Hotel—Rates \$2 per day.

MORENO.

Hotel de Moreno—Open all the year.

ONTARIO.

Southern Pacific Hotel—First-class.

OCEANSIDE.

South Pacific Hotel—Rates \$2 per day.

PALM SPRINGS.

Sanitarium—\$2 per day. Wellwood Murry, Prop.

PASADENA.

Balmora—American plan.
Hotel Green—American plan. \$3.50 per day.
Raymond—American plan; winter resort.

PASO ROBLES.

El Paso de Robles Hotel—Mineral waters and mud baths. \$10 per week and upward.

POMONA.

Hotel Palomares—First-class throughout.
Keller's Hotel—Rates \$1.25 and \$1.50 per day.
Pacific Hotel—Rates \$1.25 to \$2 per day.

REDLANDS.

Windsor Hotel—Centrally located. Rates \$2 pr day
Hotel Terracina—A quiet, home-like resort. \$3 per day; \$17.50 per week up.
Baker House—\$1.25 to \$2 per day.

REDONDO BEACH.

Redondo Hotel—Seaside resort. \$3 per day.

RIVERSIDE.

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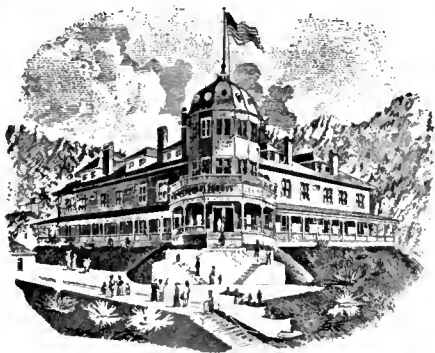
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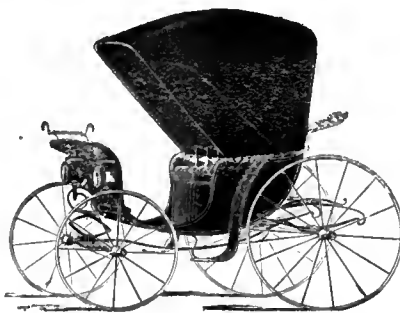
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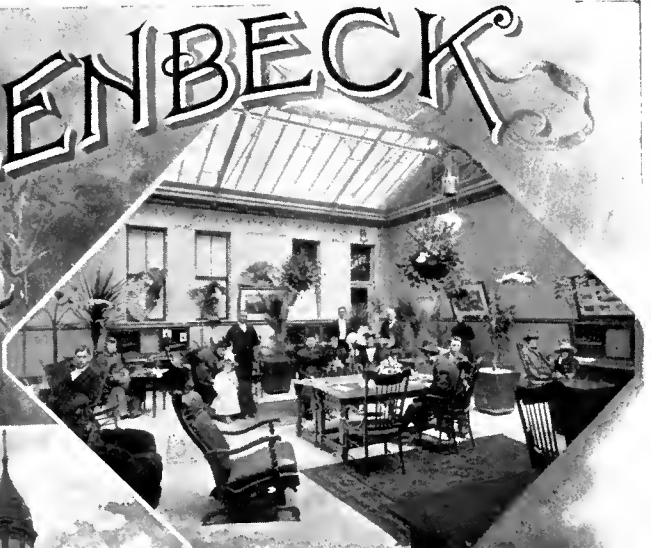
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THE LAND OF



SUNSHINE



MARCH

1895

LOS ANGELES

VOL. II.

NO. 4

Price 10 Cents

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SCENE IN HOTEL RAYMOND, EAST PASADENA.

NEWS ITEMS.

This country is the land of sunshine, but the visitor to the citrus fair will naturally think it also the land of electric light. The central electric tower, the lighting of which is designed by Superintendent Jas. Warren, of The Los Angeles Electric Company, is a strikingly beautiful affair. The lighting of the booth of the LAND OF SUNSHINE was also designed by this progressive and public spirited corporation.

The Baker House, of Redlands, is undergoing a coat of paint and rendered otherwise still more attractive and inviting. Since the death of her esteemed husband, Mrs. G. F. Heistand has developed admirable ability as a hotel proprietress, and is winning additional popularity for the Baker House.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE has been placed under pleasant obligations by Messrs. Polaski Bros., the well-known merchant tailors, 113-115 Stimson Building, Los Angeles. There are many such progressive citizens who are alive to the importance of having such a magazine as the LAND OF SUNSHINE firmly established in Southern California.

The advertising columns of the LAND OF SUNSHINE contain a very attractive advertisement by the well-known livery firm of Redlands, Messrs. Haverty & Wilson, proprietors of the "Club Stables." The half-tone illustration of their advertisement shows a very pretty view of the San Bernardino valley from Smiley Heights, the famous elevation above Redlands which tourists always seek on arriving at Redlands. This attractive park is the property of and is maintained by the Messrs. Smiley, who generously grant the freedom of it to the public.

For bargains, consult Cal. F. Hunter & Co., real estate and investment brokers, 111 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

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Special Rates to Tourists. Centrally Located. Cuisine Perfect.
The Leading Family and Tourist Hotel of the Pacific Coast.

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA, Feb. 11, 95.

This is to certify that I have subscribed for four copies of the Land of Sunshine for one year and for fifty copies of the February number. I consider this the best advertising medium for Southern California that we have yet had.

John P. Sisk

I HAVE large list of country property and am able to offer good investments at prices to suit all purchasers, including LARGE AND SMALL RANCHES suitable for deciduous fruits and general farming, lovely Orange and Lemon Groves of all sizes and in all stages of bearing; lots and blocks in all parts of the city, improved and unimproved, from neat cottages and handsome residences to substantial wood, brick and stone business blocks.

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AND REASONS WHY

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NOTE—Send stamp for beautifully illustrated catalogue.

LAND • OF • SUNSHINE

LOS ANGELES

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

MARCH, 1895



WHEN JUAN GOES BY.

BEHIND the lattice, in straight wall of white,
Glances, like astral gleams from dusky night,
Change iron bars to rods of golden light
When Juan goes by.

With dimpled chin in hand, Josefa sits ;
The shy demureness of her eyes acquits
The tempting smile o'er olive cheek that flits
When Juan goes by.

The fan-defended eyes find depths as deep,
Pools guarded by the broad sombrero's sweep,
With mirrored Love, who never is asleep,
When Juan goes by.

The scent of roses subtly fills the space,
The air stirs softly to the fluttering lace
That screens the rich red rising in her face
When Juan goes by.

When Juan goes by, with gaily tasseled quirt,
Bright silver spurs, and waist by faja girt
Whose gleaming colors all their charms assert
When Juan goes by.

L. WORTHINGTON GREEN.

DOWN THE COLORADO RIVER.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA has but one navigable river, the Colorado. And this is not "navigable by courtesy" but actually navigable—in spite of its tortuous channel, changing almost by the hour so that no pilot attempts to run by memory; in spite of its bars of mud and broad shallows. The boats, built specially, are almost as good on mud as on water. They turn and wash out, with the big stern wheel, a channel where there is none, swing on their center and wriggle off a bar, or slide over it with little slackening of speed—making, on the whole, remarkable time.

Nowhere in the United States can such a quantity and assortment of "bay birds" be seen today as on the shores of the lower river and of the Gulf of California. These are long and low and protected from heavy surf by miles of shallow water, so that a flat-bottomed river boat can safely coast along miles of this open sea. Over the water rings the clear call of the curlew; and out in its edge you may see his buff coat as he wades about and plies his long, sickle-shaped bill. Beside him—with bill as long, but curved the other way—the avocet in snowy coat and wings of jet stands fat and happy. On almost every square yard of the shore the black, white and brown of the willet blend into grey; and beside him plays the same yellow-leg that on the sand bars of the Atlantic has stirred the soul of so many boys. In sober grey the sanderling trots along the mud flats; and little sandpipers in flashes of white and black whisk about as if little time were left them to get anywhere. The phalarope mingles with the crowd, his long, trim bill and more gamey tints of brown making him seem of finer blood than the rest; and the dowitcher with longer bill, more slender head and rich wine-colored breast, airs himself as if the only true gentleman in the lot. There is an occasional gleam from the bright black and white of the oyster-catcher, whose shorter bill and stouter body make him seem a bit out of place among his trim companions. Even the turnstone seems a little lonely for the same reason, though his pure jet and snowy white, with slight tinges of reddish brown, show him for a shore bird. Plover whizz about with tender whistle—until in places every foot of shore for leagues seems alive at ebb tide.

The ducks and geese in winter remind one of the days before the rapid settlement of Southern California. Along the horizon-line, and across the sky, they stream in long strings and crescent lines, while the open water is darkened with sheets of them dozing away the warm noontide. Far inland, over the sloughs where rushes fringe the water, you may see the mallard bow his wings as he hovers to alight; and the forked rudder of the sprigtail set for the same direction. With curved and

stiffened wings, teal ride down the air in a rush that makes it hiss; and the plaintive whistle of the widgeon as he winnows the air tells you he would like to alight if you would but let him. Here the spoonbill rides at ease, as if conscious that you do not consider him the best of ducks. Canvass-backs and redheads, with cautious circles high above the pond before alighting, finally set their wings and slide down a long incline to the water; and if the pond is large enough, the traveling geese wind slowly around it twice or thrice on wary wing and then settle slowly down into the center. The Canada goose seems shy of these grounds at times; but the snow goose, with white body gleaming in the sunshine, airs his black-tipped wings on every breeze; and the lesser dark goose, or Hutchins goose, and the sandhill crane, are found in places. Herons, egrets, ibises, bitterns, gulls, cormorants and great numbers of large white pelicans with black-tipped wings, swell the list for those who like to see plenty of wild life without regard to table qualities.

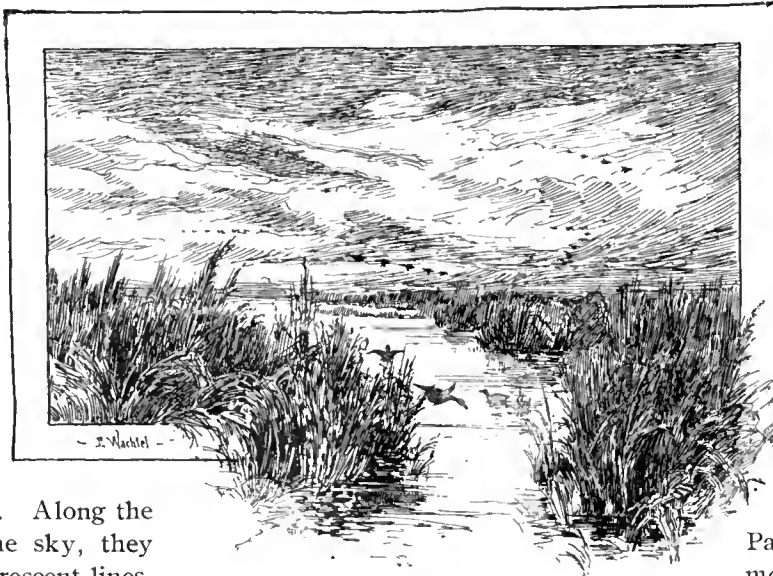
On shore among the mesquite groves one may compare the ways of the brown crested quail of Sonora with those of his California cousin—with a good chance of finding the backwoods relative the sharper of the two.

Sport aside, the trip is one of great interest for the novelty of the navigation—which is of a kind the railroads are fast supplanting—and the scenery, unlike anything along the rivers of either coast. The trip is in every way safe, the accommodations and fare as good as on any western boats, and better than on many; while it is cheaper than staying at a stylish hotel and gazing at a stupid monotony of things seen as well in a thousand cities. The winding river allows no monotony. You can even see the sun rise in California and set in Arizona; and when you tire of gazing at eddying water, the mirage of the desert beyond the bottom lands will often furnish all the silvery lakes, with timbered shores and wooded isles, you care to look at. There are the reflections of the trees in the water as plain as you ever saw them, and

the timber is as green as the dense willows that nearly brush the boat, or the rank cottonwoods you can almost touch as the steamer swings into an eddy. You can even see the huge, looming mountains of Lower California pictured, and you are certain it is real—for it looks even wetter as you come nearer.

The winter climate is generally the best this part of the world produces—though heavy storms on the Pacific sometimes overlap the mountains and make it cool and

cloudy, with an occasional sprinkle. But the heat and mosquitos of the intense summer are gone, while the air retains all its dryness and is cool enough to be bracing, yet warm enough for sitting out of doors in the sun. Such sunsets as one sees over the distant rim of lofty mountains, with the



deep basin of the desert for a dark foreground, while the glow around the higher peaks goes through all the shades of purple and rose, are rarely seen elsewhere; for they

require the air that can make, within a quarter of a mile, a mirage that would deceive old Neptune himself.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

THE BUILDING OF ROME.

A STORY.



JULY, Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-seven; and the midsummer madness of the great Boom prevailed in Southern California.

Three men stood on the top of a low, flat hill and examined a map.

"Name it—Rome," suggested one of them.

"Rome?" said another, doubtfully. "It wasn't built in a day, you know."

"Rome, Italy, was not," said the first speaker, "but Rome, California, shall be."

Those who played the parts of Romulus, Remus and Celer were the President, Vice-President and Treasurer of the Glorious Climate Land and Water Company.

Their names are not material, but conveniently to distinguish them one from another, we shall make use of their titles, respectively General, Colonel and Major.

Dulce et decorum est to serve one's country on the field of battle, vanquishing her enemies, and upholding the honor of her flag.

That is one way to secure distinction and a military title.

A somewhat simpler method is to provide occasional drinks and cigars for the Gentlemen of the Press.

The pen is mightier than the sword.

The Major had been a citizen of Los Angeles one month—he still sometimes inadvertently said "you" when he meant "we."

The Colonel had two months longer to his credit, and intended to run for the office of County Supervisor at the next election.

The General was a veritable old-timer. He had been living in Los Angeles now nearly a year.

Nobody knew whence they came. There they were: that's all.

In this matter they were no worse off (or shall we say no better) than many others at that same time and place.

The General, for example, when he was introduced to strangers had a way of saying in a loud voice:

"Yes, sir! My name is Bangs, sir. And that was my name before I came here."

Then he would look aggressively around, and it happened not infrequently that of them that heard him one or two would turn a little pale and cast down their eyes.

Ah, whither have they gone, those Judges, Commodores and Generals that for a brief time seemed to own the town?

Can it be that they are all in Oklahoma?

The capital stock of the Glorious Climate Company was \$5,000,000, of which sum \$450 had been subscribed and paid in.

It was well known, however, that the company was backed by a powerful English syndicate.

In those days, when a man desired to enter upon any little enterprise, such as building a railroad, constructing a deep

water harbor or founding a large manufacturing center, he would always take care first to secure the backing of some powerful English syndicate.

They were always powerful; nobody ever heard of a weak one.

The only other assets of the Glorious Climate Company was a document bearing the signature of a degenerate scion of a once illustrious Castilian house—an option on a piece of land favorably located for a townsite.

The General, for all that the seams of his coat were shiny and his cuffs somewhat frayed, carried about with him, nevertheless, a secret talisman.

He had a "pull" with the railroad.

The information had come to him "from the inside" that the California or Bust Railroad (projected) was to pass directly through the tract covered by their option.

Believe in this railroad? Well, they knew the public did, anyhow—the dear, trustful public that always believes in things.

The Colonel had been a newspaper man in his early days, and understood the gentle art of "working the press."

In a surprisingly short time, everybody in Southern California knew that great things were in store for the new city of Rome—there could be no doubt of it, because the newspapers said so.

On a certain day in August, the tract was to be thrown open to the public in a grand auction.

In the meantime a few lots were disposed of at private sale—principally to newspaper men, public officials of high standing, railway magnates and famous writers and actors.

The Major was to act as auctioneer. He admitted to his partners that he had never sold lots in his life, his greatest efforts heretofore in the line of misrepresentation having been limited to the trading of horses.

"The principle seems to be about the same, however," he said. "Ask five times what it is worth, and then take whatever is offered."

He was a cool and easy speaker. The crowd, the music and the enthusiastic cheering of the cappers moved him to extraordinary effort.

Many of those who came to scoff remained to buy.

No one was more astonished at the result of the sale than the conspirators themselves. There was money enough to transform the option into a deed, pay all the debts of the company, establish a handsome bank account, and fill the pockets of all three with coin.

So much prosperity terrified the Major, who anxiously inquired whether they had not better divide up and bolt.

The others laughed at his fears.

They had accomplished thus much with no money at all. There was no limit to what they could do now with reestablished credit and a full locker.

"But we must change our tactics," the General admitted.

"Heretofore it has been faith and not works that we have offered the public. We must show them that we mean business, that we are laying the foundation of a great city."

The next day fifty men went to work in Rome, and the dirt began to fly in all directions. They were laying out a city on a grand scale.

A second auction sale was to take place in a few weeks. In the meantime, brokers in the employ of the company went about buying back a few of the lots already sold, thereby stiffening the market.

Several thousand street railway ties, rented for a short time, were scattered through the tract to foreshadow the coming tramways.

To hear of these things through the newspapers did the public seriously incline. When the second sale took place, the crowd in attendance was enormous. People fought for places, and offered to pay such amazing prices, that the Major, hardened horsedealer that he was, almost hesitated to accept the bids.

When the day was done the city of Rome had passed completely out of the possession of the company.

Now it was the General who counseled immediate flight. He had received a little more "inside information"—the C. B. R. R. was not coming to California at all!

"We must get out of the country before that is sprung," said he, "or we shall be tarred and feathered."

"And the many promises of the Glorious Climate Company," said the Colonel, "the boulevards we were to build, parks to lay out, public buildings to construct—how about them?"

The General smiled.

"Let the English syndicate take care of all that," said he.

A few days later, the trio had disappeared. So had the laborers upon the foundations of Rome. As a matter of fact, the great Boom in Southern California was at an end. The impression began to leak into many people that somewhere they had heard something about "a fool and his money."

As for the three, they certainly were no fools. But—

The General went to New York and lost it all in Wall Street.

The Colonel went to Ohio and lost it all trying to found a newspaper.

The Major went to Europe and lost it all at Monte Carlo.

Naturally each, when stranded, appealed to the others. Naturally, too, the reply in each case was depressing. It was seven years after the episode of Rome that the three men drifted together again in Chicago.

The General's coat was again shiny at the seams and his cuffs frayed as before. The Colonel drank beer and smoked cheap cigars. The Major had evidently taken to strong liquor.

Each confessed to discontent, though none of them was disposed to go into particulars. All lamented the halcyon days of the founding of Rome.

"There was no such combination as that at Monte Carlo," said the Major.

"No such lambs in Wall Street," sighed the General.

"No such suckers in Ohio," echoed the Colonel.

"Why not go back there?" asked the General. "I don't mean to Rome, for the coyotes must have jumped that claim, but to Southern California."

"Walk?" said the Colonel, briefly.

"I can get the transportation," said the General. "My pull with the road still holds good—one way."

"One way?" repeated the Major.

"Yes—away from New York, where my swell relatives live. The return is not so easy."

"Shall we go by the California or Bust line?" asked the Major with a grin.

"You needn't laugh," said the General. "That road was built after all, and I intend to get passes over it."

Four days later, as the C. B. R. R. "Overland" was nearing the end of its run, the three comrades, deep in a poker game in the smoking car, were electrified to hear a passenger saying:

"This station is Rome. Grown quite a city, hasn't it?"

"Wha-a-t!" cried the General, dropping his cards. "Is there a Rome on this line?"

"Is there?" echoed the passenger. "Just look out of the window and see!"

The three rushed to the platform, just as the train drew up at a handsome station surrounded by a well-kept park. In plain letters over the door they read the name:

ROME

"Yes, it's the place," said the Colonel. "Don't you see the hills covered with beautiful residences—just as I predicted they would be."

The General led the way out into the main street. It was built up solidly with substantial-looking business blocks. The sidewalks were crowded with people moving briskly. Several street cars and omnibuses passed, well filled with arrivals from the train.

The officers of the one-time G. C. L. & W. C. walked on for some distance without speaking.

At length the Major, turning to the General, broke out:

"What do you suppose property is worth here in the business section?"

The General groaned but did not speak.

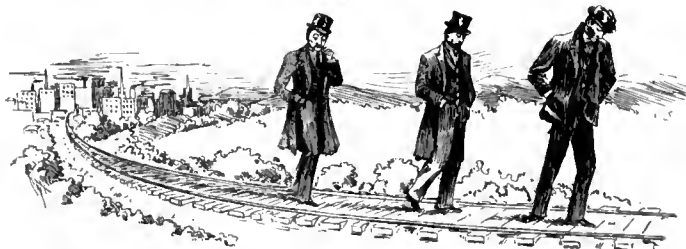
"If we had only held on!" said the Colonel. "If we had only believed a little bit of our own lies!"

"And these lots that we let go for a song," said the Major indignantly, "are now crowded with big buildings, and worth no end of money. We were robbed, gentlemen! I say robbed!"

"What are we doing here?" growled the General sarcastically. "Think of taking an option on the city? Let's get out! I see no particular opening here for the geese that didn't save Rome. The walking is good. Come along out of this!"

And three figures moved down the track in solemn, silent, single file.

CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.



GARDENS OF EDEN WHILE YOU WAIT.

PROVIDENCE does not waste so much as dust. It seems to have created some people purposely to inhabit between a sidewalk and a tin roof—to be a



Herve Friend, Eng.

NO. 1—JUNE 15, 1893.

sort of human canned goods. They are shocked at mention of a little sun and air as was the conscious spinster.

But there are people who do not spell "home" that way; who do love Nature, comfort, health; who make home something worth knowing. They do not care to be wiser than their Maker, nor less teachable than their horses. Even in the East they buttonhole whatever day passes half civilly, and get good of it.

And when such folk come out here, where life no longer means a dizzy round of arctics, chest protectors, frozen waterpipes and frosted ears, they expand as delightedly and as logically as a Southern California flower. Now they have found a place fit to be lived in, where out-of-doors is not slow suicide, where home means every bit of its four blessed letters. They can go out when they will, and sit out when they will; they can ride, drive, picnic, walk, hunt, fish, botanize—without getting their lives insured before they open the door. Their children play where God meant them to play—under God's sky the year round.

Some of them rear stately residences set in perennial parks; and some of them build modest cottages on modest bare lots. Rich or poor, the house is presently charming. Nature is finisher—with a beauty not all the Vanderbilts could club together and attain in New York.

To people who are not content to be canned, a chief charm of Southern California is that a new home can be framed in its own little

Eden in time so short the thing seems magic. Three years, with care and slight labor, and at almost no cost, will turn a bare lot to such a semi-tropic garden as a century and a million could not duplicate in the East. Not to discuss mansions, it may be as typical and as interesting to give ocular demonstration of what persons of modest means may do.

The \$1600 cottage shown in the accompanying photo-engravings was finished in April, 1893. The lot was still rough and bare. I planted the trees and roses June 15; and made photograph No. 1 the same day. Every tree and plant seen in photograph No. 2 was already in place—and by sharp enough scrutiny can be picked out in No. 1. The lawn was seeded in October, '93. In February, '94, it was already as velvety and perfect a lawn as can be found.

Photograph No. 2 was made from the same point Oct. 28, 1894—just 500 days later. It shows how things grow here. In those 16 months the pepper switches of less than half an inch greatest diameter had become trees three and a half and four inches through, and twelve feet



Herve Friend, Eng.

NO. 2—OCT. 28, 1894.

high. The grevillas had done as well in girth and even better in altitude. The Marechal Neil roses by the porch, so small as to be barely distinguishable in the first photograph, had grown greater than a rosebush was ever seen in the East. An ambitious Rêve d'Or rose at the end of the porch—planted as two stems twenty inches tall and nowhere so thick as a lead-pencil—had clambered riotous to the roof, fourteen feet. It needs a clever eye to find it in No. 1, though it is there; but it is not so retiring in No. 3 (also made Oct. 28, '94). Its main branches aggregated over 300 feet in length; and hundreds of feet more had been cut from it. What do Eastern lovers of this exquisite rose think of 300 to 400 buds and blossoms at a time on this young bush?

It is only fair to note that the growth of a half-story upon the house is *not* wholly due to climate. Several more stories might grow, and it still be no great shakes of a mansion. But is already something of a home, and turning more attractive from day to day. And in its modest way it may give the unemancipated Easterner hint of one of the thousand reasons why we count Southern California "fit to live in."



Union Eng. Co. NO. 3—OCT. 28, 1894.

OUT-OF-DOOR STUDIES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

II—From a Tule Pool.



FROM the margin of a tule pool in the southern foothill country there is one spot where I can look directly into a woodpecker's storehouse in the oak woods; and I know where numerous woodpecker mammas have eggs and babies on little chaff beds. There also is a stately yucca column, pierced by beaks, used now as a nut-loft and stored full of slender, tapering live-oak acorns. Not far away is an oak tree of

gigantic girth, its complete trunk and every limb punctured as with gimlet holes and filled with nuts. At another angle I can spy, in a ranchman's dooryard, a singular century plant which some lads lately pointed out to me, the stalk of which unexpectedly broke one day at a height of twenty feet from the ground. This catastrophe brought a fiery red head suddenly up to the opening, and the baby woodpecker, the boys said, "yelled for hours," until his parents came and probably assured him that roofs are not essential in a land so sunny; for the young fellow finally quieted down and retreated into his roofless apartment, making no more ado except as he appeared to be fed.

There is nothing an owlet likes better than to find a woodpecker's house vacant, when he at once enters and assumes the airs of master of the premises. A round doorway cut in a choya cactus trunk on one occasion proved too great a temptation for an inquisitive youth, and he thrust his hand down the aperture expecting to find eggs; but, instead, he pulled out a downy screech owl which quite resented such intrusion. It hardly was more than a fluffy white ball, and it was carried home and caged, peeping like a young chicken. Its almost exact counterpart was found not long afterward by a ranch boy who, as he told me, "climbed into the belfry of a hotel that wasn't built" and secured the snowy nestling for a pet, just as its pin-feathers were starting.



Three infant hawks were once borrowed from their nest in a sycamore tree on the edge of this tule pool, brought to a ranch house by their captors, and

kept for a day in confinement. They were nice little fellows and took kindly to petting, while their downy appearance and great mouths won them no end of attention and many juicy morsels—including several plump young blackbirds

which, sad to relate, were sacrificed to appease them before "the man" was detected in an act of such questionable kindness. The hawk babies, however, gave squeaks of delight over the dainty repast, and evidently preferred to be fed rather than to be turned out to shift for themselves. Just before nightfall they were carried back to the woods and placed in a row on a limb of the old sycamore. They balanced awkwardly for a time; then they flew off slowly, keeping up their calling for some minutes. A number of days later, while walking at twilight, I saw them again sitting high on a bough that was barred against a deep sunset afterglow. They were in lovely soft brown plumage; and when I disturbed them they went sailing away, a pretty sight, but never going far from the sycamore top that held the dark stick-basket which once had served them as home.

These long belts of beautifully green river timber—wil-



lows, oaks, cottonwoods and sycamores with their dancing lustres of foliage—which line the valleys for miles, are favorite building-places for great numbers of birds which summer and winter here; and many a keepsake nest, captured after the original owners discarded it, has a place among my treasures. The choicest of these, the work of titmouse architects, came from a bunch of mistletoe brought from a high treetop, the mistletoe ends piercing through the gray webbing like green tassels, at the sides. Another, tufted with live-oak foliage, was found hanging in a bushy part of an old tree, with a thatch of leaves above and an awning of swaying bough in front, so that I by no means could see the small doorway when the leafy gates were closed. Afterward, when it was left tenantless and I became possessor of the prize, I found its interior lavishly embellished, many tiny yellow and orange feathers and those tipped and speckled with white being interwoven, with fine effect, among the grays and browns. The most fantastic finish, however, was achieved when a titmouse builder capped the climax of pensile grace and beauty by fastening a dainty link of foxtail-grass into her small nest at its base, leaving it suspended there as if to tempt the birds and puzzle us. Perhaps the titmouse children used it for a swing when they emerged from their nursery.

2. THE LESSON OF THE ADOBE.

AND so you would not reckon "a mud house" competent to be made handsome, artistic, homelike? In a word, it would not be quite fine enough for us who are just now taking rather less thought of how we shall live than of how we shall look? But that is altogether a

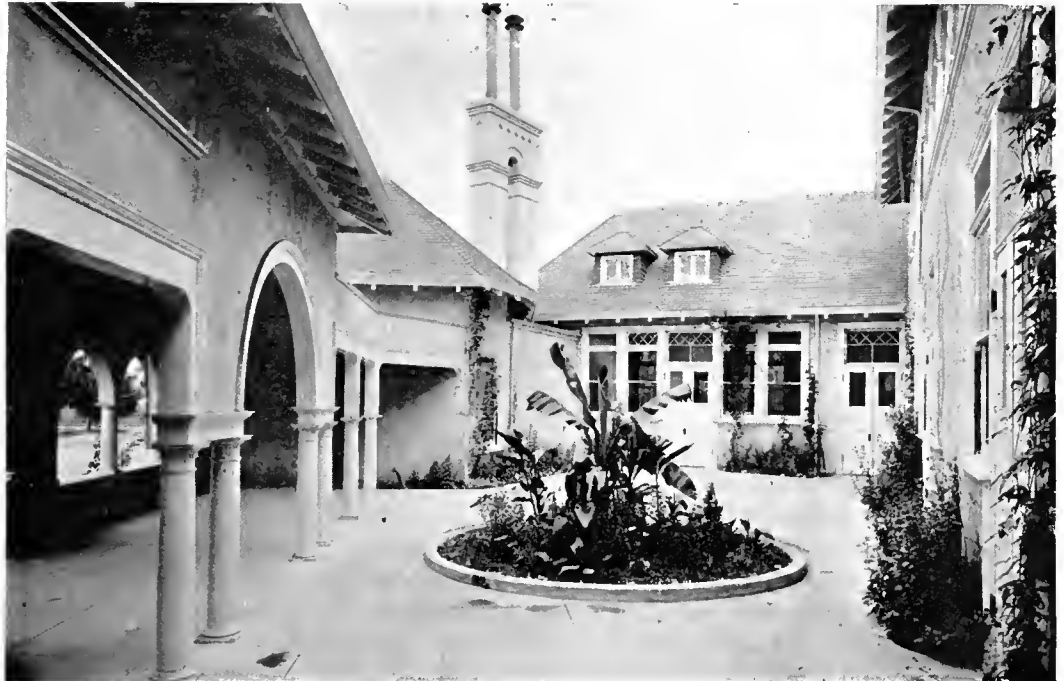
mistake. The old adobe hereabouts was not often built so workmanlike as we prefer our homes (though actually it was more comfortable)—but neither do the shanties of a lumber camp exactly proclaim all that can be done in wood. It is all a question of the architect and the builder. If as scrupulously laid to the plumb-line, if as carefully framed and cased, the adobe can be made as severely perfect as a stone house; and, if properly set on a proper foundation, warmer and drier. If rough-coated with cement outside—as are several charming homes in Santa Fé—it is no more eroded by rain than is stone itself; and in any event, it is much drier than brick.

But it is by no means my gospel that we must build here in coldblooded and inevitable adobe; rather, that we should learn the common-sense lesson of the architecture with which the adobe is identified. To use the actual "mud brick" would doubtless be cheaper than to use a substitute—*if*. But to manipulate it to perfection would require such a dunning at details as few home-builders and

few architects care to enter; since adobe-building is already become almost a lost art among our paisanos. Any extensive operations would need the importation of *adoberos* from the Territories or Mexico. There is no need of that. Other materials can be made to give practically the same results.

What, then, are the lessons the Superior Race might profitably learn from the adobe? Well, they are many; but the three most important are, in their order, the non-conducting wall, the patio, the veranda.

Or, to put it less from the architect's standpoint and more from that of the home-maker, Comfort, Security, Picturesqueness. These are only three words; but they are words



Herve Friend, Eng.

THE PATIO OF THE CASA DE ROSAS.

Waite, Photo.

that come in among the first principles of home building. There is only one consideration which has precedence of them—and that is Shelter.

Now there is no more "practical" reason why we should adopt here the exterior lines of the Americanized Moresque architecture than the logic of association of history and romance. That side appeals to folk who, escaping from their Eastern forts against weather, come here and—rent a flat. Nor to those who inflict a colonial mansion, invented for and fit for the heart of a fifty-acre park, upon a fifty-foot lot. But there are people who do neither. And if logic cannot, comfort and health sometimes may direct the armor of precedent.

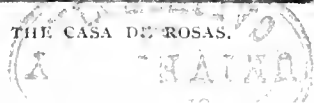
It is common complaint that houses in Southern California are not adequately warmed—which means, rather, that they are not



California Eng. Co.

A CORNER OF THE CASA DE ROSAS.

Waite Photo



properly put beyond need of warming. It is not cold here, but in winter it *feels* cold. The variation in temperature between sunshine and dark is startling for so mild a climate—and is the inevitable ear-mark of all arid atmospheres. Despite the exuberance of our soil, despite our nearness to the sea, our air is the desiccated air of the desert—and that is precisely why it is so well worth living in. But radiation is radiation. In "winter" many old-timers—and nearly all newcomers—feel some need of an evening fire in the average house. The noon heat of summer and the night chill of winter strike through these beautiful cheap frames almost as through so many tents. A properly built adobe or quasi-adobe would never be sunstruck inside, nor ever have real need of artificial heating. The thick walls would hold the room-temperature, the year round, inside a total range of ten degrees. It would be not the degenerate and devitalized atmosphere of artificial heating, but a natural, safe, salubrious air.

The *patio* or inner court, and the *portal* or grand veranda, are topics large and valuable enough to merit special articles by themselves—and so they shall have, later. They are of prime value as to both comfort and picturesqueness. Even the tile roof and the jalousie deserve attention apart. But the largest lesson of all the adobe is the massive, non-conducting wall.

Its equivalent cannot be gained by a brick wall two feet thick; because while adobe is obstinately dry, all brick absorbs moisture greedily.

In ordinary masonry, brick is far

too damp for this climate. But a special treatment wholly overcomes this intrinsic fault. An eight-inch brick wall, plastered outside with cement; then an air space of what you will, if only two inches; then an inner brick wall, four inches thick, "furred" on the inside to remove the finishing plaster an inch from the brick—and there you have a house as absolutely free from dampness as was ever constructed.

You also get what is a most genial grace in any room—and get it still better by widening the air-space—the recessed window-seat. When you build that way, the hottest weather ever seen in the Southwest will not dull the delicious coolness of your rooms; nor the coldest weather that befalls us

make you shiver in your own parlor. The added cost of this over the usual mode of brick construction is trifling.

Solid cement, which has been tried here, is also effective but not quite so bone-dry. In either material, however, you gain the precious equability of temperature. In either, furthermore, a house can be made just as nearly fireproof as it is possible for a dwelling to be. That class of construction is the best fire-insurance policy ever written on a home. If the Spanish window be added—and it is incomparably

more decorative and more picturesque than anything in new-American architecture—the house can also be made practically burglar-proof.

Aside from these material advantages—which are also wholly an advance in art—I know of no law, human or divine, which forbids even an intelligent people to be artistic.

Los Angeles is a beautiful city; but no man who has traveled can call it picturesque. It would be even more beautiful if it were picturesque—in sound ways, of course; for tatters and tumbledowns are not the only artistic effects. Nor are "gingerbread" and millwork the chief means to beauty.

To my knowledge of ten years, the first architect

in this section to project upon his draughtsman's paper that useful if unfashionable material which a certain great painter mixed with his pigments, was a young man who began modestly in this city about seven years ago. I am glad to name him: Sumner P. Hunt. An Eastern boy, taught in the same old superstitions of the trade, he was prompt to learn the new lesson of his new home. The finest thing in



Herve Friend, Eng.

MRS. HANCOCK'S RESIDENCE.

Putnam, Photo.



Cal. Eng. Co.

THE W. C. STUART RESIDENCE.

Hill, Photo, Pasadena.

the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco, the Southern California building (hinted in the initial of this article) was his—and he learned it from the adobe. The Bradbury Block (this city) would be in Chicago merely—the Bradbury Block. But Chicagoans who enter it are astonished—as all who enter are delighted—with its interior; another lesson from the patio of the adobe. The plan of this building was wholly Hunt's.

The Casa de Rosas or Fröbel Institute (corner of Adams and Hoover streets) is another of his works; and is in many ways one of the fittest and most attractive buildings in Los Angeles. It is combined school and residence, with twenty-five rooms (including the large ones), with cellar, brick foundation, etc.; and cost about \$16,000. The construction is cement plaster over metal lath on a frame building.

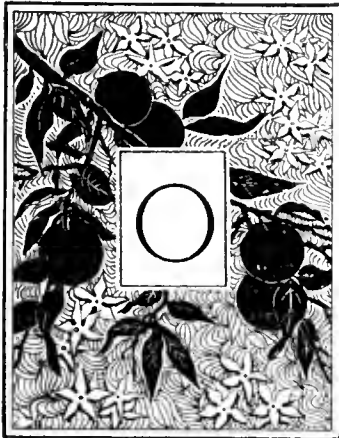
The house of Mrs. Hancock, also by Hunt, is a fine example of unobtrusive comfort. Its first story is of solid cement, its second of cement on frame; the rooms are ten, and the cost was between \$5,000 and \$6,000.

Several handsome and interesting houses on the improved-adobe style have been built in Pasadena from plans by another architect here, F. L. Roelrig, who tends more to the full-Moorish lines and decoration, as Hunt more to the Spanish-Moresque. Such a residence as that of W. C. Stuart is restful to the eye weary with viewing eternal crystallizations of unreasoned precedent.

So far as superior comfort and healthfulness go, there is no comparing any one of these houses with any of its frame neighbors; so far as picturesqueness and local fitness, still less. To them whose first concern in the home is that it be homelike, such a house needs only acquaintance to become inevitably beloved. As to the larger class whose chief thought of the dwelling is of how it shall impress neighbor and passer-by—well, yourself, which would you go the farther to see; any frame house in Los Angeles, or one of these artistic and unhackneyed disciples of the adobe?

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

THE ORANGE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



RANGE-GROWING is undoubtedly the most important horticultural industry in Southern California, both as to amount invested and value of product. In a recent favorable season the output has amounted to over 6,000 car-loads, or over 2,000,000 boxes, worth not less than \$3,000,000 on the trees. Whether the orange shall always rank first here, remains to be seen, as several possible rivals

(such as the lemon, olive, apricot, prune and walnut) are coming to the front. At present, however, the orange is undisputed king.

To those brought up in the bleak and wintry East, orange-growing has always a deep fascination. Southern Californians of long adoption come to find it a twice-told tale; but to those residing in other portions of the United States the topic is always fresh and interesting. New-comers manifest this by their keen delight in visiting an orange grove for the first time, and by the longing so often expressed, to pick an orange from the tree "with their own hands." Perhaps there is not another fruit in the entire domain of pomology about which is such a halo of romance as about these "golden apples of the Hesperides." They figure in

tradition, song and story from time immemorial.

Orange-growing is not only the leading fruit industry of Southern California, but an attractive one as well; and, under right conditions, highly profitable. A cultivator at Riverside who has had many years' experience, says:

"The cultivation of the orange in favorable localities is probably the most profitable business to which an acre of ground can be devoted in an agricultural way. It takes time to develop an orange grove; and this, taken in connection with the fear of over-production, keeps the masses from going into the industry. Hence the time when over-production will come, if ever, is pushed far into the future."

The orange and lemon are not indigenous here. We have no native groves of the bigarade (sour orange), like those of Florida; nor thickets of sweet oranges, like those of Central America and portions of Mexico. But we have soil and climate, in certain favored sections, highly adapted to the cultivation of this fruit; and so we have very generally



Cal. Eng. Co.

YOUNG ORANGE GROVE, NORTH ONTARIO.

Waite, Photo.

adopted it. The one artificial need is moisture; and this is supplied by irrigation. We have some lands perennially moist; but they are in the lowest valleys, and their atmosphere and soil have been found too cold for orange and lemon trees. Hence our cultivators have sought the high, warm lands of the interior valleys and of the foothills aligning the mountains on their southern slope; and here, with equable temperature, a genial soil, and sufficient moisture by irrigation, they have achieved the most satisfactory results.

Perhaps it is no disadvantage in the long run that this artificial condition is imposed on orange culture in California. It is thus taken out of the province of hap-hazard, and made one of the sciences. Without a degree of care, citrus trees cannot be grown at all here; and without good care and strict conformity to their requirements they do not become profitable. The rewards, therefore, are solely for careful culture, and the law of the survival of the fittest is always operative.

The standard orange or lemon orchard must be well located as regards climate, soil and water supply, cultivated and pruned with nicety, and scrupulously kept free from insect pests and other enemies. Grass and weeds are not allowed to gain foothold. The surface is kept finely pulverized the year round, to conserve the moisture and give the full strength of the soil to the trees. Those who visit an orange grove expecting to sit or lie on a green sward while reveling in the beauties of the scene, are disappointed. Nowhere in California do we "seed down" an orchard, of either citrus or deciduous fruits, as is done in many apple, peach and pear orchards of the North and East.

Within five or six years the accepted area of the California citrus belt has undergone important modifications. In the southern counties (Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego) the limits have been narrowed rather than broadened. This has been due principally to the subdivision and settlement of many orange groves as lots for residence; and

the discovery that many localities formerly planted in citrus trees produce only mediocre, and therefore unremunerative, fruit. In these years the center of production has shifted farther from the ocean, occupying more and more the warm interior valleys and the foothills, where there is protection from the moist sea breeze.

Eastern readers of the LAND OF SUNSHINE, or those recently arrived from the East, who think of going into orange culture, should remember that while the profits are very large under favorable circumstances, there are also occasional drawbacks—such as a light frost in places, a heavy wind, the ravages of scale insects, or an unfavorable market in the East. So the average income of an orange grove for a series of years is not quite so great as might be expected by those who hear only the bright side of the story. It is true that \$1000 an acre, and even more, has been made from oranges—but this was where the trees were say from twelve to twenty years old; where the greatest care had been taken in cultivating, picking, packing and shipping; and where the conditions of season and marketing were altogether favorable. An average income of one-third that amount, from trees that have been planted seven or eight years, is about as much as can be counted on in a favorable season—and is certainly enough to satisfy a reasonable man. For the product of 130 acres of orange grove, E. J. Baldwin, whose place is in the San Gabriel Valley, Los Angeles county, received this year \$48,000 cash; the purchasers paying all expenses of picking and marketing.

The expense of setting out and caring for orange trees is considerable. An average estimate of the cost of a ten-acre grove, three years from planting, is \$4500—including interest on the investment at 8 per cent, and reckoning the land at \$250 per acre. At the expiration of three years the grove should pay at least 10 per cent on the investment; and from that time on, the increase in yield is very rapid. The budded varieties begin to bear very early, and heavy yields have been obtained from trees only five years planted.

HORACE EDWARDS.

THE PALMER COLLECTION.



Herve Friend, Eng.

SOME RARE STONE IMPLEMENTS.

(One fifth actual size.)

FOR the great, characteristic Southern California museum which the LAND OF SUNSHINE hopes to see assembled and established in fit quarters in this city, not the largest but scientifically the most important nucleus will be the archæological collection of Dr. F. A. Palmer, the dean of Southern California collectors. Such a museum, by the way, now bids fair to be realized; an organized move-

ment is already under way to compass the legislative and financial means to that end.

The Palmer collection is unique. It is, first, the most scientifically made, as well the most perfect scientifically, in this section. In the completeness with which it has covered its field, as well as in the perfectness and rarity of its specimens, it surpasses any other collection of Southern Califor-

nia aboriginal relics here or abroad. There are no gaps in it, and no makeshifts. Every line of the artifacts of the prehistoric Coast Indian of this section is full; practically every specimen is perfect. Not only that, but of each implement the very rarest types are presented. The collection shows in every feature the self-restraint, the workmanlike detail, the intelligent, wary zeal which mark the scientific collector. It has been scrupulously "weeded" and scrupulously limited. Its clear aim has been not to assemble by the ton, not to see how many cartloads of relics could be got, but to form an absolutely perfect chain of evidence of aboriginal life in its field. Indeed, the array may not so much as some others overawe the careless visitor; but whatsoever expert, whatsoever person who knows anything about archaeological collections anywhere in the world, shall see that collection will recognize its extraordinary character. It will give the museum a scientific standing and tone, among those who know, which will be a credit to Southern California. And though so select, it is not in fact very diminutive. It will require forty running feet of show-cases three feet deep.

Collectors will appreciate the single-hearted sturdiness with which Dr. Palmer has "stuck to his knitting," and resisted the temptation to follow side issues. It takes nerve to sacrifice that magnificent relic your friend sent you from Peru, in order that you may get the measly little stone which will fill a petty gap in your Southern California series. Not every amateur can brace himself to weed out a beautiful specimen which would easily pass for Southern Californian, just because he cannot make quite sure that the source is reliable—that it may not after all have come from Oregon. There are few collections of any sort anywhere which do not contain a single illogical specimen. But it is on those strict, conscientious lines that Dr. Palmer has worked; and to this fact is largely due the surpassing scientific value of his collection. Every specimen is identified as to locality; and most of them as to surroundings—for nearly all is fruit of the Doctor's actual exploration and excavation. He has been seventeen years ransacking this field in person; and his notes in connection with the finding of each object add vastly to the value.

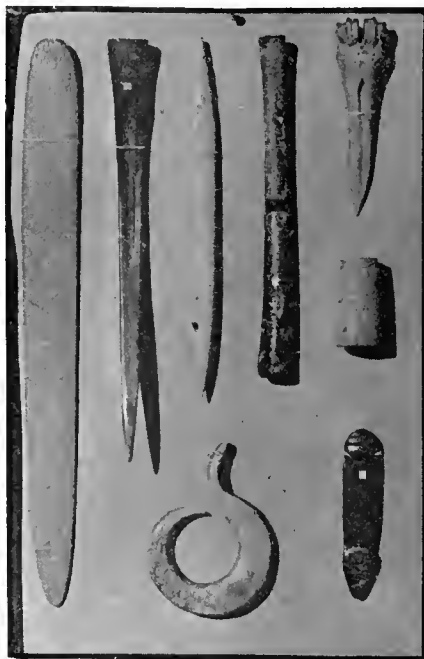
The collection is strictly limited in area to the mainland and islands of Southern California. It represents every phase of the aboriginal life of this territory from the earliest prehistoric up to the early historic days. The sufficient

student will here find the fullest and most perfect data ever gathered for outlining the religious, the political, the social, domestic, industrial, peaceful and warlike organizations and methods of the Southern California Indian as he was 500 years ago and as the noble Franciscans partly reconstructed him. The varying tribes of this area were on a common plane; and Dr. Palmer's researches bring to light strong negative evidence that they were preceded by no different culture—a conclusion in line with the best modern science, and flat in the face of the average popgun prattler of "Lost Races." He also judges our primitive predecessors to have been offshoots from tribes which once occupied the watershed of the Columbia and Willamette rivers, Oregon; and to have reached the maturity of their culture before the migration. The area which today is by political and geographical divisions Southern California, seems to have been ethnologically differentiated in prehistoric times. Its tribes were practically one people as to their ethnographic rank, though diverse

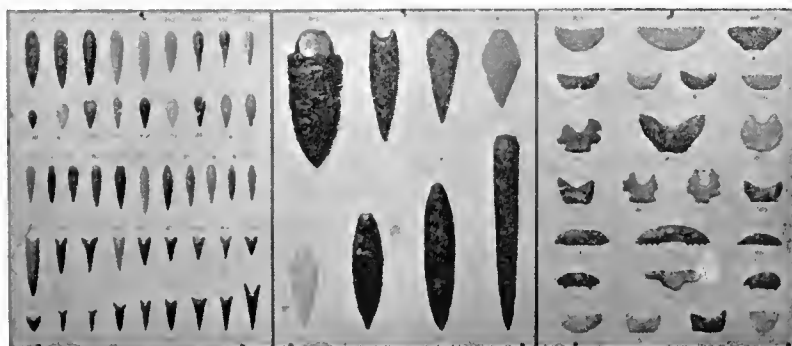
enough politically; and of a wholly distinguishable class from their neighbors on the three land sides. Full archaeological research in this entire field is therefore particularly valuable. It deals with a whole tribal range. Its peoples can be traced through the entire gamut of their vocations and avocations; their home-life, their wars, their hunting, their shrines, their village sites, their "work-shops", their burials—most graphic keynote of all to the Indian economy. Illustration gives but relative justice to specimens of this sort. It can tell something of the specific workmanship, something of rare shapes or extraordinary dimensions; but nothing of material, which is so important a datum. It may also hint the skill of the collector in arrangement, both as to his artistic and his scientific sense.

Everyone can find interest in such specimens as the few typical ones represented here; but the expert will be charmed by such an array of arrow-points, spears, knives and other flint edge-tools; no less with the superb bone implements, and most of all with some of the unique and perfect stone artifacts. These and many other objects are not to be dismissed by the specialist with a word.

Dr. Palmer not only wishes to place this superb collection to the credit of Southern California, but has for years been working toward and for the establishment of a museum which would be its proper setting. He has done more than any other man to arouse the interest which now has promise of fruition.



Herve Friend, Eng. SOME BONE IMPLEMENTS. (About one-fifth actual size.)



Herve Friend, Eng. ARROWS, KNIVES, SPEARS AND OTHER EDGED FLINTS. (One-eighth actual size.)

The Land of Sunshine

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CHARLES F. LUMMIS, EDITOR.

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QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—Specific information about Southern California desired by tourists, health seekers or intending settlers will be furnished free of charge by the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Enclose stamp with letter.

TENDERFOOT COLLEGE.

“AND what are your educational facilities out there in Southern California?” Really, now, do you have to ask? You must be aware that an overwhelming majority of us have come within a decade from your own blessed East. Are *you* particular about the schools to which your children go? Are your neighbors any less touchy on the subject? Is the Easterner anyhow apt to stand much nonsense about such matters?

When you shall have answered these questions, you will know the answer to your own. We are Easterners—just lucky ones who got away. Our schools are such schools as Eastern people always make. Only, a little ahead; for the simple reason that we could not help but learn something by the way. Southern California is made up of, and controlled by, the very class you respect at home because it includes yourself. What exists here is what you would make and what your peers have made; with this in our favor—that here Nature is an abettor and trustee of education, and not an Apache camping on education's trail. Pupils in Southern California do not have to conjugate “freeze,” nor yet to decline “lungs.”

But speaking of education, it may be you do not know our most important institution of learning. We have colleges and schools as you have; with one temple of wisdom which you have not. That is the Horizon University and Tenderfoot College. Its general scope is the suppression of provincialism.

Name sounds unfamiliar? So does it here. It is one of our most distinctive and distinguished features; yet I do not remember to have seen it much advertised. Modesty is going to be the ruin of us Californians yet—and all the fault of our early training. In Boston, we sternly hid from the world the secret that culture exists in a certain favored metropolis; in Chicago we were rigidly schooled not to let our left hand know that the right hand “got there”—and this early atrophy has disabled us for exalting the horn of our new home.

But if everyone else be too modest, the fact that we have facilities for broadening narrow minds and lives shall find its chronicler here. Do not fear that the catalogue will end with: “bequests may be made to the regents.” Our University is unique financially as in curriculum—the one college which never passes the hat. It is endowed by the

Almighty, trusted by the Laws of Nature, and taught by the Faculty of Common Sense.

Its only limitations are in the student material. It cannot come much nearer to creating brains in a vacuum than can any other college. But it is one where brains count more than ears; where ability to think greatly oversizes ability to remember. Its curriculum is not the swallowing of undigested books, but an infiltration of the Wisdom that created a universe which has book-making animalcules infesting one molecule of its infinity. True, as from every other university, there leak from it occasional alumni who expose themselves in moist weather. But even these have learned something. Before matriculation they did not know enough to fall out of the back end of a wagon.

The Tenderfoot College begins at the foundation—even kindergartning. Else would it miss half its crop. It has daily to teach the infant-class that the sun does not rise from Fort Warren nor set in Jersey City. In fact, geography is a compulsory study here, and under the best teachers. Many pupils are pained to learn that California is not crushed strawberry color, Nevada a decadent yellow and Arizona a chlorotic green—as they ought to be, according to the maps. A mile is fairly understood, in general; but thousands, before entering the University, had no more notion of what 1000 miles *means* than of quaternions. Most of the students are from the United States; but most of them had former remarkable ideas of what the name signifies. One department is devoted to teaching diagrams of the fact that United States does not actually mean Wall Street nor Back Bay.

History is also taken up at the primary stage. Care is taken to explain that Indians do not more often than fortnightly re-scalp the rancheros of outlying posts like Los Angeles; that the Pacific Ocean has been for several centuries as wet as the Atlantic; and ten thousand other things quite as useful to be realized.

In moral philosophy the University inculcates such radical propositions as that a man may be happy even though not frozen to death; that while all wisdom was invented in——, all wealth in——, tatters of both have caught on the outer bushes as the Elect passed by on their wanderings, so that one may find samples of either without going to the home office.

There is even one course—though few there be that go in thereat—which teaches the straight of a text which is popularly believed to read “God created Me in his own image. The other fellow, he erected in the similitude of a hitching-post.”

On general lines and by many devices the Horizon University teaches breadth between the eyes, cures mental nearsightedness and moral dyspepsia, expands the heart, opens the hand, and frequently diminishes the momentum of the mouth. It is an intellectual eye-opener. It ranges from primary instruction to post-graduate courses—even giving degrees in self-possession, self-control, tolerance and such large subjects which no man ever fully learned by staying at home.

It is not solely the School of Travel, which is universally known as the upper education; it has additional advantages of its own. And while you may travel whither you will,

and cannot avoid learning a little as you go, there are no other halls which have so pleasant dormitories and so lordly a campus. It is the long-denied Royal Road to Learning. And even if it did not offer anything else, it would be worth entering just to be taught how to enjoy life.



The supreme material question before Los Angeles and the vast section tributary is—a deep-sea harbor. There is one place for that harbor. The expert engineers of the War Department have fully investigated all claims and have designated San Pedro—not once but thrice. The public is practically a unit for this port, and has voiced its overwhelming sentiment time after time. The candidate who should even argue the case could not be elected dog-catcher here; for it is beyond argument. San Pedro is the only local port an unhired engineer would recommend; it is the only one to which, in business sanity, Southern Californians can consent. But the Southern Pacific Railway is here neither for the public health nor for its own. It owns "Port Los Angeles" and every approach thereto. No competitor could ever get to smell salt water there. San Pedro is, and always will be, open to any number of competing railways. It can be made a good harbor and a harbor for the public good. "Port Los Angeles" would be neither. But the Southern Pacific is bending every energy to carry its pretty scheme. The Government is ready to make the harbor at San Pedro; every competent engineer finds that the only feasible place; the public good, and the public will, alike demand it. But for four years all has been blocked, for no better reason than that this one corporation wants no public port. It has kept us, and means to keep us, without any harbor whatever unless we will have a second-hand harbor which it can monopolize. Every string of "practical politics" is being pulled; bulldozing, metallic persuasion, obstruction. C. P. Huntington, President of the Southern Pacific, has been in Washington personally lobbying. It is his pocket against the people.

Newcomers who have known only the East—or S. P. tactics here only since competition did its civilizing work—find it hard to realize the full meaning of the situation. They have not been used, indeed, to expecting corporations to be unselfish; but neither have they been used, back East, to seeing a corporation assume to mock the beard of Government and People both—and it all seems half incredible. They can scarcely believe a corporation so stupid, even if so shameless—but they do not know California history. The S. P. has never been able to grasp any part of the principle that the lasting way to get revenue is to develop the country; its policy has been the policy which still throttles northern California; which once throttled us—and now is reaching for our throats again. But Southern California was never cringing, even when it had to submit to highway "collections;" and now it does not have to submit. It is 100,000 manly men stronger than in the old times. They are not to be played with; and Mr. Huntington and his unwilling deputies might find wiser occupation than trying. A new, cultured, prosperous people—ours are patient long; but only a fool thinks to ride their patience past the breaking-point.

The watchword of the LAND OF SUNSHINE is progress. It must and will have steady improvement in quality and in appearance. Its country does not stand still, good as it is; and neither will the periodical. The best writers and the best artists in its field are waking up and warming up to it. In text and illustration it is continually improving; and it now sees its way clear to one most important betterment. A magazine in aim, name and date, from the start, it plans to become with the beginning of its third volume (June next) a magazine in form. The superior permanency, convenience, beauty and dignity of that make-up are well understood. The magazine will be more artistic, more creditable, easier to handle, fitter to keep, than any other form known to periodical literature, besides being the logical shape of a monthly. This promotion has been, all along, merely a question of time; and the remarkable success of the periodical makes the improvement possible thus soon. The public clearly wishes the best literature of Southern California, and the most attractively presented; and every forward step of the LAND OF SUNSHINE has met generous recognition. Now it begins to be able to take longer strides. It will always be bettering its sermons, but it cannot improve upon its text. It will be a magazine of Southern California first, last and all the time. But it will realize that Southern California grows brains as well as oranges. Its aim will be to interest all classes that live in this Better Country, and all classes that would like to live in it or to hear about it.



There has been no coolness in the reception accorded this young monthly. As shown in detail elsewhere the two leading news-stands of this city certify that their combined sales of the January number of Harper's, The Century, Scribner's, McClure's, The Cosmopolitan, and the Overland Magazines were 385; of the January LAND OF SUNSHINE, 527. That is to say, this periodical, then eight months old, sold over thirty per cent. more copies than all these six magazines together. Munsey's extraordinarily pushed magazine is the only monthly whose sales here remotely rival those of the LAND OF SUNSHINE.



March in this city is consecrated to the Citrus Fair, as April to the Fiesta. This famous display by all seven counties of Southern California, and one (Tulare) of central California, is the pride of orange-growers and the delight of all classes of people. The display this year is unusually large and beautiful, and will undoubtedly attract enormous crowds. This is the first citrus fair at which the chief displays have been made through the fruit exchanges. Heretofore the exhibits have been by individuals or by localities. The fruit exchange has apparently come to stay; providing for the grower a more reliable and even market, and protecting the industry from the dangers of indiscriminate shipping. An institution accomplishing such results for the leading industry of Southern California is certainly worthy all the honor the citrus fair can give.

WINTER VEGETABLES.

THE business of shipping winter vegetables to the East and North is rapidly becoming an important rival of the fruit industry in Southern California, particularly since the railroads have made special rates in order to encourage the growers.

In the early history of the State, gardening was regarded as a "pottering," insignificant occupation, fit only for Chinamen, and so by common consent they were allowed a practical monopoly of it; but to maintain that an American of intelligence cannot surpass the Chinese gardener would be an insult to common sense.

The fact that others besides Chinese could produce vegetables successfully, has within a few years gradually been recognized; together with the further fact that there is a lucrative field for industry in the development of an Eastern market for the vegetables of California at a time when the exigencies of the season prevent the production of any sort of vegetables in the Atlantic States. The shipment of vegetables of various kinds to the East has assumed large proportions within a comparatively limited period, the Southern Pacific railroad having shipped many millions of pounds annually for years, while the Atchison road handles immense quantities produced in Southern California. The bulk of these shipments is made during that portion of the year when vegetables are scarce at the East and the highest prices prevail.

It is in the growing of the early or winter vegetables that the largest and most certain profit is to be made. There are large areas in Southern California where such vegetables as potatoes, peas, onions, beets, turnips, cabbages, cauliflower, etc., may be planted during the fall months (generally in September, October and November), and will mature so as to be shipped to the Eastern market during midwinter. Indeed, some of these vegetables may be planted in succession right along through the fall and winter, with the result of having a series of crops for harvest all through the season. In some of the most favorable localities, where frost seldom appears, such as the Cahuenga valley, in Los Angeles county, ripe tomatoes are gathered in midwinter and are disposed of at round figures in the markets of the Coast as well as those of the East.

This Cahuenga valley is a remarkable stretch of territory, extending from Los Angeles to the ocean, a distance of about fifteen miles, along the foothills. The frostless belt of this section is about half a mile wide. It shifts a little from time to time, but is so clearly defined that a person when walking around there of a winter's evening can tell immediately when he gets within the limits of the "belt." Along these foothills at Christmas time may be seen fields of growing peas, string beans, tomatoes, chile peppers and other vegetables which are shipped, not only East but to the northern part of the State, as soon as the frost has touched the delicate vegetables there. At Christmas, and for some time afterward, San Francisco draws most of its supplies of vegetables from the Cahuenga valley.

Here you may see a fortunate rancher taking his produce to market in a stylish buggy, the produce consisting perhaps of a 100-pound sack of green peas, string beans or peppers,

for which he will receive in San Francisco all the way from fifteen to forty cents a pound, or even more, according to the condition of the market. A few years ago a large landowner in that valley, now deceased, showed the writer a check for \$65 which he had received from a commission house in San Francisco as the net proceeds of a sack of chile peppers shipped at Christmas time. This, of course, is an extreme case, like returns of \$1000 an acre from an orange grove; but under ordinary circumstances the profits of this business are large enough to suit any reasonable person, and the business will be on a more steady footing from year to year as the growers become better versed in the art of placing their products upon the Eastern markets.

One of the most important exports in this line is the potato, which is now shipped East in the spring by hundreds of carloads—and will be soon shipped by the thousands. Carloads of celery, cabbage and cauliflower are shipped in winter from Orange county and other sections.

In regard to the shipment of these vegetables, the Southern California Railway recently furnished some valuable information in response to a request from the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. Among other suggestions offered by the company were the following:

"The trade in winter vegetables commences between December 15 and January 1, and lasts until April 30. This does not include potatoes, of which we shall speak later. Hitherto it has been supplied largely from the Bermuda Islands, but latterly this supply has been supplanted by shipments from Cuba. If the Southern California producers will arrange to have their crops so planted that they may be brought to market early in the period above stated, there is no doubt that they can be disposed of profitably against the imported crop, which is longer in transportation and subjected to additional exposure, transfers and handling. By means of the through fast freight refrigerator service now provided to shippers from the Pacific Coast, these products can be placed in the markets of our large Eastern cities in almost as fresh a condition as when packed.

"The following points may be judiciously considered by both growers and packers. Judgment must be used in the selection of the character of the seed, a lack of which—as has been explained in the past—is a sufficient reason why Southern California products have been unable to compete with the Southern supply.

"Southern California green peas in Chicago, April 22, 1892, sold for 25 cents per crate. The crate was of the best material, similar to the crate used in packing peas from the South, but the peas were dead, tasteless and void of the squeaky sound that the Southern pea has when pinched, which in the same market could be found for comparison. The reason is stated to be that the Southern California pea was a common variety, not selected, instead of a sweet pea which is in demand and is the variety supplied from the South. The same point will apply to other vegetables.

"Again, it is claimed that a full carload of green vegetables, all of one variety, will spoil in from five to six days, even though they do not heat. In order to avoid this, the car should be made up of mixed shipments—beans, peas, tomatoes, cauliflower, etc. The package preferred by the commission men is one-third, one-half and one bushel crates, as are now in use here.

"Cauliflower and cabbage should be packed two and one-half to three dozen to the crate. It should be borne in mind that none of the larger Western cities, not even Chicago, are able to dispose of an entire carload shipment of any single vegetable to advantage, hence the recommendation for mixed carloads."

G. H. W.

A FAMOUS FESTIVAL.

THE world at large is not much interested in fairs. Pumpkins, corn and apples are essentially tiresome to look at, no matter how carefully selected for premiums, or symmetrically arranged for display. People who have never seen a fair go once and on succeeding years content themselves with advising their neighbors to go.

But the citrus fair is a different story. It is something to be seen, enjoyed and forever remembered. It is so unlike all other fairs that it ought to be entered in another class and called by another name. Four years ago, when an unusually successful fair was held in Los Angeles, it was decided to reproduce the display in the Exposition building in Chicago. Just as the fruit and exhibitors were leaving for the East, a lively discussion broke out in the committee as to how the show should be styled in Chicago. One member objected to the use of the word

citrus, whose meaning he affirmed was practically unknown in the East where it suggested only the preserved citron used in cake. Another objected to the word fair, as proclaiming the show to be an unmitigated bore. At the end of the discussion, "citrus" had given way to "orange," and "fair" to "carnival;" and the famous display that took the city of Chicago by storm in the spring of 1891, and turned the

thoughts of hundreds of thousands of people toward Southern California, was known as the "Orange Carnival."

A citrus fair cannot be described in words, and—what is still more unfortunate—cannot be successfully pictured. The chief beauty of the display lies in the great masses of rich color in which the eye revels, just as the ear drinks in, at an opera or concert, the concord of sweet sounds. But in the photograph the oranges look like so many cannon balls—all the soft effects of color are lost and there remains not even a remote suggestion of the beauty of the original.

Of late years a decided improvement has taken place in the artistic merit of the citrus fairs. The fruit is no more beautiful, perhaps, but greater care is taken to detract nothing from its charm by the display of inharmonious colors near it. The building where the great show takes place is treated from roof to floor with yellow cloth and greenery,

until the painted woodwork, the white walls and every jarring element of color are hidden. The exhibitors are warned that they must use no colors in their display that are out of harmony with the general design of the building, and thus the whole effect is made striking and beautiful.

On the material side the fair is quite as interesting as on the esthetic. The orange engages the attention of a greater number of people than any other one industry in Southern California. The crop this year will aggregate over 6000 carloads and will bring about \$3,000,000 into the State. When the fair is in progress—usually the first week in March—the season is at its height, from sixty to ninety carloads a day crossing the State line to the East. At such a time the people are disposed to look with especial interest upon the source of a large measure of the common prosperity, and the orange is examined and discussed, and the merits of each variety canvassed, not only by producers but by the general public as well.

Considerable improvement has taken place of late in the methods of judging fruit. Instead of leaving the work to committees of busy people who were sometimes disposed to hurry it through, it is now placed in the hands of a number of thoroughly competent experts, who are paid for their time, and give a strict attention to the business until their duties are over. They

work under a regular scale in which all the merits and demerits of the fruit are carefully graded, counting so much off for an excess of pulp, so much for excessive acidity, extra seeds, etc. The most severe test to which the fruit is put is in the class known as the "Thirties." Here each exhibitor places thirty specimens of his best fruit in a bag or box, with his card. A huge table is prepared with spaces just large enough to accommodate thirty oranges in a pyramid. The Superintendent and his assistants arrange the fruit on this table, and a diagram is made up, showing where each exhibitor's fruit is located. This document no one else sees. Thus judges and exhibitors have no way of knowing the owners of the several piles, and an absolutely fair test can be had.

Our citrus fairs are visited by 20,000 to 40,000 people—many of them tourists and intending settlers. O. C.



Union Eng. Co.

A CITRUS FAIR IN LOS ANGELES.

Hill, Photo, Pasadena.

A BEAUTIFUL DECORATIVE PLANT.



THE Egyptian paper reed, *papyrus antiquorum*, from which paper was made by the ancient Egyptians, is one of the most beautiful and graceful of decorative plants. It grows in creeping rhizomes on or near the surface of the ground; and these continue to throw up stems as they creep along. The stems, from ten to fifteen feet high, are crowned with a tuft or umbel of long, wiry grass that falls gracefully around them. The plant is naturally an aquatic, but will grow without much water—though not to the same height and perfection as with it. It is very easily grown, and increases rapidly. Small plants in two or three years form clumps six or eight feet in diameter.

In the East it is but little known, except in large or rare collections; and it is not common in California. It is as beautiful and ornamental as a palm, for the conservatory, where it should be grown in tubs, several pieces planted together in rich soil and given plenty of water. It does well out of doors in California, and can be made useful in many ways. Planted in long rows, it forms stately avenues of filmy green, most beautiful to behold. For a dividing screen between lawns and gardens, for the banks of streams, or the margin of ponds, with other aquatics, it is especially graceful. It forms a stately ornament as a single specimen for a lawn. It should be trimmed every year, and occasionally divided, as the old stems die down from the center, leaving bare places which should be cut out.

For in-door decoration there is nothing more artistic and original than the long, cut stems. In large vases, alone or with bamboo or cyprus, it is very esthetic. A few stems tied together, standing in tripod form, have an airy and graceful effect. They can be used in various ways according to taste or fancy. If dried standing, they keep their beauty almost indefinitely; and although the dried stems are not so graceful as those newly cut, they are so pretty and artistic that they will undoubtedly be as much in demand as pampas plumes have been. They dry a pretty, light green, and are beautiful bleached, while the small stems are sometimes gilded. No doubt it will be very useful in the East, where dried grasses and winter bouquets are highly appreciated. The greatest difficulty in shipping it East would be the length of the stems. They are very light, but bulky. The heads might be used with profit by the upholsterer, and for packing purposes. There are probably many uses, not yet known, to which it may be put.

Papyrus was deemed one of the most valuable products of the ancient world. So great was the dependence upon it that even in the latter Roman period Cassiodorus, the historian, statesman, and monk, is said to have written an epistle, congratulating the whole human race upon the fact that the import duty laid upon papyrus by Theodoric had been removed. It made its way into Italy, where it became so indispensable for domestic purposes and correspondence that a failure of the papyrus crop nearly brought on a riot.

In the time of Xerxes, cables were made from it for his fleets, and for bridge-building. The Egyptians used it to decorate their temples, and to ornament the shrines of their gods. The old, hard wood from the roots was manufactured into various articles, and was used for fuel. Boats, sails, mats, cords and writing material were made from the stems. The pith was a common article of food, both cooked and in its natural state. The plant was also used for making light

skiffs. Tradition says that the ark in which the infant Moses was laid, in the bulrushes, was made of papyrus. In sculptures of the period of the Fourth Dynasty, men are represented building a boat of papyrus stems.

The earliest specimens of Greek uncial writings were on papyrus. The material was so delicate and brittle that it required a very light style of penmanship. Papyrus rolls are still extant. The most venerable specimen known (now at Paris, and called "the Prisse Papyrus," after its former owner) is computed to date from two thousand years before Christ. The most important papyrus rolls are four orations of the Athenian orator Hyperides, now in the British Museum. One roll in good preservation is eleven feet long and has forty-nine columns of writing.

The most ancient examples of Greek writing are found in papyrus rolls of the Second Century B. C. It was used by Greek writers down

to the Ninth Century. Deeds and other documents were made on it from the Eighth to the Eleventh Century. It was also used for documents at an early period in France, and made up into books strengthened by vellum leaves.

To make paper, the stems were cut in strips lengthwise and laid side by side to the desired width. Across them another layer was woven at right-angles; the strips were then soaked, pressed, and dried in the air, after which they were polished with ivory or a smooth shell. To form a roll, the sheets were joined together with paste.

After the Twelfth Century the manufacture and use of papyrus as a writing material ceased. Today it is known only as a beautiful decorative plant, given special interest by its romantic history in the farthest days of the world.



Collier. Eng.

EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS.



SAN DIEGO—THE PROGRESSIVE COUNTRY BY THE BAY.

THE time is coming when all Southern California will be as fond and as proud of San Diego as every Diegueño is now. We cannot help it. There is no room in this new paradise for the little jealousies of locality and they will not outlast the youth of our development, for provincial rivalries cannot endure long in this best of schools for the cure of provincialism. As we achieve solidarity our love will embrace our whole superb domain, not some exclusive corner of it. There are so many kinds of Southern California, and all so different one from another, and all so much better than anything explorers have yet discovered elsewhere on earth, that we shall be proud to think of it as one land, one commonwealth, and not a patter of disgruntled flyspecks on a map. We shall talk of "our Los Angeles" and "our San Diego" and "our Santa Barbara" and "our Pomona" and "our" all the rest.

Certainly there is no phase of all its vast and fortunate empire in which Southern California may take livelier pride than that beautiful and—so far as North America is concerned—unique region which closes our territory to the south. We have nothing else quite like it, even in Southern California, and surely nothing better. It has a fascination all its own. It is the very spirit of the blue South Sea. Its air, its sky, its horizon have something so magical, so soothing, so caressing that the stranger rubs his eyes to be sure

it is not a dream; and even the Southern Californian, to whom it is no novelty to discover that life is worth living, cannot be insensible to its gracious spell.

Western San Diego county has the most equable temper-



Collier, Eng.

Slocum, Photo, San Diego.

SOME OF THE ELECTRIC TRANSIT FACILITIES.

ature in the world; and, as has been aptly said, the "driest marine climate." An atmosphere so marvelously free from humidity, yet tempered by the eternal breath of the sea, it is so genial in winter, so fresh and tonic in summer that simply to move in it and to breathe it is a liberal education in pleasure.

The San Diego country is not all climate—though even if it had nothing else, it would presently be filled with those who know comfort and are able to pay for it where they can find it. The county has an astonishing range of physical geography; its gamut runs from sea-level to 10,987 feet above it. What a variety of climates and of productions that signifies! The county is the second largest in the State; and though its eastern portion dwindles into the deserts of the Colorado, it has enough lands of highest fertility to support an enormous population, compared with which its present 40,000 people are hardly a beginning.



A GLIMPSE OF THE HOTEL DEL CORONADO. Slocum, Photo, San Diego.

It used to be a favorite banter here that San Diego had "no back country." But no one who travels that ambitious region now can repeat the joke. As one views



Cal. Eng. Co.

the huge irrigation systems—like the million-dollar Sweet-

IN SAN DIEGO BAY, JAN. 1, 1895

water dam, competent to make 50,000 acres blossom, the Hemet and other like enterprises—as one sees the fertility and beauty of Chula Vista, and Otay, and National, and all that lovely family—one begins to wonder what will be the limit to San Diego's "back country."

The man who "could have bought the land Chicago stands on for a pair of boots—but didn't have the boots"—had many relatives out here. In 1867 the site of San Diego city sold for 27 cents an acre. Now those acres are crowded with a handsome, plucky, energetic American city of over 20,000 people; with better equipments of lighting, street-car service and other city adjuncts than one finds in most Eastern towns of the size. The site is peculiarly beautiful—a long leisurely slope from the high, brown mesa to where the eternal blueness of the bay twinkles under smiling skies. And when you say "Bay," then it is the San Diegan's turn. He knows what it is to have this big, landlocked harbor in a country like this, and you are liable to do some listening. As a matter of fact, the harbor is not exactly San Francisco, or Acapulco, or one of the few other finest harbors in the world; but it is so much better than the great majority of ports, Atlantic or Pacific, that it will be the making of its lucky possessor, and a great factor in all Southern California. It is thoroughly landlocked and absolutely safe; it is plenty spacious enough; and its one drawback, a little narrowness of the entrance channel, can be remedied at less labor and cost than would secure so perfect a harbor almost anywhere else.



Cal. Eng. Co.

AT THE OLD MISSION

Waite, Photo

in those localities. It is a strange thing to find in the same county every sort of fruit from apples to pineapples; each suited by its locality. Up in the mountains grow magnificent apples, cherries and other northern fruits which grow, indeed, but are not a success, in the lower lands; and in the valleys the semi-tropic fruits reach a perfection unsurpassed anywhere. Both for their appearance and their flavor the oranges and lemons of certain localities in this county are famed throughout Southern California; as are its olives and olive-oil, its grapes, its raisins, and its apples. The area already producing these perfect fruits is large in itself, but small compared to what it will become.

In a word, the prospects of the San Diego region, horticulturally, agriculturally and commercially, as a place to make a living and a place for the joy of living, are unsurpassed and inevitable. It is a text too large and too interesting to be finished with one discourse; and we shall have to recur to it frequently.



Union Eng. Co.

LOOKING TOWARD POINT LOMA.

Waite, Photo.

THE OUTLOOK FOR SAN DIEGO.



SAN DIEGO has every reason to feel her prosperity assured. During 1894, over 200 homes and valuable business blocks were erected; 1895 will see as many more. Large as our school facilities are, additional room has just been secured to accommodate the increased number of pupils.

The acquisition of prominent moneyed men, like the Grants, Putnam, Jones, Griswold and Kerper, and the substantial improvements making, are an earnest of more to follow. The prospects of a Normal School; the Nicaragua canal; the second appropriation for the jetty; the enlargement of the cable road plant, and of the electric system, are additional encouragement. The country indications are equally flattering. New settlers are building homes and planting orchards. Our fruit prospects are fine, especially for the lemon. San Diego lemons seem destined to rival those of the best Mediterranean countries, and the hundred thousand acres of rich soil around and east of our bay, is the best lemon land in the world, being practically frostless.

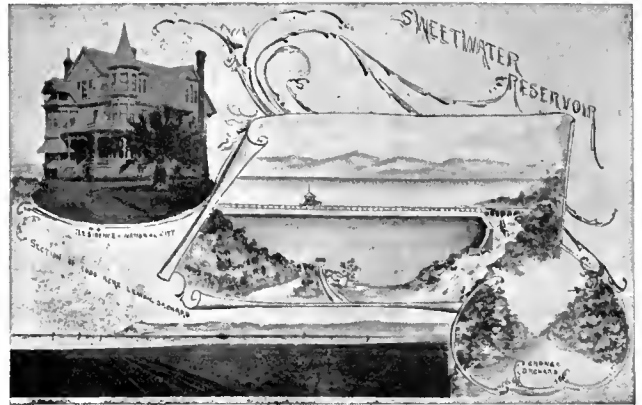
Water is being rapidly developed. Several hundred thousand dollars in improvements are being added to the Sweetwater system. The San Diego Flume Company has doubled its storage capacity; its reservoirs are running over, insuring water for years to come. The city is about to close a contract for \$1,200,000 to \$1,400,000 for a permanent water supply and distributing system. Two great systems are working for this contract; either company can supply the city for fifty years and irrigate 100,000 acres besides. The Linda Vista Irrigation District, comprising 42,000 acres of rich frostless mesa lands, is negotiating its bonds. Escondido has \$350,000 to complete her water system; Oceanside has a large sum already expended. Our shipping interests are growing. At one time this past month six full-rigged ships lay in the bay unloading their cargoes of coal and merchandise, besides several lumber schooners.

Family after family is leaving the rigorous winters of the north and east to make its permanent home in this "Land of Sunshine," for which Providence has done so much.

ARTHUR G. NASON.

The Place for You

IS ON OUR LANDS



A large selection of valley and mesa lands, irrigated and unirrigated, **\$10 to \$350** per acre. All our lands near San Diego, developed by sixty miles of railroad and supplied with water under pressure by the

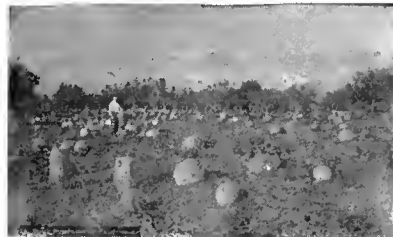
Sweetwater Dam and Irrigating System

The most perfect water supply in California. Several five and ten acre tracts, planted and unplanted, with attractive houses, commanding beautiful views and making delightful homes, on

CHULA VISTA. the most beautiful suburb in Southern California. Citrus and deciduous fruits grown to perfection. Easy terms if desired on all our property. Attractive advertising matter free.

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\$35 PER ACRE FOR LANDS LOCATED IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



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Remember, \$35.00 for land as good as any in the State.
Reached by the Southern California Railway.

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In writing please mention the LAND OF SUNSHINE.

2 Bargains

No. 1 Is one of the most beautiful ranches in Southern California—12½ acres in lemons and oranges, partly in bearing; modern house, 11 rooms; bath, hot and cold water, etc. Barn, outbuildings and everything complete. Best soil; water-right rental only \$3.50 per acre. Finest view of the bay and ocean. Only three miles from San Diego. Price . . . **\$12,750**

No. 2 Is 5 acres in lemons, 2 years old; small comfortable house; near railroad, store, and school; fine water right; rich soil; only 7½ miles east of San Diego. Price . . . **\$1,400**

We handle bargains. Call and see us or write.

STRONG, ARMS & CO.,
5TH AND E STS., SAN DIEGO

The Escondido Land and Town Co.

IS OFFERING LAND AT

\$35 to \$65 per acre with water

Their land cannot be excelled in the State. It is in cultivation. No expense for clearing or leveling. Beautiful place, fine stores, churches, schools and hotels. All fruits do well. Grain, hay and alfalfa a success. Go and see, or call at

1330 E STREET, SAN DIEGO, CAL.
JERRY TOLES,
General Manager.

WHEN YOU VISIT SAN DIEGO REMEMBER



RATES \$2.50 PER DAY AND UP

American Plan Only. Centrally located. Elevators and fire escapes. Baths hot and cold water in all suites. Modern conveniences. Fine large sample rooms for commercial travelers.

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ON PLAZA
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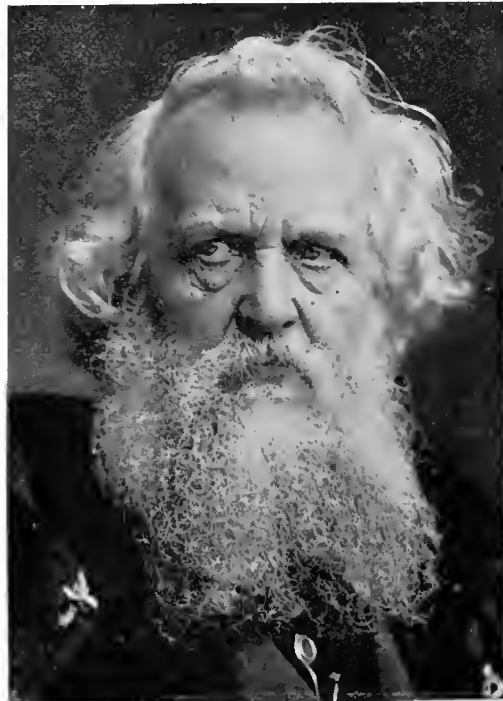
Most Centrally Located and Best Equipped Hotel in the City.

It occupies the entire north side of the Plaza, and has over TWO HUNDRED HANDSOMELY FURNISHED ROOMS, arranged singly or en suite. The table is provided with the BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS, and the cuisine is unsurpassed. Two lines of street cars pass its doors, affording means of transit to almost any part of the city, and the hotel 'bus meets all trains and steamers. The postoffice is just opposite this hotel and it is surrounded by large new brick blocks.

Run on American Plan. Rates \$2 and \$2.50 per Day.

☛ We defy competition as regards the quality of our table. ☚

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15 Acres in Washington Navels, 4 years old, in first-class condition, always had best of care; soil, the very best; water right ample, and cost only nominal; elevation above the frost line. A gilt-edged property in the best citrus section of the country. Price, \$10,000.

ALSO

20 Acres Choice Selected Oranges, fine condition, 4 years old; location adjoining the celebrated "Baldrige" grove; beautiful cottage, profusion of flowers and plants; splendid barn, and everything in "apple pie order." Price, \$12,000. A complete home in choice neighborhood that will bring in a large revenue every year.

Will sell or exchange either of above for first-class Eastern property.

MERRILL & DAVIDSON, Brokers,

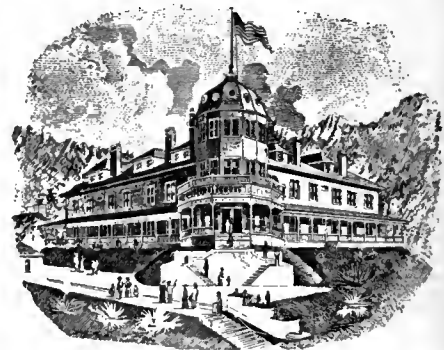
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3,500 FT. ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA

At the summit of the great cable incline, on Mt. Lowe Railway. The Echo Mountain House is the finest and best equipped mountain hotel in the world, and is second to none of the world-famed hotels of Southern California. In location it has no equal, being immediately overlooking the San Gabriel Valley, with mountains, foothills, ever verdant valleys, towns, village, old mission, sea beach, shipping, islands and ocean in full view. The climate is delightful both winter and summer. It is never hot and never cold. On the verandas there are always cool breezes in summer, and in winter it is warmer than in the valley below. The sunrises and sunsets witnessed from its porches and verandas equal in splendor the most gorgeous displays pictured by European visitors. An additional attraction is the Lowe Observatory, presided over by the eminent astronomer, Dr. Lewis Swift. It is temporarily located on Echo Mountain and is reached by carriage drive from the hotel. A night spent at the great sixteen-inch telescope with Dr. Swift will be more satisfactory than a visit to the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton. For rates apply to



ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE,
Echo Mountain, Los Angeles County, California.

"Our Los Angeles Magazine."

The LAND OF SUNSHINE is our Los Angeles magazine, edited by C. F. Lummis, and reflecting the beauty of this section. * * * The magazine is one which we hope to see grow and flourish. * * *

Mr. Lummis belongs not to Los Angeles alone, for already his name has become a household word throughout the land. We have no American writer more popular with young readers than he. He is a writer possessing an unlimited command of good English, and the power of vivid description. He charms by his originality and vivacity of expression. In other words, his readers find a sense of companionship in his books, which is delightful and enticing.—*Los Angeles Times, Feb. 12.*

Condensed Information Regarding Southern California.

The section generally known as Southern California comprises the seven counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Orange, Riverside, San Diego, Ventura and Santa Barbara. The total area of these counties is 44,901 square miles, which is 29 per cent of the area of the State, or larger than the combined area of Connecticut, Delaware, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Vermont. The coast line extends north-west and south-east a distance of about 275 miles. Within this area there is a remarkable variety of climate, soil and topography. In winter one can travel on foot in three-quarters of an hour from orange groves to snow fields. The population in 1890 was 201,352.

LOS ANGELES, the leading county of Southern California, has an area of about 4,000 square miles, some four-fifths of which is capable of cultivation, with water supplied. The shore line is about 85 miles in length. The population increased from 33,881 in 1880 to 101,454 in 1890. Horticulture is the principal industry. There are over 1,500,000 fruit trees growing in the county.

Los Angeles city, the commercial metropolis of Southern California, 15 miles from the coast, has a population to-day of about 75,000. Eleven railroads center here. There are about 100 miles of graded and graveled streets, and 11 miles of paved streets. The city is entirely lighted by electricity. There is a \$500,000 court house, a \$200,000 city hall, and many large business blocks. The residences are mostly surrounded by beautiful gardens.

The other principal cities are Pasadena, Pomona, Whittier, Azusa, Downey, Santa Monica, Redondo and San Pedro.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY is the largest county in the State, comprising numerous mountain ranges, rich in minerals, fertile valleys, and considerable desert, much of which can be reclaimed with water from the mountains. Population about 30,000. The county is traversed by two railroads. Fine oranges and other fruits are raised.

San Bernardino city, the county seat, is a railroad center, with about 8,000 people. The other principal places are Redlands, Ontario, Colton and Chino.

ORANGE COUNTY was segregated from Los Angeles county in 1889. Area 671 square miles; population, in 1890, 13,589. Much fruit and grain are raised. Most of the land is arable, and there is a good supply of water.

Santa Ana, the county seat, is an attractive place, with a population of 5,000. Other cities are Orange, Tustin, Anaheim and Fullerton.

RIVERSIDE COUNTY was created in 1893 from portions of San Bernardino and San Diego counties. Area 7,000 square miles; population about 14,000. It is an inland county.

Riverside, the county seat, is noted for its extensive orange groves and beautiful homes

Other places are South Riverside, Perris and San Jacinto.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY is a large county, the most southern in the State, adjoining Mexico. Much of the area is at present desert. Population about 40,000. There are mountains 10,000 feet above, and depressions 250 feet below sea level, furnishing every variety of climate. That of the coast region is remarkably mild and equable. Irrigation is being rapidly extended. Fine lemons are raised near the coast, and all other fruits flourish.

San Diego city, on the bay of that name, is the terminus of the Santa Fe railway system, with a population of about 21,000. Across the bay is Coronado Beach with its mammoth hotel. Other cities are National City, Escondido, Julian and Oceanside.

VENTURA COUNTY adjoins Los Angeles county on the north. It is very mountainous. There are many profitable petroleum wells. Apricots and other fruits are raised, also many beans. Population in 1870, 10,071.

San Buenaventura, the county seat, is pleasantly situated on the coast. Population 2,500. Other cities are Santa Paula, Huene and Fillmore.

SANTA BARBARA is the most northern of the seven counties, with a long shore line. There are many rugged mountains in the interior, about one-fifth of the 1,450,000 acres being arable. Semi-tropic fruits are largely raised, and beans in the northern part of the county.

Santa Barbara, the county seat, is noted for its mild climate and rare vegetation. It is located on a sloping mesa, facing the ocean and islands, with mountains in the rear, and foot-hills studded with live-oaks. Population about 6,000. Other cities are Lompoc, Carpinteria and Santa Maria.

LEADING CHURCHES OF LOS ANGELES.

BAPTIST.

East Los Angeles—Cor S Workman and Hawkins sts. First—N E cor S Broadway and Sixth sts.

CATHOLIC.

St. Vibiana Cathedral—S Main st near Second. St. Vincent's—Cor Grand Ave and Washington st. La Parochia—The Plaza.

CONGREGATIONAL.

East Los Angeles—N Daly, near Downey ave. First—S W cor Hill and Sixth sts. Plymouth—S side Twenty-first st opp Lovelace ave.

EPISCOPAL.

St. John's—S E cor Figueroa and Adams sts. St. Paul's—S Olive, bet Fifth and Sixth sts.

LUTHERAN.

First English—S E cor Flower and Eighth sts.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Epworth—N W cor Bellevue ave and Centennial st. Bellevue (South) Bellevue ave, near Beaudry ave. First—S side Broadway, bet Third and Fourth sts. Simpson—734 S Hope st. Trinity (South)—E side Broadway, bet Fifth and Sixth University—S W cor Wesley ave and Simpson st.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Boyle Heights—Chicago ave, bet E First & Michigan First—S E cor Second st and Broadway. Immanuel—S E cor Tenth and Pearl sts.

UNITARIAN.

Church of the Unity—N E cor Third and Hill sts.

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"Should Achieve a Phenomenal Success."

"Southern California is an appreciative community. It is an intelligent community, and it has been claimed that the proportion of readers of good literature resident in the several counties south of Tehachepi is greater than that of any population within the same area in the United States. If this is true the LAND OF SUNSHINE should achieve a phenomenal success. It is under the editorial direction of Charles F. Lummis, by all odds the most finished writer on the Pacific Coast and one thoroughly in love with his work. A close observer, a trained journalist, a vivid descriptive writer and an enthusiast in the field he has chosen, Mr. Lummis is well fitted to assume leadership in the new literary school of the west. His medium of expression, although recent, displays the virility and vigor of the elder cult that has its home in the effete east. It is racy of the soil, rich with the flavor of our environment, and breathes the spirit of the aspiring enterprise that is founding an empire on the ruins of the adobe and the romance-haunted missions. The LAND OF SUNSHINE deserves the loyal support of every true Southern Californian, not only because it is a worthy exponent of Southern Californian ambition and purpose, but because it is a creditable reflex of a new and vigorous growth that promises better results than have ever been attained under like conditions."

—*Los Angeles Herald, Editorial, Feb. 4.*

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOTELS.

Space in this column not for sale.

ARROWHEAD SPRINGS.

In the mountains; hot mud baths. \$2.50 per day.

AVALON.

Hotel Metropole—American plan.

CORONADO BEACH.

Hotel del Coronado—Largest in the world; \$3 per day; \$17.50 per week upward.

ECHO MOUNTAIN.

Echo Mountain House—On line of Mount Lowe Railway. Open all the year.

LOS ANGELES.

Hotel Lincoln—First-class family hotel. Second and Hill sts.

Hotel Nadeau—European plan. \$1 per day up.

Hotel Westminster—Strictly first-class.

The Hollenbeck—American and European. Strictly first-class.

MONROVIA.

Grand View Hotel—Rates \$2 per day.

ONTARIO.

Southern Pacific Hotel—First-class.

PASADENA.

Hotel Green—American plan. \$3.50 per day.

Raymond—American plan; winter resort.

POMONA.

Hotel Palomares—First-class throughout.

Keller's Hotel—Rates \$1.25 and \$1.50 per day.

REDLANDS.

Hotel Terracina—Tourist, commanding view of entire valley. \$3 per day; \$17.50 per week up.

Hotel Windsor—Tourist and commercial, centrally located and thoroughly first-class. Rates \$2.50 per day up.

Baker House—Convenient to depot and postoffice. \$1.25 to \$2 per day.

RIVERSIDE.

Arlington Hotel—American plan; \$2.50 per day.

Hotel Glenwood—Strictly first-class house.

The Rowell—\$2 per day.

SAN DIEGO.

Hotel Brewster—Splendidly equipped; American plan. \$2.50 per day and upward.

Hotel Florence—Overlooks bay and ocean; American plan. \$3 per day.

Horton House—Fine cuisine; central location; American plan. \$2 and \$2.50 per day.

SANTA BARBARA.

The Arlington—American plan. \$3 per day.

SANTA MONICA.

Hotel Arcadia—Rates \$3 per day upward.

SAN FRANCISCO HOTELS.

Pleasanton Hotel—American plan; \$3 per day and up.

California Hotel—European plan.

Hotel St. Nicholas—American and European plans.

Palace Hotel—American and European plans.

Mirabeau Hotel—American plan.

"In the Very Fore-Front."

Of the hundreds of magazines and periodicals that come to our desk none have a more cheery, original and pleasing appearance than the "LAND OF SUNSHINE," a youthful but athletic monthly published in Los Angeles, Cal. Its cover of white, gold and black is striking and truly artistic in design. While superbly printed and illustrated, it does not follow the beaten path, and its departures from the conventional methods are in every instance a decided and grateful success. It is not too much to say that in both appearance and substance it is entitled to rank in the very fore front of the long line of magazines. Its editor is Mr. Charles F. Lummis, a young man who has won an enviable literary reputation, and is known to the readers of nearly all the leading magazines. As a writer he possesses a rare individuality, and commands a picturesque, graphic, incisive style that is unique, charming and effective. The "LAND OF SUNSHINE" bears the impress of his wide experience and ability. The Press predicts a rapid, popular and deserved success for this magazine.

—Bristol, Conn., Press, Editorial, Jan. 17.

Southwestern Literature.

The January number of the LAND OF SUNSHINE, a bright Southwestern monthly, published at Los Angeles, California, comes to us in a new dress, and with a new editor. This magazine has just been placed in charge of that bright and famous young American author, Mr. Charles F. Lummis, who has, for years past, furnished the reading world with its best presentations of Southwestern character and customs. It is the intention of Mr. Lummis to build up a typical Southwestern magazine, which will not only contain complete and reliable data as to the material resources and development of that fertile section, but will furnish forth a literary feast composed of the best products from this broad new field—a harvest that lies there, unique, ripe and ungleamed; for, let all men know by these presents, if they have not before been apprised of it, there is a Southwestern literature, just as there is a Southwest. And this is the thing which is to be crystallized and given form by Mr. Lummis in the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Honor to him for this landable work! It is needless to say, "success to him!" for success is the infallible sequence of every effort made by this indefatigable, intellectual athlete.

—New York Daily Dispatch, Jan. 20.

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Las Novedades, of New York, the leading Spanish paper of the
 United States and one of high literary tone and wide influence, has
 this flattering notice in its issue of January 12th:

EL "LAND OF SUNSHINE" Y SU NUEVO DIRECTOR.

Bajo el titulo *LAND OF SUNSHINE* (El pais del Sol) ve la luz en la ciudad de Los
 Angeles, California, una interesantissima revista ilustrada, de la cual nos ha
 llegado el número correspondiente al presente mes de Enero.

Por él vemos que ha aceptado dirección de dicha revista Mr. Charles F. Lummis,
 escritor ilustrado, infatigable, de calor y de uervio, muy favorablemente conocido
 de los lectores españoles por varias de sus obras sobre historia y costumbres del
 Oeste, y una de las cuales, la titulada *The Spanish Pioneers* ("Los precursores
 españoles") le valió las felicitaciones y las gracias de la Real Academia Española.
 Citaremos también, como de particular interés para nuestros lectores, sus libros
 titulados *The Land of poco tiempo*, *A New Mexican David*, *A Tramp Across the
 Continent* y los artículos que está publicando con los Harpers acerca de la América
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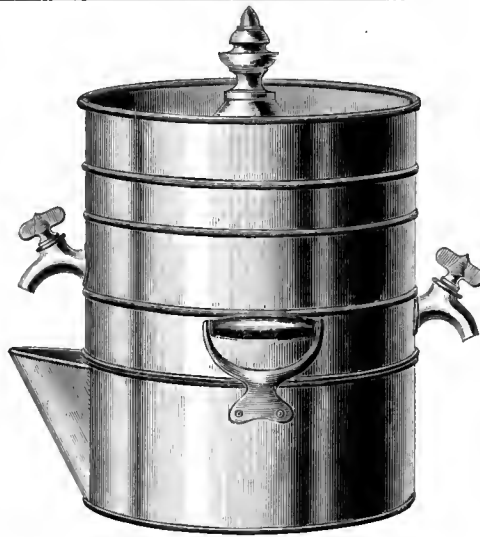
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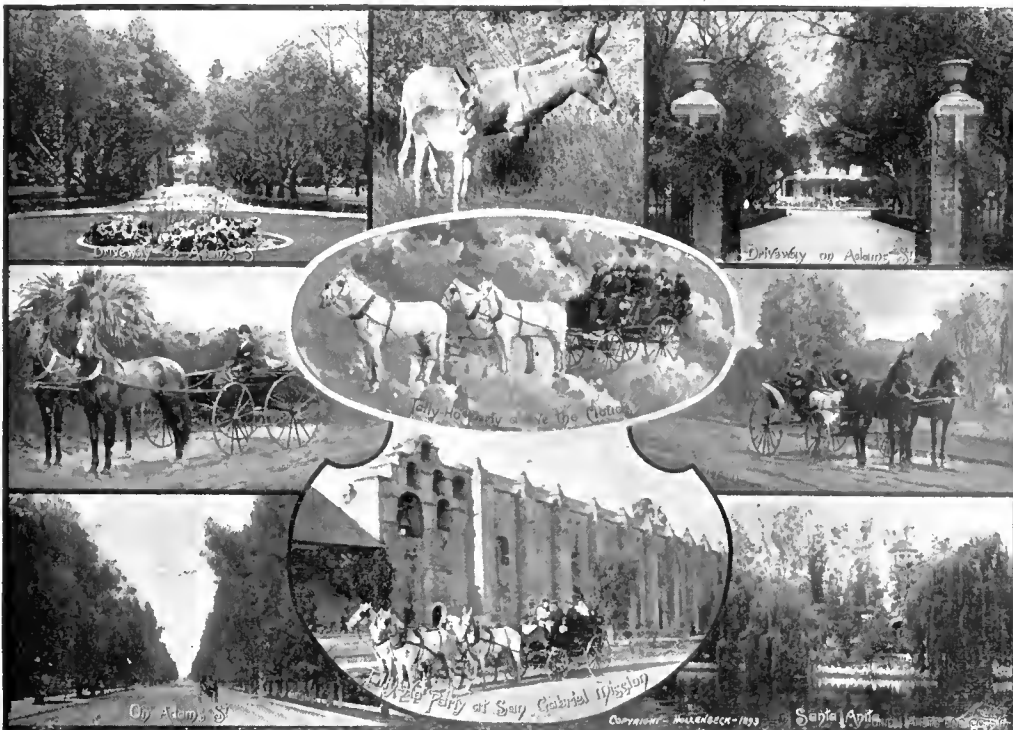
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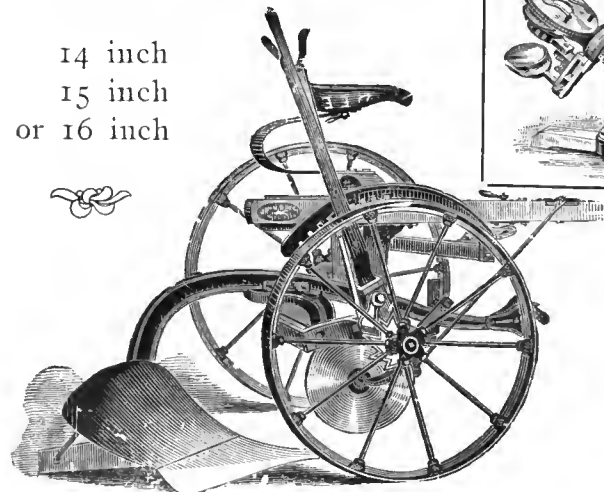
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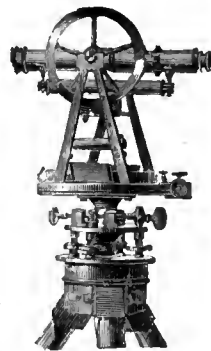
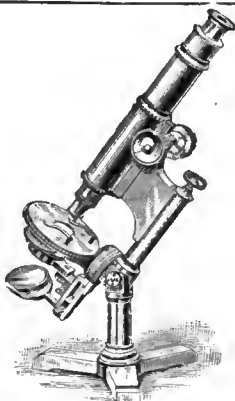
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A MODEL DENTAL PARLOR OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A Significant Showing

The publishers of the LAND OF SUNSHINE have ventured, somewhat timidly it must be confessed, to ascertain the progress which their periodical has made in the local market as compared with the longer established and popular ones of the day.

January was chosen as being the most recent month for the showing. No particular incentive had been given the dealer during this month for pushing the LAND OF SUNSHINE. In fact, January sales had been completed ere it occurred to the publishers to secure a statement from dealers, many of whom have scarcely had time to render a report :

DEALERS	Harper's Magazine	Century	Scribner's	Cosmopolitan	McClure's	Munsey's	Overland	The Traveler	The Land of Sunshine
Fowler & Caldwell, 115 W. Second St., Los Angeles, Cal.	3	8	6	12	3	12	1	2	32
Gardner & Oliver, 104 S. Spring, and 3d and Spring, Los Angeles, Cal.	60	65	70	125	50	500	15	25	527
A. W. Berry, 123 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.	22	23	15	55	25	200	6	5	75
Eclectic Book Store, 2d and Main Sts. Los Angeles, Cal.	15	30	15	30	25	150	5	5	50
Whedon & Webb, 114 W. First St., Los Angeles, Cal.	25	35	15	30	18	80	5	5	50
Hollenbeck News-stand, Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.	8	9	6	15	5	25	3	2	30
E. E. Armour, Pomona, Cal.	5	7	3	15	1	1	2	1	143
Pilleg & Temple, Pomona, Cal.	2	6	2	15	6	3	2	2	155
J. S. Glasscock, Pasadena, Cal.	40	60	25	100	25	100		5	30
Total	180	243	157	397	158	1071	39	52	1092

It must not be inferred from the foregoing that the LAND OF SUNSHINE is simply popular as a novelty to transient customers. The newcomer, it is true, finds it peculiarly adapted to his needs, but so does the resident. Many residents purchase it regularly from the newsdealer, while the subscription receipts which pass through the dealers' hands prove no small item to the publishers.

A legitimate circulation of 6,000 would indicate that the popularity of the LAND OF SUNSHINE at the news-stand was adequately backed up by a subscription list which for a nine-months-old has few parallels. In fact, many subscribers soon find it so interesting in itself and creditable to the land of their choice, that they are not content to enjoy it themselves only, and, unwilling to part with their own monthly copy, they subscribe also for an Eastern relative or friend. The report which at once comes back from the Eastern recipient is so grateful that the local subscriber indulges in a like surprise to another friend, and then another, until the repetition soon becomes unprecedented. It is good, lasting missionary work in the interest of Southern California and the benighted Easterner.

The following people for instance, knew what they were about in subscribing :	
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Geo. Summers ".....	" 3
Grace E. Cody, Pasadena.....	" 3
Jno. P. Fisk, Jr., Redlands.....	" 4
L. H. Bradbeer, Los Angeles.....	" 4
H. W. Latham, ".....	" 5
Dr. H. M. Field, Pasadena.....	" 5
C. D. Willard, Los Angeles.....	yearly subscriptions 5
Hosmer P. McKoon, San Diego.....	" 5
F. W. Braun, Los Angeles.....	" 6
F. K. Rule, ".....	" 6
Jno. W. Wilson, Redlands.....	" 6
Mrs. Edwin Grable, Pasadena.....	" 7
K. C. Wells, Redlands.....	" 10
L. W. Blinn, Los Angeles.....	" 10
Fred Eaton, ".....	" 10
E. S. Sheffield, Santa Barbara.....	" 10
Geo. S. Edwards, ".....	" 15

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Gentlemen:-

We herewith submit to you the following verified statement of our magazine sales during the month of January 1895

Harper's Mag.	60
Century	65
Scribner's	70
Cosmopolitan	125
McClure's	50
Munsey's	500
Overland	15
The Traveler	25
Land of Sunshine	527

Yours Resp.
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Feb. 12 1895

Mr. Charles L. Sumner,

Dear Sir:

Your February editorial on the California line - which, in my opinion, is worth many subscriptions - has caused me to feel that at least three of my eastern friends need have the "Land of Sunshine".

Please send the magazine, beginning with Feb. no.

A VERIFIED CIRCULATION.



An Illustrated Monthly
Published by F. A. Patten & Co., Pasadena, California

Mr. Henry Curtis that we have printed bound, and delivered to F. A. Patten & Co. seven thousand (7000) copies of the January "Land of Sunshine"

King & Gunn & Mearns & Co.
Thomas F. Barrack

State of California
County of Los Angeles } ss

Subscribed and sworn to before me this third day of January 1895



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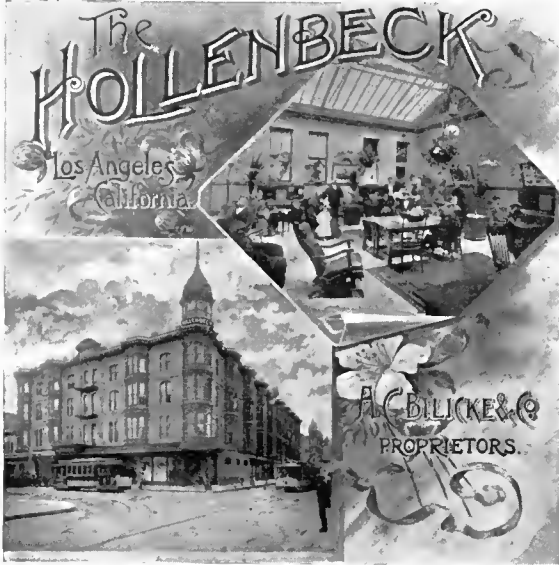
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There may be friends of Mr. Charles F. Lummis who know him as the author of *The Land of Poco Tiempo*, and as a contributor to the *Weekly* and various magazines, who do not know that he is himself the editor of a magazine, now in its second volume, which shows its world a pleasant and prosperous face. Its name is the *LAND OF SUNSHINE*, it is published in Los Angeles, and circulates mainly in Southern California. It calls itself a magazine, but in form it is more like some of our weekly papers, a safer and more reassuring form for a young periodical. It has good articles on local topics, interesting photo-engravings to illustrate them, and a good many very edifying advertisements, some illustrated and some not. It has the merit of being chock-full of its subject—the subject indicated by its name. It brings its locality home to the reader, and a remarkably romantic and interesting locality it is.—*Harper's Weekly*, Feb. 9.

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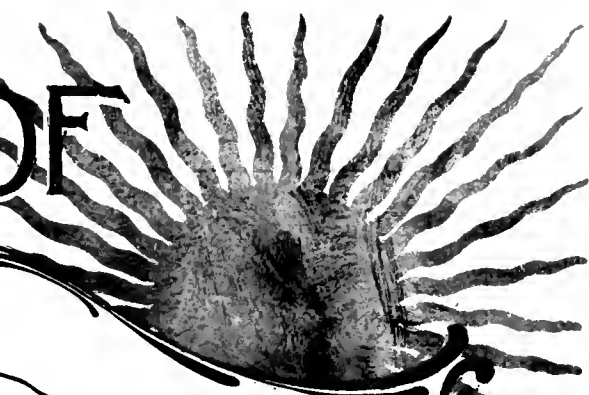
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LOS ANGELES

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

APRIL, 1895



AT THE OLD HACIENDA.

A sentry star peers off the dark
sierra's parapet ;
Across the almond-blossomed league
the breeze is loitering yet ;
And in the dim placita, where
Castilian roses blow,
The cypress beckons-on the dusk,
the fountain plashes low.

Along the old veranda creep
the bolder shadows on,
Where wistful with the gloaming sit
the daughters of the Don—
Their daylong tuneful laughter mute,
their maiden hearts beset
With all the twilight's vague desire,
with all its vague regret.

To-morrow—'tis another day !
Again their laugh shall wake
What echoes live forever young
to laugh for life's young sake ;
For gloom dare not o'erstep the night,
nor wolfish care may roam
In this the patriarchal life—
the very home of Home !

Untainted of the money-lust
that is our modern shame ;
Content as in the far old days
when Padre Serra came ;
Its white adobes face the sun,
its myriad wood-doves call—
Its heart the heart of Mother Spain ;
of Spain before the fall !

C. F. LUMMIS.

A RACE AT THE RANCHERIA.



JUST above the Highland Insane Asylum, where Sand Cañon emerges from the mountains, a little Indian settlement nestles among the brushy hills. Its people are a remnant of the Ser-rauos, with a smattering from the Coahuilas and other tribes. Some years ago the Government reserved for them a square mile —first making sure, however, that these hills were not good enough for white folk.

Every self-respecting Indian of mature years at the rancheria owns at least one pony, one white shirt and one dog. They are not only Americans by birth and lineage, but even fly the stars and stripes from a sycamore sapling on every festal occasion. The younger generation manifests its patriotism by indulging in base-ball. An occasional day's labor for some fruit-grower brings the means to supply their simple needs; and, if contentment is riches, they are wealthy.

Whatever may have been primary cause and ceremonial of their autumnal *fiesta*, it is now a reflection of the sports of the ubiquitous pale-face. Each September adds a new feature. This time it was a bicycle—not one of the modern style, but an old high-wheeler. Pedals it once had, but nothing now remained save their shanks. It was presented to one of the Indians by a sinister white man—the gift being prompted by that same philanthropy which has supplied the vanishing race with defective firearms and bad vaccine virus.

Just how to operate the machine without pedals may have puzzled its former owner, but not young José Zalvidea—for the topography of the reservation at once suggested. Not that Joe had ever seen a roller-coaster; for the only kind of coasting practiced in that sunny locality is "slab-sliding"—that is, riding a pine slab down a grassy hill.

Joe lived with his father, José Zalvidea, Sr., in a white-washed adobe a little way up the slope; the sire a widower, the son a bachelor. The young man was not without ideas—nor yet without an ideal. Over at San Gorgonio dwelt a black-eyed maiden whose name, as Anglicized at the Government school, was Louisa.

Joe knew that she would be at the *fiesta*. He had heard of tournaments where the victor crowns the Queen of Love and Beauty. If he could distinguish himself during the carnival it might improve the chances of bringing Louisa to cook charqui in his lonely adobe.

The day of the *fiesta* came at last. Capitan Manuel, assisted by the younger Indians, had constructed a wide-spreading canopy of sycamore boughs over the grand-stand, and "Old Glory" wagged on the breeze. A dozen ponies picketed on the hill-sides, and three worn vehicles in the lee of the Captain's domicile told that some had come from far. Two or three impromptu horse races beguiled the morning, while Pete Conejo fingered his accordeon with grim perseverance.

The program was to be formally opened at 10 o'clock by Monte Salez in a downhill dash on his buckskin bronco

against the field; the course being from the cienega down the winding wagon-road, past the grand-stand to the wash; distance about six hundred yards. The field was an unknown quantity, but was understood not to be horseflesh. It could not be old Charley on his blue donkey, for this unique pair stood in review just back of the baling rope which defined the race-track where it passed the grand-stand. Neither could it be Antonio Largo, the sprinter, for he stood hard by the donkey, faultlessly clad in blue overalls and a swallow-tail coat of an uncertain period.

At the hour, Monte was directed to proceed to the cienega where he would find his contestant. It was none other than Joe, already mounted on his wheel, which was curbed by his younger brother.

At a signal the race commenced. For fifty yards it seemed that the buckskin must win. The spurs had no substitute with the wheelman. He had only to guide—and wait. At the turn of the road the grade increased; the bicycle was gaining momentum. Joe had been over the course before. On he went, his speed increasing as the square of the distance. He would catch the buckskin at the grand-stand, and pass him in the remaining fifty yards. His hat was gone and his black hair stood out behind at a slight upward angle. One foot pointed toward the Asylum, the other toward the sea. As they neared the grand-stand he was just on the heels of the buckskin; and a great yell went up as it was seen that the two would come abreast between the lines of spectators.

But the buckskin had once been overtaken by a runaway in San Bernardino. A glimpse of Joe's wheel and the simultaneous terrific yell were too much for him. With a mighty snort he shied against one of Captain Manuel's cottonwoods with such force that he was thrown backward and down in the race-track. His rider described an upward curve through the low branches, and alighted disastrously. Then Joe's phantom wheel arrived. Joe went higher and farther than the machine did. The latter's small wheel knocked old Charley from his donkey, and the "backbone" hooked across the burro's back.

Those who are intimate with the burro know that under certain circumstances he can snort louder, run faster, buck quicker and kick harder than the horse. So now did this one. As he started to run, the pedal-shanks caught Largo's spike-tailed coat in such wise that Largo unavoidably followed the burro. Finding that he could not well run, he bucked; then he kicked. Largo had managed to slip off one sleeve of the coat, and in a second more would have been free; but the burro's first kick carried away several spokes of the large wheel—and, by one of those strange accidents which never happen twice, his hind leg took the place of Largo's arm in the empty sleeve. What occurred during the next thirty seconds cannot be clearly stated, but burro, bicycle and Largo went on with the course. Then Largo became disengaged, and the burro, bicycle and coat continued, till they were presently lost in distance and dust.

We left Joe in the air, but of course he did not stay there. In fact, he fell into the very arms of Louisa; and embraced the opportunity—and the damsel, whom he led a willing captive to inspect the adobe, over which she agreed to preside.

WM. M. BRISTOL.

SAN FERNANDO MISSION BY MOONLIGHT.

Two of us were in that beautiful Ventura valley—Santa Clara of the South—one afternoon in early November. Sloping down the rich lands from the ranch-house toward the river were a hundred acres of full-fruited orange and lemon trees, large as the ancient apple trees of the Connecticut valley. The scent of the lemon flowers came up the hill, on the wings of sea breezes from the Pacific and mingled with the old-fashioned flowers in the garden. Twilight came, the full moon rose, we two sat and listened to the pioneer telling stories of how he began to plant seedling oranges and lemons in his cornfield twenty years before, and all his neighbors laughed him to scorn. Now, he ships fifty carloads of citrus fruits to market every year.

Presently the carriage came to the door; we were going to take a train, and we should have to wait three hours at a station on the main line.

A happy thought came to us. We would not permit ourselves to be left at Saugus, or Newhall; we would go down to San Fernando, on the main line, and look for that famous Mission. The moon was high in the heavens when we came to the straggling railroad village of San Fernando. Somewhere, toward the river, we did not know how far away, was the old Mission; the crumbling ruins of church, workshops, dormitories and dwellings of priests and Indians a century ago. We left our satchels in the station, and proceeded to acquire information from the natives. At the frontier hotel two guileless youths thought that the Mission was three miles distant. They had never been there; it was a very dusty walk, and there was no livery stable; the Spaniards were all dead, anyhow. The clerk in the store was even more openly scornful. If people wanted to see a pile of mud, there it was, somewhere across the plain, but the idea of walking there was absurd. It might be a mile—it might be three. Who knew or cared?

All this delighted Charlotte, who enjoys uncertainties, and we started along a wide, unfenced country road leading west over a dry plain. Pretty soon some lads in a farm



Cal. Eng. Co. GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS. Shaffner, Photo.

wagon overtook us. They had guns, and a pile of hay, and were going away out on the mesa to camp and shoot rabbits by moonlight. A little later they would be camping down by the lagunes, such nights, to shoot ducks. They were going right past the Mission, so we climbed aboard and sat down on the hay.



Union Eng. Co. LOOKING DOWN THE CORIDOR. Shaffner, Photo.

Far-off trees that the padres had planted, made gloom along the horizon. Above them, set apart, rose walls and roofs, dim pillars, broken mounds that seemed like one's imaginings of the ruins of Nineveh. We leave the farm wagon, and it disappears. We stand alone in front of the great arches of the main Mission building. We walk about the massive group of buildings until the scope of the original plan is fully revealed. The old church, the protecting walls and ranges of cells, the pil-

lared walks, the wide-arched porches, the famous fountain, the high-walled olive grove and garden across a barranca, all unite at last in sight and understanding, and live forever in the memory.

The old church, which I have never seen fairly photographed or described, is more impressive in its ruins than any other Mission building I have visited. It is roofless except for huge, square timbers of pine stretching across it according to the massive system of the time, when girders, rafters, and roof-beams were often eighteen inches square. They were made to support closely-woven branches, clay, and overlapping tiles of great weight. They seemed to hang far distant, a part of the very skies, as we walked underneath, and a startled owl flew past the moon overhead. The mounds of debris in the doorways fill them so that one stoops to go through, but the body of the church—where the Indians knelt on the earthen floor—is more than a hundred feet long, and so wide and high that when we climbed up a winding rift to one of the window arches and looked down, it was like looking into the empty hull of an ocean clipper. Blind arches upon the



Union Eng. Co. INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH. Waite, Photo.

sides, and square tiled columns were the only architectural ornaments.

Pillars, some round, others square, built up of the same reddish tiles that formed the bases of the porch arches elsewhere, stand west of the church front. Behind it are scattered Spanish graves and a few of more recent date, surrounded with rude coping of broken tiles. The ground falls sharply away to the barranca, at the bottom of which a stream, that once made the surrounding plain blossom, trickles past cattle pens and slaughter yards. Beyond the stream are great and old olive trees, and palms rise high above them against the mid-night sky. A thousand interesting things are half concealed, half revealed in the moonlight, as we wander through the scattered piles of adobe that dot the ridges and hollows of the wrinkled plain. The round gourds of the desert, and the flowers of the prickly pear, run wild from Mission hedges, grow in hollows strewn deep with broken tiles. As we pace through the wide, tile-floored porch, and swing with half-frightened hands the old Mission bell in one of the arches, faint voices steal out through the curving iron bars of the monastery cells where culprits were, perhaps, punished in days long past; the herdsmen of an American rancher who uses a part of the great tile-roofed building for his servants, are talking together in the darkness.

Slowly, as the hours pass, and the large southern moon floods the whole mighty group of ruins, the glory of it

grows upon us. We forget the lesser elements; we become silent in the presence of an epoch that has forever departed. The walls loom up, massive and enormous, and while from some points they seem restored to their original luster, from others they might easily belong to some past of a thousand years ago. Always, however, they express themselves clearly—years upon years of patient self-sacrifice, labor for a high and noble purpose, are written here. How many miles across treeless mountains and rugged ravines did the Mission Indians journey under priestly guidance to the scattered forests of the coast before these laboriously reared

piles were roofed! The religious community, the ruins of whose settlement are here, laid its foundations by many years of the most devoted toil; and half a century of neglect and ruin only strengthens the impression. A few tawdry American sheds hang about the place like Arab tents among the ruins of Baalbec.

We walked back across the gray plain, wishing that this proud young State of California would pause long enough in her material development to

throw a wall of protection about all of the Mission ruins, before they become shapeless mounds, to our perpetual disgrace. The straggling village, with its loud saloons and belated roysterers, broke the spell, and we sat sleepily in the station until our train swept with us northward, across the whirling November sands.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



Cal. Eng. Co.

A NEGLECTED CORNER.

H. M. Linsley, Photo.

THE CALIFORNIA LION.



Of all animate creation, science recognizes the cat family as the most perfect workmanship. No other animal—not even Man—is so unimprovably adjusted to its environments, so absolutely fitted for the life it has to lead. Even evolution, the supreme, slow Afterthought, has found nothing to better in the *felidae*. The horse has surrendered eighty per cent. of his toes; the elephant has added several cubits to his nose. The illogical monkey has lost ninety-eight per cent. of his hair and incurred tailor's bills. The dog—did you ever halt to consider how he has been made over, by environment, from his grandfather wolf? He is another creature in voice, in look, in every fiber of his nature; and though his standard of morals is lower than that of any other quadruped (due, no doubt, to the company he keeps), he has, after all, brought a certain self-respect and honor upon his servitude.

But the cat is another story. No other animal has

remained so unchanged through the geologic æons; no other is so unchangeable now. Domesticated for as many millenniums as the dog—and therefore far longer than any other quadruped—he stands in look, in motion, in dignity and independence unchanged from the beginning of the world. He is today the most archaic of all living types; and to the scientist that means that the type was practically perfect. If there had been any room for improvement, Nature would have found it out a few million years ago. He is still a tiger, whatever his size; loving his family and his friends but owning no master, never a sycophant, always independent and a hunter.

In despite of the closet naturalist and the traveled confounder, mankind from its own infancy has half unconsciously realized this feline perfection. In all ages and all climes the greatest cat has ranked as "king of beasts." The Hottentot in his kraal, the Inca in his cyclopean fortress, the literature of every civilized nation—all have agreed in this one point as upon few others.

The greatest cat of the Western Hemisphere is the jaguar, the most beautiful animal, superficially, in the world. But he is the American tiger, not a lion, in appearance and in character. He is burliest of all the *felidae*, and terrible as a Royal Bengal.

The American lion is *felis concolor*—the puma, cougar, mountain-lion or California lion. His build is essentially leonine, not tigerish; and so are his color and his character. He is most supple of all the great cats. The lithic body and lack of mane make him a very different presence from his old-world namesake; but he is very much like the African lioness.

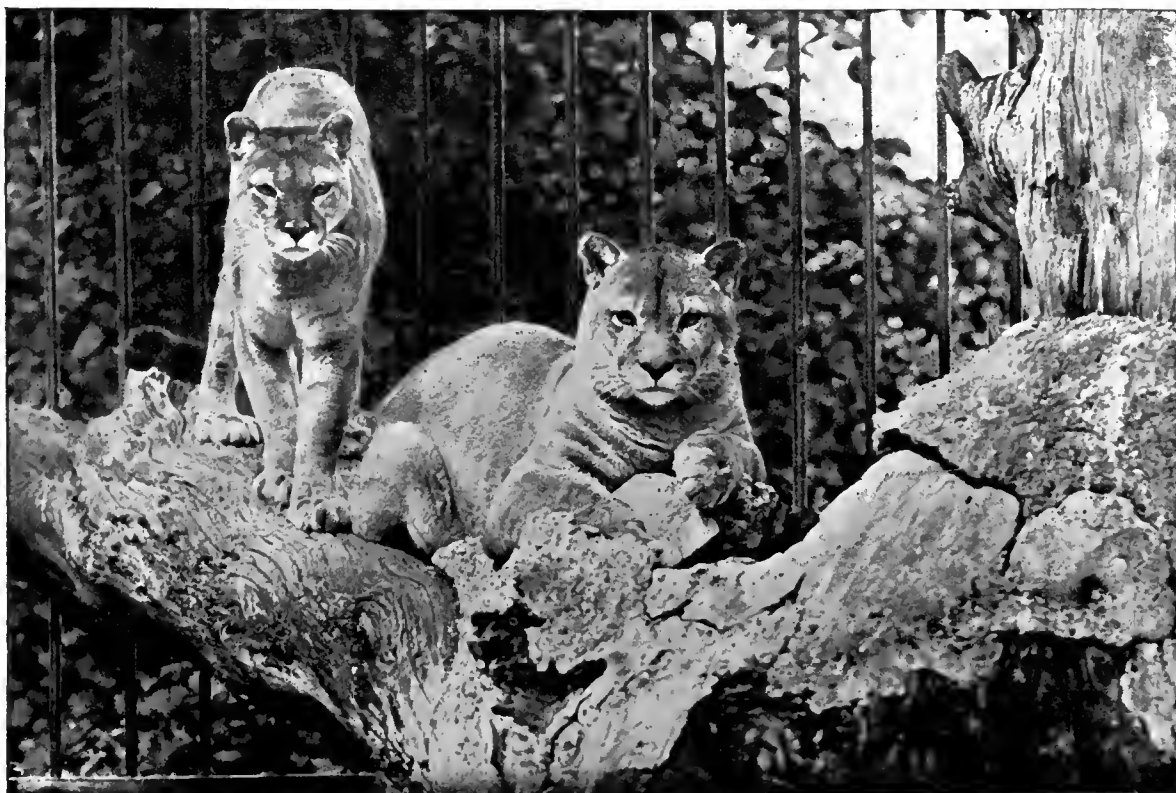
The day of the Buffons is gone. Natural history—like some other things—is being written nowadays by men who know what they write; and with the field-student at work, we are beginning to get at the common-sense of it. Such sane writers—among the most recent popular ones—as W. T. Hornaday and J. Hampden Porter are clearing away the impossible romances and equally impossible injustices of arm-chair literature. Mr. Porter's newly-issued work, "Wild Beasts"—from which, by the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons, we are enabled to publish the accompanying admirable photo-engraving of the puma in captivity—is so eminently sensible, thoughtful and interesting a book that it deserves to be widely read.

The California lion is not a coward and not a fool. He has learned what civilized man is; he *sabes* "gun." The reflections upon his honor because he has learned this lesson are not creditable to the intelligence of his critics. All the higher animals have learned it, and have become prudent within half a century; only the bull and the average man continue to charge upon the red rag and cold steel of Fate.

I know the puma not only in the cage but in his habitat; and every student with that acquaintance respects not only his armature but his character. Barring the jaguar (which does not range north of Mexico) he is the most beautiful creature in the New World; the most graceful, the most dignified, the most superbly competent. He is the highest type of sinewy strength, of agility, of dexterity, of balanced power. Stalking his prey, he is more graceful than a perfect woman, and inevitable as the End. In repose, he is the last word of contained force. Noblest of all is he when

he promenades—"walking with himself," as my *paisano* friends have it; *paseandose*, not for prey, but just for joy of his legs. I have studied all the large animals of the New World in their native haunts; and there is none other so lordly. The jaguar, for all his peerless beauty of hide, is a lubber afoot compared to the puma. No cat can be called clumsy—but Don Jaguar is a burly prize-fighter beside the lithe magic of the Puma.

Felis concolor is practically a Spanish-American—for while he is of the same species as the Eastern panther, only a closet naturalist educated on stuffed skins could confound the two. He ranges throughout the Rockies from Montana to New Mexico; and thence on south all the way to Chile—and even further. And since human life first began on this continent, the puma has been revered by his aboriginal neighbors. He is still the highest fetich of the Pueblos, as he was of the Incas; and his sculptured image is among



Loaned to LAND OF SUNSHINE by Charles Scribner's Sons.

PUMA, OR CALIFORNIA LION.

Photo by Gambier Bolton. Copyright, 1894, by Charles Scribner's Sons

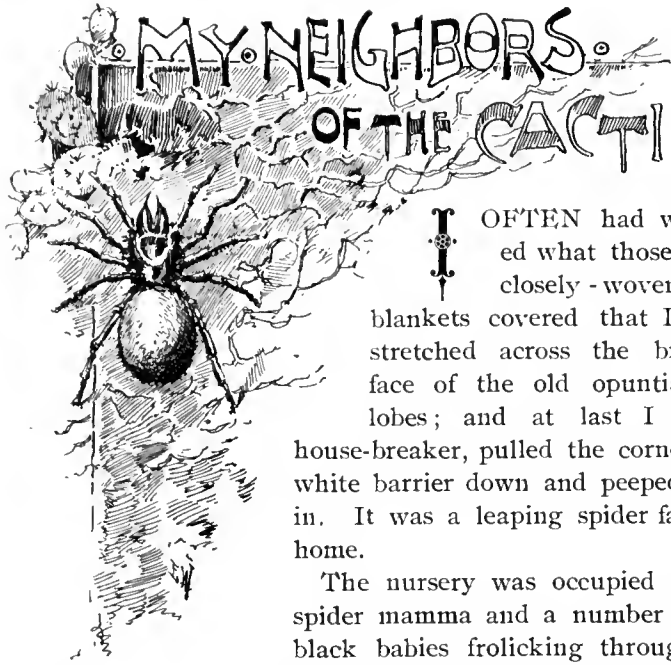
the prehistoric ruins all the way from Colorado to Peru.

It is curious that the bear should have been chosen as the California emblem. It is not distinctive—for no other quadruped is so universally distributed. There are bears in every country in the world except the few where civilization has exterminated them. And a generation ago there were bears in every State of the Union. The adoption anyhow of so clumsy, uncleanly, monkey-brained, hoglike and hog-rooting a brute, probably the least respectable of all the feral types—a grub-digging, berry-picking, bee-robbing, carrion-contented duffer—is hardly more creditable to the observation of the electors than our national choice of the thievish bird whose last claims to romance or even respect were laughed out of court by Mayne Reid a generation ago, and will never be rehabilitated.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

OUT-OF-DOOR STUDIES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Third Paper.



I OFTEN had wondered what those white, closely-woven little blankets covered that I found stretched across the bristling face of the old opuntia tuna lobes; and at last I turned house-breaker, pulled the corner of a white barrier down and peeped within. It was a leaping spider family's home.

The nursery was occupied by the spider mamma and a number of jet-black babies frolicking through the meshes. There were, besides, several "cute" little cottony caps, or cases; circular, pure white, thickened until they were about the size of one's smallest finger-nail, and opening like a clam-shell. These were the cradles, and they were packed with faintest amber-pink eggs. I removed one of the cases and pried it apart, when it opened with a queer smothered click, disclosing its contents; but the instant I loosed my hold of its edges it closed swiftly with a soft snap, and I was bothered to find again the jewel's hinge, so completely was it enveloped in floating floss.

It was with difficulty that I parted the web from the lobe to secure it for study. Every filament had great adhesiveness, so that it clung at a touch; and finally I transferred it to a wild buckwheat twig, as an only alternative. A few of the spider children, also, were captured, placed in a box and borne away; but the shining dark mother evaded pursuit and dropped from sight into the heart of the thicket. For a number of days I passed that way and examined the lobe, to discover if she returned to her rifled shelter and remaining egg-sacs, but I never saw her; and I brought up the orphans as tenderly as possible by hand.

I found this gossamer blanket-stuff a beautiful substance, fleecy and hugging the cradle-caps like down. One almost could envy a family reposing in such luxurious bed-chambers. I separated a number of the cases and hung them, unopened, on the wall, each suspended by its own silken cord, so elastic that it reminded me of an endless cable. On a velvet background they formed a dainty picture.

Had all the hundreds of closely-packed eggs in those diminutive receptacles produced life I should have been distracted; for no other spiders, from numerous families, ever have scaled so persistently to the top of things. So long as they were prisoners in the box I constantly was pushing them back. They galloped up its sides, they clung to its brim and peered over at the world; they seemed to raise themselves visibly on tiptoe and would have leaped head-long into space had I not been incessantly on guard. When

they started to run, they first reared themselves on end and threw their speckled bodies forward with great impetus; and no effort could possibly result in dropping them into a bottle. They dangled by invisible threads, lax lines that allowed them to swing freely; and if by any means they could reach my finger, the blade of a knife or a small twig, they capered its length as though it was a great treat, hurling themselves from every new height fearlessly and repeatedly, like genuine acrobats.

Under a cactus thicket in a cañon I one day came upon a trap-door spider's house which I thought empty. Lifting the silken-padded lid which covered the clay tube, I discovered in the depths of the burrow a hairy, dark spider, while around her scores of tiny eggs were fixed. Procuring the nest, I planted it to suit my convenience; and at the end of a fortnight I had half-a-hundred almost infinitesimal spider babies on my hands: pale, soft and portly—with their eight legs, their bodies hardly were so big as grains of rice—and showing a lovely silvered amber-color that was fascinating. I removed the family to glass; and for hours each day I enjoyed the antics of the midgets as they sprawled over an ample spread of paper in the sun. They were like human babies in many ways. They used their little legs in all sorts of strengthening gymnastics, frisking, rolling, climbing; and they took the most comical naps at frequent intervals, awakening refreshed and in great glee. Then I would scrape them up on the blade of a knife, and return them to their kindred.

Through five days I made my prisoners offerings of fresh meat tidbits; but all were refused. The little ones chased swiftly in their glass enclosure; or sat up on their mother's body, especially about her thighs, looking like seed-pearls against her glossy coat. But gradually Mistress Spider was contracting in size, and the numbers of the young ones diminished surprisingly. I began to feel anxiety lest I was withholding some spider necessity; and repeated scrutiny of the colony did not lessen my fears. At last the mother scarcely was more than a compact ball that did not relax in the least as I stirred her; and only two spider children remained, of the active fifty. I concluded, with many misgivings, that the parent—succumbing to pangs of hunger—must have devoured her progeny to escape starvation.

I seized the bottle and hastened out to a dry knoll under blazing sun. A cactus clump formed one of its boundaries, and it looked not unlike the knoll in the cañon from which *Cteniza Californica* had come. I took a final survey of the contents of the glass; then, reluctantly, I turned the meagre remnant of a family adrift.

Presto, what a change! Within five seconds—as soon as Madame *Cteniza* felt solid earth beneath her and open air above—she expanded to twice her contracted dimensions, set all those unfolded hairy legs in motion, and a full swarm of little live pink bodies appeared, crawling over the hot earth as if they knew its touch and that it was their natural element.

ESTELLE THOMSON.

LA FIESTA DE LOS ANGELES, 1895.

(Illustrations from Photographs by Chas. F. Lummis.)



Cal. Eng. Co. | A FIGURE IN THE FIESTA.

SINCE it is meant that the Fiesta de Los Angeles, inaugurated in 1894, shall be a permanent yearly carnival, the managers have been wise in concluding to give it a distinctive and significant character. The mummeries prevalent in New Orleans and St. Louis are all right, but would be equally appropriate anywhere else on earth. There is no particular Rex in the United States, nor have pretzels and Proteus any necessary relationship.

The Fiesta de Los Angeles will be a carnival with as much display as the average imported carnival, and much more historic reason and dramatic interest. Its basic feature this year will be a Pageant of the Pacific, illustrating the aboriginal civilizations of the West Coast of America, the Spanish conquest, and the new era in California. It will be just such an object lesson as has never before been seen in the country;

a pageant second to none in gorgeousness, and historically correct. The plans of the Artistic Committee have been carried out by a highly competent artist under expert specifications by a recognized authority, with strict attention to historic and scientific accuracy of detail, and with generous scope in the matter of expense.

The Fiesta this year runs from the 15th to the 20th of April, inclusive. Not to dwell on the host of other attractive features, which will be sufficiently advertised and need no explanation, something may be set forth here of the significance of the historic pageant.

The theme goes back over 500 years to begin with the Gilded Man (El Dorado) of New Granada, the most famous and romantic myth in the New World—a myth which was once fact. The first float will present this Cacique of the Guatavitá Indians—pitched from head to foot with aromatic gums, and then thickly dusted over with pure gold-dust and nuggets—putting out on the raft with his companion priests to take the sacrificial plunge in the sacred lake. The procession will be fitly headed by this striking character who not only was directly responsible for the exploration of half a continent but has made his name a proverb in the mouth of millions. El Dorado has become a fixture in



Union Eng. Co

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THE DESCENDANTS OF THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

every civilized language, if comparatively few realize the actual meaning of the phrase.

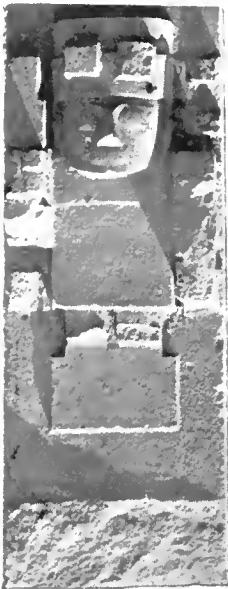
Next in the pageant will come the Incas—those wonderful aborigines of Peru who had reached by themselves the highest civilization ever attained by Indians. Three typical Inca scenes will be reproduced. First, the presentation of the newborn Huascar by his father the Inca to the great idol and to the rejoicing populace who dance about the float holding the huge golden chain made in honor of the event

—as described by Garcilaso de la Vega, Cieza de Leon and other commentators. Second, the capture of Atahualpa, the chief Inca, by Pizarro—the brilliant and decisive episode of Caxamarca, the keynote to the conquest of Peru. Third, "The Golden Ransom;" with Atahualpa a prisoner in his own house, and his followers bringing in the loads of golden vessels with which he had promised to fill the large room as high as he could reach. This ransom in fact netted the conquerors \$7,000,000. In these scenes the astonishing Inca cyclopean architecture, the dazzling costumes and other historical accessories will be scrupulously reproduced from ancient documents, from photographs made by Mr. Lummis during his explorations of Peru and Bolivia, and



Cal. Eng. Co.

COMMUNAL ARCHITECTURE OF THE PUEBLOS.



Union Eng. Co.
AN INCA "IDOL."

from actual costumes and other articles exhumed by him from the tombs of Inca mummies.

The Aztecs of Mexico, who have always ranked next to the Incas both in development and in romantic interest, will also be presented in three tableaux. The first will show Montezuma, the great War-Chief of the Mexican federation, sitting in state—exactly reproduced from old documents in the National Museum of Mexico. The second will present the great scene of human sacrifice, with an exact reduced copy of one of the huge teocalli or sacrifice-pyramids, the grim idol of the war-god Huitzilopochtli, the stone altar, etc., with the hideously disfigured priest about to immolate his victim. The third Aztec tableau will show the siege of Mexico by Cortez; an actual building of that day in the strange city in the Lake of Tezcuco being represented, defended by its Nahuatl warriors and assailed by the invincible Cortez, the golden-haired knight Alvarado, and their little army.

Thence the scene changes to our own Southwest and its romantic prehistoric peoples. An exact representation of one of the famous cliff-dwellings will be peopled with actual descendants of the Cliff-dwellers, repelling an attack of the Apaches. Next will come a correct model of one of the stupendous communal houses of the ancient Pueblos, accompanied by actual Pueblos in their picturesque national costume. In connection with this tableau will be introduced the priest-scout Fray Marcos of Nizza, who discovered New Mexico and Arizona in 1539; and that greatest of North American explorers, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, who discovered the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, most of New Mexico, Colorado, Indian Territory and Kansas, 355 years ago.

Representation will also be given the Colorado river Indians and their peculiar architecture, both little changed since Bernal Diaz and Castañeda described them.

The next epoch will be the entry of the Franciscan missionaries to California over a century ago, and the founding of the Missions whose noble piles are our most romantic possession. Then the happy, patriarchal life of the Spanish occupation, with fair señoritas and dashing cavaliers, hacendados and vaqueros. Then the great gold discovery, with an accurate reproduction of Sutter's Mill, and a typical

mining scene. Other Pacific topics will also be treated—from Robinson Crusoe away down on Juan Fernandez, up to the cold Aleut; and there will be gorgeous allegorical tableaux of the New Era in this modern Garden of Eden.

The twelve historic aboriginal tableaux, being based in architecture, accessories, and costuming, upon full documentary and illustrative specifications by Mr. Lummis, will have no excuse for falling short of historic accuracy. He has also induced a number of Pueblo Indians (among whom he lived and studied five years) to take part in the pageant. Only once before has a representative band of these most interesting aborigines—men, women and children—ever left New Mexico; and never has such a company been seen in the East.

The other days of the Fiesta will be crowded with diversified pleasures, with full liberty of carnival, but with

strict prevention of objectionable license. The city government will be dethroned at the outset, and during the week the Queen of Carnival and her court will hold full sway. Among the largest attractions of the daily programs may be mentioned Children's Day, with a parade of 10,000 school children; two grand concerts, with chorus of 500 voices; parades of trades, man-

ufactures, etc., and of military and civic bodies; California Day, with floats from all Southern California, Central California and San Francisco; a

magnificent Floral Pageant and Battle of Flowers; a burlesque tournament by electric light; a grand Carnival ball; All-Fools' Night, with its fun; running-races at Agricultural Park—and many other unusual attractions. Many representative bodies from all over the West will participate in the Fiesta; and to Californians the fact that San Francisco will take a hand is significant of the importance of the occasion. It will be a week in which Los Angeles may be proud to welcome every one to—"come and have a good time, before you forget how."



Union Eng. Co. AT TIAHUANACO, BOLIVIA.
INCA MONOLITHIC DOORWAY AND A DESCENDANT OF THE INCAS.



Herve Friend, Eng.
THE AZTEC WAR-GOD,
HUITZILOPOCHTLI.

FRANK VAN VLECK.

THE CAMPBELL COLLECTION OF BASKETS.

PREMATURE travelers have counted the Japanese the best basket-makers in the world; but this is one-sided. In versatility they probably merit the rank;



Collier Eng. Co. PLATE NO. 1. Ellis, Photo

but they never wove any such perfect baskets as the far less civilized Coast Indians of California have been turning out for centuries. Outside the Pueblo Indians, the aborigines of the Southwest ran more to basketry than to pottery. The reason is not an obscure one—the Pueblos were house-dwellers, and could care for crockery; the other tribes were homeless nomads, who found it necessary to make their utensils portable and not liable to breakage.

The Apache and other Arizona baskets are decorative, thanks to their geometric designs; but their weaving compares with the finest Coast product about as a gunny-sack with Valenciennes lace. The Northern California baskets are particularly beautiful, by reason of their wonderful decoration in feathers and wampum; but it is the Tulare basket for which the connoisseur is readiest to “break his neck.”

Of late years a tremendous vogue has sprung up in the collection of Coast Indian baskets. Probably no other one hobby has been ridden so furiously here. There is no side of the collecting mania which shows more beautiful results—and perhaps none which faster “runs into money.” A California basket can be bought for \$2—but it is not what the enthusiast cares for. His specimens have a market value of \$25 to \$200 each. Not less than 50 baskets, each absolutely perfect in its class, are required to make an expert collection; and that means no trifling expense.

A great many beautiful collections of California basketry have been made here; some by Eastern amateurs who have carried their trophies home and are still sending for more, and a large number by residents who are “laying up treasures in”—well, next door to it.

Probably the finest basket collection now in Southern California is that of W. D. Campbell, a curio dealer whose all is not for sale. He has been seven years collecting his

specimens, beginning with the purchase of the fine baskets of Dr. F. A. Palmer. Since that first windfall he has purchased several other valuable collections of baskets; besides adhering to whatever precious specimen fell into his hands as the largest dealer on the Coast.

It is hopeless to try to tell anyone who has never seen a California basket of the highest grade anything about the wonderful beauty of these products, into which went the whole art instinct of an undeveloped race. No other basket in the world rivals them in rich, deep harmony of coloring, in artistic design, in infinitesimal perfectness of “stitch.” And the older they grow, the more beautiful. Their patterns—all borrowed from surrounding Nature; from the lightnings, the mountains, the rattlesnake, etc.—are surprisingly effective; their schemes of color in faultless taste. An old basket inevitably reminds one of a rich mosaic.

These exquisite artifacts served a variety of prosaic uses. It is almost invariably true of the aborigine everywhere that nothing he made was of too humble destiny to be conscientiously and decoratively done; and the student thinks oftenest of those deep lines on “the elder days of art” when “the gods saw everywhere.” Certain classes of baskets were for fetching water; others for boiling it (by putting in heated stones); others for storing acorns and seeds; others—the little round bowls, like Nos. 2 and 7, plate 3—for caps. The huge placque in plate 1 is a gambling board, and the finest specimen known.



Herve Friend, Eng. PLATE NO. 2. Ellis, Photo.

There are two primary divisions of California baskets; the soft-wove or flexible (mostly made by the northern tribes), in which the “reed” or warp is vertical, and the fine woof horizontal; and the hard-wove, a southern product, in which that order is exactly reversed. As a rule, the latter class are the most durable, handsome and valuable.

Shapes and sizes vary astonishingly, and so does the “stitch.” In fact, no two baskets were ever just alike. A basket with 20 strands to the inch is already high priced, but some run up to 35—and very rarely to 50—to the inch. The Campbell collection



Collier, Eng. PLATE NO. 3. Ellis, Photo.

has one astonishing specimen with 53 strands to the inch.

ESCHSCHOLTZIAS.

PALE, sleepy children, tucked for naps
 In little slender, pointed caps,
 Their dainty skirts of cream close-rolled
 In many a soft and lapping fold ;

Or gay coquettes, with laughing faces
 And orange gowns, in sunny places
 Flashed out and dazzling, quaint and
 bold—

These are eschscholtzias' cups of gold.

ESTELLE THOMSON.



HOW THE "POPPIES" CAME.

THE angels saw one region where
 More sunshine lingered than its
 share ;

And came, with each a heaven-white
 cup,

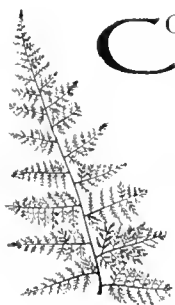
To dip the yellow surplus up.

No sooner brimmed with it—behold,
 The cups themselves were turned to
 gold !

And here they lie, upturning still
 Their gold for golden skies to fill.

SADIE B. METCALFE.

AN EXQUISITE DECORATIVE ASPARAGUS.



CONFESSEDLY one of the oldest of garden plants, asparagus was cultivated 200 years B. C. Pliny mentions a sort near Ravenna with heads weighing a pound. It is a native of Great Britain, Russia, and Poland, and grows wild in many parts of Europe.

Besides being a delicious vegetable, it was, as we all know, highly prized by our grandmothers as a decorative plant. Who does

not remember the old-fashioned parlors feathered with it every summer? The yawning fire-place screened with its welcome green? The inevitable center-table with a generous bouquet of it? How it graced the mantle-piece, and hung over the pictures as a resting place for the gregarious fly! It was the companion of horsehair furniture, wax flowers and hair wreaths, and many other things of long ago that the evolution of taste has done away with.

The decorative and fashionable asparagus of today is a new and beautiful form. Several climbing varieties, natives of Southern Africa, are now grown for decorative purposes. They were first introduced into cultivation in 1876, but were not generally known until the last few years.

Asparagus tenuissimus is the most largely cultivated, as it is easily increased by cuttings. It is remarkable for its filmy foliage, gemmed with small, starry, white flowers at certain seasons. It is very beautiful for bouquets, is a fine climber for the conservatory, and does well in sheltered locations outdoors.

Asparagus Sprengeri is very distinct, with much larger foliage and more vigorous growth. It produces quickly an abundance of handsome foliage and pretty, sweet-scented flowers, and is admirable for decoration.

The most beautiful and dainty of all varieties, and the one which receives most admiration, is *Asparagus plumosus nanus*, or "asparagus fern," as it is commonly called. For exquisite grace and lasting qualities there is no other plant to compare with it. For cut decorations of all kinds it is



Cal. Eng. Co.

"ASPARAGUS FERN."
 (*Asparagus plumosus nanus*.)

so exquisitely beautiful as to be coveted at once. Old established plants throw up stems that climb to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. The stems are wiry and shining, with alternate sprays of fine, filmy foliage that look as if they had been pressed, and that rival in grace and beauty the most delicate maidenhair ferns. The sprays, from two or three inches to fifteen or twenty in length, can be used for boutonnières, as well as for large bouquets. The foliage retains its beauty for months after being cut. Where an airy, fairy-

like effect is desired, it has no equal. The cut sprays have been sold for the past two years by a few Eastern growers to the wholesale trade at the rate of fifty cents per spray of eight feet, and a dollar per spray of eighteen feet. It does not grow from cuttings, and has always been higher priced than other varieties more easily propagated. It will stand the winter outside in Southern California. It requires a good rich soil, and plenty of water ; and grows best where it can be partially shaded.

THEODOSIA B. SHEPHERD.

THE FIRST AMERICAN TEACHER IN CALIFORNIA.

MRS. OLIVE MANN ISBELL, now living in Santa Paula, Ventura county, was one of the earliest pioneers, and teacher of the first American school in California.

Oct. 1, 1846, an emigrant train of twenty-one wagons—escorted by Col. John C. Frémont and a detachment of soldiers who had met them at Johnson's ranch—arrived at Sutter's Fort. Captain Sutter welcomed them with characteristic cordiality, and did everything possible for their comfort. This company, commanded by Capt. John Aram and Dr. I. C. Isbell, had left Illinois, in April, for California, with no definite knowledge of its location, except that it was somewhere on the Pacific Coast. They had made their



pathless way over plains, desert and mountains. By some mischance they failed to meet the Donner party at the Mississippi; passed them at Gravelly Ford; left them there in a quarrel—and thus narrowly escaped their tragic fate. At Fort Hall they learned from panic-stricken refugees returning to the States that war with Mexico had been declared. A council was called to decide whether they should go forward or back. Women cried and begged to be taken home; men were divided in opinion. "What shall we do, Olive?" said Dr. Isbell. The stout-hearted matron of twenty-two replied, "I started for California, and I want to go on." That settled it. Others took heart, and the train went on, undivided. After resting a week at Sutter's Fort, under orders from Frémont they proceeded to the Santa Clara Mission, 150 miles south, and reached it October 16. The old adobe buildings of the Mission were not an inviting shelter to the homesick immigrants, if shelter it could be called at all. There were no floors but the hard-baked earth, no windows, nor fire-places, no escape for smoke, save a hole in the roof. The ancient walls were infested, and the crumbling tiles let the rain through almost as copiously as it fell outside. The section assigned them had been previously used for stabling horses.

Col. Frémont left a few men to protect the women and children, and took all the able bodied to re-inforce his small army, preparing to move southward to join Stockton at San Diego. Dr. Isbell enlisted as surgeon, and went as far as the Salinas river. Here he was seized with "emigrant fever" (typhoid pneumonia) which compelled his return to the Mission, where by that time the fever had become epidemic. The rains came early that year, with strong southwest winds. There was no physician nearer than San José, and he to be had but once a week. From their well stocked medicine chest Mrs. Isbell distributed on an average one

hundred doses of medicines a day, and for six weeks slept in a chair by her sick husband's side. They were in an enemy's country, expecting daily to be attacked. Indications of treachery led them to send a messenger to Capt. Webber at San José for additional protection. He in turn sent to Yerba Buena for Capt. Marsten with a company of twenty-five marines and one cannon drawn on an ox-cart. The first intimation the immigrants had that help was near was the report of firearms in the distance. Climbing on the wall they saw the soldiers trying to pull the cannon out of the mud, while the natives, concealed in the chaparral, were firing at them. Capt. Marsten rode up and asked the loan of a white cloth for a flag of truce; and Mrs. Isbell gave her wedding pocket-handkerchief for the purpose.

In this skirmish two soldiers were wounded: one in the fleshy part of the leg, the other in the head. Mrs. Isbell and Mrs. Aram dressed the wounds and prepared dinner for the hungry soldiers. This was the much disputed "battle of Santa Clara," as seen by an eye witness. Mrs. Isbell had spent several nights in cleaning firearms and running bullets—determined, if attacked, to aid in the defense. Another company of soldiers from Santa Cruz arrived soon after.

The winter was marked by unusual cold and over-abundant rains, and tested the endurance of the settlers. Flour at \$8 a barrel was beyond their slender purses, so they subsisted on government rations, glad to be saved from starvation. The few who kept well were taxed beyond their strength in ministering to the sick, and many died under distressing conditions.

Near the end of December Mrs. Isbell was persuaded to open a school. A room fifteen feet square, too dilapidated for any other purpose, was obtained. It was damp, dark and dirty; and after suffering several days with eyes smarting from smoke, they were obliged to forego the luxury of fire. The school supplies were limited to a few textbooks, brought by the various families. A daughter of Capt. Aram, now living in Los Angeles, says she remembers distinctly her struggles with the letter E. For want of blackboard, slates or paper, the teacher printed it on the back of her hand with a lead-pencil. There were twenty-five pupils and the term continued two months. It was the first American school in the State.

In the spring of '47 Dr. Isbell and wife went to Monterey, where she was induced to resume her work. The school opened with twenty-five scholars, but soon increased to fifty-six. At the close of the term, three months, the teacher left the school-room for ranch life at French Camp.

Then came the discovery of gold, with many interesting adventures for Mrs. Isbell. "But that is another story."

MARY M. BOWMAN.



Cal. Eng. Co. **MRS. OLIVE MANN ISBELL,**
First American Teacher in California.

THE CITRUS FAIR.

DURING the first few days of March, 1895, the Exposition Building in Los Angeles contained the most beautiful and unique display of citrus fruit ever gathered together. Sixth in the series of annual citrus fairs held by Southern California, it excelled all its predecessors in symmetry of plan and beauty of decoration. To say that it was the most striking display of its character ever held in Southern California means that it has had no peer in the world. The Florida people hold citrus fairs, but not on the grand scale undertaken here. In Europe such exhibits are unknown.

The Exposition Building measures 120x160 feet, with a large exhibit gallery running all the way around the building, 30 feet wide, and an audience gallery above, where 1500 people can be seated. The lower floor of this building was laid out in symmetrical forms and large tables were constructed for the display of fruit. Upon these, several hundred thousand oranges were arranged in beautiful figures interwoven with lemons, tangerines and grape fruit. The construction of pagodas and figure pieces was forbidden by the management, as tending to degrade the fruit by putting it to absurd and unnatural uses. In the middle of the

hall a beautiful and artistic centerpiece was worked out in imitation of the Edison electric tower of the Electrical Building at the World's Fair in Chicago. It was constructed of wood, covered with moss and juniper, with trimmings of citrus fruit, interspersed with several hundred incandescent lights, with a harmonious variety of colors. This tower, forty feet in height and surmounted with a large palm tree, was one of the most striking sights at the fair, and will probably remain long in the memories of those who visited the great display.

But the crowning glory of the fair was the decoration of the building. The walls, the posts, the ceilings, the great expanse of the dome and the huge breadth of the proscenium arch were all covered with yellow cloth, over which was stretched fish-net threaded with fresh English ivy. The effect of the dull green leaves against the soft yellow was like nothing ever seen before, and appreciative people on

entering the hall and beholding the canopy above for the first time, cried out with delight, as children do when they see fire-works.

Eastern people, who are accustomed to raise a few sprigs of ivy in hot-houses, found it hard to realize that thirty big wagon loads of the vine had been used in the decoration of the building. Threaded through the fish-net and backed by the yellow, it had the effect of lace work, and made a delicate and harmonious setting for the display of oranges. The monotony of the dome was broken by broad arches of heavy green, and the proscenium arch was worked out in the form of a curtain draped from the center to the sides.

Most of the letter work was done in oranges with Spanish moss trimmings. The galleries were done in green cloth covered with netting, with figures worked out in the natural fruit.

The main gallery was filled on one side with exhibits—chiefly of olives, semi-tropic fruits and the "thirty" classes, which are judged by scientific processes strictly for quality—and on the other side by booths, in which refreshments, flowers and candy were provided for the public. Among the most attractive booths in this section of the building was the one occupied by the LAND OF SUNSHINE which was a tastefully designed affair in lemon-colored cloth, ivy and smilax, studded

with many colored electric lights. Here copies of the magazine were displayed, and a thousand visitors were entertained nightly.

During the fair a band of forty pieces led by Cassasa, the best-known leader of the Coast, occupied the stage and played well-selected programmes of the best music, afternoon and evening. An evidence of the appreciation in which the music was held appears in the fact that the largest audience assembled any afternoon came on Wagner day. Ballot boxes were provided for the audience to vote on their choice of selections, and toward the end of the season the programmes were largely made up from these requests.

About eighteen thousand people visited the fair. Of this number probably one-third were new comers to the State—to whom the display was a revelation of the greatest industry of Southern California.

OWEN CAPELLE.



Herve Friend, Eng.

A GENERAL VIEW IN THE CITRUS FAIR.

Waite, Photo.

THE UMBRELLA TREE.

ONE of the agreeable features of Southern California is the number of shade trees planted along city streets and country roads, as well as about both urban and rural residences. The mild climate of this section permits the utilization for such purposes of a great variety of ornamental trees which cannot withstand the severe winters of the East.

Hitherto the favorite shade trees have been evergreens—particularly the eucalyptus, or Australian gum, and the pepper, a native of Peru. Of late, however, several varieties of deciduous trees have been introduced. One of the most graceful of these is the umbrella tree, a native of Japan (*Melia Speciosa*). It has a straight, slender trunk, with compact foliage of dark green leaves, resembling somewhat those of the ash. No tree makes a denser shade. It is a



Union Eng Co. Hill, Photo, Pasadena.
AN UMBRELLA TREE AT PASADENA.

fairly quick grower, making a crown more than a rod across when seven years old. In spring it is literally covered with small lilac flowers which emit a delicate perfume.

THE GUAVA—A DISTINCTIVE FRUIT DELICACY.



GUAVAS! The fruit is strange to the new arrival from the East. He notices on the fruit stands, during about nine months of the year, a dark-red round berry, from the size of a grape to that of a small pear. This is the guava, a delicate fruit, whose flavor resembles a combination of strawberry and black currant. It is one of those fruits that do not please every one at first; but there are few indeed who do not become very fond of it after a short acquaintance.

The guava has been raised in California on a small scale for years, but only recently is sent to market in quantity. At present it is one of the most prominent fruits on the city stands. It is offered at a very moderate price, and is rapidly growing in favor with the public.

The lemon guava, from which the jelly so much appreciated throughout the world is made, is a much larger fruit than that which is raised in this State, being about the size of the Seckel pear. It is far more sensitive to frost than the "strawberry guava," which is cultivated here.

The plants are generally grown from the seeds, which are very hard and should be soaked before planting. When the plants come into bearing a variety of strains will be found in the fruit, exhibiting slight differences of shape and color. Experience will doubtless lead to developing the best types by budding, or by propagating by cuttings and layers.

The plants begin to bear at three years from the seed, and stand transplanting well. The fruit averages about the size of a small English walnut; on young bushes sometimes much larger; specimens two inches in diameter are very rare. The skin is deep red, indented, the inside red near the skin, shading to white at the center. Old bushes, unless severely cut back and fertilized, become sterile.

As fresh fruit, the strawberry guava easily leads all other kinds. Unlike the strawberry, its flavor can always be

depended upon, and those who become accustomed to it nearly always end by preferring it to its namesake. It should be sliced, covered with sugar, and left to stand awhile before eating, care being taken to remove the astringent blossom-end. Excellent shortcakes, also, are made from it.

The fruit begins to ripen about the first of September, and successive crops follow on until midwinter or longer. Picked a little green it matures perfectly off the bush.

Guava jelly is generally acknowledged to surpass all others in richness and flavor. There are two methods of making it; namely, pressing out the juice from the raw fruit, or bringing the fruit to a boil before pressing. The latter method is the better, not only because it gets more juice to the weight of fruit, but especially because the distinctive flavor and coloring matter are chiefly next to the skin, and the best of these qualities are left in the mash when the raw fruit is pressed. Made properly the jelly will be found to have the beautiful color and clearness of a rich Burgundy.

The cold-pressed juice yields a light pink or straw colored jelly, deficient in fruit flavor, yet preferred by many who make the lightness of color their standard of quality. It must be borne in mind, however, that if we expect to gain for this product an established position among the food delicacies of this country, it must be because of some positive quality; so that when people speak of California guava jelly, it will bring before their minds some distinctly characteristic thing. If they want something merely pretty with no particular flavor, they can make it in the East cheaper than we can furnish it. Nothing shows this more clearly than the example of imported guava jelly. With nothing to recommend it in the appearance of either the jelly itself or the package, its strong distinctive flavor has gained for it almost universal acceptance.

Our strawberry guava jelly has a different flavor from the imported, being more delicate and very characteristic. Still, it should be given the benefit of all the qualities the fruit contains, and these, as before mentioned, lying chiefly next the skin, can only be extracted by first heating the fruit.

HORACE EDWARDS.

The Land of Sunshine

VOL. 2.

APRIL, 1895.

No. 5.

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.
CHARLES F. LUMMIS, EDITOR.

F. A. PATTEE & CO., PUBLISHERS

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Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as second-class matter.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—Specific information about Southern California desired by tourists, health seekers or intending settlers will be furnished free of charge by the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Enclose stamp with letter.

THE CALIFORNIA FEVER.

CATCHING? H-m! You would better not hang around even long enough to ask the two-syllabled question—or you'll be down with it before you can say Jack Frost. Such kindergarten ailments as smallpox and cholera have to be run after, pursued, dunned—comparatively speaking—if you wish to take them. They are called “contagious” because if you camp in their laps long enough there is a decent possibility that you may contract them—though many people have never succeeded in so doing.

But you do not have to chase the California Fever. You do not even have to wait to be exposed to it. *It catches you.* Romancers have turned plots on the carrying of the plague to an enemy by specially-infected letters—which works as beautifully in a story as it never worked in fact. But the California Fever is not to be measured by these cheap pestilences. It spreads by letter—by hear-say—by a picture—even by a telegram. There is no safety from the pesky thing. If you were to shin up the North Pole and freeze to the mast—in that atmosphere which might reasonably be presumed to be cold enough to dishearten any disease-germ—it would be just as liable to catch you. Only a man born deaf, dumb, blind, brainless and without a nervous-system is thoroughly safe from it. Anyone who can see in the mirror when there are icicles on his nose; who can hear the Voice of Wisdom; who can smell the difference between glue-factories and orange-blossoms; who is competent to shiver, or who knows the intention of roofs in rainy weather—he is in danger, no matter what precautions he may take.

The California Fever is the most malignant disease known to medicine. It never remits nor intermits nor plays secondary. It is a primary fever. Like many more trivial fevers, it is generally preceded by chills. There is nothing uncommon in a California Fever introduced by half a century of shivers. But it is the one fever in which it all rests with the patient how long the chills shall continue.

Whatever one's convictions in general, there is no question that the homeopathic treatment is the only successful one for this disease. Allopathy prescribes in vain for him who has the California Fever. Something else, eh? Florida, maybe? But he doesn't *want* “something else!” Nothing will do but a Hair of the Dog that has Bitten him—or, rather, a whole dogskin, well-furred.

And not even this antipyrine quite sends the blood back to its former “normal” sluggishness. Some of the febrile symptoms will always persist; though a sufficient dose of mother-tincture of California turns them from disease to an eternal convalescence of that delicious type which makes the body young again and sweeps the cobwebs from the mind. The pulse will always be quicker, the symptomatic softening of the heart will remain. It is a great housecleaning for the system—and keeps the house in order thereafter.

Since the germ theory has so reconstructed the whole horizon of medicine, special Pasteurs will doubtless soon be arming to hunt down the bacterium of California Fever. But they need not go microscoping far. The amiable germ which propagates this curious disease is of unmistakable lineage. Bred amid the discomforts of other climes, mothered by a logical desire to get some good of life, fathered by a glimmer of knowledge—it is simply the *Bacillus Commmonsensius*.

A LOST ART FOUND.

The United States “beats the world” in everything except—the chiefest thing of all. We have invented pretty much everything else, but not a new way to enjoy life; and, alas! we have not yet even learned the good old ways of being happy. No other nation, cultured or barbarous, is so little given to recreation. No other has so few holidays or uses them so half-heartedly. This is all natural, for no other country has worked so hard and so nervously. But we shall have to learn the other thing before long; and the place where it will first be learned in the United States is California. There is no other place within the national boundaries where man can work so hard with so little friction; but he must be a complete dunderhead if Nature shall not also teach him a little in the way of enjoying life.

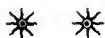
Certainly this decent climate does not soon make men lazy. No Eastern population ever lifted so much for its size in twenty years as Southern California has lifted in ten. But “all work and no play” is not industry—it is mere stupidity; as unreasoning a habit as progressive drinking.

Fortunately, this lesson of good sense and good morals is not going to take long to be learned in this new, high-pressure country. The gentle art of living already counts a good many votaries; and converts come in fast. It is being discovered that the decalogue does not prohibit the taking of any holiday beyond Washington's birthday, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Observers notice that other nations take several other “days off,” without fatal results. As the American dislikes to be “stumped,” he begins to feel that he can run the risk of having a good time if the other fellow can. And since he generally does things brown, it is fair to presume that within a reasonable period for practice he will be having a rather better time than anybody.

Out here he is making a very fair start. The Fiesta mania—or more truthfully the Fiesta sanity—seems to have taken hold upon all Southern California. Santa Barbara has invented a Flower Festival which is one of the most beautiful and characteristic feasts in existence. San Diego

has trade-marked a Cabrillo celebration which is attracting much attention. Even Pasadena, under the shadow of a city so vastly greater, has made a Tournament of Roses that people come across the continent to see.

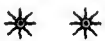
Los Angeles, the one large city of Southern California—and second in the State—is naturally looked to for the most dazzling of these holiweeks. It is not her habit to disappoint. The Fiesta de Los Angeles last year was a fruit picked half ripe, but it was no failure. This year it will be vastly bettered; and there is reason for faith that in time it will eclipse the Veiled-Prophets of St. Louis or the Mardi Gras of New Orleans. Certainly it is not rash to reckon our people as enterprising as those of Eastern cities; and so far as setting and appropriate material go, we have an enormous advantage. Mother Goose mythologies and King Carnivals have no special significance anywhere; and are everywhere getting rather threadbare at the knees. But here we have logically the keynote of Spanish America, with all its glamor and romance of the aborigine and the conquest. It is the intention to make the Fiesta de Los Angeles characteristic and significant; not to ape Italy or Greece, but to have it historically and logically our own. Which is as much as to say that it will be the only purely American affair of the sort in existence.



With the June number the LAND OF SUNSHINE will enter upon its third volume. As already announced, it will celebrate that milestone by adopting the permanent and artistic magazine form which has been from the beginning its design and its destiny. The best art in Southern California will distinguish the cover-design. In its new dress the monthly will be more beautiful than ever; it will be made in other ways more creditable and more interesting. Throughout its progress it will continue to be strictly a magazine of Southern California.

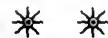


"Greaser" is a word used in carelessness or ignorance by many people who ought to know better. It is not only a term of opprobrium which a proper sense of the humanity of man would forbid; it is a vulgar phrase which more soils the mouth that speaks it than the person at whom it is aimed. It is precisely on a par with the word "nigger;" as offensive *per se*, and as sure a brand of the breeding of the user. It is high time this indecency of thoughtless speech be abandoned by self-respecting people and left to the class whose epithets in general do not see print.



Advertising is not merely paying somebody to print your name somewhere. Advertising is a science. And science does not mean some incomprehensible mystery, but merely common sense carried out in detail. The men and the communities which make money by advertising are those that use their brains and their eyesight as well as their money. You can write your announcement and put it in the stove, for nothing. You can print it in a sheet read by nobody and respected by nobody, for next to nothing. You can display it in an excellent periodical whose readers care for

nothing but Presbyterianism, while you are preaching shoe-pegs—and you ought to get the space cheap. But if the price be only two dollars, it is two dollars thrown away. What you want—and what you know you want—is to reach the class of people to whom your wares are useful. If you were approached by a gentleman who should say: "Here, I've a corner lot at the bottom of the ocean four miles off Long Beach, which I'll sell you for four dollars. Why should you pay \$1,000 for a lot of the same size on Adams street, Los Angeles?"—Well, you would hardly bother to answer him. Yet some people advertise as if they preferred the submerged location because it is "cheaper."



Possibly one reason why the LAND OF SUNSHINE has met so warm welcome is that people are glad to send out from here a creditable monthly. "To advertise Southern California" is an excellent scheme. We are reasonable people here, and human people. We wish more population of the right sort, and are not ashamed to induce it by honorable means. But we are particular. We are anxious to have our friends come; but not everybody. To advertise by sending out "literature" whose punctuation, spelling and grammar are a laughing-stock is hardly what this community prefers. We are new politically, and have been too patient or too heedless of what has been broadcasted as representative of our intelligence; but we are not so ignorant as not to know better. This is no penal colony; we are not crying for "population at any cost." The immigration we wish—and emphatically the only kind we wish—is of a refined, intelligent class. It will not be attracted by illiterate sheets; on the contrary, it will be prejudiced against any region where such sheets are rife. The first test by which an educated man judges an unfamiliar country is its periodicals. If these are silly, venal, ignorant and dull—that is enough. He does not care to join a community whose representatives are of that sort.

The city and country newspapers of Southern California would do credit to any Eastern community of double the population. The other field has not been so well filled. There have been too many irresponsibles, intent on plunder. In cold fact, a Southern California magazine should and must hold just as clean a standard as a New York magazine. Its clients have different interests, but they are no more fools than the clients of the *Century*. It cannot insult their intelligence by presuming that they do not know literature from trash. It is mistaken if it supposes that even an article on climate or oranges must be bad spelling and worse grammar in order to be intelligible to Southern Californians. The people of this section can understand and appreciate quite as good English as any person in California is or ever will be able to write for them. As a matter of history, the local publications which have taken this public for stupid have been short-lived. As a matter of destiny, that sort of misrepresentative parasite will continue to die young here. We do know how to spell, in Southern California; we do not murder the English language. And we do not have to make ourselves a show by sending away publications which would lead the world to wonder if we have no grammar schools.

A SPANIARD'S VERDICT.

AMONG the unwritten laws mankind seems ever to follow in its movements of colonization, is the drift westward. If the race had any one cradle, it was in Asia; and civilization and emigration have from the first tended from east toward west—as if we unconsciously followed the sun in its march. Another peculiar ethnographic feature has been the periodical swing of the northern races toward the south. Where man has drifted to countries colder than that of his birth, his domination has been brief or has left shallow trace. His trend is to countries gentler, more *simpáticos*, than his own. The Spaniard in that outburst of wandering so impetuous, so without parallel in history, which colonized America, instinctively turned south. What he did north of New Mexico was rather from spirit of adventure than seeking a home. In South America, Chile was already cold enough, so he went no farther toward the southern Pole. He found California early; and I have always wondered that he did not at once set here his home. Here the conditions of climate and soil were equal to the best of Spain. Undoubtedly the delay was because he was so occupied with Mexico.

A medical writer who is an honor to this section has pub-

lished a book called "The Mediterranean Shores of America"—meaning Southern California. Indeed, there is a striking similarity. I refer particularly to the Mediterranean shores of Spain, from Malaga to Barcelona. In the topography there is much alike: rugged mountains in the background sending ridges to the sea, parting the most fertile and lovely valleys where the choicest fruits grow—the oranges of the Huerta de Valencia, the pomegranates, figs and raisins, the sweetest wines. The conditions of temperature and humidity there much resemble those here—except that here we have regular rains and long dry seasons, that the horrors of the sirocco (African wind) are unknown here, as are such storms and floods as sometimes ravage Spain. Our sky and sea are not comparable for pure blue to those of the Mediterranean, which have inspired poets from classic times till now. But, a few details excepted, you cannot help comparing the gentleness of this climate with that of Valencia and Alicante; while the products are very much the same, and are rivals in beauty. Southern California is a country the Spaniard cannot do less than love and feel at home in for its climate, and admire for its energy and progress.

L. ZABALA, M. D.

ALFALFA—THE KING OF FORAGE PLANTS.

ALL things considered, the most valuable crop to the farmer in Southern California is undoubtedly alfalfa—lucerne, as it is called in Europe.

The superior qualities of this plant have long been known; and in all Spanish-American countries it has been largely cultivated hundreds of years. Its home is in the south of Europe, and the Moorish derivation of its name shows that it was known centuries before the Christian era. The Spanish conquerors of America brought the seed with them and introduced the plant into Central and South America, where it is highly prized.

It has also been tried in England and Scotland with uniformly good results, when proper conditions were observed. It has there been pronounced by experts the very best of all forage crops for a drouth. Its roots penetrate into the soil to great depths in search of moisture; in reliable instances they have been traced over forty feet.

The first essential for alfalfa growing is abundant water for irrigation. Alfalfa is frequently grown without the aid of water, but it will not grow so luxuriantly, the crops will neither be so numerous nor so heavy, the plants will not be so long-lived, and gophers and other underground animals will soon devastate the entire field.

Great care must be taken in cutting and curing. The proper time to mow alfalfa is just as the flowers become fairly open. Later, the stems become woody, the leaves will fall off, and half the value of the hay will be lost. In the climate of California the hay should be raked into windrows, cocked up and put into stack, while still fresh and limp, before the color has been burned out of it or the leaves broken off. When it is properly cured, stock of all kinds will eat alfalfa hay greedily and thrive upon it. For fattening cattle and sheep for market it has no equal; and as a

steady diet for milch cows, with proper rations of bran or squashes, it produces the best results. Horses fed upon alfalfa, with a judicious grain ration, may be kept in the best condition, while pigs may be reared to the fattening point as upon no other food.

After the third year, alfalfa will produce at each cutting from one and a half to two and a half tons to the acre; while from three to nine crops are cut annually. Three is the smallest and nine the highest limit. The average is six crops. This leaves a long period when stock may be pastured upon the fields, which will be all the better for it.

Where alfalfa is grown upon a large scale, as in Kern county, where there are many thousands of acres under one ownership, the work of hay-making and irrigation has been so systematized that the average cost of producing and putting the alfalfa into stacks is only \$1 to \$1.50 a ton—which is certainly cheaper than hay can be produced in any other part of the country. This hay, by the way, is stacked up in the field where it is grown, and is afterward used in fattening cattle for market—in combination with the green feed. Sheep and horses are, in the same manner, kept in fine condition—abundant evidence of the value of alfalfa as an all-around stock food.

When properly cared for there is almost no limit to the life of an alfalfa field. The plants may die out in spots here and there, but if fresh seed be scattered and the ground thoroughly cultivated, new plants will take the place of the old and the life of the field as a whole be indefinitely extended. There are alfalfa fields in New Mexico and other sections settled by the Spanish that are older than the memory of living men and bid fair to outlast even the next generation.

G. H. W.



Cal. Eng. Co.

Hill, Photo, Pasadena

• PASADENA — THE QUEEN OF THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY.

TWENTY years ago a few men came up the Arroyo Seco from Los Angeles into the San Gabriel valley. They were deputized by an Indiana colony to find the promised land in Southern California, and had examined the country from San Diego north. They found the present site of Pasadena a barren sheep-run; covered here and there with low brush, and cut by washes from the mountain streams.

The locality impressed them at once. The broad valley, the lofty mountains, the grand snow-capped peaks ten and eleven thousand feet in the air, the deep cañons—their verdure wedging into the heart of the range, to waterfalls and cascades—all attracted them. The climate was balmy, and all nature seemed to give them welcome. A location at the head of the San Gabriel valley was selected and named Pasadena. Today, here is a city which ranks third in Southern California in size, second in wealth and first in beauty.

Pasadena is not a resort in the sense that St. Augustine or Jacksonville are. They are occupied in winter, deserted in summer; while Pasadena is a city of homes, with a permanent population of 10,000.

Pasadena seems to have been built up on the reputation of its winter climate; but in fact the summer is equally delightful—and far more comfortable than the average Eastern summer. To Eastern readers it is

difficult to convey any adequate idea of the conditions which hold here.

To those who have given it ten or twelve years' test, who have found renewed health, it seems as near perfection as one can expect. It is not "a perfect climate"—such a thing does not exist. But after a long acquaintance with Florida and a familiarity with the Eastern resorts and Colorado, I have no hesitation in placing Pasadena in the very first rank as a health and pleasure resort; while in the opinion of many, no place in the world so near civilization can compare with it. The climate is an enigma. We have winter and summer—between which there is a difference of about 15°. You may know it is winter here by the occasional rains that give an annual fall of about twenty inches. They come in October or November and continue until April, at intervals of two or three weeks. The country soon takes on a coat

of green and by February, or earlier, the entire land is a garden. The wild flowers cover the mesas; there are great patches of blue and acres of white (the wild heliotrope). Rivers of golden yellow wind away here and there, telling of the "poppy." The roadsides are lined with the yellow violet; while the "shooting star," the mariposa lily, the wild rose and a host of others carpet the land. The air is soft; the west wind sends the white or pink-tinted blossoms of almond, peach and other trees scurrying over the



Herve Friend, Eng.

A BANANA DRIVE.

Hill, Photo, Pasadena.

ground—the snowflakes of a Pasadena winter. You know it is winter by the rustling of the palm and banana leaves; the song of the meadow-lark and the joyous note of the night-long mocking bird. The trees are filled with birds, the air redolent with sweet odors; the doors and windows are wide open. You know it is winter by the snow on Mt. San Antonio—and as I write, with birds singing and air sweet with orange blossoms, I can see the snow flying on the slope of the great mountain. There is no doubt, winter is here—but only looking over the mountains; it never comes into the valley. Its icy breath has never injured the palms and orange trees that have grown about the old mission of San Gabriel so many generations.

When summer comes the nights are always cool. The city is still green with its groves of orange, lemon, lime and eucalyptus, its acres of vineyard, and orchards of deciduous fruits, all in full leaf.

Such conditions and such beauty have made Pasadena in these few years a model city, a centre of culture and refinement. There has been no building up from small beginnings. Its people have come from the centres of wealth and education in the East. In appearance, Pasadena might be half a century old. It covers at least sixteen square miles and is laid out regularly with fine wide avenues. On every hand are semi-tropic trees and plants, with a



Herve Friend, Eng.

LOOKING UP THE ARROYO SECO.

Waite, Photo.

strange mingling of temperate-zone fruits and flowers. The city is one vast orange grove and fruit orchard, with streets and avenues cut through. The homes reflect taste and culture—



Cal Eng Co

THROOP POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE. Hill, Photo, Pasadena.

from the humble home bowered in flowers to the Spanish-American mansion of the millionaire. The city is beautiful architecturally, and nature has aided the artist. The banks and business blocks would do credit to

a city far greater; so would the opera house, public library and schools. The artistic Hotel Green, the huge and commanding Raymond, the Painter and other hotels, are widely known and entertain thousands yearly from all over the world.

Pasadena is eight miles from Los Angeles, a city of 80,000 inhabitants, and is rapidly becoming an important railroad point. Through it passes the Santa Fé line, the Southern Pacific is coming in, and it also reached from Los Angeles by the Terminal Railway, and the charming Consolidated Electric road. On the borders of the city is the famous Mount Lowe Railway, reaching an altitude of 3,500 feet, whence an electric road will soon run to the summit of Mount Lowe, 6,000 feet above the sea. These facilities, with horse-car and electric roads in the city proper give it great advantages. Pasadena's moral atmosphere, like its bill of health, is pure. There are no saloons, no centres of crime, no attractions for lewd people; and, as a consequence, they are not found here. Instead, Pasadena has a reputation for morality, temperance and good order, as widespread as the fame of its name.



Herve Friend, Eng

A PASADENA LAWN,

Hill, Photo, Pasadena.

McDonald, Brooks & Co.

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LOS ANGELES was one of the first three cities of the United States to adopt the use of electric cars. Prior to the consolidation of the Electric Railway Company with the cable system, a year ago last October, the lines of either division were operated at a disadvantage and under very heavy and unnecessary expense, and while affording accommodation to the public in every part of the city, it was done at unusual sacrifice. Since then the company has been able to effect many improvements, both in equipment and roadbed; has added during the year ten new cars, and rebuilt, painted and

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Drawer 126, Pasadena, California.

Gross earnings	\$594,928.23
Operating expenses	437,891.24
						\$157,036.99
Construction expense	\$73,594.27	
Equipment	49,274.06	
Betterment	44,495.20	
Taxes and other	38,799.80	\$206,163.93
Total deficit	\$ 49,125.94



The record for operating four years is that the percentage of serious accidents, from all causes, to the number of people carried is less than that in any city in the United States. These figures and statements are taken from the report of an expert sent here to examine the affairs of this company in the month of January.

The city service is supplied as follows: The University electric line runs through center of the city from the northeast city limits to the southwest limits; the cable lines traverse the city east and west and north and south. The other electric lines are the West Lake Park line, running from the depots, over the hills, through the oil districts, to West Lake Park; the Pico Street line, running west two miles beyond the city limits to a rapidly growing section; the Central Avenue line to the southeast part of the city and for two miles beyond the city limits; the Maple Avenue line running through center of the city to the southern city limits. The map attached to the city circulation this issue will give the reader a very intelligent idea of this magnificent system.

One very desirable advantage which is highly appreciated by the patrons of the road is the rapid transit that is afforded by this company. Notwithstanding there has been some complaint of this feature, it has been remarked by the people who are served that without this the service would be a complete failure. This has been done at great sacrifice to the company, for everyone familiar with railroading understands that slow speed is the most economical speed. But the times demand quick transportation, and they, realizing this, have endeavored to keep abreast of the times.

With a climate admitting of open cars the year round, service to every resident portion of the city and all the points of interest, this system becomes a most satisfactory feature to both resident and tourist.

beautified the equipment on both systems, while some twelve miles of roadbed has been built within the city. There are now en route twenty new cars, which will arrive in time for service during the Fiesta.

By the following statement it will be seen that there has been a large sum of money expended in these improvements:

There are 20.56 miles of single track cable road in Los Angeles.

38.32	"	"	"	electric	"	"
18.84	"	"	"	horse	"	"

77.72

LAS CASITAS—A CHARMING RETREAT.

IN Southern California, Nature is a mother, not a step-mother, to her children—so this magazine has said. True! And when, physically and mentally weary, they turn to her for rest, what a vast play-ground she spreads out before them! What delightful retreats she throws open to them in the most unexpected places!



Union Eng. Co. Rose Photo., Pasadena

THE GRAVE OF OWEN BROWN.

“Hundred Mile View;” but the outlook from Brown’s Peak is fully as good and the knoll much more romantic.

Here, under the shade of a single pine tree is the resting place of Owen Brown, son of the famous martyr, John Brown. Under a stone may be seen written sentiments of tourists from nearly every State in the Union. John Brown’s two sons, Owen and Jason, came to this coast long ago; and back of this peak stands the little cabin, where they lived many years, acting as guides through the mountains. Here Owen died. Jason has recently returned to the East.

Little laughing brooks send out a continuous invitation to the idler to join them in Millard’s Cañon, as they spatter and dash in their glee, luring him farther and farther into its depths, until he pauses in astonishment before the beauty of Bridal Fall. This is a sheet of water that tumbles sixty feet, over rocks hollowed and rounded by the constant flow into a deep pool.

There is a curious old trail which leads beyond the second range of mountains, beginning near this place, called Sole-

Las Casitas is one of the most captivating spots to be found near Pasadena or Los Angeles. Its very name, (Spanish for “little houses”) has a musical ring, and its environments afford never-failing interest.

Mount your burro some morning, head him for the second knoll back of the Sanitarium, and wend your way leisurely toward Brown’s Peak. You may be tempted to follow the trail that leads to the first knoll, called the

dad Trail. This is said to be the oldest trail in the Sierra Madres, is twenty miles long, and was built by the Forty-niners. It is lighted up, so to speak, by countless Yuccas—“Our Lord’s Candlesticks.”

One of the pleasantest hours of the day at Las Casitas is the twilight, when suddenly the “Crown of the Valley” flashes forth her nightly jeweled setting. Diamonds scintillating and sparkling dazzle the eye. Farther away, thousands more blaze out the fact that the “City of the Angels” is displaying her jewels too.

Overhead the steady constellations, looking benignly down from immeasurable heights, add majesty to the scene—ever new—ever wonderful.

Occasionally in the early morning, Nature calls her children to witness a wonderful transformation. She has covered the face of the valleys with a veil of thick, billowy fog; slowly, slowly, she lifts it, revealing the country bathed and freshened by a kind mother’s hand.

And thus the days glide by. The busy whirl of life goes on below—but here one basks in the sunshine, drinks in the pure, bracing air, strolls through the cañons, roams over the trails—and life is one long summer dream.

While one rests on the piazza the eye roams over a comprehensive view of mountains, valleys and sea, the soft blue sky bending over all breathing its benediction.



Union Eng. Co.

Rose Photo., Pasadena.

THE CABIN OF JOHN BROWN’S SONS.

The Sanitarium itself, of Swiss architecture, with its white tent-houses, is bright and sunny and home-like. A few weeks spent in such delightful retreats as this, with many hours in “God’s open,” make a child, weary of the world, thankful he has a Mother Nature, and with refreshed heart and body he is ready to take up the burden of life again.

ELIZABETH A. GRAHAM.

Last season in California was the driest in seventeen years—and within about one inch of the driest in the forty-five years records have been kept on the coast. In the mountains the rainfall was but one-half the lowest minimum recorded in twenty-five years. The orange crop has now reached a point where we can sum up the results for the year. It is the largest and best the southern part of the State has ever produced. Our deciduous fruit crop last year was also the largest and one of the best ever produced. Alfalfa, corn,

and everything under the irrigating ditches were as heavy and perfect as ever. On the moist or naturally sub-irrigated lands the crops were all of the finest. On the uplands, depending on rainfall only, the crops were fairly good wherever well put in; large on nearly all the summer-fallowed land—and even where merely scratched in with a brush drag the hay repaid the labor and seed. Investigate these statements and compare results with those of the last two years in the East where they “don’t have to irrigate.”

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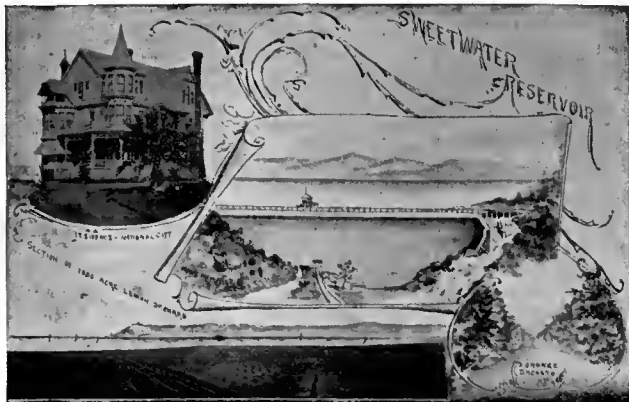
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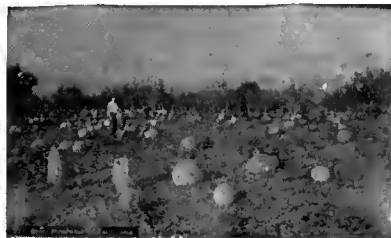
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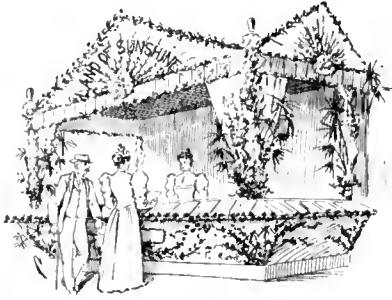
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The most beautiful booth in the citrus fair hall is that occupied by that bright young periodical, the **LAND OF SUNSHINE**. The draperies of yellow, white and green are most gracefully arranged, and the frieze of magazines is very effective. The ivy lace work appears here again and palm and papyrus leaves droop from the pillars. The delicate borderings of smilax and its arrangement in rays reflect great credit upon the designer; and the brilliant show of incandescent lamps make the dainty little bower sparkle like a jewel.—*Los Angeles Times*.

THE **LAND OF SUNSHINE** is a handsome monthly and is doing much to educate the people of the East as to California's latest wealth. Its booth at the Citrus Fair is as attractive as the journal itself.—*The Herald*.

Condensed Information Regarding Southern California.

The section generally known as Southern California comprises the seven counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Orange, Riverside, San Diego, Ventura and Santa Barbara. The total area of these counties is 44,901 square miles, which is 29 per cent of the area of the State, or larger than the combined area of Connecticut, Delaware, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Vermont. The coast line extends north-west and south-east a distance of about 275 miles. Within this area there is a remarkable variety of climate, soil and topography. In winter one can travel on foot in three-quarters of an hour from orange groves to snow fields. The population in 1890 was 201,352.

LOS ANGELES, the leading county of Southern California, has an area of about 4,000 square miles, some four-fifths of which is capable of cultivation, with water supplied. The shore line is about 85 miles in length. The population increased from 33,881 in 1880 to 101,454 in 1890. Horticulture is the principal industry. There are over 1,500,000 fruit trees growing in the county.

Los Angeles city, the commercial metropolis of Southern California, 15 miles from the coast, has a population to-day of about 75,000. Eleven railroads center here. There are about 100 miles of graded and graveled streets, and 11 miles of paved streets. The city is entirely lighted by electricity. There is a \$500,000 court house, a \$200,000 city hall, and many large business blocks. The residences are mostly surrounded by beautiful gardens.

The other principal cities are Pasadena, Pomona, Whittier, Azusa, Downey, Santa Monica, Redondo and San Pedro.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY is the largest county in the State, comprising numerous mountain ranges, rich in minerals, fertile valleys, and considerable desert, much of which can be reclaimed with water from the mountains. Population about 30,000. The county is traversed by two railroads. Fine oranges and other fruits are raised.

San Bernardino city, the county seat, is a railroad center, with about 8,000 people. The other principal places are Redlands, Ontario, Colton and Chino.

ORANGE COUNTY was segregated from Los Angeles county in 1889. Area 671 square miles; population, in 1890, 13,589. Much fruit and grain are raised. Most of the land is arable, and there is a good supply of water.

Santa Ana, the county seat, is an attractive place, with a population of 5,000. Other cities are Orange, Tustin, Anaheim and Fullerton.

RIVERSIDE COUNTY was created in 1893 from portions of San Bernardino and San Diego counties. Area 7,000 square miles; population about 14,000. It is an inland county.

Riverside, the county seat, is noted for its extensive orange groves and beautiful homes.

Other places are South Riverside, Perris and San Jacinto.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY is a large county, the most southern in the State, adjoining Mexico. Much of the area is at present desert. Population about 40,000. There are mountains 10,000 feet above, and depressions 250 feet below sea level, furnishing every variety of climate. That of the coast region is remarkably mild and equable. Irrigation is being rapidly extended. Fine lemons are raised near the coast, and all other fruits flourish.

San Diego city, on the bay of that name, is the terminus of the Santa Fe railway system, with a population of about 21,000. Across the bay is Coronado Beach with its mammoth hotel. Other cities are National City, Escondido, Julian and Oceanside.

VENTURA COUNTY adjoins Los Angeles county on the north. It is very mountainous. There are many profitable petroleum wells. Apricots and other fruits are raised, also many beans. Population in 1870, 10,071.

San Buenaventura, the county seat, is pleasantly situated on the coast. Population 2,500. Other cities are Santa Paula, Huemene and Fillmore.

SANTA BARBARA is the most northern of the seven counties, with a long shore line. There are many rugged mountains in the interior, about one-fifth of the 1,450,000 acres being arable. Semi-tropic fruits are largely raised, and beans in the northern part of the county.

Santa Barbara, the county seat, is noted for its mild climate and rare vegetation. It is located on a sloping mesa, facing the ocean and islands, with mountains in the rear, and foot-hills studded with live-oaks. Population about 6,000. Other cities are Lompoc, Carpinteria and Santa Maria.

The Raymond Hotel will remain open until April 22nd. This will give visitors to the coming Fiesta an opportunity that will be appreciated.

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G. N. CHASE,

PROPRIETOR.

The **LAND OF SUNSHINE** easily surpasses all other publications in this State for beauty of execution as well as in matter descriptive of Southern California. Its illustrations are well chosen and its descriptions of them not overdrawn. The March number gives special attention to San Diego, and graphically shows San Diego harbor and other distinguishing characteristics of that section. Pomona evidently appreciates the **LAND OF SUNSHINE**; E. E. Armour sold in January 143, and Pillig & Temple 155. It has a bona fide monthly sale of 6,000, which a second edition shows was not sufficient to meet the demand for the March number. F. A. Pattee & Co. are giving Southern California a publication of rare merit.

—*Pomona Weekly Times*.

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The solid character of the Los Angeles banks was well shown during the recent financial panic, which had such disastrous results in some sections of the country. It is true that several of the banks were forced to close their doors for a few days on account of the wild and unreasonable rush which was made upon them by the public, but only one bank succumbed to the flurry, and this was a bank of minor importance which had been known to be shaky for some time past.

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The Sunny Slope excursion and auction sale, March 30, will furnish participants exceptional pleasure and profit. Further information concerning the excursion to this famous locality can be gathered from the last page of this issue.

Through the kindness of the Los Angeles Consolidated Electric Railway Co., the city circulation of the LAND OF SUNSHINE contains this month a fine map of Los Angeles. Other copies containing it can be obtained from the city news dealers.

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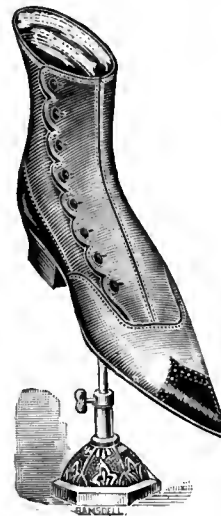
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FROM PASADENA—Train from Pasadena, only over the Santa Fe, will leave the depot at 11:30 a. m., stopping at Los Robles avenue, and carriages will be found at Lamanda Park to convey our guests free to the portion of the estate where the auction will be held.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS, 50c.—Tickets will be sold at our office, 121 South Broadway, on and after March 21, and on the morning of the Excursion tickets can be obtained at the Arcade Depot, Los Angeles, for the Southern Pacific train; and at the Main Depot in Pasadena, Hotel Green, for the Santa Fe train.

A FREE COLLATION will be served on the ground at noon. The sale will begin promptly at 1 o'clock p. m.

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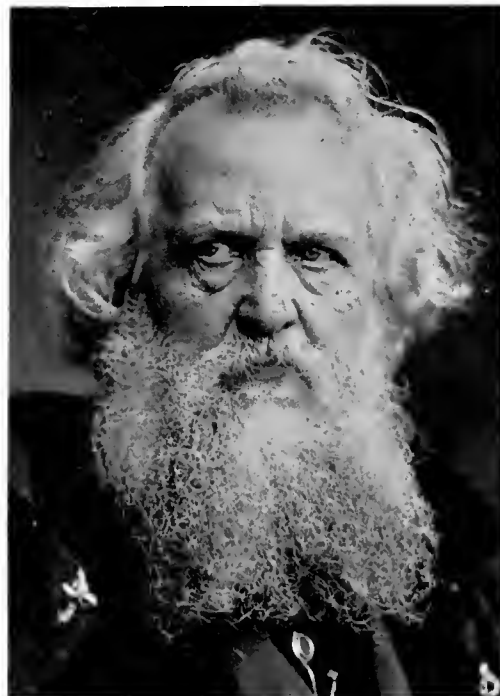
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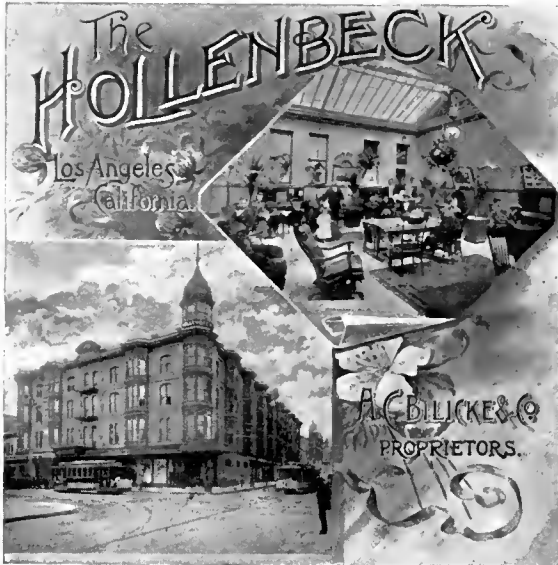
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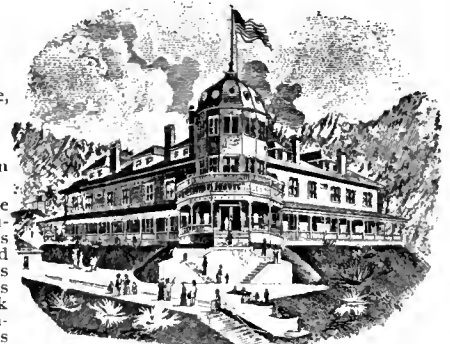
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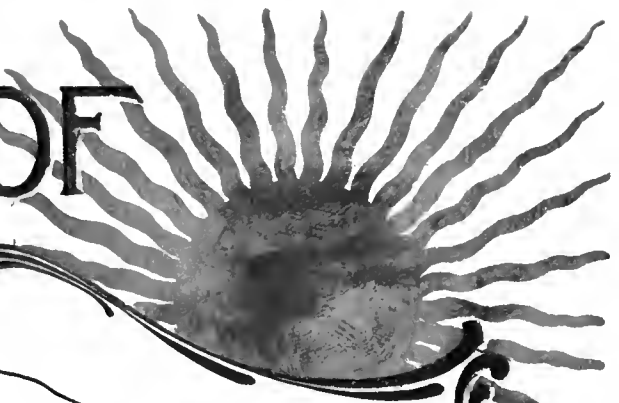
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Index within

THE LAND OF



SUNSHINE



MAY
1895

LOS ANGELES

VOL. II.

NO. 6

Price 10 Cents

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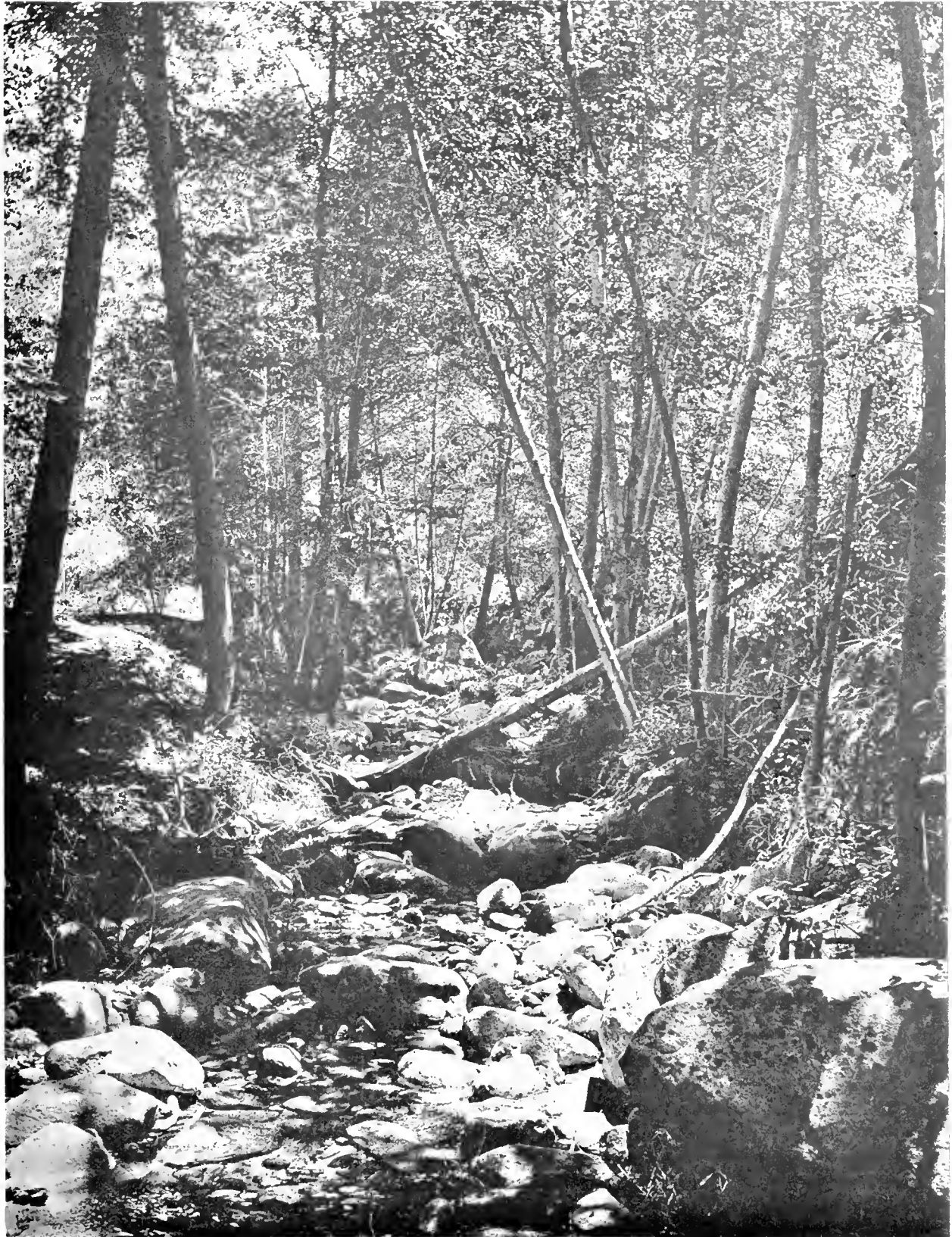
JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK,
MANAGER.

LAND • OF • SUNSHINE

LOS ANGELES

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

MAY, 1895



ACROSS THE CHASM.

IT was nearing sunset on a long day in July, and I was riding up the Carrizo Wash in the desert country. My course was slow, for the feet of the mule sank deep into the dry sand at every step.

The breeze from the plain was shut off by high mountains on either side, while the white sands and boulders of the wash threw back the rays of the sun with a glare that seemed each moment more intolerable.

In the cool season the journey across the desert to Clover Springs, over masses of sharp volcanic rocks, through sand and cactus and scraggy underbrush, would hardly be reckoned a pleasure; but in the heat of summertime it was slow torture.

Although the way itself was new to me, I had not undertaken it in ignorance of what discomforts and perils it would present. The incentive was, however, a powerful one. A pack-train that came in the evening before had brought the news that my old partner, Jack Briden, was dying at Clover Springs.

Jack and I had crossed the plains together in '49, and through a long and eventful period he had been part of my life and I of his. Although we now saw one another but seldom, the old spirit was still strong within us both. Had I been ill or in trouble, I would have looked for Jack to come to me, if all the world lay between; and now I was on my way to answer his last call.

As I rode along, I strove to divert my mind from the awful heat by recalling scenes from those wild days in the 'Fifties. There was one picture that rose continually to my memory and would not give place.

It was this:

A sun-baked lava plain. Jack, badly wounded, crouching behind a dead horse. Far away among the dusty rocks, an occasional puff of smoke, and then the *ping* of a bullet just above our heads. I, unhurt, lying by Jack's side waiting for a chance to pick off the red devils when they should appear.

"For God's sake, go, Tom!" Jack says. "They will be on both sides of us in a minute, and then you are done for. Don't waste your last chance, trying to save me."

That was the kind of a man Jack was—never thinking of himself.

A little later, when help had come, Jack was gripping my hand with all the strength he had left, and was saying I had saved his life.

"It is your turn now," said he, "but it shall be mine next. Some day I'll square the account."

I spurred my mule ahead, fearful lest I should fail to see my old friend before his spirit passed.

The sun was fast descending, but there was no change in the temperature except that the dry furnace-like heat of the day was followed by the sultry heat of the night.

Darkness comes quickly on the Colorado Desert; but on this particular afternoon, as the sun sank behind the mountains, a great black shadow seemed to pour like a flood of ink over the landscape.

Then I noticed for the first time a peculiar heaviness in the air and a strange, unusual silence. A vague feeling of

uneasiness began to assume more definite shape in my thoughts.

It was not that I had doubts about the way, for the Wash was narrow and was shut in on both sides by a line of impassable cactus, and beyond that were the precipitous sides of the barranca. Neither did I fear the darkness itself, for the worst of the journey was past, and the remainder lay along the even, sandy bed of the wash. What was it, then, that prompted me, as the last rays of light faded from the cañon, to turn my head quickly from side to side and peer into the gloom for an outlet to higher ground, and when I saw there was none, push my animal forward with a frenzy of haste?

A blinding flash overhead, followed by a low rumbling sound like the rolling of heavy boulders down a mountain side, gave the answer. Over yonder, the wind was rolling along a huge mass of saturated cloud, which, if it touched the hills on either side, would burst; and then a wall of dark, muddy water would rush madly down the narrow channel, tearing up trees and cactus, tossing great rocks about like pebbles, and leaving behind it a desolation even more horrible than that which had existed before.

And I to be crushed and buried under a mass of rock and sand!

A second long flash of light followed the first, but my eager glances to right and left fell upon no avenue of possible escape. The cruel line of cactus showed no break; the walls of the cañon grew steeper and more confined. I turned my mule rapidly from one side to the other, in the hope that the animal's instinct might avail where human reason failed; but the frightened creature drew back from the cactus, and stumbled on in the sandy bottom of the wash.

Faster and more vividly the lightning played. The thunder became continuous, like the roll of a thousand drums. And now, far up the cañon, I heard beneath the roaring of the thunder a faint sound as of waves breaking on a pebbly beach, and I knew that the cloudburst was a fact.

In my desperation I was about to spring from the mule and attempt to climb the precipitous cliff, when I thought I heard a voice call down to me from the right side of the cañon.

I stopped to listen; and the thunder and the sound of rushing water seemed to quiet for an instant.

I was not mistaken. It was a human voice, and it called my name.

"Tom, is that you?"

It was Jack, my old partner; and the very sound of his voice gave me new hope and courage.

"Yes, Jack," I cried. "Where are you?"

"Never mind me. Your life is in danger; do you know it?"

"Yes. For God's sake, what shall I do?"

"I came to save you," answered the voice—and for the moment it did not occur to me to question how he could have known that I was there, and have left his sick bed to rescue me from peril.

Again came the lightnings and the long roll of the thunder, and louder and nearer the rushing of the waters; but through it all the strong, clear voice of Jack rang in my ears.

"Turn toward the left bank—go in there—now straight ahead—to the right a little—to the left again—now push right up the bank and you are out on top."

It seemed as though the mule understood him, for I scarcely guided the animal as we made the turns in and out among the cactus and rocks. Almost as he finished speaking we had gained the summit of the barranca, and the animal stopped for an instant to take breath.

Then came a deafening roar, and a crashing as of a forest borne down by a mighty whirlwind. In the glare of the lightning I could see a mad torrent of black water sweeping down the wash, tearing away huge boulders from the sides, and splashing the sandy foam even to my mule's feet. As I gazed I shuddered—for I knew that my life had been saved by one chance out of ten thousand.

The voice had come from the opposite side of the cañon to where I now stood, and with this wild rush of water between us, I could not hope to make myself intelligible to Jack. When flashes of lightning cut through the gloom I strained my eyes toward the other bank, but no human figure appeared.

"He will know that I am on my way to the Springs," I reflected, "and will return there as soon as he can cross the wash."

By this time the mule had recovered from her terror, and seemed to be searching for a remembered trail. Presently she started forward on a trot. At the first turn in the path lights appeared far ahead, and I knew I was nearing Clover Springs.

At last the road turned away from the cañon and led up

to the Springs. There were a number of cabins in the settlement, but only one contained a light. I made my way thither and knocked at the door.

An old man with long gray beard came out, and took me by the hand.

"You are Jack's friend, ain't you?—the one he called Tom."

I noticed that he spoke in a whisper, and a strange chill came over me.

"Yes," I said, and instinctively my voice fell to a whisper too.

"Come in," said the old man. "We were expecting you. He kept saying that you were on the way."

I stepped inside the cabin; but when I saw on the bed the outlines of a human figure under a long white sheet, I stood powerless to move.

"That's Jack," said the old man.

"When did he die?" I asked.

"Just after sundown," answered the old man. "The last words he spoke was your name. 'I must go and save him,' he called out—and started up from the pillow and then dropped back dead."

Slowly the chill and the trembling passed from me. I came nearer to the body, and turned back the sheet from the white, calm face. Then I leaned over and spoke to him in so soft a whisper that no one else might hear:

"You squared the account, old man," I said. "It's all right."

And I fancied I could almost see a smile on the pale lips.

R. HARRIS.

A SEMI-TROPIC CROP.

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THE PICK OF THE CROP ON A COVINA FARM.

Stiffler, Photo

THE YATES COLLECTIONS.

DR. LORENZO GORDIN YATES, of Santa Barbara, is one of the longest and most extensive collectors on the Coast. It is nearly half a century since he began to gather specimens; and for much more than half that time he has added the skill of the student to the amateur's zeal. Collections from him are now in Wabash College, Ind., the Smithsonian Institute, and Amherst College; but of late years he has been assembling in his own hands an enormous collection in many departments. His line of work has been that of a general educational museum rather than of the final and unswerving specialist; and his private museum would grace an important institution of learning.

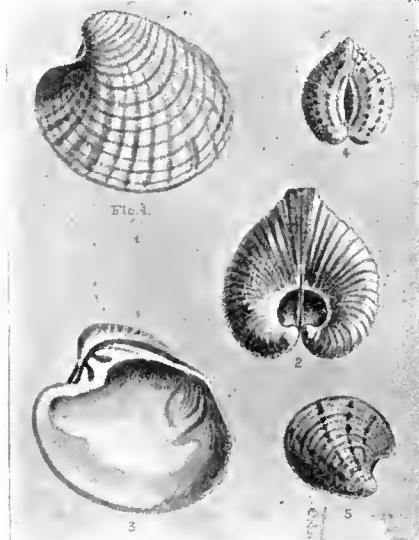
It is impossible in this brief space to cover the wide field of Dr. Yates's collections otherwise than by the following condensed synopsis:

Of American and foreign shells (land, freshwater and marine) there are catalogued 5,455 named species, represented by 46,900 specimens, besides many thousands of duplicates. Compared with the combined contents of the largest public collections of the Pacific Coast (those of the State Mining Bureau, the State University and the California Academy of Sciences) he has 5,455 named species as against 3,501 in the three above museums.

There are about 2,000 specimens of minerals—not a mere collection of "ores," but representing scientific and economic mineralogy.

About 6,000 specimens of American and foreign fossils are included. Of these, 5,611 are now at the Leland Stanford, Jr. University, being used in class work. Some of them are "type specimens," figured, described and named by the owner. There are also some fine and interesting remains of extinct fossil vertebrates of California—as the elephant, mastodon, llama, etc.

The collection of Indian relics, mostly Californian, contains the unique series of "charm stones," some of which were described and illustrated in the Smithsonian Report of 1886. Of the weapons, pipes, ornaments, utensils, etc., drawings have been made, but not published; about 300 drawings of the "weapons" have been prepared for publication; also the text and drawings for separate articles on "Pipes" and what the Doctor is pleased to call Aboriginal Money.



New Shells from Santa Barbara Channel, discovered by Dr. Yates.



Collier, Eng.

DR. YATES IN HIS CONSERVATORY.

The herbarium contains between 2,000 and 3,000 American flowering plants, mounted and named; mostly Californian, some from Central America and India. It includes nearly all the known plants of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, San Diego and Santa Barbara counties.

There is a very large collection of ferns from all parts of the world—material collected for a book entitled "All Known Ferns," now ready for publication. This is one of the finest collections of ferns in the United States.

The algae, or seaweeds, are mostly American, of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. The wood-mosses and lichens are all American.

There are also collections of foreign bird skins, including rare and beautiful species from foreign countries; a choice collection of

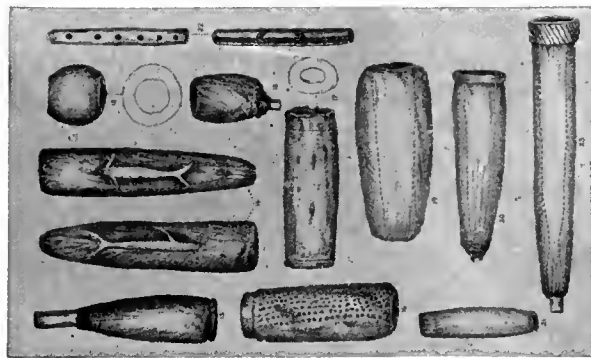
pottery—Roman and Phœnician, ancient Central American, Mexican and Aztec; such curios as walrus tusks, whale-bone, elk-horn, crustaceans, etc.

With these collections is a rare and valuable scientific library, especially rich in works on geology, paleontology, conchology, ethnology, botany, ferns, etc.

Dr. Yates is an indefatigable student and invades all the fields of his many specialties; having published numerous papers on botanical, conchological, ethnological and other topics. He is a fellow of the Linnean Society of London and the Geological Society of America; an associate member of the Victoria Institute, London; a member of the New Zealand Institute, the Society of American Conchologists, etc.; a corresponding member of the Agri-Horticultural Society of India, the Anthropological Society of Washington—and several other similar bodies.

The collection of Dr. Yates would make a good nucleus for a Southern California scientific and historical museum, if it could be obtained for that purpose. Covering so many different lines of research and outnumbering in not a few of these the largest collections of the coast, and containing many specimens not to be found anywhere else in this country, it would be a fortunate institution that secured such a storehouse of treasures.

J. B. B.



Collier, Eng.

ABORIGINAL PIPES.

L. G. Yates, Del.

TROUTING IN THE SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAINS.



Collier Eng. Co.

HOW well I remember my first trip along the Santa Ana near its source in the San Bernardino mountains! The noisy rush of waters under the leafy tunnel of interlacing branches of silvery alders deafened me; the "wash," covered with winrows of water-worn boulders and beds of white sand was upsetting to my preconceived ideas. It was all beautiful, but I wanted to fish for trout—and in this wild rush of water it seemed to me no fish could live, much less have time to bite. I pushed ahead to

reach a stretch where grassy banks would replace the rocks, and quiet pools the racing rapids. But I found it not. Long years after, I followed the river to its source—where the South Fork springs from the rocky breast of Mt. San Gorgonio—but save a few short stretches (as one in "The Narrows," and one near the mouth of Forsee Creek), quiet pools are infrequent; grassy banks are nowhere in evidence. Bear Creek's narrow gorge, choked with immense boulders, is a succession of deep, dark pools; but the terrible roughness of the cañon bars entrance save to the most hardy, so I now speak only of the Santa Ana river.

Trout are akin the world over, but our trout are distinguished from the Eastern brook trout in that, instead of the spots of the latter, they bear upon their sides the hues of the rainbow. Cradled in the pure water from the Sierra snow-drifts, forced to activity by the rushing stream, lithe, graceful, molded in lines of surpassing beauty, our mountain trout honor the land of their birth. Out of the same stream may be caught rainbow trout of such different shades one doubts they all belong to the same species. Caught from some quiet rapid, your trout is a sturdy, robust fellow with short, straight jaws; with the air of a well-fed athlete, an unmistakable pure Saxon, his sides dyed with tender but brilliant hues. From some dark pool where the waters swirl in never-ending chase, his brother will be a morose, lank, black, pessimistic chap with long, viciously-curved jaws; and with the rainbow upon his sides almost indistinguishable.

In swift streams where they are forced to ceaseless activity, the rainbow trout seldom exceed eighteen inches in length, or three pounds in weight; but trout of this species caught from the Santa Ana river, packed over the ridge and placed in the still waters of Bear Valley Lake have attained a length of two to three feet and a weight of eight to twelve pounds. Until they reach a length of twelve to fourteen inches, the flesh is white and firm, with no suspicion of oil. As they attain greater size, the flesh turns a delicate salmon color, and when they grow obese the delicacy of flavor departs, and a faint taste of oil appears.

Out in the clear, pure air of the mountains, worn tissues build up so rapidly that it is difficult to supply material. Some morning supply yourself with a little salt, a frying-pan, bacon, bread and butter—and go trout fishing. From Seven Oaks on the Santa Ana, go up stream away from all signs of human life. Leave your things beneath some tree, and—fish! Do not make work of it, but take time to enjoy the beauty all around. When you tire of fishing, leave basket and rod and climb the steep side of the cañon to look at the wondrous tints in the dense thickets of sturdy buckthorn and prim old-maidish greasewood on the oppo-

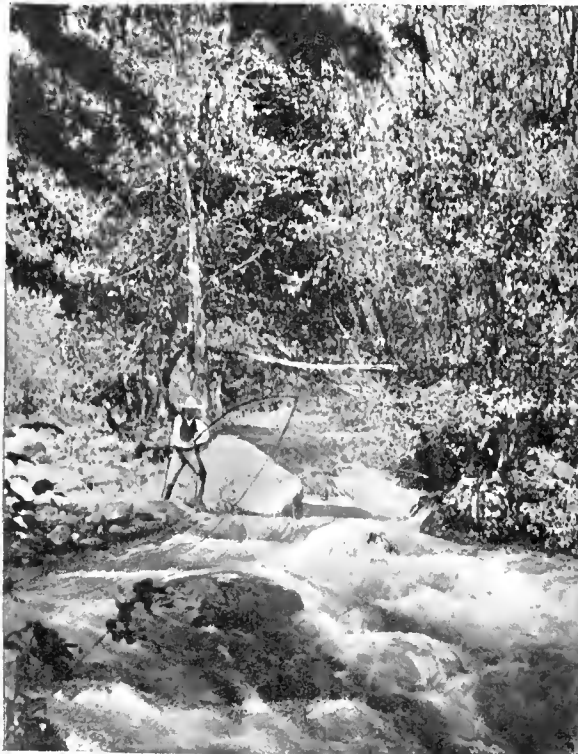
site bench. Here and there gleam the shining leaves and twisted red stems of the manzanita. On yonder mountain crest, miles away, but distinct and clear, stand knots of pine trees as if spellbound by the view. Away down the cañon the course of the stream is marked by a serpentine winrow of alders and willows. Hark to the breeze from the ocean, as it touches Nature's harp and blends with the distant voice of the stream.

Wondrously clear is the blue sky! The world fades away; discordant heart strings attune themselves anew; the rough places in life disappear; and finally, when you descend to the stream you are blest with a mind at peace.

As noon draws near, clean your trout (mercifully killed as soon as caught) and wash them thoroughly in the cold water. Do not remove the head, tail or fins if you

would preserve the delicate flavor. Then place some flat rocks on which to rest your frying-pan, build between them from dry alder limbs a clear hot fire; fry some bacon crisp, and in the hot grease lay your trout, turning quickly if they begin to curl, and fry rapidly to an artistic tan-and-brown color, being sure they are cooked through. Just before you take them from the fire salt them on both sides. Then with your trout, bacon, bread-and-butter, and deep draughts from the icy stream, the banquet is complete. You will be in a mood then to appreciate that life here is worth living.

ALFRED I. TOWNSEND.

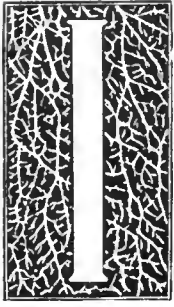


Collier Eng. Co.

ON THE SANTA ANA.

OUT-OF-DOOR STUDIES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Fourth Paper.—Laceland and Other Paths.



It is said that Mexican and Indian women, when they used to sit in the adobe courtyards in early days of California, drawing elaborate stitches into embroidery, obtained many of their most beautiful patterns from the natural cactus "laces."

I know a path, where at some time fire has burned, along which the ground is rich in lacework for great distances. It even forms bleached carpets over which one may tread; while its dry fibers, under action of wind and rain and sun, have become so exceedingly light that they blow hither and thither.

It usually is when a tuna (or prickly-pear) becomes entirely dead that its outer coat, which in life bore the spines, drops apart and leaves that skeletonized, compact mass of lace-layers exposed. The eyelet-holes are sockets where the tufts of spines were set; the curled and knotted threads were veins and veinlets. These layers, seemingly endless in variety and so intricate in design, to me bear the stamp of great value; and not infrequently in gathering them I have quite the feeling of a robber at a treasure-chest. Nature may have been a century, or more, perforating these tissues, strengthening these lines, rounding these curves which go to the making of a single matchless section which I part from a prostrate lobe. I have, too, the sense of being a plunderer in more respects than one: for in these gaping cells all sorts of insects find homes, spiders seek spinning-places, and once—lifting the thin partitions of a lobe which had become hollow—I found it the receptacle of a nest. A curious corded affair of webs and string yet was left, where claws or beak had placed it; and doubtless, in some past springtime, frail eggs had nestled in that singular cavity.

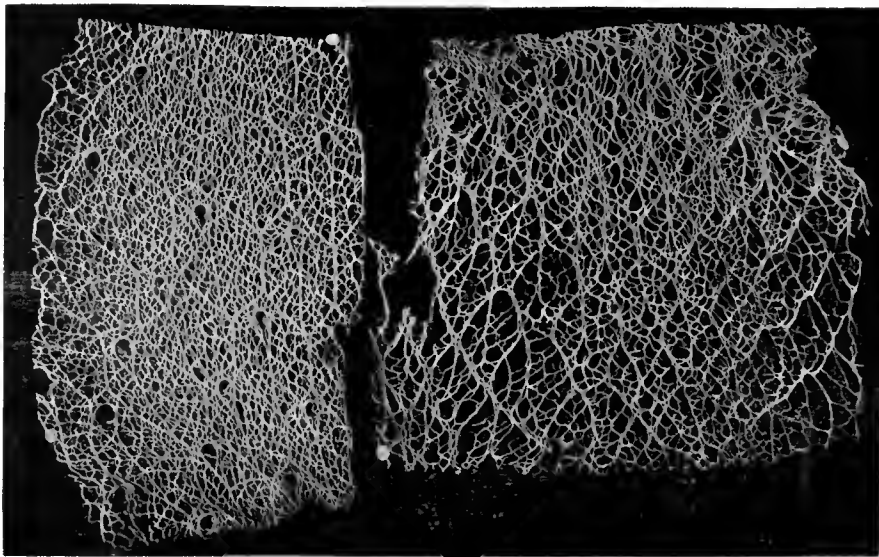
One path which I often travel leads me to two old beauties in wood. They are not natives of our South; their former years were spent on northern heights; and they bear the impress of wide experience and heroism. One has a soft, bronze, nappy look, so like velvet that I feel a sensitive thrill as I press its sawed end. It is very hot in the sun—too hot to hold my palm long upon it; and it has a rich, pungent smell as of gums and spices. Its companion is a deeply ridged, grand section of forest trunk, seamed by scars. I believe I prize it most of all the twenty blocked ends which this attractive lumber-pile reveals; and chiefly because it exhibits such evidence of service. Its rings, which started like evenly laid sweeps of a brush

around a tiny central eye, are at their circumference so deeply chiseled that I almost can lay my finger in their hollows; and their geometric pattern is true as a spider's.

Frequently of an idle hour I go down to the shore, and sitting upon the platform of a disused warehouse, in the midday glare study the knots and tracings in its beaten floor. The coal-dust from passing trains has sifted them with a dark powder quite different from the stains of time, through which a silvery filagree shows; and the delicate little patches of shade are beyond penciling. Now and then I find one of the planks as accurately streaked in parallel lines as fine corduroy; again the grain starts out with an infinitely dainty fiber and swells to a hempen coil; and frequently some weather-worn surface is sculptured in such exquisite dimples that the woody veins stand out clear-cut, like whip-cords.

A long-unused trail once brought me to a charming picture unexpectedly; a rotted log in its crude state, like a mummy rolled in a case of bark. It was rich with years and very spongy, and all its lovely heart-wood had crumbled to ashes; while its shell, ripped apart, revealed such fragrant, cinnamon-like inner dust that I dipped my fingers delightedly through its powder. Along its outer crust, which was gray, wrinkled and crannied, were lustrous spool-end puckers; and under that mystery of shadows that played upon it, mites danced continually. The perfumes of the tree, through this decay, were what one might imagine from Araby the Blest. Standing sentinel over it was an

enormous tuna trunk, seemingly lifeless, yet thrusting from the tips of a huge arm innumerable clusters of brilliant buds. The trunk-wood and stems were only gray skeletons. But the red rosettes of buds had their bases set in bunches of soft, silken, straw-colored bristles; and the single living lobe which they rimmed was as richly green and full of sap as a mellow apple. A portion of this gray lace,



Collier, Eng.

CACTUS LACE.

C. F. L., Photo.

carefully carved out, with its verdigris tip and quaint topping of ruby buds, was a fine study under the glass. Each dry particle appeared incrustated with coral of marvelous whiteness and delicacy, that glistened as the sun struck it; and a lichened growth enveloped it, in the matted web of which the last year's openwork seed-vessel of a megarrhiza vine had become imbedded. Its four cells, still perfectly walled, stood empty; the bean-like seeds were scattered; but the megarrhiza's tenantless case was as dainty as anything in "laceland."

ESTELLE THOMSON.

ONE MAN AGAINST THE WILDERNESS.

IF there is any one clear-cut test of pluck—or what in less philistine times would have been called heroism—it is where man is pitted against the wilderness. It is foolishly easy to be “brave” with all the swing and current of battle sweeping you on; but the man who alone, unspurred by momentum of the multitude, by martial music or fear of disgrace, can face Nature and tame her—he comes pretty close to being a hero. The frontiersman and the pioneer do it, not—as too many do in old communities—just because they were born to it and haven’t the push to break away from habit. They coolly measure strength with Creation—and beat it.

In this benignant climate of Southern California one might fancy pioneering a tapestried job—and so it is in some localities. But in some, there is enough hardship to test the metal of the man. And hard or easy, there is probably no other pleasure of accomplishment on earth quite so pure, clean, warming and perennial as hewing out your own life from Nature’s raw material.

In March, 1893, a young man who had seen more than a little of the frontier started in to whip the desert on the eastern rim of Riverside county. His name was J. W.

Milner, and the spot he selected was three and a half miles from Whitewater, a station on the S. P. R. R., some 45 miles east of Colton. It was not the easy point of attack most home-makers would have selected—a little web of land between the granite toes of Mt. San Jacinto. The grey desert crowded the boulders of the foothills. And Mr. Milner was hardly in fighting trim—with both feet broken! But his nerve was sound.

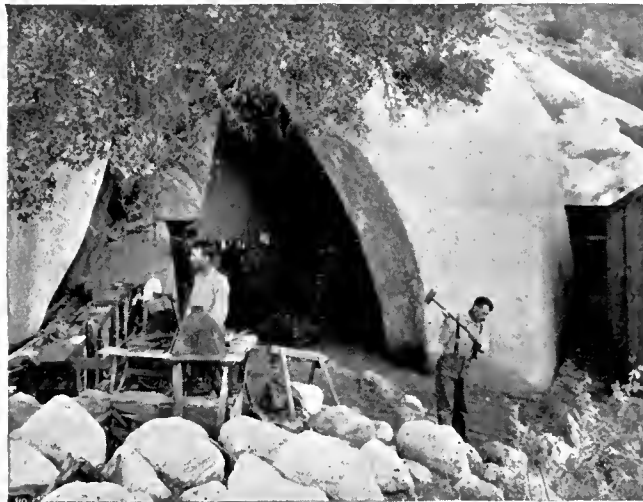
Alone, unaided and unaccompanied, he hobbled about on crutches; made himself a shelter in the living granite, blasted out three quarters of a mile of irrigating ditch and dug a mile and a quarter more; planted fruit trees, built a shanty—and, first thing you know, had a home. His 640 acres



Union Eng. Co. MR. MILNER'S HOME, "LA CUEVA." McMillan, Photo, Riverside.

now—two years later—cannot be “bought for a song and sing it yourself.” His home is modest but unique; his young orchards of oranges, lemons, peaches, pears,

apples, prunes, figs, apricots, are growing thriftily—and so are his grapes and berries. You don't have to wait till you are grey to get results, in this country. Next year his trees will be in fair bearing. In the cañon are two beautiful brooklets—Snow creek and Falls creek—aggregating about 1000 miner's inches of water. On one of them are falls of 1500 feet, with one leap of about 600 feet! These streams he has stocked with rainbow trout from Lake Tahoe, and they are thriving. He has fine hunting all around—mountain quail, rabbits and



Union Eng. Co. LA CUEVA—THE CAVE ROOM. McMillan, Photo.

the like, almost at the door, and deer close by on the mountain. He looks daily upon scenery that would be a fortune in the East—the desert mirage below, snow-peaked Greyback and San Jacinto above, the colossal granitic formation all behind. Huge pines and sturdy cedars whisper on the heights about him. Rosewood up to 16 inches' diameter is abundant on his hills, and so are other precious woods. Some particularly beautiful specimens even the Harvard College Arboretum experts have been unable to identify.

Not half so many people have lost all the juice of human nature as civilized habit would lead us to presume. Probably a majority of us have still the seeds of sanity in us, though they have had little chance to germinate in the dry dust of artificiality. But while the latent instinct may lead others to guess it, only those who have proved the joy by trial can know how deep and wide is the pleasure of being conqueror of your surroundings.

Mr. Milner is of the frontier, and that sort spill themselves little in vain speech. But as he stands in the door of “La Cueva” he has reason to be proud and happy that the young Eden growing about him is the clear creation of one man's pluck. C.



Union Eng. Co. LA CUEVA—FALLS IN THE CAÑON McMillan, Photo

REMINISCENCES OF THE BOOM.

Third Paper.



IN a former paper I spoke of the "boom" as based on reason, however erratic parts of the superstructure; citing the fact that on many leading streets of Los Angeles property is today worth as much as during the height of the boom. Since that article was printed, property on Broadway has changed hands at more than 50 per cent. above its highest price in 1887.

Excitement was not confined to such property.

As city realty began to reach prices then deemed enormous, the boom in outside property started. Great tracts were bought, subdivided and sold in lots. Some of the speculators were men of large capital; some had next to none. They took their chances; and nearly all came out ahead. New life was put into many actual villages; and many fiat towns were launched on virgin land. Some such lands, which a few years before could scarcely have been given away, but which have been shown equal to the best if properly cultivated, were bought at extremely low figures; but eligible acres soon began to rise, in response to the demand. In some cases, lands four miles outside the city, which sold for \$1 an acre in 1868, rose to \$1,000 an acre.

Some tracts were divided and sold bare, improvement to be made later; some were sold with improvements going on; others were improved and then sold. Water was the great necessity—the first question broached by purchasers. Existing streams were utilized at once, by ditches and branch ditches to the various tracts. Artesian belts were discovered and developed. Some lands were bought and improved by colonists from the East. When a tract was laid out as a townsite, the first thing was to build a hotel. Cement sidewalks, brick blocks, a public hall and a street railroad soon followed. A miniature city appeared—like a scene conjured up by Aladdin's lamp—where a few months ago the jack-rabbit had sported and the coyote howled. Such a transformation had never before been witnessed in the world. Old settlers, who had declared land dear at \$5 an acre, looked aghast to see people tumbling over one another to secure lots at \$500 each. New arrivals were charmed with climate and country; and determined to get a share before the shares gave out.

One of the first towns thus laid out—and one in some respects the most remarkable creation of the boom—was Monrovia. Early in 1886 it was a bare piece of mesa land sloping down from the Sierra Madre. Here a gentleman named Monroe had purchased land and built a house. May 17th, 1886, an excursion was run from Los Angeles to prospective "Monrovia" and a sale of lots and acres was effected. Lots 50 x 150 sold at \$100; \$30 cash, balance in six months. Five-acre tracts were \$250 per acre. Within three months, the lots had nearly all been sold, and prices had advanced to \$300. Twelve months from date of sale, lots on Myrtle Avenue actually brought \$150 per front foot. For one corner lot, 50 feet front, for which a Los Angeles hotel man paid \$600, an offer of \$12,000 was refused, in the summer of 1887. A person who should have bought ten lots in the

business center of Monrovia at the initial sale, paying down \$300 for the ten, could have sold them within six months for \$50,000. Many people did clear up large sums in this phenomenal town, but many at once put the money in somewhere else, and—! Even the founder of Monrovia failed to profit permanently. Meantime the town—one of the most pleasantly located in Southern California—has become a solid settlement, with a considerable population of well-to-do citizens.

Up to the spring of 1887 the "boom," while tremendously active, had been largely influenced by reasonable possibility. The buyer had generally acquired some idea of what he was purchasing, and used some judgment in his selections. That summer a swarm of outside speculators settled upon Los Angeles. Many were from Kansas City, then a hotbed of land speculation. They rode a willing horse to death, and crowded what would be a large advance of prices for three years into as many months. Land 30 miles or more from Los Angeles—land worthless for other purposes—was secured by a small payment down; and by glowing advertisements, brass bands and promise of immense improvements, lots were sold like hot cakes, often to persons who had not seen them, and had no idea of doing more with them than to sell at a high profit before the second payment. This was in summer, when things are usually quiet in Los Angeles. The buyers were largely our people. The speculator's cry was that everyone should buy—to sell to the hordes of land-hungry Easterners who would pour in that winter. Clerks, waiters, car-drivers, servant girls, scrimped and saved to pay "one-third down" on a 50 x 150 lot in Southwest Boomville, East Giacomo, Paradise, or another of the hundred paper cities which sprung up like mushrooms. Few buyers bothered to visit them—and they did look remarkably pretty on the lithographs, with grand old mountains in the rear and a still grander hotel in the foreground. In one case, having no time to get railroad ties to show for a line promised in the prospectus, the projector purchased and laid a carload of fence-posts—later replaced by ties.

About this time numerous towns on the Southern California-Railway were laid out. Every few weeks a new town was sprung; but the demand for lots seemed to keep up with the supply. Purchasers sat up all night to obtain a choice lot. The chief of these places were Arcadia, Gladstone, Alostia, San Dimas and Lordsburg. At the latter an immense hotel was erected—since sold (for about one-fifth cost) to the Dunkards, for a college. Several of these places are now flourishing little towns; and the others have such horticultural resources that they will in time become important and prosperous.

On the San Diego division were founded St. James, San Juan Capistrano and Fullerton. The latter is a most flourishing town, but the others must wait awhile to fulfill their destiny—although in time they are sure of it in the natural and actual march of our development.

HARRY ELLINGTON BROOK.

FREESIA REFRACTA ALBA



Union Eng. Co. FREESIAS. Waite, Photo.

IS the most fragrant known flower. It is a bulbous plant, native of the Cape of Good Hope; known for a few years only to the United States. But its mission was to "come, see and conquer," and today it is the favorite of many lovers, at least from February until May. The flowers are easily raised from the bulbs, by the merest amateur, and grown in masses they become a perfect sea of velvety white, with gradations of yellow and pink. They must be warmly

housed under glass in the frozen East, but overwhelm with dazzling color and sweetest fragrance in the open field in Southern California, yielding by macerating and distillation large quantities of the most costly of perfumes.

In Los Angeles freesias can be raised from the seed, and the growing of flower bulbs has already become a lucrative industry in the land south of the Tehachepi range. The seed is about the size, color and appearance of onion seed. It is very hard, and three months' time in moist earth is required to start it. The first appearance of the new plant is in rows of spikes resembling blue-grass; then the flower stalks arise, twelve inches long, curved, delicately re-curved at the end, each with six to fifteen buds, which open successively into trumpets three inches long, blotched and

tinged with all the shades and gradations of white, yellow and pink. If cut early and placed in water, the blossoms open one after another and for ten days reward you with beautiful colors and loveliest fragrance.

Today there is a field of freesias in bloom, the largest in the world, at Sixteenth and Los Angeles streets, under the care of that great friend of the local florist, Mr. Compere—millions of highly-perfumed blossoms, a rolling, waving mass of wonderful fragrance and velvety color, scenting the air, in the afternoon breeze, as far as Ninth and Main streets.



Union Eng. Co. LARGEST FIELD OF FREESIAS IN THE WORLD. Waite, Photo.

A bunch of freesias in a vase will keep a house perfumed for a week. Freesias are easily grown in pots for window gardens; half a dozen bulbs in each pot producing scores of graceful flowerstems, each with its series of blooms, yielding delight to the fancier for four months, at a season when other flowers cannot be obtained. In the Eastern States and in Europe there is great demand for the bulbs, which there cannot be produced from the seed, the season of active growth being too short. But here in our land of sunshine they grow by millions on a single acre—provided the soil is sandy, light and friable, and an abundance of water, fertilizer and care is bestowed upon this most grateful blossom.

T. WIESENDANGER.

A FOREIGN VISITOR.

Ho! Who is this little
 Guatemaltéca
 In a gay skirt and a
 Rainbow-spun *huepil**—
 With a red headkerchief
 Added to make a
 Very *buena moza*
 From topknot to heel?

Bracelets and rosary
 Silver and shiny—
 And a green parroquet
 Perched upon her thumb!
 From Guatemala is
 Far for a tiny
 Barefooted traveler
 Alone to have come!

How you must miss them all—
 Coffee-trees slender,
 Parrots and pineapples,
 Rainbow birds at play.
 Are you a sprite of the
 Tropics so tender?
 'No? It's Papa's Comfort?'
 Well, now I must say!

* Pronounced *weh-peel*.

C. R. LOHS.



COMMON SENSE AND CLIMATE.

A CHICAGO business man, with his sick daughter, landed in Pasadena one winter evening in a rain-storm. Next morning he came to Los Angeles to ask a friend as to the best place for her restoration. It was raining when he took the train, but by the time he arrived, thirty minutes later, the sun was shining through a still atmosphere with the glory of spring. "I am satisfied it won't do to keep her in Pasadena," he said. "It's altogether too rainy and damp. I'd better bring her down here." Reminded that perhaps the sun was also shining in Pasadena, he smiled confusedly. He was an example of many who unreflectingly jump to conclusions about the effect of weather on human comfort and health.

There has been no end of exaggeration about the climate of Southern California. One who recovers from pulmonary tuberculosis is excusable for some enthusiasm about the climate; while he who fails to recover will hardly be loud in his praises; and the boomer of land must be forgiven if he heralds one case and forgets the other.

It would be a great gain if we could exactly know the effect on health of residence in this region. An honest foundation for reasoning and action is always profitable, and in this case would be doubly so.

Naturally, since pulmonary tuberculosis is mankind's greatest enemy, it is made a test for climates claimed to be wholesome, and is the test insisted upon for ours. It was said the disease could not originate here—that nobody ever had it unless he brought it from afar. But long ago that ceased to be tenable. This scourge is everywhere, in all communities of any size, and must be. Cases are found arising here exactly as in any other country—only in lower ratio to population. The bacilli of tuberculosis abound wherever people do. In the bodies of half the healthy people, of any city in the United States, their existence could probably be demonstrated, but only when some part is in a condition of reduced resistance do they multiply and set up the destructive process; under all other circumstances the system is able to check or destroy them.

If all the people here could work or play at pleasure, and would live in a hygienic way, doubtless tuberculosis would be known almost solely as an imported disease. But no place has a monopoly of those who struggle for their bread; and in a heaven-on-earth man would find some means of polluting the environment. Lower the vitality of the body, make it live under depressing conditions, and tuberculosis can almost certainly be produced, especially in those with hereditary susceptibility.

The fear that wide distribution of the bacilli will make this section dangerous is unfounded. No bacillus, dislodged from its entanglements and able to float in the air, can long survive in this intense sunshine. But it should surprise no one that many die here of tuberculosis, nor that valetudinarians are seen on our streets; for this is an asylum whither many such come.

Although many who come with consumption are doomed to fail, many recover—so many that there is now a small army of them, to say nothing of the larger army of those who, without recovering, have stopped the progress of the

disease for years. Those who have quite recovered boast of that fact, and of how extreme was their case. But of course most of them came with the disease in its incipiency, with fair physical vigor, and healthy digestive and excretory organs, and without strong predisposition to the disease.

What is the medicinal or the beneficial thing in a climate? That question the sanitarian would like answered authoritatively. The benefit must lie mainly in the atmosphere. This can vary in its moisture at different times and places, in its pressure at different altitudes, and possibly in tincturing that it acquires from the land over which it moves. These variations in different parts of the country are not great; but trifles tip the scales when they are evenly balanced. But I believe that any unprejudiced student will incline to agree with the late Dr. Keating of Colorado Springs, that there is nothing of great value remedially in climates *per se*, but that they are chiefly beneficial as they enable invalids to stay much out of doors. Sunshine, mild temperatures, freedom from storms are valuable unspeakably, for the air of houses is always to some extent polluted and unfit to breathe, and life out of doors, other things being equal, is the greatest boon to all invalids, especially those with lung diseases.

Some value there is for consumptives in a dry air, like that of the vast Southwest. It reduces expectoration and cough, and often leads to real or fancied improvement. A lessening of expectoration and cough is always delightful to the invalid, but often is a false indication of betterment; an increase in the amount raised, especially when it is mainly mucus, is frequently not harmful. Mucus costs the system little; while the purulent matter always contains the products of microbic action, and the absorption of it always induces fever. The sick find it hard to learn that the cough is nature's almost sole method of raising morbid substances from the respiratory organs. So they beg for drugs that may stop the cough, and breathe superficially to prevent the cough that deep breathing causes—and thus retain poisons they could easily expel.

High altitudes compel one to breathe more rapidly and deeply, and so expand the air-vesicles of the lungs more fully—a most desirable thing to do; but it is difficult to see how this can be more efficacious than frequent, voluntary, deep inspirations which expand the lungs quite as much, and at lower altitudes carry to them more oxygen.

It is a great pity that invalids, migrating hitherward, cannot have the full benefit of the climate; but as to clothing, heating of rooms, ventilation, foods and other particulars, false teaching before coming is supplemented by some irrational popular notions—which lack of space forbids discussion here—and so many miss half the benefit and pleasure they might have.

Southern California must eventually be famous, not so much as a resort for the sick, but rather as a paradise for children and the aged. Children here have fewer mortal diseases; and the old, freed from the strain of intense weather and consequent long housing-up, set back the hands on the dial of their years.

NORMAN BRIDGE.

LA FIESTA DE LOS ANGELES.

THE second formal celebration of the Festival of the Angeles was held in Los Angeles city during the entire week from the 15th to the 20th of April. The affair was from every point of view a pronounced success, and there is no doubt it will become one of the permanent institutions of Southern California.

The entire city was decorated with Fiesta colors and with flowers and greenery, and along the line of march of the procession and in the park where the formal exercises took place there was a solid mass of harmonious color. Many thousand flags of the Fiesta colors fluttered in the air, the telegraph and telephone posts were covered with garlands, and rows of colored lanterns lined the streets on both sides. It was a brilliant and beautiful sight.

Monday evening the reign of the queen began with the appearance at the City Hall of a troop of her retainers who took possession of the public offices and demanded the keys of the city from the Council. The latter surrendered at discretion, and during the five days that followed up to midnight of Saturday the city was pervaded with the spirit of the carnival.

Tuesday noon the queen arrived and was greeted by an enormous crowd of enthusiastic subjects. At Central Park a magnificent throne had been erected, and here in the presence of 10,000 people the formal ceremonies began. A pageant over a mile in length passed before the queen, and then paraded the city to the delight of one hundred thousand people. The first twenty floats in this procession constituted the Pageant of the Pacific, the plan and purpose of which was outlined in the April number of the LAND OF SUNSHINE. In the supplement of the present issue will be found reproductions of a number of these floats.

Tuesday evening a grand concert was held at the Pavilion, at which the Fiesta chorus of several hundred voices and the Fiesta orchestra appeared.

Among the many thousand visitors to this city from distant points were the Half Million Club from San Francisco and the California Press Association from the Northern sections of the State. Wednesday afternoon a formal reception was tendered these visitors at the Chamber of Commerce, at which W. H. Mills, of San Francisco, and

others spoke. Wednesday evening the second grand pageant took place, which contained many floats representing neighboring cities and local trades and enterprises.

Thursday was school children's day, and one of the most impressive parades of the week took place. Several thousand school children wearing Fiesta colors and carrying the American flag, marched through the streets and presented themselves before the queen and her court. It was a sight to stimulate true patriotism and sincere reverence for the greatest of America's institutions—the free public school.

Thursday night the grand ball, the social event of the Fiesta, occurred. The Pavilion was brilliantly decorated for the event, and the dancing floor with its gaily dressed maskers and the galleries filled with a large and enthusiastic

crowd of visitors, made a scene which none of those present are likely ever to forget.

Friday afternoon the fourth pageant occurred, which consisted chiefly of military. The fire department, various fraternal organizations and floats representing the commercial and horticultural pursuits of Southern California cities completed the parade.

Saturday was "El Dia de los Flores"—the day of flowers—the most picturesque and artistic portion of the entire celebration. The pageant consisted of vehicles of all kinds decorated in flowers. The tribunes at Central Park, which contained seats for eight thousand people, were filled with visitors all provided with baskets of flowers with which they pelted the occupants of the vehicles in the procession. Millions of flowers were used in the

decorations of the carriages, one of them using 75,000 of one kind of flower.

The evening of Saturday was "All Fools' Night," when thousands of maskers paraded the business portion of the city.

The Director-General of the Fiesta was Mr. Max Meyberg, a well-known merchant. The details were in the hands of a hundred or more citizens divided in fifteen committees.

The Queen of the Fiesta was Mrs. Modini-Wood, whose portrait is presented herewith. Possessing in a high degree the social, intellectual and physical qualifications necessary for such a position, her reign was decidedly popular. She was supported by a court of ladies-of-honor chosen from the best-known families of the city.

The Fiesta is developing into a decided success, and that of 1896 will well repay a trip clear across the continent to see.



Photo Copyrighted MRS. MODINI-WOOD, QUEEN OF LA FIESTA. by Steekee

AN ARTIST'S PARADISE.

By an Associate of the Salon Champ de Mars, Paris.

“**W**HY do you live here? Health troubling you?” These questions are continually asked by Eastern friends, who find an artist located here.

Is it that he meets such appreciation here as draws and holds him, or is the picture market so active as to remunerate him? Neither.

Some seek the gentler conditions of our coast that they may prolong, possibly, an overworked life. But the robust painter (and not a few such are located here from choice), for what does *he* come?

For the inexhaustible material he finds—for *California*, the country of all for the painter.

Such pure and living color is found in but few parts of the world, and such variety of strange and “paintable” matter does not exist elsewhere.

“Give me California and the necessities, for Europe and the luxuries,” said one of our great artists; and I have heard similar expressions from other able painters.

The marvelous has always been associated with this State. The same strange charm still exists that attached to California in the first Spanish exploration. Its history teems with romance and picturesqueness.

Artistic interest was first awakened about the time Frémont's reports were made public; and a few of the then rising “Hudson River School” of scenic painters determined to go to California. Some did go; and the success of Bierstadt gave impetus to the Western movement. Whatever his work lacked, he possessed in a high degree picturesqueness. His coming, and that of others, was the beginning of the school of scenic painting in California.

Then came Tavernier, the Frenchman, a brilliant colorist and abler painter, followed by Nahl, Hill and Keith—and thus this school of scenic painting sprang up, which has for thirty years, at least so far as production is concerned, rivaled the most distinguished of its Eastern contemporaries. And some of its individual productions will rank with the best in landscape painting.

Monterey and its “Point of Pines,” the Yosemite, Shasta, the “Big Trees,” and a thousand less known places, have been the sketching grounds of these able men; and it is not too much to say that through their united efforts has arisen a school of art whose influence has been felt throughout America. Bad as much of the early mass of art production is, it shows definitely the possibilities of out-of-door painting in California. There is a poetic and ideal tendency in most of it, a strong leaning toward the decorative. These qualities, I believe, are inseparable from our future art.

The ideal has improved. Both artist and public have

tired of theatrical effects. The rural districts have grown older and more interesting. The desire to beautify seizes everyone, and even the stern Yankee in this sunny land despite himself becomes enthusiastic, notices effects, perceives color, and even talks of the “tone of things.” An easy rustic fancy unconsciously creeps into his idea of home; he feels a want, and builds more beautifully than the cold, fretful East ever permitted him to dream of building. “It's in the air,” we say—and very truly. George Innes regretted that he had not come to California early in life. Foxcroft Cole, when crossing Arizona on his way here in '87, dreamed of the “wonders” he expected to see—he had formed his ideas from descriptions and from pictures of our “monstrosities.” “Imagine, then,” he said, “my surprise, when I stopped at Pasadena, to find a pastoral district more beautiful than France.” He had spent twelve or fourteen years in France and Holland—seven of them at Barbazon. He lingered six months in Pasadena, and could not be induced to go sketching beyond walking distance from his rooms. “Why,” he exclaimed, “I have already chosen work that would keep me busy for years, here in the neighborhood.” When he returned home, all Boston was astir over his California studies.

We have only begun. Our artists are thoroughly in earnest, and as independent of the prevailing eccentricities of Impressionism as if we lived on another planet. In fact in California we *are* quite in another world. The art influence here is so direct and so pure, that Benjamin Constant remarked in 1892 that the young men from California came better prepared for the deeper studies than those from New York.

So far we have witnessed but the first mad rush for painting the extraordinary in nature. Now we are on the eve of a new epoch. With many of the ablest younger painters wedded to California, such results, I believe, will follow as will excite our Eastern friends as much—and hold their interest longer. A few rotting ruins have been well painted; but the Mission—the home of the Franciscan Friar—has not yet been seriously considered by the poet painter. The finer qualities of color, the language of color, have hardly been touched by any, excepting Keith. As for figure painting, we shall need a little more pecuniary independence in the artist, before he can undertake serious work of this order, which always entails great expense. But in this, California is fully as rich and picturesque as in her landscape.

It is gratifying to note a local interest growing, which ere long will support the artist to his best efforts.

JOHN GUTZON BORGLUM.

THE WATER GARDEN.

“The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared, of silver bright.”
The Lady of the Lake.

“**W**HERE is no lovelier view than an Eastern lake when it is decked with the fresh and fragrant blossoms of the native white water-lily, *Nymphaea odorata*, the queen of North American wild flowers.

During the last fifteen years greatly increased attention

has been paid in this country to the culture of aquatics; it having been learned that nearly all plants of this class which are grown under glass in Europe will flourish in the open air here. Now there have been gathered, from many climes and continents, water-lilies of almost every hue—red, pink, purple, blue and yellow—the monster-leaved *Victoria regia*, the venerable Egyptian lotus, and a great

variety of less important aquatics, which tend to give the water garden almost as great variety as a garden on dry land. Fully fifty varieties of water-lilies are now in cultivation, and at least seven of the lotus. Besides the native species there are many beautiful white ones, varying in size from the little Chinese lily, the diameter of a half dollar, to *Nymphaea dentata* with flowers twelve inches across. This, and *Nymphaea Devoniensis*, with large flowers of brilliant rose-red color, open their flowers at night like the night-blooming cereus, but remain open several hours in the morning. In the Zanzibar lilies we have purple, blue and deep pink; all large-flowered and with a delightful fragrance quite distinct from the common water-lily. Yellow is represented by a richly-colored species from Mexico and a lovely pale-colored variety of European origin.

The lotus, grown in Egypt three thousand years ago, and in India, China and Japan a sacred flower at the present time, is already cultivated considerably in California.

The majority of these plants are gross feeders, and it is well nigh impossible to make the soil too rich for them. Any soil which will grow good vegetables will, if properly enriched, grow aquatics. A compost of two-thirds good soil and one-third well decayed manure, with a liberal

sprinkling of bone meal, is what we recommend. If you have a black friable loam which is intermediate between adobe and sandy loam, it would be excellent for the purpose.

The simplest arrangement is a large tub or half hogshead partly filled with soil and located in a sunny position. A much better plan is to make a small pool by excavating the ground about two feet and covering the bottom and sides with concrete and cement. In a basin eight or ten feet across quite a variety of plants may be grown, using wooden boxes or shallow tubs to hold the soil. Fountain basins can be utilized in the same manner. It is not necessary that there should be a continuous flow of water, but during the growing season enough should be run in each day to prevent stagnation and to keep the plants in health.

The beauty of a water garden is greatly enhanced by a setting of taller plants with graceful

foliage near it, such as the feathery papyrus, giant grasses, the towering bamboo, and a variety of noble and beautiful palms. In this peculiarly favorable climate it is probable that more and more attention will be given to these fascinating, but now rather neglected, flowers.

EDMUND D. STURTEVANT.



L. A. Eng. Co.

A LOTUS POND.

THE LIVE-OAK.

MOST attractive feature of many valleys and foothills of Southern California is the live-oak, a majestic tree which generally grows in clumps, giving the country the appearance of an English park. It is an evergreen, and differs considerably from oaks in the Eastern States. It is one of the most valuable timber trees of the genus; heavy, close grained and durable. An old tree, with its huge trunk and far-spreading boughs, often clothed with the beard-like "Spanish moss," has a peculiarly venerable aspect. Its acorns were a food-staple with the aborigines of this section.

One of our most extensive groves of live-oaks is in the San Gabriel valley, on the Baldwin ranch. During the boom as much as \$500 extra was paid for a lot in Pasadena on which was a particularly fine live-oak. One of the noblest and best-known specimens stands in the middle of



L. A. Eng. Co.

Waite, Photo.

THE ORANGE GROVE AVENUE LIVE-OAK, PASADENA.

Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena. There are also fine groves along the foothills of the San Fernando valley and in parts of Ventura county, particularly the Ojai.

The Land of Sunshine

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CHARLES F. LUMMIS, EDITOR.

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QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—Specific information about Southern California desired by tourists, health seekers or intending settlers will be furnished free of charge by the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Enclose stamp with letter.

A WORD IN SEASON.

AT just about the present stage of the calendar our Eastern friends find themselves face to face with a bifurcated problem. It is high time to be deciding whether this summer they shall stay at home and be sunstruck or go to beach or mountains and be bankrupted. There are advantages about either plan. It does not cost so much to gasp in your fiery furnace of a room, heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated; or to drop like flies along the curbs when you venture out. On the other hand, it is rather pleasanter to be where you can breathe by day and sleep by night; even if it does absorb the last shekel in your bank account. The two horns of the dilemma are so evenly joyous that it is hard to choose. There you are, halting between the devil and the deep-blue hotel bill.

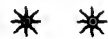
There will be just quibblers enough to say, "Well, but everyone who stays East is not sunstruck in summer." True for you. Neither is every man slain who mixes himself with battlefields—or the pension-list is in error. A great many more survive in either case than have earned continuity by prudence. For neither war nor East-staying is a safe occupation. When the mercury beats 80° in the saturated atmospheres of the East, it means danger—and that is every summer. For every added notch on the thermometer there is a definite increase in the mortality by sunstrokes. People begin to lie down in the street without much care to choose a clean spot. Not everybody, not a majority; but here one and there one. Next morning the papers have a pretty list. Forty people are not many in the milliou and a half of New York. They are not missed. But if one of the forty had been You, eh? Then there *would* have been a hitch in the procession of the universe! Of course it is unlikely that Providence could so far forget itself as to sunstrike You; but such impertinences sometimes happen. You take your chance—why? Because you were born in it. But you know perfectly well that you would not take half the risk of smallpox, which you are *not* used to, for any money. Yet as a matter of fact, a man dead of smallpox isn't a particle deader than if he had died of sunstroke.

But mortal peril is an extreme case. If you enjoy it, there is no law against it. It may be a brave man who wills to stand his chances with danger. But it is neither a brave man nor a wise one who sticks to the daily-misery habit just because he was born that way.

Here in God's Country the sun isn't a summer footpad, strolling around with a club to crack casual crowns. It is not particularly strange that the Easterner, reckoning from home experience, should presume that where you don't freeze to death in winter you must roast to death in summer. So we might, if we had here what passes for air in the East; but we haven't. There is as much difference between a humid and an arid atmosphere as between wet clothing and dry clothing. It would take some people several generations to think of drying their garments, if their fathers had gone wet; but it is generally conceded now that dampness is not comfortable to put on.

It is the dryness of our atmosphere which makes the Californian summer a joy forever, and simply a revelation to the man who never dreamed what a comfortable summer means until he came here. The mercury sometimes aspires; but in vain. There are no prostrations and there is no feeling of prostration. Even on the blistered desert, where 130° is not unheard of, there is no sunstroke. In habitable Southern California there is hardly even discomfort. When two or three days of that dry heat come, you bask in it as a cat before the fire. It does not exhaust nor enervate. The hottest day ever seen here is not so hot as 80° in New York. The thermometer may say it is, but you will know the thermometer is—another. You are pursuing your business or your pleasure without interruption and without discomfort. Or, if you wish to "resort," an hour takes you to mountains or sea, both endowed with all the pleasures that belong to summer outing.

Summer as a whole in Southern California is a season of delight. Every day of it you can be active. Every night of it you will sleep under an honest all-wool blanket, if not two. And "sleep," out here, doesn't mean kick and toss and sweat and wish you were dead and on ice.



Among the contributors to the June number are "that prince of Nimrods" T. S. Van Dyke, author of "Rod and Gun in Southern California," "The Still-Hunter," and other books particularly graphic in style and full of the flavor of this country; Charles Dwight Willard, for several years the principal short-story writer of that highest-grade weekly on this Coast, the *Argonaut*; Norman Bridge, M. D., a specialist of national reputation in pulmonary diseases, who handles topics of vital interest here with a clear and taking readableness of which few even among experts are capable; Auguste Wey, a Pasadena contributor to *Harper's Weekly*; Estelle Thomson, of Coronado, a writer for *St. Nicholas* and *The Outlook*; Chas. F. Lummis, and other Southern Californians.

The illustration will be specially lavish and attractive—including a great number of unusually beautiful photo-engravings, and drawings by Wachtel, Cambensy and Traver. The number will be—as its predecessors have been—purely a magazine of and by Southern California, and for everyone here or elsewhere who wishes good reading.



With its next issue (June) the LAND OF SUNSHINE will become a magazine full-fledged though not full-grown. The new cover-design is here reproduced in miniature, that our

readers may be getting acquainted with it. In its new form this will be far and away the handsomest periodical ever issued in Southern California, as it intends to be the most readable. In artistic and literary quality it will be something we shall not have to smuggle out of sight when we hear the footsteps of an Easterner. It will also give him more varied and more valuable information about this country than any monthly publication has ever given. And it will not make him think he would better fetch along a schoolmaster when he comes to visit us.

The new cover will speak for itself as well to the artistic as to the general eye. Simple and strong, original but not eccentric, significant and appropriate yet highly decorative, it proves itself no journeyman job. Most magazines are limited, by the very breadth of their field, to the purely conventional symbols. The most expressive hallmark they can find to typify their locale, their character, their scope, is a rococo tudy, a pair of Corinthian gateposts, or a Wenzell young lady who changes her dress once a month.

But our more definite if narrower field is more generous of artistic suggestions. The peculiar fitness of the California lion—the most perfect of the animate creation in the New World, the highest type of physical grace and sinewy strength, the most typical sun-lover—as the fetich of Southern California was outlined in the April number. He is a symbol worth having, as Mr. Borglum has drawn him basking Sphinx-like in the setting sun.

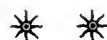
The rose is as perfectly typical, not only of fertility but of refinement. As the king of beasts stands for physical, so does the queen of flowers for mental, grace. There are no roses where man is uncultivated; and while California is not the only country where roses grow, it is the one where they reach their highest perfection.

The legend—that apt old Spanish proverb: “the lands of the sun expand the soul”—was kindly suggested for the magazine by W. C. Brownell, the well-known New York critic and literary adviser to the Scribners.

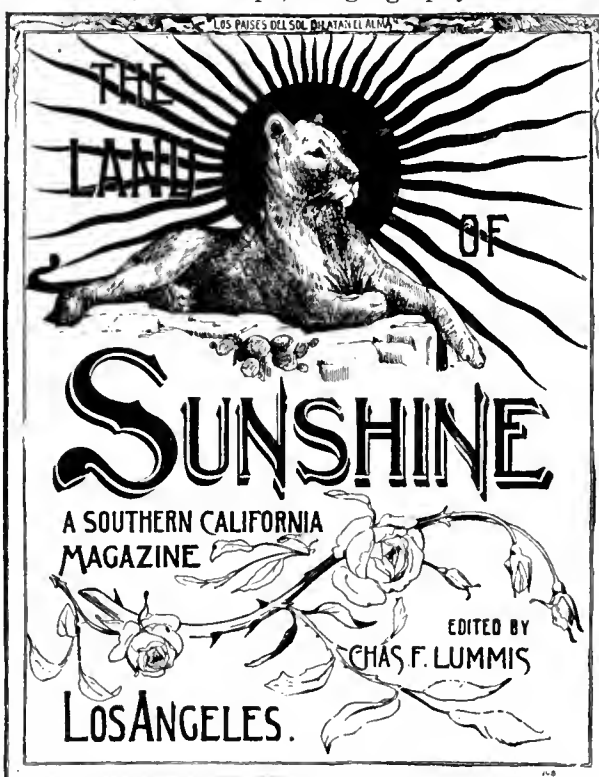
John Gutzon Borglum, who has interpreted the design with so firm a hand, adds another little touch to its aptness. The editor of this magazine was among the first to see and predict a large future for the crude boy who ten years ago was making in this city his first art beginnings, with all things against him except one. Since then, by no adventitious circumstance but by sheer talent, he has conquered honor not only in his own country but in several others; and today it is not an unknown lad but an associate of the Salon Champ de Mars, Paris, who draws the cover of the LAND OF SUNSHINE.

There is no such thing as “South California.” There is a State of California; the more genial and more prosperous end of which is known as Southern California—just as the region of Fall River would be spoken of as Southern Massachusetts. “South California” would mean, to those who know the English language from a premature persimmon, that there were two States of California, as of Carolina.

There are not; and there never will be. We Californians glory in our State, whichever end we inhabit. Now and then there is skin-deep talk of splitting it; but that has no backing of public opinion. Nobody had ever thought of such a thing, but for the fact that this end of the State had always been despitely entreated by the northern end. It is not pleasant to be unable to get justice. But the West as a whole is not going to secede from the Union because it is thus far impossible to beat into the skull of Washington a geography more than 500 miles wide. People who think, need hardly be reminded that until we outvote Northern California we cannot get ourselves amputated; that when we outvote them, we can make our own justice and shall no longer have the shadow of a wish to part with that enormous and superb area which is the proper complement to ours. The old name, California, means something; it suggests a story that every one knows. We cannot afford to part with it and its associations.



This side of Bret Harte, no book of California stories ranks with Margaret Collier Graham's *Stories of the Foothills*, recently issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. More romantic “local color” has been put forth from this romantic State; but in literary art and human interest Mrs. Graham so easily distances the field that comparison would be uncomfortable; and in calm truth, she has as little to be ashamed in the best Eastern company as among California writers. The average of them that “rabbit the literary warren” reckon it quite superfluous to know whereof they write, and still wonder why the rivers refuse to kindle for them. In reading Mrs. Graham, one is as conscious of her grasp of the subject as of her self-control with it, and as of her swift, sinewy, clean-cut style, which would successfully carry a much inferior art. But while Mrs. Graham knows how to say it, she still more has something to say. The object of a story is not so much to pass muster with the critic as to interest the reader; and the reader who is not carried along by “The Withrow Water-Right” is not healthfully portable, that is all. Mrs. Graham is a long-time resident of Pasadena, western in the best and fullest sense, and as interesting as her stories.



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SKETCH OF THE NEW COVER FOR JUNE.

THE LOQUAT.

A FRUIT pretty certain to be unknown to Eastern visitors is seen by them on the fruit-stands of this city in the month of May. It is of a bright lemon color, and about the size and shape of a large damson plum. This is the loquat—*Photinia Japonica*, or Japan medlar, or nispero, as it is called in Spanish-America. It is a native of the Orient, its name being taken from the Chinese *lukwat*; and like most other fruits which come from the countries of the dawn is largely composed of "stone"—much of its bulk being filled with from one to three handsome, polished brown kernels. The flavor is one of the most delicious acids known—clear, nonstringent, and unlike any other thing. It is deemed very wholesome, and particularly advantageous in cases of indigestion or other stomach troubles. It yields, also, an especially fine and characteristic jelly, unexcelled unless by that of the yellow guava.

Coming in that gap of the season when there is very little other fruit in the market—when the citrus crop is past and

before the deciduous crops have ripened—the loquat is particularly acceptable.

The tree is a beautiful evergreen, with a straight, slender, graceful trunk which attains a height of twenty to thirty feet. The leaves are a rich, dark green, silvery underneath; and at about Christmas time the tree is covered with fragrant flowers.

The loquat bears early and very heavily. It has not yet been planted to any extent in Southern California on the orchard basis, but is frequently found as an ornamental tree in yards and gardens. The demand for the fruit is increasing, as its decided merits become better known; and more extensive planting will probably follow soon.

The loquat is an interesting example of fruit evolution. When its cultivation first began it was little else than seed covered by skin, with a few drops of juice and a thin layer of pulp between. Under the favoring conditions which it meets in California its improvement is likely to be rapid, and at the end of a few generations of trees the loquat will undoubtedly rank as a commercial fruit of special excellence. H. E.



NEW POTATOES IN MARCH.

REFERENCE was made in the LAND OF SUNSHINE a few months ago to the growing importance of the winter vegetable industry in Southern California. Already large quantities of vegetables are shipped North and East during the winter months, and the trade is constantly increasing.

In the article referred to reference was chiefly made to such delicate winter vegetables as green peas, string beans, tomatoes, etc. The more hardy potato is also a very profitable crop to raise in this section when it can be placed on the market at a time when the Eastern States are entirely bare of new potatoes, except those which are imported from Bermuda.

Potatoes can be planted in those sections of Southern California which are comparatively frostless, after the first good rain in winter, or say early in December, and if of an early variety should be ready for market early in March, at which time they are generally worth from two to three cents a pound. One of the chief points to be studied by the Southern California farmer who wishes to make a success of raising potatoes is the getting of a good variety of seed. It has been found that local potatoes "run out" and consequently to achieve good results it is necessary to purchase seed from the northern part of the State.

The business of raising potatoes in this section has been left altogether too much in the hands of Chinamen, who have made much money in the industry. There is no reason why this should be the case, as potatoes are a very

profitable crop if brought into market at the right time. Some remarkable returns have been had from potatoes in the neighborhood of Los Angeles. Some time ago a grower at Burbank reported a yield of 900 sacks of potatoes as the product of five acres, grown without irrigation. The variety was the White Burbank. The crop was sold for \$900, more than two-thirds of which was clear profit. This is about as good as fruit-growing. Forty of these potatoes went to the bushel.

There is no reason why Southern California should not supply the Eastern States with new potatoes during the late winter and early spring months.

This would give a valuable addition to the agricultural resources of Southern California. Outsiders complain sometimes that we depend too much on a few crops—that our agriculture is not varied enough. To any one who is thoroughly acquainted with the agricultural and horticultural resources of this section such a statement will not appear well founded, but still it is true that there is room for much more diversity in the crops of a region where almost every product that is cultivated from the Arctic to the equator can be successfully raised. In addition to the large number of fruits, both citrus and deciduous, which are now shipped from Southern California, there is no reason why, within a few years, this section should not be doing an equally important business in the shipment of vegetables of all descriptions. Thus, before long there will not be one month out of the twelve in which train loads of produce are not sent across the mountains to supply the less fortunate residents of the Eastern and Northern States. G. H. W.



RIVERSIDE—THE CITY OF ORANGE GROVES.

McMillan, Photo, Riverside.

A PARTY of gentlemen were talking in a Riverside hotel some years ago, when one remarked it seemed strange to him that Riverside did not advertise itself more. "Why," said he, "I never heard of it until I was half way across the continent."

"Well, that is queer," replied another, "for I heard of it when I was in India—and made up my mind then that I would come and see it."

He is one of thousands; and it seems that nowadays hardly any intelligent person can have missed hearing of Riverside. Thousands of others have come to view it for themselves. Thousands, too, have come to see it, and yet have not seen it—those who come in great excursion parties, hasten from the trains to carriages in waiting, are driven through the town, down the famous Magnolia Avenue and taking the cars again are off to "do" some other place in like manner. Such "travelers"—heaven save the mark!—see very little of Riverside or of any place they visit thus.

The writer has been asked "on what street are your fine residences here?" They are on no particular street but scattered over a territory nearly ten miles in length and two miles in breadth, with 150 miles of streets and avenues extending in all directions, bordered with the evergreen palm, cedar, grevillea, eucalyptus and pepper trees, with occasional elms and weeping willows (reminding one of Eastern homes). Riverside could hardly mass its fine residences in any one locality; and no hurried visit will give opportunity to see much besides the miles of orange

groves that lie on either hand. When upon the avenue or in the grove, the residence is found, with its lawns, its fountains, flowers and shrubbery, then expressions of surprise and pleasure are enthusiastic.

Riverside is located in the upper Santa Ana valley, and includes a territory some sixteen miles in length and varying from two to three miles in width. From the natural trend of the land, it seems designed by Nature to illustrate the perfection to which irrigation may be carried.

The irrigating system consists of two canals covering a distance of forty-two miles, with lateral ditches and pipes covering 139 miles more, under the control of the Riverside Water Company; and the Gage Canal, twenty miles in length, with fifty miles more of laterals, under control of the Riverside Trust Co., Limited. Altogether, the systems cover an area of 25,000 acres, of which 12,000 acres are planted to oranges and lemons.

The upper canal of the Riverside Water Company carries the entire flow of a creek which comes down from the San Bernardino mountains, and is carried across the Santa Ana river by a flume a mile and a quarter in length, and then through a tunnel nearly two-thirds of a mile before striking the level of the plains on which it performs its magic.

In addition to this, artesian water for domestic and fire purposes is furnished by a pipe-line extending over fifty miles of territory, from twenty-three wells (300 to 600 feet in depth) located nine miles above the city in an artesian belt, from which the Gage canal is also



L. A. Eng. Co.

The two original Washington Navel Orange Trees, parents of their race.

McMillan, Photo.

supplied. By means of this pipe-line, homes are furnished with water direct from the wells, some fifty miles of streets and avenues are kept sprinkled during the dry season, and two three-quarter inch streams can be thrown upon the highest buildings without the aid of fire engines.

Although light is now furnished by a local gas company, and a San Bernardino electric company, and the streets generally are good (except in very wet weather), the proposition is before the people to issue bonds to the amount of \$125,000 for the erection of an electric light and power plant and for paving the principal streets.

Fourteen churches bespeak the moral sentiment of the community, and fine school buildings, with their army of scholars, tell of its educational advantages. With an elegant opera house, a fine public library of 10,000 volumes, a Y. M. C. A. building, a number of halls belonging to different fraternal societies, three banks, two daily and three weekly newspapers, and several fine hotels, Riverside is at least on a par with cities of its size wherever located.

The cultivation of the orange is the principal industry of Riverside. Raisins were also extensively cultivated until within a few years, when much of the acreage devoted to them was turned into orange groves, as producing better results with less

labor. The first oranges of Southern California were of the class introduced by the priests from Mexico and planted around the old Missions; Florida trees being later brought in. But it remained for the early settlers of Riverside to introduce to the world the far-famed, prize-winning Washington Navel.

There are two varieties of navel orange. The Australian has a coarse, corrugated, thick skin; but, in this climate, with cultivation, fertilization and care, improves both in flavor and appearance. The Washington navel has a bright, smooth skin, is handsome to the eye and luscious to the taste.

In December, 1873, two trees



Union Eng. Co.

A BIT OF THE PARK.

McMillen, Photo.

were received from the Agricultural Department at Washington by Mrs. L. C. Tibbetts, who had formerly been in the Department. The trees were from Bahia, Brazil, and were sent out as an experiment. They were planted by

Mr. Tibbetts; and in May, 1875, buds were taken from them and used in two neighboring orchards. From these two trees have come all the Washington navel oranges on this Coast. The shipment of oranges from Riverside has grown from 5,000 boxes in 1880-81, and fifty carloads in 1882, to the present time, when the shipments for the season will amount to between 2,500 and 3,000 carloads, which, counting 300 boxes to



Herve Friend, Eng.

A CORNER IN BROCKTON SQUARE.

McMillen, Photo.

the car, will give an idea of the extent of the orange industry.

It was through a display of Riverside oranges, made at the International Exposition at New Orleans in 1884, that the attention of the people of the United States was called to the superiority of the Southern California orange. This display received three gold medals for quality in competition with Florida and all the world. In consequence of this decision many thousand acres were straightway planted to citrus fruit in Riverside and in other sections of Southern California. At the Southern California citrus fairs held under State authority, Riverside has been similarly honored. No locality participating in the citrus fairs has won half as many prizes for individual displays as Riverside. However, as about one-half of the total crop of Southern California comes from Riverside, it is reasonable to suppose that it must grow an immense amount of very fine fruit.

Of lemons there are over 200 acres set out, about one-fifth being in bearing. The lemon is growing in favor, and is deemed as remunerative as the orange, if not more so.

Riverside is a unique and a beautiful city, which may well look with pride and pleasure to celebrating (on the 13th of September next) the twenty-fifth anniversary of its birth.

W. W. WILSON.



Union Eng. Co. RIVERSIDE HIGH SCHOOL, McMillen, Photo. 1873, two trees

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TOP
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SYRUP**

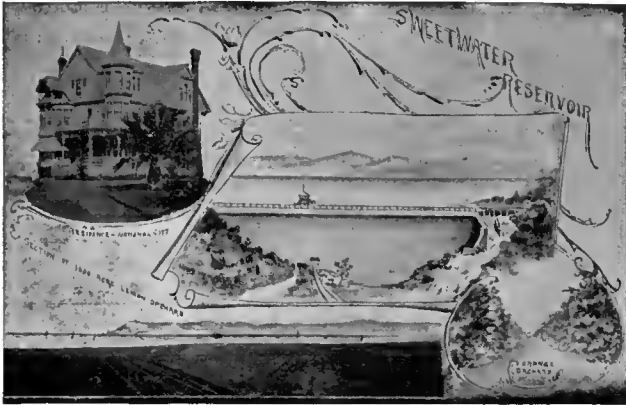
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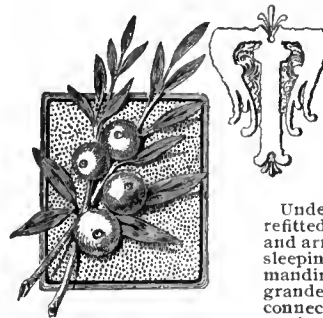
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Rates \$2 to \$4 per day.
Special by week.
Large Sample Room free.

H. L. SQUIRES,
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Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."



UNIQUE SECTION

The section generally known as Southern California comprises the seven counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Orange, Riverside, San Diego, Ventura and Santa Barbara. The total area of these counties is 44,901 square miles, which is 29 per cent of the area of the State, or larger than the combined area of Connecticut, Delaware, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Vermont. The coast line extends north-west and southeast a distance of about 275 miles. Within this area there is a remarkable variety of climate, soil and topography. In winter one can travel on foot in three-quarters of an hour from orange groves to snow fields. The population in 1890 was 2,013,52.

LOS ANGELES, the leading county of Southern California, has an area of about 4,000 square miles, some four-fifths of which is capable of cultivation, with water supplied. The shore line is about 85 miles in length. The population increased from 33,881 in 1880 to 101,454 in 1890. Horticulture is the principal industry. There are over 1,500,000 fruit trees growing in the county.

Los Angeles city, the commercial metropolis of Southern California, 15 miles from the coast, has a population to-day of about 75,000. Eleven railroads center here. There are about 100 miles of graded and graveled streets, and 11 miles of paved streets. The city is entirely lighted by electricity. There is a \$500,000 court house, a \$200,000 city hall, and many large business blocks. The residences are mostly surrounded by beautiful gardens.

The other principal cities are Pasadena, Pomona, Whittier, Azusa, Downey, Santa Monica, Redondo and San Pedro.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY is the largest county in the State, comprising numerous mountain ranges, rich in minerals, fertile valleys, and considerable desert, much of which can be reclaimed with water from the mountains. Population about 30,000. The county is traversed by two railroads. Fine oranges and other fruits are raised.

San Bernardino city, the county seat, is a railroad center, with about 8,000 people. The other principal places are Redlands, Ontario, Colton and Chino.

ORANGE COUNTY was segregated from Los Angeles county in 1889. Area 671 square miles; population, in 1890, 13,589. Much fruit and grain are raised. Most of the land is arable, and there is a good supply of water.

Santa Ana, the county seat, is an attractive place, with a population of 5,000. Other cities are Orange, Tustin, Anaheim and Fullerton.

RIVERSIDE COUNTY was created in 1893 from portions of San Bernardino and San Diego counties. Area 7,000 square miles; population about 14,000. It is an inland county.

Riverside, the county seat, is noted for its extensive orange groves and beautiful homes.

Other places are South Riverside, Perris and San Jacinto.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY is a large county, the most southern in the State, adjoining Mexico. Much of the area is at present desert. Population about 40,000. There are mountains 10,000 feet above, and depressions 250 feet below sea level, furnishing every variety of climate. That of the coast region is remarkably mild and equable. Irrigation is being rapidly extended. Fine lemons are raised near the coast, and all other fruits flourish.

San Diego city, on the bay of that name, is the terminus of the Santa Fe railway system, with a population of about 21,000. Across the bay is Coronado Beach with its mammoth hotel. Other cities are National City, Escondido, Julian and Oceanside.

VENTURA COUNTY adjoins Los Angeles county on the north. It is very mountainous. There are many profitable petroleum wells. Apricots and other fruits are raised, also many beans. Population in 1870, 10,071.

San Buenaventura, the county seat, is pleasantly situated on the coast. Population 2,500. Other cities are Santa Paula, Huene and Fillmore.

SANTA BARBARA is the most northern of the seven counties, with a long shore line. There are many rugged mountains in the interior, about one-fifth of the 1,450,000 acres being arable. Semi-tropic fruits are largely raised, and beans in the northern part of the county.

Santa Barbara, the county seat, is noted for its mild climate and rare vegetation. It is located on a sloping mesa, facing the ocean and islands, with mountains in the rear, and foot-hills studded with live-oaks. Population about 6,000. Other cities are Lompoc, Carpinteria and Santa Maria.



Glasscock & Vroman, Photo, Pasadena

VALE, RAYMOND!

During the afternoon of April 14th the Raymond, one of the largest and best-known hotels in Southern California, burned to the ground. Owing to the time of day and the noble efforts of its manager, Genl. M. C. Wentworth, and others, no lives were lost and comparatively little property belonging to guests was destroyed.

As the building cost over \$500,000, and was insured for about one-third that amount, a heavy net loss falls upon its owner, Mr. W. Raymond, of Boston, one of the best friends Southern California has ever had.

Though it is not definitely known, the hotel will undoubtedly be rebuilt; but if it should not, the slightly eminence upon which it stood for nine years will long remind tourists and residents of its enterprising owner, and the famous carvansary which graced it.

Fortunately for Pasadena, as well as for many tourists who desired to remain longer in that section, the magnificent Green Hotel was completed during the past twelve months. This not only enabled Manager Homes to provide for the roofless guests of the Raymond, but still classes Pasadena as one of the first towns in Southern California for hotel accommodations.

The destruction of the Raymond will therefore not fall so heavily upon Pasadena as upon the section generally, and renders all the more apparent the necessity of a tourists' hotel in Los Angeles which will attract, accommodate and retain the most desirable class of people.

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Space in this column not for sale.

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- Hotel Metropole**—American plan.
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- Hotel del Coronado**—Largest in the world; \$3 per day; \$17.50 per week upward.
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For first-class plumbing call on J. B. Myer & Co., 307 W. Second St., Los Angeles, Cal.

A PROSPEROUS CITY.

There is probably no section of the United States where business is in a more solid and flourishing condition than it is in Los Angeles to-day. The ill effects which followed the bursting of the real estate boom of nine years ago have entirely disappeared, and the past year has been one of steady and healthy growth. The real estate sales for the past year amounted to \$15,000,000, and most of this property was sold for the purpose of improvement. Buildings have been going up for months past at the rate of five and six a day. The average for February having been six and a half per day.

The solid character of the Los Angeles banks was well shown during the recent financial panic, which had such disastrous results in some sections of the country. It is true that several of the banks were forced to close their doors for a few days on account of the wild and unreasonable rush which was made upon them by the public, but only one bank succumbed to the flurry, and this was a bank of minor importance which had been known to be shaky for some time past.

The bank clearances have for a year past shown an improvement almost every week, while the figures from a majority of other cities in the United States have frequently shown a decrease.

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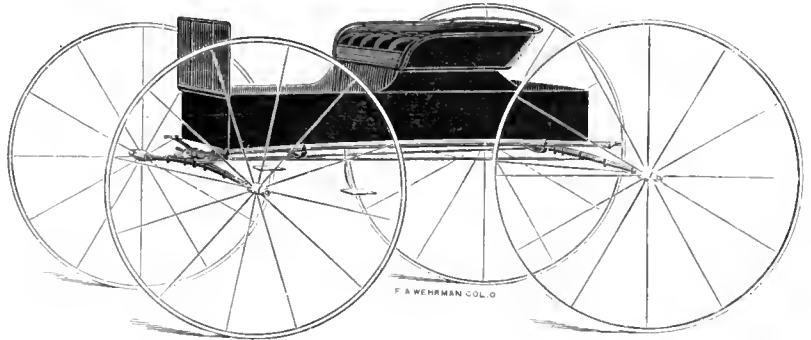
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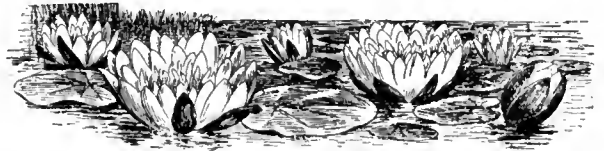
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LOOK HERE! I will sell 2 1/2 acres in navel oranges, six years old, 1/2 mile from P. O., one block from R. R., in Southern California, near Ontario, for \$1,800.

I will sell 39 acres near Burbank, 9 miles from Los Angeles, on R. R., for \$2,200; 12 acres in fruit trees, 6 in grapes, 7 years old, fine well, etc.

I have choice lots in the city and every one is a bargain. Also 5 and 10 acre plats near the city. Terms are reasonable. Send for list. All inquiries answered with pleasure.

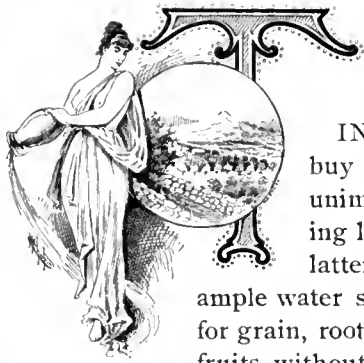
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Eastern money loaned on first mortgages.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."



THE LAND AND ITS PRODUCTS.

IN Southern California one can buy land at \$5 to \$500 an acre, unimproved; the former for grazing land in the mountains, and the latter for choicest citrus land, with ample water supply, close to town. Lands for grain, root crops, alfalfa, and deciduous fruits without irrigation cost \$30 to \$100 per acre. Land, with water for irrigation, adapted to all deciduous fruits, \$100 to \$200; and first-class citrus land, with ample water, \$250 to \$400. If these prices seem high to the new-comer, he should remember that land which will pay a net profit of \$100 per acre and up is worth rather more than land which yields a profit of \$8 or \$10 in wheat. There is land in Southern California to suit every pocket.

Farming in Southern California is not wholly by irrigation. Grains and winter crops are not irrigated at all. Corn is irrigated in some localities, being a summer crop, but is grown in many places without irrigation. On irrigated land two or three crops a year are frequently raised by alternating crops. Where water from rivers is used, the sediment renews the fertility of the soil. Sandy lands about Los Angeles, cropped for 75 years, show no diminution of fertility. Water is used in orchards and vineyards, on uplands and about the foot-hills. Citrus fruits, berries, and summer vegetables must be irrigated. Large tracts near the ocean are kept moist in summer by night sea fogs and a day breeze. Here dairying is especially successful, and corn, apples, pears, apricots, etc., do well without irrigation. Farther inland are thousands of acres of desert-like land, apparently worthless, upon which water works a magic—changing the desert to a garden.

The cost of trees fluctuates. A few years ago orange and lemon trees cost \$1 to \$1.50 each; nowadays 15 cents to 25 cents for 2-year old buds on 3 or 4-year old roots. Deciduous trees per hundred cost about: apples \$8, pears \$10, prunes \$10, plums \$12.50, apricots \$12, peaches \$12.50.

The cost of planting and cultivation also varies, and it is difficult to give cast-iron figures. Citrus trees cost more, on account of irrigation, than deciduous trees; \$10 to \$15 per acre per year is a fair average cost of cultivation, where let by contract.

Citrus fruits begin to pay expenses about three years from setting out. Trees planted at two years old should yield a fair crop in five years; deciduous fruits, three years after planting.

We tend nowadays to plant wider apart. Oranges and lemons are generally set about 90 trees to the acre; stone fruit, 25 feet apart.

As to profits it is difficult to give specific information of practical value. Many loose and exaggerated statements have been printed. It has been said a profit of \$1000 per acre can be made from orange groves. *This has been done in exceptional cases*, where the trees were old and carefully attended to, but such cases are no guide. One-third of that money is good enough, and may be counted upon with full-

bearing orange groves in a favorable season. Deciduous trees in full-bearing (five years or more from planting) may be reckoned upon for a net income of \$100 to \$200 per acre in ordinary years. Larger returns have been recorded, but it is not safe to figure on exceptions.

The market for Southern California fruit is good and growing. Buyers from all over the country purchase them, dried and fresh. The orange-growers have organized to market their fruit on the coöperative plan, and have met with success. A large proportion of the deciduous fruits (peaches, apricots, prunes, etc.) are dried, so that growers can wait until they can get a fair price. There are several canneries, and in Los Angeles a crystallizing factory.

Many are not in a position to wait for an income until their trees comes into bearing. In such cases a revenue can be obtained from crops planted between the trees, such as potatoes, peanuts, corn, berries, etc.; also by the raising of poultry.

The orange is the most attractive crop of Southern California to new arrivals. It is profitable, but also expensive. High-priced land, irrigation, and waiting for several years, needs capital. The sections where orange-growing is safe are comparatively limited. To purchase ten acres of land, plant a thousand trees, and care for the grove for three years, until the trees are in bearing, will cost about \$4000.

The lemon grows under similar conditions to the orange, bearing somewhat earlier and yielding heavy crops. It is picked while green and cured. The profits are large. Other citrus fruits raised on a limited scale are the lime, citron and pomelo.

The grape is largely raised in Southern California for wine, raisins and table use.

Other popular fruits raised here on a large scale are: the olive, which is used for pickles as well as for oil; the prune, which is rapidly replacing the imported article in the East; the fig, which is dried, but not yet in sufficient quantity to supply the home market; and the apricot, which is a specialty of Southern California, bearing early and heavy crops. Fine peaches are also raised and are gathered during six months of the year, the trees often yielding a considerable crop the second year after setting out. Nectarines and pears are grown, but not in sufficient quantity for export. Apples do well in the mountains and near the sea-coast. The soft-shell varieties of the English walnut are largely grown and very profitable, hundreds of carloads being shipped East yearly. The almond and chestnut have been raised so far only on a small scale. Cherries do well in the elevated valleys, and sell at high prices.

Berries bear heavy crops and are in the market nearly all the year round, hundreds of tons of strawberries being shipped East in the early spring months. Watermelons and muskmelons yield enormous crops.

The guava, a delicious fruit growing on a bush, is largely raised, being utilized both fresh and in the shape of jelly.

Among tropical and semi-tropical fruits raised, on an experimental scale, are the banana, Japanese persimmon, loquat, date, pine-apple, pomegranate and chirimoya or custard apple.

A profitable industry is the raising of winter vegetables for shipment North and East.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Mr. A. D. Barney, at present night clerk at the Natick House, Los Angeles, for some time chief clerk at Baker House, Redlands, was married on the 6th of March, to Miss Ella Wallace, of Providence, Rhode Island. Mr. Robert Stoughten is now occupying the position of clerk at Baker House, vacated by Mr. Barney.

If asked for the names of the most genial, public-spirited and wide awake men of Riverside, few of those versed in the affairs of that charming city would hesitate to commence such a list with the name of Frank A. Miller. Not only is Mr. Miller alive to the interests of his own town, but of the entire section as well. Mr. Miller unhesitatingly greeted the first issue of the LAND OF SUNSHINE with encouragement and praise. The practical encouragement he has now given to the last number of its first year unmistakably shows that Mr. Miller is satisfied that his early faith in the periodical was not misplaced. This fortunate trait of knowing a good thing when he sees it, combined with a sincere and ever ready interest in the welfare of others, has made Mr. Miller and the Glenwood Tavern, of which he is proprietor, by-words to all who visit Riverside. The latter is known throughout the commercial world as the greatest orange shipping city on the continent, and the Glenwood is barely less unique and famous as a resting place where hospitality and home-like cheer "welcomes the coming and speeds the departing guest."

The Windsor Hotel at Redlands has recently undergone numerous improvements. Considering the recent loss of the Terracina by fire, Redlands is fortunate in still possessing so good an hotel as the Windsor, under the management of so wide-awake and able a proprietor as Mrs. H. L. Squires has amply proven herself to be.

Mr. A. C. Bilicke, the par excellence hotel man of Los Angeles, is in San Francisco on business and pleasure. During the Fiesta week Mr. Bilicke's hotel, the Hollenbeck, capped the climax of a well deserved successful winter's season by a veritable jam, which though not altogether unwelcome to hotel men, is calculated to leave a tired feeling that nothing short of a trip and the sight of the sufferings of other hotel men can alleviate.

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The February LAND OF SUNSHINE is full of flavor of Southern California and the southwest. Its editor is Charles F. Lummis, whose accurate, graphic and always interesting writings of the west and of Spanish-America have won a wide audience. He promises to make his little magazine—already handsome in typography and illustration—characteristically southwestern. It will not try to trespass upon the field of the great magazines, but to fill its own, which is unique and romantic. The current number has a sepia frontispiece of a notable Mexican type; a sympathetic out-door study by Estelle Thomson; a Spanish-American love story; a description, by the expert Theodosia B. Shepherd, of a night-blooming cereus, sixty feet tall; reminiscences of the great "Boom;" articles on the desert, adobe architecture, silk culture in Southern California, strawberries every week in the year, and other interesting matter. There are thirty handsome illustrations. Monthly; \$1.00 a year. F. A. Pattee & Co., Los Angeles.—*The Argus, Albany, N. Y.*

"MAINTAINS ITS PROMISE."

The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Henry Watterson's famous paper, says (March 23):

The March LAND OF SUNSHINE, edited by Charles F. Lummis, maintains its promise of growth. Its profuse illustration and fine typography fitly set of the interesting contents—a variety of good reading about Southern California. It is not a "boom" publication, but a small magazine devoted to all the interests of its field, intellectual as well as material. Among the March contents are a sketch by T. S. VanDyke, a story by C. D. Willard, an out-door study by Estelle Thomson, an expert plant article by Theodosia B. Shepherd, a poem, "When Juan Goes By," by L. W. Green, articles by Charles F. Lummis, Horace Edwards and others, and an amusing editorial on "Tenderfoot College." Published at Los Angeles, Cal.

"A GOOD INDEX OF CULTURE AND ENTERPRISE."

The chief quality of the April number of the LAND OF SUNSHINE is its readableness. Charles F. Lummis has a number of articles in prose and verse, all pithy and to the point; Frank VanVleck writes of the coming fiesta, and Professor C. F. Holder has an appreciative article on Pasadena, written with so much feeling and so much fairness that it is very attractive. The illustrations are all good, and they show the editorial instinct in their great variety, appealing to all tastes. Mr. Lummis announces that with the next number his paper will be issued in regular magazine form. He deserves all the success he has won, for he is making a magazine which is a good index of the culture and enterprise of Southern California.

—*San Francisco Chronicle, March 31*

"A SPICY, READABLE MAGAZINE."

The Chicago *Advance*, the leading paper of Congregationalism west of New York, says in its issue of March 21:

The LAND OF SUNSHINE is a bright new monthly edited by Charles F. Lummis, the popular writer on the Spanish southwest. It is located at Los Angeles, and is devoted, with a thoroughly heartfelt and enthusiastic devotion to the glories, the achievements and the promise of this section of our country. It is a spicy, readable magazine, and seems calculated to be of great service to the land to which it has dedicated itself. (\$1 a year.)

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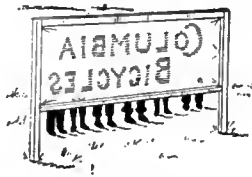
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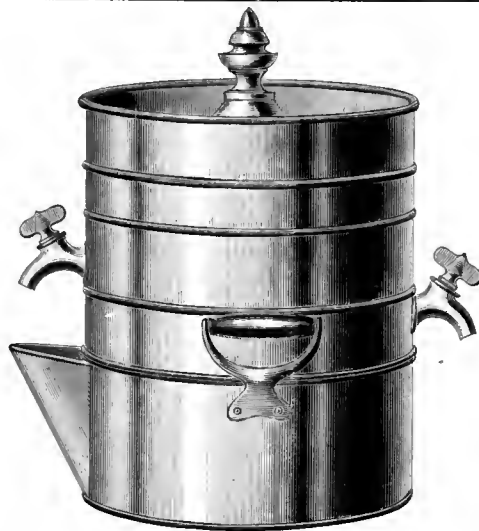
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—*Pomona Weekly Times, March 20.*

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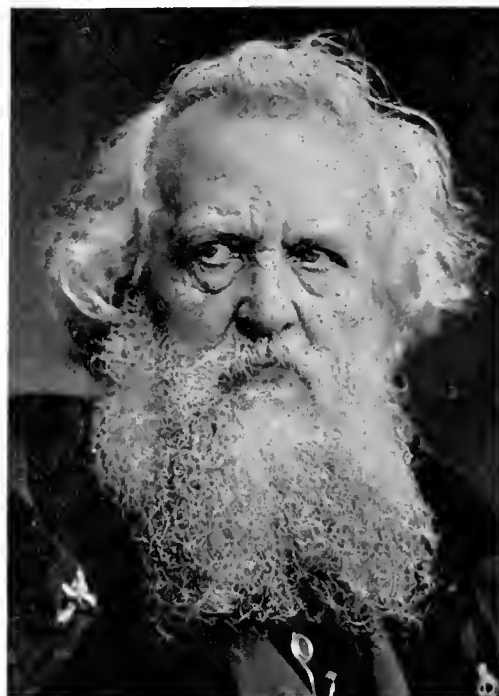
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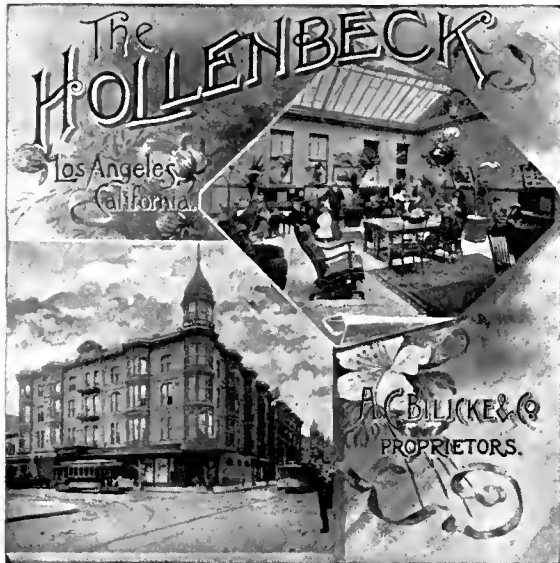
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