

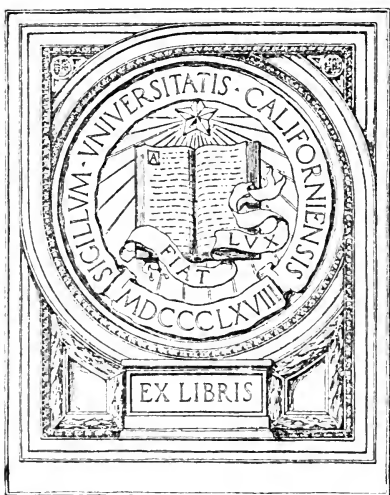


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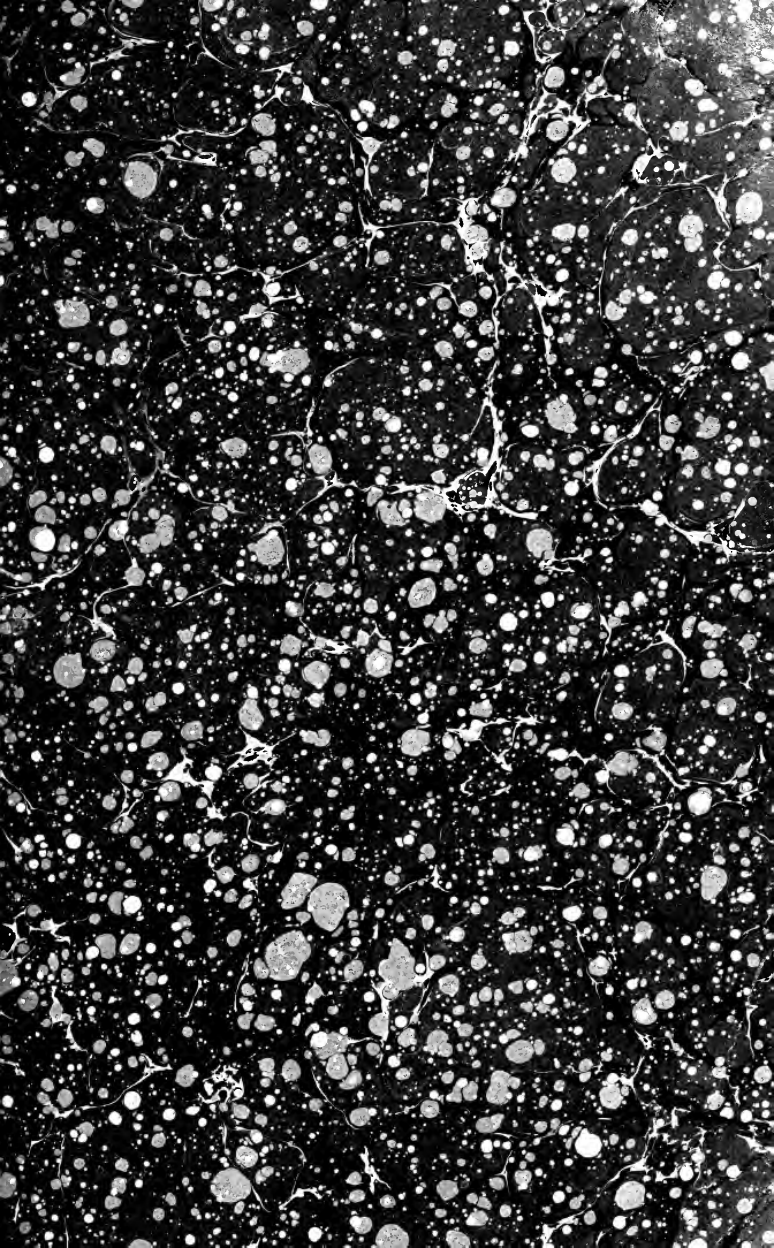
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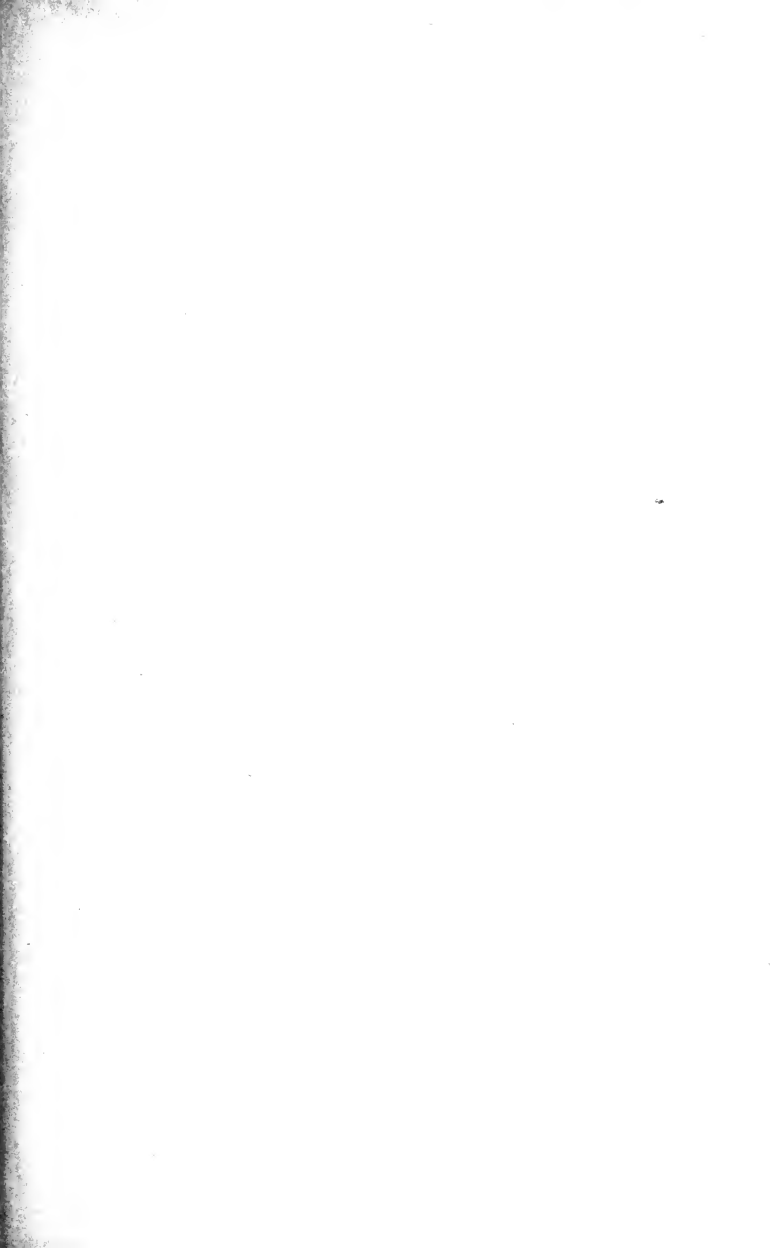


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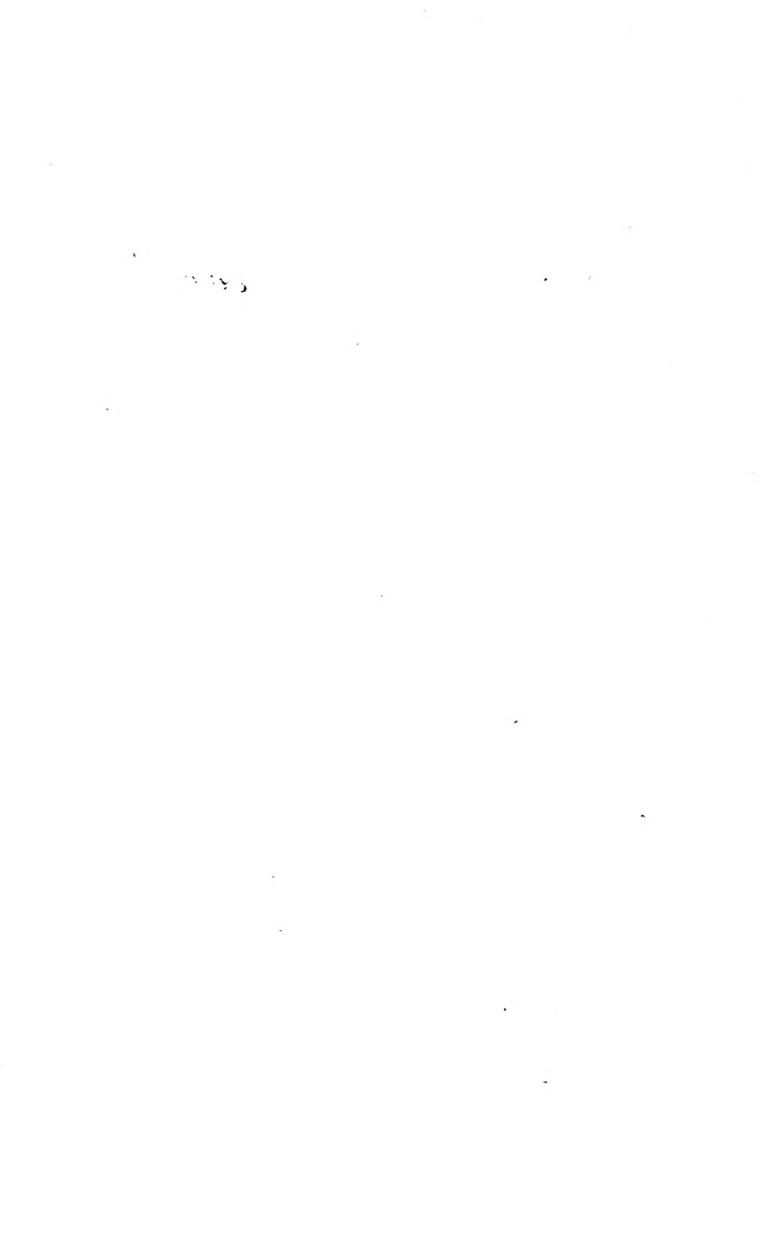














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A MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA AND THE SOUTHWEST

EDITED BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS

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CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

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June to November, 1896.

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# THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

## INDEX TO VOL V

A Chinese Feud (story) .....	Sui Seen Far.	236
Along the Arroyo Seco, illustrated .....		2
An Invitation (poem).....	Charlotte Perkins Stetson.	120
As Told by Themselves (story) illustrated.....	Lillian Corbett Barnes	115
Autograph Cliff, The, illustrated.....	Chas. F. Lummis	101
Baby Bunting, illustrated.....		232
Beet Sugar in California, illustrated.....		174
Bullfight, The (poem) illustrated.....	L. Worthington Green,	145
Cacique, The, illustrated .....		220
California Fiestas, Echoes of, illustrated .....		22
California Lion, The, illustrated .....		152
California (poem) .....	Chas. P. Nettleton.	34
Catalina (poem) .....	Arthur Wellington Wayne.	25
Cave City of the Tyuonyi, The, illustrated .....	Chas. F. Lummis.	11
Channel Islands, The, illustrated.....	Homer P. Earle.	227
Chautauqua Assembly of Southern California, illustrated .....	S. H. Weller.	78
City of the Cliff, The, illustrated .....	Chas. F. Lummis.	184
Clams of Southern California, illustrated.....	C. M. Drake.	158
Clubs of Los Angeles, The, illustrated.....		125
Confessions of a Basket Collector, illustrated .....	J. Torrey Connor.	3
Coyote (poem) illustrated.....	John Vance Cheney.	95
Customs of the Rio Grande (selected).....	John G. Bourke.	168
Cycling in Southern California, illustrated .....	C. F. Gates.	41
Devil's Backbone, The, illustrated.....	Geo. F. Leavens.	96
Down in the Pass of the Soledad (poem) .....	Jeanie Peet.	183
End of a Feud, The, (story).....	Beatriz Bellido de Luna.	64
Fandango, The, from painting by Nahl.....		144
Fires in the Sierra, illustrated .....	Abbott Kinney.	242
First American Jewelers, The, illustrated.....	Chas. F. Lummis.	54
Ghost of the Quivira, The, illustrated .....	Chas. F. Lummis.	222
Gold Placers of Los Angeles, illustrated.....	J. M. Guinn.	60
Historic Figure, A, illustrated .....		58
History of New Mexico, A, (review).....	C. F. L.	204
Homes on Mountain and Desert, illustrated .....	D. P. Barrows.	106
How Western Schools Grow.....		165
Hydraulic Mining, illustrated .....		46, 60
In the Lion's Den, (by the Editor).....	35, 72, 121, 171, 207,	245
In the Sierra (poem).....	Eleanor F. Lewis.	151
Jack (poem).....	Elwyn Irving Hoffman.	202
Jackrabbit Roundup, A (poem) .....	Wm. M. Bristol.	120
Ku Yum (story) .....	Sui Seen Far.	29
La Jolla, illustrated.....		84
Landmarks Club, The .....	21, 33, 71, 119, 170, 206,	244

Line Rider, The (poem) .....	Florence E. Pratt.	221
Lion's Den, In the (by the Editor).....	35, 72, 121, 171, 207, 245	
Little Charro, The, illustrated .....		182
Localities described and illustrated ;		
<p style="margin-left: 40px;">Acoma, N. M., 184 ; California Summer Resorts, 86 ; El Morro, N. M., 101 ; Long Beach, Cal., 78 ; Monterey, Cal., Chinatown, 153 ; Mt. San Antonio, Cal., 46, 96 ; Mt. Whitney, Cal., 47 ; Natural Bridge, Arizona, 146 ; Oceanside, Cal., 45 ; San Fernando, Cal., 215 ; The Tjuonyi, N. M., 11—and many others.</p>		
Longing (poem).....	Blanche Trask.	69
Masking (poem) .....	Blanche Trask.	28
Mexican Recipes.....	Linda Bell Colson.	26
Mining in the Southwest, illustrated .....	Geo. W. Parsons.	91
Mount Whitney, illustrated . . . . .	Howard Longley.	47
Musky " Filaree," The (poem) ....	Lillian H. Shuey.	67
My Nursery (poem) illustrated.....	Julia Boynton Green.	70
Natural Bridge, The Greatest, illustrated.....	Chas. F. Lummis.	146
Nectarine, The.....		25
November, Our, (poem).....	Julia Boynton Green.	242
Oceanside, illustrated.....		45
Oldest Californian. The, with portrait .....	Edith Wagner.	234
Old Spanish " Lavaderos," illustrated.....	Juliette Estelle Mathis.	233
Open Letter, An .....	Charles Warren Stoddard.	68
Padre's Story, The .....	Eve Lummis.	166
Philopena (story) .....	Henshaw Jones.	202
Salvation of San Juan. The, illustrated.....		21
Santa Barbara Lighthouse, illustrated .....	S. E. A. Higgins.	164
Sierra Madre, Summit of the, illustration.....		94
Some Little Heathens, illustrated.....	Ella S. Hartnell.	153
Song (poem).....	Lelah A. Spalding.	10
Song of the Western Lark, The.....	Chas. F. Carter.	31
Songs of the Navajos, illustrated .....	Dr. Washington Matthews.	156
"    "    "    .....	John Comfort Fillmore.	238
Southern California Summer.....		163
Southwestern Wonderland, The, Chas. F. Lummis.		
III—The Cave City of the Tjuonyi, illustrated .....		11
IV—The First American Jewelers, illustrated.....		54
V—The Autograph Cliff, illustrated.....		101
VI—The Greatest Natural Bridge, illustrated.....		146
VII—The City of the Cliff, illustrated .....		184
VIII—The Ghost of the Quivira, illustrated.....		222
That Which is Written (reviews by the Editor).....	38, 75, 123, 173, 210, 248	
Told by Heliograph, illustrated.....	J. Torrey Connor.	213
Vaquero, The Old-time Californian, illustrated by Ed. Borein.....		
	Flora Haines Loughhead.	109
When Winter Widows all the North (poem).....	E. W. Barnard.	191
With Cycle and Camera, illustrated.....	C. F. Gates.	215
Yates, Frederic, illustrated.....	H. E. C.	192

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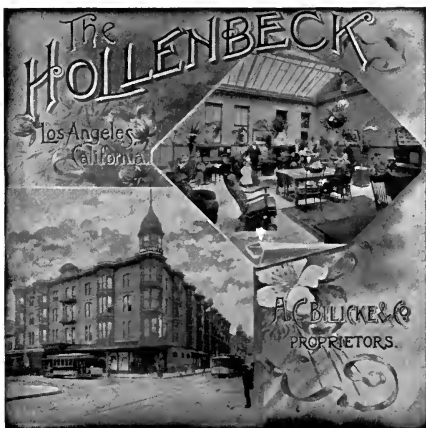
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# THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

CONTENTS—JUNE, 1896.

	PAGE
Along the Arroyo Seco.....	frontispiece
Confessions of a Basket Collector, illustrated.....	J. Torrey Connor 3
Song .....	Leelah A. Spalding 10
The Cave City of the Tyuonyi, illustrated.....	Chas. F. Lummis 11
(Southwestern Wonderland Series.)	
The Salvation of San Juan, illustrated.....	21
Echoes of California Fiestas, illustrated.....	22
Catalina (poem).....	Arthur W. Wayne 25
The Nectarine .....	25
Mexican Recipes.....	Linda Bell Colson 26
Masking (poem) .....	Blanche Trask 28
Ku Yum (story) .....	Sui Seen Far 29
The Song of the Western Lark.....	C. F. Carter 31
The Landmarks Club.....	33
California (poem) .....	Chas. P. Nettleton 34
In the Lion's Den.....	the Editor 35
That Which is Written.....	the Editor 38
Cycling in Southern California, illustrated.....	Chas. Fuller Gates 41

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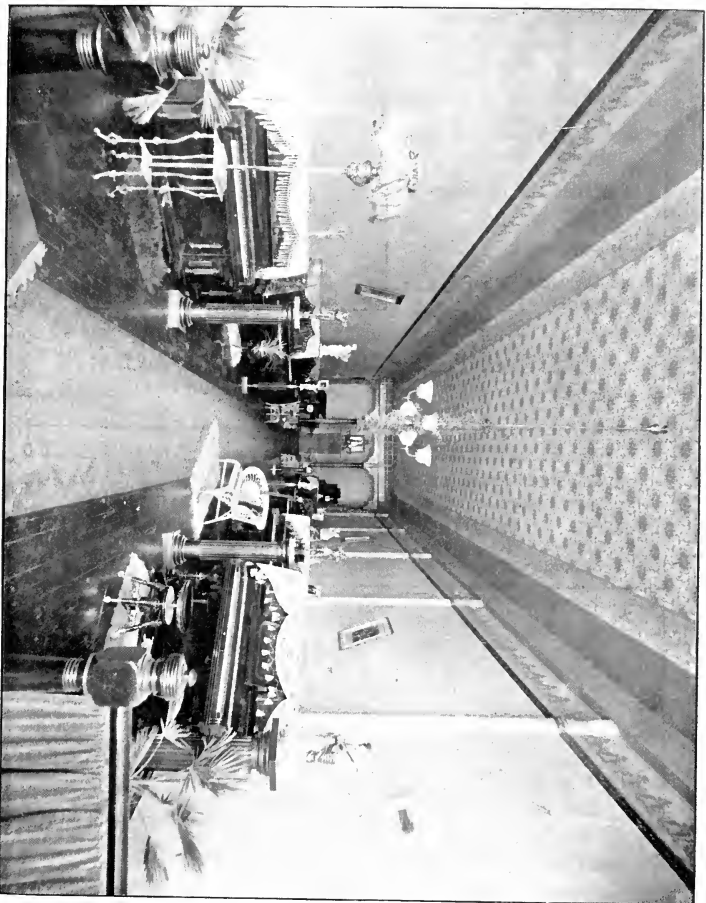
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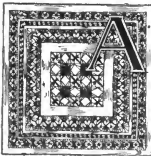
VOL. 5, No. 1.

LOS ANGELES

JUNE, 1896.

## CONFESSIONS OF A BASKET COLLECTOR.

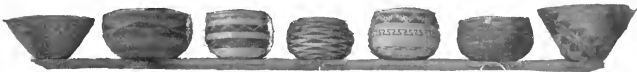
BY J. TORREY CONNOR.



AS with the gathering of postage stamps, blue china, book plates and similar bric-a-brac, the collecting of Indian baskets leads to depletion of one's purse, and a not infrequent transgression of the tenth commandment. A collector, commonly styled a "crank" by the unsympathetic, but known among the faithful as an "enthusiast," may not be of the elect unless backed by a collection numbering at least

half a hundred fine specimens of basketry. This means an outlay of from \$10 to \$200 per basket—although, if purchased from the makers direct, the cost is much less. An Indian woman would sometimes sell a basket which represented the labor of weeks for a few dollars. I put it in the past tense advisedly, not wishing to kindle false hopes. Before collecting became epidemic, there was always the chance of picking up a real "find" in some out-of-the-way spot; but the curio dealer has cornered about everything that has escaped the prowling collector, and nowadays you bargain for your basket over a counter. A student of basketry will tell you, and rightly, that the value of a collection is enhanced four-fold if the baskets are authentic—that is, if they have been a long time in use, and were secured at first hand. In the famous Jewett collection\* all the baskets have seen service, and the greater part of them have that beautiful, old, mellow tint that no newly woven specimen of the textile art can boast.

This collection of one hundred and thirty baskets is the apple of its owner's eye. Together with other Indian relics—totem poles, pipes,



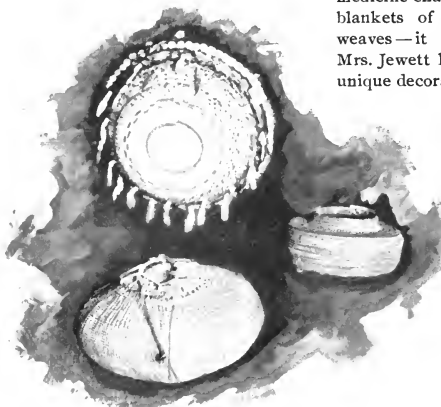
Mauoard-Collier Eng. Co.

\* Collected and owned by Mrs. Belle M. Jewett, Lamanda Park, Cal.  
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medicine charms and several handsome blankets of the Navajo and Chilcat weaves—it fills a good-sized room. Mrs. Jewett has refused \$4000 for these unique decorations of her boudoir.

The one hundred and thirty baskets are the work of twenty-eight different Indian tribes, the best work being done by the Modoc, the Tulare and the Chocot Indians—the Modoc basket leading, with the Tulare a close second.

They represent a considerable expenditure of time as well as money, for the collecting of them extended over a period of six years.



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"Sun" Basket.  
Pouch Basket.

Three-generation Basket.

Among them is a three-generation basket (shown in illustration) which can claim to be at least one hundred years old, since the Indian woman of whom it was purchased, grand-daughter of the weaver, was nearly ninety. It was no simple matter to secure this heirloom, for the sentiment an Indian has in her uncommunicative make-up finds expression in the hoarding of these relics of her own or her foremother's skill. But the collector who is wise in his generation does not easily



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A BASKET FOR STORING WHEAT.

accept defeat, and after prolonged negotiations a change of ownership is generally effected.

Basket-making, it may be said, has been carried on among nearly all the aboriginal tribes of America; but by far the finest basketry is produced by the California Coast Indians. Indeed, their workmanship rivals that of the far-famed Japanese weavers.



With infinite care and patience the Indian woman weaves the flexible twigs of trees, or the stems of reeds and the long grass stalks into a shape so perfect that you wonder at the beauty of it; counting her stitches so carefully that seldom does the decorative pattern fail to join properly. There are, practically, but two kinds of weaving, the horizontal and the upright.

Being athirst for information, I unravelled a basket to the depth of a quarter of an inch, that I might thereby get at the ground plan and specifications, so to speak. The weaving was horizontal. The grass strands, four or five in number, used as "filling," were bunched and carried round and round, row on row, being reinforced by the insertion of grasses running lengthwise of the basket. Beginning at the bottom



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. by Crandall. Pasadena.

TEODORA, LAST OF THE OLD BASKET-MAKERS.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

the stitch passing over two strands instead of one. It is identical with the Japanese weaving.

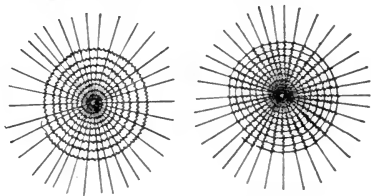
It is easier for the weaver to widen the basket to a bowl shape than to draw it in, bottle shape. The first is accomplished by widening the stitch, as in crochet work, while the narrowing is done by splitting the stitch.

Four stitches, or coils, to the inch is coarse weaving; fifteen stitches to the inch is reckoned fine; and a specimen containing fifty-three stitches to the inch, in the Campbell collection,\* is the finest weaving known. No two baskets are ever made just alike, and yet oftentimes there is a similarity of pattern. This is not to be wondered at when it is known that every weaver takes as a guide the patterns drawn by Dame Nature. You can trace the lightning's zig-zag flash on this basket, on that a design resembling the markings of the diamond-back rattlesnake. Figures of animals—deer and bear—are sometimes copied, and also the figures of men. The latter design is peculiar to the Yocut Indians. A fine specimen obtained from an old Indian showed two rows of "little men," but those in the outer row were headless. The natural supposition was that the weaver had tired of her task, or that the basket was large enough for her purpose without the additional weaving necessary to complete the headless figures. Not so; the figures in the outer circle were white men, we were told, whose heads were chopped off by Indians.

Baskets range in size all the way from the trinket basket, no bigger than your fist, beaded and feathered gorgeously, to the immense receptacle for the storing of grain, with a capacity of half a ton (see

of the basket, I noted how all the loose ends were neatly concealed by the "stitch," or coil; this was carried over and under the horizontal strands, each stitch being dovetailed to the lower row of stitches, thus binding the whole firmly together.

The Eel River Indians weave the double coil, the



Union Eng Co

THE TWO KINDS OF STITCH.

\*Gathered and owned by W. D. Campbell, Los Angeles.

illustration, p. 4), and vary as much in shape as in size. There is the prettily woven nest for the pappoose; the large, placque-shaped basket on which the Indians gamble with dice made of walnut shells, halved, filled with brea (tar) into which wampum is pressed; the queer, conical basket in which burdens are borne upon the back; the caps, worn to protect the head in carrying burdens; the bottle-neck basket, beloved of connoisseurs; the bottomless basket, which fits over a hollowed stone, into which corn is poured and ground with a pestle; baskets that serve as wardrobes; "pitched" baskets, in which water is carried; deep, bowl-shaped baskets, in which water is heated for cooking by the throwing in of hot stones; grain sifters; tobacco pouches, and so on.

The coarser baskets, those for rough service, are made of split twigs for greater strength. The colors most used in "filling in" for the pattern, are black, brown or red. To obtain black, the weaver soaks the stems in guano; other colors, in the old baskets, are purely vegetable.

The interweaving of feathers and beads with the grasses is comparatively recent. The "Sun Worshipers' basket" (see illustration, p. 4) shows three kinds of feathers employed in decoration—those of the teal duck, the wild canary and the red feathers of the woodpecker. It is further ornamented with rows of wampum and wampum pendants, three grades of shell "money" being used. Frequently the feathers that grow on the heads of quail are to be found on feather baskets, used in connection with the tiny red feathers from the head of the woodpecker.

A number of birds must of necessity be slaughtered to furnish the covering for even a small basket, and

on a basket of medium size I counted one hundred "tufts," representing just that number of quail.

How the weaver managed to catch the end of the minute feather under the stitch, fastening it firmly in place; how she wove a basket alike on both sides, inside and out, with never a loose end to give a clue to the secret; how she fashioned the tiny beads of



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Mansard-Collier Eng. Co.

shell; above all, how she could attain such perfection in her weaving with nothing save a rude bone needle to aid the labor of her hands—these are a few of the things that have not yet been found out.

The Modoc Indian wove the finest basket, but the collector who has not already secured one of these treasures will doubtless be obliged to content himself with a Tulare basket—and thank his lucky stars if he can get that.

Really to appreciate a California basket, one has but to contrast it with the work of the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico. It is like placing a dish of delicate porcelain beside one of common delf.



Union Eng. Co.

PART OF THE JEWETT COLLECTION.



Time was when the Indian brave chose his wife for her skill in basket weaving ; it was, so to speak, her dowry. But the art that was handed down from mother to child for centuries is in danger of becoming a lost one, since the latter-day generation will not take up the occupation. What use, they argue, when a battered tomato can will hold food or drink quite as well as a basket, the shaping of which requires so many hours of patient labor. Then, too, the materials of which the fine baskets were made — the reeds and grasses that grow along the shores of streams on unbroken ground — with the “settling up” of the country have been well-nigh rooted out of existence. The wild growths might be coaxed back to their native banks, but there is no such thing as coaxing the indolent young Indian of this New Woman era to emulate her grandam’s housewifely accomplishments.

As the only feasible plan — that of having the Indian children in the Government schools taught to weave — has, I believe, been tried with very indifferent success, chances are that a few years hence good baskets will be as unattainable as the Koh-i-nor.

Los Angeles, Cal

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## SONG.

BY LELAH ANGELL SPALDING.

I feel the warmth of his breath  
 As it wanders over my hair.  
 And on hands and feet are his kisses sweet,  
 As I swing in my hammock there.

I hear the sound of the convent bell,  
 That chimes at the close of day.  
 And my thoughts go back o'er the hazy hills,  
 As I lazily swing and sway.

But my love, not less, beside me stands,  
 In his strength, like the strength of old.  
 With arms outstretched, and impatient hands,  
 And his locks like a crown of gold.

I woo him soft, and he woos me sweet,  
 Aswing in my hammock there.  
 While 'round us both the swallows fleet  
 Wing their way through the summer air.

Oh, who has a lover so straight, so strong?  
 Or kisses so balmy sweet?  
 For my lover so bold is the pine tree old —  
 And my hammock swings at his feet.

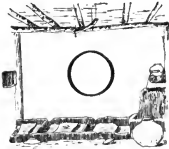
Grass Valley, Cal.



21  
 THE SOUTHWESTERN WONDERLAND. ✓

III: THE CAVE CITY OF THE TYUONYI.

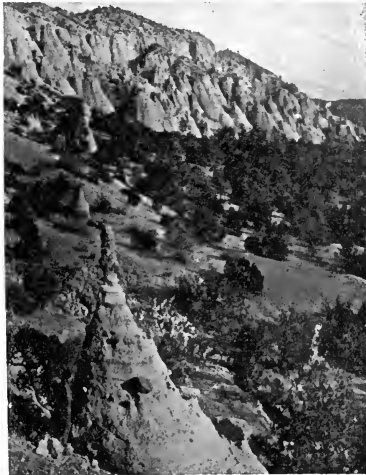
BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



VER against Santa Fé, westward and divided from it by fifty miles and by the sullen cañon of the Rio Bravo del Norte; where the tall Valles range sets its toes down beside the muddy river, lies that huge and magnificent wilderness which is unique in the United States—the Cochiti plateau. It is a wilderness of nearly 4000 square miles without a human

habitation; with an average height of 7000 feet above the sea, and its peaks uplifting to 11,000 feet; furred with splendid forests of juniper and piñon and *pino real* on the heights, and in the cañons ribanded with the tenderer green of the alamo. Quite like its topography there is nothing, at least in the New World—its strange digitation, its sentinel *potveros*, its tremendous checkerings of volcanic black and cream-color. Some of the finest scenery and most notable antiquities in North America are here; and here is by far the largest and by far the most beautiful “city” of cave-dwellings in the world.

Here the Rio Grande, escaped from the Taos gorges, done with loitering in the narrow green vales which edge it from La Joya to San Ildefonso, ploughs for forty miles through a huge volcanic plain, into which it has already cleft a black cañon 2,000 feet deep. Twenty miles west of this chasm towers the Valles range, captained by the lonely pyramid of Abiquiu. The plateau which slopes away from these volcanic peaks is so palmated by cañons that a map of the region would suggest nothing else so much as a titan hand with a score or more of fingers, all spread. That is, each side cañon is a wedge whose apex points west; each segment of the plateau is a wedge whose apex points east. The cliff-wedges come to a point in the Rio Grande



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. THE TIENDITAS.







Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

JOSE HILARIO.

them of lava, some of basalt, some of trap, some of a dazzling creamy tufa. There is no other country in the world where such a *potrero* formation exists; and I know of no other where a deposit of pumice 2,000 feet thick and of such area can be found.

In the northern edge of this Cochiti Plateau the tufa is split by the cañon of the Tyuonyi—a smallish gorge, as gorges go in the Southwest, for it is only five or six miles long and less than 2,000 feet deep, but one of the most beautiful cañons known to man. That in itself; and as for its romantic interest, probably it has no equal.

I have written elsewhere\* of that wonderful race-wandering of

gorge; and as each is about 2,000 feet high, and pointed in proportion as an axe of that size would be, the ends look from the east like a long line of pillars of tremendous height. Hence the name *potreros*. No other nation has ever given quite such apt geographic names as the Spanish did—when they felt at liberty to neglect the saints. These huge wedges of rock, a couple of thousand feet high at the apex, and a dozen or more miles in length, are some of



L. A. Eng Co

## A CLIFF IN THE TYUONYI

Showing door of second and third-story caves, with mortises for rafters of outside buildings.

\**The Land of Poco Tiempo*, Chap. VI; Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.

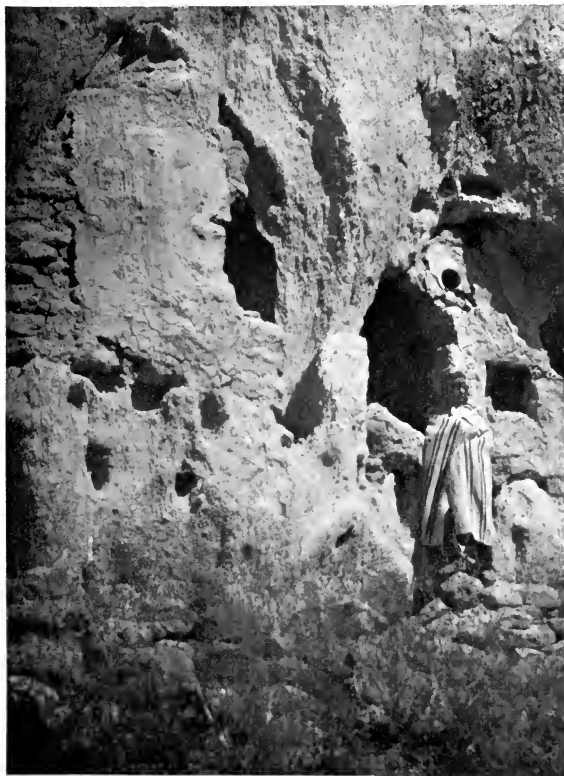


I. A. Eng Co.

THE TYUONYI, LOOKING EAST.

Photo. by C. F. L.

the Quéres Indians of which the earliest legend begins in the Tyuonyi, perhaps a thousand years ago, perhaps longer; how the wandering Pueblos drifted in from the buffalo plains and became sedentary in this beautiful spot; how they dwelt here for ages, and at last, decimated by a murderous assault of invaders from the cave castle of the Pu-yé, a day's march north, moved on to the Potrero de las Vacas; how they passed centuries there, and then other more at the Cueva Pintada and then at Ra-tya, and then at the Potrero Viejo, and then at the still-remaining



Commercial Eng. Co.

*AMONG THE CAVES.*

Copyright 1891 by C. F. Lummis.

Showing masonry repairs and a port hole.

pueblo of Cochiti—all before the written history of America began. And Baudelier, greatest of American historical students, has not only treated portions of this region in his monographs, but in that remarkable novel *The Delight-Makers* has graphically pictured life as it was in the Tyuonyi a thousand years ago. Indeed Baudelier was the modern discoverer of this fascinating region and first made it known to the world. But a brief description of the Tyuonyi properly belongs in this "Wonderland Series"—particularly as mine are the only photographs ever made there, except a few by Baudelier's first artist, now long dead; and only three of these have ever been published. They give such comprehension of the cave "city" of Tyuonyi as has not heretofore been possible.

Clambering up from the south along the west side of the Rio Grande gorge; diving into shadowy cañons, toiling up precipitous *cumbres*, scuffling amid the ankle-deep glittering crystals which cover the mesatops like a diamond drift; accompanied by José Hilario, best of guides



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. CAVES AND EROSION IN THE CLIFF.

Photo. by C. F. L.

in the Cochiti country and a *principal* of the modern pueblo; past the strange rock-erosions of the Tienditas and the castellate buttes of tufa and twelve-foot basalt crystals—one comes at last, weary and unwarned, upon the very Tyuonyi. Another rod would carry one pitching down its cliff.

At the right the gorge narrows to the *Bocas*, grim and practically impassable, by which it enters the Rio Grande's chasm. To the left, one looks along the enchanted cleft, with its northern wall a sheer white precipice of 1,500 feet high; and in that bewildering cliff makes out, even thus from a distance, the innumerable black doorways of long-forgotten homes.

Picking one's way down the south wall of the cañon, crossing the tiny trout-stream with its willows, clambering a pine-clad slope and an upper talus of fragments from the cliff, one comes at last to the hushed abodes that were once so full of life and love. For miles they pierce the foot of

the bright cliff; their tiny doors (made small for defense), and occasional smoke-holes picking deep shadows in the weathered rock. The whole great cliff is tufa; and here and there in it were the nodules of obsidian (volcanic glass), some as large as your head, which the Quéres chipped into the sharp-edged flakes which were their only tools. These fragments were the saws and chisels with which they carved their homes into the heart of the cliff; the knives with which they skinned game and scalped their enemies; the arrow-points upon which they depended for hunting and for war.

The Tyuonyi had a population, in its time, of 1500 to 2000\* so it was



Commercial Eng. Co.

BROKEN-DOWN CAVE-HOUSES.  
(Bandelier in center.)

Photo. by C. F. L.

\*These figures are based on Bandelier's exhaustive and conclusive measurements.









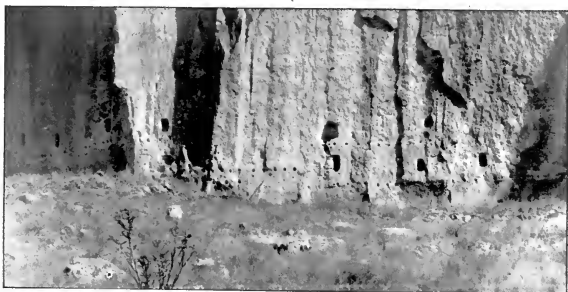
Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

CLIFF OF THE CACIQUE.

Copyright 1891 by C. F. Lummis.

a large town for its sort—no aboriginal city in New Mexico or Arizona ever exceeded 2000 inhabitants, despite the crazy tales of untaught travelers and untraveled historians. This is as absolutely proved in science as the population of New York city.

The town of the Tyuonyi was a composite one. Against the foot of the cliff rose a many-storied, terraced pueblo, of the type familiar still to many Pueblo towns, but built of tufa blocks sawed from the cliff with obsidian "tools" The face of the cliff still shows the mortise-holes for the rafters of successive stories in this huge communal building—see, for example, the illustration below. All this edifice has fallen, of course; though in places the walls of the lower story are still five or six feet high. In many places the caves were merely safe inner rooms, reached through the rooms of the masonry house. Some were dwellings



Commercial Eng. Co.

CAVES OF THE EAGLE CLAN.

Copyright 1891 by C. F. Lummis

by themselves, in suites of two and three rooms, communicating by doorways so small that an eight-year-old child could scarcely pass without stooping. It is this defensive plan which has produced the foolish fable that the "Cave-Dwellers" were dwarfs. They were Pueblo Indians—nothing more, nothing less. The fact is now so fully proved that only the uninstructed can forget it; and even if it had never been settled, any properly prepared student would discover it after a short study of the Tyuonyi.

The cave-rooms are seldom over six feet high; and the largest (which is known as the "house of the Cacique") has a floor diameter of fifteen feet. Some are mere cells, 6 x 8. Being carved from the rock, they have changed little with the procession of centuries. The niches for trinkets, the clay film with which the walls were plastered, the caked smoke upon the ceilings—all are there. One house has still the frame in which the *metates* (stones on which corn is ground) were set; and one beautiful little swallow-nest of a home, far up the cañon, still keeps the wooden lintels of its door and window. The tufa erodes rapidly, where exposed. When the front of a cave-room weathered away, the tenants generally built a wall of masonry; and many of these walls are still visible—as in the illustration on page 15. There were no chimneys, and, if I remember well, only three porthole-windows in the whole place.

Down in the narrow trough of the valley were most of the *estufas*—the man-houses where the warriors not only counselled but lived; for under the strange aboriginal economy the family, as we understand it, did not exist. The women and children lived and moved and had their being in the cell-like rooms of the communal house; while the men of each clan herded together in the *estufa* of that clan. The Pueblos, even before history began, were monogamists and punished adultery with death; but the clan system anywhere is a fence across the middle of the home.

Down along the brook—the Rito de los Frigoles—are still traceable the fields that were once cultivated so long ago. Then as now, the Pueblos were farmers. They dug their tiny farms with sharp sandstones, and irrigated, and pulled their crops by hand. They had squashes, corn and beans before America was discovered by Europeans; and with these and the meat dried from the great communal hunts—when their bands surrounded a large area and drove deer, elk, antelope and other game over the edge of some great cliff—they lived very comfortably.

Of the home-life of the Pueblos, their politics and religions, their pre-historic and their modern towns, this series will occasionally treat. But amid all the romance of this most picturesque people that ever dwelt in America, and one of the most advanced among aboriginal nations, there is nothing more fascinating than this, the spot where they first ceased to be nomads and became home-dwellers—this ancient, weird, silent, beautiful cave-city of the Tyuonyi.



Photo. by Bertrand.

I. A ROOF AT SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO BEFORE REPAIRS.



Mission San Juan Capistrano, March 21, 1934  
Repairs by THE LANDMARKS CLUB.

II. SAME, SHOWING METHOD OF REPAIR.



L. A. Eng. Co.

III. SAME, REPAIRED.

Photos. by C. F. L.

**THE SALVATION OF SAN JUAN**  
WORK OF THE LANDMARKS CLUB.

See page 33.

## ECHOES OF CALIFORNIA FIESTAS.



Behre Photo-Process Co.

Photo. by Waite.

*SWEET PEAS.*  
(Flower Day, Fiesta de Los Angeles.)

THIS notion of having a good time seems to be taking hold upon all the golden Southwest. Partly because it is possible to enjoy life here, and partly because all of us have learned something since we migrated from Eastern freezes and agues, we are beginning to take joy of it. The habit spreads fast, and many localities on the Coast have already contracted it. Within a few years, it seems likely, a motion to make it unanimous will carry with a swing.

This magazine has already given considerable attention to these spring festival events; and in the present pages adds a little aftermath of photographic mementoes of this year's fiestas in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San José and San Bernardino. Each has had its own specific sort of a good time; and they have all been as good times as any American town ever saw, and more beautiful and characteristic than any festival could possibly be made in the less lucky States. As we live and learn, these affairs will grow better every year; and every year more people will escape temporarily from the East to enjoy them with us.

The Los Angeles Fiesta was a magnificent success, artistically and financially. Some of its handsomest features were illustrated in the May

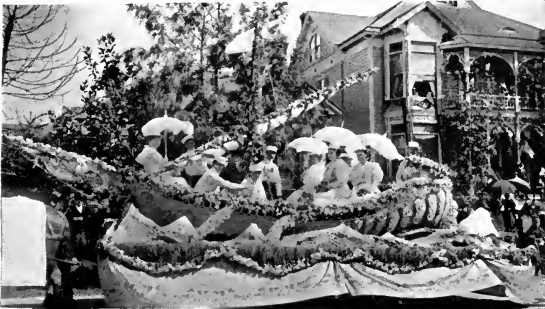


Behre Photo-Process Co.

*A CARRIAGE OF CARNATIONS.*

Photo by Waite

(John F. Francis President La Fiesta de Los Angeles.)



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. *FLOAT OF THE L. A. BUSINESS COLLEGE.* Photo. by Stiffler.  
(Winner of 1st prize, Floral Day, La Fiesta )



*THE QUEEN OF THE MAY, SAN BERNARDINO.* Union Eng. Co.  
Miss Beulah Morse Kendall.



Bebre Photo-Process Co.

Photo. by Newton, Santa Barbara.

*A FLOAT IN THE SANTA BARBARA FLOWER FESTIVAL.*

number of this magazine. The Santa Barbara Flower Festival has won a national reputation for its extraordinary beauty and good taste. San Bernardino held this year a charming May-Day celebration, with over 1500 school children parading in a wealth of flowers. The Santa Clara Rose Carnival at San José was an ambitious and beautiful



Photos. by Hill, San José.

*SANTA CLARA ROSE CARNIVAL.*



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co

affair. Seventy-two floral floats pictured the charms of the Garden of the North.

## CATALINA.

BY ARTHUR WELLINGTON WAYNE.

here the green of the gulf is aglisten,  
 And the bending crags are low;  
 The warm wave leaps  
 From the shrubless steeps,  
 And the foam-fern lowers to listen  
 To the love song sung below,  
 Where the gray-green gulf is aglisten,  
 And the bending crags are low.

In the depths of the crags are the mosses,  
 And the salt sea-blooms above ;  
 The glad surf flows,  
 As a gallant goes,  
 With the silvery gifts he tosses,  
 And the song he sings of love,  
 To the clefts of the crags and the mosses,  
 And the salt sea-blooms above.

San Francisco, Cal.

## THE NECTARINE.

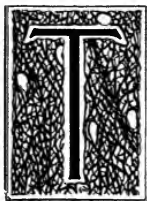
**A**MONG the luscious fruits of Southern California which are comparatively unknown to a great majority of Eastern people is the nectarine. It looks like a small, smooth, red peach, and in flavor resembles a cross between a peach and a plum. From the fact that the nectarine has no down upon it, it has been humorously called "a peach without whiskers." The color is a claret, similar to that of many plums. In some varieties the fruit is entirely red, while in others it is mottled with yellow. The size of the fruit ranges from that of a small apricot to that of an ordinary peach.

The nectarine is undoubtedly a "sport" of the peach, which is proved by the fact that a peach pit will sometimes produce a nectarine and vice versa ; and there have been such freaks noticed as peaches and nectarines on the same branch. The fruit is a great favorite with producers, not only because it is easier to handle, but they use it in preference to the peach for home consumption. It has a clear, waxy appearance when nicely dried that is seldom found in the peach, and the percentage of shrinkage in drying compares favorably with the very best of peaches. The canned fruit is especially fine, but the mass of consumers have never tasted it, and will continue, for some time at least, to call for peaches and apricots in preference. The production of this fruit is in very small proportion to that of the others, and the market, although steadily improving, does not call for any large increase.

In Europe the nectarine is found growing here and there trained upon brick walls of gardens which have a southern exposure. There it requires much care, but in Southern California it is grown readily in orchard form, after the fashion of the peach and apricot, and with no more trouble. Light, deep, sandy soil, well drained, and hillsides and beach lands where the soil has been formed by decomposed rocks, furnish ideal locations for a nectarine orchard.

## MORE MEXICAN RECIPES.\*

BY LINDA BELL COLSON.



THEORETICALLY woman in Mexico is forever young. By a pretty courtesy of the lower classes, be her age what it may, she is always called "niña" (child) or "señorita" (young lady). It is amusing to watch an old white-haired lady going through the market, and hear the hucksters call to her as she passes, "que doy a la niña" (what can I give to the child). Servants, male and female, invariably address their mistresses as "niña," and when there are several ladies in one household, the eldest is called

the "niña grande."

One day I stopped in the jardin, or public garden, near our house in Guadalajara to speak to a little boy whose beauty attracted my attention. His name was Panchito, his age four, so his ragged but proud mother informed me. He was quaintly attired in a pair of white linen trousers long enough to touch his little sandalled feet, a short linen coat, and a tall straw sombrero. As I paused near him he held out a friendly little brown hand saying, "Buenas tardes, niña" (good afternoon, child).

A day or two later as I was sitting reading in my drawing room, I heard a childish voice calling "Niña! Niña!" I did not at first heed it, but when the "niña" became a pleading "niñita" (little child) I came out into my patio, and there, out in the street, peeping in between the iron bars of the doorway stood my friend Panchito, all alone and looking extremely small. He had a tiny bunch of English violets for me, or as he prettily expressed it "a bunch of flowerets for the little maiden." The "little maiden" feeling like a giantess beside the small giver of the blossoms, expressed herself suitably, and Panchito bowed himself off. *En passant* I may remark that among the many charming little courtesies which the Mexicans delight in is that common among all classes of giving flowers, especially to strangers. While I was keeping house in Mexico scarcely a day passed but a bouquet of dainty blossoms arranged in some pretty or odd fashion was left at our door.

But though a Mexican woman is by courtesy forever young, as a matter of fact she ages early—I am speaking now of course of the upper classes. At thirty she is middle aged, at forty old. Whether this is due to her early development or to her mode of living it is difficult to say, but certain it is that the monotony of her life—bounded as it is by the four walls of her home and the nearest church—would drive the average American woman insane in a short time. Of the great world outside her own small city she knows little and cares less; of intellectual food she has none, save what she can glean from the perusal of the lives of the Saints and the few translations of French novels which fall in her way. She never goes out on the street unattended, even to mass or market, never has any kind of exercise, unless the promenade around the plaza

\*See this magazine for November, 1895 and February, 1896.



on Sunday evenings can be called such, and as for taking the shortest journey alone, such an idea would never enter her head, and she will listen to the recital of an Anglo-Saxon woman's travels around the world as if she were being told some impossible fairy story. That Mexican women enjoy so little freedom is in some degree due to a naturally retiring character, but more to that jealousy of disposition common to all the Latin peoples, which makes their husbands and fathers desirous of keeping them in a seclusion as great as possible.

The last ten years, however, have seen many changes in this respect. The next ten will see still more, and no doubt Mexican women will soon enjoy the same privileges that their Anglo-Saxon sisters now do. But in spite of her disadvantages (disadvantages, that is, from our point of view) the average Mexican woman—until with advancing years she grows too stout and indolent to be either interesting or interested—is a delightful person to meet. Her manner is charming, her conversation bright and kindly. In her dress she is apt to be careless in the house, but in church she wears a modest and unobtrusive costume of black which we might do well to imitate; reserving her fashionable and showy gowns for the afternoon drive or the Sunday evening promenade. She is a careful housewife, an ideal hostess. Indeed, I have traveled in many parts of the globe and have nowhere met with more gracious hospitality than in Mexico. As I write, the memory of a quaint old house rises before me, one-storied, flat-roofed, built around a generous patio or courtyard, on all sides of which ran a wide corridor, with graceful arches and pillars, and paved in red tiles. All the living rooms opened on the corridor and one stepped down into the patio which, with its blossoming flowers, tropical trees, singing birds and tinkling fountain, was a source of endless delight to me. Dear kindly Doña Emilita, what a pleasant remembrance I shall always keep of your hospitality! How restful and peaceful the days I passed with you! We rose soon after six. Then followed mass in the beautiful old church near by; breakfast (whenever one chose to take it) consisting of a cup of chocolate or a glass of milk, *Pan de huevos* (a sweet bread) and perhaps some beans; a quiet morning passed with the birds and flowers in the patio; dinner at two, followed by a long siesta, a drive, or on band days a walk around the plaza in the cool twilight; and supper of a cup of chocolate, meat and beans at eight.

Many of the dishes of Doña Emilita's table were new to me and I give the recipes of a few of those most easy to prepare.

Most of my readers are doubtless familiar with *tortillas*, the Mexican staff of life; but for the benefit of those who are not, I may explain that they are made of corn which has been boiled with a little lime until the skin is ready to drop off, then ground in a *metate*, after which the *masa* or dough is patted or clapped in the hands into thin round cakes like pancakes, and cooked for a few moments on a griddle. Fairly good *tortillas* can be made of our corn meal and water. These cakes form the foundation of many other dishes—the most common being *enchiladas*, which when well made are delicious, and it goes without saying that Doña Emilita's were excellent. Here is her recipe:

**ENCEJILADAS.**—Take small and freshly made *tortillas*, remove the skin and pop them for a second into boiling lard, then dip them in chile sauce, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese and minced meat (cooked), preferably pork, roll them, sprinkle again with grated cheese and garnish with lettuce and radishes. Sometimes instead of being rolled they are arranged in layers of three. The chile sauce is made of red peppers, toasted and soaked in tepid water until they are soft. Remove the seeds and veins, and crush in a mortar with a little bit of chocolate and cinnamon. Moisten with stock and let it come to a boil.

**GUAJALOTE EN MOLE.** (Turkey in Red Pepper Sauce.)—To one turkey, forty small red peppers, toasted and soaked in water, four dinner rolls crumbled, a tortilla fried in lard, two squares of chocolate, a few seeds of red pepper toasted, and a little of all the spices, all well crushed together, mixed with a little water, and fried in lard. Season with ground cinnamon, a little vinegar and a little sugar. Then mix in the turkey, previously cooked and cut into small pieces. Warm up and serve. The remains of a cold turkey can be done over nicely in this way.

**CALABACITAS GUIADAS.** (Stewed Squash.)—Peel some small squashes, cut into small pieces, cut up also an onion, a little garlic, a tomato and green pepper, and scrape some green corn off the ear. Put these all in a saucepan, adding a little salt and butter and cover with milk instead of water. When cooked, turn into a frying-pan with a little browned butter and some freshly grated cheese, let it boil up and serve.

**CHILE VERDE CON QUESO.** (Green Peppers with Cheese.)—Nip a tiny bit of the point off as many pods of green peppers as you require—twenty or thirty makes a good dish—and toast them until the outer skin will separate from the flesh part. Peel and give the green pulp a thorough washing in cold water. Crush this with three or four tomatoes (all the better if they have been previously toasted and skinned) and a little salt. Put a couple of ounces of lard in a frying pan and when it is thoroughly hot empty the peppers and tomatoes into it and add half a pound of shredded cheese. Boil up for a few minutes and serve.

**ANTE DE NARANJA.** (Orange Pudding.)—Make a simple syrup of white sugar and squeeze into it enough of oranges to well flavor. Let it boil until it is about the consistency of cream. In this syrup moisten layers of sponge cake, and on top of each layer of cake place thin slices of orange sprinkled with powdered sugar and cinnamon.

**CHAMPURRADO.**—Champurrado is roughly translated as chocolate gruel, but it is much more delicious than gruel with us is apt to be. The Mexicans of course prepare the corn in it as they do for tortillas or tamales, but it is very good made as follows: Into five pints of fast boiling water sprinkle a heaping tablespoonful of Indian meal and one teaspoonful of salt. Stir well and boil for an hour. Put grated chocolate, according to taste, sugar, some cloves and cinnamon into one pint of boiling water. Stir well and strain into the boiling meal. Stir the mixture well for a minute or two, then pour into a pitcher and serve.

San Diego, Cal.

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## MASKING.

BY BLANCHE TRASK.

Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,  
Nor strive to look beneath it.—*Longfellow.*

The hills, I think, are cold!  
They wrap themselves in mist,  
And peep between a fold,  
As to the rain they list.

Like creatures wan and strange,  
The hills go trooping by,  
Masking, for a change—  
My green hills in the sky.

Avalon, Santa Catalina Island.

## KU YUM.

BY SUI SEEN FAR.



**K**U YUM, the bride, who was to start on her long journey to America on the morrow, sat in her room and wept. Young maidens, her cousins and friends, wept with her, as is the custom in China on the eve of a wedding, but the tears which Ku Yum shed were not merely waters of ceremony; her heart ached sadly, for tomorrow she would no longer be reckoned as belonging to her father's family, but then and for evermore would be the chattel of a stranger.

Tie Sung, who was living in San Francisco and had become wealthy, had sent to China for a wife, and Ku Yum, the daughter of Ha You, was chosen.

All the formalities of betrothal and marriage by proxy had been gone through. The go-between, an uncle of Tie Sung, had arranged everything, even the favorable prediction of the fortune teller, who had prophesied a bright and happy future for the young people. A card on which a dragon was painted assured the parents of Ku Yum that all was well with their daughter; and another card with a phoenix satisfied the family of Tie Sung that their son was provided with a wife after their own heart.

So there was nothing more to do but weep, and this Ku Yum did copiously—until her friends had one by one departed and left her alone. Then she brightened up and dried her tears. She was not wholly miserable. The prospect of a new life in a new country was not without its charms, and as she caught a glimpse of her rich attire in a mirror and saw that her hair was done up for the first time like a married woman's, a change came over her and she felt glad that things were as they were.

She was indulging in some bright day dreams when the voices of her father and mother in the next apartment fell on her ears. They were talking about herself, and this is what they said:

"I am pleased," said her father, "to know that Ku Yum is at last disposed of. She is so plain that I was afraid we should never find a husband for her; and it was a bright idea to present A-Toy as our daughter when Tie Sung's uncle visited us. If he had seen Ku Yum he would have sought elsewhere for a bride for Tie Sung, who, they tell me, is particularly well favored."

"Yes," replied A-Chu, the mother, smiling through her tears. She was grieved at the thought of losing her daughter, and yet like a dutiful wife, felt bound to smile when her husband was pleased. "Yes, dear husband, I rejoice that our daughter is well married, but I shall miss my little girl."

"I have provided her with a suitable outfit," continued Ha You, "and as a parting gift shall present her with the gold bracelets which belonged to my mother. A-Toy will accompany her as maid. What a pity it is that Ku Yum is not as good looking as A-Toy."

"Oh, do not speak like that," cried the mother. "Ku Yum is pretty enough for me, and she has the Golden Lily feet, which A-Toy has not."

"True," said the father, "but the Golden Lily feet are the result of art, not nature."

Ku Yum pressed her hands to her heart. What was this they were saying? Her thoughts flew over the past few weeks. She remembered how, when Tie Sung's uncle had first come to her father's house, A-Toy, her handmaid, had been sent for in great haste and presented to him, whilst she, the daughter of the house, had been bidden to remain in her room. She remembered also, how on the day of the proxy marriage her mother had laid on her particularly strict injunctions to keep her veil tightly drawn down.

Ku Yum stood up, her lips compressed, her face flushed with shame. "I will not," said she, "do aught that will disgrace my father. But I will die before I hear Tie Sung say: 'I have been deceived; my wife is not the wife I desired—not she whom I was told would be given me.'"

## II.

Just two days more and Ku Yum and her maid would behold the shores of America. Sadly Ku Yum gazed on the blue water. Gladly would she have thrown herself into its depths—but the ship must bring a bride to Tie Sung and she was the daughter of a Chinaman and dared not shame her father.

"A-Toy," she called.

A-Toy approached. She was a beautiful girl. Her figure was plump, also her face; her mouth was small and round, her eye long and bright; her brows finely arched and penciled, her hair of the deepest black and very abundant.

Ku Yum sighed as she gazed on her. "Why is she so well favored whilst I am so plain?" she asked herself. And A-Toy thought: "Why is Ku Yum a mistress and A-Toy a slave?"

"A-Toy," said Ku Yum, "how would you like to take my place, dress in my clothes, and be Tie Sung's bride?"

A-Toy's eyes sparkled.

"Oh, mistress," said she, "you are mocking me."

"Nay," said Ku Yum, "I am serious. When we reach America I will be A-Toy; you will be Ku Yum; you will marry Tie Sung, and I will be your maid and you shall be my mistress."

Upon arrival of the ship at San Francisco, Ku Yum and A-Toy were met by Tie Sung, accompanied by a brother and another relative. A-Toy, robed as a bride and closely veiled, was helped into a cab by Tie Sung, Ku Yum following, and the whole party drove off to a Joss house.

## III.

A week had elapsed since a A-Toy became the wife of Tie Sung; and she and Ku Yum were together in the upstairs apartment of Tie Sung's house. A-Toy was attired in a richly embroidered blue silk tunic and gay trousers; her hair was built up into a flat structure and adorned with imitation jewels and flowers. She looked very well indeed, but Ku Yum, who was very poorly clad and whose little feet were concealed in a large slipper with a sole like a pyramid, looked pale and thin. She was engaged in washing some cups and saucers, and every now and then she would lift her hands to wipe away the tears which ran down her cheeks.

A-Toy, observing the action, called her angrily.

"Why are you crying? If you do not stop I will tell Tie Sung to whip you."

"Tie Sung will never whip me," answered Ku Yum. "I will not allow him to do so, and he would not even if he could, for he has a kind heart. It is you who are hard and cruel. Ah! that I had never wished to change places with you!"

"Slave! do you dare to speak thus to me—and of my husband?" cried A-Toy, and struck her former mistress with a small carved stick which lay on the table beside her.

Ku Yum left the room and went and stood on the veranda outside. It was evening; the veranda was high, and looking down one could perceive nothing but a soft darkness.

Ku Yum stretched out her arms to the faint moon.

"Beautiful ladies in the moon," cried she, "close your eyes for a little while. Life is too hard to bear."

"A-Toy! A-Toy!" called Tie Sung's wife, "come in and prepare my bed."

But there was no answer.

## IV.

"I have received a letter from Tie Sung," said Ha You to his wife. "He seems to be very pleased with Ku Yum's appearance, and compliments us highly on her beauty."

"I always thought Ku Yum lovely," replied A-Chu, complacently.

"He says, however," continued Ha You, "that her temper is not as good as he would like it to be."

"He's out of his mind," retorted A-Chu with asperity. "Ku Yum's temper is of the sweetest."

"What do you think he means when he says he is surprised to find that her feet are large, not at all like a lady's?"

"I think he must be joking! Ku Yum's feet could not possibly be smaller."

"In the postscript to his letter he informs me that A-Toy, Ku Yum's maid, fell from a high veranda and was picked up dead. He is sending the body to China so that we may have the pleasure of burying it. By the way, he says that the men who discovered A-Toy's body discovered also that her feet were the Golden Lily feet. My dear, do not scream so; our friends will be running in to see if I'm killing you."

Mr. Ha You assisted Mrs. Ha You, who had fallen on the floor and was emitting loud screams, to rise; and as she rose he forced her eyes to meet his. What she saw in those placid depths had an effect, for she immediately became calm and quiet.

"Now listen to me," said Ha You.

"My daughter, my little daughter is dead!" sobbed the mother.

"That is so," replied Ha You, "but remember, no word of this to a living being. The body that arrives must be buried as the body of A-Toy, the slave. I will not be disgraced."

So Ku Yum was buried among the slaves, and the mother stood afar off and wept.

Montreal, Canada.

## THE SONG OF THE WESTERN LARK.

BY CHARLES F. CARTER.

THE meadow lark, represented by the two species of *Sturnella magna* and *neglecta*, is found in nearly every part of the United States. The species *magna* extends from Maine to Florida, and, according to some ornithologists, as far west as the Pacific Coast; but the meadow lark so common in all parts of California, and particularly in the southern half of the State, is the Western Lark, *Sturnella neglecta* (Geological Survey of California). It resembles closely the lark of the East, but is somewhat lighter in color, and has more yellow in its markings. This bird is a common and familiar object everywhere on the plains and among the foot-hills, and may be seen and heard at almost any hour of the day and time of the year. Its flight is rather slow and laborious, seldom more than a few hundred feet at a time, and usually not far above the ground, on which, among the grass and weeds, it forms its nest. It is not a graceful bird, though of beautiful plumage, but is a general favorite.

Its song is the most interesting attribute of the Western lark. The vocalization of most birds is very similar to whistling, and has little of the tone of the human voice in singing; but the song of the Western

lark has this property to a wonderful degree. I have never heard the nightingale, or the English skylark, and know not whether their song possesses this human quality of tone; but there is no bird with which I am familiar approaching in this respect the *Sturnella neglecta*. Another property of this bird's singing is its variety. I have heard at least six or eight different forms of its song, all bearing a general resemblance, so that one recognizes them as the song of a single species; but differing from one another, like the variations of a theme in music.

In the summer of 1895 I passed a few days in sketching at Mission San Fernando, and while there was particularly struck with the peculiarities of the bird's song. From the nature of my work, and the great number of birds in that region, I was unusually well favored, and all day long, from early morning till sundown, I heard, every few minutes, this bird give its lively, varied song. My work forbade my devoting much time to the subject, but my few hurried observations led me finally to believe that each bird has a single form of song — no one bird singing two or more variations. There may be exceptions, but this, I think, will be found true in nearly every case. One morning, while at work, I could not resist giving up a few minutes to studying the songs of the larks all around me, and writing down two or three of them on my sketch-block.

The first is the simplest and most common form :

## NO. 1.



The next is only a slight variation from the first, but has a greater range — more than an octave :

## NO. 2.



The third was more difficult, on account of the rapid trill given to the last three notes, which were sung *con portamento*; and, as it is not as frequently heard as the other forms, I was obliged to wait some time before hearing it repeated to make sure I had it correctly transcribed :

## NO. 3.



But I could carry no further this pleasant pursuit, much to my regret : for a complete, or at any rate, large list of this bird's many song variations would be interesting, and, perhaps, valuable scientifically, and I have never seen anything of the kind attempted. Yet these three examples will give some idea of its musical range and variety.



# THE LANDMARKS CLUB

INCORPORATED

TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS  
AND OTHER HISTORIC  
LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN  
CALIFORNIA.

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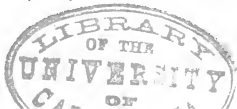
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It is a pity that everyone capable of a generous interest in the preservation of the noblest ruins in the United States cannot visit the mission of San Juan Capistrano and see what is being done there by the Landmarks Club. A half hour would suffice to convert the dulllest, both to the need of enlightened work and the care and economy with which such work is being prosecuted; and the necessary funds would be at once forthcoming. Few who have not visited the spot have any idea of the importance of this church which the Spanish *frailies* founded in the wilderness, among Indians and for Indians, in the very year our republic was born. The stone church itself could not be restored today to its original splendor for less than \$100,000; and it is a comparatively small part of the great plan. As a model of architectural art, the mission is one of the finest in the United States.

On page 21 three photo-engravings show graphically just what is being done by the Landmarks Club. Figure I shows a point in the south front as it was some years ago. When the Club was organized last winter this building was in still worse condition; the roof being farther gone and the end wall (at left of picture) entirely fallen out. Figure II shows the old roof stripped off and replaced with a new structure of Oregon pine. Figure III presents the same roof fully rebuilt and with the tiles replaced.

But this is only a small proportion of the work done, though a fair sample. East of the two-story building seen in the center of the picture, a similar roof has been as completely repaired; the tiles being carefully removed, the crazy rafters of sycamore poles replaced with a truss roof of Oregon pine, and the tiles replaced. The kitchen (which has the fine brick-lattice chimney shown in the engravings) had terrible breaches in both outside walls; and in a few years its splendid stone vault must have fallen. But these breaches have been repaired with solid masonry, new door and window frames have been put in, and the vault is now secured with iron tie-rods. With its roof, this building is now good for at least 100 years. Through it was the main entrance to the *patio* or inner court. This was broken down, but has been repaired substantially. The western end wall has also been rebuilt, as is shown in the last engraving.

Besides the complete repair of this important building, about 400 feet of the 12-foot cloisters have been solidly roofed with Oregon pine rafters and redwood sheeting, preparatory to covering them with asphaltum as in the old days. These roofs had altogether disappeared, and it was imperatively necessary to restore them to protect the adobe buildings. The rebuilding in this case, as in all others, is done precisely along the original lines. The only difference is that the lumber is sawed instead of being hewed. The Club would have been glad to use hewn beams, but is content to save the mission with the vastly cheaper machine-made lumber.



A competent mason is now repairing the sandstone pillar whose ruin threatens to involve what has been left of the great stone church, of which two noble domes were spared by the earthquake of 1812 and the gunpowder of 1865 (about).

A great many minor matters have been attended to—like cleansing the rooms long occupied by the chickens of the old custodian, restoring the benches in the inner corridor, removing debris, etc. Indeed, it is something of which the directors feel proud that so very much has been accomplished with so little expense. It is no exaggeration to say that twice the money expended in the usual way would not have done nearly what has been done with less than \$300 in cash and a little more in material. Every lover of these old piles is debtor, as the Club is, to Judge Egan of Capistrano, who has personally managed the work. As for the manner in which these repairs, and those on other historic Landmarks will be prosecuted, it is enough to say that the details are carefully superintended by two of the most competent architects in California and a specialist who has devoted the best years of his life to the study of these remains all over Spanish-America.

The next work of the Club will be to repair the dilapidated adobe church in the rear of the buildings shown in the engravings. This was the original edifice built by Fr. Junípero Serra, in 1776; a fine, solid structure about 100 feet long, with superb adobe walls. An iron tie-rod has already been placed where it will hold these from farther bulging; and two more will be added. The roof must be entirely replaced, the sycamore-pole rafters being rotten and cracked. Something like \$150 worth of tiles will also have to be bought to replace those that have become broken. For this work and the water-proofing of the cloister roofs (which were never tiled but had an asphalt pavement and were used as a promenade) the Club will need fully \$500 more. This, roughly speaking, will close up the necessary work at San Juan for the present; and in the fall the Club can turn to the next Mission on its list.

Membership in the Club is only \$1 a year; and every cent of that money goes to the preservation of the Missions and other landmarks. Larger contributions are even more welcome. Every thoughtful man and woman in the United States is invited to join.

#### CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CAUSE.

Previously acknowledged: Cash \$292.50; material and services \$372; total, \$664.50.

The Pasadena Committee (Mrs. B. Marshall Wotkyns, Mrs. C. F. Holder, Mrs. Seymour Locke, Mrs. Wm. Kimball, Miss Dreer, Miss Wotkyns and Miss Dows) sends a check for \$300—net proceeds of the Napoleon Tea given March 21. These ladies have raised in all for the Club \$530.

Rev. G. D. Heldmann, Rector St. Paul's Church, Chicago, \$5; Dr. E. L. Townsend, \$5; Rt. Rev. Geo. Montgomery, Coadjutor Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, \$10.

\$1 each: Elizabeth Harrison, President Chicago Kindergarten College; Juliette Estelle Mathis, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mrs. M. W. Gardner, Santa Monica, Cal.; Mrs. D. Whipple, Oneonta, N. Y.; Mrs. Marriner, Pasadena, Cal.; Mrs. R. J. Mohr, Pasadena; Octavius Morgan, Silas Holman, Mrs. Silas Holman; Miss Metta Robinson, Topeka, Kas.; Miss Julia E. Weaver; Dexter M. Ferry, jr., Detroit; Miss Blanche Ferry, Detroit; T. H. Palache, San Francisco; Prof. J. C. Fillmore, Claremont.

In all cases where other addresses are not given, the donors reside in Los Angeles.

Services and material: Teams for hauling lumber, sand, gravel, etc., Don Marcos Forster \$25, R. J. Belford, \$10, Judge Bacon, \$5 (all of Capistrano).

## CALIFORNIA.

BY CHARLES P. NETTLETON.

Five thousand years the cry of "Westward!" rose  
 Within the ardent, restless Aryan race;  
 Five thousand stormy years they sought the grace  
 Of some Hesperian land of pure repose.  
 At last God greatly smiled; here ever glows  
 The sun of peace on man's and nature's face.  
 The crowning crown is gained—beyond is space—  
 And all that man may ask this land bestows.

Rest now, O weary race, for evermore!  
 'Tis afternoon, and wanderings are done.  
 The Lord of Life still beckons on before  
 To His own land of peace beyond the sun.  
 But California ends the earthly quest.  
 'Tis afternoon: joy, and lie down, and rest.





Whatever else he hasn't, the missionary has to have patience. Without it he would be as useless as a congressman without pockets. So the Western kindergartner need not mind if his efforts to dispel the ignorance of the East are apparently fruitless for a long time. He has a huge contract on hand, to begin with; and then, it is so much more restful to stay untaught—particularly when you can peddle your ignorance at ten cents a copy or a dollar the volume by big editions. As for the Lion, he expects nothing less than discouragement. Any rapid conversion of Boston and New York publishers to the gospel of giving honest measure for good money would surprise him beyond what is safe for the nerves.

THE CLASS  
WILL PLEASE  
STAND UP.

No, he is grieved but not a whit astonished to note how endemic ignorance persists in the self-satisfied centers. The Appletons, for example, have just turned loose on the world, in Crane's *Red Badge of Courage*, enough horrible grammar to send any dozen grammar-school boys down a grade or two. Why should one bother to hire an editor or a proofreader who knows the English language from a porous-plaster? As for grammar, if much worse was ever published than adorns the *Critic's* leader of May 2, one hopes not to discover it. Mr. Crane's story is a strong one; and the *Critic's* article is high-grounded censure of a public abuse; but neither has pardon for being illiterate. Contributors are paid to write; but editors are paid—by the public if not by the publishers—to watch how that writing is done, and to correct it where correction has need. It is not honest to mislead ignorant readers, nor wise to offend educated ones, by permitting a vulgar abuse of the language.

In about the same breath, we find the Boston *Literary World* egregiously praising Wm. Eleroy Curtis's *Venezuela*—the book over whose ignorance and incompetency the *Nation* had proper fun the week before. A great many people have published what they didn't know about South America; but Mr. Curtis is probably entitled to first rank. His former book—*Capitals of Spanish-America*, or title to that effect—was undoubtedly the most impossible work (and probably the most unscrupulous) ever written on a continent we have a right to take some interest in. As for his *Venezuela* performance, the *Nation's* exposure of the book is enough to settle his status forever. The *Literary World* is an excellent journal; and it should not feel happy over having sent this volume to such an incompetent reviewer. To be a laughing-stock among those who know, is bad enough; but it is worse to remember that you have sold bogus information to trusting readers who do not know.

Were these exceptional cases, the Lion would not carp; but they are habitual. Not a week goes but some such offense is committed by some prominent concern in the East. But patience, brethren! It may be that by perseverance for a century or so we Westerners shall teach our condescending instructors to earn their salary. At any rate, we are going to try.

OTHER  
KINDS OF  
AMERICANS.

Except the *Nation*, no weekly in America has made so magnificent a fight as the *Argonaut's* against the stultification of us with reference to Cuba. In its abundant space it gave reasons enough to satisfy any reasoning person four times over that we should not bark our national skins in behalf of the Senegambian Debses of the Ever Faithful Isle. But it is enough to make any lover of the *Argonaut* grieve—and the Lion has for years been one—when that weekly gravely clinches its arguments by declaring that the A. P. A. is agin' Cuba, and that "whatever its opponents may think of the A. P. A., there is no doubt of its Americanism." There are still Americans, please God, who do not need to learn patriotism from any secret society, whatever its name or aim; who have not yet discovered that it is American to proscribe any man for his faith or lack of faith. And there are certainly *Argonaut* readers who know the difference between the *Argonaut's* usually sane arguments and such beheaded imbecility as this.

WHERE  
THE BLAME  
BELONGS.

In the matter of a harbor for Southern California, the wholesale damning of Mr. Huntington has been a little silly and a little cowardly. "Uncle Collis" is a remarkable man, in some ways a great one. At seventy-five one may think he would better be making his peace with God than acquiring Congress; but that is his personal affair. In the present instance he is merely trying to get what he can for himself and for the corporation he heads. The politics we have made do not niven the moral perceptions, and it is quite conceivable that Mr. Huntington believes he is fully justified and that the rest of us are a fool. But there is no such apology for Congress. *It* is elected to promote, not any corporation, but the people; and whereby it fails it is a traitor. You may explain it as you prefer. The presence of a tremendous lobby in Washington may not be for corruption. But the fact remains that the Rivers and Harbors Committee spat in the face of an overwhelming majority of the people of Southern California, in the face of the government engineers, and tried to give the owner of the lobby all he asked. The California papers which are flaying Mr. Huntington would better get after Mr. Frye, the Maine man who has made so savory a record all through this Congress and capped it now. And we all might quit abusing "Uncle Collis" long enough to remember what we are who elect the Fryes. For in a government of, by and for the people, the ultimate blame of whatsoever misgovernment there is, rests with us who did it with our little ballot. Thanks to the truth, and to Senator Stephen M. White its magnificent champion, the congressional attempt to pay three million dollars reward to a private citizen for having a pull has been thwarted—at least for the present.

New Mexico should not be admitted to statehood, says the *Argonaut*, because it is "ignorant and priest-ridden." As one who knows more about New Mexico than the *Argonaut* will ever know—and this is no vanity, but a mere chance—the Lion begs to advise the brightest weekly in the West not to let its religious bigotries run away with its patriotism or its intelligence. New Mexico has faults. There are a great many of its people who do not know the useful things the editor of the *Argonaut* does; but they all know many things he does not—and things worthy to be known. They have been in the country a century or so longer than his forebears have, and are quite as much entitled to full American citizenship as he is. If they cannot write so brilliantly as he, so what they write or say is less dangerous when wrong—and as a matter of fact they are quite as often right as he on matters of morals or of sense. As every man knows who is not naked of knowledge—even though he have no paper wherein to write what he doesn't know—the trouble in New Mexico is not from the "priest-ridden" native population. They are uneducated, godfearing, law-abiding, America-loving folk, whom only an ignorance less excusable than their own would ever mock. If there be any menace in the admission of the Territory to statehood, it will be in the few scoundrels—educated, English-speaking, unriden by any religion whatever—who often get into power there. They are of the same stripe as the best-known San Francisco politicians. New Mexico is human, but there has never been a day in her three centuries when her society, her politics and her morals would not make a white mark on those of the city where the *Argonaut* has been published for nineteen years.

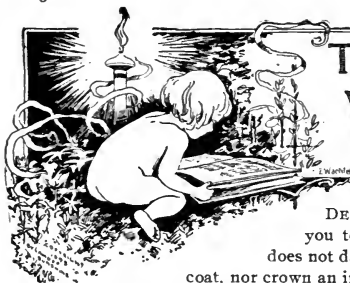
And now comes the *Youth's Companion*, advising that neither should Arizona be admitted to statehood—because her prisons are too well patronized. It is plausible to argue for "the continuance of Arizona under Federal control until a larger per cent. of its people show moral principle enough to keep out of the penitentiary." But know, O cherished *Companion*, that these are not "its people." Without dwelling discourteously upon the fact that many Eastern folks never get their desserts till they come West, and that a vast proportion of the inmates of Arizona jails were never born in Arizona, let the Lion remind you that there is a difference in courts. When justice goes gunning for a man in Arizona, it is pretty apt to get him.

Whatsoever cowboy ought to feel entirely at home in our present Congress. Even as horned cattle think with their hoofs, and paw the earth, and snort, and run away they know not why and the dence knows whither, so the mavericks now in Washington assembled have all the traditions of the herd. They have fairly earned the brand of the Stampede Congress. Anyone who has ever watched a bunch of longhorns sniff the air, and bellow, and get their heads down and their tails kinked, and break away on a stampede, must have "felt natural" when the Venezuela and Cuba episodes came. Except that the cattle generally have a little better idea what they are about.

FICTION  
AND  
THE FACT.

ANOTHER  
HASTY  
GUESS.

BEASTS  
OF THE  
FIELD.



## THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

DECENT criticism is to know what you tell and tell what you know. It does not damn a good thing for a hole in its coat, nor crown an immaculate triviality. It sees by detail but counts by majorities. It presupposes learning, fairness and skill. And there is precious little of it in the United States—it being so much cheaper to praise ignorantly or abuse for malice' sake.

The last half-decade has invented a distinct new sort of magazines—made not to be read but to be looked at. They are a liberal education in the possibilities of the female form divine at about a quarter-to-bedtime.

OUR  
BEST  
GUIDEBOOK.

The only book which can at all claim to be "a complete guide" to God's country is Lindley & Widney's *California of the South*, of which the third edition, "rewritten and printed from new plates," has just issued. It contains 330 pages filled with the very information for which people go to a guide-book; and no material point seems to have been omitted. Part I, by J. P. Widney, A. M., M. D., LL. D., deals with the climatology and physical geography of the Coast, and is the solid and important essay we expect from this deep scholar and unusually capable writer. Part II, by Walter Lindley, M. D., covers the towns and counties, the rivers, lakes and mineral springs, the mountain and seaside resorts, the routes of travel, the resources and the attractions of Southern California for those who seek health, pleasure or profit. These matters are set forth comprehensively, if rather incoherently; and it is a marvelous sum to be added up—the charms of this region and the unprecedented development which has so transformed it in a decade. One must respect the industry by which such a mass of information has been gathered; and on the whole the story is adequately told—though without any of the literary charm which makes Van Dyke's valuable books on California so readable.

It is wrong that so handsome a book should be disfigured by the innumerable carelessnesses which mark nearly every page of Part II. They detract little from the material usefulness of the volume; but its dignity is seriously lowered by its being overrun with bad grammar and sheer blunders, to say nothing of a few errors of more import. Spanish words are oftener misspelled than not; and for English company they have plenty of such mistakes as "Nymphia" (the water-lily), "Spreckles," "Vandyke" and the like. The railroad names are confusion worse confounded; and, except in the case of the Southern Pacific, are more often wrong than right. The "California Central" railroad is a favorite fiction of this book—it certainly exists nowhere else. Los Angeles was never named "Pueblo de la reina de los Angeles;" and Frémont's headquarters are not "still standing;" and no place-name in America is pronounced "Cat-aye-lee-nah;" nor is San-Juan-by-the-Sea "a center of population." There are scores of these blunders, doubly aggravating because so inexcusable. One would fancy that pride would have led to their correction before now—particularly as Eastern critics, years ago, exposed so many of them in the first edition.

It would have been pardonable in Boom days to say :

"An acre of oranges will often yield \$675 per year."

"After the eighth year an acre in oranges may safely be relied upon to yield a net profit of \$500 a year."

But it is inexcusable now. Even the unpremeditated "tenderfoot" knows that half those figures would be a rich average.

The book is a monument of labor ; and, rid of these unworthy blemishes, would remain a standard for many years. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. \$2.

Since the Ahkoond of Swat discontinued business, the art of MIGHT TRY QUININE. swallowing a dictionary without tasting the words had come near to being lost. But it has been found again, and with a fullness which that lamented potentate never dreamed of. The *New Bohemian* is a Cincinnati magazine, published half to prove the culture and modesty of the Queen City, and half to resuscitate those abused writers whom other editors have habitually drowned in the waste-basket. The *New Bohemian* is doing justice to both aims. The dripping geniuses are all in sight ; and there is certainly no other place in the world except Cincinnati where the culture-atmosphere—or the drinking-water—could inspire such flights as these, which are fair samples of the *Bohemian* editorials :

"It goes pecking at your think-center, and fluttering through your imagination like a birdie dreamlet. It does this with irrecusable periodicity.

"Through his wingful little pet, he cheeps lowly and collusively, clucks in fritinant expostulation, twitters impeccable idyls, chants sacrosanct canticles, and sings ganglionic epoes."

"Between the jejune insanity of Bokish exploitation and the hectic apex of decadent ribaldry there is a mean, native to rectilinear thought."

Which is probably reliable if true. It reminds one again of God's thoughtfulness in putting much geography between Cincinnati and the West.

Every man and woman who knows to read what is worth reading has a loss in the death of H. C. Bunner. In American literature he was a marked figure. We have had other writers as delicate as he, and others as virile ; but perhaps not one, in our modern national life, so virile and so delicate at once. No other man has ever held a humorous paper so high as he held *Puck*; and by that clean engine of fun and satire he did most to mold public opinion. But it is aside from his duties as a high journalist that the taught few will longest remember him. His purely literary work is not great but it is beautiful; inspired with the same fine taste and deft strength which marked whatever he did, and with the best opportunity for their expression. He died at forty-one, with his best work to come. To those who loved him for himself as well as for what he did, his untimely death is a great blow. And American literature in this adulterated day can ill afford to lose a man who never lost his head or his literary scrupulousness.

HIS SHORT SIX.

For some folks a book is made to be read ; for others, it is made to be picked to pieces. Once opened, no one but an Anabaptist will slam the covers of H. B. Marriott Watson's *Galloping Dick* until the last page is read ; for it has as galloping a way as its hero, and as insistent. It chronicles various exciting episodes in the career of a knight of the road in the time of "Old Rowley ;" and is a clever, roystering and unexpected tale which takes hold upon the blood and the imagination. Naturally, there are lapses in the local and temporal color ; but as a rule these are as apt as the unusually ingenious plot—or series of plots. The book is beautifully made. Stone and Kimball, Chicago ; \$1.25.

A RATTLING STORY.

That Flora Macdonald Shearer belongs among the few on the Coast who are entitled to write in verse, her recent volume, *The Legend of Aulus*, bears conclusive witness—though the

"THE LEGEND OF AULUS."

inspiration of California evidently has never found her out. Miss Coolbrith feels every poetic touch of her environment, but Mrs. Shearer seems to feel only the traditions. Her muse is a Scot, and a severe one, and reads no fashion-plates but the classics; but for all that, 'tis a high-minded, clear-voiced muse. The title poem, set to a fable of the *Gesta Romanorum*, is consistent if a trifle heavy. The sonnets and other verses, which fill more than half the little volume, are more spontaneous. Though one may regret that they are so inevitably in gray, their average pitch is excellent, and their highest notes are fine. As characteristic as anything in the book is the close of her sonnet on the violin:

"Listening, I hear the secret of thy heart  
And why thy trembling strings must still complain:  
Thou art a lamentation and a cry  
Of bodiless souls, that, turning to depart,  
From off the threshold of the vast inane,  
Call upon us who are about to die."

This, no one need be ashamed of.

The book is on deckle-edged, handmade paper, and in Doxey's best taste. Wm. Doxey, San Francisco.

NOTES. • Joaquin Miller has just issued a new volume of poems, *Songs of the Soul*. Whitaker & Ray, San Francisco. The same firm is also bringing out Prof. David Starr Jordan's *Care and Culture of Men*.

Tessa L. Kelso, sometime librarian of the public library of Los Angeles, is conducting a department "About Libraries" in the *Lotus*.

The *Critic* says (Ap. 25) of Grace Ellery Channing's *Sister of a Saint*:

... "It is this divinely human gift of finding a man or woman, where the world finds only a beggar, a barber or a waiter, that vitalizes Miss Channing's work [For the benefit of the *Critic* be it known that Miss Channing is Mrs. Channing-Stetson.—Ed.] ... this little volume is nothing if not artistic. In *genre* it is the same kind of work that Millet has done with his brush for peasant life."

The *Critic* is quite right in its quiet disdain of Maude Mason Austin's trashy *Censcion*. But our esteemed New York friend is respectfully advised that there is no such Spanish word as "serape" (it should be *zarape*); and that "caballi" as the plural of *caballo* is enough to make the cripple of Lepanto burst his grave.

There is small excuse for not reading Maurus Jokai's characteristic novel, *Pretty Michal*, now that one can get a legible edition for so little. "The Globe Library," Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; paper, 25 cents.

Stone & Kimball, the active young Chicago publishers, have "aparted." Mr. Kimball goes to New York with the book business, and Mr. Stone (who is just now in Southern California), will continue the *Chap-Book* in Chicago.

Constance Goddard Du Bois, author of *The Shield of the Fleur de Lys* and other novels, is visiting Southern California.

Francis F. Browne, editor of the Chicago *Dial*, the foremost literary fortnightly in America, has just wrangled loose from God's country for the fourth time. He admits that each parting is harder; and while his work is in Chicago his heart is here.

Capt. John G. Bourke, one of the most scholarly men in our regular army, a well-known writer on many phases of the Southwest, and this year President of the American Folklore Society, has been revisiting Southern California. His present station is Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.; but he has seen as much frontier service as almost any officer on the roster.

*Puck* celebrated its 1000th issue the other day. One may not always agree with its politics, but no one can disagree with *Puck's* brains. It is confessedly the foremost humorous paper in the world.

## CYCLING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.\*

BY CHARLES FULLER GATES.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co

THE AUTHOR.

him who finds most delight in speed, the Southwest also becomes a Mecca; for here are bicycle race-tracks galore in a climate that makes record breaking and the fastest speed possible.

The world of cycling is learning that "far-away California" can produce the best racing men as well as the speediest race horses and winning athletes. This is indeed the pleasure ground of the earth.

Nowhere are sunshine, flowers, atmosphere and civilized comforts so nicely combined with scenery that excites and yet rests, that delights, that inspires all; and, over all, the bluest of serene skies.

The bicycle is everywhere. The horse, our friend of ages—so dear to the traveler, the tiller and the man of family—seems to have been half superseded in this sunny land by that strange bird-like creation of rubber, wood, steel and leather. Go about the cities and you see the wheel more common than the horse. Sally out into the country, among the orange groves, the plains, the grain fields, and the bicycle is there. Follow nature among the foothills, and beside the sea—and the steed of silence is ever present.

Those grand old piles, the saintly-named Missions, our world-famous, historic ruins, are bound together and brought closer by the swift cycle.

The sun rises upon you in Los Angeles, near that chapel beside

HERE is a place in this big world where it is always afternoon to the lover of the cycle; where the riding season lasts all the year; where sea, mountain, valley, wood, river and cañon combine in picturesque allurements.

Nature's lover finds the bicycle his best friend in this land of sun-going-down; for it is most practical, most convenient and most common. And to



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

\* Illustrated from photos. by the author.

the green Plaza; and you are soon whirling along the romantic Mission Road, part of the *Camino Real*, to San Gabriel's pilastered walls and ancient chime of bells. And, like the magic carpet of the *Arabian Nights*, this air-shod steed whisks you almost in a wink to a modern hotel where breakfast is welcome. You tear yourself away from the oft-described beauties of the San Gabriel valley, and your wheel sweeps you along the foothills of the Sierra Madre, where the wide green valley of San Fernando unfolds to you with its border of a hundred mountain peaks surrounding this Eden.

Long before noonday you are inspecting the walls, colonnades, and arches of what was once San Fernando Mission. A temple, like Solomon's, made by thousands of hands; with timber hewn in the hills full twenty miles away and brought oft-times on the shoulders of the toilers; with stone and metal from foreign lands completed, and with gold from the mountains and the fruit of the land enriched.

You tarry here with your camera, perchance; seek lunch in the nearby town, and then off to the next Mission in far-away San Buenaventura; skimming along the mountain sides and over the broad, fruitful valleys, with their thousands of sheep, cattle and horses.

After the late dinner, which only a bicycle trip can make taste so well, you sink to dreamless rest, and rise the next morning early for another exhilarating ride to the quaint old Mission at far-famed Santa Barbara. On every hand new sights and wonders greet you, while by your side old ocean's organ plays.

To the user of the cycle (and who does not ride should at once learn) Southern California offers greater charms than any spot else in America. On every hand historic landmarks and ruins are found. The freedom from rain takes away worry. And exercise puts the rider in good humor with himself and the rest of the world.

"Where Nature's harps are all in tune,  
A calm, or a still, on life's rough sea,  
A place where it is always afternoon."

Starting from Los Angeles, one can reach the orange country at Riverside in one day nicely, and stop for the noonday meal at Pomona or Ontario. From Riverside a few minutes' ride brings one to Redlands, with its wonderful mountain-top park, which can be explored perfectly with a wheel; San Bernardino, the Mormon City, with all its curiosities and near-by mineral springs; Colton, with its rich mountain rising out of the plain; and other towns, each in its way inviting attention.

Pasadena, crown of San Gabriel valley, is less than an hour's ride from Los Angeles by several routes, and in all directions from the Crown City are cañons, natural parks, vineyards, beautiful boulevards and scenery that cannot be exhausted in a summer.

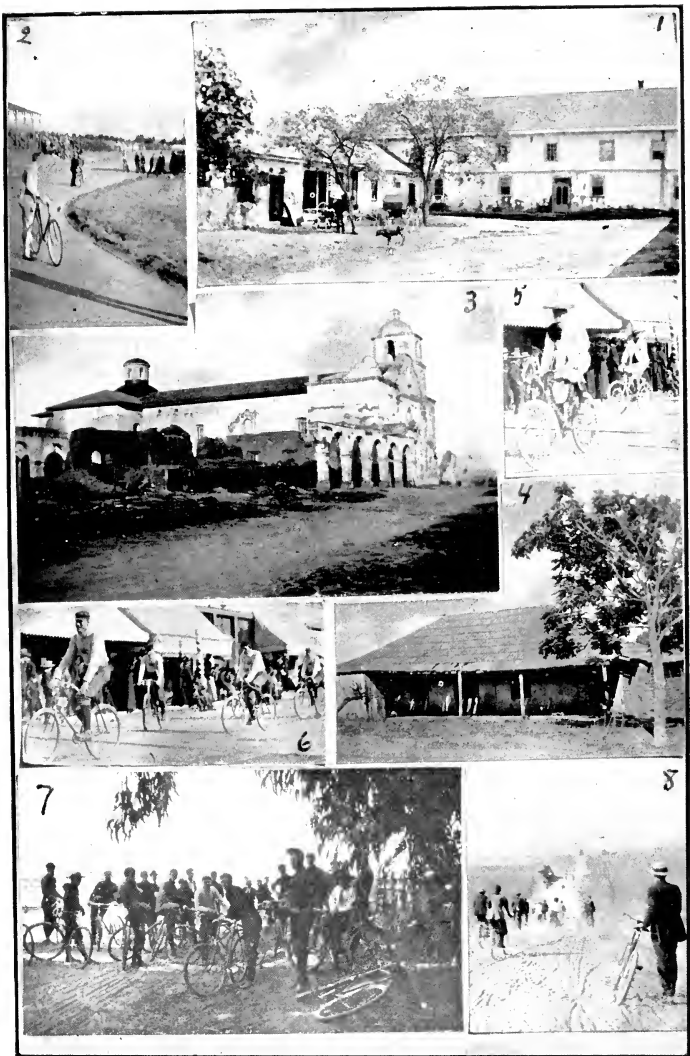
On the ocean side, Los Angeles offers Santa Monica, Redondo, San Pedro, Long Beach—all with sea bathing and the usual coast delights, and all within easy and quick reach. Half way between are old ranchos with historic haciendas, and other queer sights well worth investigating.

To the lover of long wheel tours, San Diego and the Mexican border find favor; and from Los Angeles by a three days' run, Whittier, Santa Ana, San Juan Capistrano Mission, San Luis Rey Mission, San Antonio de Pala Mission, Oceanside, San Diego Mission, Old Town, Coronado Beach, and San Diego city, as well as scores of other interesting points, can be visited. Returning, Escondido, Temecula, Elsinore Lake, Perris and the mines, as well as the orange country, can be touched.

As for cycle racing, Southern California leads the world in third-of-a-mile tracks; for there are seven within a radius of forty miles from Pomona, as well as many quarter-mile and mile tracks of good quality.

The third-of-a-mile modern bicycle track is found in all its various forms at Pasadena, Santa Ana, Santa Monica, Riverside, Redlands, San Bernardino and South Riverside; while the quarter-mile tracks at Los





Behre Photo-Process Co. *CYCLING SNAPSHOTS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.* Photos. by C. F. Gates.

- 1: The Cerritos ranch-house. 2: A handicap at Riverside. 3: San Luis Rey Mission. 4: An adobe near Rincon. 5: Crown City Club members. 6: From the Times Club. 7: A wayside halt. 8: On the road to the Cahuenga.

Angeles, Duarte, Ontario, Pomona and Santa Barbara are all different. Over in Arizona there is a third-of-a-mile track at Tucson, and a quarter-mile at Phoenix. Frequent tournaments are held at all these points.

These tracks offer exceptional advantages for training for future races, and many of them are used for record-breaking—notably the mile Coronado track at San Diego, and the Pasadena and Santa Ana ovals. Lately a team made up of riders from a dozen different States has been breaking records at Coronado, after trying in vain elsewhere, while a few months ago the whole world was wondering at the record-breaking at this same track by an entirely different team, which had come across the continent for the purpose.

The highways of the Southwest have not, as a whole, been improved, yet many of them have never needed to be worked by man. Nature, notably in Riverside County, has made excellent roads that need no care. But this is a big country, and as yet thinly settled, so there are thousands of miles of highway that is little used. Naturally, such roads are not as good as they should be. But there are still other leagues of highways and byways that are equal to any traveled by man. Therefore it can be said that there are many perfect roads in the Southwest, and these roads are being constantly lengthened and added to, until not many years hence Southern California will have nothing to desire in roadways, whether for wagon or cycle.

Los Angeles, Cal.



RESIDENCE OF C. F. LOOP., JR. CLAREMONT.



PALM AVE. AT RESIDENCE OF F. J. MOLL, SR., CAHUENGA.

## OCEANSIDE RESORT.

**M** IDWAY from Santa Ana on the north and Coronado on the south, Oceanside, on the Southern California Ry., is the only seaside resort possessing all the requirements necessary to perfect enjoyment for a sojourn by the sea. Its beach "down stairs," with its fine white sand and freedom from dangerous undertow, offers to bathers the luxuries of the Pacific and gathering shells by the sea shore. To the eye, the beauties of ocean and land present themselves in ever varying shades.

"See the grace  
Of yonder crescent-curving beach  
Where bathers sport and children play  
From June to June, the year's long day."



Photo by Dr. Nichols. OCEANSIDE BEACH AND BATH HOUSES.

The Isaac Waltons find here their Mecca for sea fishing. The constant run and great variety of fish lures enthusiastic anglers, every month in the year, to match their skill against the cunning of the denizens of the deep. The new iron wharf provides ample facilities for fishing in every way.

The South Pacific Hotel caters to the requirements of its guests in a manner rarely found outside of the so-called "fashionable resorts." The house itself possesses all the appointments of the modern hotel, comfortably furnished rooms, gas and electrical appliances. The cuisine consists of the choicest the markets offer, served to perfection. Every variety of game in its season the menu offers to the guests.

Outside, the spacious flower gardens, with their wealth of blossoms free to all the guests, offers attractions none care to resist.

The bracing sea air and pleasant surroundings, together with the not-to-be-overlooked reasonable rates for accommodation, bring to this



Photo. by Dr. Nichols

*SOUTH PACIFIC HOTEL, M. PIEPER, PROPRIETOR.*

resort by the sea those who delight in the quiet pleasures for rest and health. Mr. Pieper, the proprietor, and his charming wife are unremitting in making their guests' sojourn pleasant and comfortable.

The railroad branches to Fallbrook and Escondido afford a day's change amid other scenes. The wild and rugged scenery up the Temecula cañon to Fallbrook station makes the trip delightfully entertaining. The mines at Escondido always prove attractive. But incomplete indeed would be your pleasures without at least one visit to the San Luis Rey Mission. The church is being restored to its former beauties, and with the conserving of the remainder, there

"Still stands this cloistered mystery,  
Where wasted walls enfold  
Vast stores of hidden history,  
Unwritten or untold."

Special excursion rates will enable many, otherwise debarred, to enjoy a trip over the Surf Line to Oceanside and the South Pacific Hotel.



Photo by Dr. Nichols.

*OCEANSIDE NEW IRON WHARF.*

## FALLBROOK.



Behre Photo-Process Co.

WATKINS BROS' HOTEL STAGE.

ALL too soon ends the entertaining ride from Oceanside up the Temecula Cañon to Fallbrook station, of 23 miles. The mile and a half drive up hill to the mesa lands, 700 feet above tide water, in one of the Watkins Bros' luxurious stages affords charming scenic

effects, until Hotel Naples is reached, which always proves a surprise to newcomers, and certainly a pleasant surprise.



Behre Photo-Process Co.

HOTEL NAPLES, HENSHAW &amp; PENTREATH, PROPRIETORS.

Its commanding position, its outlook over valley and mountain, its generously extended porticos, 350 feet in length by 10 feet in width, with its swinging hammocks, invite for rest and idleness and the enjoyment of the ever present ocean breeze. Any hunting? Yes, indeed! Quail, geese, ducks, rabbits, and deer so abundant as to reward the energetic sportsman with pleasing success. After the hunt, the Fallbrook Club-house (its privileges reserved to the members and invited guests), also under the management of the proprietors of Hotel Naples, affords exchange of stories over a game of billiards or cards, enlivened with a mouthful of "'alf-and-'alf, sir."

Hotel Naples itself is modern, and its accommodations for rest or health or recreation are perfect. Commodious rooms, splendid cuisine and service, moderate rates and courteous treatment. Watkins Bros' livery supplies horse locomotion, safe and sound, with up-to-date style and comfort.

Those who long for an outing in the mountains, coupled with all the accessories of home comfort, should visit Fallbrook and Hotel Naples.



## CYCLING IN THE SOUTHWEST.

All the year riding.

No rain to fear for two-thirds of the year.

More up-to-date bicycle tracks than in any other equal territory.

The largest club in the Southwest is the San Diego Wheelmen, with 250 members.

A training league with twenty-five members has been organized within the Riverside Wheelmen, to use and take care of the club's track.

Pomona and Ontario have bicycle clubs, but only the latter has been represented in the race meets.

The Citrus Wheelmen held a race meet at Los Angeles on May 30.

Santa Barbara has a small club, which owns a quarter mile track, but does little racing.

The women's bicycle racing at Los Angeles, May 9th, got the frost such affairs deserve. Women's place is not in bicycle races.

A daily edition of the *American Wheelman* was launched in New York late in May. There are about fifty weekly and monthly bicycle papers in this country.

Santa Paula and Ventura have no bicycle clubs, but they are very enthusiastic wheel towns, and much riding is done in Ventura by both sexes.

This Division of the League of American Wheelmen has lately held missionary meetings at San Diego, Riverside and San Bernardino. The objects of the L. A. W. are to improve the roads, manage all cycle racing, and look after the interests of those who use the wheel.

The runs to the various mineral baths about San Bernardino are short rides that are very popular with the riders of that city, and Redlands, Colton and Riverside as well.

The cycle club at Santa Ana is being reorganized into an athletic association, which will absorb the fine bicycle track and grounds of the old Orange County Wheelmen.

A short and easy ride from any part of Los Angeles is to East Lake Park, out the old Mission road, and back by the extension of North Main street, these thoroughfares forming the two sides of the park.

Pasadena has many riders of the wheel besides its hustling club, which owns the finest dirt track in America. In New Year's parade, as well as the floral parade of La Fiesta, the Crown City Cycling Club was the cynosure of all eyes in its beautiful white uniform and high Mexican hats.

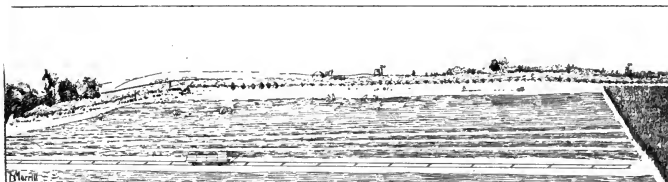
The roads in Riverside, which are the finest thoroughfares in the Southwest, have lately been adorned by signboards, thanks to the enterprise of the Riverside wheelmen. The only drawback to riding in Riverside county has been the absence of signboards.

There are many grand bicycle rides about Los Angeles, but every new rider seems to rush off to Santa Monica, Sundays, over that less interesting highway, and leave all the others unvisited.



# FOR SALE

FOR A SHORT TIME



Showing 13,000 yards calico covered with prunes on Rancho Cañada de los Alisos.

**A GREAT BARGAIN. 302 ACRES at \$106 per acre; 175 acres** being in trees. No encumbrance. Seven miles from ocean, but behind high range of foothills, to temper southwesterly trade winds; elevation 450 feet. Highly improved ranch, with running water in creek, for sale entire. Within 300 yards of R. R. depot, church, postoffice, telegraph, etc.

About 100 acres in 8-year-old prunes and apricots.  
34 acres in 3-year old apricots, almonds, peaches.  
16 acres in 2-year-old apricots, peaches.  
18 acres in 1-year-old apricots, peaches.  
6 acres in blue and sugar gums.  
Enough oranges, lemons, etc., for home and local sale.  
Balance of land all in grain, hay, corn, clover, pumpkins, carrots, etc.

Last year's crop was:  
169½ tons dried prunes.  
5½ tons dried apricots.  
109 tons baled hay.  
42 tons barley (grain).  
8 tons corn (shelled).  
Besides pumpkins, etc.

All damaged fruit, waste grain from stables, pumpkins, corn, etc., turned into hogs.

**No Irrigation Necessary.** Our ranch is valley land; 20 feet to water (average). Several hundred **Giant Sycamores** on ranch, and wild tobacco; owner trying tobacco, which, if successful, will enhance value exceedingly.

**12 Roomed Dwelling**—modern improvements, baths, toilets, cupboards, closets, etc; deep verandas (screened in). **Tennis Court**, surrounded by high, shady Monterey pines, ditto avenue. Half interest in 1 inch gravity flow mountain water. Water piped all over house, garden, tennis court, stables, etc. Two wells, windmill, tanks, etc.

**6 Roomed Boarding House** for ranch hands, stabling 13 horses, 2 cows, etc. Barn covers 115 tons baled hay. Wagon, tools, work-sheds. Covering for all machinery. Tool-house. Grain warehouse separate.

3 ten-foot cultivators, 3 heavy wagons, 1 spring wagon, 3 harrows, 2 buggies, mower, rake, smaller horse cultivators, gang and hand plows—in fact, perfect equipment of ranch and hand tools.

12 large and well selected horses, each with its work harness; also sets of buggy harness, double and single. 3 mares bred to son of Red Wilkes (1,749).

**Drying Plant**—capacity 1200 tons green fruit; including Anderson Dipper (large), Hamilton Grader (green and dried fruit), 13,000 (thirteen thousand) yards calico, 1600 boxes and innumerable trays, 7 trucks and several hundred yards tracking, scales, bins, platforms, etc.

**Oil Wells** now being sunk about one mile south of this property.

Reason for sale, owner has nitrate and railroad interests in South America requiring attention.

**Title Guaranteed** by Orange county Title and Abstract Co., Incorporated, Santa Ana, Cal.

Reference (by permission), Farmers and Merchants Bank, Los Angeles, Cal.

Address Owner, **E. PETRIE HOYLE,**

Rancho Cañada de los Alisos, El Toro, Orange Co., Cal.



## ONTARIO.

**S**ITUATED at a distance of 35 miles from the Pacific ocean, and 39 miles east of Los Angeles, on the main line of both the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé railways, is the beautiful town of Ontario. In location, climate, soil, and water privileges, Ontario has many advantages. Fine business blocks, electric cars and lighting, handsome churches and schools, fine residences, surrounded by what is already becoming a great forest of citrus and deciduous orchards, blocked out by splendid shade trees—such is Ontario at thirteen years. How many Eastern towns twice its age and population would ever dream of half its progress? The elevation, ranging from 950 to 2500 feet, insures a most healthful and agreeable climate, while the conditions for growing citrus and deciduous fruits cannot be excelled.



A NAVEL ORANGE GROVE.

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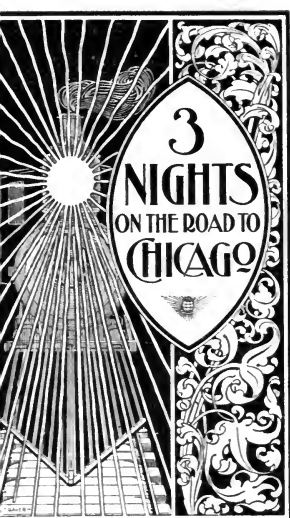
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" Pueblo.....	1 10 pm	" " " " " " " "
" Colorado Springs	3 00 pm	" " " " " " " "
" Denver.....	5 30 pm	" " " " " " " "
" Cripple Creek.....	7 00 am	Wed. Thur. Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tu.
" Newton.....	12 30 am	" " " " " " " "
" Kansas City.....	7 00 am	" " " " " " " "
" St. Louis.....	6 00 pm	" " " " " " " "
" Chicago.....	10 30 pm	" " " " " " " "
" Des Moines.....	8 15 pm	" " " " " " " "
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" Cleveland.....	12 45 pm	" " " " " " " "
" Indianapolis.....	3 30 am	" " " " " " " "
" Cincinnati.....	7 20 am	" " " " " " " "
" Buffalo.....	5 30 pm	" " " " " " " "
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9 20 am	5 20 pm
9 40 am	5 40 pm
†10 00 am	6 00 pm
10 20 am	6 20 pm
10 40 am	6 40 pm
11 00 am	7 00 pm
11 20 am	7 20 pm
11 40 am	7 40 pm
12 00 m	8 00 pm
12 20 pm	8 20 pm
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10 00 am	6 00 pm
10 20 am	6 20 pm
10 40 am	6 40 pm
11 00 am	7 00 pm
11 20 am	7 20 pm
11 40 am	8 00 pm
12 00 m	8 30 pm
12 20 pm	9 00 pm
12 40 pm	9 30 pm
1 00 pm	10 00 pm
1 20 pm	10 30 pm

Leave Santa Monica

*6 25 am	2 50 pm
7 25 am	3 25 pm
8 25 am	3 50 pm
9 25 am	4 25 pm
10 25 am	4 50 pm
10 50 am	5 25 pm
11 25 am	5 50 pm
11 50 am	6 25 pm
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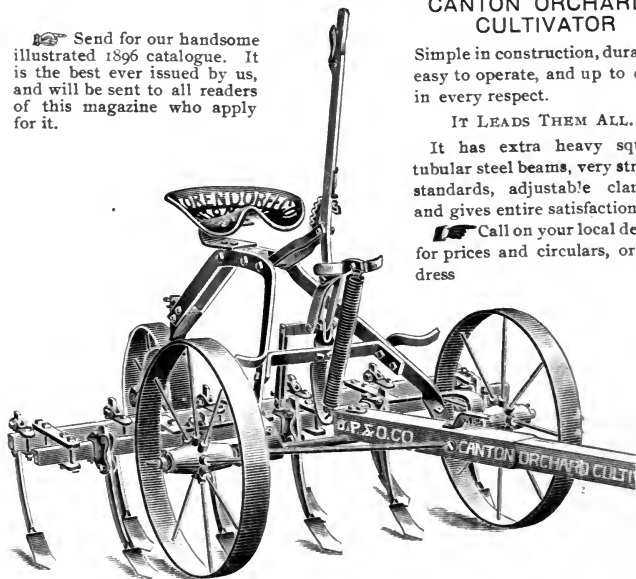


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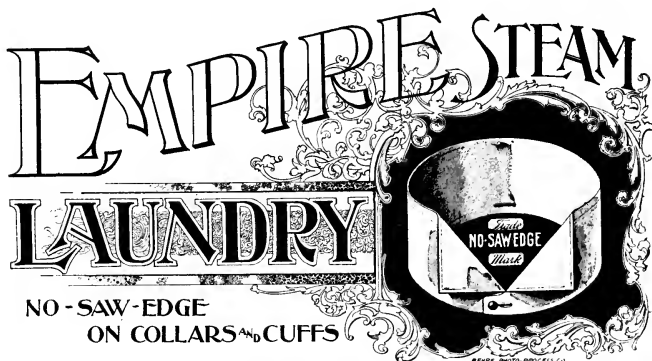


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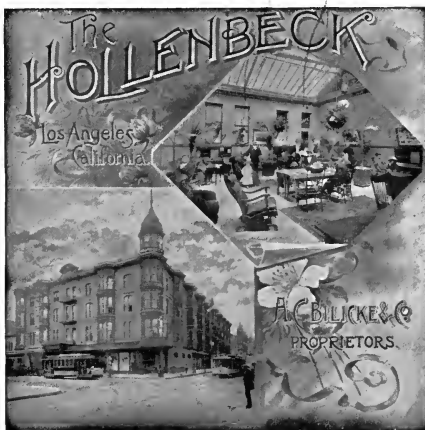
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# THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

CONTENTS—JULY, 1896.

PAGE

Hydraulic Mining on San Antonio .....	frontispiece
A Trip to Mt. Whitney (illustrated), Howard Longley.....	47
The First American Jewelers (illustrated), Chas. F. Lummis .....	54
(Southwestern Wonderland Series.)	
A Historic Figure (illustrated).....	58
The Gold Placers of Los Angeles (illustrated), J. M. Guinn.....	60
The End of a Feud (story), Beatriz Bellido de Luna.....	60
The Musky "Filarée" (poem), Lillian H. Shuey.....	64
An Open Letter, Chas. Warren Stoddard .....	68
Longing (poem), Blanche Trask.....	69
My Nursery (poem), illustrated, Julia Boynton Green.....	70
The Landmarks Club.....	71
In the Lion's Den (the Editor).....	72
That Which is Written (the Editor).....	75
Hon Stephen M. White (illustrated).....	77
The Los Angeles Mining Exchange (illustrated).....	91
Southern California Chautauqua Assembly (illustrated).....	77
La Jolla (illustrated) .....	83
Our Summer Outings .....	85

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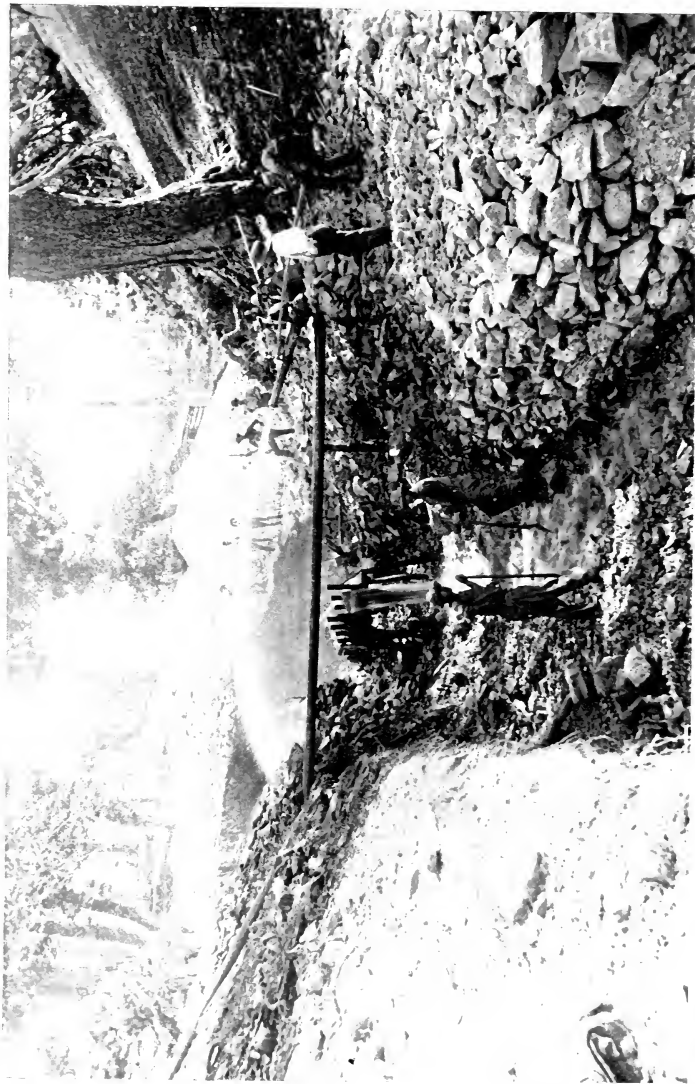


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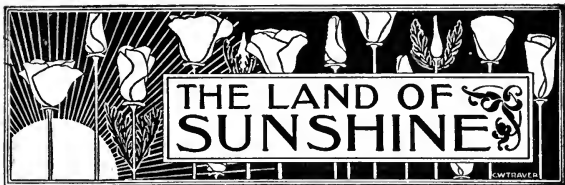








"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



Vol. 5, No. 2.

LOS ANGELES

JULY, 1896.

## A TRIP TO MOUNT WHITNEY.

BY HOWARD LONGLEY.



THREE days we had been journeying towards Mount Whitney. The valley of the San Joaquin was undergoing a hot spell, and even the carefully shaded thermometer at Fresno marked 106 degrees when we left. As we crossed the plains and ascended the barren foothills, the glare of the sun and the superheated breeze were very disagreeable; while our crawling burro-train kept us enveloped in a cloud of lingering dust. Yet, such is the magical transformation of a few thousand feet in elevation, we traveled that evening among groves of pine and gigantic Sequoias, guided by the friendly stream to meadows where the grass was thickest and the flowers in greatest profusion grow.

For several days we wandered through the forest. At times, crossing some mountain range, an extensive panorama enabled us to outline a course for the succeeding days. Again, we rambled beside some mountain stream which deviously wound through beautiful green meadows, or rushed and tumbled along its shaded cañon bed, while the slightly receding walls on either side rose in silent majesty almost 3,000 feet above. But, as we penetrated farther into the vast system, the surroundings changed.

With gradually increasing altitude the flowers deserted us, and some of our forest companions lingered below. More rugged varieties surrounded us, their storm-beaten branches growing only upon the sheltered sides of the trees. At last even the twisted, stunted growth was left behind, and patches of snow or rock-bound lakelets alternated with naked bluffs or granite domes. Still we clambered upward, for the divide must be crossed in order to reach our destination. At last, after many disappointments and a hard day's climb, a saddle in the crest was attained; but, too tired to attempt the descent, even if approaching darkness had

Illustrated from photos. by the author.

not forbidden, we were compelled to spend the night upon this wind-swept pass, at an elevation of 13,000 feet, with no feed for the animals nor fuel or shelter for ourselves. Upon turning out the next morning we found the water in our canteen frozen; so our slight repast was dry as well as uncooked. At the expiration of seven hours, spent in hauling the reluctant burros one by one over the snow, along dangerous ledges and down steep slopes, rolling rocks out of the way, and replacing dislodged packs, we were probably not more than a mile in a direct line from the summit. But we had again reached timber and feed; and breakfast served also for dinner and supper. However, the extreme wildness and grandeur of the scenery compensated for all the hardships. Immense perpendicular cliffs of tottering granite slabs, or glacial-polished slopes, were all around us. Fields of snow lay at the shaded bases of precipices, and little patches clung to their narrow ledges



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Photo. by A. W. de la Cour Carroll.

## GENERAL VIEW OF MT WHITNEY.

while beautiful Alpine lakes reflected their imprisoning walls at almost every turn of the cañon.

For more than a week we had not been below 10,000 feet; yet peaks much higher had constantly surrounded us. So it was only when we were almost upon Mount Whitney that he became unmistakable, and we realized that the stupendous granite mass two or three miles ahead, stretching across the cañon, really attained the greatest elevation found in the United States. Only at one place can his helmet-shaped crest be ascended with safety. There the first one thousand feet of climb up the steep couloir is not dangerous, though the use of the hands is at times necessary; while the more gently inclined slopes above are broad, and, facing the sun, comparatively free from snow. It was strange how many of the granite blocks composing the surface our companions found suitable for resting purposes. Of course *we* were all right, but



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.      A MEADOW ON ROARING RIVER.

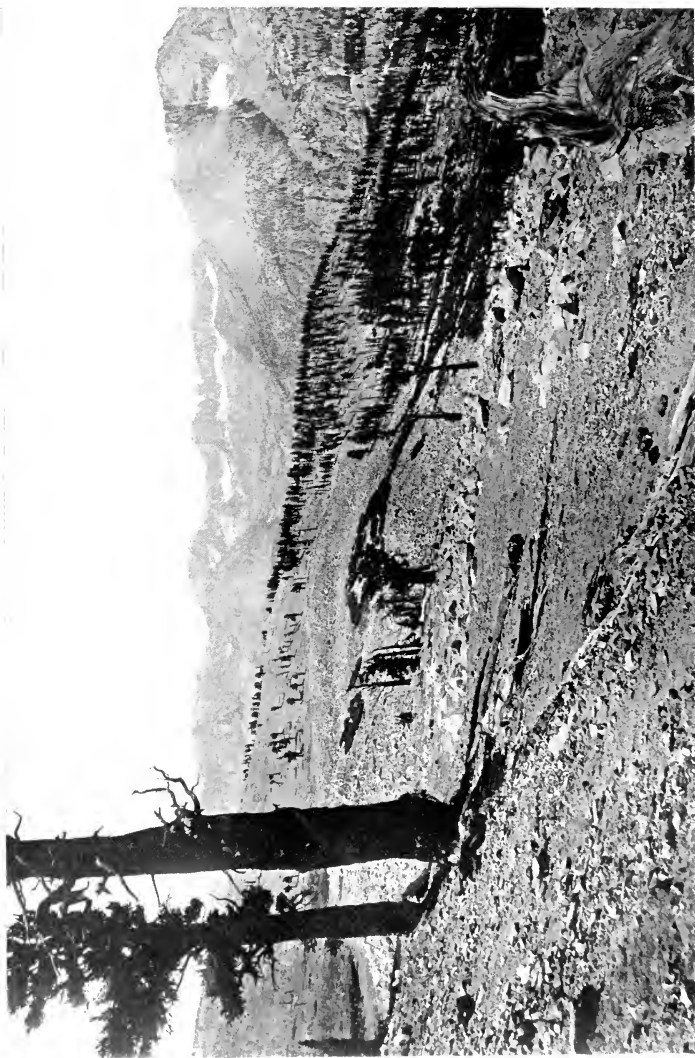
*they* seemed to get out of breath so easily! However, we tarried with them, and enjoyed the ever-expanding view. At last we stood beside the little stone monument, almost 15,000 feet above the ocean's surface, awed into silence by the sublimity of our surroundings. The summit



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LAVA ON VOLCANO CREEK.





is at the extreme eastern edge of the peak, which is so precipitous that a stone thrown outward from the monument would probably drop half a mile before striking the mountain's side. Miniature lakes, born of the snow-fields, glisten in the depths of every cañon; while one—an icy emerald caught in a rugged setting—lies forever frozen in a sheltered nook at Whitney's base. But a few miles away slumbers the desert, 10,000 feet below. Beyond the hazy north, on Mount Lyell's sides, the Owen's river rises, and mile after mile its thirsty banks of sand stretch along the valley to their end in the bitter waters of Owen's Lake, which flashes in the sun like a sheet of burnished metal. Occasional oases of green, formed by the application of water to naturally fertile soil, at this distance but serve to accentuate the general appearance of lifelessness. Beyond the Panamint range to the east, faintly visible through the quivering air, lies the terrible Death Valley, fed by Furnace creek



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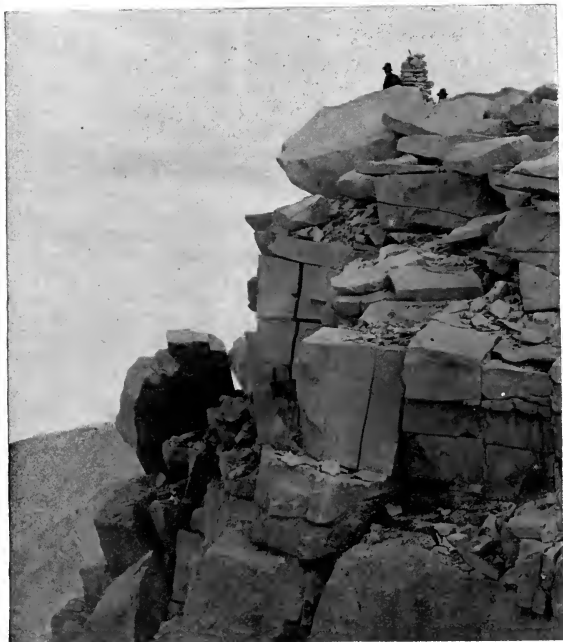
PINNACLES NEAR THE SUMMIT.

and bordered beyond by the Funeral Mountains. Even here, far from enthusiastic man, Nature maintains California's right to the superlative. Standing upon the highest point of land in the United States, but seventy miles away is the lowest surface on both Americas, hundreds of feet below the ocean's level. Here, in August, perpetual snow and ice surround us. There, the hottest place known in the world, the thermometer registers 134 degrees in the shade.

Eight miles west of us stretches the Great Western Ridge; twenty miles of snow-clad granite, varying in height from 10,000 to 14,000 feet, from whose farther slopes springs the Kaweah river. Between that wall and our own lies the watershed of the headwaters of the Kern river, perhaps 4,000 feet directly below us, and deepening southward into the wonderful cañon of the Kern. To the north a ridge connects the two parallel crests, and divides the Kern from the King's river country. From its elevated stretches, enormous snake-like moraines mark the







Behre Photo. Process Co.

THE SUMMIT OF MT. WHITNEY.

course of ancient ice rivers, until hidden by the noble forest that rolls in one grand sweep of billowy green far to the south. Innumerable rivulets frolic for a time in the shaded swales of undulating table-land; but shortly gathering into one united volume, plunge into the cañon's depths. Six miles to the southeast lies Sheep Mountain, almost identical in shape with Mount Whitney, and but little lower. Olancha, a little farther, also reaches a high altitude; and then the range rapidly dwindles, and soon sinks into the burning sands of the Mojave desert. Seven miles northward Mounts Tyndall and Williamson rise from our crest. Two gigantic obelisks of Nature's carving, her ice chisel has cut cruelly deep. Tyndall's shattered sides are barely accessible, while Williamson is hardly more than a group of splintered towers and minarets. Considerably beyond these forbidding peaks lies the group guarding the marvelous King's River Cañon. East of them are the summits marking the Kearsarge pass, which is perhaps the highest traveled pass on the

continent, being over 12,000 feet in elevation. Beyond the various points mentioned, the ranges extend in endless confusion of summit, cañon and timbered slope, until the bewildered eye welcomes the obscurity of distance. From Whitney five peaks over 14,000 feet in elevation are plainly seen, and over fifty that exceed 13,000; and, as few of the intervening cañons are less than 3,000 feet deep, the stupendous character of the scenery may be imagined.

Unheedful of the approaching storm, we protracted our gaze upon yawning abyss and granite dome, rainless desert and field of snow. Confidential Nature was revealing grand secrets to loving subjects, and the chilling air and gathering clouds warned in vain. Then the beautiful snow-crystals fell, and in the silent might of numbers compelled a regretful farewell. Reluctantly we descended the mountain, stumbling through the gloom of the storm. Unmindful were we of the falling snow and, lower down, the soaking rain. Not until we stood around the roaring camp-fire below and watched the shifting clouds of the parting storm chase the shadows from grand old Whitney's summit was the spell broken. And then, having seen the grandest of all, we turned our faces homeward.

South Pasadena, Cal.

THE SOUTHWESTERN WONDERLAND. ✓

#### IV: OUR FIRST AMERICAN JEWELERS.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.



HERE are but two points—and these purely empiric and accidental—wherein the Aztecs and the Incas, whose fame pervades all romance throughout the civilized world, had a whit the better of a quiet Indian people in the United States of whom we have never heard the thousandth part as much. One of those points, it is true, chances to be the one most eloquent to a civilization whose brains more and more gravitate to its pockets; but to the student it is a very trivial advantage. The Incas had indeed risen just a little higher than unaided aborigines have ever risen elsewhere, though the Mayas and the Aztecs and Pueblos were close behind. The first had stumbled upon the use of metals, particularly the docile ones. Iron was unknown, but gold, silver and bronze they had learned to work, and it was

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. Copyright 1891 by C. F. Lummis  
MUSICO, A SILVERSMITH OF ACOMA.

purely the adventitious splendor given them by their ornaments that invested them with such a glamour in the eyes of the discoverers and of the whole reading world since. The enormous fortunes gathered in the

conquest of Peru, and the fact that, after 350 years of searching, fortunes are still taken out from their hiding-places in that strange land, show easily why Peru has always remained so much more romantic than even Mexico, where the precious metals were comparatively scarce. It is true that the Incas had invented also a packbeast, so that for the first time in the history of the New World something fairly to be called war as opposed to desultory bushwhacking became possible; but few students, even, have noted the significance of this fact; and as to the popular estimate of Peru it does not figure at all therein. The Inca religion was the same strange, material polytheism or fetichism of all Indians; their social organization was the universal Indian clan-built economy; their fabled politics were nothing more nor less than those of Indians all over the New World. The only reason on earth why the Peruvians are on every tongue and the Pueblos practically unheard-of, is that one tribe had gold and the other had not.



Commercial Eng. Co. PUEBLO AND NAVAJO SILVER JEWELRY.

It is a curious historical fact that prior to the Spanish conquest of America, three centuries and a half ago, the use of metals was absolutely unknown to any aborigine north of what is now Mexico. This is true without exception, despite numerous irresponsible stories to the contrary. A few tribes had found the native copper of the Great Lakes, and now and then it was pounded into some crude shape; but no one dreamed what fire would do for it. As for gold and silver, they were not even known. So whatever wrought metal ornaments are found in aboriginal ruins in the United States come from the Conquest, or later.

The wicked Spaniards, who built hundreds of magnificent churches for the Indians, taught them as much of material as of spiritual things. They gave the savages European seeds and improved the methods of farming. They brought horses, cows, sheep and other domestic animals to the Western Hemisphere, which had no such thing before. They taught weaving of the new staples—some tribes already wove cotton. And another thing the heartless Spaniards taught these peoples of the



stone age, was the use of metals. Ever since, silversmithing has been an important art with several of the largest Indian tribes in the United States. It seems curious to think of this; for our own achievements in the same line are scant. The Spaniard implanted forever, in almost his



whole aboriginal empire, a new language, a new religion, and hundreds of customs. The only bud of civilization we have ever succeeded in grafting upon *our* Indians is—whiskey.

Within our own area the Indians who took most cleverly to the use of metals were the Pueblos and the Navajos; and both have kept the art ever since. To this day the silversmith in a Pueblo town, or in some wild corner of the Navajo reservation, is an important man in the economies of his tribe. Other smiths there are not. The stubborn metals they have never ventured to work extensively. It was too difficult and not so cheap as to barter for tools. As for gold, it has never been cared for by the aborigines of the Southwest. They do not deem it pretty; and even as money, only the educated of them will take it. There lurks here a fine sarcasm for a latter-day superstition.

Some of these men, absolutely untutored except by tradition, almost without facilities, show remarkable taste and skill. A little mud forge, a hammer, a simple punch, a three-cornered file, a stone or bit of iron for an anvil, a little clay for a crucible and some solder, *and* brains—and there is your aboriginal smith.

With these crude appliances he turns out admirable rings, bracelets, earrings, buttons, belt-discs, rosary crosses, and even hollow beads. His workmanship is far more advanced—though therefore less characteristic—than that of the prehistoric Inca smith who had no European instruction. *He* had a mighty good teacher—the artificers who made a better gun in Spain 100 years ago than was made in the United States 50 years ago; who invented the superb Eibar-work, and did such staunch smithing in every hamlet-smithy of their colonies—these were masters worth while. And the natural aptitude of the Indian for this branch of work was proved by the readiness with which he learned the lesson and the permanency with which he has retained it.

In the Western Hemisphere there are today no other peoples who wear so much jewelry as the Pueblos and Navajos. Seven or eight bracelets, as many rings, a huge rosary and pair of earrings (all of silver), accompanied by several yards of the costliest coral beads—such an outfit for one person is rather modest than excessive; and for feast days is likely to be supplemented.

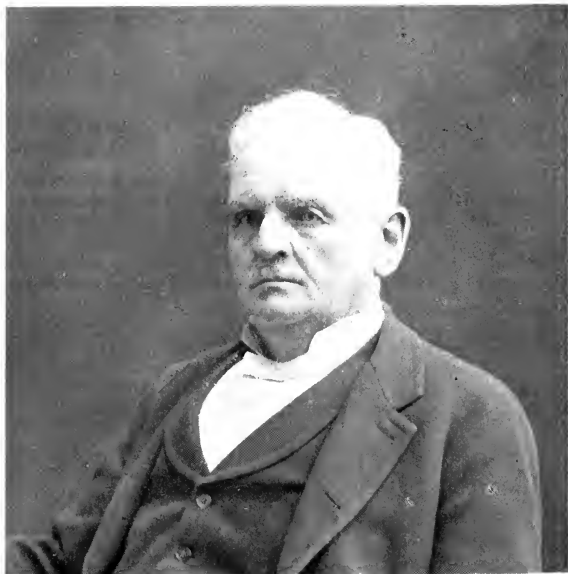
All this jewelry is made of coin silver; melted, run in an ingot, hammered to shape, punched and filed to the due pattern. Great ingenuity is shown in range of form and pattern, though always, of course, within Indian notions. A very good friend of mine, the best silversmith among the Navajos, made to my order once a bracelet in shape of a rattlesnake. The Pueblos revere the crotalus, but to the Navajos he is "bad medicine"—and his people beat poor Chit-chi nearly to death, destroyed his hut and made way with the obnoxious symbol. It is saddening to see what superstition will do for people. But I was cheered a few months later. An American friend of mine gave his educated wife a beautiful watch for Christmas; and she returned it because it was set with opals.

### A HISTORIC FIGURE.

GEN. JOHN MANSFIELD, who died May 6th, 1896, was a man whose share in the modern history of Southern California merits honorable remembrance. Physically one of the stateliest figures that ever graced the city of his adoption, his commanding presence, his fine head and face, his courtly, old-school manners—these were in keeping with the man, whose character was no less distinguished than his appearance. Both were of a type which certainly does not seem to multiply in present conditions of public life. He was the old-time gentleman and scholar; a public man to whom the most hardened heeler would scarce have dared whisper a shady proposition; a lawyer who

never forgot that manhood comes even before the profession ; a citizen who in simple truth deserved well of the republic.

Gen. Mansfield was born in Mendon, N. Y., in 1822, had an academic education, and entered the practice of law at Portage, Wis. He entered the Civil War in '61 as captain of the Second Wisconsin Volunteers ; served with distinction in nearly all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, from the first Bull Run to Gettysburg, where he was seriously wounded ; lay four months in Libby Prison ; was wounded again in the Wilderness ; and after successive promotions for gallantry, came out of the war a brigadier-general. He served well as marshal of Washington ; and later as provost-marshal of Fredericksburg. In 1871 he came to Southern California and settled in Los Angeles as a lawyer. He founded the *Daily Republican* here. In 1878 he was a delegate to the Second Constitutional Convention of California ; and later was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State, on the ticket with Gov. (now Senator) Perkins. He was one of the founders and presidents of the Southern California Historical Society ; and for several years was a trustee of the State Normal School. In all these diverse responsibilities he was the same high-minded, clear-minded, forceful man ; a man who left his impress upon whatever he touched. He was a notable figure of a worthy past, still vital and significant in our time ; and this magazine, which is not given to cultivating live dignitaries, is glad to give this leaf to one who has gone forward.



Union Eng. Co.

THE LATE GEN. JOHN MANSFIELD.

Photo. by Putnam.

## THE GOLD PLACERS OF LOS ANGELES.\*

BY J. M. GUINN.



O the gold seekers of the early 'Fifties Los Angeles was known as a cow county. The gold miner was the aristocrat of that period and the pastoral people of Southern California were looked upon by the Argonauts as financial if not social pariahs.

The seekers after the golden fleece who came to California by the southern routes, poured into Los Angeles by the thousands through the Cajon Pass, through the San Gorgonio, and by the way of Warner's ranch. Bleared



Commercial Eng. Co.

PANNING-OUT GOLD WITH THE BATEA.

Photo. by G. F. L.

and half-blinded by the burning sands of the desert, and worn out with months of travel over the arid alkaline plains, they reached sleepy Los Angeles in no mood to appreciate the salubrity of its climate or the fertility of its soil. They saw the hills and plains covered with thousands of cattle. They found the inhabitants calmly indifferent to the mad rush for gold. To the gold seekers such a country had no attractions.



Commercial Eng. Co.

WASHING GOLD WITH THE ROCKER.

Photo by G. F. L.

\* See Frontispiece.



They were not seeking climate, and they had no use for any soil that was not mixed with gold dust. So they hurried on over the mountains. Few if any of them knew that in the cañons and creeks of the despised "cow county" the first gold ever discovered in California had been found; that the first "mining rush" ever known in California had been to the foot-hills of that same cow county.

The first authenticated discovery of gold in California was in territory now included in Los Angeles county. It was made by Francisco Lopez, (for many years mayordomo of the San Fernando Mission) in June, 1841, in the San Feliciano Cañon. This cañon is on the San Francisco Rancho, and is about forty miles northwesterly from Los Angeles city and about eight miles westerly from the town of Newhall. Don Abel Stearns gives this account of the discovery:

"Lopez, with a companion while in search of some stray horses, about midday stopped under some trees and tied their horses to feed. While resting in the shade, Lopez with his sheath knife dug up some wild onions, and in the dirt discovered a piece of gold. Searching further he found more. On his return to town he showed these pieces to his friends, who at once declared there must be a placer of gold there."

Prospecting began at once. Placers were found and the first mining rush in the history of California began. Col. Warner says:

"The news of this discovery soon spread among the inhabitants, from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles, and in a few weeks hundreds of people were engaged in washing and winnowing the sands of these gold fields. . . . The discoveries of gold placers in that year embraced the greater part of the country drained by the Santa Clara river from a point fifteen or twenty miles from its mouth to its source, and easterly beyond them to Mount San Bernardino."

The first parcel of California gold dust ever coined at the United States Mint at Philadelphia, was taken from these mines by the late Alfred Robinson, and carried in a sailing vessel around Cape Horn. It consisted of 18.34 ounces—value after coining, \$344.75, or over \$19 to the ounce; a very superior quality of gold dust.

As to the yield of the San Fernando placers (as these mines were commonly called) it is impossible now to obtain definite information. Wm. Heath Davis in his *Sixty Years in California* gives the amount at \$80,000 to \$100,000 for the first two years after the discovery. He states that Mellus at one time shipped \$5,000 worth of dust to Boston on the ship Alert. Bancroft says that "by December, 1843, two thousand ounces of gold had been taken from the San Fernando mines." Don Antonio Coronel informed the writer that he with the assistance of three Indian laborers in 1842, took out \$600 worth of dust in two months.

There was a great scarcity of water in the diggings and the methods of extracting the gold were crude and wasteful. One of the most common was panning, or washing the dirt in a *batea* or bowl-shaped Indian basket. These mines were worked continuously from the time of their discovery in 1841 until the American conquest in 1847. The discovery of gold in Coloma in January, 1848, drew away the miners from the San Fernando placers. During the flush times of gold mining from 1848 to 1854, very little work was done in the Los Angeles placers.

In the fall of 1854 began the Kern river excitement—one of the most famous mining rushes in the history of gold mining. Gold was dis-

covered on the head waters of the Kern. Reports were spread abroad of the fabulous richness of the mines and the "rush was on." For a time it seemed as if the northern mines would be depopulated. From Stockton to the mines, a distance of three hundred miles, for weeks the plains of the San Joaquin were literally speckled with honest miners on foot, on horseback, on stages, and in wagons bound for the mines. Every steamer down the coast came loaded to the guards with miners, merchants, gamblers, and adventurers of all kinds, bound for the new El Dorado via Los Angeles. The sleepy old metropolis of the cow counties awoke to find itself transformed into a hustling mining camp. Business in mining supplies was brisk and times were lively in other directions. The *Southern Californian* of March 7, 1855 says: "Last Sunday night was a brisk night for killing. Four men were shot and killed, and several wounded in shooting affrays." These motley collections of gold hunters made their way over the Tehachepi summit to the mines.

The mines though rich were limited and the disappointed miners beat their way back to civilization as best they could. Some of them turned their attention to prospecting in the mountains south of the Tehachapi and many new discoveries were made. In April, 1855, a party entering the mountains by way of the Cajon Pass penetrated to the head waters of the San Gabriel. Here in some of the cañons they found good prospects; but, the water failing, they were temporarily compelled to suspend operations. The Santa Anita placers, about fifteen miles from this city, were discovered and for a time worked secretly—the miners making from \$6 to \$10 each per day.

Work was actively resumed in the San Fernando diggings. Francisco Gracia working a gang of Indians in 1855 took out \$65,000. One nugget worth \$1900 was found. During 1856 and 1857 mining and prospecting were continued. In 1858 rich diggings were struck on the San Gabriel. Mining operations were begun on a more extended scale. The Santa Anita Mining Company was organized; D. Marchessault, president; V. Beaudry, treasurer; capital, \$50,000. A ditch four miles long was cut around the foot of the mountains. Hydraulic works were erected. February 15, 1859, when the works were completed, the company gave a sumptuous dinner to invited guests from the city. The success of the enterprise was toasted in bumpers of champagne, and wine and wit flowed freely. These mines paid handsomely for several years.

During the year 1859 the cañon of the San Gabriel was prospected for forty miles, and "the color" was obtained in every instance. Some of the bar claims were quite rich—as high as \$8 to the pan being obtained in some places. From a hill claim four men took out \$80 in one day. Two Mexicans with a common wooden bowl or batea washed out \$90 in two days. Two hydraulic companies were taking out \$1000 a week. In July, 300 men were at work in the cañon and all reported doing well. A stage ran from the city to the mines. Three stores at Eldoradoville supplied the miners with the necessaries of life; and several saloons, with gambling accompaniments, the luxuries.

The editor of the *Star* in the issue of December 3d, 1859, indulges in roseate dreams of the mineral wealth of Los Angeles. He says :

"Gold placers are now being worked from Fort Tejon to San Bernardino. Rich deposits have been discovered in the northern part of the county. The San Gabriel mines have been worked very successfully this season. The Santa Anita placers are given forth their golden harvest. Miners are at work in the San Fernando hills rolling out the gold, and in the hills beyond discoveries have been made which prove the whole district to be one grand placer."

After that the deluge. The rainy season began early in December. For three day and nights it rained continuously. Nearly a foot of water fell. In the narrow cañon of the San Gabriel river the waters rose to an unprecedented height and swept everything before them. The miner's wheels, sluices, long toms, wing dams, coffer dams and all other dams went floating off toward the sea.

The year 1860 was a prosperous one for the miners, notwithstanding the disastrous flood of December, 1859. The increased water supply afforded an opportunity to work dry claims. Some of the strikes have the sound of the flush days of '49 : "Baker & Smith realized from their claim \$800 in eight days." "Driver & Co. washed out \$350 of dust in two hours."

In the spring of 1862, Wells, Fargo & Co. were shipping to San Francisco \$12,000 of gold dust a month by steamer and probably as much more was sent by other shippers or taken by private parties ; all this the product of the San Fernando, San Gabriel and Santa Anita placers. In the San Gabriel cañon during the early Seventies, hydraulic mining was conducted on an extensive scale under the superintendence of experienced miners ; and large quantities of gold were taken out.

The yield of the Los Angeles placers can be ascertained only approximately. Major Ben. C. Truman in his *Semi-Tropical California* (a book written in 1874) says :

"During the past eighteen years, Messrs. Ducommun and Jones, merchants of Los Angeles, have purchased in one way and another over two millions of dollars' worth of gold dust taken from the placer claims of the San Gabriel river, while it is fair to presume that among other merchants and to parties in San Francisco has been distributed at least a like amount."

Add to this estimate the amount taken out of the San Fernando placers from 1841 to 1847, and from these places and all the other mines except the San Gabriel from 1855 down to the present time, and the yield of the Los Angeles placer mines would reach if not exceed five million dollars.

Our mineral resources are far from being exhausted. With abundant capital, improved appliances and cheaper methods of working them, our quartz lodes and gold placers will yield richer returns in the future than they have in the past. It may seem a rash statement to make—that the average yield of gold to each man engaged in the Los Angeles placers equaled if it did not exceed the average yield per man of the northern mines at the very acme of placer mining—yet the truth of it can be substantiated. Careful statisticians estimate that in 1853, the year of the greatest production of the northern placers, the average yield per man for those actually engaged in mining was less than \$2.00 per day; the average yield per man of the Los Angeles placers in 1858, '59, '60, '61, and '62 greatly exceeded that amount.

Such in brief is the history of fifty years of placer mining in Los Angeles. It is not the story of the treasure vaults of nature unlocked by the blow of a pick, nor is it a tale of disaster and loss. It is, rather, the record of fair remuneration for the labor expended and the capital employed.

## THE END OF A FEUD.

BY BEATRIZ BELLIDO DE LUNA.



SOMETHING of the bloodshed and heartache would have been spared if John Sterling, when he purchased the Santa Ynez rancho, had taken his lawyer's advice and placed his boundary line five feet further to the north, instead of adopting the original line. But John Sterling was from the mountains of Tennessee and, having never yielded an inch to anyone in his life, was not inclined to give up his five feet of good land, all along the length of his southern boundary, to his neighbor of the Blessed Innocents. So the dispute went on as it had gone from the beginning, when the north boundary line of the Sepulveda grant had been discovered to be five feet further north than the south boundary of the Guzman estate.

There have been many more famous battlefields, but never one more hotly contested than that five feet of California soil valueless in itself. Mario Sepulveda, three of his sons and two of his grandsons had lost their lives in the quarrel, and Juan Guzman and four of his nephews balanced the debt. Thus when the widow of the last Guzman, bitter with grief and poverty, had sold Santa Ynez to the American it was generally understood that the ancient quarrel was part of the bargain.

Five years went by peacefully enough. Although no friendly intercourse had been established between the two houses, still there was no open enmity. The American improved his land by modern methods, until it was the finest in the country. But as Santa Ynez progressed, the Blessed Innocents retrograded. Don Juan Sepulveda noticed this and it rankled in his breast. Finally one day he and Sterling met in the streets of Los Angeles. In a trivial dispute the old quarrel was brought to light. High words followed, and they shot one another to death. It made a sensational story for the newspapers, then died out of the public memory.

There were two people, however, to whom the tragedy must seem ever fresh and new. One was Cyril Sterling who was now sole owner of Santa Ynez; the other Catalina, Señor Sepulveda's daughter, who was doubly orphaned—as her mother had died of grief shortly after the husband's death. One would think that a bond of sympathy might exist between these two, but in their one accidental meeting, shortly after the Señora's death, such a fire of anger and hatred had burned in Catalina's eyes that the young man had been deterred from any further attempts at friendliness. He had done her many favors in a quiet way, and one particularly hard year had secretly bought half of the crops of the Blessed Innocents, himself.

It was of Catalina that Sterling was thinking, as he rode slowly along the narrow white trail which wound through his domain like a dusky serpent. It had been a busy day, for it was the lemon-packing season, and his trees had been well laden. He wondered how his neighbor was progressing, and thought with a sigh of irritation of the incompetent

manager who he well knew robbed his mistress to benefit himself. He did not like to think of the girl's desolate condition. With none but servants to advise, it was small wonder that day by day the grape-vines grew more wild and tangled and the trees died.

His eyes wandered idly over the surrounding country. As far as he could see, stretched the joint lands of Santa Ynez and the Blessed Innocents to where the dark wall of mountains rose abruptly. Mile after mile of vineyard, orchard and waving grain. It seemed a pity that with all its vastness men should lose their lives over a paltry five feet of land and darken its beauty with a stain of blood. What an estate it would be if joined. The young man laughed grimly, as he looked across to where the clump of drooping pepper trees hid the gray adobe of Catalina's home.

A sudden whining attracted his attention, and he saw in the road before him a young collie dog that seemed to be in some distress. Alighting from his horse Sterling discovered that the animal had been in a trap, and that both its feet were injured. He knew it for a pet of the Señorita Sepulveda. Lifting the dog tenderly he placed it before him in the saddle, and turning his horse's head, galloped through the gathering twilight in the direction of the Blessed Innocents.

Catalina stood in the doorway watching the sunset. Sullen clouds were lowering over the mountains and a crimson band of light stretched across the west, threw a lurid glow on the girl's figure, and warmed the cold gray walls behind her into faint life. Every night for three years she had stood there, watching the sky with her sombre eyes, and thinking of the night when horsemen had ridden wildly through the sunset gleam bearing the tidings of her father's violent end. The sky had glowed and paled in varied hues from the clear gold of August to the gorgeous reds and purples of December. On this night the wind blew cold and wrapped her black gown closely around her figure, as it had that other night, and—yes, there was a horseman riding up the avenue of palms. Her face paled, then changed to a haughty frown as she recognized the man she was pleased to call her enemy.

Sterling rode close to the door step, bowing courteously, "I ran across the dog in a bad fix," he said, ignoring her unfriendly attitude, "and recognized it as yours, so I brought him home."

"I am greatly obliged to you," she said coldly, taking the dog in her arms.

The young man hesitated, shifting in his saddle uneasily. "I wish you would let me be your friend," he said impetuously, "what is the use of letting this thing drag on forever?"

"You forget yourself" she answered slowly, "yourself and your friendship are hateful to me."

Sterling flushed darkly, and, touching his horse with the spur, galloped away. For weeks afterward he was ill-tempered, and haunted by the vision of Catalina as she had stood, the dog's head on her breast, and her lips curled scornfully.

He thought so much about it, that it grew to be a habit. It was worse

than folly, he told himself, but he watched her when she rode and at times contrived to meet her. She never seemed to notice him, but he thought he detected a slight uneasiness in her demeanor. Finally he ventured to speak. It was a hot June day, and he had met her going toward town. Things had gone wrong for some time and he felt impatient. It was not his nature to wait. He rode close to her and laid his hand on her horse's bridle. "I have something to say to you," he said "will you not listen?"

"You can have nothing to say, that is welcome," she returned bitterly. "Let me pass."

"No, I will not," he broke out passionately "I am tired of this wretched quarrel. I love you, Catalina, and by God you shall love me, if all your grandfathers rise in their graves. Do you hear me, I love you?"

She looked at him a moment in helpless rage. Her eyes glowed, and her lips parted in a cruel smile. For one moment they gazed at one another silently, then the girl raised her riding whip. "Shameless!" she said slowly "I despise you!" and struck him full in the face. The next instant she was gone, and nothing but a cloud of dust remained to remind Sterling of his folly—a cloud of dust, and a shameful tingling on his cheek.

The days went by slowly to the Señorita Sepulveda. Occupy herself as she would, the American's words rung in her ears, "I love you! I love you!" She thought with a shudder of how stern his eyes had looked when she dealt that cruel blow. They were grey she remembered, and a moment before had been so tender. She caught herself thinking of the way the dark hair parted on his forehead, of his erect figure and graceful seat in the saddle, and for the first time in her life she doubted herself, and was miserable with a new pain.

She dared not inquire how much she had hurt him, though she wandered restlessly over the ranch hoping yet fearing to see him. Finally her trouble grew unendurable and she dispatched a letter of apology, waiting anxiously for a reply, but all in vain. She felt she had sinned beyond all forgiveness.

It was strange that it should make a difference in her life, but it did. A great many things grew plain to her in the long summer days. Somehow her pride felt shaken, and her self reliance gone. She did not despise her enemy, she told herself desperately. The very foundations of the earth seemed giving way. She refreshed her memory in the history of the feud, she thought of how her father had looked when they laid him cold and lifeless at her feet. Of how the bullet that had pierced his heart had as surely pierced her mother's. It was true that Cyril Sterling had suffered the same loss, but because he had chosen to forget, should she? Yet her attempts were fruitless. Instead of remembering her wrongs, she could only think of his. She had struck him a blow she would have shuddered to give a horse or dog—and he had done her many kindnesses.

The September moon hung low in the violet sky, as Catalina crouched low at her window, thinking over these things for the hundredth time.

The cool night air was heavy with the scent of roses and the aromatic tang of the cypress hedges. There is a subtle charm about the moonlight of Southern California, which imparts a dreamy spell, and fills the brain with a sweet madness and wild desire. The longer Catalina gazed on it, the more she felt its strange influence. All her tales of bloodshed, all the memories of the ancient quarrel which had descended to her as a birthright fled into the background, and she was filled with an uncontrollable desire to look upon the face of the man she had wronged.

Throwing a scarf over her head she stole softly to the corral and slipped the saddle on her horse. It was nine o'clock, and the servants were all asleep. She looked back once, then in another moment was riding swiftly down the road.

Cyril Sterling sat on his veranda moodily smoking, and contemplating an early departure for the East. He was tired of Santa Ynez, tired of California, and the beauty of the night had no charm for him. He did not hear a light step on the walk nor notice the approach of a darkly robed figure until it stood before him at the bottom of the steps. With a start he recognized Catalina.

Her face showed pale in the moonlight under her lace mantilla, her eyes soft, and her lips tremulous.

"I came," she said gently. "I came to ask your forgiveness, I—" she could get no farther, her limbs refused to support her, and she sank to her knees and stretched out her arms.

Sterling sprang to her side and lifted her in a close embrace. "There is but one solace, one reparation you can give me," he said, "Catalina, Catalina, will you do it?"

Her hair, loosed from its comb, swept his shoulder in dusky waves. She looked into his eyes, hesitated, then touched her lips to the faint scar on his cheek. "Yes," she whispered, and his wound was healed.

Could the dead and gone Sepulvedas have seen the two figures which crossed the much-disputed boundary line that night, they would have risen from their graves in horror. But the only "Blessed Innocents" which afterward existed were the children of Cyril and Catalina, who knew not where the estate of their mother ended and that of their father began; and the legend over the iron gates which guarded Cyril Sterling's home read "Rancho de la Santa Catalina."

So in the obliteration of the ancient names, the feud was forever ended.

Los Angeles, Cal.

## THE MUSKY "FILAREE."\*

BY LILLIAN H. SHUEY.

With Memory kind how often do I turn  
 To those wide fields, those stretches warm and fair,  
 Those marvelous vistas through the tremulous air,  
 On wild Kaweah and the sandy Kern!  
 There in the Spring the fields and hollows burn  
 With splendid sheen—the hues the wild flowers wear—  
 And spread with royal largess everywhere  
 The "filaree." When at the eve you spurn  
 Its cool and clovery sward, a scent of musk  
 Rises above you in the stilly dusk.  
 If from a life of sacrifice and pain  
 Such incense pure might rise, less would I pray  
 For scenes and pleasures of a dear lost day—  
 For loved Kaweah and the flowery plain.

Lorin, Cal.

\* *Alfileria*.

## AN OPEN LETTER.

THE BUNGALOW, April, 1896.

DEAR "LAND OF SUNSHINE:" For a whole week I've been dreaming of you. Today, sitting at my desk by an open window in the library, I look down upon one of those pretty triangular slices of park that are scattered all over Washington and are constantly met with wherever the business cut bias lines across the plan of the city. This one seems to belong to me because between it and the Bungalow grounds there is only a narrow foot-path known hereabout as Lovers' Lane.

Perhaps this makes me think of you.

There is a fountain over yonder in the parklet, a fountain that plays all day — it plays even on the Sabbath day — and sprays the pink petals of the water-lilies in their season, and makes a low, glad song in the night. Every hour all the leaves are growing larger and larger, and as the Bungalow stands in a small grove of big trees, very soon it will be thrown into the shade.

This is why I have been thinking of you, O LAND OF SUNSHINE! — of you, and the last long vacation I spent on your coast.

Now, when the hot hours come, I retire into my study-window — a double one that laps around the corner of the room and opens south and east among the branches of a wide-spreading catalpa tree with leaves as large as parasols. That corner of the library is like a bird's nest with all its modern improvements; and the boughs that hedge it in are alive with jolly sparrows.

I say this is why I have been thinking of you and your environment; especially of Fresno, and most of all of a certain vineyard within an easy drive of Fresno-town, one that in my eyes is the fairest of the fair in all that vine land.

On such days as these we lounged within doors, the windows fast, the shutters closed, the curtains drawn. The mercury was far and away above a hundred in the valley, and a stranger might naturally think that we were baking as in an oven — but we were not; a temperate twilight prevailed throughout the house. Sometimes music beguiled us, or we chatted in low voices, or supped claret-cup, or wandered apart and invited the *siesta*.

What restful hours for those who could pass them within doors; what busy ones for the toilers in the vineyards — and for the vines, also; one could almost see the grapes blowing themselves up like bubbles and waxing fat from day to day.

Oh me! the amazing fecundity of that land of sunshine! Surely the sun loves it with all his fiery heart. When the slim shadows swept lengthwise through the garden of an afternoon and doors and windows were at last thrown wide open, we stepped forth to be greeted by the zephyr with a most passionate kiss; its breath for a moment was like a furnace blast — and yet one does not suffer there in flaming Fresno as one does in the enervating Washington summer.

Do you know the very spot I have in mind — the Forsyth vineyard?



Young Donald is my godson, and it is the godfather's pleasing privilege to lean upon his godson at dutiful intervals; so it came to pass that for days and days, brief, glorious days, I lounged there devoting myself to the golden-haired darling; and for many a night I slept in a cool chamber with windows opening upon palm-vistas that awakened dreams of islands in the tropic seas.

There were morning drives down long avenues of poplars that carried one back to the plains of Lombardy and the south of France; drives following wide water-ways that were as hints of Holland; and once we visited a wine-cellar that looked for all the world like a monastery in the wilds of Spain — and smelt like one.

A resplendent sunset we witnessed from the high verandah of a neighboring planter's house, and everywhere we tasted of the cup of kindness as freely offered by rival vintagers.

Often at sunset a hot mist was in the air, a mist as dry as dust, and with it was poured a blood-red flood that filtered through it and flowed down to us as purple as the purple wine itself.

And there were such stars for a midsummer night, so fine, so sparkling, darting their rays through space as if something had struck and splintered them; they are not the melting, bedewed stars of the lower latitudes; they are resplendent, crystalline, worthy to deck the brow of night.

What hour was the hour of hours among the vines in Fresno? I think it was just after sundown, when the first cool, refreshing whisper came to us out of the sky; when we strolled down a brook-margined path to the lake-side where the trees girdled the shore; there my lord sat upon the bank and made his smoke-offering at the close of day, with a full heart, a quiet conscience and a contented mind; there his lady, seated amidship, plied the deft oar delicately among aquatic gardens where the stately lotus lifted its splendid crest and huge water-drops studded the lily-pads like strewn opals.

There the cherub in the prow of the skiff challenged the swans to swim the course with us, and there in the stern sat I, the exile, home in the land of sunshine on furlow; wherefore I struck hands with the artist-chum who was diligently noting all this on canvas — noting it as being something peculiarly Californian, namely — yours truly, basking in the radiance of my lord, my lady, the lotus, and the kid, at twilight, under a blue-bell sky, in the ripe end of August, among the vinelands and the fruitlands of fair Fresno.

Washington, D. C.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

## LONGING.

BY BLANCHE TRASK.

O, wind from o'er the sea!  
From days that used to be,  
Blow back my dream to me.

O, sea-gull! floating free  
Over the great, wide sea,  
Seek, seek my dream for me.

'Twas not a merry dream;  
You'll know it by its grace,  
And by the tears which seem  
A veil before its face.

## MY NURSERY.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.



My wee ones have a nursery wide ;  
The ceiling's blue as Marjorie's eyes,  
And all the fluttering draperies  
With buds and flowers are thickly pied.

The carpet's changed full twice a  
year ;  
Sometimes it is a russet brown,  
Then there are soft green rugs laid  
down,  
And later, for the childrens' cheer,

Their nursery floor is covered close  
With marvelous webs of rainbow bloom.  
O happy bairns with such a room,  
Their light feet treading rose on rose !

Playthings they have, not such as were  
Our treasures in the days gone by,  
For Juliet has a butterfly  
And Don a bird and grasshopper.

My wee ones have the sweetest nurse,  
She keeps their room so bright and warm,  
She has so many ways to charm,  
Such songs and stories to rehearse.

She is the same is wont to rock  
The oriole's cradle, and keep guard  
O'er many a furred and feathered ward ;  
My babes are Nature's foster-flock.

Rollicking, rosy, plump and tanned,  
Taking all good the sky outpours—  
Their nursery is "all outdoors."  
My babies' home is Sunshine Land.

Los Angeles, Cal.





# THE LANDMARKS CLUB

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AND OTHER HISTORIC  
LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN  
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The ruins of the great stone church at the Mission San Juan Capistrano are now saved. Of the original seven domes, only two were left; and these were threatened by the crumbling of a column. A new foundation has been put under this column; the cracks are "pointed," and the broken capitals are anchored. The opposite column has also been repaired.

The directors of the Landmarks Club are now engaged in raising the \$500 it will cost to repair the tile roof of the big adobe church founded in 1776 by Junipero Serra himself, and to waterproof the roofs already repaired on 400 feet of cloisters. This work must be done before fall, and will practically complete the present work at San Juan. That is, it will leave every principal building of this Mission in shape to weather another century, and will enable the Club to undertake the preservation of the next Mission on its list.

The Club has entered a vigorous protest before the Los Angeles City Council against a movement to obliterate the historic names of many streets in the northern part of the city, and will follow up the fight if necessary.

The Club gave its first excursion on the 13th inst., when about fifty members and invited guests visited the Mission San Juan Capistrano. Judge Egan, Father O'Keefe and Don Marco Forster met the party at the station and conducted it to the Mission, where all arrangements had been made for its entertainment. Luncheon was spread in one of the cloisters recently reroofed by the Club, the contents of the lunch baskets being, by the kindness of Judge Egan, supplemented by a liberal supply of tamales, frijoles and tortillas, cooked in the Mission kitchen, which had been unused for a generation previous to its restoration by the Club.

In the absence of President Lummis, Mrs. Margaret Graham presided most graciously. The toast of the occasion was Judge R. Egan, proposed by Mr. Frank Gibson, in recognition of his invaluable services to the Club in its work at Capistrano.

During the day the Mission was thoroughly inspected, even the ancient vestments of the chapel being displayed by the Fathers to the admiration of the ladies; and the work of the Club explained by the architects in charge.

The residences of Judge Egan and Don Marco Forster were thrown open and a charming hospitality dispensed.

It is the purpose of the Club to give excursions from time to time, that all interested may have opportunity of visiting the landmarks it is seeking to preserve.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CAUSE.\***

Previously acknowledged: Cash, \$627.50; services and material, \$412; total, \$1039.50.

New contributions, cash: Margaret Collier Graham, \$25; Miss Collier, \$25, both of Pasadena; the original Association for the Preservation of the Missions, by Tessa L. Kelso, \$90.

\$1 each: Rev. P. Grogan; Wm. E. Dunn, City Attorney of Los Angeles; Miss Elizabeth D. Palmer, H. A. Palmer, Col. J. O. Wheeler; Helen T. Sumner, Claremont; Dr. Alfred J. Malloy, Dr. Sarah E. Malloy, Riverside; Miss Alice Hussey, San Francisco; Geo. S. Wright, Miss A. E. Wadleigh, Mrs. M. J. Frick, W. H. Housh, Miss Alma S. Brigham, Los Angeles.



A pretty good sort of American is one who is willing to let his fellow-citizens live, even if they do not live on his street. Incidentally, also, it does no harm to an American who knows how to read if he will now and then exercise his gift by perusing the Constitution of the United States.

THE  
PITY  
OF IT.

The most humane Californian cannot help a strange adulteration of feeling in face of the disasters which involved a dozen States during the latter half of May, and wound up with the St. Louis horror. Unspeakably dreadful—but—but—*what need?*

There is a portion of the United States which has never had a great natural catastrophe—which in human probability never will have. There is no heaven on this faulty planet; but there are places where no one was ever frozen to death, nor sun-roasted to death, nor blown to death by winds; where populations are not blotted from the page of humanity by cold or heat, by flood or famine or cyclone. There is one such country in the United States. Heaven forbid that all the East should flock to it; but there is room for some of the intelligent—and one would think that sort would migrate before death.

“Earthquakes?” No ten earthquakes in the West ever killed as many people as were slain by an earthquake in one small city of the Carolinas in one day. All the earthquakes that ever visited Southern California have not killed so many persons as die of cold in the East every winter. One freshet of one Ohio river a dozen years ago took more lives than all the *temblores* in California in a century and a half have taken. These are facts of history. We are always liable to the disasters which are purely of civilization—the dangers of railroad and fire and high explosives. But the visible wrath of God is not here. We never find it fatal to meet our own weather on the streets.

THE  
WARMED-OVER  
WILDMAN.

There is one consolation about a fool—you always know where to find him. Through the middle of every question on earth runs a line, with a right and a wrong side. Rational people sometimes forget to think, and you are not always sure of finding them on the side where they logically belong. But your fool never blunders. He is always where he was foreordained to be.

No one need consult a prophet to know which side of a question will be taken by the present *Overland*, which has become as little of a Californian as of a magazine. It is now conducted solely to advertise one certain gentleman for what he is not; and is probably sent by God to

tame the natural pride of Californians in their noble State and in the culture which is populating it. In his June *Overland* the editor talks long and loud about the "folly," "infinite and immeasurable littleness," "stupidity," "asininity," and so on, of Senator White and the people of Southern California in opposing the astounding skulduggery which a millionaire lobbyist came near railroading through Congress. At first flush Mr. Wildman's judgment in asses might be thought to be expert; but every court recognizes the fact that personal bias and close family ties invalidate evidence.

For years the people of this section have struggled to get a free harbor at San Pedro. Every board of government engineers has reported that that is the only feasible harbor in this region. One millionaire has blocked the repeated efforts of the government to give us the harbor recommended by its engineers and demanded by the people. Just now he nearly succeeded in lobbying through Congress a bill giving to San Pedro a small sum; and to his own monopoly at Santa Monica three millions of dollars. That was merely to get the government committed to Santa Monica. With \$3,000,000 sunk there, the next step would have been to abandon the people's harbor and pour more appropriations into the millionaire's. No one but a—*a* Wildman—would dream that the government is going to give Southern California two harbors within twenty miles of one another. And because Wildmans are not numerous down here, the Only Wildman in the World dubs a population asses. The exposure in Congress of the whole plot was enough to force the Rivers and Harbors Committee to eat its own words; and has been a sensation all over the United States.

And? This important young man who calls Stephen M. White and his constituents "fools and asses"—who is he when he is at home? Rounsevelle Wildman, by the grace of God. As this is not explanatory to the average educated person, it is well to define further. Mr. Wildman is the only man in the world who ever succeeded in taking an old and honorable magazine and making it in one short year the laughing-stock of whatever cultivated people ever see it. He is the only magazine editor on earth who puts his editorials in the very first pages of his magazine—and the only one who puts such editorials as his anywhere. He is the only man alive who reprints in his own magazine the few stories he gets first published somewhere else, besides many that nothing else would publish. He is the only person who fills his "magazine" with second-hand pictures and text, and paid "write-ups," and puffs of himself from obscure country weeklies. He is the only—Wildman.

This, in brief, is the modest young gentleman who passes upon the intelligence of a man who reached the United States Senate by brains and not by money; and of the educated people who sent him—for not a man in the Senate owes less to partisanship for his seat than does White.

One more fact adds the climax of humor. The *Overland* editorial is not only folly; it is sheer falsehood. Its text is:

A government proofreader added the name of Santa Monica to the bill, so as to give us two harbors instead of one; and Senator White and the people were such asses as to protest.

The *Overland* knows this to be false. It knows, as everyone else knows, that the proofreader substituted "Santa Monica" for "San Pedro;" so as to give us *not* two harbors but one—and that one the one which the engineers and the people repudiate. The proofreader may have been only a fool. The lobby may have had nothing to do with his "mistake." Just so, also, a sudden full-page advertisement paid for by Huntington's corporation may have nothing to do with the *Overland's* prostitution.

Probably the other animals in this harbor matter—the boa constrictor, the jackals, the lions and the jelly-fish—would not have made a complete circus without the monkey's cage; so we owe something to Mr. Wildman after all. But Californians have tried to like the *Overland*, and while no one cares what its present editor easily makes of himself, a good many will be sorry that he can make a monkey of our oldest monthly. It is no longer even the *Warmed-overland*. It has become the *Warmed-over Wildman*.

THREE

CENTURIES

TOO LATE.

For a score of years the Lion has "read the papers," and in that time nothing in them has so much grieved him as the recent course of the *Argonaut*. The venalities of the New York *World* sort he expects, and the carelessnesses of too many better papers; but he was not prepared for the tumble of a weekly which has a unique position, and therefore a unique responsibility. It seems to be dangerous to be chronically too smart. Every week for years the *Argonaut* has brilliantly ridiculed the medieval Catholic belief in miracles. It is funny; but the *Argonaut* has been as funny as it could for too long, and is poisoned with its own joke. Medieval superstition was no worse than medieval bigotry; and is no more of an anachronism today. The *Argonaut* has gravely come to the conclusion that no man is entitled to American citizenship who was born in Ireland, or who votes the Democratic ticket or goes to the Catholic church. The ultimate logic of its position is that the only man really fit to inhabit "the land of the free and the home of the brave" is one who wears the shackle of a secret oath and dares not acknowledge it; that the only wisdom worthy of the franchise is in the order which, as *Life* says, "believes more silly lies than any other order in existence."

The Lion is neither Irish, Democrat nor Catholic. He has a simple sort of Americanism which does not feel the need of any extra initials. He is aware that this is the 19th century and not the 16th. He respects any man who has enough of any religion or of any political creed to be swayed or guided by it. He has his own notions for himself, but he can be patient with everything except dishonesty and unbigoted toward everything but bigotry. And he believes that the poorest "American" alive is the one who outlaws any other American for honest belief in anything. We have enough to do in outlawing those who "believe" for the money there is in it.

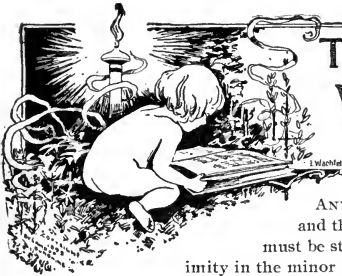
ON

THE

BARN DOOR.

Senator W. P. Frye of Maine is franking all over the Coast his plea as attorney in Congress for Huntington vs. The People, and kindly remembers this magazine. Quite right. His official words enable him to be catalogued. It is in this speech that the congressional tool of the millionaire says he "does not care what the people of Los Angeles think or say" about the location of their own harbor. Understood. And he seems to care as little what honorable people anywhere think or say. They say and think some interesting things, however, since Senator White with calm and inevitable blade flayed the gentleman from Maine and tacked his pelt where it is in universal view.

The editor is in Mexico on a special mission for *Harper's Magazine*. Contributors who can contain their contributions till August 1 will favor the Den by doing so.



## THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

ANYONE who reads many reviews and the literary columns of the papers must be struck by their astounding unanimity in the minor book-notices. It is not, however, another proof that "great minds run" etc.; but rather that reviewers are lazy. The enterprising publisher knows he can depend upon two-thirds of the critics to take his word rather than write a dozen lines of their own opinion; and he sends out nice little printed slips which are safe to appear in nine out of every ten "literary columns" in the United States. The publisher probably knows as much about a book as the critic who doesn't read it; and maybe his opinion is as valuable even if the critic did.

It is an event in Coast literature when Joaquin Miller publishes a new volume of poems. Harte long ago "forgot the hole he was dug from"; Mark Twain, though never a renegade, is as irretrievably gone from us; the *Overland* (which they made a magazine) is become a life-preserver for folks who were better drowned. So Joaquin is all that is left us of the old superb galaxy. Without the policy, popularity or balance of the other two, he is not the least likely of the trio to be remembered at last. It pleases a sort of people (whom God probably made) to measure his verse by his boots and his hair; as every man who is remembered a century was judged by those who were forgotten before they were dead. If this wild-haired, top-booted person's best work does not last, then no American verse will; for among all our cultured singers there is now not one who strikes such wildly sonorous chords.

One turns with interest to this, his latest volume, to know what the years have been doing for the Sierra poet. I think the verdict will be that his hand has not forgot its cunning. There is the same momentous swing of rhythm, the same audacity, the same cunning repetition—a trick no other poet ever dared quite so far—the same large clarity of idiom and tallness of thought. There are the same old faults, too; the wandering, the blinking a fact, the occasional posing. "High-built Lima" is an error; and "coyoté" is absurd. But in the chiefest and least definable quality of a poet—the imagination of the seer, in which no American poet except Poe has surpassed him—this volume is worthy of Miller. He is an uncareful smith; but it is impossible to doubt his fire. Reading his best beside that of any of his "civilized" contemporaries, one thinks of the difference between lightning and the electric light.

It is doubtful if Joaquin's soul is as fresh a topic as his Sierra. Perhaps he would better have stuck to his frontier knitting. But the book is thoroughly worth a careful reading. It is attractively printed; and in its end is the latest, and much the best picture of the poet yet published. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco, \$1.50.

"SONGS  
OF THE  
SOUL."

A BOOK  
OF BELGIAN  
SHORT STORIES.

*The Massacre of the Innocents* is a collection of twelve short stories by Belgian writers, published in the beautiful "Green Tree Library." The title story is by Maeterlinck—and a beast of a tale it is. Rather, it is *not* a story, but a page of untrue, brutal and unlightened history; being what the mudpuddle realists are pleased to term Realism. It is as "real" as an extinct pig hung by its ulterior leg in the shambles. Fortunately it is the worst story in the book. There are tales by Eekhoud, Lemonnier, Jenart, Delattre, Ganir and others; all Belgian as garlic, but with a wide range of ability and interest. "Saint Nicholas Eve" is the best conceived of the dozen stories, and perhaps the best told; for Lemonnier's other contribution, though touching, lacks restraint. "Pierre-de-la-Baraque" is powerful; and "Jacclard" a brief but rather deep study. The translator, Edith Wingate Rinder, has done her part sympathetically and well. Stone & Kimball, Chicago; \$1.25.

BUT  
NOT  
TRUMPS.

I aimed to like Alice S. Wolfe's *House of Cards*; for it is her first novel, and she is a San Francisco lady of some success as a writer of short stories. Probably it is my fault that I cannot. The *House of Cards* is a marriage with love to come on the installment plan. Here is always chance for a stirring novel; but this novel does not stir. There is nothing inevitable in it. The dialogue is like the plot—both are too conscious and too unreal. One does not love a character, nor believe what is coming. And whatever virtues a novel need not have, if it have not the secret of cozening our credence it is a failure. A story or a play must be believed while it lasts; and nowhere do I catch myself believing the *House of Cards*. It does not take hold. Here is wishing the author "better luck next time," and a tale as fascinating as the present volume is beautiful. The "Peacock" Library, Stone & Kimball, Chicago; \$1.25.

EARNED  
HIS  
MEDICINE.

Walter Blackburn Harte, the essayist of the *Meditations in Motley*, has an unhappy faculty for getting in with less than his people. He had a sorry experience with the ever-laughable *Arena*; and then he founded a little bibelot in Boston; and next he joined forces with the *Philistine*. Now he has discovered that the latter publication was not named *Philistine* for fun; and openly charges the unnoted editor, Elbert Hubbard, with thoroughly philistine plagiarism. Harte has every promise of a competent man; but he needs the lesson so hard for the beginner—that it is better to stand or fall by the standard than to try to wriggle in with the camp-followers.

MINOR  
NOTES.

Those who wish to be harrowed will like *The White Virgin*, by George Manville Fenn. "She" is a silver-mine, which acts with very virginal unreliability and keeps her human lovers and their dependents on the jump to escape catastrophe. The plot is shudderable enough for the most exacting. The "Globe" Library, Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; paper, 25 cents.

Having run its course for a dozen years or so in advertising cigarettes and patent medicines, Kray's Lorelei has got around to the *Overland*, which prints a borrowed electrotype of it for its June frontispiece. In the same number the *Overland* reprints a Malayan story by its editor from an Eastern paper; and other equally original and Californian matter. It is the only second-hand magazine published west of the Rocky Mountains.

F. W. Hodge, of the Bureau of Ethnology, has issued a reprint of his brief but pertinent paper on *Pueblo Snake Ceremonials*. He finds in several other pueblos traces of former serpent "worship" somewhat similar to the astounding rites still in vogue in Moqui.

Chas. A. Keeler, of Berkeley, has published an allegorical cantata *In Quest of Truth*, for private circulation.

*Chips* has changed from bibelot to folio shape; but remains of the material usual to chips.



## STEPHEN M. WHITE.



STEPHEN M. WHITE.

**D**URING a considerable period in the history of California the legislature saw fit to choose for senators only men of great wealth. As a result the State was often represented in the upper chamber by men of mediocre ability as law-makers, without force in their respective parties, and with no great reputation in the country at large. As a consequence the great and rich empire of California was practically relegated to a third rate position in national affairs.

In 1893 a break in this policy was effected through the election to the Senate of Hon. Stephen M. White of Los Angeles—a man of limited means but of very great ability. Mr. White had been for some time eminent in the councils of the Democratic party, having served as chairman of the convention at St. Louis that nominated Mr. Cleveland the second time. He was also known as one of the greatest lawyers of the Pacific coast, a

speaker and thinker of rare power, and a man of immense popularity among those who knew him well.



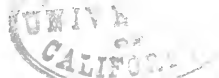
Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Photo. by Waite.

OVATION TO A BRAVE AND HONEST MAN.

Great things were expected of Mr. White when he was elevated to the Senate—and he has bettered expectation. In the session which recently came to a close, Mr. White showed himself the true and the powerful friend to this section that every one knew him to be, carrying on a long conflict against tremendous odds in behalf of the people of Southern California, and in the end winning all or more than any reasonable man would have hoped to see attained.

On Mr. White's return to Los Angeles, he was tendered a great ovation by his fellow citizens, irrespective of party.



## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

BY S. H. WELLER, D. D.

GENERAL GARFIELD, the then nominee of one of the great political parties for the Presidency of the United States, spent several days on the grounds of the original Chautauqua Assembly, Chautauqua Lake, New York, season of 1880. In a brief address which he gave on Monday morning, as he was about to leave the grounds, he said: "The originators of this movement have solved the problem of profitable leisure." This passing remark of the lamented



ARRIVAL AT LONG BEACH.

Garfield puts in a very simple and practical way precisely what a Chautauqua Assembly is and does. The literal truth of this statement has ample verification in the crowds that attend these great assemblies every year. Body and mind grow weary of the monotonous round of business and cry out for respite from the unending strain. A season of relaxation from the continuous toil of the year is a recognized necessity independent of the question as to whether it is constitutional or the creation of custom. It is a matter of some importance to know how to utilize this interruption of the course of one's life, so that he may not only return to his usual occupation rested, but brighter and stronger for the tasks of the future. Simple hibernation may answer for a mere animal, but it cannot meet the needs of a being endowed with the ambition and purpose to be something and to do something as he makes his hurried journey through the years. One of the things that may be said in favor of Saratoga as a great summer resort, is its provision for that sort of helpful occupation which avoids objectionable constraint on the one hand and escapes, on the other, the damaging rust that gathers from simple indolence. The Chautauqua Assembly admirably meets this important need in all active men and women. It enables professional men to traverse the current thought of the time, along all lines, with the smallest imaginable effort. It offers to the student and

the educator an opportunity to gather pointers and drink in stimulus without taxing muscle or brain, and at the same time avoids the trend toward dullness which total inactivity inevitably produces. The Assembly proper covers ten full days. The exercises of each day begin at eight o'clock with a devotional service or bible-reading. The second hour, this year, will be devoted to a purely historical study of the great Prophets, under the direction of a skilled leader. The third hour will be given up to a review of the civil and literary history of our country from its foundation down to a recent date. This happens to be the American year in the Chautauqua course of reading, and this review will afford all an opportunity of refreshing their minds touching matters of interest and moment to every American, and with which everybody should be familiar. This review will be conducted by one who has had large experience in this line of work and who may be accounted an expert as an instructor in the wide fields of literature and history. Concurrent with these exercises, in the great Assembly Hall, there will be lectures and lessons given in art, elocution, music, physical culture, Sloyd, entomology, physiology, pedagogy, etc., etc., all of which will be in the hands of masters, the very best instructors the country affords; notable among these is that eminent teacher of "sight reading" of music,



PROCESSION TO THE GROUNDS

Miss Lelia L' Fetra, from the New York Conservatory of Music. Prof. J. C. Fillmore will give one of his celebrated lectures on music. Among other attractions of each afternoon, there will be introduced, this year, a department designated "The Forum," which has become exceedingly popular in Eastern Assemblies. At this hour the current living topics of the time will be discussed. Each subject will be presented in a carefully prepared address or paper, and the remainder of the hour will be devoted to a general exchange of thought touching the particular topic under

consideration. The evenings, however, are expected, and intended, to be the great hours of the Assembly. The "star" attractions of the program are reserved, as largely as possible, for the evenings. By concert of action through a list of Pacific Coast Assemblies, including two in California, the local management is enabled to avail itself of the very same talent that is employed by the older and wealthier assemblies of the East. By this arrangement our audiences, this season, will be entertained on five out of the ten evenings of the session, by some of the most popular speakers on the American platform. The concerts and vocal contest will be notable events in the coming Assembly.

The management, this year, has given unusual attention to the music of the Assembly. The high grade talent employed will be available at any point of the entire program, and the leader of the chorus promises us two of the best concerts ever given in the tabernacle. The vocal



Herve Friend. Eng.

LONG BEACH.

Photo. by Waite.

contest is open to all amateur singers and is awakening much interest. Two cash prizes, respectively of \$30.00 and \$20.00, are offered. The program will cost in the neighborhood of \$2000, and the promise now is that the 3000 people usually drawn to the Beach by the Assembly will be exceeded this year. This varied and expensive program is afforded to the holder of a season ticket at the trifling cost of 25 cents per day. And the living is reasonably cheap at the Beach, so that one may enjoy an exceptionally excellent program at an expense but little in excess of what it costs to remain at home.

Driving, bathing, boating, fishing, may be indulged in ad libitum. The great wharf, running out a quarter of a mile into the sea, and blazing with electric lights at night, is a capital outing place for promenading and inhaling the tonic air of old ocean. Parties may be formed for low-tide excursions, or trips to Catalina or Mt. Lowe, at a nominal cost, and so every desirable feature of a first-class outing

invites the man or woman of weary hand or tired brain to a season of pleasant, restful occupation on the sands or under the trees of this charming little city by the sea.

Keeping in line with the growth of the Chautauqua movement elsewhere there has been established a summer school at Long Beach. This school is conducted under the auspices of the Assembly. It has a full corps of able instructors. Teachers and progressive men along all educational lines are furnished here an excellent opportunity for study, for review, and for recreation.

The little city of Long Beach where the Chautauqua holds its regular summer assembly is one of the most progressive and enterprising places in Southern California, and offers to the settler as well as to the casual visitor a number of advantages which it will be well worth while to consider. It is situated twenty miles due south from the city of Los



*THE FINEST DRIVING BEACH ON THE CONTINENT.*

Angeles, facing the ocean from a broad level mesa, raised some thirty feet above the breakers. Back of the city lies a fertile district, level and well watered where are grown fine crops of grain and hay and from which much fine fruit is obtained — figs, olives, lemons, oranges, pears, etc. There are in the section immediately tributary to Long Beach some thirty or forty thousand acres, all of which is destined to come under the highest forms of cultivation, and which when thoroughly settled up will make the little city by the sea an important emporium for local trade.

At the present time Long Beach is a town of about 1200 or 1300 people, incorporated as a city, and steadily growing in size. It has eight churches and a good system of public schools. To show the steady rate of advance made by the city, the fact may be mentioned that last year thirty-four new residences were erected.

The climate of Long Beach is peculiarly favored both in summer and

winter. It is protected from the western winds that blow from the ocean by the intervening Palos Verdes Hills and Point Fermin. Directly to the south of Long Beach lies Santa Catalina, and winds from that direction are intercepted by the high mountains of that island. Thus it happens that storms of any serious magnitude are practically unknown and the ocean is rarely unpleasantly rough, and in summer time is always agreeable for bathing. The summers are always cool and the winters mild—an effect naturally produced by the nearness of the water. But the crowning glory of Long Beach is that from which it takes its name. Between the bluff on which the city stands and the water's edge is a broad level strip of sand, seven miles in length, crescent-shaped, so wide that fifty teams might trot abreast on it, and as firm



"Breaker" Photo.

*LONG BEACH WHARF.*

and even as a billiard table. It is an ideal boulevard for riding or driving or for a long tramp before breakfast or in the twilight. Beneath the water the bottom slopes gradually out to sea so that one may wade in a long distance without fear of danger.

A long wharf was constructed several years since by the people of Long Beach for purposes of traffic and pleasure, extending out into the the ocean 1500 feet, lighted by electricity, and a favorite place for fishermen and promenaders.

Long Beach is at the present time one of the most popular summer resorts in Southern California. While it does not attract the large crowds of one-day visitors and picnickers that go to some other resorts, it is especially popular with a quiet class of people that desire to spend a month or more in some pleasant cottage near the sea. A number of



Union Eng. Co.

SURF BATHING.

Photo, by Waite.

these cottages can be rented for the season, and there are, moreover, fair hotel accommodation for transient guests. The views from the surrounding highlands are some of the most enchanting to be had anywhere in Southern California, especially at twilight.

The summer of 1896 promises to send Long Beach its usual quota of visitors who will, like all who have preceded them, be charmed with the city by the sea.



CHILDRENS' DAY AT THE "GIPSY ENCAMPMENT," ST. JAMES PARK.  
Floral Coach of Guy Boynton and associates, Pauline Vollmer and Roy Thompson.

## A TENTED CITY BY THE TIDE.

**F**IRST among Southern California's sea-side resorts stands La Jolla. What is the meaning of La Jolla? "The Gem," and admirers have very truthfully added "of the Pacific."

For many years two or three prominent resorts managed to draw all the inland summer tourists, not on account of any particular attraction, but just because they were on a railroad and on an ocean front. Lately, however, many beautiful spots have been found in out-of-the-way places, far superior to the old resorts, both as to comfort for the visitor and grandeur of scenery.

La Jolla has for many years been the favorite summer camping ground of nearly all San Diegans, but now that it is connected by rail with San Diego, (a 30 minutes ride) and so with the outside world, it has rapidly pushed itself to the front rank of Southern California sea-side camping places.



Commercial Eng. Co.

BATHING AND BOATING.

Photo, by Judson.

The San Diego Pacific Beach and La Jolla Railway have put forth extraordinary efforts for the coming season, and are thoroughly prepared to accommodate, and make comfortable the large crowd of *cool breeze hunters* that will make this favorite resort their "summer mecca."

Floored tents of all dimensions, seaside cottages, furnished and unfurnished are ready to receive the tourists, and to those who bring their own camping outfits, free grounds and water will be furnished.

La Jolla has many conveniences: everything one needs can be purchased on the grounds at lowest market rates.

The scenery is such that the artist can always find something new and pleasing to mind and eye. The wearing away of the cliffs, under the constant action of air and water has formed a coast line of fantastic shapes and grotesque figures, not unlike those found in the "Garden of the Gods" in Colorado. There are soft sandy beaches where the breakers roll "As soft as carded wool," and where one can bathe in perfect safety. So rapid and decided is the change of the coast line that





Commercial Eng. Co.

LA JOLLA.

Photo. by Judson.

from the sloping beach of white sand, with its gently rolling surf, within the distance of 100 yards, you could expose yourself to breakers and cliffs in which no human being could exist. From these cliffs and water-worn caves the animal life of the sea can be enjoyed. The seal, porpoise and whale are frequent visitors, and the smaller fish, so dear to the rod and line sportsman, abound, and are one of La Jolla's many attractions. The lovely California sea moss and ferns and the beautiful abalone shells are found in endless quantities.

These wonderful caves are to California what the noted Mammoth Caves are to Kentucky. On the south side of the bay the sandstone cliffs rising almost perpendicular for a hundred feet or more, have been carved out by the action of the waves for ages, until the whole looks like a gigantic gothic temple with a few high columns supporting it. Some of these caves are from 500 to 600 feet deep, with high arched roofs and domes that carry the observer back to a period when the great breakers rolled higher and stronger than now. The roof of the mammoth cavern is dome shaped, while the sand stone surface of the walls and roof is wonderfully and fantastically frescoed in nature's prettiest hues. Farther down the interior, where the walls narrow, a passage is discovered leading to the adjoining cavern, through which the waters rush and return to the sea.

The man with a gun has a chance even here, for just back of La Jolla, will be found quail and doves.

There is a very nice boarding place (The Montezuma Cottage) where meals can be had for 25 cents each or \$4.00 per week.

Among the other attractions can be mentioned the bathing, boating and fishing, donkeys and horses for riding or driving.



Commercial Eng. Co.

THE MAMMOTH CAVES.

Photo. by Judson.



L. A. Eng. Co.

*THE FAMOUS CORONADO.*

Photo. by Slocum, San Diego.



Cal. Eng. Co.

*THE BEACH AT TERMINAL ISLAND.*

Photo. by Cox.



Collier, Eng

*THE INNER HARBOR ACROSS FROM TERMINAL ISLAND.*

Photo. by Jarvis.



Herve Friend, Eng.

REDONDO BEACH.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena



L. A. Eng. Co.

SEALS AT CATALINA.

Photo. by Waite.



Union Eng. Co.

*BATHING AT ARCADIA HOTEL, SANTA MONICA.*

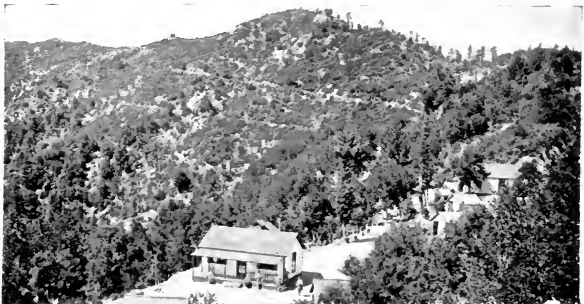
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Herve Friend, Eng

*ECHO MOUNTAIN.*

Photo by Waite.



Union Eng. Co.

*ON MT. WILSON.*

Photo by Hill, Pasadena



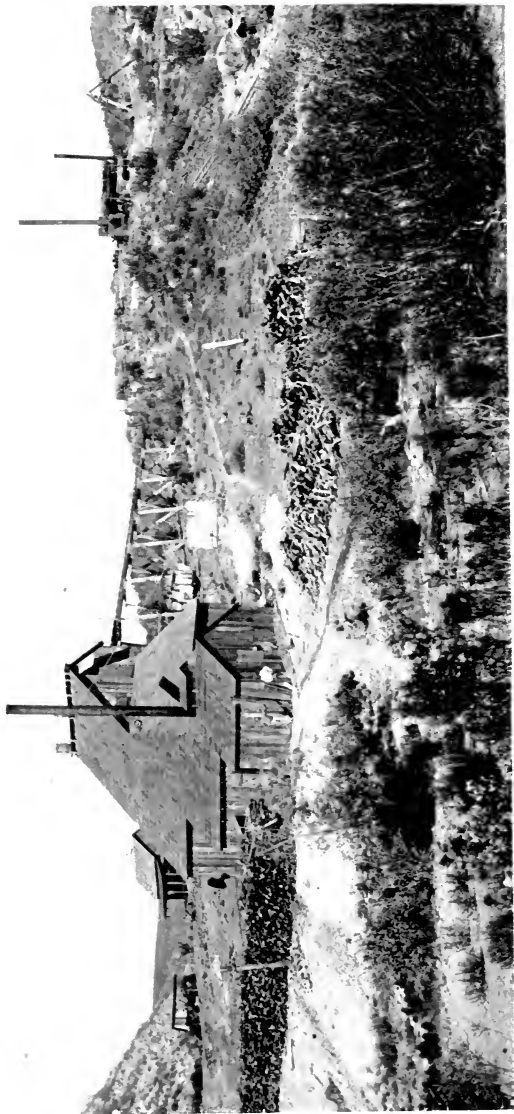
*A BIT OF ARCADY.*

Cut loaned through courtesy Hotel Brewster, San Diego.



*A GOOD PLACE TO STAY AT HOME.*

Cut loaned through courtesy Hotel Brewster, San Diego.



*A GREAT YOUNGSTER,*

The famous Vintnaga Mine, Alamo, Lower California, one-fourth interest in which was recently sold by A. W. Davis, H. F. Hartzell, A. S. Munson, J. D. Bliss and J. C. Wiltner, for \$25,000.00 cash. During the past eight months early development the output of this property was \$50,000.00 gold bullion.

## ' MINING IN THE SOUTHWEST.

BY GEO. W. PARSONS.

**P**OETRY and prose have long sounded the praise of the pioneers of '49, who crossed the plains in those perilous times and dug and delved in the mountains and valleys of the New El Dorado for the elusive pot of gold over which the rainbow of promise shed its alluring rays.

Ever since has followed a long procession of hunters of gold and silver, those precious metals, which, according to Ex-Gov. Prince of New Mexico, lie buried in mother earth in the proportion of sixteen to one.

The northern and central parts of the State were, for good reasons, the objective points of those early comers; but time and patience are the essence of the mining business, and at last the interest has traveled southward.

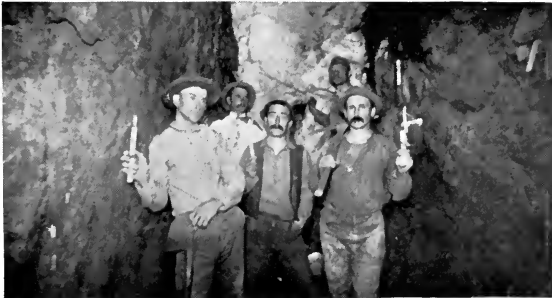
In spite of the many and wonderful developments in our mining industry, until recently no headquarters had been established in the leading city of the south, where mining men and those interested in that particular part of the development of the country could meet and organize for

mutual benefit and for the advancement of the mining business on legitimate lines.

With that purpose in view, an organization was recently effected composed of leading men in the local mining world, and on Tuesday evening, May 26th, the formal opening of the Los Angeles Mining and



ton Eng. Co.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Photo. by R. E. Nickel

DEEP MINING, SHOWING GOLD-BEARING QUARTZ VEIN.

Stock Exchange was held in rooms well adapted for the purpose and centrally located at 318 West Second Street.

The interest manifested upon that occasion marks an epoch in the history of the development of this branch of our resources in this part of the State, and gives great promise for the future in mining operations. The spacious rooms were crowded and enthusiasm was unbounded.

The following appointments were made:

Officers: A. H. Judson, president; J. A. Fairchild, vice-president; H. M. Russell, treasurer; F. J. Cooper, secretary; Los Angeles National Bank, depository.

Directors: A. H. Judson, H. M. Russell, Chas. Wier, Geo. W. Parsons, J. A. Fairchild, P. L. Griffin, E. T. Loy, F. C. Garbutt, E. K. Alexander.

Committees: Executive Committee.—Geo. W. Parsons, F. W. Edlsten, Richard Garvey. Finance Committee.—H. M. Russell, F. Groenendyke, S. J. Parsons. Listing Committee on Mining Properties, Stock and Bonds.—F. C. Garbutt, B. Salazar, J. H. Hurin, P. L. Griffin, H. M. Russell. Listing Committee on Other Stocks and Bonds.—Chas. Wier, J. H. Bryant, R. D. Wade, J. F. Bumiller, R. W. Poindexter. Arbitration Committee.—E. T. Loy, C. Edgerton, C. White Mortimer. Membership Committee.—J. A. Fairchild, Osias Willis, F. D. Lanterman. Committee on Rules—E. K. Alexander, G. J. Griffith, C. A. Stilson, G. F. Franger, A. W. Kinne.

The Exchange is founded upon sound business principles, as the by-laws show, and covers all operations incident to such an organization, including the listing of all reputable mining and other properties of a similar nature, oil stocks, bank securities, etc., etc.

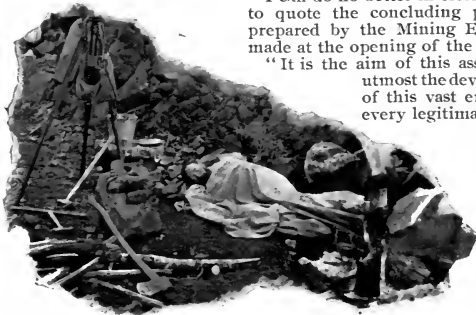
To show the necessity of this organization, it may be well to briefly summarize and let the reader realize what is being done around and about him outside of the horticultural and agricultural world, in the mountains and cañons which are now resounding to the music of the drills and the roar of stamps.

Southern California has a total of 125 quartz mills, with an estimated number of men mining for wages of about three thousand, while the total number of those mining for wages and otherwise is placed at nearly six thousand. The total capital invested is given at \$15,500,000. It is plain that the mining industry is one of large magnitude, full of activity, and contributes very materially to the support of the country. Comparatively few are aware that the largest mining country tributary to any one city will soon be practically within our reach, whose developments the past few years indicate a richness surpassing anything known. Southern California, Southern Nevada, Southern Utah, Arizona, Western New Mexico and the three northwestern states of the Republic of Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora and Sinaloa, constitute a vast territory, rich in mining possibilities, and with the advent of the Salt Lake railroad and extension of other transportation facilities, there can be no question as to the direct practical benefits which will inure to the city of Los Angeles from the development of this vast area of hidden wealth.

I can do no better in closing this brief article than to quote the concluding paragraph of the report prepared by the Mining Exchange committee, and made at the opening of the Exchange:

"It is the aim of this association to assist to the utmost the development of the resources of this vast empire, to foster them in every legitimate way, and to bring to

Los Angeles all its mining business, with the attendant stimulation of all branches of trade, and to this end we ask the hearty coöperation of all mining men, knowing that success will repay a hundred fold every effort put forth and every dollar expended."



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

GOOD NIGHT.



JOHN WIGMORE & SONS Co.,

# Heavy Hardware

Mining Supplies

Iron and Steel.

AGENTS FOR  
JOHN A. ROEBLING'S  
SONS CO.

WIRE ROPE

117 SOUTH LOS ANGELES STREET

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

# The Machinery Supply Co.

105 North Broadway and 307 West First Street

LOS ANGELES

## MINING MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES

From a Horn Spoon to a Smelter

GENERAL WESTERN AGENTS FOR

SNOW STEAM PUMP WORKS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

OIL CITY BOILER WORKS, OIL CITY, PA.

A. L. IDE & SON (Ideal Engines), SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

RUMSEY & Co., Lt'd (Pumps), SENECA FALLS, N. Y.

THE C. & C. ELEC. CO. (Dynamos and Motors), N. Y.

DODGE MFG. Co. (Transmission), MISHAWAKA, IND.

— ALSO —

## ELECTRIC APPARATUS AND SUPPLIES

ORDERS BY MAIL GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION.

### G. F. GRANGER

Mining and Investment Broker

Member Los Angeles Mining and  
Stock Exchange.

Cor. Second and Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mining Stocks and Properties bought and sold  
Good properties listed on the Exchange, and  
given prompt attention. Correspondence solicited.

### POINDEXTER & WADSWORTH

BROKERS

305 West Second St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Buy and sell Real Estate, Stocks, Bonds and  
Mortgages, on commission, make collections,  
manage property and do a general brokerage  
business. Highest references for reliability and  
good business management.

### We Sell the Earth....



BASSETT & SMITH

POMONA, CAL.

We deal in all kinds of Real Estate

Orchard and Residence property.

Write for descriptive pamphlet.

MORGAN & CO.

### Complete Ore Testing Works

Stamp Mill, Cyanide Plant, Etc.

Assaying, Refining, Etc.

Mines Examined and Dealt in.

Office, 260, 261 Wilson Block, Los Angeles

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



# Assayers' Supplies

## F. W. BRAUN & CO.

Wholesale Druggists

Los Angeles, Cal.

DEALERS  
IN  
**CHEMICALS**  
**CHEMICAL APPARATUS**

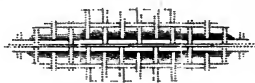
FOR LABORATORIES AND ASSAY OFFICES

ALSO HEADQUARTERS FOR

Cyanide Potash, Peroxide Sodium, Acids, Etc., Etc.

WRITE FOR PRICES

# HARPER & REYNOLDS CO.



WHOLESALE

## •• HARDWARE ••

152-154 North Main Street

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

### MINERS' SUPPLIES

Picks, Shovels, Rubber Hose, Etc.  
Giant Powder, Caps and Fuse,  
Black Diamond Steel.

### Complete Camping Outfits

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

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# THE BI-METALLIC ASSAY OFFICE AND CHEMICAL LABORATORY

Assaying in all its Branches. Determinations Accurately Made.

R. A. PEREZ, MANAGER

FORMERLY: Chief Assayer El Paso Smelting Works, El Paso, Tex.; Assistant Chemist Consolidated Kansas City Smelting and Refining Co., Argentine, Kansas.

(Prompt Returns.)

124 S. MAIN ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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## The Southern California Lumber Co.

WHOLESALE

PINE AND REDWOOD LUMBER, SHINGLES, LATH,  
PILING, TIES, ETC.

Mining Trade a Specialty.

CHAS. WIER, Manager.

WHARVES AND YARDS

EAST SAN PEDRO.

General Offices, STIMSON BLOCK,

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

---

# BAKER IRON WORKS

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

MANUFACTURERS OF

*Mining and Milling Machinery*

*Atlas Engines and Boilers*

*Worthington Steam Pumps*

**Water Works Machinery**

**A Specialty**

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# Union Hardware and Metal Co.



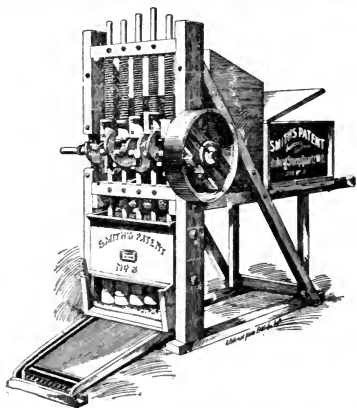
Los Angeles, Cal.

WHOLESALE **HARDWARE**  
**MINING**  
and **BLACKSMITHS'**  
**SUPPLIES**

Hercules and Black Powder, Fuse, Detonator, Cast Steel,  
Miners' Picks, Ames Shovels, Belting, Packing, Wire Rope,  
Sheet Steel, Bar, Band and Hoop Iron, Steel Wheelbarrows, etc., etc.

"THE POOR MINER'S MILL A SURE MINE OPENER AND DEVELOPER."

## Smith's Improved California Tubular Stamp Striking Quartz Mill



Patented in the United States, Canada,  
Central and South America,  
and Mexico.

This is a Portable Mill; a sure Winner; its durability cannot be excelled. Its cheapness of operations gives greater and more perfect results than all other mills. All parts of this mill are fully guaranteed for six months. We use the best and most lasting material in its construction. We build any size mill desired (in proportion), on the most reasonable terms. We also furnish two sets of Power striking steel Springs with each mill.

Extra Springs will be furnished on order, per set, up to Size No. 3 for \$75.00.

Size 6 to No. 10 Mills will be furnished for \$100.00.

Size of Mill No. 2 will have 4 ft. of 4 oz. silver to 5 ft. of 16 oz. copper plate. All other Mills have from 12 ft. to 16 ft., same quality.

All communications must be addressed to  
Capt. A. B. SMITH,  
Inventor and Patentee.

Office with Messrs. Wilde & Strong,  
228 W. Fourth Street.  
Baker Iron Works, Manufacturers,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Size of Mill	Number of Stamps in each Mill	Weight of Mill Complete	Capacity of Ore Crushed in 12 hours.	Horse Power Necessary to Operate Mill	Price of Mill	
No. 1	5 stamps	100 lbs.	$\frac{1}{4}$ tons	$\frac{1}{2}$ H. P.	\$ 175 00	Furnished Complete with Plates.
No. 2	5 "	800 "	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	2 "	250 00	" " " Plates, Pulley and Belt.
No. 3	5 "	950 "	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	4 "	350 00	" " " Plates, Pulley and Belt.
No. 6	5 "	2800 "	10 "	12 "	850 00	" " " " " " " "
No. 10	10 "	6600 "	14 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	15 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	1550 00	" " " " " " " "

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

# HUBBARD & LOVE Mining Brokers

358 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Developed Gold, Silver and Copper Mines in California, Arizona and Old Mexico. *All properties Examined before being offered for sale.*

## LACY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS OF STEEL WATER PIPE

Well Casing, Oil Tanks and General Sheet Iron Work.

IRRIGATION SUPPLIES

Works, corner New Main and Date Streets.

OFFICE, ROOM 4, BAKER BLOCK

TELEPHONE 196 LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEALERS IN

CAST IRON PIPE

## GRIDER & DOW REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT BROKERS

ESTABLISHED 1881—IN LOS ANGELES

We invite correspondence with INVESTORS desiring to buy or sell property in SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to engage in MANUFACTURING or other lines of business.

We have RANCHES and FARMING LANDS, and LARGE TRACTS desirable for COLONIZATION Purposes. ORANGE, LEMON and ENGLISH WALNUT Groves. CITY property for subdivision. BUSINESS BLOCKS and BUSINESS PROPERTY for sale. BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES in commercial and manufacturing lines. References: *Leading Business Men and Banks in Los Angeles.*

OWNERS AND SOLE AGENTS

For Kincaid—Philbin—Grosser—Fletcher—Montezuma Clanton—Central Ave.—Briswalter and Adams Street Tracts.

Send for illustrated Catalogue of Farms and City Property.

**Mining Properties Wanted.** We are in a position to buy and sell. Have a cash customer for a gold or copper proposition. Reports furnished.

OFFICE: 139 SOUTH BROADWAY.

WM. T. SMITH.

WM. T. SMITH & CO.'S

JAMES IRVING.

## MINING CAMP

This camp is located at 128 North Main Street, Los Angeles, California, in the large hall formerly occupied by the Supreme Court. It contains desks fully equipped with writing material, etc., tables and chairs, and will at all times have on file the leading mining papers and standard daily and weekly periodicals. There is also a bulletin board where mine owners can advertise for miners, mill men, etc., and in fact notices of all kinds can be posted thereon.

It contains a long table divided into compartments where prospectors can have their ore on exhibition, leaving a typewritten or printed description of the location of their ledge and their assay certificates.

The hall will be open from 7:00 a. m. till 6:00 p. m., and all persons connected with mining interests are perfectly welcome, and there will be no charge whatever made for the use of the camp.

Our object in establishing this camp is to bring the prospectors, miners and capitalists in closer and more friendly contact, and at the same time thereby advertise the firm of **Wm. T. Smith & Co., Gold and Silver Refiners and Assayers, 128 North Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.**

## LOY & HURIN

Dealers In Mines

We have for sale, and control by bond or agreement, some of the best Gold, Copper, Silver and Lead mines in California, Arizona, Nevada, Mexico and Lower California.

We have good properties to lease and bond. We have a few choice placer properties. We have properties in which owner will give an interest for development work or machinery.

We are handling some of the best Mining Stocks, and can offer good investments for large or small amounts.

California Gold Stocks are cheaper today than any other on the market—no boom prices yet.

Correspondence solicited from parties looking for Mining Investments.

LOY & HURIN  
338 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

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

# The Land of Sunshine

THE MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA  
AND THE SOUTHWEST

\$1.00 A YEAR. 10 CENTS A COPY.  
FOREIGN RATES \$1.50 A YEAR.

Published monthly by

The Land of Sunshine Publishing Co.  
INCORPORATED

501-503 STIMSON BUILDING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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

Address advertising, remittances, and other business to F. A. Pattee, Business Manager.

All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor. No MSS. preserved unless accompanied by return postage.

Advertising business East of the Middle States should be referred to the E. Katz Advertising Agency, 230 234 Temple Court, New York City.

## THE GREAT "ROUND-UP."

The American Newspaper Directory for 1896, recently issued by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., New York, should be examined by every advertiser who prefers cold facts to the ingenious representation of unscrupulous solicitors.

It not only renders painfully amusing the presumptive announcements kept standing on the front pages, and elsewhere, of publications which have never dealt in figures, but it also makes clear the real value of an unfortunate feature of the Directory itself of which desperate publications are taking advantage in order to mislead advertisers.

This feature, which is rather urged upon publishers (for \$10.00), means nothing, and is therefore safely guaranteed (\$100.00) by the Directory. For example, it may state that in all the far West and the Pacific Coast, a certain pan-cake journal has the largest circulation of any publication devoted to the household. That another publication has the largest devoted to transportation and traveling. Such statements would by no means signify that these publications have larger circulations among households and travelers than many other publications which cover these fields better, and other fields also, and it should not be so construed.

### Its Value.

The great value of the Directory lies in the fact that it contains the location and description of nearly every regular publication in the United States, together with figures for circulation in most cases, which latter are marked by the editor of the Directory in such a way that advertisers may know how to value them.

For instance, "where a publisher furnished a statement upon the accuracy of which the editor of the Directory did not

feel warranted in risking the \$100.00 forfeit on account of indefiniteness of expression or not being properly signed, the rating assigned is marked with two daggers (††). The correctness of these ratings is not guaranteed."

### The "Show-Down."

Considering that the figures given by the Directory are furnished by the various publications, many of whom have never before ventured figures, they are interesting:

#### SAN FRANCISCO.

Daily Examiner, average for the past year	75,960
" Call, average	43,269
" Chronicle, exceeding	40,000
Weekly News Letter, smallest the past year	13,000
" Wave, exceeding	12,000
" Argonaut, exceeding	7,500
Monthly Overland, exceeding	7,500††
" Traveler, average for past year	4,100
" Resources of California, exceeding	400

#### LOS ANGELES.

Daily Times, average for past year	15,540
Monthly Land of Sunshine, certified average year preceding April 1st, 1896	7916
Daily Express, average for past year	7,031
" Herald, smallest edition past year	6,500
" Record, not rated	
" Hotel Gazette, smallest edition	292
Weekly Sunday World, smallest edition	3,000
" Investor, smallest edition	1,000
" Capitol, not rated	
Monthly Land of Sunshine, average for year previous to Dec. 1st, 1895	7,468
Monthly Household, exceeding	7,500††
" California Cultivator, average year	3,240
" Rural Californian, exceeding	2,250

Only three monthlies west of Chicago claim the distinction of a circulation between seven and eight thousand. The claims of two of these, the Overland and the Household, are questioned by the Directory. The third, *the Land of Sunshine*, is not. The figures of the first two do not specify whether they stand for the largest single edition issued during the year past or for an average of twelve editions. (*The figures submitted to the Directory by the Land of Sunshine were specific and certified, and show an average circulation during the twelve issues preceding April 1st, 1896, of 7,916.*)

### The Land of Sunshine Leads.

The foregoing are cold figures and not misleading statements, and they demonstrate two things. First, that this two-year-old has the largest certified circulation of any monthly in the West, although by far the youngest of them all. Second, that locally its circulation stands second only to its senior by thirteen years, the leading Los Angeles Daily. Add to this the respect and interest with which it is received, and the significant fact that it has no waste-basket circulation, but is passed from hand to hand and eventually sent broadcast by local readers thus multiplying its original circulation many fold, and it certainly must appeal to the sagacious business man.

# Electrohoise

The Modern Cure for Disease.

SEND FOR BOOK.

WATSON & CO.,

Pacific Coast Agents,

124 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

## WHY YOU SHOULD USE OUR GAS STOVES

1st. Because they are much cheaper than coal stoves.

2nd. Because they cost less to keep in repair.

3rd. Because they save enormously in "time and temper," require no attention, and can be lighted and extinguished in a minute.

4th. Because they make neither dirt, smoke nor ashes.

5th. Because they take up very little space, and for this reason are especially desirable for those who have small kitchens or who reside in flats.

LOS ANGELES LIGHTING CO.,  
457 SOUTH BROADWAY.

## Wm. S. ALLEN

DEALER IN

## FURNITURE and CARPETS

MATTING, OIL CLOTH AND LINOLEUM,  
BEDDING, WINDOW SHADES,  
SILK AND LACE CURTAINS, PORTIERES,  
CURTAIN FIXTURES, BABY  
CARRIAGES, UPHOLSTERY GOODS, ETC.

TELEPHONE 241

332-334 South Spring Street

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

GLASS Book Binders,  
Blank Book Manufacturers

& LONG 213-215 New High St.  
Los Angeles.

Tel. Main 535

## \$10 PER ACRE FOR FINE LANDS \$10 IN THE FANITA RANCHO

EL CAJON VALLEY

1669 Acres for - - \$18,000

1420 Acres for - - \$12,000

Smaller Tracts for \$30 to \$80 per acre.

WILL GROW ANYTHING.

This property is twelve miles from the city of San Diego and two miles from Cuyamaca Railroad. It belongs to the estate of Hosmer P. McKoon, and will be sold at the appraised value.

For further information address

FANNIE M. MCKOON, EXECUTRIX,

Santee, San Diego Co., Cal.

## Near the Foothills

Ten-acre  
Orange  
Groves  
in  
frostless  
locality.



I also have Peach  
and Apricot Orchards, and Vineyards and Farming Lands for Stock and Grain.

All first-class and plenty of water for irrigation.

CITY BUILDING LOTS

Inquire of owner,

W. S. ALLEN

332-334 South Spring Street, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## The Pacific A BUSINESS MAN'S WHEEL

FACTORY AND SALESROOM,

618-624 South Broadway

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

# INTERESTING.

## Goes on Record.

"To the common understanding of men, *there are no such fools as grow and flourish on the western confines of the national domain.* . . .

"The mistake of the (government) proof-reader would be irresistibly funny were it not such a crushing rebuke to the *infinite and immeasurable littleness of the people* who are resisting an appropriation for the improvement and construction of two harbors, and, above all, to the Senator who is the conservator and instrument of *this microscopic stupidity.*" . . . We earnestly hope *our southern friends* will obtain a deep-sea harbor. Until they do, theirs will be a case of arrested development. *Ignorance, prejudice and selfishness*, however, will not win for them this prize."—The "Overland," June.

## Me Too.

"The Overland came to us for June with a good deal of matter that was superior, more that was clever, and no indifferent reading whatever. . . . The Overland of the present is far ahead of Overland of 28 years ago, and averages as well as any magazine in the land."—The Los Angeles *Capital*, June 13th.

## "A Literary Nonentity."

"Time was when the Overland was a live and active agency in the progress of the State. The Overland was proud of California and Californians were proud of the ambitious young magazine.

All that has changed. The Overland has become a literary nonentity, but it remained for the present imported editor of that publication to go further, and deliberately insult the people of Southern California by such an article as that which appeared in the June number."—The Los Angeles *Times*, June 13th.

## A Questionable Joke.

"An Englishman who had issued and copyrighted in England a high-priced poster, designed for one of his series of books, was somewhat surprised to see it reproduced, without authorization, in the *Overland Monthly* of San Francisco. A letter of polite protest to the editor brought back a note in which the whole trouble was traced to the well-known lack of humor in the English character. The editor could not see that he was at all to blame, or that 'there is any explanation due you.' Coming to the real point he added: '*An American publisher would have looked on the whole matter as a joke, but of course British insularity prevents appreciation in this*

*line.*' We must say, however, that we have known more than one American publisher with nothing insular or British about him, who had but the smallest 'appreciation in this line.' In fact, we believe Americans would rival even the Scotch in joking 'wi' deefeculty,' when the point of the jest lies in *stealing* their goods."—New York *Evening Post*.

## His Convenient Memory.

"Mr. Rounseville Wildman makes a great mistake when he calls his magazine 'the only one published on the coast.' The LAND OF SUNSHINE is so far its superior, the *Overland* man did well to forget to remember it."

—Toledo (O.) *Sunday Journal*.

## All One Way.

"The LAND OF SUNSHINE is in every way a credit to California."—San Francisco *Call*.

"Profuse in illustrations, equal to the best in the New York magazines, it is attracting attention all over the world."—San Francisco *News Letter*.

"Knows what people want to read and gives it."—San Francisco *Chronicle*.

"An admirable monthly."—*The Argonaut*, San Francisco.

"This periodical is one of which Southern California should justly feel proud. The June number is rich in variety and quality."

—Los Angeles *Herald*.

"A perfect reflection of the land in which we live."—Los Angeles *Times*.

"Entitled to rank in the very forefront."—Bristol, Conn., *Press*.

"It is already accepted by the Eastern press as the most typical and original magazine in the West."—The Minneapolis *Tribune*.

"In typography and illustrations it is peculiarly handsome, and its artistic appearance is equaled by its literary quality."—Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, June 13.

"In a year it has become a success, being widely read and quoted for its Western-ness tempered with culture, and its authority on matters in its interesting field."—*Current Literature*, N. Y.

"Very effectively edited. It is Californian in the subjects of its articles and in the finely executed illustrations. . . . Written with unusual force and point."

—The *Bookman*, N. Y.



### Money Made in a Minute.

I have not made less than \$16.00 any day while selling Centrifugal Ice Cream Freezers. Anyone should make from \$5 to \$8 a day selling cream and from \$7 to \$10 selling freezers, as it is such a wonder, there is always a crowd wanting cream. You can freeze cream elegantly in one minute, and that astonishes people so they all want to taste it, and then many of them buy freezers, as the cream is smooth and perfectly frozen. Every freezer is guaranteed to freeze cream perfectly in one minute. Anyone can sell ice cream and the freezer sells itself. My sister makes from \$10 to \$15 a day. W. H. Baird & Co., 140 S. Highland Ave., Station A., Pittsburg, Pa., will mail you full particulars free, so you can go to work and make lots of money anywhere, as with one freezer you can make a hundred gallons of cream a day, or if you wish, they will hire you on a salary.

### Cottages by the Seaside.

Furnished cottages at La Jolla for rent. Apply to C. S. Dearborn, P. M., La Jolla, Cal.

### Sets a Mark.

The little brochure just issued by the Ice and Cold Storage Company of this city, is a fine sample of completeness of effect and good taste. The embossed covers are at once rich and simple, and do not either by ill chosen gaudiness or inferiority, spoil the rest of the pamphlet.

### The March of Progress.

That delightful seaside resort, Redondo, rejoices in a new municipal electric lighting plant. A very interesting feature of this plant is an alternating generator, which is remarkable for the absence of commutator, brushes and moving wire, the armature remaining stationary and the fields revolving. The plant was put in by the Machinery Supply Co., of Los Angeles, the agents for this dynamo.

### Giving Away Dollars.

Attention is called to the advertisement on the front cover of this issue of Mr. E. Petrié Hoyle. As extensive nitrate interests in South America require his attention, Mr. Hoyle is not only compelled to dispose of one of the most fully equipped ranches in this section, but at a price per acre less than that often required for unimproved acreage.

OLDEST AND LARGEST BANK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

## Farmers and Merchants Bank

OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Capital (paid up) - - \$500,000.00  
Surplus and Reserve - - 820,000.00

Total - - \$1,320,000.00

### OFFICERS:

I. W. HELLMAN..... President  
H. W. HELLMAN..... Vice-President  
HENRY J. FLEISHMAN ..... Cashier  
G. A. J. HEIMANN..... Assistant Cashier

### DIRECTORS:

W. H. PERRY, C. E. THOM, J. F. FRANCIS,  
O. W. CHILDS, L. W. HELLMAN, JR., T. L. DUQUE,  
A. GLASSSELL, H. W. HELLMAN, I. W. HELLMAN.  
Special Collection Department. Correspondence Invited. Safety Deposit Boxes for rent.

# First National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES.

Capital Stock - - - - \$400,000  
Surplus and Undivided Profits over 230,000

J. M. ELLIOTT, Pres., W. G. KERCKHOFF, V. Pres.  
FRANK A. GIBSON, Cashier.  
G. B. SHAFER, Assistant Cashier.

### DIRECTORS:

J. M. Elliott, F. Q. Story, J. D. Hooker,  
J. D. Bicknell, H. Jevne, W. C. Patterson  
W. G. Kerckhoff.

No public funds or other preferred deposits received by this bank.



## THE NEW LIFE GIVER

Supplies Oxygen to the blood, and cures disease and pain under nature's own laws.

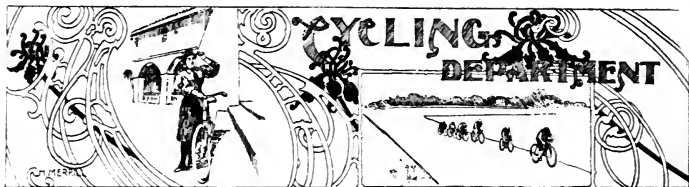
WILCOX, ARIZ., Feb. 8, 1894. Dear Sir: It affords me unequalled pleasure to give my testimony in behalf of your Oxydonor "Victory." For 25 years I was a sufferer from Derangement of the Stomach, which caused me to suffer from "headaches" to such extent as to prostrate me, and at times as often as three days in a week, since my fifteenth year. I have been treated by eminent physicians, none of which gave me more than temporary relief. The acidity of my stomach was such that for a week at a time I was unable to retain food, the pain being so great as to compel me to eject it. My mother procured an Oxydonor and urged me to try it, and from the first week of its use to the present date, I have had no trouble, and it is now over a year since I used it last. I feel that I am entirely well, I have loaned it to several of my friends who have been convinced of its virtues, and are now as enthusiastic as myself. You are at liberty to use this testimonial as suits you and if one fellow sufferer is benefited I shall not have written in vain. Yours truly, E. A. NICHOLS.

For further particulars call on or address

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA OXYDONOR CO.,

Rooms 209-210 Wilson Block, S. E. Cor. First and Spring Sts., Los Angeles, Cal. Take Elevator.

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



During the past month the Crown City Cycling Club of Pasadena has conducted two successful amateur bicycle tournaments.

San Diego has no bicycle track and has held no track races this year, but much road riding is being done by both scorchers and those who ride for solid comfort and pleasure only.

Riverside people feel much elated over their success at Los Angeles May 30th, when they won the annual twenty-five mile team race, that carries with it the club's championship of the Southwest. The Riverside team was composed of George B. Cox, Carson Shoemaker and Harry E. Scott.

Redlands cyclists are glad to welcome home Howard Squires from the State University. Squires is considered the best amateur track racer on the Pacific coast.

The great derby of the Southwest is the annual seventeen mile road race from Los Angeles to Santa Monica. It will be held this year as usual on the morning of July 4th, and probably the Southern Pacific will conduct a race meet on its Santa Monica bicycle track in the afternoon. This track testifies to the enterprise of the Southern Pacific.

The Santa Ana track is being kept in good condition by riders inclined to racing there, who are training on it. Several of the Santa Ana flyers will take part in the Santa Monica road race.

The East Side Cycling Club of Los Angeles will hold a bicycle tournament on Saturday afternoon, July 11. The affair is in the hands of C. E. Patterson.

Probably more than fifty wheelmen have ridden from San Francisco to Los Angeles over the coast route in the last two months. This seems to be the favorite route for a long tour with the wheelmen of San Francisco and the North California cities. As the wind blows south over most of this route, nearly all take the steamships back.

Lester Hickok, tourmaster of the Southern California Division of the League of American Wheelman, made a most interesting cycle trip last month. In company with Messrs. Brown and Hendricks of Phoenix, Arizona, who are following the border on a 22,000 mile tour, Mr. Hickok rode to Santa Barbara via Cahuenga Pass, San Fernando Valley, San Buenaventura and Carpinteria. Then on by Santa Ynez and La Purisima missions to San Luis Obispo. The route from there was almost due east to Bakersfield and back through Mojave, San Bernardino county and Riverside. Maps and measurements were made for a future road book, and several weeks were devoted to in covering the ground.

For a short, easy bicycle ride there is no better route than from East Los Angeles to Tropic on the old *Camino Real* route towards San Fernando Mission. This bit of road is five miles long, newly paved and kept sprinkled. It is slightly up grade all the way so that the home run is easier than going out, as it should be for new riders and those who are looking for pleasure. Another delightful ride is along the shady road to the old Ostrich Farm on the west side of the river and parallel to the Tropic run. Part of the way one can wheel along the covered irrigation ditch or on top of the viaduct of the Crystal Springs Water Company.

R. M. Welch of San Francisco, who has charge of Coast racing matters as a member of the National Racing Board of the L. A. W., is getting up a Pacific Racing Circuit for late summer and early fall. The tournaments will be in all the main wheel towns of the Pacific Slope and the many track towns of the Southwest will have dates.

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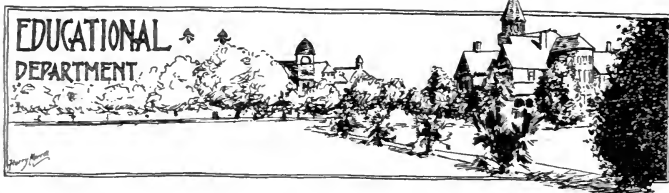
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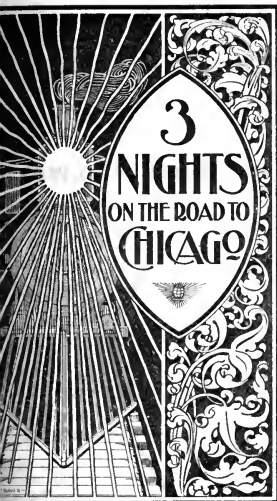
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Pueblo.....	1 10 pm	" " " " " " " "
Colorado Springs	3 00 pm	" " " " " " " "
Denver.....	5 30 pm	" " " " " " " "
Cripple Creek.....	7 00 am	Wed. Thur. Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tues.
Newton.....	12 30 am	" " " " " " " "
Kansas City.....	7 00 am	" " " " " " " "
St. Louis.....	6 00 pm	" " " " " " " "
Chicago.....	10 30 pm	" " " " " " " "
Des Moines.....	8 15 pm	" " " " " " " "
St. Paul.....	7 20 am	Thur. Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed.
Minneapolis.....	8 00 am	" " " " " " " "
Detroit.....	7 15 am	" " " " " " " "
Cleveland.....	12 45 pm	" " " " " " " "
Indianapolis.....	3 30 am	" " " " " " " "
Cincinnati.....	7 20 am	" " " " " " " "
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8 40 am	4 40 pm
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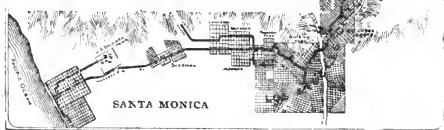
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Leave Santa Monica	
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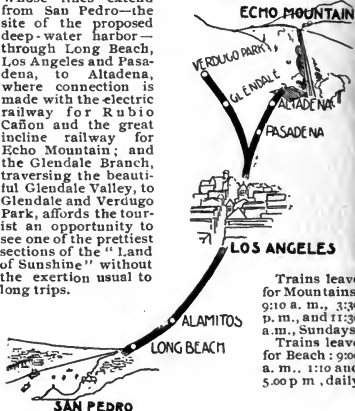
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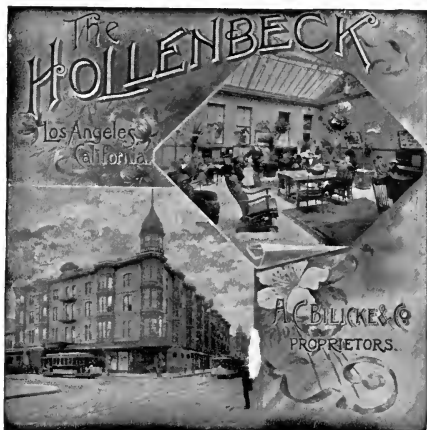
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# THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

## CONTENTS—AUGUST, 1896.

PAGE

On the Ridge of the Sierra Madre.....	frontispiece
Coyote (poem), illustrated, John Vance Cheney.....	95
By Way of the Devil's Backbone (illustrated), Geo. F. Leavens. ....	96
The Autograph Cliff, El Morro (illustrated), Chas. F. Lummis.....	101
(Southwestern Wonderland Series.)	
Homes on Mountain and Desert (illustrated), David P. Barrows .....	106
The Vaquero (illustrated), Flora Haines Loughhead .. .. .	109
As Told by Themselves (story), illustrated, Lillian Corbett Barnes.....	115
The Landmarks Club .....	119
An Invitation (poem), Charlotte Perkins Stetson.....	120
A Jackrabbit Round-up (poem), Wm. M. Bristol.....	120
The Lion's Den (the Editor).....	121
That Which is Written (the Editor).....	123
Some Los Angeles Clubs (illustrated).....	125

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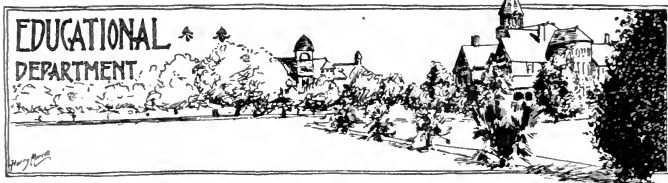
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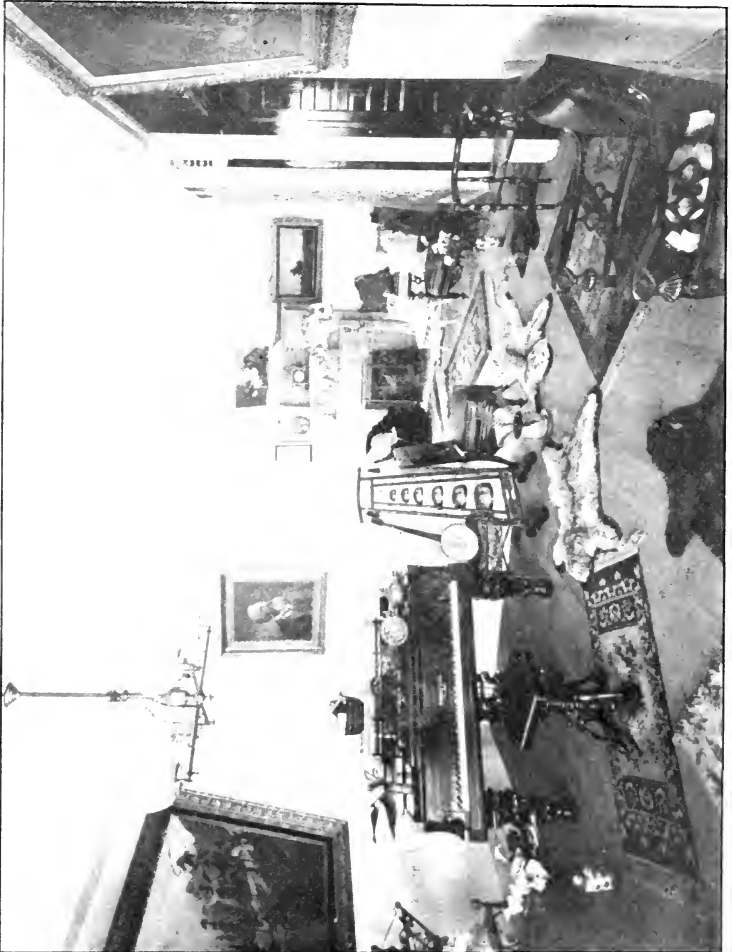


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They also have several orchards in full bearing which are good value, and will bear investigation. **Anyone desiring further information should write for pamphlet to Hansen & Co., Ontario, or 122 Pall Mall, London, England.**



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Photo. by Thornton, Pomona.

ON THE RIDGE OF THE SIERRA MADRE,  
(9,000 feet elevation.)

Union Eng. Co.





"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 5. No. 3.

LOS ANGELES

AUGUST, 1896.

## COYOTE.

BY JOHN VANCE CHEHEY.

A dim, pale shape moves over the mesa,  
Roves with the night wind up and down ;  
The light-foot ghost, the wild dog of the shadow,  
Howls on the levels beyond the town ;  
Cry, cry, Coyote !

No fellow has he, with leg or wing,  
No mate has that spectre, in fur or feather ;  
In the sagebrush is whelped a fuzzy thing,  
And mischief itself helps lick him together—  
Up, cub Coyote !

The winds come blowing over and over,  
The great white moon is looking down ;  
In the throat of the dog is devils' laughter ;  
Is he baying the moon or baying the town ?  
Howl, howl, Coyote !

The shadow-dog on the windy mesa,  
He sits and he laughs in his devil's way ;  
Look to the roost and lock up the lambkin—  
A deal may happen 'twixt now and the day :  
Ha, ha ! Coyote !

Newberry Library, Chicago, Ill.



## BY WAY OF THE DEVIL'S BACKBONE.

BY GEO. F. LEAVENS.



STRIDE four stout mules we left Dell's camp early one crisp morning in July to visit the works of a company then operating hydraulic mines along the eastern buttress of Mt. San Antonio.

After a two-mile ride up San Antonio cañon, we turned into the stony trail that zigzags up Slippery Elm ridge; thence up the steep bed of a small lateral cañon; through a forest of redwood, cedar, pine and live-oak, and sometimes over water-washed boulders, where we were obliged to confide in the mule's knowledge of the route. Well up the trail we met with a stream of water, thickly impregnated with yellow-brown mud, just beginning its meandering course down the cañon, which showed that the miners had begun operations for the day. A long climb up the side of the cañon, across a steep slide of loose rock, brought us at last to the mining camp, perched among the stunted pines, nearly on the crest of the mountain spur, at an altitude of a little more than 8,000 feet.

The water was brought from a reservoir, at a "head" of 400 feet, and forced through a three-inch nozzle, so jointed that one man was able to direct the stream. Its power was prodigious, and it tore out the auriferous gravel at an impressive rate.

The trip from there to the summit of Mt. San Antonio, over the Devil's Backbone, was an afterthought. We were told at the mines that the first mile of the trail was rideable, but that we must walk the last two miles, on account of the steep ridges.

We remounted, and rode along up the ridge which heads San Antonio cañon. We were among the pines, sturdy specimens of their kind; born to face the rigors of high altitude and higher winds, as well as long, inclement winters. Their life is one bitter struggle for existence, as their appearance most eloquently shows. Every fiber of their stunted trunks and knotted limbs is tense with the strain of combatting the adverse conditions of their environment. They put forth a few sparse sprangles of needles, but are forced to fight inch by inch, for every accession of breathing surface. Many a fallen trunk shows where the struggle has at last ended; and many a live limb, growing from an apparently dead body, shows where victory has been snatched from threatened defeat. We passed several of the blood-red spikes of the snow-plant, which stands like a dripping dagger-point, and is one of the strangest and most characteristic of Sierra plants.

At last we reached a point where riding would be neither safe nor pleasurable, so we tied our mules beneath the pines. Had this been, in truth, the spinal column of His Satanic Majesty, we might well have quoted the ribald motto of Denys, in "The Cloister and the Hearth": "*Le Diable est Mort!*" for the dessicated skin was drawn tightly over

his ribs, and the bleached vertebral processes protruded in numerous places. Metaphor aside, the sand and small rocks had been blown into ill-defined ridges by the fierce winds that sweep across the upper peaks, and the huge vertical vein or dyke of hard quartz—which is doubtless responsible for the extreme sharpness of the crest—stood out prominently on the steeper portions.

We started rather timorously along the trail. On the north side we looked thousands of feet down into the abrupt-walled Lytle Creek cañon; and beyond the opposite cañon wall beheld a broad expanse of the weird, uncanny, treacherous desert. On the south, we looked less abruptly into the San Antonio cañon, and could trace its entire course to where its stream debouches into the valley, twelve miles away and 8,000 feet below. We soon came to a steeply-tilted section of the back-



Union Eng. Co.

ON THE DEVIL'S BACKBONE.  
(Looking northeast.)

Photo. by Thornton, Pomona

bone, where we needed our hands to steady us in climbing over the jagged rock. Down in the shadow of a pillar, unawed by the desolate grandeur, I found a pure and dainty pearl-white mariposa lily—growing on a three-inch stem—of a species different from any that grow in the valley. It had royal purple stamens and pistil, quite emblematic of its imperial beauty. Evidently, spring had just made her advent in this region, for we afterwards found leafless anemones pushing their snowy, star-shaped blossoms up through the rocks, as do the crocus and daffodil from out the thawing earth. We also found some yellow violets growing almost in the shadow of a snowdrift.

We rolled large boulders into the cañon, and watched them leap from crag to crag, frightening the birds from their eyries; and finally dis-

appearing three or four thousand feet below, with only clouds of dust by which to trace their course.

Before us loomed a rugged, brown-gray cliff, frowning desertward, and well toward a thousand feet in height. We were fearful our trail would lead across the face of it; but, instead, it brought us around to the south, over a smooth, wind-swept slope of broken rock that from the valley looks like an immense ash-heap. Dispersed over this were splatters of dwarfed manzanita and chincapin scrub, that at a distance bore a resemblance to huge lichens.

The main peak soon rounded into view, and then came much the longest, steepest and most tedious "pull" we had yet encountered. We felt keenly the effect of the tenuous atmosphere, and stopped every hundred feet or so to recover breath. The revivifying ozone quickly restored us, however.

We passed a number of large snowdrifts, and indulged in snow-balling and other winter sports—in July. Imbedded in the snow were the frozen bodies of myriads of bees, butterflies, moths, flies and other insects.

The pine's struggle for life is here even more desperate than at the lower elevations. Instead of standing with a bold, military front, he limps crippled in the face of the enemy. The body, limbs and exposed roots writhe and twist and are strangely contorted with the agony of living. He is, however, permitted a considerable increase in relative lung capacity: indeed, the broad, flat top—not more than five or six feet above the ground—is almost one mass of tufted needles. There is something piteous in the brave and persistent but hopeless effort of this hardy tree, to extend its habitat to the highest attainable altitude.

After repeated discouragements we reached the summit (10,120 feet elevation), crowned by a monument that has been built by increments from the angular blocks of granite scattered about. We were willing to avail us of the partial shelter it afforded from the cold, searching, southwest wind. All that region is strewn to an indeterminate depth with fragments of shattered rock of a brown-gray tint. It is only at a second glance we noticed the scattered tufts of wild barley, and the low, moss-like forms of vegetation that blend with the prevailing hues.

I cannot here use the space to describe, or even to name in detail, all that we beheld from that breezy pinnacle. It included, practically, the whole of Southern California; from Mt. Whitney (dimly discernable, on the north) to the mountains and table-lands of Mexico to the south; and from the borders of Arizona and Nevada, on the east, to the Pacific and its coastwise islands on the west.

Our view of the Mojave desert—hot, blinding, cruel, unrelenting—extended to near the confines of Death Valley; a dull, sad brown, interspersed with blotches of gray-white alkali. A number of grave-like mounds rose abruptly from the level plain. The glass disclosed a long succession of undulations, counterfeiting, on a vast scale, the ripple marks made by a fresh breeze on the sand-dunes bordering the ocean. In the distance hung a thin, filmy, brown line of cloud, or possibly

smoke, extending westward and clear around to San Jacinto mountain, making a circuit of two-thirds of the horizon line.

The last lingering flecks of the morning fog were drifting seaward, and Santa Catalina and San Clemente—emerging from the cumulating fleece—seem poised high among the clouds.

In all directions our eyes met a bewildering chaos of yawning cañons, serrated ridges, sky-scraping domes and spires; an interminable perspective, from the barren peaks, near at hand, to the illusive summerlands of enchantment, that melted almost imperceptibly into the azure sky at the horizon.



Union Eng. Co.

NEAR THE SUMMIT.

Photo. by Thornton, Pomona

A Wagner or a Beethoven might paint the unutterable glory and mystery of this landscape, in harmonious tone-colors. A Schumann or a Chopin might give expression to the overpowering majesty of the scene. But for the ordinary mortal there remains only the eloquence of dumbness in face of such sublimity.

Pasadena, Cal.

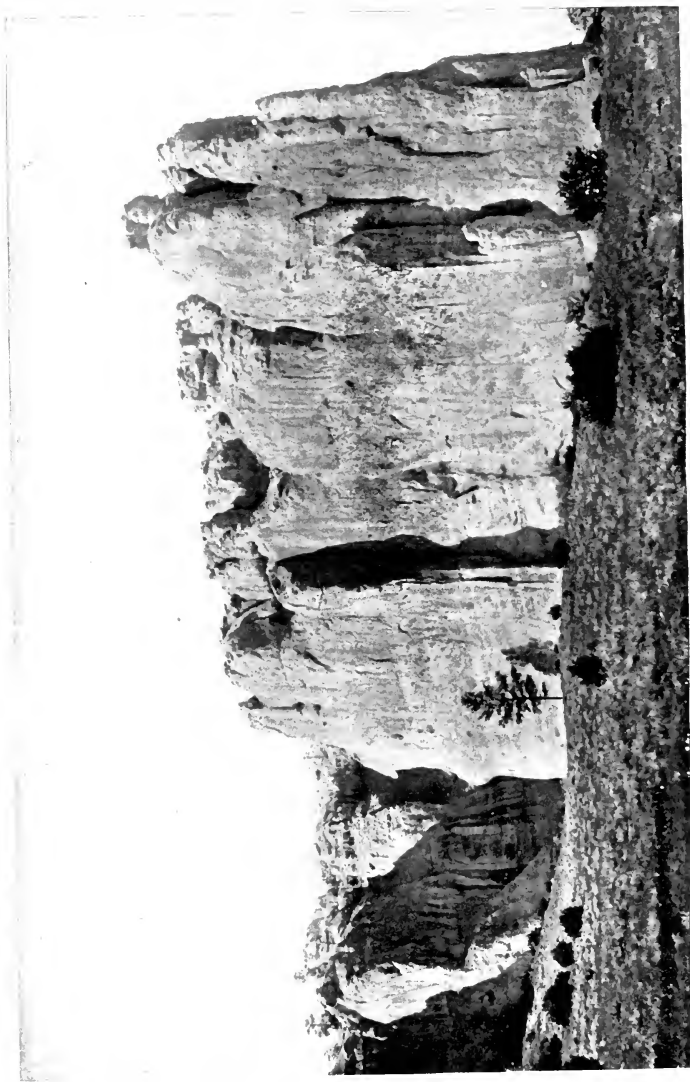


Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis

EL MORRO—THE AUTOGRAPH CLIFF.

Mausard Collier Eng Co

## THE SOUTHWESTERN WONDERLAND.

## V: THE AUTOGRAPH CLIFF, EL MORRO.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



THE most valuable cliffs in the world are the mouse-colored sandstone battlements of that magnificent rock in western New Mexico which has been known for nearly three centuries as *El Morro* (the castle). The less poetic frontiersman nowadays calls it "Inscription Rock."

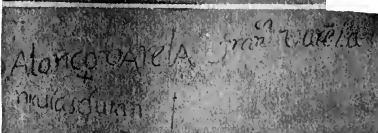
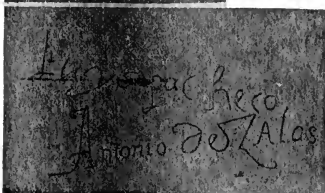
In historic interest it is paralleled by no other rock; and for beauty it has none too many peers. It is two hundred and fifteen feet high and a few thousand feet long; sheer, dominant, lying like a lion, head up, among the bold mesas which flank the ancient King's Highway from the Seven Cities of Cibola to the Rio Grande. Again the aptness of the Spanish christenings is vindicated; from a distance the rock looks indeed like a castle—such as man never dreamed of building since the Tower of Babel sprawled in ruin.

But neither its beauty nor its size is what makes the Morro the most precious of cliffs. It owes its unique worth to the fact that nowhere else have so many men of historic weight carved their names and dates in stone. In a word, it is the most imposing autograph album in existence.

Fray Marcos of Nizza, the discoverer of New Mexico (1539) did not get thus far by forty miles; and Coronado, the first explorer (1540), though he discovered the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the Indian Territory, Colorado and Kansas, marched a few miles south of this cliff. But soon after Coronado, every pioneer who came to New Mexico came by the Morro, and

camped there. There is reason to believe that Chamuscado himself passed here in 1580 in his wonderful march; for one of his men seems to have left record thereof.

The sandstone cliff is tall and smooth; and being obliged to camp here, for the only water in a day's journey, the *conquistadores*—who were hemmed by an unknown wilderness and never expected to get back to Mexico alive—fell into the way of leaving their names. If anyone else should ever



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Photo. by C. F. L.

FIG. 1. SOME MINOR AUTOGRAPHS.

pierce that lone, far land, here at least would be found the record that they had come thus far.

So the southeastern and northern walls of the Morro contain scores of autographs and longer inscriptions that date, some of them, from a generation before an English-speaking person dwelt anywhere in the New World. Many of these names are of deep historic interest, the names of men who cut a large figure in the foundation of America; and all are valuable. Among them, too, is evidence of the curious fact that a great proportion of the Spanish explorers were college-bred men; and a characteristic study of the beautiful chirographies of the 16th and 17th centuries.

Probably the oldest autograph on the Morro is that of Pedro Romero. If we correctly read the date, 1580, he was one of Chamuscado's little band of heroes.

The most important autograph is that of Juan de Oñate (p. 100), the unspoiled millionaire whose father discovered the first great silver



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Photo. by C. F. L.

FIG. 2. JUAN PAEZ HURTADO AND JOSEPH TRUXILLO.

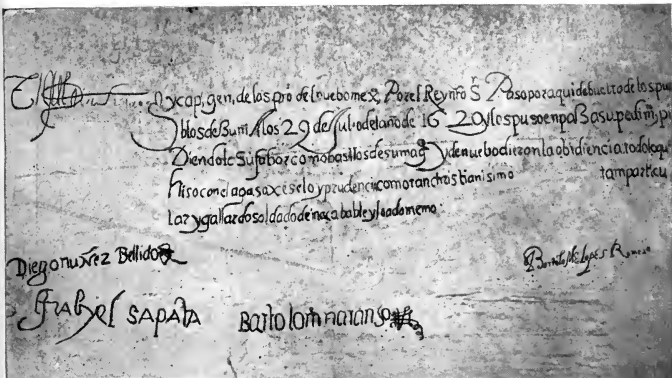
mines in North America, and the greatest ever found yet on this continent—the bonanzas of Zacatecas. Juan was the founder of New Mexico. In 1595 he organized an expedition which cost him one million dollars before it marched a step, and which was delayed by political entanglements. But in 1598 he founded the first town in New Mexico and the second in the United States, and named it San Gabriel de los Españoles. In 1605 he founded the city of Santa Fé—which, thanks to a recent guessing governor, often claims to have been built in 1536 by a man who never saw New Mexico. In 1604 Oñate, who had the dauntless Spanish legs, trudged with a handful of men from northern New Mexico to the Gulf of California; and on his way back in 1605 carved on the Morro the inscription here reproduced in photographic facsimile. The legend reads, in English:

“Here passed the commander Don Juan de Oñate, to the discovery of the South Sea, on the 16th of April, 1605.”

The date looks like 1606; and only one familiar with Spanish documents of the time would notice that the last figure is an old-time 5.

Next in importance to the autograph of the founder of New Mexico is that of its Reconqueror, the gallant General Diego de Vargas, the hero whose years of fighting after the red Pueblo Rebellion in 1680 con-





Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Photo. by C. F. Lummis.

## ONE OF GOV. SILVA NIETO'S INSCRIPTIONS.

tained some of the most remarkable military feats in all American history. He wrote thus with his dagger in the lofty page of the Morro during his first dash into New Mexico:

"Here was the General Don Diego de Vargas, who conquered for our Holy Faith and for the Royal Crown of Spain all New Mexico, at his own cost, year of 1692."

Not far from his autograph is the inscription of Capt. Juan de Archuleta and his little band, sent by the governor in 1636 to quell the troubles in Zuni.

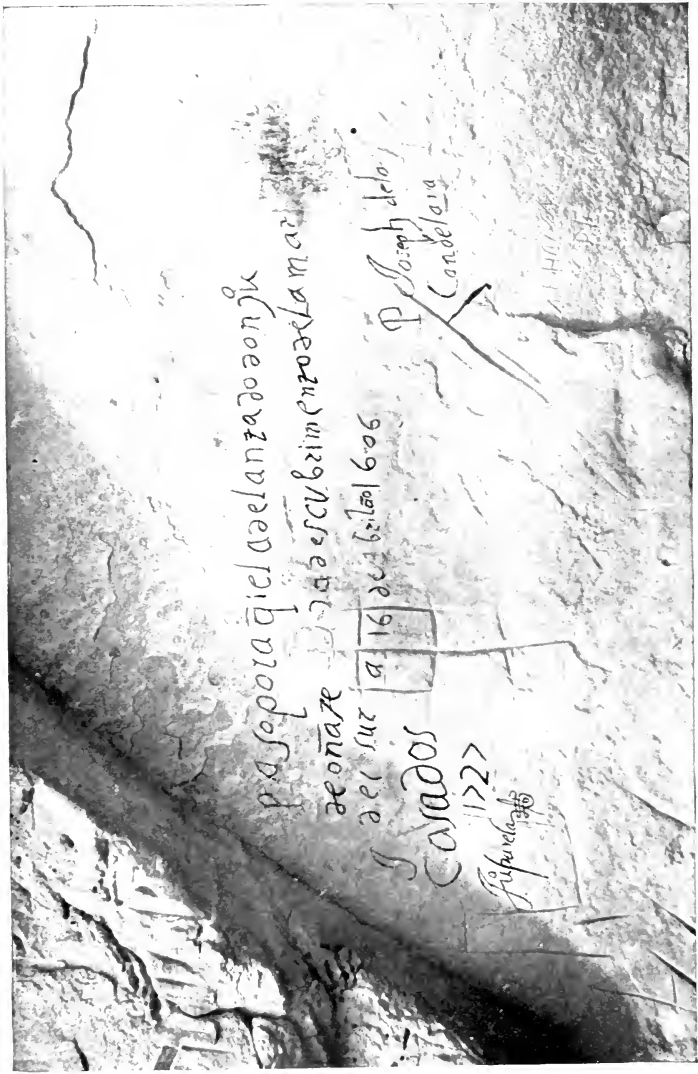
Here, too, is the *firma* of the private soldier Felipe de Arellano, who was one of the garrison of three men whom the Zuñis massacred in the year 1700; and that of Capt. Juan de Urribarri, leader of the six men who tramped 300 miles in 1701 to avenge that massacre.

The two handsomest inscriptions on the Morro are those of Don Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto, governor of the province of New Mexico in 1629. In that year he made the 300-mile march to found the mission at Zuñi. A facsimile of one of these is given. It reads, translated:

"The most illustrious Governor and Captain-General of the provinces of the New Mexico, for our Lord the King, passed by here returning from the pueblos of Zuñi on the 29th of July of the year 1629. He put them in peace, at their request, they asking his favor as vassals of his majesty, and they gave their submission anew. All of which he did with the wisdom, zeal and prudence as such a most Christian, scrupulous and gallant soldier. . ."

The first missionary to Zuñi was Fray Francisco Letrado, who did noble work among the tattooed Indians of the plains and then settled among the savages of Zuñi. In February, 1629, they butchered him.

-- One of the most difficult inscriptions to be read on the Morro is that



pasopora qiel aelanza doo onjk

ae onate 17 de octubre de 1606

1606

casados

1122

fray...

P Joseph de la  
Candelaria

San Hieronimo

of the soldier Lujan, who was one of Col. Tomás de Albizu's handful of men, of whom the inscription says, in characteristic Spanish:

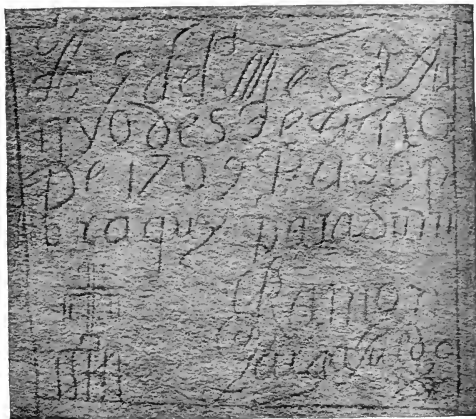
"They passed on the 23d of March, 1632, to the avenging of the death of Father Letrado."

This "vengeance" consisted in coaxing the Zúñis down from the cliffs where they had hidden, and reading them a severe lecture. There was no bloodshed.

Another governor of New Mexico, Don Feliz Martinez, passed here in 1716 on an expedition in which he aimed to convert the Moquis, who had murdered their missionary; but he failed. The first bishop who ever visited the United States was Doctor Don Martin Elizacochea, of Durango, who passed the Morro Sept. 28, 1737, and left record of the event on the rock.

Juan Paez Hurtado, the famous general and once governor, wrote on the autograph cliff in one of his westward expeditions from Santa Fé. His inscription (Fig. 2) reads:

"The 14th day of July of 1736 passed by here the General Juan Paez Hurtado, official visitor. And in his company the corporal Joseph Truxillo."



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co

Photo. by C. F. L.

FIG. 5. RAMON PAEZ HURTADO.

Ramon Paez Hurtado, whose puzzling signature is shown (Fig. 5), was a son of Gen. Hurtado. His autograph says:

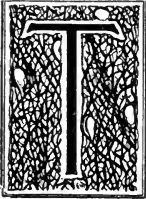
"On the 5th of the month of June, of this year of 1709, passed by here, bound for Zúñi, Ramon Paez Hurtado."

Space forbids that I should catalogue here all the historically precious autographs which are still legible on the Morro. There are many other Spanish signatures of the old days; and the inscription of Lieut. (afterwards General) Simpson, in 1849—the first "American" to write in this noble stone page, and one of the most important explorers we ever had in the West.

But enough is said to indicate the preciousness of the Morro—such a leaf of history as no other land has. In any civilized country such a treasure would be protected. Let us hope that even the Congress of the United States may find time between its meddlings with foreign affairs to preserve this matchless cliff from the weather and the vandal.

## 'HOMES ON MOUNTAIN AND DESERT.

BY DAVID P. BARROWS.



THE Coahuia Indians are, by ancestry, dwellers among the mesquite and sage brush of the sandy valleys.

Their linguistic kinsmen are the Utes, Pah-Utes and Chemchuevi; Shoshones all of them; roamers over that portion of our West once geographically described as the Great American Desert. The desert is their natural home and hunting ground. It has given them their black skin, which, brilliant as enameled bronze on children, seems in the adults fairly to burn to a charcoal color beneath the awful rays of a desert sun; their fierce crop of hair growing low on the forehead almost down to the eyes; their endurance equal to that of a camel; and their serious, half morose disposition is born of existence among grewsome volcanic hills and long, barren stretches of waterless sand.



Commercial Eng. Co.

THE OLD MEDICINE-MAN AT HOME.

Photo. by D. P. Barrows.

The Coahuias number today about eight hundred individuals. Their *rancherias* fringe the desert's edge from the San Gorgonio pass southward along the base of the San Jacinto mountains. Fifty miles south of the San Gorgonio a great arm of the desert runs in between the Coyote and Torres mountains, the Coyote valley. Here, too, the Coahuias came long since. They found this desert valley filled with prickly mesquite and fruitful mescal, striking their roots down through the hot sand to the hidden streams flowing underground. Here, too, were "wells" dug by the thirsty paws of coyotes. They climbed up the sides of Torres mountain on the north and found the rocky little valley of Santa Rosa, filled with pines. They made trails up the Coyote mountains to the south and entered the lonely but beautiful mesa of San Ignacio, with green meadows bordering a little brook and oaks and pines crowding the cañon at its lower end. Fifteen miles west of the Coyote, a wild trail through narrow passes led the Coahuias into the mountain valley which bears their name, its hills piled with huge granite boulders of disintegration, but its meadows watered by numberless springs and green the year round. And so it has happened that the Coahuias are Indians both of the desert and mountain. It is a vast domain, this home of



Commercial Eng. Co.

A RAMADA, OR BUSH HOUSE.

Photo. by D. P. Barrows.

theirs, mountain and desert together over 4000 square miles within the circumference where they have made their homes.

In all this great expanse of waste there are few spots of beauty; only a few valleys of pines, a few green *ciénegas*, the wondrous cañons of palms bordering on the desert. Everywhere else earth and vegetation alike are repulsive. Over most of it broods the hot, throbbing silence of the desert.

I shall never lose the sensations with which I first rode one quiet evening in Coahuila valley and saw each low tule-thatched *adobe* or brush *jacal* backgrounded by the dark hills and surrounded with Indian plunder. The cedar-bark homes of Santa Rosa or the beautiful palm-branch houses of Agua Caliente will ever be bright pictures. They never outrage the scenery. They never drive out the gods of the mountain and wood by incongruous appearance and wanton character.

The primitive house of the Coahuila was probably a very rude and simple affair; circular, like the Apache *hogan*, and made by propping boughs about an upright pole, or by piling together bundles of tule or stiff grass. Such can sometimes still be seen, made on short notice or in some distant village where old things linger on. But the typical Coahuila house today is the *jacal*. And a truly beautiful and snug little home it makes. The principle of the ridge pole has been applied.



Commercial Eng. Co.

COAHUILA MEN.

Photo by D. P. Barrows.



Commercial Eng. Co.

IN PALM VALLEY.

Photo. by D. P. Barrows.

Two tall crotched branches are planted in the ground, and four shorter ones to form the corners. Long poles are laid across and bound tight in the crotches with withes of green yuccaspines. Greasewood branches are then wattled in to form the sides, and the roof is carefully thatched with *tules*. The earth floor is hard and dry, and always cleanly swept. A small pit in the center surrounded by four or five small stones is the fireplace, and the smoke escapes through a hole in the thatch overhead. The rafters are black and shiny with the soot of many fires. Air comes in freely through the sides and thatching, and yet both shut out the rain. When the *jacal* gets old and filth collects in the corners, down it comes and a new one takes its place. Furniture is scarce. In one corner always stands the flat *metate* or milling stone, or the shapely basket-mortar; a few *coras* or baskets contain most of the household possessions; huge willow baskets set outside on poles or boulders contain the winter's supply of grain or seeds. There is a large *olla* of water in its place; a baby's board lies at one side, or a beautifully woven hammock swings from the ceiling, and perhaps the saddle and reata of the man are in another corner. A bull-hide and an old blanket make a bed for each member of the family, and the men and women usually occupy separate *jacales*. A cool brush porch or *ramada* is usually built in front of the *jacal*, or a *patio* makes a little yard in summer and wards off the breeze from the open-air fire.

In summer this is the gathering place of all the family. Here the women grind at their mills and weave their baskets. Here the men lounge, children play and gaunt dogs sleep in the shade.

Here in these cool porches I have passed many pleasant hours with my Indian friends, chatting over the affairs of the day, or listening to accounts of the *Antiguos*, "our ancestors," enlarging my vocabulary of Indian words and forms, and sometimes singing over and over the sweet minor songs of the Coahuilas.

## THE OLD CALIFORNIA VAQUERO.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.



**V**LAD in short jacket and slashed trousers of velvet, glittering with buttons of silver or gold, broided waistcoat, gay silken sash, steeple-crowned hat, soft leather *botas* embroidered in fancy patterns; with great silver spurs, a silver-mounted bridle, a Spanish bit (framed in silver) fretting the mouth of his untamed steed, silver-mounted saddle of leather wrought by hand with many a fantastic and beautiful device, on which he sat as never sat king upon his throne—the California vaquero of the olden time was a sight to rejoice the eye on fiesta days.

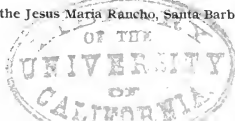
Yet those who saw him at his best beheld him when he had discarded his festival trappings, and in more sober but no less characteristic garb, demonstrated his superb horsemanship, his wonderful agility, his splendid courage and endurance at the *rodeo*. In those times great bands of wild cattle, thousands upon thousands, roamed the valleys, and twice a year vaqueros went out to round up the stock, brand the young calves, and perchance "cut out" a certain number of steers for slaughter. The world has never witnessed horsemanship surpassing that of the California vaquero. The cowboys of Arizona and New Mexico today perhaps equal him in hardihood and skill; but only one trained to sit a horse from infancy can ride with the unconscious grace, the matchless ease, of the Spanish-American. Fly-

ing like the whirlwind over the valleys, racing up and down the steep hillsides, plunging down crumbling barrancas, tearing through chaparral, wherever the maddened cattle sought to escape, there followed the vaquero. There was reason for the *armas* or apron of leather or hide; there was reason for the *chapparajos* or leggings of hide, reaching from ankle to waist, never-failing adjuncts to his working costume. No cloth ever woven in a loom could withstand the raking thorns of chaparral, in these wildest of cross-country rides.

When the scattered herd was finally brought together ("bunched," in the frontier parlance) the serious work of the *rodeo* began. Like flying serpents the long reatas whirled through the air, settling, with unerring precision, upon their appointed victims. The terrified animal would make one fierce spring for freedom, the coil would tighten, horse and rider moving with one impulse in opposite directions; the sturdy little broncos brace themselves for the strain, the reatas pull taut, and the ensnared animal falls.

The impression has gone abroad that the California vaquero was a man set apart for this especial work. In fact, every gentleman was presumed to be able to act as vaquero. It is of course true that every wealthy old Don, in the days before the Gringo came, had upon his estate

Illustrated by Ed. Borein, a vaquero on the Jesus Maria Rancho, Santa Barbara Co.



men who were more capable than their fellows in this particular vocation. But the company which set out was largely made up of volunteers, and these volunteers came from the most aristocratic families. Gay young cavaliers of the day, men who were counted well educated and accomplished, by the acquirements and opportunities of the time, were only too eager to put their physical prowess and equestrian skill to the proof on such occasions. The California vaquero was no stupid, dull-witted, uneducated peon, who worked under orders or for hire, but a daring, ambitious fellow, who no doubt welcomed this rebound from an aimless though delightful social life.

In work of this nature, where so much depends upon instant and certain action, a rider's equipment becomes of paramount importance.

The Peata Maker  
—Cutting the Stirrups—



Hence it was that the vaquero's bridle and saddle, although fashioned with the rude facilities of the day, serve still as models for the control of a spirited horse, and to insure the ease and safety of a rider. The so-called Spanish bit, in universal use by the Spanish-Californian, and which has so often been denounced for its cruelty, has in reality often saved the lives of rider and horse, and no native pony, bred to its use, is happy without it. Like all good things, its use may be abused, but employed as a severe check only in case of genuine emergency, and for the most part left to rest loosely in the animal's mouth, the latter receiving its direction by the touch of the reins on the neck, it is no more uncomfortable than a heavy curved bar of steel sawing the mouth. Indeed, the ingenious artificer strung large metallic beads along the frame, and it was the olden custom to place in the hollow space in the



center a small lump of salt, so that the untrained colt would learn to rub his tongue against the bit and roll the little copper rings in his effort to reach the delicate saline morsel. The habit, once formed, is persistent, and the bronco's pretty custom of tossing his head and apparently champing at the bit when standing, is merely an evidence of the power of habit. The vaquero saddle is of necessity ponderous, to withstand the strain that comes upon the reata, wound around the horn, when it tightens upon the struggling steer. But they were not capable of pure utilitarianism in any direction, those light-hearted, beauty-loving old Californians! Hence it is that the old saddles were frequently masterpieces of ornamentation, exquisite devices being wrought by hand upon the leather, the horn being fashioned into fantastic and artistic shapes, while gold or silver mountings frequently contributed to the outward splendor. In one well verified instance an old Don actually had his saddle-tree constructed of gold. The magnificence of these old saddles did not always strictly comport with the estate of their owners. I think it is Ross Browne, the most charming narrator among all California's host of early writers, who alludes to the richly attired horseman, with spirited steed, and rich trappings, who often had not the price of a single meal in his pocket.\*

Work of this sort is not calculated to develop a considerate spirit in man toward beast. Ten-year-old boys found amusement in stationing themselves outside of corrals as the wild cattle rushed out, escaping from unused restraint, when by a dextrous movement they grasped fleeing steers by the



Brown 1870

\* Why should he? Meals did not need to be bought, in that patriarchal time.—Ed.

tail, and spurring their horses forward flung the cattle literally tail over head. To perform this feat adroitly, successfully, was the height of a lad's ambition. Every other consideration was sacrificed to the one accomplishment of skilful horsemanship.

With the intrusion of civilization and the growth of villages and cities, the old-time vaquero is passing away. When the Americans, who now have possession of all the land, give their great flower festivals in our Southern California towns, they usually introduce upon their program a field day of athletic sports, and one of their widely advertised features is in true circus style :

"Breaking and riding of broncos which have never known bridle or saddle. Lassoing and throwing of wild cattle! By the celebrated old-time vaqueros Romero, Vasquez, Dominguez, Garcia"—and the like.

A half dozen sad-looking elderly men ride into the arena. Two or three of the number are clad in quaint costumes, a trifle moth-eaten, it may be, and with tarnished buttons, taken from old inlaid chests, where a few relics of the past have been preserved, in spite of woe and want and the bribes of the curio seekers; but they ride, for the most part, in every day costumes, much the worse for age and wear. The stamped leathers of their saddles are dark with age, and their mounts, well trained although they be, have the same meagre, out-of-date look as their masters. An untamed colt, from one of the mountain ranchos, bursts into the ring, terrified at the sight of the circle of staring faces and the shouts that greet him. There are a few graceful turns about the cramped arena, reatas flash through the air, and the frightened beast is snared and thrown. He is saddled and bridled. An old man springs upon his back and keeps his seat as the animal plunges madly about the arena, bucking with every leap; spurs and lash are freely applied, and after a few brisk rounds the rebellious spirit is curbed, and the animal canters peaceably, to the accompaniment of mild applause. Other unruly animals are driven into the ring and brought under subjection. Lastly a handful of gold pieces is tossed upon the ground. The vaqueros, riding at a slow gallop, and without any unseemly greed, lean from the saddle and pick them up. They cannot refuse the coins, nor cavil at the manner of their earning, for they sorely need them; but I suspect they agree beforehand to divide them equally, and this explains the total absence of striving. Then they ride slowly from the ring, without once bestowing a single look upon the spectators. This is the tragic feature of our gay fiestas, could people but know it.

The skilled vaquero did not always confine his operations to horned cattle. One aged man, José Antonio Ruiz, tells an amusing tale of how he started out on the Conejos Rancho, one morning sixty years ago, and riding ahead of his companion came unexpectedly upon two grizzlies taking a matutinal stroll. One was a monstrous fellow, and opened its huge jaws with such a snarl that Ruiz concluded to let it pass unchallenged; but he cast his reata over the smaller bear and tightened the noose about the animal's neck. Here arose a dilemma. He could not dispatch the animal without leaving his horse, and thus giving the

creature more or less leeway, when the chances would be about even for beast and man in a hand-to-hand tussle. So he dragged the grizzly back and forth, choking it until his companion finally came up and dispatched the big game with his knife.

Santa Barbara county possesses one pure and undegenerate survival of the old-time vaquero, in the person of Ramon Ortega, who has retreated before the encroachments of civilization, and today, in dignity and solitary independence, lives the life he loves, in the fastnesses of the San Rafael range. Ramon Ortega is the man who has lassoed no less than half a dozen grizzlies, his own approved method of dealing with this ferocious beast. He dwells in one of the wildest localities known



within the State—a last stronghold of the grizzly bear, and where mountain lions and coyotes are as common as dogs in the populous valley below. The great condor builds its nests in the cliffs of the San Rafael, and you may travel for a day and a night along the trails and see no print of a white man's foot. Ramon Ortega is an old man, but big and stalwart, and the best guide in all this wild mountain region, although he has never been known to compromise his dignity by speaking a word of English. When the young Englishmen who have squatted on cattle ranges in the vicinity find their herds getting inextricably mixed, they usually send for old Ramon, who forthwith organizes a band of expert horsemen of his own race and himself takes the field with them, never leaving until the missing cattle have been found and rounded up and parted upon their several reservations. But if he ever accepts compensation for such service, it is through some third party.

In Santa Barbara the braiding or weaving of the reata is by no means a lost art. Several old Mexicans earn a precarious living by means of this ingenious handiwork. Indeed, their annual output far exceeds the consumption of the market, in spite of the demands of aspiring young tenderfeet from beyond the Rockies, who do not consider that they are properly equipped to ride down State street without immense *tapaderos* of stamped leather, clanking spurs and a reata coiled below their saddle horn.

These reata-makers are for the most part aged men with a look of true gentility in their grave faces, and present a pathetic sight as they

stroll along the curb, courteously calling the attention of strangers to their wares. These work for the most part in the privacy of their homes, but in the bare patio of one shabby cottage on Chapala street the entire process of reata manufacture may be observed. A fat, one-legged Mexican of middle age may be seen, sometimes cutting the narrow strips from the hide in an endless ribbon, following round and round the margin in a spiral curve, until the center is

reached. Then he fastens the long strands to a fence post, and deftly manipulates the bobbins on which they are wound. The reata often extends the entire length of the doorway before the end is reached.

Santa Barbara, Cal.



Ed Baum, 1891

## AS TOLD BY THEMSELVES.

BY LILLIAN CORBETT BARNES.



OW, John Carter was trying to write a story. Sometimes he wrote without trying, and other times he tried without writing, but now he was both making a consciously laborious effort and meeting with consciously mediocre success. He would have gotten on better, or so he fancied, had it not been for a curious gray vapor, a kind of fog, that kept perpetually rising between him and his people. It enveloped them like smoke, their voices reached him through atmosphere almost too dense for sound. He scarcely heard what they said or saw how they looked. The thing roused in him an impotent anger. They were his people, his brain-folk—his very goods and chattels, if you come to that—and yet they were in some way escaping from his control and retreating into the vast of space. The tawny hair of the girl floated and drifted round her, weaving her softly into part and parcel with the shadows; the murderer's face darkened into an indistinct blot; the victim, regardless of his death-wound, crawled slowly off into the engulfing mist; the child called to the hairless dog, and the hairless dog bounded away at the voice of the child along paths John Carter could not follow. He pushed aside his paper and leaned back in his chair. Plainly he was in no condition to work, and he gave it up. His eyes wandered over the adobe walls of his carpetless room and rested on the bright wood-fire dancing on the andirons in the deep fire-place, and he heard the wash of the rain against the window. The flicker of the fire-light mingled with the beat of the rain in a pleasant, monotonous harmony of light and sound. Imperceptibly it lulled him into oblivion of all things save itself, and with wide-open eyes he sat like one asleep, when, on a sudden, he was roused into attention by a whispering and a rustling—a stir and a movement—behind him. From the confusion of light noises one sound became distinct—the sound of footsteps drawing near. Small unwashed hands rested on his arm, and "Lift me up, Señor," said the story-child.

Carter stared at him. Yes, it was he, sure enough! There were the solemn black eyes peering from the shock of sun-colored hair, there was the torn jacket and the rag of crimson sash. Wondering, John Carter bent down and lifted the tiny chap upon his knee.

"You got us all wrong, Señor," said the child. "My name is Juan Flores, and my dog—here Queno! Queno!"—the hairless dog crept from behind Carter's chair and licked his master's hand—"wasn't like you said, either. He didn't bark at the big man, he was afraid. He knew what was in the big man's heart. Dogs know"—Juan Flores stopped in terror and hid his face on Carter's breast. A great blond hulk of a man came slowly crawling over the floor, his clothes dripping blood from the wound in his back. Heavily he raised himself into the armchair by the fire and stared in gloomy resentment at the story-teller.

"Well, and how do you like me come alive?" he said with a sullen laugh. "Think maybe I deserved to be knifed, eh,? But you needn't make me out no worse'n I was. I'd reason for what I did, reason enough—you got it blamed wrong."

"Eet ees true, eet was not quite right," added a more courteous voice—Carter started and looked up to see the murderer leaning indolently in the shadow against the chimney-piece—"but Señor Carter could not know. Eet was not his fault. We must tell him."

"We must tell him," whispered the girl. Last of them all she had stolen noiselessly in and now sat crouched on the floor in front of the fire, between the murderer and the victim. She had buried her head in her arms, and her tawny hair fell round her like a veil.

"I learned Spanish from Ramon," went on the child, sitting up again and pointing at the murderer. "Tell that. He gave Queno to me, and he gave us peppers to play with, all red and strung together. Sometimes Queno wore them round his neck, and sometimes I wore them around mine. Ramon gave me everything I wanted, and he let me keep store, too. I was keeping store when the big man came"—he broke off with a shudder and hid his face again against John Carter. "Tell that, too," he gasped.

"Yes," broke in the victim fiercely, "tell that, too! and I tell *you* his name is no more Wun Flores than mine is Sam Hill. Its John Korasky—same's mine. He's my son, and he knew it well enough till that damned Flores stole him and Pheny away from me and finished up his little game by runnin' a knife through my back—tell that, too."

"Why have you got to tell it?" cried the girl, suddenly lifting her head and throwing back her hair, "Why do you want to tell our story?"

John Carter flushed, "I did not know it was your story, or anybody's story. I only made it up. I am sorry," he replied.

"But it was our story," persisted the girl. "All the Dead knew it. They kept coming and telling us, and we heard your brain thinking it ourselves. And you were thinking it wrong."

"We will tell the Señor how eet really was," said the murderer with that slow precision one uses in an acquired language. A flash of fire-light illumined his face, and Carter saw that it possessed the rounded and beautiful contour of a child.

"Meester Korasky and I looked for gold. He came to the camp with hees wife and hees child. I came alone. The camp was in the mountains—far away, as the Señor said. We worked together—Meester Korasky and I. He did sometimes drink, and"—the Mexican hesitated with a fine courtesy.

"And got fighting crazy—fetch it out!" from Korasky.

"And—as he say"—the other waved his hand slightly and went on, "and one day he go away. He had been—as he say. He say he go San Bernardino."

"And he went to hell instead"—Korasky broke in again—"Found himself mewed up for three blank years for nothin' he remembered doin' when he'd come to himself. But I sent word to the camp—sent

it to this very Flores fellow. We'd been sort o' pardners, and I naturally reckoned on him for help. 'd he give it? Not he. He let me go under like a dog. I kept the score against him—at first—and then, well. I 'got to thinkin' about Pheny and Johnny—thinkin' how maybe I hadn't used them just right—and I says to myself I'd let all by-gones be by-gones and just clear out and find my girl and my kid when the three years was up"—

"Tell about those three years!" interrupted the girl passionately. "Tell about them. Nobody beat us, Juan and me—yes, I changed his name to Juan, I wanted him to be all Mexican—like Ramon, I wanted to forget we'd ever been anything else, I hated our yellow hair. And I learned how to sing and how to dance"—she laughed out with a glow of retrospect that ended in a sob, "and Ramon was good, Ramon was always good."



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Drawn by Gardner Symout,

"We were married before a priest, Señor," said Flores gravely. "They told me Meester Korasky was dead. I rode, I looked, but I could not find him. Then I too said, 'He is dead, we will go away.' And we came here. What else was there to do? We did not know, Josefa was not to blame. She did not know."

"No," growled Korasky, "I ain't throwin' no blame on the girl. But Flores knew. He lies when he says he didn't. He's an Indian"—Flores' fingers closed round the handle of his knife, but Korasky went on without regarding it—"After their fine three years I got out, tracked them down, and found the Indian keepin' a fruit stand. He'd turned the front of his house into a fruit stand and was doin' business free as you please with my wife for pard'ner and the kid to take in the cash. I didn't go near them at first—just hung around and waited. One day I see the Indian go out, and I went in and made a bluff of buyin' an orange of the kid, just to see if he'd know me. 'Johnny,' says I, 'how's oranges?' 'My name ain't Johnny,' says he, 'its Wun—Wun Flores.'

His not knowin' me sort of stirred me up from the start, but his callin' himself Wun Flores made me mad clean through, and when he up and said the Indian was his father—I broke loose and made for him—stumbled against a sort of overgrown rat in the dark—the place was dark as hell—and the thing set up a howl, and I just naturally kicked it. 'My father'll kill you for that,' sings out the kid. 'Your father'll kill you for somethin' else' says I, and the next thing I knew he was lyin' in a heap on the floor, and there was Pheny standin' in the door lookin' like a wildcat ready to spring. And when I saw how I'd done for the kid, and it was all over—the chance of gittin' Pheny back, it just come over me quick to end it up for the three of us. I was blood-mad, I tell you. I don't know what I did—picked up a brick, I guess, and started—I didn't get far. The Indian stabbed me in the back."

"There was no other thing to do, Señor, there was not time to get to the man's face," said the Mexican, quietly. "Eet could not be helped. I have killed other men, and you may ask whether to their faces or not. They were all fair, those other fights. But this gave no time."

"And that's the story," said Korasky sulkily. "My bein' in San Quentin had nothin' to do with it, anyhow the thing that put me there hadn't, and don't you forgit it. And I didn't come to and say any blamed nonsense like you said. He did for me short and quick."

"Señor Carter understands the story?" Ramon Flores spoke with a grace that was almost indifference.

Carter bowed gravely, and for a moment there was silence in the room. The child had fallen asleep on the story-teller's shoulder, and the hairless dog slumbered at his feet. His eyes turned towards the girl. He leaned forward and asked "And Josefa?"

She raised her head, pushed back her hair, and gazed straight out with the look of an animal brought to bay at last. Korasky glanced down at her with half-surlly tenderness, and Ramon Flores drew a step nearer through the shadows.

"I suppose maybe it's better to tell the truth," she said desperately. "I've got to anyhow. John Korasky's message came to me, not to Ramon. I knew he was in prison,—I, not Ramon. I never told. I was glad to get free of him. He beat me and Johnny—Juan, I mean. Ramon sang with his guitar, the songs kept going through my head, I couldn't sleep. I wanted him. I was glad when he loved me. I let him look for John Korasky. He looked in the wrong direction, but I never told. I said Korasky was dead, I said it where Ramon would hear it, and he believed"—with a terrified cry she sprang forward and clung to Carter's knees. He leapt to his feet, the child still clasped in one arm, uncertain whether with the other to ward off Korasky's trembling fingers or Flores' naked dirk. The one man's face was purple with fury, but mastered by his death-wound, he strove in vain to lift himself from his chair. The other's eyes were fixed on him, and Carter saw that it was not against Josefa that the knife was drawn, but in her defense. But this Josefa herself did not see; she still clung to Carter's knees and cried brokenly, "I've told it all now—before God, all of it, all that matters—but make them forgive—oh, please make them forgive—quick—quick before we go back—that other world—you do not know—you cannot understand"—

Her voice died away. From farther and farther its tones seemed to come, until they mingled with the sobbing of the rain. Her tawny hair melted into the dancing, leaping flames, her bright skirt faded into the Mexican rug spread before the hearth. Upon the empty chair where Korasky had been lying the fire-light cast sorrowful, fantastic, diabolic flashes; against the chimney-corner where Ramon had leaned lingered only a brown shadow. Juan and the hairless dog were gone, too; and Carter found himself standing dazed and solitary in his room.





# THE LANDMARKS CLUB

INCORPORATED

TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS  
AND OTHER HISTORIC  
LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN  
CALIFORNIA.

**OFFICERS:**  
President, Chas. F. Lummis.  
Vice-President, Margaret Collier Graham.  
Secretary, Arthur B. Benton, 114 N. Spring St.  
Treasurer, Frank A. Gibson, Cashier 1st Nat. Bank.  
Corresponding Secretary Mrs M. E. Stilson.  
913 Kensington Road, Los Angeles.

**DIRECTORS:**  
Frank A. Gibson.  
Henry W. O'Melveny.  
Rev. J. Adam.  
Sunner P. Hunt.  
Arthur B. Benton.  
Margaret Collier Graham.  
Chas. F. Lummis.

**ADVISORY BOARD:** Jessie Benton Fremont, Col. H. G. Otis, R. Egan, W. C. Patterson, Adeline Stearns Wing, Geo. H. Donebrake, Tessa L. Kelso, Don Marcos Forster, Chas. Cassat Davis, Miss M. F. Willis, C. D. Willard, John F. Francis, Frank J. Polley, Rev. Wm. J. Chichester, Elmer Wachtel, Maj. H. T. Lee, Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, Bishop of Los Angeles.  
J. T. Bertrand, Official Photographer

The first attempt to do something for the preservation of the Southern California Missions was made in Los Angeles a few years ago. Miss Tessa L. Kelso, then in charge of the city library, was largely instrumental in organizing the "Association for the Preservation of the Missions," and in arousing interest in the matter. Members of the Historical Society, and others, were also active. Several excursions were had, many pictures showing the need of saving our landmarks were gathered, and some money was raised by entertainments, subscriptions, etc. The departure of Miss Kelso for the East, where she is now with the Scribners, caused the matter to be dropped, and the Association passed quietly away. A couple of years later, as there was no more to be hoped from the defunct Association, the Landmarks Club was formed on new lines—though including the more enthusiastic of the earlier workers—was incorporated under the laws of the State, and has ever since been actively at work. It has raised and applied over \$1000; and the signal results achieved have been already noted in these pages. Now—as briefly acknowledged in the last issue—Miss Kelso has turned over to the Club the balance of \$90 raised by the old association.

It is the intention of the directors of the Landmarks Club to begin work on the roof of the big adobe church at San Juan Capistrano as soon as there is a sufficient sum in the treasury to insure the completion of the repairs. It is hoped that this will be the case by the first of August, as it is important that this roof shall be finished and the cloister roof rendered waterproof before the autumn rains.

The Club has reason for congratulation in the interest which the excursion to San Juan has aroused, and there is every indication that the subscription committee will be able to raise the small amount necessary to complete the work there before fall.

The architects who have charge of the Mission repairs will visit San Fernando at an early day and report to the board the condition of the building there and the probable expense of preserving the same.

The Club has passed resolutions protesting against the destruction of old and valuable trees along the streets of the cities and towns of Southern California, and has ordered copies of these resolutions sent to the trustees of all incorporated cities in the vicinity of Los Angeles.

The membership committee report the following additions to the list:

Dr. E. L. Townsend, Mrs. J. O. Wheeler, Mrs. Wm. Pridham, James B. Lankerham, Mrs. F. C. Howes, Mrs. C. D. Willard, Mrs. F. K. Rule, Miss G. Dominguez, Mrs. C. Wilson, Mrs. Rosana, Herman W. Hellman, J. G. Brennan, T. D. Stimpson, Frederick Eaton, Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mrs. Geo. W. King, Mrs. J. Murieta, Mrs. G. Kerckhoff, Mrs. C. Seligman, Mrs. H. Newmark, Mrs. Leon Loeb, C. F. A. Last, M. L. Polaski, Mr. Schroder, Mr. Maxwell, J. J. Choate, Bob Kern, John Bryson, Wm. Flemming, M. Frank Foster, Robert M. Weed, all of Los Angeles.

Miss Helen Wilkinson, New York; Mrs. H. W. Duncanson, Chicago; Mrs. H. Washington, Shorbs Station, Cal.; Mrs. Fortune, Shorbs Station, Cal.; Mrs. C. L. Sheller, Shorbs Station, Cal.; James H. Hill, South Pasadena, Cal.

## AN INVITATION.

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON

Aren't you tired of protection from the weather?  
Of defense guards and shield?  
Aren't you tired of the worry as to whether  
This year the farm land yield?

Aren't you tired of the wetness and the dryness,  
The dampness and the hotness and the cold?  
Of waiting on the weatherman with shyness  
To see if the last plans hold?

Aren't you tired of the doctoring and the nursing;  
Of the "sickly winter" and the pocket pills?  
Tired of sorrowing and burying and cursing  
At Providence and undertaker's bills?

Aren't you tired of all the threatening and doubting—  
The "weather-breeder" with its lovely lie—  
The dubiety of any sort of outing—  
The chip upon the shoulder of the sky?

Like a beaten horse who dodges your caresses,  
Like a child abused who ducks before your frown—  
Is a Northerner in our warm air that blesses—  
O come and live and take your elbow down!

Don't be afraid! You do not need defenses—  
This heavenly day breeds not a stormy end—  
Lay down your arms—cut off your war expenses—  
This weather is your friend!

A friendliness from earth, a joy from heaven,  
A peace that wins your frightened soul at length—  
A place where rest as well as work is given—  
Rest is the food of strength.

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## A JACKRABBIT ROUND-UP.

BY WM. M. BRISTOL.

A measureless mesa, a brush-covered plain;  
A square here and yonder of glimmering grain;  
A scattering, skirmishing, pioneer band,  
Unhindered by hardship, subduing the land.

A hurrying, scurrying, scampering host—  
A legion of long-ears—a million almost;  
A square here and yonder of vanishing grain;  
A council of war and a cunning campaign.

A spacious stockade and a wide-open door—  
A wing from each flank for a furlong or more;  
A cordon of cavalry beating the brush;  
A long-legged army engaged in a rush.

A panick, pattering into the pen;  
A following squadron of horses and men;  
A shutting of gates and a slaughtering brief;  
For the victors a cheer!  
And a barbecued beef.



There are, after all, but two languages in the New World. It is true that some thousand other tongues are spoken between Alaska and Cape Horn, but they do not count. English and Spanish are—and always will be—the two great commercial and political mediums of this half of the globe.

WE  
AND OUR  
NEIGHBORS.

Now in Mexico the study of English is compulsory in all public schools—and be it remembered that under the progressive administration of one of the great statesmen of the century, as Diaz unquestionably is, the system of education in our neglected sister republic is no empty word. Free public schools are everywhere. Not only do they checker the cities; not an Indian hamlet of a hundred people but has one.

All these myriads of Mexicans, in kindergartens, primary schools, grammar schools, high schools, colleges, night-schools, are learning to talk English—not because Spanish isn't a good enough tongue for anyone, but because the Mexican government is bright enough to realize the value of having two languages. Throughout the whole of Spanish America (as every scholarly traveler knows) there are vastly more people who speak at least two languages than there are in the United States; but Mexico is the first country in the New World to enforce the acquisition of a foreign tongue for the sake of its business advantages. English will never supplant Spanish in half of America; but it has become the great commercial language—and Mexico is going to be ready to do business.

Now, the other side of the picture. From our southern border to Patagonia stretches an inconceivable area, several times as large as the United States and far richer in natural products, vegetable, animal and mineral. It is occupied by millions now beginning to awaken to the development of their resources, and has room for millions more of sharers in that development. The commerce of these countries is already huge; it is going to be stupendous beyond imagination. The German, the Englishman, the Italian, the Frenchman are "getting in on the ground floor." They learn the language of the country—which is Spanish—and it pays them. Only a greenhorn would ever expect to do business in any country except in that country's native tongue. Meantime we, who are Americans and next door neighbors calmly doze while foreigners walk away with the business which should logically be ours. Americans, even when they settle in these Spanish-speaking republics, rarely learn Spanish beyond a barbarous smattering. I have known them to live in the country twenty years and still speak its language infinitely worse than a two-year-old child would.

Tens of thousands of young people in the United States are studying to elbow into the overcrowded ranks of law, medicine, stenography and the like. They will live and die with the one language they were born

into; shut out from the intellectual growth and the material advantages of all other tongues. Thousands of college students are "mastering" French and German—because it is a Continental tradition, and not because it opens greater literary treasures or a title of the business chances that Spanish would. And meantime "poor, benighted Mexico" is seeing to it that her every child shall have at least two languages at command—the two languages which dominate the New World.

AN  
OPENING

It is really painful, the lack of originality among the wealthy people who endow colleges. The founding of a "Hezekiah Jenkinson Hall" or a "Darius G. Jones Scholarship"—these are about the frontiers of their inventive genius. For their sakes, as well as for our own, this is a pity. The monument to their generosity with money they do not need would be so much more noticeable if it were not so precisely like every other such monument; and as for public utility there are many things that could be taught the undergraduate with great profit. In some favored college, for instance, might be established the "Astorbilt Professorship of Horse-Sense," under which the pupils might be clubbed together—or apart—for their illumination in the principle that their heads were made not for warehouses but for factories. Any university which could teach its students to think as well as to remember would have a tremendous future; and the benefactor who should endow it for this purpose would be immortal. There are many other chairs which might be founded with advantage to the manners, morals and mentality of a new generation, and the Lion will be glad to furnish suggestions gratis to anyone who yearns to do something original and worth while in the way of college endowments.

PURE  
HAVANA

There is only one thing more monumental than the face of the gentlemen who send to our newspapers what passes for Cuban war news, and that is the multitudinousness of the people who believe they believe them. It avails not that every day discredits the day before; that not only the reports which only a fool would think of accepting, but the stories which could possibly be true are hourly proved to be false; that Consul-General Lee was not after all invited to witness the customary daily ravishment of Cuban negress maidens by Captain-General Weyler; that hindquarters of Cuban children are not the only meat exposed for sale in the *carnerías* of Havana—the next story is equally good.

Generally in naked ignorance of the language, innocent of any contact with any responsible person on either side, fed on curbstone rumors, and peddling these palpable lies for the guidance of a great country in its foreign relations, the average correspondent would seem capable of inventing more than a congress of lunatics could believe. But heaven is kind to the newspapers, and Journalism (with a big Jay) flourishes. There is always a multitude which will believe faster than anyone can fake.

Speech is silver, and silence is golden; and the consistent silverite maintains the ratio of 16 to 1.

We are nationally aware that money makes the mare go. It is easier to forget how she goes with too much of it. She frequently winds up by riding her ex-master.

The most captious critic must have noticed recently that this much slandered nation is still able now and then to cease from the pursuit of money for long enough to get hoarse with patriotism. It is fortunate that our plan of government brings to us every four years such a rest and change from the money-making spirit as our politics afford.



## THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

EVERY book reviewed in this department is read carefully and through. The reviewer's opinions are worth what they are worth—but at all events they are his, and not lazy hand-me-downs from the publisher, nor yet dishonest guesses at things untried.

The funniest thing about Literature as She is Wrote (at present) is the total un-necessity of most of her.

It was an excellent idea to arrange the *Pacific History Stories* as the first volume of a series of readers for Western schools; and Harr Wagner has retold interestingly the fascinating romance of Balboa, Magellan, Cabrillo, Drake, the Franciscan Missions, the Donner Party, the Bear Flag Republic, the discovery of gold, Frémont the Pathfinder, and other things Western. These stories are far more thrilling, and far more pertinent to be learned by American children, East or West, than what they generally get in school readers. There is nothing in the Crusades so romantic as the pioneering of America; and Mr. Wagner deserves credit for beginning to teach our children part of our own American history of which American grown-ups are so brutally ignorant.

So much the more because the book is for the young it should not be marred by blunders; and there are several here which ought to be removed from the next edition. Balboa's captain was Enciso (not "Encisco"). It is a serious omission, in telling of Magellan, not to mention the name of his lieutenant, the first man who sailed around the world—Sebastian de Elcano. Cabrillo did not discover California. He sailed up its coast in 1542; but Hernando de Alarcon discovered California in 1540, *via* the Rio Colorado. Only innocence of modern historical science can speak of Pizarro as having "the pirate's heart." John W. Marshall was *not* "the first man to see gold in the sands of California." Gold was found here a century before Marshall was born; and was rather extensively mined a decade before his "discovery" at Sutter's Mill. And it is wrong to teach children so ridiculous a derivation of "California" as that it is from *caliente fornalla*. Even a rudimentary knowledge of Spanish is enough to prove such an etymology absolutely impossible. "California" is derived from nothing. It is purely a coined word, "made up" by a Spanish writer of romance prior to 1510—that is, a generation before our California was seen or heard of by Europeans. He invented it as the name of an imaginary island peopled with amazons and other popular creatures of the day. The romance had a wide vogue; and Cortez, discovering the peninsula, gave it the name just as someone now might christen a town "Trilby."

The book quotes from this magazine; among other things, the close of Mrs. Frémont's fine tribute to her hero and ours, the Pathfinder. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco, 50 cents.

THE  
FUGACEOUS

JACK.

T. S. Palmer, M. D., assistant chief of the division of ornithology and mammalogy, U. S. Department of Agriculture, is author of *The Jack Rabbits of the United States*. This 80-page pamphlet on the range, habits, depredations of the great American hare has an interest for the intelligent general reader as well as a value to the Southwestern farmer and fruitgrower. Not many people realize how large and entertaining is the theme of Dr. Palmer's report. Four varieties of Jackrabbit are defined. They range from the Saskatchewan to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and from the Missouri to the Pacific. Their destructiveness to crops is considered; and the means which have been invented in this country and elsewhere to mitigate the pest or turn it to some utility are fully reviewed. The most interesting and most effective contrivance for their suppression is the California scheme of making great "drives," and with these exciting events the author deals extensively. In one drive in the central part of this State 20,000 rabbits were massacred; and the average has been about 2,000 to the drive. Dr. Palmer has compiled rather extensive statistics under this head, probably the first ever published. He does not seem to be aware, however, that these drives are older than the discovery of America. Cabeza de Vaca, 360 years ago, describes those which were then an immemorial custom in northern Mexico. The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico also made these communal hunts before the dawn of history; and the rabbit-surround remains to this day a special ceremonial among them, as the soldier-poet Villagran saw it three centuries ago. The book has several good illustrations of the modern drive. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington.

NOTES  
AND

NOTIONS.

Literature loses two worthy minor workers, dissimilar as they could well be but both sincere, by the death of Nora Perry and Kate Field.

Gertrude Smith, author of *The Rousing of Mrs. Potter*, and of the *Arabella and Araminta Stories*, is passing the summer in Southern California.

Linda Bell Colson, whose articles on Mexican cookery and life have been enjoyed by many readers of this magazine, died suddenly in Santa Barbara, May 29th, on her way home to Ottawa. She was that rare thing, an intelligent and sympathetic traveler, as well as a woman of lovable character. Her dust will rest in California—under the gentle skies which prolonged her life by seven peaceful years.

Capt. John G. Bourke, 4th Cavalry, U. S. A., died in the Polyclinic in Philadelphia, June 8. He was the author of *An Apache Campaign, On the Border with Crook*, and scientific works on the Moqui snake dance and many other Southwestern topics. A veteran officer, his devotion to Gen. Crook (our foremost but least peacocked Indian-fighter) probably militated against his advancement where politics are waged by those in whose vain mouths the name of Crook was not a pleasant taste. But Capt. Bourke won longer honors than the army can ordinarily give. He has contributed largely and well to science, particularly in folklore; and at the time of his death was president of the American Folklore Society.

The older magazines might be proud of *The Outlook's* monthly "magazine numbers;" and few weeklies in the United States compare with the *Outlook* of any week in the year. The seventh annual "Recreation Number" was the best of the series. Its leading feature was a symposium of "Thrilling Moments"—a very varied collection of actual incidents in the lives of Henry van Dyke, Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, Gen. A. W. Greeley, Chas. F. Lummis, Thomas W. Knox, Ernest Ingersoll, Walter Camp, Kirk Monroe, Charles Ledyard Norton, Poultney Bigelow, and J. H. Sears. There is a deal of good Western matter in this series.



## THE SUNSET CLUB.

BY FRED L. ALLES.

**T**HE city of Los Angeles, peculiarly situated in being practically cut off from the rest of the literary world, is forced to create its own literary atmosphere. Recognizing the desirability of bringing together people of literary tastes and interests, Mr. Charles Dwight Willard, in May, 1895, suggested to a number of gentlemen, the organization of a club in Los Angeles to be modeled, in a measure, on the lines of the famous Sunset Club of Chicago. The suggestion met with instant and cordial response, and an organization was soon perfected with a membership of sixty, since increased to seventy, to which number it will probably be limited for some time to come.

### THE ORGANIZATION.

The initial circular sent out, inviting gentlemen to assist in organizing the Club stated that "The general aim and object of the Club is to bring together, once a month, thirty or forty active, intelligent men of Los Angeles who are interested in other things besides money-getting, and who read something more than the daily newspaper, to discuss subjects of general human interest that may or may not have an application to local affairs." This outline of its purpose has been carefully followed in its organization, and in all of its discussions. The membership has been made up entirely of people who have ideas of their own, and are perfectly willing that other men should have ideas; men who respect their own opinions, and who respect the opinions of others. The Club adopts no resolutions, endorses no public movements of any kind, discusses neither politics nor religion, has no dues, no club house, no rules nor by-laws, in short, is merely an aggregation of tolerant fellows who are willing to think and let think. The Sunset Club contains no drones. Each member is expected to say something occasionally, if nothing more than to make a motion or to offer a toast. Dress coats and personalities are not permissible.

There is neither preaching nor long speeches. In short, like its famous namesake in Chicago, there

K. H. WADE

FRANK WIGGINS

W. C. PATTERSON

LUCIEN SHAW

J. M. CRAWLEY

CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD

CHAS. J. ELLIS

H. B. WING

FRED L. ALLES

W. D. WOOLWINE

L. B. NEWTON

L. A. GROFF

JAMES B. SCOTT

CHAS. CASSAT DAVIS

M. BOND FRANCISCO

F. W. BURNETT

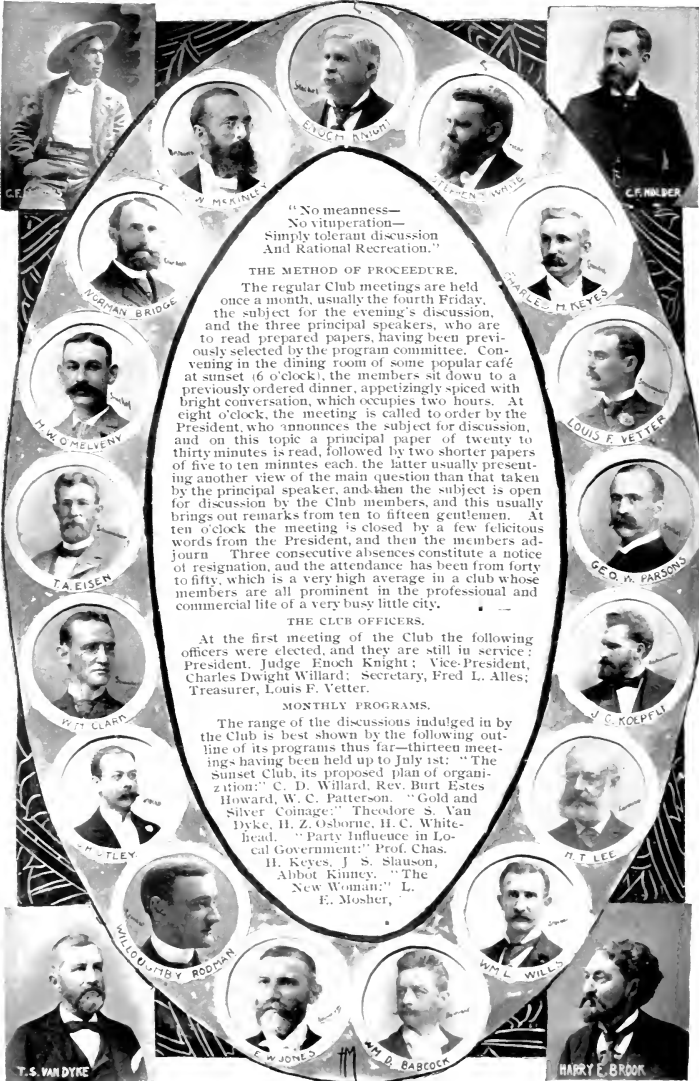
GODFREY HOLTERHOPE, JR.

JNO. J. BYRNE

JAMES S. LAUSON

HOMER P. EARLE

D. FREEMAN



"No meanness—  
No vituperation—  
Simply tolerant discussion  
And Rational Recreation."

**THE METHOD OF PROCEEDURE.**

The regular Club meetings are held once a month, usually the fourth Friday, the subject for the evening's discussion, and the three principal speakers, who are to read prepared papers, having been previously selected by the program committee. Convening in the dining room of some popular café at sunset (6 o'clock), the members sit down to a previously ordered dinner, appetizingly spiced with bright conversation, which occupies two hours. At eight o'clock, the meeting is called to order by the President, who announces the subject for discussion, and on this topic a principal paper of twenty to thirty minutes is read, followed by two shorter papers of five to ten minutes each, the latter usually presenting another view of the main question than that taken by the principal speaker, and then the subject is open for discussion by the Club members, and this usually brings out remarks from ten to fifteen gentlemen. At ten o'clock the meeting is closed by a few felicitous words from the President, and then the members adjourn. Three consecutive absences constitute a notice of resignation, and the attendance has been from forty to fifty, which is a very high average in a club whose members are all prominent in the professional and commercial life of a very busy little city.

**THE CLUB OFFICERS.**

At the first meeting of the Club the following officers were elected, and they are still in service: President, Judge Enoch Knight; Vice-President, Charles Dwight Willard; Secretary, Fred L. Alles; Treasurer, Louis F. Vetter.

**MONTHLY PROGRAMS.**

The range of the discussions indulged in by the Club is best shown by the following outline of its programs thus far—thirteen meetings having been held up to July 1st: "The Sunset Club, its proposed plan of organization;" C. D. Willard, Rev. Burt Estes Howard, W. C. Patterson. "Gold and Silver Coinage;" Theodore S. Van Dyke, H. Z. Osborne, H. C. Whitehead. "Party Influence in Local Government;" Prof. Chas. H. Keyes, J. S. Slauson, Abbot Kinney. "The New Woman;" L. E. Mosher,







R. W. Poindeexter, Louis A. Groff. "The National Outlook, Evolution or Degeneration;" H. T. Lee, Dr. H. B. Wing, E. W. Jones, "The California Legislature;" Hon. R. N. Bulla, Frank A. Gibson, Judge J. W. McKinley. "The Playground of America;" Harry E. Brook, Louis F. Vetter, James Slavson. "A Daily Newspaper;" edited by a special committee from matter furnished by Club members. "The President of the United States;" Judge Enoch Knight, H. W. Latham, Abbot Kinney. "The Monroe Doctrine;" H. W. O'Melveny, Judge Lucien Shaw, C. J. Ellis. "A Few of the Several Sides of Man;" Dr. Norman Bridge, Homer P. Earle, Geo. W. Parsons. "International Arbitration;" Jas. B. Scott, J. M. Elliott, Percy R. Wilson.



The thirteenth meeting of the Club was a summer outing to the seaside resort of Santa Monica, to which point the Club was carried in a special train over the Southern Pacific railroad, and partook of a fish dinner in a pavilion on the beach. The program was a varied one, embracing addresses on: "The Minister," Rev. Burt Estes Howard; "The Teacher," Prof. Charles H. Keyes; "The Judge," Judge W. H. Clark; "The Lawyer," Henry W. O'Melveny; "The Newspaper Man," L. E. Mosher; "The Physician," Dr. Jay H. Utley; "The Author," Theodore S. Van Dyke; "The Merchant," W. C. Patterson; "The Railroad Man," Jno. J. Byrne; "The Rancher," Fred L. Alles; "The Capitalist," J. S. Slavson; "The Statesman," Sen. Stephen M. White.



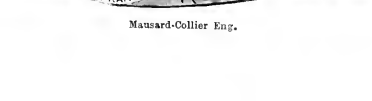
**VISITORS.**  
The Sunset Club has a very strict rule as to visitors, preferring to restrict attendance to its own members. Thus far, the only visitors have been Hon. Alva Adams, of Pueblo, ex-Governor of Colorado; Hon. J. Sterling Morton, of Omaha, serving in President Cleveland's Cabinet as Minister of Agriculture; and Hon. Paul Morton, of Chicago, Vice-President of the Santa Fe Railway.



**CLUB MEMBERSHIP.**  
The membership of the Sunset Club is fairly representative of the business and professional life of the city, and is as follows: Fred L. Alles, publisher; Wm. D. Babcock, physician; Norman Bridge, physician; Harry E. Brook, Daily Times; Robt. N. Bulla, attorney; F. W. Burnett, attorney; Jno. J. Byrne, Southern California Railway;



**CLUB MEMBERSHIP (continued).**  
George Patton, J. W. Francisco, Frank W. King, Frank A. Gibson, Robert N. Bulla.



W. H. Clark, judge Superior Court; J. M. Crawley, Southern Pacific Co.; Charles Cassat Davis, attorney; J. H. Davisson, physician; Homer P. Earle, City health department; T. A. Eisen, architect; J. M. Elliott, president First National Bank; Chas. J. Ellis, attorney; John F. Francis, capitalist; A. W. Francisco, county supervisor; J. Bond Francisco, artist; D. Freeman, Centinela Ranch; Frank A. Gibson, cashier First National Bank; M. L. Graff, attorney; L. A. Groff, attorney; Charles Frederick Holder, author; Godfrey Holterhoff, jr., Southern California railway; Burt Estes Howard, pastor First Presbyterian Church; Sumner P. Hunt, architect; E. W. Jones, owner Hotel Vincent; Charles H. Keyes, president Throop Polytechnic Institute; Frank W. King, merchant; Abbott Kinney, capitalist; Enoch Knight, receiver of public moneys; J. O. Koepfli, merchant; H. T. Lee, attorney; Charles F. Lummis, author; H. L. Macneil, capitalist; J. W. McKinley, judge Superior Court; L. E. Mosher, Daily Times; I. B. Newton, merchant; H. W. O'Melveny, attorney; H. Z. Osborne, Daily Evening Express; Geo. W. Parsons, real estate; W. C. Patterson, merchant; Geo. S. Patton, attorney; R. W. Poindexter, real estate; Willoughby Rodman, attorney; James B. Scott, attorney; P. W. Search, educator; Lucien Shaw, judge Superior Court; James Slauson, capitalist; J. S. Slauson, capitalist; Geo. H. Smith, attorney; Wm. A. Spalding, journalist; Otheman A. Stevens, journalist; Ben C. Truman, journalist; Jay H. Utley, physician; T. S. Van Dyke, author; Louis F. Vetter, insurance; K. H. Wade, Southern California Railway; Stephen M. White, U. S. Senator; Frank Wiggins, superintendent Chamber of Commerce; Charles Dwight Willard, secretary Chamber of Commerce; Wm. LeMoyné Wills, physician; Percy R. Wilson, attorney; H. B. Wing, physician; Fred W. Wood, Los Angeles Railway Co.; W. D. Woolwine, cashier Savings Bank of Southern California.

This brief sketch of the Sunset Club may aid in dispelling that popular and widespread Eastern notion that in Southern California it is constantly necessary to carry one's life in one hand and a shot gun in the other. This erroneous belief should soon vanish from the minds of people who give a moment's reflection to the fact that a community which is able on the one hand to produce and on the other hand to appreciate such an unique and strikingly valuable contribution to the best literature of the day, as this little magazine is, must be composed of men who will fairly average up with their brethren east of the Rockies.

## THE CALIFORNIA CLUB

ONE of the oldest and best known clubs in the city, the California Club, has recently secured spacious quarters in the Wilcox Block, and the LAND OF SUNSHINE will, in some later issue, show views of their rooms and give some account of that organization.





## THE JONATHAN CLUB.

IN September, 1895, this successful organization was incorporated by a number of Los Angeles gentlemen who appreciated the need for an institution suited to the social interests of the young men of the city. Every club has its own sphere to fill and the membership of the Jonathan is made up largely of the younger business and professional men—the active spirits who within the next twenty years are likely to carve out a considerable part of the destiny of Los Angeles.

It is purely a social club without political, sporting or other special proclivities. The membership at the outset was less than one hundred, but the present list as given below, contains nearly four hundred names.

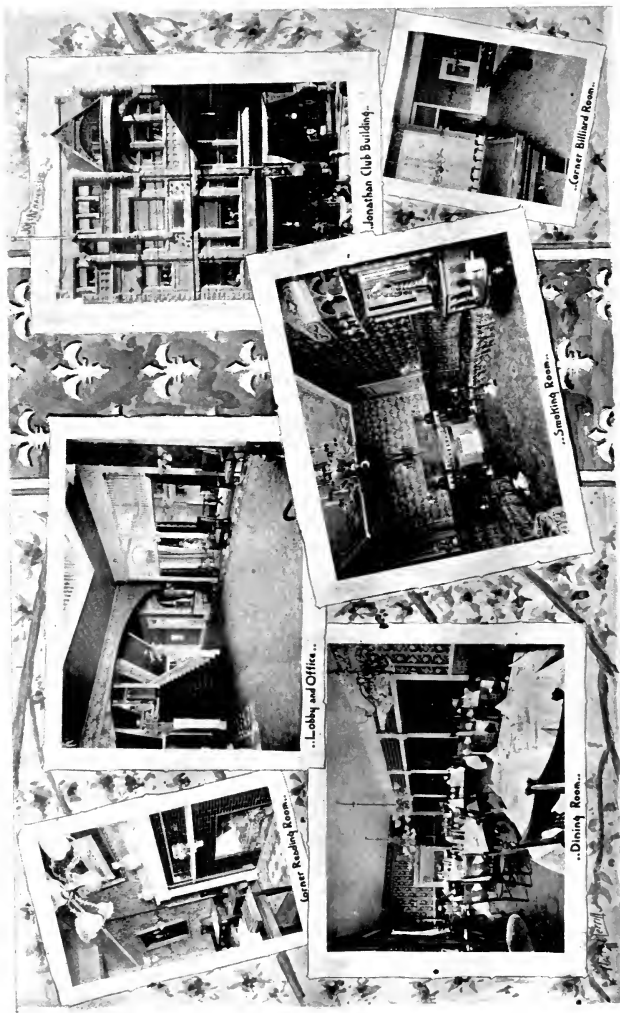
The club took possession of its present quarters in March of 1896. It occupies the entire second, third and fourth stories of a prominent brick block on the east side of Spring street, between First and Second streets, in the center of the city. These quarters were elegantly fitted up by the club at an expense of \$19,000, which sum was advanced by some of the members at the outset for that purpose. The financing of the institution has been carried on with such success that at the



Stiffler & Gill, Photo.

RECEPTION ROOM.

Union Eng Co.



Jonathan Club Building..

..Corner Billiard Room..

..Lobby and Office..

..Smoking Room..

..Corner Reading Room..

..Dining Room..

present time in the first six months of the club's occupancy of the new quarters, the debt has been cut in half.

The main floor of the quarters contain the parlors and reading room, which look out on Spring street, and the office, smoking room, lavatories, card rooms and billiard room in the middle or rear section of the building. On the second floor are spacious dining rooms, kitchen and several living rooms, and on the third floor are a large number of apartments for the use of members who live in the club house. The furnishings throughout are comfortable and in excellent taste.

The officers and directors of the club are as follows :

F. K. Rule, President ; Hancock Banning, First Vice-President ; Albert Carlos Jones, Second Vice-President ; C. D. Howry, Secretary ; C. E. DeCamp, Treasurer ; Louis A. Grant, E. W. McGee, Horace Anderson, Bradner W. Lee, Chas. H. White, Jno. F. Francis.

The first president of the club was Mr. Geo. L. Alexander. The committee that superintended the furnishing of the club's quarters contained the following : J. B. Bushnell, C. D. Howry and F. K. Rule.

The list of members as at present constituted is as follows :

- |                     |                     |                   |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|-------------------|---------------------|
| Adams, Chas. W.     | Bush, A. H.         | Clark, E. P.      | Davis, W. H.        |
| Akin, J. J.         | Bulla, Robert N. F. | Clark, J. Ross    | Davis, A. W.        |
| Ainsworth, F. K.    | Bumiller, Joseph    | Cline, W. B.      | Davenport, W. H.    |
| Allen, W. S.        | Buell, E. C.        | Compton, C. S.    | Davison, J. H.      |
| Anderson, H. P.     | Byrne, C.           | Cole, E. A.       | DeGroot, W. E.      |
| Anderson, W. J.     | Broderick, W. J.    | Cox, W. J.        | DeCamp, C. E.       |
| Anthony, C. E.      | Cass, A. B.         | Cook, Edward T.   | De Luna, R.         |
| Arthur, W. E.       | Campbell, Warren    | Cohrs Charles H.  | DeVan, F.           |
| Arnold, Geo. L.     | Cadwalader, G. D.   | Collins, David R. | Desmond, C. C.      |
| Attrill, Edw. C.    | Carhart, Jas. R.    | Cosby, J. F.      | Dinmore, Walter R.  |
| Aull, Jno. E.       | Carhart, J. Warren  | Cosby, Walter     | Doolittle, H. J.    |
| Avery, Fred H.      | Carhart, Thos. F.   | Crawley, J. M.    | Dobinson, Geo. A.   |
| Barmore, E. H.      | Carhart, Robt.      | Creighton, W. S.  | Dollinger, Chas. F. |
| Banning, Hancock    | Carvell, T. F.      | Crombie, R. S.    | Dodd, Miles, Jr.    |
| Ballard, J. L.      | Cheeseman, Chas. D. | Crank, Frank J.   | Duncan, J. R.       |
| Baldwin, C. A.      | Chanslor, John      | Cunningham, F. R. | Dunn, W. E.         |
| Baker, Chas. M.     | Chanslor, Joseph A. | Cushing, O. K.    | Donegan, D. F.      |
| Barnes, T. F.       | Chanslor, W. G.     | Cullen, K. P.     | Easton, Geo.        |
| Barker, W. A.       | Chamberlain, W. H.  | Curtis, Geo. P.   | Eberle, H. S.       |
| Barham, Guy B.      | Chandler, J. P.     | Curson, E. J.     | Edwards, William M. |
| Bannister, J. C.    | Chipman, A. E.      | Day, Ben. F.      | Ellis, H. Bert      |
| Barnwell, W. G.     | Chambers, E.        | Darling, C. E.    | Emery, F. W.        |
| Barrett, W. J.      | Chapman, R. H. H.   | Davies, J. Frank  | Erie, J Phillip     |
| Berner, G. E.       |                     |                   |                     |
| Beamer, Wm. B.      |                     |                   |                     |
| Bentzoni, Charles   |                     |                   |                     |
| Billicke, Albert C. |                     |                   |                     |
| Bird, W. R.         |                     |                   |                     |
| Bigelow, J. K.      |                     |                   |                     |
| Blackman, W. R.     |                     |                   |                     |
| Blades, Paul H.     |                     |                   |                     |
| Blaisdell, M. J.    |                     |                   |                     |
| Blagge, J. H.       |                     |                   |                     |
| Blackstone, N. B.   |                     |                   |                     |
| Bonfilio, N.        |                     |                   |                     |
| Bonebrake, Geo. H.  |                     |                   |                     |
| Bowen, Alf. D.      |                     |                   |                     |
| Boole, George       |                     |                   |                     |
| Borden, Gail        |                     |                   |                     |
| Botsford, W. F.     |                     |                   |                     |
| Bradbury, John      |                     |                   |                     |
| Brown, Herbert C.   |                     |                   |                     |
| Briuk, John         |                     |                   |                     |
| Bryant, F. A.       |                     |                   |                     |
| Bryson, Chas. W.    |                     |                   |                     |
| Brown, Carroll H.   |                     |                   |                     |
| Bushnell, John B.   |                     |                   |                     |
| Burgoyne, E. M.     |                     |                   |                     |
| Burnes, Jas. F.     |                     |                   |                     |
| Bush, Alexander B.  |                     |                   |                     |



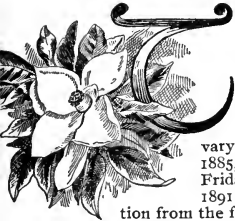
Stiffler & Gill, Photo.

SOLID COMFORT.

Union Eng. Co.

- Ewing, Thos. S.  
 Fairchild, J. A.  
 Fixen, L. H.  
 Fitzgerald, J. T.  
 Fish, C. W.  
 Flemming, E. W.  
 Flemming, Thos. J.  
 Flemming, C. B.  
 Ford, L. E.  
 Forrester, F. L.  
 Fout, C. E.  
 Francis, John F.  
 Francis, Ira J.  
 Fuller, E. P.  
 Gay, Gilbert T.  
 Gaskill, Geo. C.  
 Gibbon, T. E.  
 Glassell, Hugh  
 Goodrich, Benj.  
 Gladden, J. C.  
 Gottschalk, Fred C.  
 Gottschalk, Louis  
 Grant, L. A.  
 Griffith, G. J.  
 Gray, Murray A.  
 Hall, F. D.  
 Hart, F. J.  
 Harkness, Fred  
 Hanna, E. M.  
 Haskell, E. C.  
 Harris, J. H.  
 Hartzell, H. F.  
 Hess, B. L.  
 Herr, Geo. T.  
 Henderson, J. A.  
 Henderson, F. B.  
 Herron, R. H.  
 Hinchcliffe, C. W.  
 Hines, F. A.  
 Hofius, W. D.  
 Howry, C. D.  
 Howes, F. C.  
 Howard, F. W.  
 Howard, P. A.  
 Hutchison, W. G.  
 Hunt, Willis G.  
 Hunt, A. M.  
 Huut, Sumner P.  
 Hunter, W. T.  
 Jackson, J. P., Jr.  
 Jevne, H.  
 Jones, A. C.  
 Jones, F. W.  
 Jones, Arthur M.  
 Johnson, Ethelbert  
 Johnson, E. P.  
 Johnson, F. O.  
 Johnson, Waldo P.  
 Johnson, W. M.  
 Johnson, Gail B.  
 Johnston, J. M.  
 Kapus, J. L.  
 Kennedy, Warren C.  
 Keifer, J. H.  
 Keeney, Jas. A.  
 Kirkland, D. W.  
 King, F. W.  
 King, C. S.  
 Kleckner, Warren  
 Knickerbocker, E. G.  
 Knorr, F. H.  
 Knight, Jas. E.  
 Koop, J. C.  
 Kurtz, Carl  
 Lamme, E. H.  
 Lacy, William  
 Larrabee, W. D.  
 Last, C. F. A.  
 Lawrence, Geo. W.  
 Lewis, W. M.  
 Lee, Bradner W.  
 Little, D. P. N.  
 Long, Jas. W.  
 Lothian, I. A.  
 Lyon, F. M.  
 Lyon, P. H.  
 Mallory, F. B.  
 Maxwell, H. J.  
 Matlock, D. J.  
 Marsh, Robert  
 Martin, Theo.  
 Martin, F. C.  
 Martin, Norman R.  
 Mason, E.  
 Maier, Simon  
 Maier, Joseph  
 Marley, T. F.  
 Myers, R. Holthy  
 Mead, William  
 Metcalf, H. H.  
 Messerly, A. E.  
 Miller, N. N.  
 Miller, Clarence A.  
 Miller, J. K.  
 Montgomery, Geo. A.  
 Moore, Walter S.  
 Morgan, O. C.  
 Morgan, Wm. A.  
 Moore, M. L.  
 Mosgrove, H.  
 Moulton, H. Frank  
 Murray, J. H.  
 McCutchen, A. B.  
 McGee, E. W.  
 McGrath, T. F.  
 McGrath, John J., Jr.  
 McGowan, Granville  
 McFarland, Chas.  
 McGovern, W. A.  
 McKee, H. S.  
 McLaughlin, E. O.  
 Neville, J. B.  
 Newberry, John R.  
 Nicholson, W. B.  
 Norton, John H.  
 Owens, M. T.  
 Off, J. W. A.  
 Ozman, A. M.  
 Parker, W. F.  
 Parker, A. J. F.  
 Parker, C. I.  
 Parry, A. H.  
 Pauly, E. S.  
 Parke, F. K.  
 Peck, Earl W.  
 Peck, John H. F.  
 Pratt, E. W.  
 Pridham, R. W.  
 Potter, Milo M.  
 Potts, J. S.  
 Priest, J. N.  
 Quigley, J. B.  
 Rader, Frank  
 Requa, H. D.  
 Ridenbaugh, George  
 Robinson, L. L.  
 Rowan, T. E.  
 Roberts, W. E.  
 Rogers, A. C.  
 Rule, Ferd. K.  
 Rundel, C. H.  
 Russell, J. N., Jr.  
 Russell, H. M.  
 Sale, L. D.  
 Sanders, C. W.  
 Scott, Robert J.  
 Scott, John  
 Scott, Lester F.  
 Schiffman, A. F.  
 Schumacher, John H.  
 Schumacher, A. W.  
 Schnabel, E. C.  
 Siegel, H.  
 Sexton, Chas. W.  
 Seymour, G. G.  
 Sheward, J. T.  
 Shaw, Clark A.  
 Shafer, G. H.  
 Sherman, M. H.  
 Shields, A. M.  
 Sheldon, M. N.  
 Shepard, F. A.  
 Shepherd, C. J.  
 Silverwood, F. B.  
 Sinsabaugh, Geo.  
 Sicard, Stephen  
 Simpson, Theo. A.  
 Sloane, Chas. F.  
 Smith, W. A.  
 Small, E. A.  
 Snowden, F. H.  
 Spruance, L. J. C.  
 Stanton, E. J.  
 Stanton, P. A.  
 Stephens, W. D.  
 Steckel, George  
 Stewart, M. W.  
 Stewart, W. C.  
 Stockwell, L. W.  
 Stoddart, David  
 Strange, Chas. L.  
 Taggart, Chas. F.  
 Taylor, Geo. P.  
 Talcott, Wm. G.  
 Teed, Freeman G.  
 Teale, W. R.  
 Thompson, O. C.  
 Thompson, F. W.  
 Thomas, F. J.  
 Thornton, A. M.  
 Tolfree, J. H.  
 Treat, R. B.  
 Trueworthy, J. W.  
 Tufts, E. B.  
 Tufts, W. A.  
 Tyler, W. E.  
 Van Pelt, R. W.  
 Vaughn, John W.  
 Vermillion, H. W.  
 Vickery, B. Lee  
 Vickery, O. A.  
 Vollmer, H. F.  
 Warren, Jas. W.  
 Ward, Ben. E.  
 Wankowski, Victor  
 Waters, Arthur J.  
 Walton, Chas. S.  
 White, Chas. H.  
 White, W. H.  
 White, J. M.  
 Whitman C. H.  
 Whittaker, W. F.  
 Whitaker, M. T.  
 Whedon, W. L.  
 Widney, R. J.  
 Wilson, Perry R.  
 Wilshire, W. B.  
 Wilshire, Nate F.  
 Wincup, Wm.  
 Wincup, Frank  
 Williams, J. H.  
 Willard, C. D.  
 Wolters, J. W.  
 Worsham, W. G.  
 Wormser, D.  
 Woolcott, H. J.  
 Woodbury, F. C.  
 Woodbridge, S. M.  
 Woolwine, W. D.  
 Wren, W. H.  
 Wright, E. T.  
 Wyman, Geo. H.  
 Wyatt, H. C.  
 Young, J. W.  
 Zellner, R., Jr.  
 Alexander, Geo. L.  
 Anderson, Chas. F.  
 Arnott, J. J.  
 Baker, A. C., Judge  
 Barrett, A. W., Gen'l  
 Baur, W.  
 Benchley, E. K.  
 Brown, Harry C.  
 Cargill, A. H.  
 Diss, J. W. F.  
 Durbrow, Geo. W.  
 Erkenbrecker, Byron  
 Hayes, H. F.  
 Howland, J. L.  
 Hoyle, Wm.  
 Jennings, John H.  
 Kincaid, G. W.  
 Latham, J. L.  
 Lockwood, Irving  
 Lynch, J. C.  
 Martin, C. S.  
 May, Hugh  
 McCallum, H. F.  
 McElfresh, G. A.  
 McLcod, J. W.  
 Miller, Chas. L.  
 Mitchell, Chas. E.  
 Morrison, Wm. H.  
 Page, J. Harding  
 Perkins, D. T.  
 Pratt, Albert H.  
 Riordan, T. A.  
 Scribner, H. D.  
 Shaver, C. B.  
 Suedecker, W. H.  
 Sherwood, G. W.  
 Stanton, E. B.  
 Vail, Frank  
 Vail, Walter L.  
 Wyman, Watson H.

## THE FRIDAY MORNING CLUB.



THE women of Los Angeles, as early as 1878, realized the necessity of that broader and more catholic acquaintance with each other's thoughts and needs which has given rise to the growth of women's clubs throughout the world, and the Los Angeles Woman's Club was organized, with Mrs. Caroline M. Severance as President.

This early organization, which experienced the varying fortune of all pioneers, was revived early in 1885, under the same name and management, and the Friday Morning Club, which was organized on April 16, 1891, may be called a descendant of the earlier organization from the fact that it absorbed almost the entire membership of the Woman's Club, and began its existence under the same president.

During the first six months the membership of the Friday Morning Club increased from about twenty to one hundred and eighty, and in March, 1892, the club joined the General Federation of Women's Clubs; in August, 1892, it was incorporated under the laws of California, and since that time it has gone rapidly forward until at present it numbers over three hundred of the most thoughtful and intelligent women of Los Angeles and vicinity.

The object of the Friday Morning Club, as briefly stated in its by-laws, is the discussion of topics of general interest, and from the beginning it has afforded a free platform for the presentation by members and others of standing and intelligence, of all subjects pertaining to the advancement of society in art, science, literature, and morals. The club is not conducted upon social or sectarian lines, and while it endeavors at all times to exert an influence upon the side of that which is best for the community, its effort has been to accomplish reforms through the personal enlightenment and increased enthusiasm of its members rather than by united effort in any one direction. This policy enables it to harmonize many diverse elements, and its educational value to women in the cultivation of tolerance and breadth of view cannot be over-estimated.

During the past few years the club has entertained, among other guests of note: George W. Cable, Jane Addams of Hull House, Susan B. Anthony, Robert J. Burdette, Joaquin Miller, Frederick Warde, Beatrice Harraden, Ina D. Coolbrith, Gertrude Smith, Mrs. Ballington Booth, Anna Shaw, Kate Sanborn, and Hamlin Garland. Nearly one thousand guest cards were issued to visitors during the past year, and the hospitality of the club is extended to many tourists during the winter through the courtesy of the Board of Directors.

This club has been pleasantly located at 330½ South Broadway for the past two years, and hopes to secure permanent quarters suited to its needs before reassembling in October.

The officers elected at the annual meeting in June, 1896, are: President, Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. S. S. Salisbury; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Frank Wiggins; Secretary, Mrs. John A. Walls; Treasurer, Mrs. W. L. Graves.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: Mrs. M. C. Graham, Mrs. G. Streckewald, Mrs. C. D. Willard, Mrs. B. C. Whiting, Mrs. John A. Walls, Mrs. Ella P. Hubbard, Mrs. Frank A. Gibson, Mrs. Sara F. Judson, Mrs. W. L. Graves, Miss J. E. Collier, Mrs. George H. Wadleigh.

Mrs. C. M. Severance is President Emeritus.



## LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB.

LOS ANGELES Athletic Club was founded sixteen years ago for the purpose of providing its members with the means of physical development together with the advantages of a gentlemen's club. Its first quarters were two small rooms in the building known as Stearns' Hall on Los Angeles street. In 1881 it moved to more commodious quarters in the Downey Block. The steady growth of the club after a few years necessitated the moving into still more spacious apartments, and the quarters in the Stowell Building were secured. Here the membership increased to 400 and negotiations were begun which resulted in the construction of the present building especially for the club and according to its own plans and specifications. Here the organization has for a home, a building supplied with every requisite for producing the perfect development of man—innumerable appliances for giving grace and form to the muscles, together with all the conveniences and luxuries of a modern club.

The dimensions of the building are 60 x 157 feet, the front being three stories high and at a distance of 40 feet back raised to four stories to accommodate the mammoth gymnasium on the third floor. The first story of the front elevation is composed of steel, and Arizona sandstone, while the remaining stories are of pressed brick with terra cotta trimmings. The vestibuled entrance to the club rooms is handsomely finished in carved oak, with a tile floor. The heavy plate glass door, opened from the top of the stairs by an electric button, is surmounted by a beautiful

art glass transom, containing the club emblem worked in colors. The second floor is reached by a broad staircase underneath which is a wheel rack with accommodations for 100 bicycles. The reading rooms, 30 x 43 feet, occupy the entire front of the second floor, and are connected with 14 foot sliding doors. The card and chess rooms, and ladies' reception



Fotnam, Photo.

THE GYMNASIUM.

L. A. Eng Co.

art glass transom, containing the club emblem worked in colors. The second floor is reached by a broad staircase underneath which is a wheel rack with accommodations for 100 bicycles. The reading rooms, 30 x 43 feet, occupy the entire front of the second floor, and are connected with 14 foot sliding doors. The card and chess rooms, and ladies' reception



room connect with these two rooms and open into the main hall. The billiard hall measures 23 x 91 feet, containing three billiard and two pool tables of the finest make. In the center of the building and adjoining the billiard room are two of the finest bowling alleys on the coast, fitted with all the latest improvements. The dressing room contains 300 lockers. The bath rooms and lavatories are situated at end of the building and connecting with the gymnasium above by a staircase, and contain eight showers, three tubs, and a department in charge of two rubbers where steam, hot air, alcohol, salt water, Hammam and Turkish baths and massage treatment can be had at all hours. The third floor contains a mammoth gymnasium 58 x 100 feet and 25 feet high; also five suites of bachelor apartments on the third floor front. The gymnasium is equipped with all the latest appliances and is in charge of two competent instructors.



Putnam, Photo-

READING ROOM.

L. A. Eog Co.

The club also has an athletic park fitted up with running and bicycle track, base ball diamond, tennis and croquet courts, grand stands, etc.

The club includes in its membership the leading business and financial men of the city as well as a large number from the rising generation of Los Angeles, a complete list of which is herewith appended.

J. Abramson, Phil Alexander, J. J. Ayres, P. L. Abel, H. D. Armstrong, C. C. Ashley, John Austin, J. H. Austin, W. A. Avery, Nicholas Andras, Richard A. Atler, David O. Anderson, R. H. Adams, Wm. B. Appel, Melville C. Adler.

A. L. Bath, E. H. Barmore, Hancock Banning, C. M. Baker, S. D. Bucher, G. B. Barham, F. A. Bradshaw, Geo. B. Beebe, John Bernard, J. E. Brink, J. B. Banning, John Burns, D. J. Brownstein, Alex. Brownstein, J. R. Burns, Fred Barman, D. L. Burke, B. A. Benjamin, J. P. Bassett, John Bradbury, H. G. Bundrem, H. J. Bateman, H. G. Bixby, G. H. Bixby, H. A. Buck, Nick Biehl, J. Fred Blake, L. Batchelder, W. B. Brain, R. T. Brain, W. C. Brain, Chas. Baumbagger, Irving L. Blinn, O. H. Booth, Wm. H. Bowers, O. J. Barker, L. P. Bradley, Will Bennett, S. J. Brown, J. Blosser, C. A. Baldwin, Paul Baer, A. W. Bumiller, Wm. R. Burke, Henry Bernhard, C. L. Bisbee, T. H. Bessing, Walter E. Brown, Chas. Browstein, Louis Breer, Jr., W. A. Bethell,



Putnam, Photo.

A GLIMPSE THROUGH THE L. A. C. QUARTERS.

1 Main Parlor. 2 Billiard Room. 3 Ladies' Parlor. 4 Music Room. 5 Locker Room. 6 Card Room.

L. A. Eng. Co.

Louis C. Brown, Harry F. Brook, E. K. Butler, Wm. J. Buchard, Albert D. Barham, J. D. Bethune, Jr., Clarence O. Bewley, J. M. Betts, H. E. Breistein, Henry S. Baer, A. C. Brode, Harry A. Belcher, Frank I. Bernard.

Jas. Czuzner, J. A. Chanslor, W. J. Cowan, S. T. Curson, R. L. Czuzner, E. D. Chapman, G. W. Connell, W. M. Catlin, A. M. Campbell, J. T. Cherry, A. Cooper, C. W. Chase, C. M. Cook, A. J. Corey, A. D. Cummings, R. E. Cottle, J. Tod Cook, Theo. Coulter, G. H. Cochran, H. D. Clark, Leon L. Carey, Guy Curtis, John C. Cline, W. A. H. Connor, A. E. Curson, W. B. Coudit, L. A. Craig, F. H. Coulter, Frank J. Captain, G. R. Chalfaut, Warren H. Cook, J. D. Cochran, Shannon Crandall, E. R. Cardwell, Don W. Carlton, H. B. Cline, Burton V. Collins, M. A. Casenave, Victor R. Cooper, M. A. Cunningham, J. C. Cunningham, Edwin Cawston, Chas. A. Cole.

P. W. Dooner, J. H. Dockweiler, F. W. DeVan, Thos. Darmody, C. A. Ducommun, A. W. Dunning, B. V. Duque, W. W. Donnell, H. S. Darling, H. R. Duffin, A. L. De Souchet, M. D., Miles Dodd, Jr., Jean G. Drake, E. F. Dyer, E. G. B. Dunbar, F. D. Decker, A. Davidson, Ellwood De Garmo, Wm. Demery, D. J. Desmond, D. S. DeVan, Fredrick L. Dwyer, Walter R. Dinmore.

M. G. Esham, C. R. Edwards, A. E. Elliott, Geo. H. Elliott, T. B. Emery, Nower Ellsworth, M. W. Everhardt, F. W. Edelsten, J. R. Eckstrom, Chas. M. Elverson, Byron Erckenbrecher, John P. Elms, Louis Ebinger, John Elliott, H. M. Eichelberger, Jas. W. Ellis, Geo. H. Elliott.

J. W. Forsyth, P. E. Flammer, H. J. Fleishman, C. P. Fenner, W. K. Fisk, L. W. Fox, Frank L. Forrester, W. T. Forsyth, Donald J. Frick, C. F. Foote, I. G. Fleishman, F. W. Flint, Jr., T. H. Fawcett, Ralph B. Funk, Chas. W. Fox, H. C. Forthman, C. B. Fagg, Ira W. Francis, Andrew Fuhberg, Chas. Forman, Jr., W. F. Fixen, John B. Franklin, George Francis.

W. A. Gooding, F. A. Gibson, A. G. Gayford, D. L. Grove, Edmund Germain, W. H. Gochaur, C. S. Goodrich, C. S. Greening, W. S. Goodrich, A. S. Grant, E. S. Gannon, H. Brown Green, Thos. Gibson, Sam Guyot, J. W. Griffin, H. Goldschmidt, Chas. E. Griffith, Albert Greenwood, C. H. Gollmer, B. Gordon, V. W. Guercio, H. W. Gorman, C. H. Granger, Joseph L. Grippin, M. A. Gray, Robt. Green, A. S. Gough, A. D. Gillespie, Hugh Glassell, Matt J. Gerhard, John McGinnis, Axtell Guthrie, H. Goldwater, Guss Goldsmith, Geo. V. Gerhard.

H. L. Heffner, F. D. Hall, S. P. Hensley, J. H. Harrington, E. W. Hopperstead, Ed. A. Heinzeman, W. G. Hunt, T. Q. Hall, H. J. Hastings, F. W. Holbrook, S. O. Houghton, Jr., Ward K. Haines, Dr. W. W. Hitchcock, A. L. Haley, L. E. Hickok, Roswell Hart, H. L. Harris, B. L. Hutchins, Wm. Hatton, Will G. Hambright, F. H. Hughes, Jas. E. Huston, C. D. Houghton, Max Harris, W. M. Hunt, A. H. Holmes, C. O. Hawley, Perry Howard, Geo. Hupp, Harry L. Hough, Wm. C. Heilbron, W. J. Hill, Sidney L. Harry, Julius Himmelstein, W. J. Hutton, A. Hawthorne, A. W. Herwig, F. W. Hadley.

Louis Isaacs, Max Isaacs, Edw. B. Irham.

A. C. Jones, A. B. Judkins, E. E. Jones, T. A. Jones, W. P. Jeffries, Ralph Jewell, Jay B. Jacobs, Frank H. Jackson, Joseph Jacobs, Sam'l Jacoby, N. Jones, R. H. Jeffries, Leo Jacoby, I. M. Jacoby, Abe Jacoby, E. Conde Jones, D. B. Jerrue, Will A. Johnson, Frank James, W. H. Joyce.

W. G. Kerckhoff, W. A. Kolmar, A. Kerckhoff, Wm. Kennedy, W. F. Kennedy, L. Kimble, C. Knagenhelm, Phil Kitchen, H. H. Kerckhoff, Edward Kilham, T. H. King, H. W. Keller, John H. Kiefer, Will Knippenberg, John P. Krempel, C. R. Kister, D. W. Kirkland, J. Klingenstein, J. M. Kellerman, Robt. Kern, A. M. Kremer, F. I. Kremer, E. W. Kensey.

I. A. Lothian, F. M. Lyon, John Lovell, C. P. Lyndall, J. B. Lankershim, J. C. Lynch, A. L. Lovett, John R. Layng, Chas. G. Lehnhausen, J. J. Lenthal, Albert L. Lindley, Geo. Lawrence, L. C. Lohman, R. de Luna, S. R. Langworthy, H. A. Luther, A. E. Little, Wm. Ljewellyn, C. F. A. Last, Geo. Larabee, Myer Lissner, Hiram Leithhead, H. Lissner, M. S. Lazard.

T. J. McCarey, J. A. McCusker, C. E. McStay, T. J. McCarthy, A. J. McNally, H. B. McMillan, Fred McHenry, E. G. McGriff, Geo. L. McKeely.

G. A. Montgomery, O. Morgan, L. H. Maybury, W. H. Masser, M. D., C. A. Miller, B. H. Marquis, I. T. Martin, J. K. Moffitt, Henry Mosgrove, Phil Marx, Geo. S. Marygold, I. Marshutz, A. H. Mackenzie, J. R. McManus, E. A. Meserve, D. C. McGarvin, Walter McStay, J. H. McCulloch, E. R. Merrill, M. D., G. S. Meyer, H. C. Miller, Edw. C. Manning, Thos. B. Merry, Frank A. Marcher, Homer Morris, V. L. Mitchell, V. A. Magnin, Edw. Mendleson, M. F. Manning, T. B. Moore, J. F. Maier, I. J. Manley, F. R. Miner, R. B. Moore, Willis O. Merrill, Geo. L. Mills, H. A. Miller, A. J. Murietta, Louis Mendle, Jr., John W. Mitchell, W. R. Manning, W. A. Maier, Lewis H. Mertz, Max Merten, D. W. Muir, Oscar C. Mueller, Alfred W. Morgan, Everett Messerly, Samuel C. Mott, A. R. Mains, Richard Murr, Perry Mays, Frank Mayor, Julius I. Morris, A. J. Morney.

L. Nordlinger, W. F. Nordholt, A. G. Neeper, A. W. Nolte, Thos. L. Neal, W. D. Nowel, A. E. Newman, G. E. Nagel, L. S. Nordlinger, M. Nordlinger, Carl E. Newlin, Paul Neer.

Peter Orban, M. T. Owens, W. E. Oliver, Jacob Olcovitch, G. H. Quigley.

G. H. Pike, R. W. Pridham, C. F. Pierce, W. F. X. Parker, G. W. Parsons, C. E. Patterson, A. W. H. Peyton, E. S. Panly, L. S. Prager, D. W. Permar, J. C. Pridham, F. C. Perrine, H. A. Phillips, A. M. Pillsbury, J. Phil Percival, Jules Perriett, F. M. Phelps, E. D. Pratt, Wilbur Parker, Robert H. Putnam, Richard A. Perez, Sam'l S. Parsons, A. H. Parry, H. R. Park, Edw. Pond, Frank J. Palomares, C. F. Pepper, N. G. Pierce, W. D. Perkins, Wilbur Phillips, H. Paddock.

Thos. Quinn.

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boz, I. D. Rogers, C. W. Ridsen, Ferd K. Rule, Bert Rees, J. M. Russell, F. Redmon, E. N. Ruddock, John G. Reiger, Robt. E. Ross, O. W. Roberts, Justus W. Rice, Robt. A. Rowan, Edw. B. Rea, Eugene J. Robin, C. H. Rundel, Frank K. Rule, E. E. Russell.

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C. H. Yocum, J. P. Yates.

## A CREDIT TO THE WEST.

IT IS a pleasure to be able to show in this issue one of the most unique and beautiful samples of interior decorative art in Southern California if not in the west. The engravings alluded to present the reception-room in Scholl & Kleckner's photograph gallery in the top floor of the Byrne Building, corner Third street and Broadway.

As will be readily seen by art students and people who have given the subject of interior decorations any thought, the effect is Moorish in every detail.

The skylight of this studio was built with reference to lighting each sitter as a painter would light his subject to paint his portrait. The dressing-rooms are models of convenience and elegance, and of easy access to the skylight.

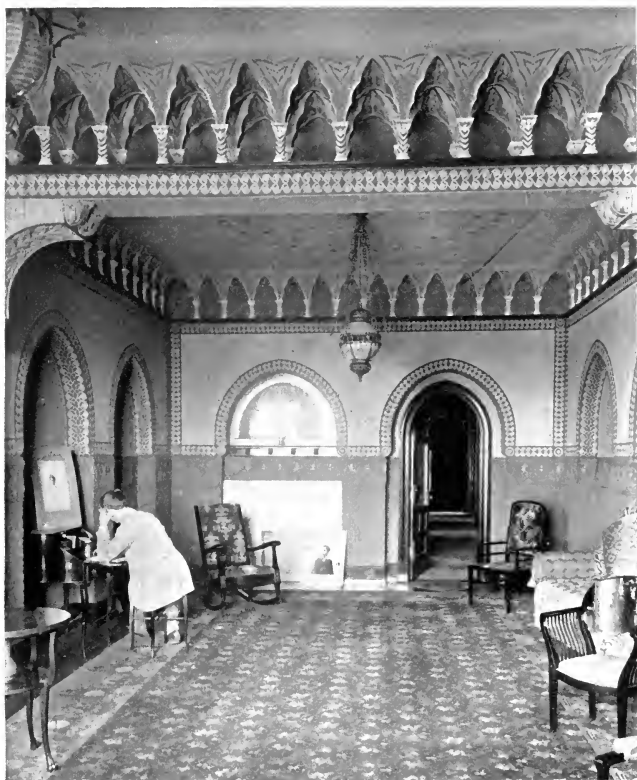
Each branch has its own department, and the facilities for turning out work are not excelled anywhere, if equalled.

The carbon department of this firm is fitted up especially to produce double transfer carbon portraits, and nothing



A PRETTY CORNER Mauard Collier Eng. Co.

else in the carbon line will be made. Mr. Scholl, who has just returned from a two years' tour of the art centers of Europe, received his early training in Munich and Vienna. The style of his work is pronounced, and for a number of years Philadelphia and Boston recognized him as the leading artist in his line.



THE RECEPTION ROOM  
IN SCHOLL & KLECKNER'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.



RECEPTION ROOM Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.  
SCHOLL & KLECKNER'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

## BUNDY'S NATURAL SANITARIUM.

ELSINORE, RIVERSIDE COUNTY, CAL.

THE untutored savages of centuries ago discovered the healthgiving properties of certain "Hot Springs" and resorted to them as their sanitarium provided by the gods. It was left to the "white man" to develop the blessings which nature had placed at hand. The "Hot Sulphur and Mineral Water Spring," as developed at the above-named sanitarium, possesses the greatest medicinal qualities over all others at Elsinore.

Elsinore and the climatic conditions enjoyed there are well known. It elevates its nose at an angle of 1300 feet above sea level. The beautiful lake (the largest in Southern California) and its protected position make it an ideal place for pleasure as well as for health-seekers.

The waters of "Bundy's Hot Springs," it is conceded by those competent to judge, possess superior disease-destroying qualities. The combination of natural gases and solutions of minerals, running directly from the earth to the bath-tubs, produces medicinal effects at once powerful and rapid in their action upon disease.



BUNDY'S NATURAL SANITARIUM AND HOTEL.

Wherever the Hot Springs water is not run directly from nature's laboratory to the bath-tubs it loses, to the greatest extent, the disease-destroying elements (gases) and, consequently, fails to effect *permanent* relief. The longer the standing or more chronic the disease, the more necessary become these gases, in combination with mineral solutions and hot water, to effect permanent cures.



"HE DRILLED A HOLE IN THE GROUND"

The waters at "Bundy's Hot Springs" are the only ones at Elsinore that run directly from nature's source to the bath-tubs. They are *not* first pumped into tanks, thereby losing the natural gases, and then cooled with hard cold water to produce different temperatures.



At "Bundy's Hot Springs" the three flowing springs are so connected with the bath-tubs as to use their different degrees of temperature (96°, 108°, 110°) as the necessity of the disease may require, without the use of the hard cold water, as at less perfectly blended springs.

How these "Bundy Hot Springs" were discovered was vouchsafed by a late owner of so-called "original" hot springs at Elsinore. "The original springs," said he, "oozed out of the ground, but some years ago a blacksmith drilled a hole in the ground, on the same line as my springs, but nearer the natural source, and struck the largest and strongest flow of hot sulphur and mineral water in Elsinore. Then, with little expense, he offered accommodations and baths to the afflicted, *and they all go there.*"

Instead of the fire-dangerous boom hotel, neat small cottages have been and are being built for the use of invalid patrons of these now famous springs. These cottages are furnished with up-to-date comfort and conveniences. A family can occupy one of these cottages and enjoy perfect privacy of living.

Practically under one roof with the bath-house, the patient runs no risk of exposure to cold, etc., as is often the case where the bath-house is blocks away, thereby prolonging the disease and time of recovery.

The expense for accommodations and baths has been so adjusted that poor and rich alike can avail themselves of the disease-destroying power at "Bundy's Hot Sulphur and Mineral Water Springs."

The range of diseases positively cured by the aid of "Bundy's Springs" is large (rheumatism, blood, kidney and skin diseases). It is best, however, to consult a family physician as to the practicability of using hot springs, for any disease.

The medicinal analysis of "Bundy's Springs" affords the same range of relief as the Arkansas Hot Springs, with the addition of superior climatic conditions of Southern California and Elsinore.

The three flowing springs differ in their blend of natural gases and mineral solutions, and consultation with the physician in charge, regarding their use is free at "Bundy's Hot Sulphur and Mineral Water Springs."

\*E. Z. Bundy, now Elsinore's popular Mayor.

### Art and Artists—The Portrait in Carbon.

The Jameston Evening Journal has this to say with regard to the display of photographs by George Steckel, shown at the recent exhibition at Chautauqua:

"Members of the association and those intimate with the exhibits will recognize the notable exhibit to which reference is made as that by Mr. Steckel of Los Angeles. To the general visitor it will be brought to mind as the group in sepia brown near the auditorium end of the annex. This collection can indeed be described as one great picture, for in tone, mat, frame and background the harmonious sepia prevails with no point of incongruity to disturb the effect.

"The display by Mr. Steckel is almost peculiar from its uniformity, for not a dead, lifeless expression is seen in the group. Indeed, it seems that the infusing of life and animation into his subjects is in this exhibit the artist's forte. Yet in all his portraits the action is so rested as to speak perfect repose. Twenty-three of the twenty-four are feminine subjects, from childhood to old age, and in every case the portrait can be called a speaking likeness, for there is not one that does not bear that indescribable charm of portraying a living reality.

"An unwritten rule of the association prohibits the officers from entering competitive exhibits and but for this it has been freely said that the Los Angeles exhibitor would have ranked at the head as a prize-winner. It is therefore a matter of especial satisfaction that the association upon the recommendation of the judges has taken an unprecedented action and ordered an award of a gold medal to Vice-President Steckel. This action was inspired by the worth of his exhibit purely from an artistic standpoint, and it is certainly a great satisfaction to Mr. Steckel, who has departed from the usual paths of photography in his work in carbon."

So especially admired are carbon photographs by the Ohio State Association of Photographers that Mr. Steckel was prevailed upon to send his display as a loan exhibit to their convention at Columbus, July 14, 15 and 16. The result, as announced by wire, was as much unexpected by Mr. Steckel as was the Chautauqua medal:

"COLUMBUS, (O.) July 18, 1896.  
"George Steckel, Los Angeles: Awarded special honorary medal. Congratulations. Thanks for exhibit.

"(Signed,)

GEO. B. SPERRY, Secretary."



# WHAT READERS SAY.

## **GALVESTON, TEX. :**

F. A. PATTEE, Bus. Mgr. "Land of Sunshine."

DEAR SIR: For the inclosed \$2.10 please renew my subscription, send an extra copy June number and send subscription to B. J. Gautier, Galveston, Texas.

All lovers of good literature—distinguished from the Munsey Cosmopolitan Claptrap now in favor should subscribe to the LAND OF SUNSHINE, which, along with the *Argonaut* and the *Lark*, forms a trio the East might do well to emulate.

I wish to thank Mr. Lummis personally for the pleasure he has given me in his "Lion's Den" as elsewhere. Long may he roar.

Yours very truly,  
JULY 3, 1896. SILAS ORRIN HOWES.

## **LONDON, ENG. :**

Your beautiful June number just received, and tomorrow I shall have the pleasure of showing it to my friends, who admire your magazine so much that it is with difficulty I retain my copies. \* \* \*

Am. Rep. L. D. & C. Ry.

## **CEDAR RAPIDS, IA. :**

Inclosed find money order for one year's subscription to the LAND OF SUNSHINE from the Masonic Library of this city. While we have no funds for the purchase of matters other than masonic, we yet feel that this magazine is so interesting and valuable we cannot be without it.

There are few cities the size of this in the country which have more visitors to the coast from it during the winter.

We take pleasure in placing the LAND OF SUNSHINE on our reading-table where it is examined, appreciated, enjoyed and praised by the large number of visitors who daily visit us.

NEWTON R. PARVIN,  
Deputy Grand Secretary Iowa Masonic Library.

## **LOS ANGELES :**

It may interest you to know that the old father who was one of the Angelenos in the early fifties (now in Japan) says of your magazine. \* \* \* "is a departure from the beaten track and a notable example of what brains and enterprise can accomplish.

"It is worthy of its nativity, worthy of its home settings, which are second to none upon the face of this broad earth."

D. WHEELER.

## **ELIZABETH, N. J. :**

We enjoy the LAND OF SUNSHINE magazine very much. It is full of good things. The copy just received is worth to me the price of a year's subscription.

I inclose \$1.00. "Let the good work go on."  
Architect. D. B. PROVOOST.

## **LOS ANGELES :**

\* \* \* Very handsome, neat and attractive. \* \* \* The best gotten out in the West. Bound to be appreciated by every one who has a chance to look it over.

H. K. GREGORY.  
A. G. P. A. S. C. Ry.

## **MITCHELL, SOUTH DAKOTA :**

A most creditable and valuable periodical for its purpose. Well edited, tastefully designed, superior in illustration, presswork faultless, advertisements unobjectionable and interesting. It merits surely the liberal support and patronage of all Californians and of all others interested in that wonderful State.

W. I. GRAHAM.  
Pres't Dakota University.

## **EAST HIGHLANDS, CAL. :**

\* \* \* The verdict from this little locality (eighty-two subscriptions) is certainly unanimous that your magazine is entirely creditable and worthy of support.

W. M. BRISTOL.  
Rancher.

## **CAMBRIDGE, MASS. :**

It is pleasant to note within its pages abundant evidence of an extraordinary success.

Alone the purring of the Lion in his den is worth the inclosed price of renewal.

S. GARMAN,  
Museum of Comparative Zoölogy.

## **ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO :**

I am delighted with your beams and gleams. Rev. O. B. Reed, of your city, has sent me specimens of your brilliancy and I am pleased to return you this word of cordial praise.

Your paper, engravings and general get-up, as well as your excellent descriptiveness, is no doubt appreciated by all, but it is a little provoking for one to want to see the land on which you shine and cannot.

REV. D. SPENCER.

## **NEW YORK CITY :**

I am personally very much interested in your monthly, which I consider one of the brightest periodicals published on this continent.

Am. News Co.

## **NEW HAVEN, CONN. :**

"It has been a pleasure to see the rapid growth of this product of the land of promise—an evidence of the beauty and intelligence of the country from which it comes. Yours truly,

R. H. DIMOCK.

## **SANTA CLARA, CAL. :**

\* \* \* Is in every way the equal of the flowers and fruits of California and its keeping qualities outlast them all.

I have not seen its equal (at the price) anywhere in the world.

TOURIST.

## **MILWAUKEE, WIS. :**

I am well pleased with the magazine. It reminds me of the fine days which I spent in California.

P. HEINTSKILL.  
Manufacturer.

## **CANNES, FRANCE :**

I send you P. O. order for which please send your excellent magazine to my address, also to Mrs. J. Borek, Villa Clairmont, Geneva, Switzerland.

DAN'L HURLBURT.  
Villa Britannique.

## **PUEBLO, COLO. :**

\* \* \* In either event I wish you would send me the missing number, as the magazine is so delightful that it is a loss to miss a single copy.

ALVA ADAMS.

Pres't Pueblo Savings Bank.

## **DETROIT, MICH. :**

\* \* \* It has become a great favorite with us, and I wish to say that of all the magazines that come to us, none is more interesting or enjoyable than this herald of Southern California.

GEOR. I. FLEITZ.

## **ELSINORE, CAL. :**

Inclosed find \$3.00 for renewal of subscriptions. Have gotten a great deal of pleasure and information out of your magazine, and would not like to try the experiment of getting along without it.

JAMES BALFOUR.

## **SANTA MONICA, CAL. :**

Herewith renewal. I like the magazine much, and so does my wife.

FRED. H. TAFT.  
Attorney.

## **TITUSVILLE, PENN. :**

\* \* \* It is a very nice magazine and I like the tone of it very much.

HAROLD A. HOWE, F. T. S.

# The Land of Sunshine

THE MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA  
AND THE SOUTHWEST

\$1.00 A YEAR. 10 CENTS A COPY.  
FOREIGN RATES \$1.50 A YEAR.

Published monthly by

The Land of Sunshine Publishing Co.

INCORPORATED

501-503 STIMSON BUILDING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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

Address advertising, remittances, and other business to F. A. Pattee, Business Manager.

All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor. No MSS. preserved unless accompanied by return postage.

Advertising business East of the Middle States should be referred to the E. Katz Advertising Agency, 230 234 Temple Court, New York City.

The recent death at San Marino of J. N. Tiernan, from typhoid pneumonia, came as a great shock to his many acquaintances, and must, temporarily at least, prove a great blow to the weekly *Capitol*, of Los Angeles, of which he was business manager.

Mr. Tiernan was the fortunate possessor of the persevering patience and enterprise and the evenness of temperament essential in conducting such a department. He will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE is indebted to the skill of Mr. Harry Merrill for the designs illustrating the different city clubs in this issue.

We desire to draw the reader's attention to the "La Jolla" seaside resort advertisement elsewhere in our columns. Artists especially will find much to interest and charm them at this the "Gem of the Pacific."

#### A Good Combination.

Messrs. Edw. F. Brotze and Irwin Weiss, well known as leading designers and illustrators in this city, have formed a partnership and are now ready to furnish the best class of work in their respective lines. Office, 254 S. Broadway, room 34.

#### Cooking Without Fire.

The very best and latest invention, "The Royal Cooker," consumes but a few minutes of your time in the morning, thus saving you money and labor. *It does all* that is claimed for it—being a perfect cooker. No steam, dirt, odor, or heat in the house, making it a pleasure to cook. One placed at your home on application, if not satisfactory, can be returned with no expense. This cooker will save 70 per cent of money expended for fuel, and thus soon pays for itself. Also see The Royal Mop, window, and only perfect ceiling cleaner combined in one invention.

American Royal Man'g Co., Room 48 Bryson Block. J. HOMMEL, Mgr.

The Royal Cooker saves many times its price in both time and fuel. We are delighted with it. MRS. F. A. PATTEE, 445 N. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

#### ICE CREAM NOW MADE IN A MINUTE.

I have an ice cream freezer that will freeze cream perfectly in one minute; as it is such a wonder a crowd will always be around so any one can make from \$5 to \$6 a day selling cream, and from \$10 to \$20 a day selling freezers, as people will always buy an article when it is demonstrated that they can make money by so doing. The cream is frozen instantly and is smooth and free from lumps. I have done so well myself and have friends succeeding so well that I felt it my duty to let others know of this opportunity, as I feel confident that any person in any locality can make money, as any person can sell cream and the freezer sells itself. W. H. Baird & Co., 140 S. Highland Ave., Station A, Pittsburg, Pa., will mail you complete instructions and will employ you on salary, if you can give them your whole time.

#### A Globe Trotter.

Mr. A. C. Blicke, proprietor of the Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles, is becoming quite a globe trotter. Not long since he registered at New York City, recently he was "doing" Alaska, and at present he is in Honolulu.

**Poland Rock  
Water**

S. BARTHOLOMEW  
Manager

**Company 502 S. Broadway**  
TELEPHONE 926

# Electrohouse

## The Modern Cure for Disease.

SEND FOR BOOK.

**WATSON & CO.,**

Pacific Coast Agents,

124 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

**FINANCIAL**

To show the remarkable growth that has been made by Southern California it is only necessary to state that while the increase in population of the State in ten years was 39 per cent., that of Southern California was 319 per cent.  
Bank clearances have for a considerable period shown an improvement almost every week, while the figures from a majority of other cities have frequently shown a decrease.

**OLDEST AND LARGEST BANK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.**

**Farmers and Merchants Bank**

OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Capital (paid up) - - \$500,000.00  
Surplus and Reserve - - 820,000.00  
Total - - \$1,320,000.00

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No public funds or other preferred deposits received by this bank.

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**THE NEW LIFE GIVER**

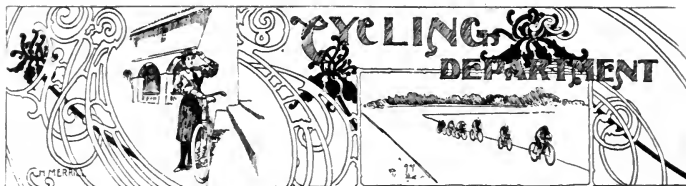
Supplies Oxygen to the blood, and cures disease and pain under nature's own laws.

WILCOX, ARIZ., Feb. 8, 1894. Dear Sir: It affords me unqualified pleasure to give my testimony in behalf of your Oxydonor "Victory." For 25 years I was sufferer from Derangement of the Stomach, which caused me to suffer from "headaches" to such extent as to prostrate me, and at times as often as three days in a week, since my fifteenth year. I have been treated by eminent physicians, none of which gave me more than temporary relief. The acidity of my stomach was such that for a week at a time I was unable to retain food, the pain being so great as to compel me to eject it. My mother procured an Oxydonor and urged me to try it, and from the first week of its use to the present date, I have had no trouble, and it is now over a year since I used it last. I feel that I am entirely well. I have loaned it to several of my friends who have been convinced of its virtues, and are now as enthusiastic as myself. You are at liberty to use this testimonial as suits you and if one fellow sufferer is benefited I shall not have written in vain. Yours truly, E. A. NICHOLS (Druggist).

For further particulars call on or address

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA OXYDONOR CO.,**  
Rooms 209-210 Wilson Block, S. E. Cor. First and Spring Sts., Los Angeles, Cal. Take Elevator

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



Probably more cycle racing was done July Fourth than in a whole year a decade ago.

The roads of Southern California are now at their worst except where they are sprinkled. Fortunately sprinkling is becoming more popular.

The annual Santa Monica road race has passed, and probably it will never be run again. Next year's big road race will start at East Lake Park, Los Angeles, and go to Pasadena through Alhambra. In Pasadena most of the course will be over Orange Grove Avenue, then through Lincoln Park, Garvanza, Highland Park and East Los Angeles, the race will be run to the starting point. This route will be mostly over well kept roads and through many towns, making this great annual event a popular one, as thousands will be enabled to see start and finish without leaving Los Angeles. Pasadena, Alhambra, South Pasadena and several other towns will then have a proprietary interest in this Derby.

Racing was the rage throughout the Southwest on Independence Day. There were seven mile road races at Downey and Fullerton, a twelve mile race at Pomona, an eleven mile race at Riverside, the annual fifteen mile La Jolla at San Diego and the seventeen mile Santa Monica from Los Angeles to the sea. There were street races at Pomona, Lompoc and San Luis Obispo, as well as in several other cities. Track tournaments were conducted at Santa Monica, Riverside, Redlands, Bakersfield and in the north and at eastern points innumerable. The three meets in Southern California, as well as the meet at Bakersfield, were attended by thousands.

Wheels were used not only for racing on this, the greatest holiday of the year, but also by the hundred for pleasant road journeys in every part of the Southwest. Scores of wheelmen and wheelwomen rode to Santa Monica from Los Angeles, until there were several well-worn paths made in that road by the bicycle tires alone.

The State of California is looking up the good roads question thoroughly, and the counties which have gone into building good roads deserve great credit. In Ventura county a good start has been made and also about Santa Barbara city. Riverside has some good roads that have been built at great expense, notably the Box Spring Mountain Cañon grade. There are probably twenty miles of well-kept roads in Los Angeles county where there should be at least a hundred times as much.

The League of American Wheelmen, which is a universal brotherhood association open to all wheelmen, has done much for good roads. Here in Southern California it has, through Lester Hickok, begun to map the roads for its members. Thirty maps have already been made, showing the main routes between the principal cities and towns. These will be embodied in a road book early in the fall.

George H. Frost of Pasadena, one of the pioneer users of the wheel in the Southwest, has just made a tour to San Francisco by wheel.

The Los Angeles Road Club had a unique run on July 12. This club is the youngest club in Los Angeles, and to get acquainted with the other clubs it held a wheelmen's picnic in the Arroyo Seco, San Rafael Ranch. All the clubs were invited and lunch was served all day. Speeches, songs and string music, photographing and visiting were the features.

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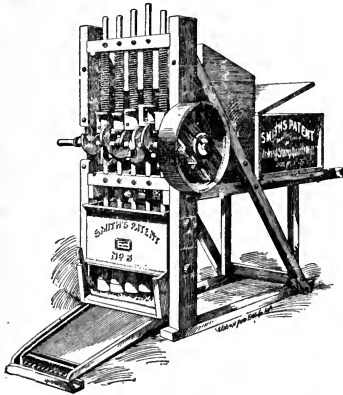
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## Authority on Circulation

From the American Newspaper Directory, N. Y.

Daily Times, average for past year .....	15,540
Monthly Land of Sunshine, certified average year preceding April 1st, 1896, 7916	
Daily Express, average for past year.....	7031
Daily Herald, smallest edition past year.....	6500
Daily Record, not rated.....	
Daily Hotel Gazette, smallest edition .....	292
Weekly Sunday World, smallest edition.....	3000
Weekly Investor, smallest edition .....	1000
Weekly Capitol, not rated.....	
Monthly Land of Sunshine, average for year previous to Dec. 1st, 1895.....	7468
Monthly Household, exceeding.....	7500*
Monthly California Cultivator average year.....	3240
Monthly Rural Californian, exceeding.....	2250

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See July issue of this magazine for illustrated article on "La Jolla."



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# The ...Chap=Book

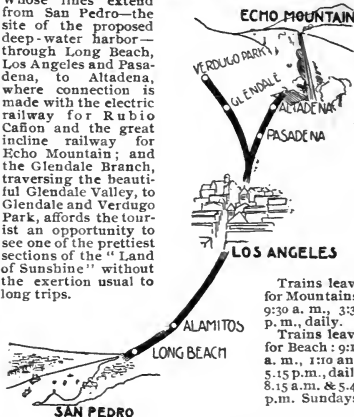
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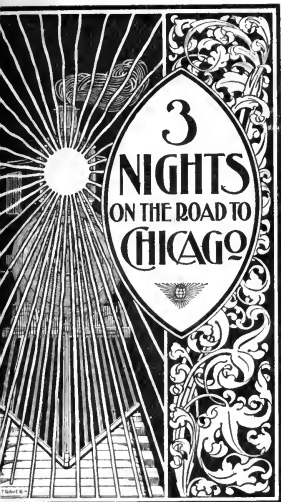
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" Colorado Springs.....	3 00 pm	" " " " " " " "
" Denver.....	5 30 pm	" " " " " " " "
" Cripple Creek.....	7 00 am	Wed. Thur. Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tues.
" Newton.....	12 30 am	" " " " " " " "
" Kansas City.....	7 00 am	" " " " " " " "
" St. Louis.....	6 00 pm	" " " " " " " "
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" Minneapolis.....	8 00 am	" " " " " " " "
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9 20 am	5 20 pm
9 40 am	5 40 pm
†10 00 am	6 00 pm
10 20 am	6 20 pm
10 40 am	6 40 pm
11 00 am	7 00 pm
11 20 am	7 20 pm
11 40 am	7 40 pm
12 00 m	8 00 pm
12 20 pm	8 20 pm
12 40 pm	9 00 pm
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7 20 am	11 20 am	3 20 pm	7 20 pm
7 40 am	11 40 am	3 40 pm	8 00 pm
8 00 am	12 00 m	4 00 pm	8 20 pm
8 20 am	12 20 am	4 20 pm	9 00 pm
8 40 am	12 40 pm	4 40 pm	9 30 pm
9 00 am	1 00 pm	5 00 pm	10 00 pm
9 20 am	1 20 pm	5 20 pm	10 30 pm
9 40 am	1 40 pm	5 40 pm	

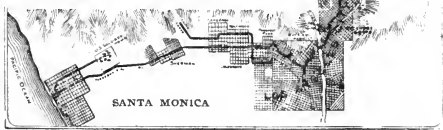
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†5 55 am	12 55 pm
6 55 am	*1 10 pm
7 55 am	*1 40 pm
8 25 am	1 55 pm
*8 40 am	*2 10 pm
8 55 am	2 25 pm
9 25 am	2 55 pm
*9 40 am	3 25 pm
9 55 am	3 55 pm
*10 10 am	4 25 pm
*10 40 am	5 25 pm
10 55 am	5 55 pm
*11 10 am	6 25 pm
11 25 am	6 55 pm
11 55 am	7 55 pm
†12 10 pm	8 55 pm
12 25 pm	9 55 pm
*12 40 pm	10 55 pm
Leave Santa Monica	
6 28 am	*1 13 pm
6 58 am	1 28 pm
7 58 am	2 28 pm
8 58 am	2 58 pm
9 58 am	3 28 pm
*10 13 am	4 28 pm
10 28 am	4 58 pm
10 58 am	5 28 pm
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Vol. V, No.

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THE  
LAND

OF

# SUNSHINE

A MAGAZINE OF  
CALIFORNIA AND THE  
SOUTHWEST

EDITED BY  
CHAS. F. LUMMIS

LOS ANGELES.

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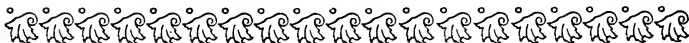
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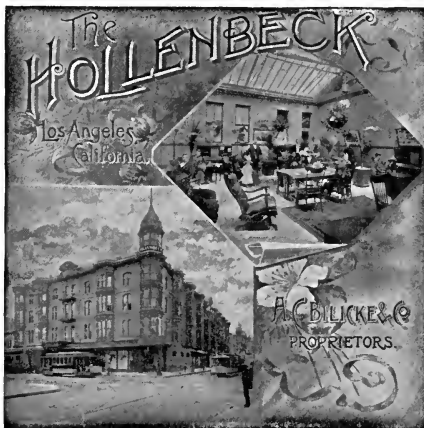
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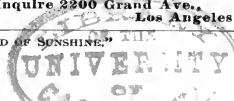
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Daily Times, Los Angeles, average issue for past year .....	15,540
Monthly Land of Sunshine, certified av. issue for year preceding April 1st, '96.....	7916
Monthly Overland, San Francisco, exceeding.....	7,500††
Daily Express, Los Angeles, average for past year.....	7031
Daily Herald, Los Angeles, smallest edition past year....	6500
Monthly Traveler, S. F., certified average for past year...	4100
Monthly California Cultivator, Los Angeles, av. past year....	3240
Weekly Sunday World, Los Angeles, smallest edition .....	3000
Monthly Rural Californian, Los Angeles, exceeding.....	2250
Weekly Investor, Los Angeles, smallest edition.....	1000
Daily Record, L. A., not rated	
Monthly Resources of California, exceeding.....	400
Weekly Capitol, L. A. not rated	
Daily Hotel Gazette, Los Angeles, smallest edition .....	292

†† Accuracy questioned by A. N. Directory.

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# THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

## CONTENTS—SEPTEMBER, 1896.

	PAGE
The Fandango, from painting by Nahl .....	frontispiece
The Bullfight (poem), illustrated, L. Worthington Green.....	145
The Greatest Natural Bridge, illustrated, Chas. F. Lummis.....	146
(Southwestern Wonderland Series.)	
In the Sierra (poem), Eleanor F. Lewis.....	151
The California Lion (life study by Henry Dixon) .....	152
Some Little Heathens, illustrated, Ella S. Hartnell .....	153
Southern California Clams, illustrated, C. M. Drake .....	158
In the Rose Garden (poem), Grace Ellery Channing.....	161
The Trade Rat, Mary E. Wright .....	162
Southern California Summer .....	163
Santa Barbara Lighthouse, illustrated, S. E. A. Higgins.....	164
How Western Schools Grow.....	165
The Padre's Story, Eve Lummis .....	166
Customs of the Rio Grande, John G. Bourke.....	168
The Landmarks Club, illustrated.....	170
The Lion's Den.....	171
That Which is Written.....	173
Beet Sugar in California.....	174
Some Bicycle Clubs.....	177

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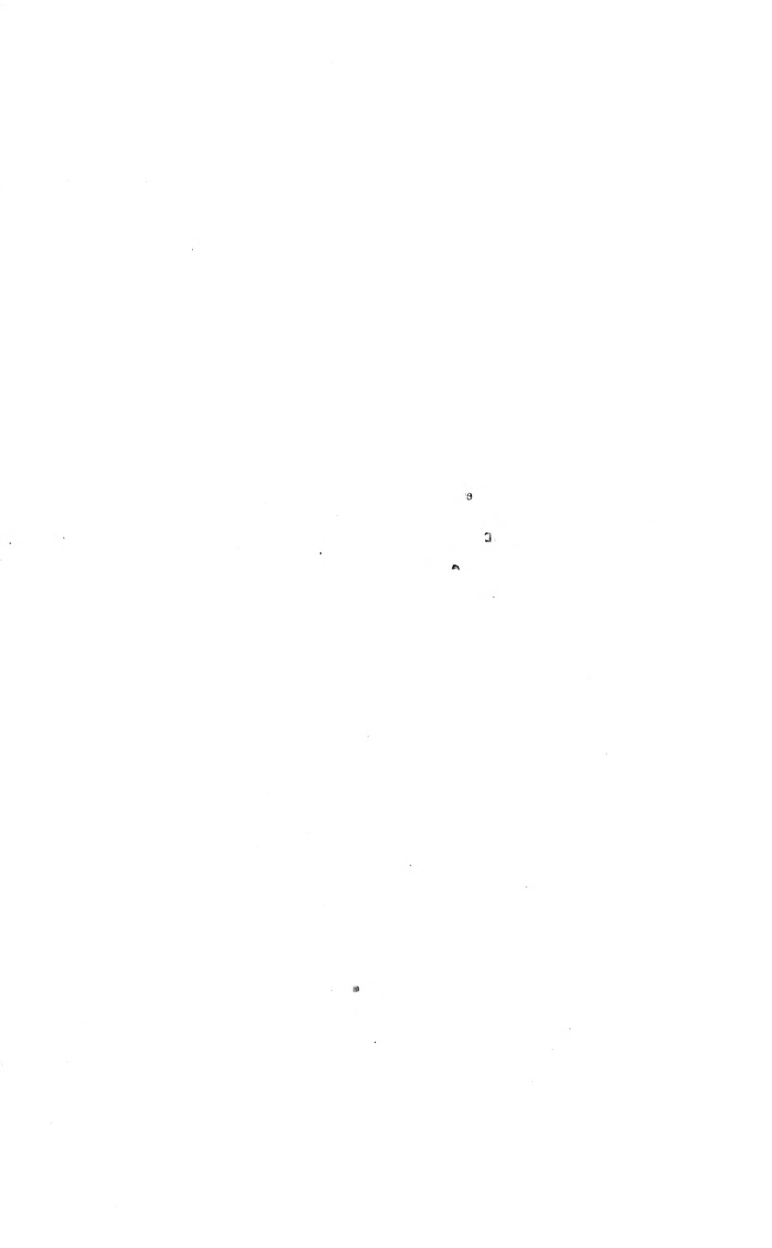
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THE FANDANGO

From painting by Nabl.





"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 5 No. 4.

LOS ANGELES

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

## THE BULL FIGHT.

BY L. WORTHINGTON GREEN.

The couriers that from Chihuahua go  
To distant Cúsi and to Satevó  
Announce the feast of all the year the crown —  
*Se corren los toros!*  
And Juan brings his Pepita in to town.

The rancherías on the mountain side,  
The haciendas of the llano wide,  
Are quickened by the matador's renown.  
*Se corren los toros!*  
And Juan brings his Pepita in to town.

The women that on ambling burros ride,  
The men that trudge behind or close beside  
Make groups of dazzling white and blue and brown.  
*Se corren los toros!*  
And Juan brings his Pepita in to town.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Photo. by C. F. L.

Or else the lumbering carts are brought in play,  
That jolt and scream and groan along the way,  
But to their happy tenants cause no frown.

*Se corren los toros!*

And Juan brings his Pepita in to town.

The Plaza de los Toros offers seats,  
Some deep in shade, on some the fierce sun beats;  
These for the don, those for the rustic clown.

*Se corren los toros!*

And Juan brings his Pepita in to town.

Pepita sits, so young and sweet and fresh,  
The sun shines on her rich hair's dusky mesh.  
Her day of days, how soon it will be flown!

*Se corren los toros!*

And Juan's brought his Pepita in to town.

The bull is harried till the governor's word  
Bids the *diestro* give the agile sword,  
Then shower the bravos and the roses down!

*'Sta muerto el toro!*

And Juan takes his Pepita back from town.

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE SOUTHWESTERN WONDERLAND.

VI: THE GREATEST NATURAL BRIDGE.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.



AMONG all the wonders of Nature in the Southwest, one of the greatest—and one of the least known—is the stupendous Natural Bridge which spans the cañon of Pine Creek, in the edge of the Tonto Basin, Arizona. For more than a century the trivial Natural Bridge of Virginia has been famous the world over; and in old volumes of travel was rated among the marvels of the earth.

But if you were to take the Virginia bridge, and find sixty more like it, and lump them all together, the sum would not make one of the Pine Creek Bridge. Out here, Nature does not work on the one-cent plan, but with genuine Western liberality and daring.

The Tonto Basin is off the line of travel; but there is neither danger nor special hardship in reaching it. Coming by the Santa Fé route to Ash Fork, A. T., one goes to Prescott by rail; thence by private conveyance to Camp Verde; and thence, also by buckboard or horseback, to the little Mormon settlement of Pine. From there the five miles to the bridge must be made horseback or on foot.

Picking his way over the lava-strewn plateau, the traveler comes suddenly to a jumping-off place. From the abrupt rim he looks down 1500 feet of precipitous, matted hillside, to a perfect little gem of a valley, almost circular and about half a mile in diameter. A tiny house and barn nestle under huddled trees. In front are the green-dotted ranks of young orchards. North and south of them, are irregular dark scars,

overgrown with wild trees ; and on all sides the mountains seem to wall this bowl-like oasis. It is a picture of beauty and peace—and not a hint, as yet, of the savagery and wildness of its hidden wonder.

Here is the 160-acre homestead of old Dave Gowan, a quaint, sincere, patriotic Scot whose hermit home is unique. I believe he is the only man in the world who has a two-story farm.

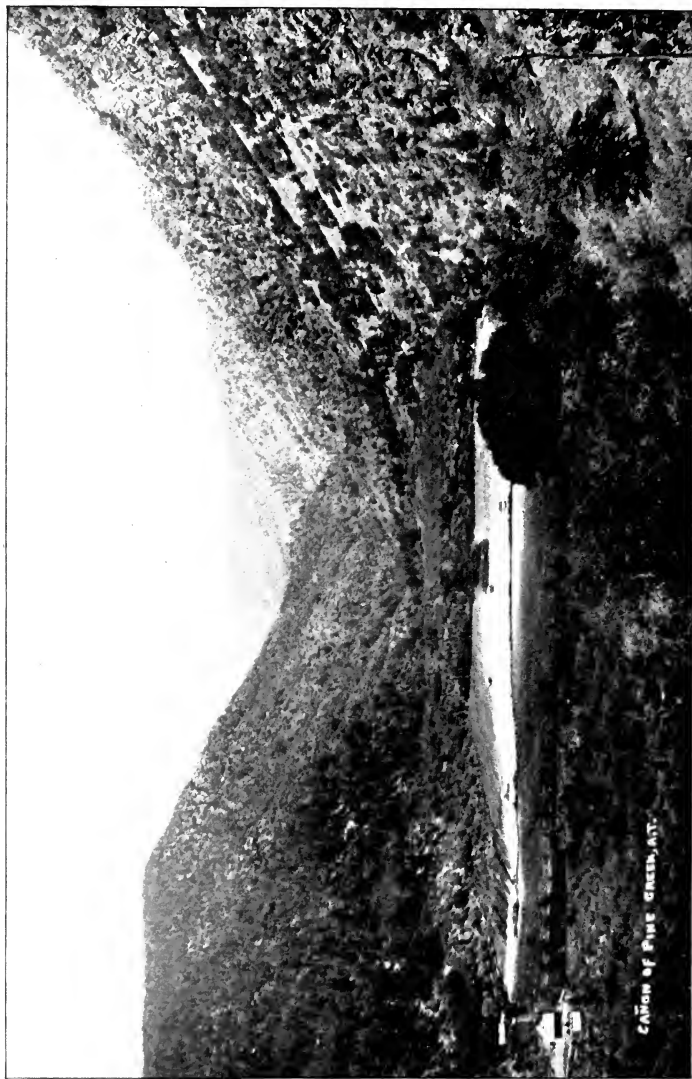
Walking down through his apricot orchard, he leads you to an unexpected hole between the trees ; and peering down through this two-foot orifice, you catch your breath—for over 200 feet below you see a beautiful stream. As a matter of fact, his five-acre orchard occupies a *part* of the top of the Natural Bridge !



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

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UNDER THE NATURAL BRIDGE



CANYON OF PINE CREEK, AT.

A rugged path leads along the rim-rock where the level orchard suddenly breaks off into an indescribably savage chasm ; and zigzags down the cliff toward the bottom of the cañon. A short scramble, and you stand in the eternal shadow of the South Arch—an almost perfect dome 200 feet high. There are three of these domes, as wonderfully accurate as they are overwhelmingly huge ; with symmetrical flying buttresses that seem to uphold the mighty triple vault. At your side shouts the musical little river—born within half a mile from the splendid springs which roll from the limestone caves underlying Gowan's whole farm. On the left, far up toward the roof, is an enormous level platform, like the choir of this stupendous cathedral. You must mount the ladder to



this shelf before you can understand the Natural Bridge. Once up in that hushed, twilight loft, you grasp the enormous span of the Bridge—and marvel at the strange providence whereby the insensate water which wrought all this wonder, left just here the central pier of limestone, 100 feet in circumference, which supports the roof.

Descending from the great platform to the side of the stream, scrambling with some difficulty around the pretty little fall which plunges into the magnificent bowl-like pool, you can presently traverse the whole distance under the Bridge, and emerge from the North Arch—which is lower and more fantastic than the other. The cañon for half a mile here is wonderfully interesting; walled with picturesque cliffs and choked with enormous boulders—among which grows one of the largest sycamores in the United States. On the west side the cliff is a precipice of splintered red granite, 1600 feet high; on the east, a limestone wall of 200 feet, over whose brink the boundary trees of Gowan's farm lean and whisper. This limestone wall is honeycombed with caves, running back a great distance and full of snowy apparitions. These caves have never been explored, though Gowan has pried into them. Once, when he tried to find the end, he was lost for three days and nights, without torches, food or water, and came thus near to death under his own farm.



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THE NORTH ARCH.

In prehistoric times the Bridge and the caves were places of refuge for the aborigines. The indications, so far as I could determine, are that they never had a settlement here; but a spot so imposing could not fail to impress the Indian mind. Perhaps as retreats from danger, even more probably as shrines for prayer, the savages whose ruined towns dot Strawberry valley and other arable oases in that region, resorted to this marvelous spot in the days before there was an America. One can almost people it again, and see the shamans "making medicine" in the great stone loft under the Bridge; the stark youth swimming in the great pool—to the very bottom of whose 90 feet of crystal water you can trace the sinking of the pebble you throw in—or the women and children huddling in the caves

while the warriors fought off the swarming Apaches.

The Virginia Bridge is 240 feet high, 100 feet span and 45 feet wide. The Pine Creek Bridge is 290 feet high (to the bottom of erosion), over 500 feet span, and more than 600 feet wide (up and down stream). It is incomparably the largest natural bridge in the world, and one of the greatest scenic wonders. The accompanying illustrations are the first photographic reproductions of this marvelous freak of Nature ever published;\* and while no photograph and no description can give competent idea of the Arizona Natural Bridge, they may show enough to induce intelligent travelers to visit it. It is another spot which the government should make a national park, to be held, against all vandals, for the benefit of generations a little less philistine. And I may add that the old Scotch hermit is patriotic American enough to be more than willing to dedicate his wonderful homestead for this purpose.



\*Though drawings from some of them were published in my *Strange Corners of Our Country*. (The Century Co., N. Y.)

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THE BIG SYCAMORE.

## IN THE SIERRA.

BY ELEANOR F. LEWIS.

The gaunt pines rise above the lower trees,  
And spreading buckeyes, with their cone-shaped bloom,  
While from amongst their moon-lit, leafy gloom—  
The pale, sweet elder-blossoms scent the breeze.

Deep in the woods, where wraith-like shadows shift,  
With the soft motion of the oak-leaves' drift,  
Come the wierd cries of whirring owls that seem

To play at hide-and-seek where moon-beams sift.  
In the pale light, I cannot see the gleam—  
Of wild forget-me-nots that star the grass ;

Yet feel their presence in the winds that pass.  
Then, like the changing phases of a dream,  
Or startling discords in some slumber tune,

I hear the coyotes laughing at the moon.

Los Angeles, Cal.



Photo. by Henry Dixon, London.

THE CALIFORNIA LION.



## SOME LITTLE HEATHENS.

BY ELLA S. HARTNELL.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

CHINESE MERCHANT'S CHILD.

“**F**ISS! Fles fiss! Fiss-a! Lock Clod!  
Sammo! Flounner!”

This is the cry that awakens the boys and girls who come from the East, or from the great interior valleys of California, down to the sea shore at picturesque old Monterey. It is the cry of the “China fish-man” Hop Ling. Out from cottage and tent pops many a head as old Hop calls out “You kletchum fiss, lady? Him heap live, velly fles, see?” And a wriggling flounder is held up for inspection. As he brings forth from his basket fish after fish, the boys are at once able to interpret and imitate old Hop’s lingo. His leathery features relax into the blandest of smiles. From these strangers he will coin many a dollar—and he invites them to visit his home.

“Me lib Chinatown, heap nice, China baby velly cute, all same Melican chillen. You klum?”

A cluster of redwood shanties huddles close to the water’s edge in a sheltered cove. One need not be told that this is a “China fish-town.” The pungent trade winds are powerless to disguise the odor of drying fish that greets us. Every available space is covered with lath frames on which the fish are spread to dry; and also limpets and leathery abalones, as well as many curious and uucanny forms of animal life from the sea. On the dry grass are heaps of dry squids—malodorous squids—awaiting shipment to China. Poles are fastened from house to house, and to these fish are tied by the tail, where they flap in the wind with ghastly effect.

What a crowd swarm out of these shanties to greet us as we enter the narrow street threading their village! Men, women, children, chickens and ducks vie with one another in noisy greetings. “John” is accustomed to visitors from this seaside resort and greets us with a smile that is “child-like and bland.” He at once offers us his shells and curios; but when he falls from “five dolla” to “two-bittee,” and we afterward find that he has



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A COOLIE BABY.

given us a dead shell instead of a live one, we cannot help repeating Bret Harte.

A pretty little mother invites us into her house, and offers tea in tiny cups of beautiful china. These coolies drink cold tea instead of water; it is not the delicate Pekoe, but a bitter decoction which we can only make a pretense of tasting. We buy the cups; and a two-year-old baby that sits on the table reaches for the teapot. What was bitter medicine to the American children is evidently nectar to the little coolie, for he crows with delight as he swallows his national beverage.

"How do! How do!" seems to float down from a house-top, and we look up to find a group of little brown coolies fenced in on the flat roof of a shanty, while mothers are busily cleaning fish on the floor below. There is a chatter among the mites on the roof, and tiny hands are reached down in friendly greeting; but the distance is too great, and a Chinaman runs up the rickety stairway, opens the gate, and brings them all down to the group of American children who shake hands with these comical little brownies. They seem top-heavy as they waddle around under the weight of a heavy padded blouse, and



MONTEREY CHINATOWN.

sometimes two; while the only covering to their legs is a pair of thin cotton trousers reaching a little below the knee. The tiny brown feet are bare but plump. The hair of the baby boys is pieced out with red silk thread to make a queue reaching to their knees. The bias eyes smile up into the faces of the visiting children as the tiny hands are filled with candy.

A bell rings; there is a chatter among the Chinese mothers who drop their fish, come out to their little ones, give some instructions (we guess) and away the little coolies scamper to a small house standing apart from the village proper and on higher ground. "You likee go China school?" we are asked by their interpreter, and we follow. The school is taught by an American woman, a graduate of Oberlin. Her work is almost one of charity, and her hope is to convert these little heathens to Christianity. She cannot speak their language—which pleases the parents, for the children are sent to school to learn English that they may make money bye and bye. Under the circumstances very little discipline can be enforced. The oldest pupils act as interpreters, after they can speak English "as she is spoke" by a coolie;

but [from the shouts of laughter that sometimes greet their efforts in this line, there is a suspicion that the interpretations are not always literal. The pupils range in age from six months to twelve years. When this statement is made by the teacher, the sharp eyes of the visiting children begin to peer around for that baby. The teacher calls up a ten-year-old girl who seems to have a peculiar hump on her back; that hump is the baby—tied on. The mothers must clean fish all day during the summer, and the babies must be kept out of the way.

Next to the baby is Toy, not yet three years old. He started to school at the age of ten weeks, a prisoner on the back of his sister. He is so tiny now that he must have been a mere doll, but when a class of boys are sent to the board to draw, Toy is the first to reach the chalk-box and secure his place. They draw possible boats and fish but impossible bears and horses.

"Teacher! Teacher! Good?" they call out as a horse or bear, "with a leg at each corner," takes shape. Some one rubs the tail off



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THE SCHOOL

Toy's horse; there is a scream, and Toy's tiny fist lands a blow on the back of the offender. They settle their school troubles among themselves in true highbinder fashion. A boy suddenly shoots out from his desk, gives some other boy a shaking, in spite of the pantomime protest of the teacher, and resumes his seat with the blandest of smiles. Blocks are brought out to amuse the little ones. A small boy is forming a train of cars which requires all the desk space; his mate resents this monopoly, and there is war; hair pulling, yells, and train-wrecking bring the teacher, who removes the train-builder to a whole seat where he proceeds to imitate all the noises known to a well educated train.

During lunch hour the teacher relates many interesting things. She once took her little heathens to a neighboring school to hear American children sing. The next morning she requested her scholars to try to sing like the Americans. There were shouts of derisive laughter, which the interpreter explained by saying:

"Melican chillen sing all same cats!"

It is almost impossible to get a photograph of a coolie. He believes it shortens his life to spare enough of himself to make his picture; even the children dodge the "snap-shot" with aggravating celerity. When a picture surreptitiously taken of one youngster was finished and shown to the amazed original, he indulged in a series of yells that brought out the parents, who punished their son for so exposing himself.

In this village is a Chinaman who was born in California, and he has outgrown some of his race superstitions. He has learned photography, and was permitted to photograph the Chinese children in their New Year's costumes, but he must have laid some spell on the evil spirit that steals the years out of their lives for allowing [a picture of themselves to be made. The picture gives but a faint idea of their gorgeous costumes. Blouses of rich and heavy brocades, with all the colors of the rainbow, are worn by the girls, and with these are silk trousers of the most brilliant green, purple or rose; their heads are encircled with bands and fringes of bright beads; in their ears hang large hoops that seem a torture to a child; their costumes glitter with tinsel delicate enough for a fairy's robe. The boys are dressed in plain silk; their queues are pieced out with the brightest of silk thread, and their jewelry is a bracelet of the sacred blue stone.

The Chinese New Year is the one festival for these coolies. For this event every shanty will be made scrupulously clean, and in each house must the sacred lily be in bloom, or bad luck will follow. An old legend says that this lily was a fairy's gift. A poor Chinese boy was cheated out of his share of his father's estate by his elder brother. A swamp being the only thing left to the younger son, he was about to destroy himself, when a water-fairy appeared to him and told him to dig in the swamp for a treasure concealed there. He did so and found a bulb which soon burst into bloom; and in time the black, unsightly swamp was hidden under a fragrant cloud of snowy petals and golden cups. They would not grow in any other part of China, and their owner soon became rich and famous from their sale. Ever since, this beautiful lily has been an omen of a happy New Year to the Chinese.

On the first morning of their New Year thousands of fire crackers will be exploded to scare away all evil spirits; tinsel paper and incense will be burned under the noses of the gods to secure favors for the coming year. Joss will be regaled with roast duck and other delicacies which will afterwards be eaten by New Year's callers. Salutations of "Sz sz yue yee" will be heard on all sides. The children, dazzling in their many-hued costumes, begin the day by kneeling to their parents; then they will receive and make calls with their mothers, who will wear as rich brocades as the little ones.

With the aid of paste and long jeweled pins, the hair of the mothers will be the exact imitation of a butterfly; no covering for the head will be worn by either mother or children. Callers—especially Chinese merchants—go prepared to give a present to each child, and a small



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FOUR OF THEM.

sum of money must be left on the tray of sweet-meats handed them by the servant who is usually a ten-year-old girl.

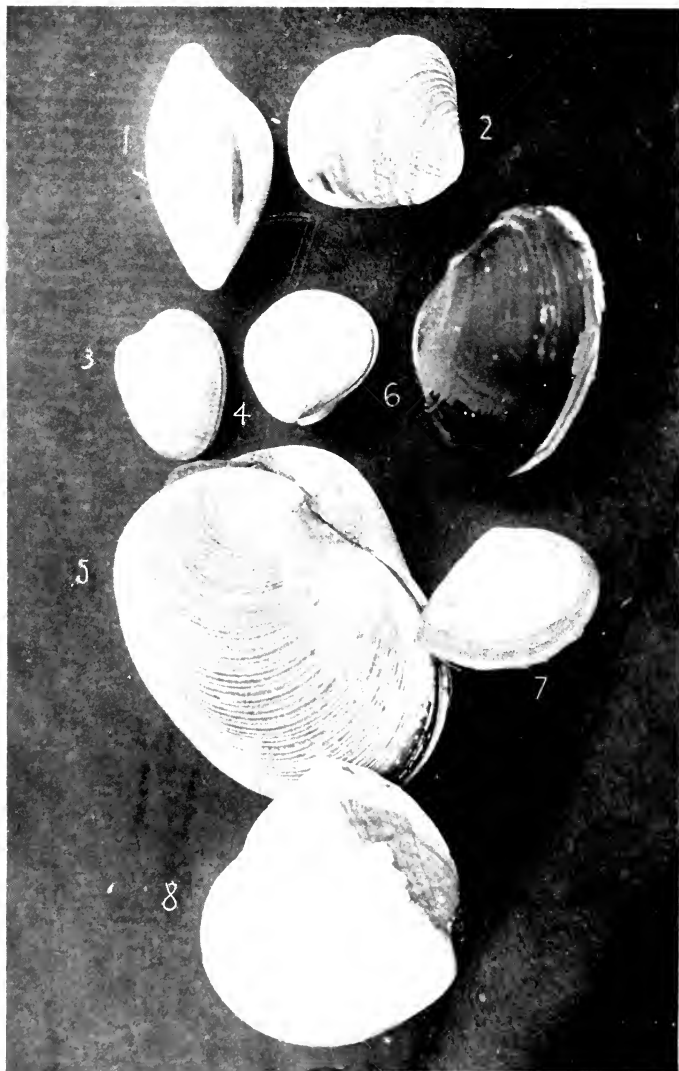
The afternoon session in this Chinese school is short, and it is almost impossible to hold these restless ones who would much rather be racing along the beach, defying the breakers as they jump from rock to rock.

At last the bell clangs out, and Toy is seen swinging on the rope. It is time to "ling bell" and go home. The noise awakens the baby, in its prison on the sister's back, and the tiny hand reaches out for a much-soiled piece of bread held up to it.

The boys are formed into lines and make awkward little bows as they file past the teacher; then as they reach the door they break into a wild scramble to get out. It seems but a moment until they have reached the shanties and are out again with their hands full of food. The girl with the baby on her back is skipping from rock to rock, trailing a sea-gourd after her; apparently careless as the sea-birds circling over her head. Out beyond her the beautiful crescent Bay of Monterey is full of white caps dancing in the sunlight; a picture that half redeems the ugliness of these unsightly huts, homes of an alien people.

Salinas, Cal.





L. A.ENZ Co.

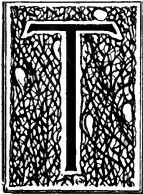
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CLAMS.

Photo. by Waite

1. *Amiantis callosa* (small). 2. *Chione succincta*. 3. *Tapes tasminica*. 4. *Pachydesma crassatelloides*. 5. *Amiantis callosa*. 6. *Sanguinolaria nuttelli*. 7. *Macoma nasuta*. 8. *Macoma sucta*.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CLAMS.

BY C. M. DRAKE.



O the average beach stroller, every mollusk with two shells is a clam. After a more intimate acquaintance with the gentle bivalves he differentiates some as mussels, others as scallops, but still has a dozen or more kinds to lump together as clams.

Let us go down to the shore at low tide—that marvel of ocean strands called Long Beach, twenty miles south of Los Angeles. We shall find the sand in places fairly covered with clams scarcely half an inch long. Some are pure white, others brown, and others striped and marked with a great variety of colors. Many think, at first, that these little fellows are the young of a larger clam; but they are fully grown. By those learned in shells this little clam is called *Donax Californicus*. It is also known as the wedge shell, because of its shape. People take wire screens to separate these little clams from the sand and can soon gather as many quarts of them as are desired; and though too small to be satisfactory eating, they make most excellent soup.

While gathering these *Donaxes* you find a larger clam with a brown shell, perhaps marked with bright rays reaching from the hinge. The shell is very thick and heavy, and white inside. Its general outline is three-sided, hence it is sometimes called the triangle shell. Its scientific name is *Pachydesma crassatelloides*, the former name referring to its thick ligament and the latter to its thick shell. This clam grows to an immense size, and I have found some weighing nearly two pounds, with shells nine and ten inches long. But most of them are much smaller. Like the *Donax*, this clam is anchored in the sand by a byssus of coarse hair-like substance which grows out of the shell.

The Long Beach fisher takes a horse and plow, and turns these clams out by the sackfull, at low tide. At Pismo beach, San Luis Obispo county, it is easy to gather a wagon load of them, and very good eating they are, too.

Our best tasting clams of common kinds are called *Chiones*. There are several species of *Chiones*, two of which (*Chione simillima* and *C. succincta*) are quite common here. You can find hundreds of the former species in San Pedro bay, and plenty of the latter species in Alamitos Bay, buried a little way in the sand.

They range from one to three inches long, and if you are a clam-lover, you can easily eat a hundred of them at a meal. To my taste, they make a finer soup than oysters, and one does not soon tire of them. Their shells are crossed and re-crossed by many ridges, some of which show periods of growth.

Quite a little like the *Chiones* is a more common clam called the carpet-shell (*Tapes staminea*), which is often seen in our markets. This shell, also, is criss-crossed with fine lines, and many of the shells have

curious and beautiful markings of brown which suggested the name. The carpet-shell is found all along our coast, as far north as Alaska. It loves a gravelly beach, and buries itself from two to six inches beneath the surface, or, perhaps, under some big boulder. Like other clams, it feeds on the floating bits of sea-weed it sucks in through a syphon-like tube it pushes up through the soil to meet the incoming tide. The carpet-clam is pretty good eating, but be generous to your friends and let them have the larger, contenting yourself with the smaller ones, and virtue will be its own reward.

Near Alamitos Bay I have sometimes found the beach, after a storm, strewn with pure white clams three or four inches long, whose shells were covered with beautiful, rounded, concentric lines of growth.

This mollusk is the *Amiantis callosa*, and it is as good as it looks. Its name means pure and hard. You will often find live specimens of these clams, but as they live just a bit farther out than lowest tide, they are not gathered for the markets.

Your attention is drawn to some large clam-shells lying where the high tide has thrown them. You see, at a glance, that these belonged to a clam larger even than the huge triangle shell. You place two of the shells together and find that they gape widely at the top. They, too, must live out in deep water, but if you go far to the north, you can get them at low tide; for these are shells of the great Washington clam, the *Schizothærus Nuttallii*, found in great abundance along the shores of Puget Sound.

Down in the sand or mud, maybe two feet or more below the surface, lives this giant among clams. Through the gaping of the shell, a long siphonal tube is pushed up to the surface, and it will throw a stream of water several feet in the air when it is disturbed. It is not very good eating, but the Siwashers of the north gather it by the hundreds, discarding the necks and the stomachs and using the mantles, gills, etc.

We find, among the rocks, fairly good clams with a coarse, thick, rough shell. The farther we go north, the more abundant do we find these clams. They are the *Saxidomus* or rock-house clams, as the name could be translated. There are not many of them here, as they seem to prefer colder waters; but in the north they are gathered by the ton. The *Saxidomus* loves to throw up a stream of water to scare away intruders, and so does another clam found the whole length of the coast—the *Macoma*.

There are several species of *Macomas* here, and they may easily be known by their thin, flat, white shells. *Macoma* means lean, and the shell is noticeably flat. The early Indians were very fond of the *Macomas*, and from the abundance of these shells which we find in the Indian mounds, the *Macomas* must have been much more abundant then than now.

The larger kinds bury quite deeply in the sandy mud, and their small, white siphons stretch up many inches in length.

The Venus clam is occasionally found at San Pedro bay, and is the handsomest clam we have. The outside of the shell is quite rough and has a tinge like pale brick red. But the inside is often very beautiful, with soft red colors, and makes the shell well deserve its name.

The last clam to merit mention looks somewhat like a pigeon's egg, with its prettily marked round shell. It is quite abundant, at times, above the mouth of the old San Gabriel river, an inch or two below the top of the muddy sand. Unlike the other clams mentioned, it is not palatable, and is gathered only because of the beauty of its shells. And there are people who can admire clams only when they are in clam clowder.



## IN THE ROSE GARDEN.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

I stroll my garden through, where blaze  
 Rose myriads such as Persia knows;  
 Lingering, I pause and dream and gaze —  
 In this rose-world, by rosy ways,  
 My life first blossomed to its rose.

And amorous of the great glow  
 And perfume of this rose-filled space,  
 I loiter, linger, come and go,  
 And lean and breathe and bend me low  
 Above each tropical flushed face.

These austral skies, these austral airs  
 Have taught the Rose and me to bloom;  
 And who for any other cares  
 When once the Flower of Life he wears,  
 And breathes the Flower of Life's perfume?

Yet, grateful lover, while I bless  
 The land wherein such flower grows,  
 Dear land! I love thee not the less  
 That where thy rose-ranks wave and press,  
 Amid a million, I caress  
 This lowly white old-fashioned rose.

Such, rooted in New England's rock,  
 Her humble dooryards used to frame;  
 And I am of New England stock,  
 Out of her steadfast granite block  
 Sinew and blood and brain I came.

Though austral suns more richly wake  
 Mine and the Rose's blood to start,  
 Yet where these nodding millions take  
 The eye with splendor,— here I break  
 This white rose for New England's sake  
 And give it room upon my heart.

Pasadena, Cal.



## THE TRADE RAT.

BY MARY E. WRIGHT.

**D**URING our five years' residence in the foothills of the Coast range, I think none of our "neighbors" interested us so much, certainly none more, than did a little animal known as the "pile" or "trade" rat—so called on account of its perennial desire to heap into piles everything which comes in its way. It is a very ambitious creature, as can readily be seen by the size of the articles it often undertakes to transport.

It began its siege upon us, as would any well regulated rat, by gnawing an entrance into the house. When tooth-brushes, boxes of pills, and all other articles lying loose on shelves, began to disappear, we did not think of laying it to his ratship, not knowing that he had use for such things. But our suspicions were aroused when the muslin used for ceiling overhead began bagging as if some heavy weight were upon it. On ripping one side, all our lost articles were precipitated to the floor. A summer kitchen built with the idea of giving California climate free circulation gave these rats plenty of scope for their genius. They seemed to think it rare fun to haul the kindling-wood across the floor and pile it under the cupboard; if we thought to humor them, and thus gain for ourselves a little undisturbed sleep, by placing it under the cupboard, they were immediately convinced that it should be under the stove. But they soon conceived the idea of gathering the kindling themselves and placing it where they wanted it. Accordingly, when all was quiet for the night, each would provide himself with a dry stick, weed, or small bone (they were not at all particular what), and proceed to drag it across the roof of the shed and drop it down the hole around the pipe. As the roof was corrugated iron, the effect can be partially imagined. I have often found enough trash on the top of my range in the morning to build the fire.

These rodents are the superiors of man in one particular, at least—they can find a woman's pocket, as I discovered when, on donning my Sunday gown, I found about a pint of castor beans where I proposed to put my handkerchief. My husband was much annoyed by their propensity for mixing trash with his grain, could they find or make ever so small an opening in his feed-box. I remember at one time they carried several pounds of threepenny nails and dropped them in a box of sulphur kept for purifying hens' nests; afterward filling the box with dried orange peelings gathered about the back yard. They depend almost entirely upon vegetation for subsistence, as we found to our sorrow. Our efforts in the way of a flower garden had come to naught on account of the ever-present rabbit and the no less destructive chickens. In our desperation we procured a mission cactus and century plant, and comforted ourselves with the thought that, although our decorations were not elaborate, they at least would not be molested. Vain hope! Never had our little "trader" tasted a more delicious morsel. The spines were no objection, for he gnawed them off and

most likely used them for toothpicks. He builds his nest above ground, heaping great piles of sticks and trash about the roots of trees to the height of several feet. Naturalists are prone to look with leniency upon his thievish and other annoying habits, excusing him on the grounds of nest-building. But why the desire should be ever present with him in season and out of season is inconceivable. Yet, everything considered, he cannot be called an unmitigated nuisance, for the annoyance which he occasions is partially atoned for by the amusement he affords.

Pasadena, Cal.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SUMMER.

The one superstition about Southern California to which the average Easterner clings most tenaciously is that the summers are intensely hot. His argument is very simple. Put in syllogistic form it runs thus:

*Major premise*—Summers are much hotter than winters.

*Minor premise*—Southern California has warm winters.

*Conclusion*: Southern California has frightfully hot summers.

A climate is a thing of exceptions. It cannot be said that it is never disagreeably warm in Southern California, any more than it can be said that it never rains in July and August. In eighteen years the total rainfall for all Julys amounts to just one-third of an inch, and for August ninety-seven hundredths of an inch. Therefore we may safely assert that it does not rain in Southern California in those months. Similarly we may say that Southern California does not have excessively hot weather, although no one expects to pass an entire summer without complaining occasionally of the heat.

The following general propositions may be laid down with regard to Southern California summers:

1. Three-fourths of all the days of June, July, August and September are irreproachable—neither too hot nor too cold. They show a maximum of 80° and a minimum of 60°, the latter occurring in the last quarter of the night. Thus the mean average temperature of June for nineteen years is 67° Fahrenheit, of July 71°, August 72°, and September 70°. (These figures are for Los Angeles, a fair average location.)

2. Owing to the extreme dryness of the air and the prevalence of the trade winds the element known as "sultriness" is absent from the heat. This tells not only in the matter of heat exhaustion and sunstroke, which are unknown in California, but also in the lack of discomfort from heat. It is an actual fact, substantiated by the experience of every resident of this section, that 100 degrees does not *feel* as hot as 85° in the Eastern States.

3. Extremes of heat are not unknown to the thermometer. In nineteen years the mercury has passed 100° four times in June, once in July, three times in August, and eight times in September. On those occasions it was undoubtedly hot, and people sought cool places and fussed about the weather as they would anywhere else if the temperature was 85° or 90°. But there were no sunstrokes; nobody stopped work, and the succeeding cool night brought relief.

4. The nights are almost always cool. A hot night does not come once in three years.

During the past month (August, 1896) the Eastern States have suffered from a protracted season of intense heat, with daily lists of from 50 to 100 people in the leading cities stricken with death. In that same time the thermometer showed in Southern California an extreme of 95°, which is equivalent to 80° in the East, and an average mean of 71°.

And yet people continue to wonder how the Californians endure the awful heat of summer!

W. D.

## SANTA BARBARA LIGHTHOUSE.

BY S. E. A. HIGGINS.

APPROACHING Santa Barbara by steamer from the north, one sees the lighthouse perched upon a mesa which slopes gently toward the sea and ends in an abrupt bluff at the very beach. The drive from Santa Barbara up Dibblee's hill and over the



Union Eng. Co.

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER.

mesa is an attractive one; and the lighthouse is always interesting in itself and for the charming views its tower affords.

It was built in 1856 by Albert Williams (sent out by the government for that purpose), and was immediately occupied by him and his family. Mrs. Julia F. Williams was assistant keeper from the first, and has had sole charge since 1866. She is one of the twenty women employed by the United States government as lighthouse-keepers, and is probably the senior in point of service.

Mrs. Williams is an interesting woman, of whose neat home and quiet courtesy many visitors carry away pleasant recollections. Besides her personal attention to the lights, as required by the regulations, she has reared a family of six children; and home and family seem a bit of New England transported to the west coast. Mrs. Williams was born on the island of Campobello, off the coast of Maine.

Santa Barbara.



Union Eng. Co.

THE SANTA BARBARA LIGHTHOUSE.

## HOW WESTERN SCHOOLS GROW.

**I**N view of the crowded condition of the Los Angeles public schools, which condition has existed for some years, a most determined effort has been made this year to open the fall term with no half day sessions and with seating accommodations for every applicant.

Eleven handsome new buildings have been erected this year, and a number of additions made to the old buildings. At the opening of the fall term, September 21st, 1896, there will be one hundred and fifty-eight new rooms ready for occupancy. This will give accommodation to 7900 more pupils than could be comfortably seated last year at this time.

Of the rooms thirty are devoted to kindergarten work. There are now on the kindergarten staff since the last election sixty five teachers, and as the age of entering has been lowered from five years to four and a half, it is doubtful whether the thirty rooms will contain the little applicants who throng this department.

Last year the schools closed with three hundred and seventy-seven teachers, this year they will open with four hundred and two teachers.

On the High School staff there were last year twenty-eight teachers, this year the school opens with thirty-one. Besides the regular staff there are twenty-seven substitute teachers on the list.

The school census children last year numbered 16,965, this year they number 20,679. Of course this does not include the kindergarten children. These figures tell their own story. Greater Los Angeles has added about 1968 to the schools, as it has taken in the districts of Highland Park, Rosedale, La Dow, Harmony, West Vernon, and Caluenga.

The salaries of the kindergarten teachers range from \$40 to \$50 a month; of the primary and grammar grade teachers, from \$77.50 to \$140 a month; the special teachers from \$100 to \$130 a month, all paid ten months of the year. The City Superintendent draws \$250 a month, the Deputy Superintendent \$175 a month, both paid twelve months a year.

The expenses for running the schools for the year ending June 30th, 1896, were \$297,338.48, with a balance of \$64,146.74 in the treasury.

The new school buildings are quite handsome. They are of the French school of architecture, the Colonial, English, Tudor and Italian Renaissance. The property sites, buildings, furniture, library, etc., are valued at \$1,146,680. The bonds issued for the necessities of the new school buildings were sold at a premium of \$20,000, and bear 4½ per cent. interest. The outlay on new buildings and additions was \$532,000.

## THE PADRE'S STORY.

BY EVE LUMNIS.



HERE been something strange about the marriage I perform this morning, you say? You would to hear the story? We will have a glass together, then. It is claret of the Father at Bernalillo.

I shall go back many years, before the railroad come with all its changes, and run through this pueblo. There come one day to our quiet Indian village a large train of wagons, with finer horses and stronger mules than are seen in these parts before.

They were of one Francisco, an *aleman*—German, you call him?—one who had traveled in many lands and spoke many tongues. The Spanish was to him as his own language, for he had learned it where it is spoken with all its beauty—in Andalusia. He was of those to whom the music is a gift natural, and when he played the guitar, the violin or the zither, he charmed all.

Don Francisco was come, it resulted, to make trade with the Indians, to put here a *tienda*, changing their grain and hides and fruits into the coffee, lard, calico, and all that the Indian needs in her housekeeping. It would be well, and he was welcome.

It went well to him. The Indian women and girls crowded the store in the morning and evening when are the hours of trade, for none was so greedy in those days to strive for the dollar during the hours when the sun was high.

But one there came to be who was greeted with the best smile, and whose stint of grain bought a larger pound than any other woman's. Was it not natural? Lola's eyes were like the *azabache*,<sup>\*</sup> and her cheeks the color of our claret. She was—ah, she was one bright star, *señor!* But she care not for the stranger: and his light hair and blue eyes she only laugh at, calling him the *red* man.

The rich young German would even to *marry* the Indian girl. He come to tell me all, and to say that he is Catholic. I listen to him with courtesy, but in my heart I am sad, for I like not that strangers marry into the tribe. He would conform to all the customs of the Indians, he would do anything in reason that would give him Lola.

So, as if he were whatever Indian, and not the rich *tendero*<sup>†</sup> in whose pockets always jingled money, he chose among his friends the three oldest men, and they carried his written asking in marriage and read it before Lola's family. He could not receive his answer for three days—for such is the custom of the Tiguas—and the three days went him long, and when the answer came it was *no*.

He could ask twice more, as is the way of them of my little parish. The second asking bring the same answer; and the young men of the village make joke among themselves that Indian Lola give *la calabaza* (the squash, they say, *señor*) to the rich foreigner. But the third time bring another answer. Don Francisco have taken care; for with his silver and his wine he buy friendship with old Simon, her uncle and *padrino*<sup>‡</sup> and her guardian since that her father died. In one speech long and solemn Simon tell the bearers of the white man's proposal that he feel honor to give his niece to the *aleman*. Lola listen weeping, with her face hidden in her *manta*.<sup>‡</sup>

\*Jet. †Trader. ‡Godfather. §Shawl.

Don Francisco he come to tell me that I shall perform the ceremony, and that he will pay me well. I tell him that I will first talk with the girl. And when I go to her she will say only "I cannot! I cannot marry me with the American! I not love him."

So when the Don come again I tell him I cannot make a lie of the marriage sacrament; and when he get angry and threaten, I point to these scars in my forehead and say "You see these? They were given me by one more rich than you because I will not be frightened into doing evil; and I will take more before that I go outside the road of duty." I look him in the eye and he look away, and he come not near me again.

After a time of peace in our little pueblo, when it has almost forgotten itself to talk about Don Francisco and his *calabaza*, come a day very sad. Lola, Simon and the Aleman have gone in the early morning! They have take the poor child to a Mexican town across the river where a Justice of Peace have made such ceremony as he call one matrimony. They return late in the afternoon and Don Francisco order his servants that they make one grand wedding feast. There is a plate for everybody, and wine to spare. The bridegroom drink enough—too much. Lola, she slip out unheeded, while his eyes look into the bottom of another glass. Where? they can guess!

Francisco he will go for her, he will find his wife! And his friends shall company him. So he go staggering to the house of Ambrosio, one young Indian of the tallest and most straight. When Francisco knock loud and strong, Ambrosio, he unafraid, he open at once.

"Lola, my wife, is she here?" demands the enangered man.

"She is," Ambrosio answered to him. "If you would take her, come and get her. But first think well!" And his hand hold something gleaming in the moonlight, which, Francisco know, no one can so well use as Ambrosio.

Francisco menace and curse, and curse, but at the end he go off away to sleep, his head being heavy with wine; and the next day to drink again, and more and more. He visit not to his *tienda* now—only to the wine cellars.

After a time he leave our village. It makes years, and Lola has been many times a mother, but for a few months only. Our Lady is too kind to let those little ones grow up in sin, I tell the weeping woman when she send for me to perform the last rites. At last messengers come from Don Francisco. He would seek a divorce that he may marry him to a woman no longer young—not like the little Lola, but one who has riches—and Lola should pay half the lawyer's fee, since she has treated him so, and since he who once been so rich is now poor and of many debts.

So Lola command her herders to bring in her herds from the plains, and they select some of the finest horses—as might buy a dozen divorces, and send them to the Don. He is well satisfied, and back come his messengers with the papers that make Lola free even from the profane law. To us that are Catholics, that of the Justice was no marriage; and of divorce we know nothing.

Soon my repentant children come to me to make them truly married. I consult my superior; I make him acquainted with the case. They may wed, he advises me, and with his blessing; but first they shall do penance. I feel in my heart that they *have* done penance, when I remember the little graves in the campo santo; but I am always to obey my superior, and I impose a penance very heavy, which they do meekly. We are all relieved when that is done, and after the bans have been announced for three Sundays at mass, the wedding day come—it come this morning, señor; the wedding which you saw was the one which made holy in the sight of God the union of Lola and Ambrosio.

## CUSTOMS OF THE RIO GRANDE.

The sudden death of Capt. John G. Bourke, President of the American Folklore Society, cut short a series of articles which he was preparing for this magazine, in whose work in and for the Southwest he had taken a deep interest. A soldier and a scholar of the Southwestern frontier for a quarter of a century, his observation of customs and folklore were of great interest.

The last work done by Capt. Bourke was the paper read by him at this year's annual meeting of the American Folklore Society, tracing the survival of Arabic customs among the Mexican inhabitants of the Rio Grande valley. From the mass of interesting data the following brief extracts are made :

The streets of Mexican towns present strong resemblance to those of Arabic-Spain and Morocco, in being narrow and hemmed in by houses with *zaguanes*, iron-railed windows, projecting balconies, and walled *patios*. There is no general rule as regards paving, some streets being *empedrados* (cobble-stoned), some paved with the Arabic *guijas*, or gravel, others unpaved ; in some there is a gutter in the middle, in others there are gutters on each side. If the promenade be made by night, one meets at every second or third corner the *sereno*, or watchman, who derives his name from the cry he was wont to give until very recently of *sere-e-n-o-o-o* (clear weather). He is a son of Islam on the wrong side of the Atlantic. The Arab emirs had watchmen in all their villages. They are directly mentioned in Granada as early as A. D. 1343. London and Paris did not have any at that date.

The electric light is playing havoc with much of the poetry of Mexican evening life, in which the old-time oil lamp, suspended from wires crossing diagonally from corner to corner, was a conspicuous feature.

For this, also, Mexico was indebted to the Moors. The streets of Arabic Cordova "might be traversed at night by the light of lamps placed close to each other." This was about A. D. 1100, when neither London nor Paris were lighted. No systematic attempt was made to light the city of London until the days of the French Revolution.

The world has benefited beyond calculation by the Arabic invention of clocks and watches. It might almost be said that a revolution was brought about in social economy. One of the Roman pontiffs, Gerbert, who assumed the tiara under the name of Sylvester II, was a student at Cordova before the year 1000, and there learned the art of making watches and clocks, an accomplishment which placed him under suspicion of witchcraft.

No Mexican municipality which can possibly provide baths for the people neglects that solemn duty. In many of the smaller towns, these are noticeably fine and well arranged.

The baths are not free, the price being two cents for poor people, up to *dos reales*, or twenty-five cents, for the more affluent. For the smallest figure, one gets nothing but an abundance of clean, cold (or hot) water and the tank to bathe in ; for *dos reales* there are attendants at hand with towels, soap, brushes, mirrors, and anything else that may be needed.

The attendants are very strict in preserving order and in seeing that each bather is provided with his own key and tank. One half the building is reserved for men, the other for women.

Not a drop of water is wasted. After leaving the bath-houses, it runs down the side of the hill into a line of stone troughs alongside which patient *lavanderas* are washing clothes from morning until night; from the laundresses it runs down into larger pools, where the sheep shearers and dyers are sousing sheep, great hunks of woollen yarn, and piles of blankets. Farther down, it is contained in an *acequia*



deeply shaded by orange, lemon, banana, pecan, pomegranate, rose, willow, and oleander; next it courses through one of the streets, to keep it refreshed and free from dust, and finally meanders across the prolific fields beyond the town.

The bakeries of Mexico are entitled to the grateful remembrance of every traveler, and the bread is of the best; the wheat is ground between stones in tiny mills whose wheels are turned by the water of acequias, much as in Andalusia and Murcia, the grist was made ready for Almanzores and Abdelmelics of centuries past.

The Arabian fashion of selling bread from trays carried through the streets of Jerusalem and other cities is paralleled in most of the Mexican villages, and there is rather more than an accidental resemblance between the street cries of this part of the New World and those of the land of Moslem. "In the name of the Prophet, figs," is a cry no longer heard by Christian ears, and which as fallen back before the ear-piercing "*Algo de fruta! Algo de dulce!*" of the itinerant candy and fruit peddlers of Monclova, Celaya, Morelia, Querétaro, Laredo and elsewhere.

The *caldero* or wandering mender of brass pans and kettles is another type of street industry which may have come to Mexico from Cordova or Bagdad.

The Mexican is endowed with a great fund of good common-sense. He does not believe in the cheerless existence of his Yankee brother who works himself to death or decrepitude before he is forty, and he will not follow such an example. Therefore, as a matter of duty, he devotes a portion of his life to rational enjoyment, and as a consequence neurasthenia is a disease unknown in Mexico, and one whose character it would be difficult to make a Mexican understand.

Scarcely a town in the republic is so poor or so small that it has not its *alameda* or its public garden, with its winding paths or rambles (*rambla*, Arabic), in which twice a week one can listen to fairly good music, and witness the promenade of sedate men who march leisurely, arm in arm, two by two, in one direction, while señoras and señoritas, equally sedate, march with equal leisure in the opposite.

Once a week there is a performance, generally by local talent, in the *teatro*. The Mexican theater, or the Spanish theater, its parent, is a subject too vast for any such treatment as can be given here.

Entering the *patio* of a well-kept Mexican home, one cannot restrain a feeling of surprise at the many evidences of transplantation.

Here is the castor-oil plant, a wanderer from Northern Africa and the Nile valley. Next to it, the stately red flowered oleander; the rose, the queen of the garden; the date, the solace of the great Abdu-r-rahman; the *jazmin*, of delicate odor; the pomegranate, which did not give its name to Granada; the apricot, *albericoque*, and peach, *durazno*, known to the Romans as the Persicus or Persian fruit; occasionally the almond, *almendra*, and at all times the orange, *naranja*, with its redolent flower, *azahar*; the lemon, *limon*; the shaddock, *toronja*; the olive; the quince, *membrillo*; the apple, *manzana*; the succulent watermelon, *sandia*; rice, *arroz*; the poppy, *amapola*; the musk-flower, *almixile*; tulip, *tulipan*; saffron, *azafran*; anemone; verbena; cork, *corcho*; ebony, *ébano*; lily, *azucena*; cotton, *algodon*; hemp, *cáñamo*; myrtle, *arrayan*; acorn, *bellota*; oak, *roble*; juniper, *sabino*; poplar, *alamo*; luzerne grass, *alfalfa*; grass, *zacate*; forage, *forraje*; prickly pear, *tuna*; bamboo, *bambu*. Grapes grow wild in all parts of our own Southwest, and in every section of the great Mexican republic, yet the Spaniards introduced new varieties. The celebrated mission grape of California was introduced by Franciscan monks from Málaga.



TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS  
AND OTHER HISTORIC  
LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN  
CALIFORNIA.

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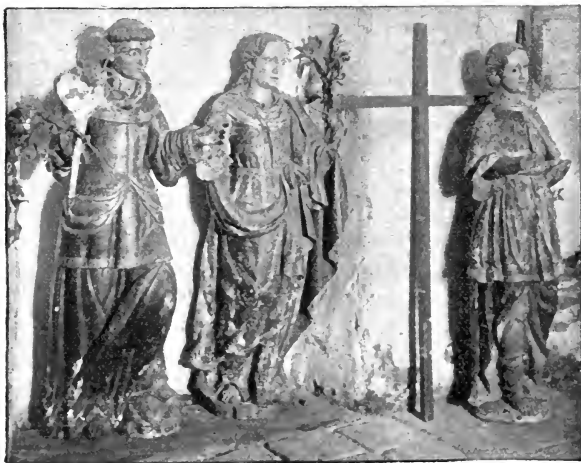
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The work of the Landmarks Club progresses steadily. It is hoped to secure sufficient funds at once for the prosecution of extensive repairs in the next two months, before the winter rains begin.

The following new contributions are acknowledged: F. K. Rule, \$10; Andrew McNally, \$50.

\$1 each, Bertrand Eugene Taylor, Boston, Mass.; Alfred Stern, Mission Road, Cal.; Mrs. J. J. Shallert, Mr. J. W. Walters, Berman & Hendee, Mr. Andrew Mullin, Miss Mattie Mullin, Miss A. E. Bluett, Mrs. W. C. Bluett, Mr. H. H. Kerckhoff, Miss Eileen R. Mitchell, Miss Lucie M. Mitchell, Mrs. E. E. Buell, Miss Ruth Childs, Mrs. John Wolfskill, Mrs. Frank W. King, Mrs. John Bradbury, Miss S. A. Lannon, Mrs. M. A. Coleman, Miss C. E. Coleman, Mrs. J. G. Mossin, Mrs. Frederick C. Howes, Miss Mary McSwiney, Mrs. Lizzie Black, all of Los Angeles.



OLD STATUES AT MISSION SAN JUAN.

Photo by Waite.



If Mr. Edison would just invent a way to do our national politics by telephone—!

Lombroso, the eminent Italian specialist in prognathous jaws and that sort of thing, begins to incur the penalty of all closet science. Whiskey and theory are both good in their way, but neither will do for a steady diet; and strong drink is a fool to the theory habit. Though we have ceased to be startled by the announcement that people in prisons and slums have a tendency to do wrong, Prof. Lombroso has not exhausted his sensations. He now advises us that Dante was merely a lunatic and that his supposed inspiration was just epilepsy. THE THEORY HABIT-

Which reminds one of Lincoln and the whiskey of Gen. Grant. If Prof. Lombroso will kindly hunt us up the germs of Dante's particular brand of epilepsy, and propagate them, he will do more for the world than he has yet seemed preordained to do. And in passing-around the inoculation he should not be so unselfish as to fail to keep a few fits for himself.

Hamlin Garland is a worthy young man and a talented writer who has already been laughed at probably more than he deserves. Lacking the sense of humor himself, he naturally provokes the smiles of those who have it, even while they respect his astonishing seriousness. Now seriousness, though dangerous when untempered with proportion, is a good thing in a flippant age; and the Lion does not much care to swell the chorus of laughter. But really there are things more vital to be preserved than the peace of a conscious young man—and among them is the dignity of literature. BUNCO "TRAVEL."

Mr. Garland is just now promulgating himself about Mexico, where he passed a few weeks as a peripatetic deaf-mute. He did not see very much, and understood less than he saw; and the result is naturally painful. But—and here comes in the principle against which he is not the only nor the greatest sinner—he seems to think that the important thing to be recorded is not some alleviation of our current ignorance of Mexico, but—the color of Mr. Garland's mind during the various stages of his ride over the Ferrocarril I-M.

This is a vice which is eating deep into literature, particularly periodical literature. The West has suffered enough from the miswritings of innocent young-men-from-a-car-window; but the one misrepresented is no more sufferer than the cheated reader. Our average "traveler" adds to the sum of ignorance and multiplies intolerance by giving us knowledge not of the countries he sees, but of the various ways in which he can be smart or impressive.

Mr. Garland could not talk with the people he met, who might have told him what things mean; and he is not a good guesser. His observations would set the Chihuahua kindergarten on a grin; but he delivers them with Delphic solemnity. And really it is too bad. If Mr. G. will travel in Mexico—or any other country of whose habits, history and language he is ignorant—let him keep his eyes and ears

open and a bit of common sense up his sleeve. Let him believe only one-quarter that brakemen and cheap interpreters tell him, and only one-eighth of the brilliant suggestions that arise in his own fertile brain—and he will begin to get some of the real education of travel. But the longer he goes to school to his present methods, the less he and his readers will know.

NOT IN  
THE  
SAME BOX.

Only their prodigious ignorance of the facts can excuse those over-zealous advocates of a good cause who deny that Mexico is a prosperous country—simply because they do not wish to admit that any country can prosper under silver. One need not insist that blubber is bad for the Esquimaux, in order to prove that it would not be a salubrious diet for this climate. Mexico is a country content to live within her income. She is developing wonderfully; but she always takes care to sell more than she buys. So she can afford any currency she chooses. But the United States has long passed that simple period, and forever. And a nation which demands the luxuries of every land must have money that is good in every land. What is Mexico's meat would be our poison.

THE  
MONTHLY  
SANDLOTTER.

Whom the gods would destroy, they do not always "first make mad." Frequently the subject has been so considerate as to save them the trouble. The *Overland*—branded by a London firm and by the New York *Evening Post* as a literary thief, and excoriated on all sides for its imbecility, venality and falsehood on the San Pedro harbor question—is in trim for the gods to begin on without any preliminaries. No such thing was ever before perpetrated in the pages of a magazine as immortalizes the July *Overland*. On page 58, in an article for revenue in the body of the magazine it compliments the Los Angeles *Times* as

"one of the foremost newspapers of the country, distinguished for enterprise, courage, independence and patriotism. Col. Otis has been a most unselfish laborer in the interests of Los Angeles."

This chances to be the truth, though told for gain. But on page 124 of the same number begins a three-page vilification of the *Times* from the standpoint and in the language of the sandlotter and anarchist. "Hireling," "enemy of labor," "menial," "hypocrisy," "venality," "unpatriotic, selfish narrowness," "cowardly intolerance," "intellectual and moral feebleness," are among the kindest words it finds for Col. Otis and his paper.

There is no need to defend the Los Angeles *Times*, a paper to which every good citizen of California has reason to be grateful; a pioneer of good government, and the only daily in the State which stood fast and true for law and order in the great strike of '94. But the incident has its value. If any have been so irreligious as to question whether Mr. Wildman was created for anything in particular, their doubts are resolved. He is a competent successor to Dennis Kearney.

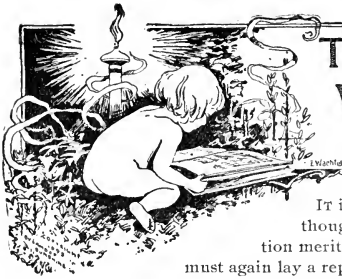
As a contemporary remarks, "this latest freak of the erratic *Overland*," which "has hardly a rag of reputation left," shows "that the magazine must be in the throes of dissolution."

NOTES.

It is very nearly a century since Humboldt called the world's attention to the vast importance of an interoceanic canal. If some of the great baron's brains could reach Congress, Nicaragua would be a thoroughfare before the anniversary year of 1903.

Its July number proves (pp. 58 and 124) that the *Overland* is not bigoted. It is willing to tell the truth—if paid for it.

It seems to be a general rule that those who are most vociferous to have silver free are the ones who habitually find the most difficulty in capturing it.



## THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

It is more in sorrow than in anger—though really so wretched an imposition merits hot indignation—that the *Lion* must again lay a reproving paw upon the *Review of Reviews*. It is old enough to know better—and so is Hezekiah Butterworth, author of its offense. Both editor and writer must have a modest estimate of the circulation of the *Review*, if they really presumed that no copy of the July issue would reach the hands of a reader less innocent than they. This is a narrow world, and no monkey climbs far unseen.

Mr. Butterworth has an article in that number on "The South American Poets." It is perhaps the most absurd and incompetent article that ever graced an American magazine—which is certainly distinction enough. It is ignorant, untrue, and ridiculous, as it is bombastic and pretentious. It would not be fair to dwell on Mr. Butterworth's English; he probably cannot help the hysterics of his style. But it is wholly in order to call him to account for palming off on a trusting editor and a possibly trusting public such a mess of misinformation. There really are poets in Latin-America; but he has never heard of most of them. In place of a fair list of them, he has assembled the most extraordinary array of cheap scribblers, stump-speakers, law-compilers, authors of First Readers, and the like, that ever sat down together on one page. Possibly ten per cent. of those in his list belong there; and many of the tallest names in Spanish-American literature are as unknown to him as his nobodies are unknown to Spanish-American students.

One's first notion—if one knows anything about the topic—is that the article is a huge and rather mean guy. But one soon discovers that Mr. Butterworth is in dead earnest. It also becomes evident, early in the game, that Mr. Butterworth either cannot read the Spanish over which he feigns his raptures, or that he is the most incompetent translator since Ternaux-Compans.

To call the cowboys of the pampas "Gouchors," and to say that the "Gouchors" are "wandering minstrels," is a fair example of the intelligence which animates the whole article. Aconcagua with its "base lost in the mysteries of the ocean world;" Horace as a "poet of home;" Buenos Aires (which is inland as Albany) as "the city of the purple seas," and the Argentine as "the Purple Republic"—these are an earnest of what Don Hezekiah can do if he tries. As for his "great Mexican poet, Manuel Acana," no such person ever existed.

AGGRAVATED  
CASE.

That the very bright papers of Spanish-America—among which literary ability and critical knowledge average high—are having inextinguishable fun over this pretentious but ignorant article, is only a secondary matter. The grave thing is that Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, of the *Youth's Companion*, should have consented to mislead the public with an article on a topic we must presume he had the common sense to know he really knew nothing about; and more than that, in a tone which could not but deceive the uninformed into believing him more learned than he knows he is. The whole spirit of the article is that he can not only read Spanish, but that he can taste its nutty flavor; that he can feel its subtleties and its sublimities. As a matter of fact he cannot. His astounding blunders in the rudiments of Spanish, no less than his ridiculous translations, prove this harsh fact many times on every page. And he must know it. If we cannot require an educator of our youth to use more self-respecting English, we have at least the right to demand of him a little finer sense of honesty.

A VERY  
UNUSUAL  
NOVEL.

Perhaps the strongest novel of the year—certainly one of the strongest in several years—is Harold Frederic's *The Damnation of Theron Ware*. It is the strikingly bold and vivid picture of the fatty degeneration of a type of heart not nearly so uncommon as one could wish. "Theron Ware" is a young minister of the vast class whom we may term the accidentally good. He was born that way, and staid so as long as there was nothing to hinder. Weak, impulsive, susceptible; drawn into a religious life by his surroundings and his emotions, the young man is safe while in his native atmosphere; but enlightenment undoes him. His discovery (being a Methodist) that Catholics are not incarnate fiends, is the disproportionate beginning of his downfall. Unable to differentiate his faith from his superstitions, one begins to crumble while the others fall; and the process of his breaking-up is not only well done but extraordinarily interesting. The heroine "Celia," for whom he makes vain shipwreck, is an unusual character in fiction, and not so evenly drawn; yet she is effective. The author carries water on neither shoulder, and his frank pictures are equally fitted to ruffle the Catholic and the Methodist brethren. Anyone who has gone through the amenities of the country churches, however, must be struck by the vitality and verisimilitude of Mr. Frederic's descriptions. Stone & Kimball, Chicago.

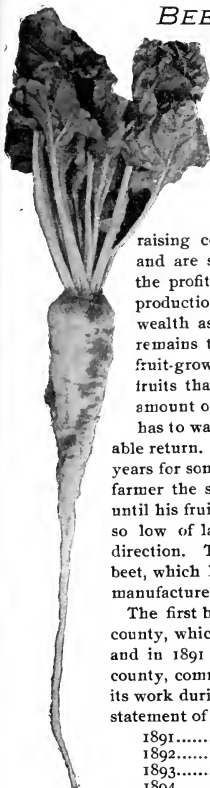
NOTES.

"One is compelled," says a brilliant paper of Latin-America, referring to Hezekiah Butterworth's article in the July *Review of Reviews*, "to admire the *descaro* [shamelessness] which presents such 'facts' for acceptance."

"I see by the paper," said Twombly, "that an accident occurred to the excursion of authors. There was a collision, and every man on the train was rendered unconscious."

"That's about as near as the newspapers get," replied Cutter. "I know personally that Hamlin Garland and Richard Harding Davis were in the party."

## BEET SUGAR IN CALIFORNIA.



WHEN we consider that the United States sent abroad last year more than \$100,000,000 for sugar, and when we consider, further, the admitted fact that this State is better adapted to the culture of the sugar beet than any other section of the world in which it has been tried, the vast importance of the industry to California becomes plainly apparent.

California is noted throughout the world as a fruit-raising country. Large profits have been made in horticulture, and are still made occasionally, although, owing to the fact that the profitable marketing of the fruit has not kept pace with the production, the industry is not at present such a rapid road to wealth as it was formerly. Apart from this, however, the fact remains that some capital is needed to embark in the business of fruit-growing. Land that is suitable for the successful culture of fruits that bring good prices in the market costs a considerable amount of money. The trees cost money, and then the orchardist has to wait three or five years before he can expect any considerable return. This has led to an active inquiry during the past few years for some profitable crop that will yield a cash return to the farmer the same year that it is planted, and so give him an income until his fruit trees come into bearing. The price of grain has been so low of late that there is no encouragement to work in that direction. The "long felt want" is satisfactorily filled by the sugar beet, which has now been successfully cultivated in California for the manufacture of sugar for over twenty years.

The first beet sugar factory in California was at Alvarado, Alameda county, which was followed by one at Watsonville, Santa Cruz county, and in 1891 the big beet sugar factory at Chino, in San Bernardino county, commenced operations. That factory has largely increased its work during the past five years, as may be seen from the following statement of the sugar output:

1891.....	3,300,000 pounds sugar.
1892.....	7,747,385 pounds sugar.
1893.....	15,063,357 pounds sugar.
1894.....	9,471,672 pounds sugar.
1895.....	22,000,000 pounds sugar.

As above stated, California possesses great advantages for the cultivation of sugar beets. European experts have frequently expressed astonishment at the percentage of sugar obtained from beets in this State, which frequently runs up to 18 per cent and more of saccharine matter, whereas in Europe 12 per cent is considered a fair average. Not only this, but it is also possible to extend the season in California over a period of several months, as compared with sixty days in Europe.

The building of the Chino factory was stimulated by the granting of a 2-cent bounty on American sugar. Had that bounty not been removed





TAKING IN A LOAD OF BEETS AT CHINO

we should undoubtedly by this time have seen half a dozen other factories at work in the State. While it is true that under the exceptionally favorable circumstances which prevail in California, beet sugar may be manufactured at a profit without a bounty, yet the inducement has not been considered sufficient by outside capitalists to lead them to invest. Now that there is fair possibility that the bounty will be restored, several new beet sugar enterprises are already under way in various sections of the State. One of these, which involves the erection of two large factories between Los Angeles and the ocean, in Orange and Los Angeles counties, is already an assured thing so far as one of the factories is concerned. An arrangement has been made with a company organized by the Bixby



Union Exp. Co.

WATSONVILLE BEET SUGAR FACTORY.

E A Clark, Photo.



Brothers, who own a large tract of land south of Los Angeles, by the terms of which a syndicate of wealthy northwestern capitalists have agreed to erect a factory in consideration of receiving 1,000 acres of land, and of having from 3,000 to 7,000 acres planted to sugar beets for a period of five years. Preparations have already been made for the building of this factory.

The second factory, which is to be eventually located in this county, between Los Angeles and Long Beach, on the property of the same owners, will be of equal size. After the first season it is proposed to make the capacity of each factory equal to that of the factory at Chino. These two factories, when their capacity is increased to 1,400 tons, will use up the product of 14,000 acres of beets, as compared with about 8,000 now planted at Chino. The two factories will employ together about two hundred and fifty men, and in the beet fields 1,600 persons will find employment. The two factories, when their capacity is increased to 1,400 tons, will distribute among the farmers of this section \$675,000 annually. This does not include the minor industries that gather around a beet sugar factory, such as the fattening of cattle, dairying, etc.

Another important beet sugar enterprise is that inaugurated by Claus Spreckels, at Salinas, in Monterey county. This is to be the largest enterprise of the kind in the world, and will prove of immense benefit to the farmers of that section, who are naturally enthusiastic over the prospect.

It has been estimated that to produce the sugar now imported to the United States from abroad would require 460 factories of 350 tons of beets capacity each per diem, giving employment in the factories and beet fields to 400,000 persons, distributing among the farmers \$77,000,000, and for labor in producing sugar, \$122,000,000.

It should be added, that all of this sugar might easily be produced within the confines of the State of California.

## CYCLING CLUBS.

UNITE a majority of cycle riders in this section are members of clubs. The objects of a bicycle club are to hold club runs, run road races, supply the conveniences of a club house and look after the interest of its members. No gambling or drinking is allowed in the club houses.

The Riverside Wheelmen is the oldest and the most active bicycle club ever formed south of San José or west of Denver. It owns a modern bicycle track, promotes race meets and road races, and with its excellent bicycle amateurs wins its share of contests on both road and track. Isaac S. Logan, the efficient secretary, is the guiding spirit, and Shoemaker is its best known racing man.

In Los Angeles there have been many clubs. The first was probably the Los Angeles Wheelmen which went out of existence last fall after just keeping alive for a year. The oldest present organization is the



East Side Cycling Club which was formed in February, 1893. Its cosy club house is at 220 East Chestnut street. Harry White is the president, and among its famous racing men are Ulbricht, Cromwell, Lacy, Hatton and Miller. It has a membership of about 150 and has been a success from the beginning. The Roamer's Road Club, organized early last year, is a small cycle club which had a roomy club house on South Olive last year, but which now meets only at the homes of its members.

The Los Angeles Road Club was formed a few weeks ago and now has over a hundred active members. It has just opened a beautifully situated club house at 917 South Broadway. Herman Kraetzer is its hustling



Photo. by C. F. Gates.

Union Eng. Co.

**TUNNEL NEAR GARVANZA.**

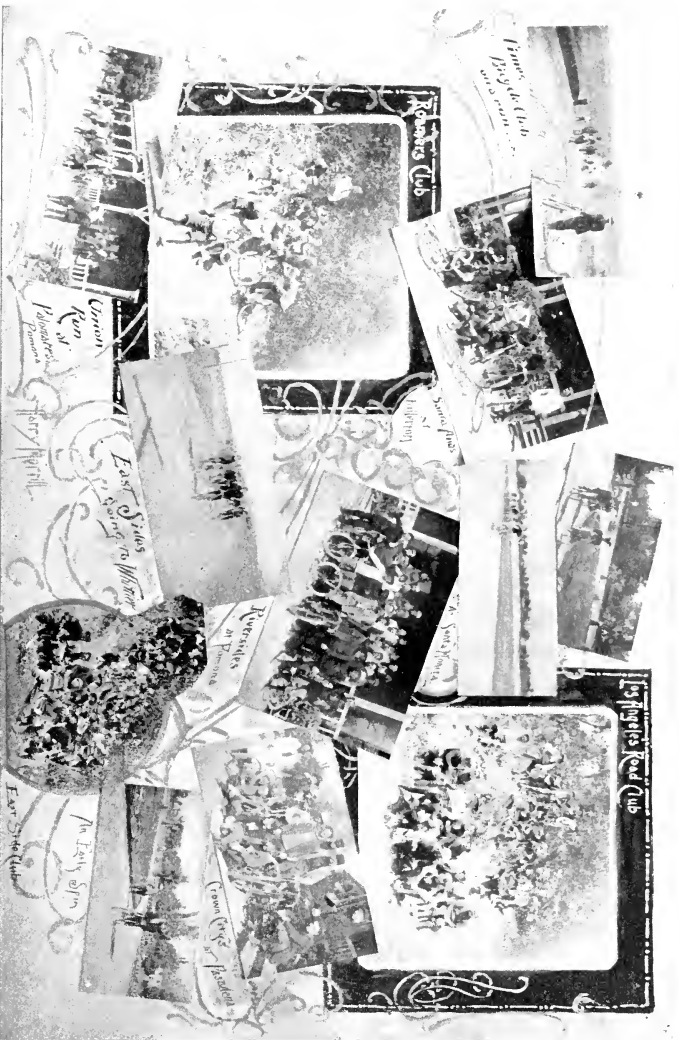
Pasadena has a flourishing club which owns the finest dirt bicycle track on the coast. The Crown City Cycling Club is not the only cycle organization in Pasadena, but it has made an enjoyable name already by its fine showing in floral parades, blue ribbon meets, road races and the other things that make up the club life of cycle organizations. The Pasadena Wheelwomen's Club is made up of ladies as its name implies.

The San Diego Wheelmen now have about three hundred members and are as much a social club as any organization in that city. A three-story club house gives it a finer home than any other cycle club in Southern California.

There are small clubs at Ontario, Santa Ana, San Bernardino, Pomona and Santa Barbara and bicycle clubs have also been organized at other points in Southern California. In Arizona there are several well known clubs, those at Tucson, Phoenix and Flagstaff being the largest. The latter, the Coconino Cycling Club, holds an annual run into the Grand Cañon of the Colorado each August.

C. F. G.

captain. The Road Club has at once made itself famous by an unusual activity. It runs a monthly ten mile road race and has many speedy racing men, among whom is Delay, the well-known amateur. Others are Ruess, Bell, Zalazar and Casenave. There is one other club in Los Angeles, a popular organization, containing both ladies and gentlemen. Its name is the Citrus Wheelmen.



## ONTARIO.

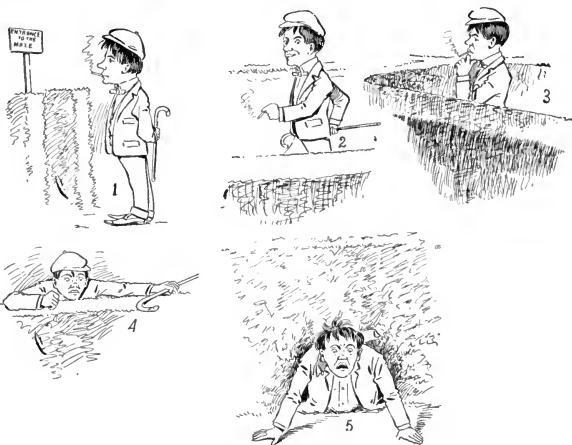
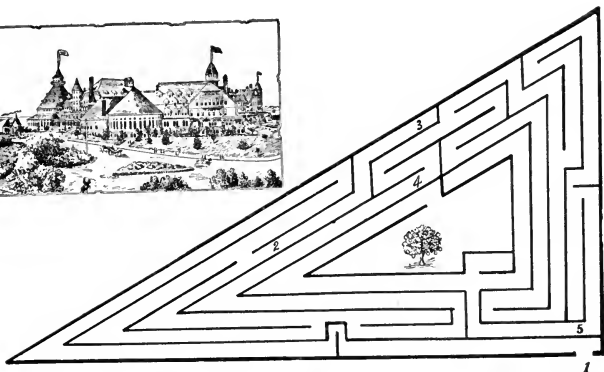
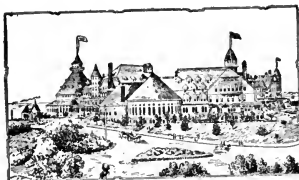
**S**ITUATED at a distance of 35 miles from the Pacific ocean, and 39 miles east of Los Angeles, on the main line of both the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé railways, is the beautiful town of Ontario. In location, climate, soil, and water privileges, Ontario has many advantages. Fine business blocks, electric cars and lighting, handsome churches and schools, fine residences, surrounded by what is already becoming a great forest of citrus and deciduous orchards, blocked out by splendid shade trees — such is Ontario at thirteen years. How many Eastern towns twice its age and population would ever dream of half its progress? The elevation, ranging from 950 to 2500 feet, insures a most healthful and agreeable climate, while the conditions for growing citrus and deciduous fruits cannot be excelled.



A NAVEL ORANGE GROVE.

For the past two years Ontario has planted more orchard lands than any other district in Southern California, the firm of Hansen & Co. alone having planted over 1500 acres to the various kinds of citrus and deciduous fruits. This they are selling in 10 or 20-acre tracts, at prices ranging from \$150 to \$400 per acre, according to location of lots and water privileges. These prices are for three-year-old orchards. The streets and avenues are planted to ornamental and shade trees, and kept in good order. There are some beautiful residences now on their tract.

They also have several orchards in full bearing which are good value, and will bear investigation. Anyone desiring further information should **write for pamphlet** to Hansen & Co., Ontario, or 122 Pall Mall, London, England.



AND IS A-MAZED.

## There's Nothing in Los Angeles

So Cool and Refreshing as a

**CORONADO WATER SOUR**

MR. WHEDON, at 204 S. Spring Street

Distributes **CORONADO WATER** in bottles or siphons. Phone 1204

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

# The Land of Sunshine

THE MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA  
AND THE SOUTHWEST

\$1.00 A YEAR. 10 CENTS A COPY.  
FOREIGN RATES \$1.50 A YEAR.

Published monthly by

The Land of Sunshine Publishing Co.

INCORPORATED

501-503 STIMSON BUILDING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

W. C. PATTERSON - - - - President  
CHAS. F. LUMMIS, V.-Pres. & Managing Editor  
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Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as second-class matter.

Address advertising, remittances, and other business, to F. A. Pattee, Business Manager.

All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor. No MSS. preserved unless accompanied by return postage.

## That "Trade Rat" Again.

We don't like him. He is not a sufficiently careful discriminator, being as likely to exchange a pair of beans for the gold cuff-buttons purloined as the reverse. He was interesting while at work in our neighbor's bin, but alas, he paid a visit to the LAND OF SUNSHINE'S. In its "cool and refreshing" innocence the August advertisement of "Coronado Water Sour" lay upon the stone awaiting its form.

He needed a DeVinne R. None were handy in the case before him—that in the Coronado "ad." was. He therefore "lifts" the R from the word Sour and later carelessly replaces it with a DeVinne P. Nine thousand more Soups therefore went into circulation than there was demand for, and a sharp decline in prices ensued. This was not a fair exchange and was therefore robbery. A sign now hangs in our composing room and woe to the next one who intentionally or otherwise puts the LAND OF SUNSHINE or its patrons in the Soup.

## Ice Cream Made by a New Process.

I have an ice cream freezer that will freeze cream instantly. The cream is put into the freezer and comes out instantly, smooth and perfectly frozen. This astonishes people, and a crowd will gather to see the freezer in operation, and they will all want to try the cream. You can sell cream as fast as it can be made, and sell freezers to many of them who would not buy an old style freezer. It is really a curiosity and you can sell from \$5 to \$8 worth of cream and six to twelve freezers every day. This makes a pretty good profit these hard times and is a pleasant employment. W. H. Baird & Co., 140 S. Highland Ave., Station A, Pittsburg, Pa., will send full particulars and information in regard to this new invention on application, and will employ good salesmen on salary.

## Cooking Without Fire.

The very best and latest invention. No steam, dirt, odor, or heat in the house, making it a pleasure to cook with "The Royal Cooker." It consumes but a few moments of your time in the morning, thus saving you time and labor. If not satisfactory it can be returned with no expense.

American Royal Manufacturing Co., room 45, Bryson Block. J. HOMMEL, Manager.

When business is dull the judicious man profits by the shortsightedness and faithlessness of his neighbor and advertises just when it is most needed.

When business is good he advertises for the trade which he would otherwise divide with his more complacent competitors.

Because one has not money to throw away, it hardly follows that he is not the loser by holding on to it. More is lost by refusing good opportunities than by seeking them. Only those who are influenced by the inexpensiveness of a medium or the unsubstantiated statements of its representative, make mistakes in advertising.

It always pays to get whatever business there is. If not, why then do the most extensive and unremitting advertisers not only prosper but constantly increase rather than diminish their efforts?

Nothing is more logical than if you

## Attract Your Share of Attention,

all things being equal, you must get your share of trade. It certainly does not stand to reason that those who do not hear of you will pass by those of whom they do in order to give you their trade. The one who waits for business to find him may get some, but, as we have had occasion to suggest ere this, most milkers now-a-days have learned that they have to go after the cow.

## What Those Who Have Tried It Say.

"MR. F. A. PATTEE,

Bus. Mgr. Land of Sunshine, Los Angeles, Cal.

"DEAR SIR: We write to request that in your next issue you double the size of our advertisement. We hope we are not too late, as we esteem it of great importance.

"We have received better returns during the past year from our advertisement in the LAND OF SUNSHINE than from all others put together.

"We are truly yours,

"WOOD & CHURCH,  
"Real Estate, etc., Pasadena, Cal."

\* \* \* \* "Our advertisements in the LAND OF SUNSHINE have brought us customers not only from Los Angeles but from Redlands, and other outside towns.

"AVERY STAUB SHOE CO.,  
"Los Angeles."

"While in charge of the Chino Ranch Company's interests, I had occasion to place a very small advertisement in your beautiful magazine. It affords me pleasure to state that I received more replies from that small advertisement, appearing only twice, than from any other medium used during four months of that period. I will arrange for a permanent advertisement at an early date.

"W. H. HOLABIRD."

\* \* \* "From the orders which we receive for the catalogue we are advertising in the LAND OF SUNSHINE, it must have an effective and wide distribution.

H. JEVNE,  
"Wholesale and Retail Grocer, Los Angeles."

\* \* \* "We know of no better presentation of this section, nor one which seems to catch on more effectively. The advertisement which we have been running has induced a large number of inquiries from so many different portions of the United States and foreign countries that we are satisfied that the LAND OF SUNSHINE is a very important factor in making certain a large immigration to this section.

"GRIDER & DOW,  
"Adams-st. Tract, Los Angeles."

"Our advertisement in your recent issue has already made us one sale and brought several inquiries. \* \* \*

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA OXYDONOR CO.

## WHAT ADVERTISERS SAY.

\*\*\* "A party of ten came up the trail in response to my first advertisement, and spent several days on the peak, thus paying in advance my six months' contract with you, and leaving me a profit besides.

"Camp Wilson,"

"C. S. MARTIN.

"My advertisement has been instrumental in placing me in correspondence with more investors than all other mediums combined.

"FANNIE M. MCKOON,  
"Executrix Fanito Rancho, Santee, Cal."

"It is the only publication in which any of my guests have ever mentioned seeing my advertisements.

"S. REINHART  
"Hotel Arcadia, Santa Monica."

The four subscriptions which I have given you somewhat express my confidence in the LAND OF SUNSHINE, but I do not hesitate to say that I consider it the best advertising medium which has yet been given to this section.

"JNO. P. FISK,  
"Real Estate, Redlands, Cal."

"DEAR SON: I am this moment in receipt of the magazine, LAND OF SUNSHINE, with our 'ad.' It is first-class in every respect. \*\*\*

"The half-tones are excellent, and the reading matter could not be improved upon for good taste and comprehensiveness. If you do all your advertising as well as this, you will show that you are an apt scholar. \*\*\*

"COL. JNO. P. JACKSON,  
"Napa Soda Springs, Cal."

\*\*\* "We get more inquiries through the LAND OF SUNSHINE than from any other advertising we send out. \*\*\*

"JNO. E. BOAL,  
"San Diego Land & Town Co., National City, Cal."

"My attention was called by customers to my advertisement in the LAND OF SUNSHINE before I had found time to see it myself. \*\*\*

"GEORGE ELLIOTT,  
"Los Angeles, Cal."

"Pictures, Mouldings, Artists' Materials and Stationery."

"Herewith a letter from a would-be purchaser of my property, which you will see was sent to me from Chicago on the 6th inst., in answer to my advertisement which appeared in your magazine on the 25th of the previous month.

"WILL D. GOULD,  
"Att'y, Los Angeles, Cal."

"I believe that I was the first to take advertising space in your monthly, and I have every reason to be the last to leave it.

"J. E. O'BRIEN,  
"Hotel Brewster, San Diego."

"My page advertisement in your magazine has placed us into correspondence with a number of intending investors, one of whom has already made a \$5000 purchase.

"J. W. H.,  
"Stimson Block, Los Angeles."

"Our two City Directory advertisements in the LAND OF SUNSHINE were the means of our selling a number of books—one or two in such distant territory as Texas.

"GEO. W. MAXWELL,  
"L. A. Directory Co., Los Angeles."

"I am a 'stayer,' said a gentleman who walked into our office the other day. I have been dealing with the same laundry for six years past, but if the 'no-saw-edge collar and cuff ironer' which you are advertising in the Land of Sunshine will do what you claim, you can have my business."

EMPIRE STEAM LAUNDRY,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

\*\*\* "Your pages offer the most attractive and we believe the most profitable form of advertising.

BOARD OF TRADE,  
"Pomona, Cal."

\*\*\* "From a doubter I have grown through experience to prefer your medium to all others.

"THOS. MCD POTTER,  
"Woodlawn Tract, Los Angeles."

\*\*\* "It may be pleasant for you to know that we are more than pleased with returns.

"HANSEN & Co., Ontario, Cal."



### THE NEW LIFE GIVER.

The Original Oxydonor "Victory" for Self-treatment, Supplies Oxygen to the blood, and cures disease and pain under Nature's own laws. Applied as in illustration. "Oxygen is Life." How to increase this element in the system was an unsolved problem to medical science until Dr. H. Sanches discovered a wonderful law of natural forces by the applica-

tion of which Oxygen from the air can be supplied in any desired quantity. It has cured and been fully tested in thousands of cases of all forms of disease. What fairer can we offer than the

#### TESTIMONY OF PEOPLE YOU KNOW

who have given Oxydonor a trial?

REV. BURT ESTES HOWARD, Pastor First Presbyterian Church; REV. W. J. CHICHESTER, Pastor Immanuel Presbyterian Church; REV. H. A. NEWELL, Pastor Bethany Presbyterian Church; REV. DAN'L REED, Pastor First Baptist Church; MR. F. Q. STORY, of the First National Bank; PROF. D. H. MORRISON, Voice Culture Rooms, 77 and 78 Potomac Block, and others.

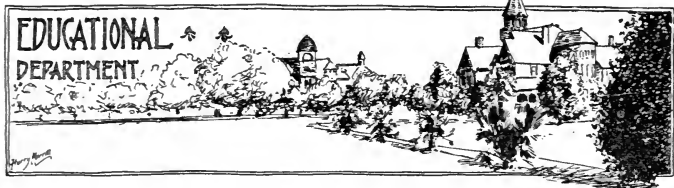
Oxydonors Sold and Rented. Treatment Given at Our Rooms.

For further particulars call on or address

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA OXYDONOR CO.,**

Rooms 209-210 Wilson Block, S. E. Cor. First and Spring Sts., Los Angeles, Cal. Take Elevator.

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



## POMONA COLLEGE CLAREMONT CAL.

Courses leading to degrees of B.A., B.S., and B.L. Its degrees recognized by University of California and other Graduate Schools. Also preparatory School, fitting for all Colleges, and a School of Music of high grade.

Address, C. G. BALDWIN, Pres.

JOHN C. FILLMORE,

Director of School of Music.

## MARLBOROUGH SCHOOL

FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG LADIES

865 W. 23d St., Los Angeles.

Handsome home with family discipline and refined family life, for twenty girls. New annex this year, containing assembly room, class rooms, studio, gymnasium, etc. Preparatory to be opened this year. Girls graduated in Latin and English courses, and prepared for any college to which women are admitted. Extended course in English Language and Literature, and special opportunities for work in Art, History, etc. During the summer Mrs. Caswell travels in Europe with classes.

## CHAFFEY AT ONTARIO ('THE MODEL COLONY'), CAL.

An ENDOWED Preparatory and Boarding School.

15 PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS:— (Johns Hopkins; Oxford, Eng.; Wesleyan, Conn.; Toronto, etc.

**INDIVIDUAL METHOD:** The bright are not retarded, the slow not crowded. Graduate not "in four years," but when necessary credits are gained—be it earlier or later.

**CHAFFEY GRADUATES SUCCEED:** 5 have been Editors of their respective University publications; 3 Business Managers; a number have taken first prizes in rhetoricals; 1, a member Cal. State Univ. Faculty; 1, a Fellow in Chicago Univ.; 2 Asst. Prin. High Schools; 2 Editors and publishers weekly papers; etc.

**HEALTH:** The "College Home" is peculiar because of the motherly care of the matron, the abundance of well cooked and well served food, and other conditions that make the new student healthy and hearty.

**TENTH YEAR** begins Sept. 17, 1906.

Address Dean, William T. Randall, A. M.

## PASADENA.

MISS ORTON'S

Classical School for Girls.

A Boarding and Day School.

Certificate admits to Eastern Colleges.

## FROBEL INSTITUTE (CASA DE ROSAS)

WEST ADAMS ST., COR. HOOVER ST.  
LOS ANGELES

All grades taught, from Kindergarten to College Training School for Kindergartners a specialty.

PROF. AND MME. LOUIS CLAVERIE.

Circular sent on application.

## GIRLS' COLLEGIATE SCHOOL

1918-1922 South Grand Avenue

For resident and day pupils. An attractive home, and thorough school.

MISS PARSONS and MISS DENNEU,  
PRINCIPALS

## LOS ANGELES ACADEMY

A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Ideal location in country, near the foothills. Forty boys, eight teachers. Not a large school, but a good one. Military discipline. \$250.00 a year. No extras. Send for catalogue.

C. A. WHEAT, Principal,

P. O. Box 193. Los Angeles, Cal.

*WOODBURY*  
*Business College.*

226 S. SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES

Oldest, Largest and Best. Send for Catalogue.

G. A. HOUGH, N. G. FELKER,  
President. Vice President.

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



# LOS ANGELES BUSINESS COLLEGE

Carrier Building

UNEXCELLED....

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

## "THE INVESTOR"

A Financial Guide to Southern California and Weekly Journal of Finance, Insurance and Trade.

G. A. DOBINSON, Editor.

Published every Thursday.

Subscription, \$3.00 per annum.

Sample copies mailed on application.

"The best journal of its class in the West."—*N. Y. Bond Buyer*.

"Commendable in every way."—*American Investments*.

"Has made an enviable reputation."—*Redlands Citigraph*.

Office, 4 Bryson Block, Los Angeles, Cal.



Send for a free sample copy of

## GAMELAND,

the monthly echo from the woods, the waters, the mountains and the fields. It is practical and authentic. Yearly subscription, to any address, ONE

DOLLAR. Three trial numbers, twenty-five cents,

GAMELAND PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
277 Broadway, - - New York, N. Y.

Sent together with the Southwestern magazine, the LAND OF SUNSHINE, twelve months, for \$1.50. Gameland, 277 Broadway, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

## The California Cultivator (Monthly)

The only agricultural paper in California which has for a year past given each month affidavit of its circulation. Guaranteed largest bona fide list of subscribers of any Farmer's paper in Southern California. Advertisers Get Results. Subscription price \$1.00 a year; sample copy 10 c. Advertising rates on application.

GOODWIN & THOMAS, Publishers and Proprietors,  
110 W. Second St., Los Angeles, Cal.



## \$100 worth for 10c.

Send 10 cents for illustrated book telling how to start a FREE LIBRARY in your locality without cost to the members. Get it quick!!  
CITIZENS' LIBRARY ASS'N,  
No. 63 FIFTH Avenue, New York, N. Y.

## THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

GUARANTEES PROMPT, ACCURATE AND RELIABLE SERVICE.

Supplies notices and clippings on any subject from all periodicals on the Pacific Coast, business and personal clippings, trade news, advance reports on all contract works.

LOS ANGELES OFFICE, 205 NEW HIGH STREET

VERY FEW REMAIN  
OF THE  
FIRST EDITION  
OF

## Percival Pollard's **Cape of Storms** Novel of Today, . . .

With cover design (in red, white and black) by Will H. Bradley, and the title page by John Sloan. A limited edition on hand-made paper. Price \$1.00.

Clever and out-of-the-common.—*Chicago Journal*. Distinctly a clever book.—*Chicago Tribune*. Has made a hit.—*Footlights*. Brightly told.—*Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin*.

On receipt of 10 cents we will send, to any address, a copy of our largely illustrated catalogue of 500 posters exhibited by The Echo and The Century.

## THE ECHO'S POSTERS

Will H. Bradley's, 1895 . . . 25c  
Miss H. S. Lowry's . . . . . 25c  
Bradley's, 1896 . . . . . 25c

The Echo, New York  
130 Fulton Street

## For One Dollar

We will send you STAFFORD'S NEW MAGAZINE for one year, and besides will send you fifteen complete books for a premium—the whole fifteen books in fifteen separate volumes (handy pocket size, bound, not trashy pamphlets), are sent you by mail, postage prepaid, as soon as your subscription is received. In addition to this you get the magazine (chock full of good home and general reading), once every month for twelve months.

The premium books which you receive all together at once when you subscribe, are as follows: *The Scarlet Letter*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; *Under the Red Flag*, by Miss M. E. Braddon; *King Solomon's Mines*, by H. Rider Haggard; *The Corsican Brothers*, by Alexander Dumas; *The Black Dwarf*, by Sir Walter Scott; *A Noble Life*, by Miss Mulock; *A Study in Scarlet*, by A. Conan Doyle; *The Sea King*, by Captain Marray; *The Siege of Granada*, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton; *Mr. Merson's Will*, by H. Rider Haggard; *The Wandering Jew*, by Charles Reade; *No. 13 Rue de la Paix*, by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins; *The Great Haggarty Diamond*, by W. M. Thackeray; *The Surgeon's Daughter*, by Sir Walter Scott; and *Treasure Island*, by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Send one dollar for STAFFORD'S NEW MAGAZINE for one year, and all of these fifteen great books will be sent to you by return mail. The magazine will follow month by month for twelve months—but you get the premium books, all of them, right away. Remit by P. O. Order, Registered Letter or Express at our risk. Address,

H. STAFFORD, Publisher,  
Stafford's New Magazine,  
106-108 Fulton Street,  
New York, N. Y.

P. O. Box 2264.

Please mention this magazine.

# H. JEVNE

WHOLESALE **GROCER** RETAIL

ELEGANT NEW QUARTERS

208 and 210 SOUTH SPRING STREET

## GRIDER & DOW REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT BROKERS

ESTABLISHED 1881—IN LOS ANGELES

We invite correspondence with INVESTORS desiring to buy or sell property in SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to engage in MANUFACTURING or other lines of business.

We have RANCHES and FARMING LANDS, and LARGE TRACTS desirable for COLONIZATION Purposes. ORANGE, LEMON and ENGLISH WALNUT Groves. CITY property for subdivision. BUSINESS BLOCKS and BUSINESS PROPERTY for sale. BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES in commercial and manufacturing lines. References: *Leading Business Men and Banks in Los Angeles.*

### OWNERS AND SOLE AGENTS

For Kincaid—Philbin—Grosser—Fletcher—Montezuma Clanton—Central Ave.—Briswalter and Adams Street Tracts.

Send for illustrated Catalogue of Farms and City Property.

**Mining Properties Wanted.** We are in a position to buy and sell. Have a cash customer for a gold or copper proposition. Reports furnished.

OFFICE: 139 SOUTH BROADWAY.

OLDEST AND LARGEST BANK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

## Farmers and Merchants Bank

OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Capital (paid up) - - - \$500,000.00  
Surplus and Reserve - - - 820,000.00

Total - - - \$1,320,000.00

### OFFICERS:

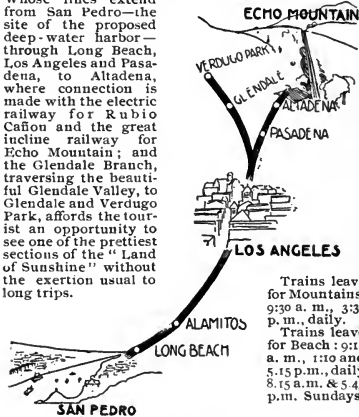
I. W. HELLMAN..... President  
H. W. HELLMAN..... Vice-President  
HENRY J. FLEISHMAN..... Cashier  
G. A. J. HEIMANN..... Assistant Cashier

### DIRECTORS:

W. H. PERRY, C. E. THOM, J. F. FRANCIS,  
O. W. CHILDS, I. W. HELLMAN, JR., T. L. DUQUE,  
A. GLASSELL, H. W. HELLMAN, I. W. HELLMAN.  
Special Collection Department Correspondence Invited. Safety Deposit Boxes for rent.

## THE TERMINAL RAILWAY.

Whose lines extend from San Pedro—the site of the proposed deep-water harbor—through Long Beach, Los Angeles and Pasadena, to Altadena, where connection is made with the electric railway for Rubio Cañon and the great incline railway for Echo Mountain; and the Glendale Branch, traversing the beautiful Glendale Valley, to Glendale and Verdugo Park, affords the tourist an opportunity to see one of the prettiest sections of the "Land of Sunshine" without the exertion usual to long trips.



Trains leave for Mountains 9:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., daily.  
Trains leave for Beach: 9:10 a. m., 1:10 and 5:15 p. m., daily. 8:15 a. m. & 5:45 p. m. Sundays

# First National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES.

Capital Stock - - - \$400,000  
Surplus and Undivided Profits over 230,000

J. M. ELLIOTT, Prest., W. G. KERCKHOFF, V. Pres  
FRANK A. GIBSON, Cashier  
G. B. SHAFFER, Assistant Cashier.

### DIRECTORS:

J. M. Elliott, F. Q. Story, J. D. Hooker,  
J. D. Bicknell, H. Jevne, W. C. Patterson

W. G. Kerckhoff  
No public funds or other preferred deposits received by this bank.

# Via Santa Fe Route

READ THE SCHEDULE



**3**  
**NIGHTS**  
**ON THE ROAD TO**  
**CHICAGO**

I v. San Diego.....	8 00 am	Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thur. Fri. Sat.
Los Angeles.....	10 45 am	" " " " " " " "
Orange.....	11 30 am	" " " " " " " "
San Bernardino...	1 15 pm	" " " " " " " "
Ar. La Junta.....	11 15 am	Tues Wed. Thur. Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon.
Pueblo.....	1 10 pm	" " " " " " " "
Colorado Springs	3 00 pm	" " " " " " " "
Denver.....	5 30 pm	" " " " " " " "
Cripple Creek.....	7 00 am	Wed. Thur. Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tues.
Newton.....	12 30 am	" " " " " " " "
Kansas City.....	7 00 am	" " " " " " " "
St. Louis.....	6 00 pm	" " " " " " " "
Chicago.....	10 30 pm	" " " " " " " "
Des Moines.....	8 15 pm	" " " " " " " "
St. Paul.....	7 20 am	Thur. Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed.
Minneapolis.....	8 00 am	" " " " " " " "
Detroit.....	7 15 am	" " " " " " " "
Cleveland.....	12 45 pm	" " " " " " " "
Indianapolis.....	3 30 am	" " " " " " " "
Cincinnati.....	7 20 am	" " " " " " " "
Buffalo.....	5 30 pm	" " " " " " " "
Pittsburg.....	5 10 pm	" " " " " " " "
New York.....	7 00 am	Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thur.
Boston.....	10 45 am	" " " " " " " "

PULLMAN PALACE and TOURIST SLEEPING CARS RUN THROUGH TO KANSAS CITY and CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE, EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK.

TICKET OFFICE, 200 SPRING ST., COR. SECOND ST., LOS ANGELES

LEAVE FOURTH ST Los Angeles for Pasadena.

* 6 00 am	2 40 pm
* 6 30 am	3 00 pm
7 00 am	3 20 pm
7 30 am	3 40 pm
† 8 00 am	† 4 00 pm
8 20 am	4 20 pm
8 40 am	4 40 pm
† 9 00 am	5 00 pm
9 20 am	5 20 pm
9 40 am	5 40 pm
† 10 00 am	6 00 pm
10 20 am	6 20 pm
10 40 am	6 40 pm
11 00 am	7 00 pm
11 20 am	7 20 pm
11 40 am	7 40 pm
12 00 m	8 00 pm
12 20 pm	8 30 pm
12 40 pm	9 00 pm
† 1 00 pm	9 30 pm
1 20 pm	10 00 pm
1 40 pm	10 30 pm
2 00 pm	11 00 pm
2 20 pm	11 30 pm

\*Sundays excepted.  
†Connect with Mt. Lowe Ry.

Posadena and Los Angeles and Pasadena and Pacific Electric Rys.

LEAVE CHESTNUT STREET, PASADENA, FOR LOS ANGELES

* 5 30 am	10 00 am	2 00 pm	6 00 pm
6 00 am	10 20 am	2 20 pm	6 20 pm
6 30 am	10 40 am	2 40 pm	6 40 pm
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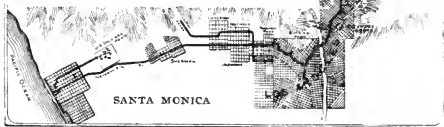
Echo Mountain.

LEAVE FOURTH ST Los Angeles

* 5 55 am	1 25 pm
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6 55 am	1 55 pm
* 7 10 am	* 2 10 pm
7 55 am	2 25 pm
* 8 10 am	* 2 40 pm
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12 25 pm	8 25 pm
* 12 40 pm	8 55 pm
12 55 pm	9 55 pm
* 1 10 pm	10 55 pm

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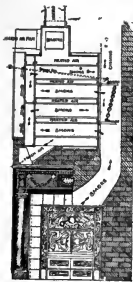
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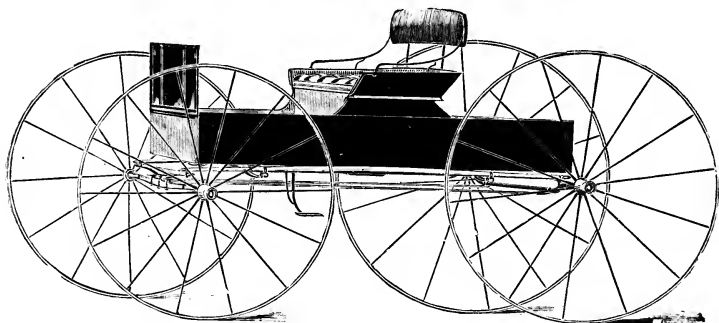
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OCTOBER, 1896

Vol. V, No.

THE CITY OF THE CLIFF

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LOS PAISES DEL SOL DILATAN EL ALMA



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LAND

OF

# SUNSHINE

A MAGAZINE OF

CALIFORNIA AND THE

SOUTHWEST



EDITED BY

CHAS. F. LUMMIS

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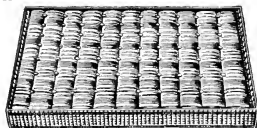
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# THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

## CONTENTS—OCTOBER, 1896.

	PAGE
The Little Charro.....	frontispiece
Down in the Pass of the Soledad, Jeanie Peet.....	183
The City of the Cliff, illustrated, Chas. F. Lummis.....	184
(Southwestern Wonderland Series, VII.)	
When Winter Widows all the North (sonnet), E. W. Barnard.....	191
The Return of Frederic Yates, illustrated .....	192
Songs of the Navajos, illustrated, Dr. Washington Matthews .....	196
Jack (poem), Elwyn Irving Hoffman.. ..	202
Philopena (story), Henshaw Jones.....	202
A History of New Mexico .....	204
The Landmarks Club.....	206
In the Lion's Den, the editor .....	207
That Which is Written, the editor.....	210
With Cycle and Camera, illustrated .....	213

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### Authority on Circulation?

These figures were furnished by the following publications to the American Newspaper Directory, N. Y., prior to April, 1896:

Daily Times, Los Angeles, average issue for past year .....	15,540
Monthly Overland, San Francisco, exceeding.....	7,500††
Western Monthly, formerly The Household Journal.....	7,500††
Daily Express, Los Angeles, average for past year.....	7031
Daily Herald, Los Angeles, smallest edition past year....	6500
Monthly Traveler, S. F., certified average for past year...	4100
Monthly California Cultivator Los Angeles, av. past year...	3240
Weekly Sunday World, Los Angeles, smallest edition .....	3000
Monthly Rural Californian, Los Angeles, exceeding.....	2250
Weekly Investor, Los Angeles, smallest edition.....	1000
Daily Record, I. A., not rated	
Monthly Resources of California, exceeding.....	400
Weekly Capitol, I. A., not rated	
Daily Hotel Gazette, Los Angeles, smallest edition .....	292

†† Accuracy questioned by A. N. Directory.

This Directory credits the LAND OF SUNSHINE with a larger certified average circulation than any of the above publications, with the exception of the L. A. Times; while the annuals about to be issued by Lord & Thomas, Chas. F. Fuller, and N. W. Ayer & Son, show that the smallest issue of the LAND OF SUNSHINE during the twelve months preceding and inclusive of September, 1896, was 8,000.

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*THE LITTLE CHARRO.*





"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 5 No. 5.

LOS ANGELES

OCTOBER, 1896.

## *DOWN IN THE PASS OF THE SOLEDAD.*

BY JEANIE PEET.

Down in the pass of the Soledad, a hundred years ago,  
The trees held court, in an open glade, by a murmuring river's flow.  
The judge was there in his robes of state; the witnesses were seen;  
The jury stood up like forms of fate, all in their waving green.

The herald winds, on the mountain wall, summoned the court; and then  
Was heard the echoing clash and call of the discord made by men.  
Gifted with powers that gods might wield, cursed with a cruel pride,  
A band of Indians swept the field; and man had come to be tried.

With softly solemn, relentless voice, the judge, when all was heard,  
In charging the jury, left no choice. "Guilty," the foreman's word.  
The sentence spoken was exile swift; done was the Indians' day.  
The wind came down through the mighty rift, and swept their traces  
away.

\* \* \* \* \*

The years convene, and the court is there. Over the lonely scene  
Vasty fleeces, the shepherd's care, wander, the hills between.  
They, too, vanish; a mirage strange—come and gone like a thought.  
And nature waits for a further change, where an eden lies unsought.

"Oyez! Oyez!" The swift winds roam. "Come into court!" they cry.  
"The tiny homestead cabins have come, under the cloudless sky."  
The green trees wave with a murmur deep, granting to man their shade.  
Man shall be helped to sow and reap, till his heavens of home are made.

Still on the changing scene they gaze. Still in their robes they'll stand  
 When even our children's children's days are done in the pleasant land.  
 All must pass into Time's exile; but — if the court may please —  
 Let us tarry, one summer's while, under Ravenna's trees!

Harold Cal

THE SOUTHWESTERN WONDERLAND.

VII. THE CITY OF THE CLIFF.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.



Ácoma remains as fresh and fascinating a theme to the reader as to the writer who has described it in so many chapters, then no pardon need be asked for this brief review — particularly as herewith are given several unique illustrations, never before published, of the most picturesque town in the world. After scores of visits I find it more interesting than ever; and no visit has ever failed to disclose some new wonder and enchantment.

Ácoma lies in the county of Valencia, in western New Mexico, a dozen miles south of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad. It may be reached from several stations; but the feasible way for the average tourist is to alight from the train at Laguna (where he will also see a very interesting though modern pueblo; a daughter of Ácoma, founded in 1699) and get Kirsch to provide transportation. The trip is a perfectly safe one; but it is wise to be accompanied by someone who knows the country. With a proper guide, plenty of lunch, and two days' time (if possible), one can have very inexpensively an experience unique in a lifetime.

Fray Marcos of Niza, the heroic Franciscan who discovered New Mexico — and whose only detractors are prophets of their own ignorance — heard of Ácoma in 1539 as Ahacus: The native name was and still is Ah-co; Ácoma being a Spanish form. The first Europeans who saw this wonderful spot were Francisco Vasquez Coronado, the greatest of North American explorers, and his little army, in 1540. And from that astonishing expedition of his which 356 years ago overran so many thousands of trackless leagues in what is now United States, we have the first descriptions of the peerless city of the rock. I say "peerless" not carelessly. No other human habitations are so nobly situated; and there are only two places on earth (one in "the Saxon Switzerland" and one in the Deccan) which at all compare with it, except the high-perched pueblos of Moqui. These are remotely in the same class; but none of them rival it in grandeur or in wildness. Knowing every extraordinary townsite in the New World, one comes back to Ácoma as strangest and most splendid of them all.

From the eastern slope of the Continental Divide the vast sandstone blanket which gives the Southwest a formation unique in the world, making it the land of *mesas*, is cut by winding cañons. Between them — and made by them — are the characteristic "tables;" flat-topped, cliff-



THE MESA ENCANTADA,  
FROM A TRAIL TO ACOMA.

sided, from a few rods square to many miles on a side. Where two of these erosion-clefts from the Black Mesa come together like forks of a river to form a mightier stream, is one of the typical valleys of New Mexico. Eight or ten miles long, a mile to two miles broad, hemmed on either side by bright-colored and fantastically-eroded sandstone precipices 500 to 1000 feet high; its trough-like floor, smooth to the eye with distance and soft with the mossy gramma grass; and all bathed in that ineffable atmosphere which is half dream and half mirage — it seems an enchanted valley if ever human eyes have looked upon anything that can deserve those words. Especially from some commanding look-out when the evening light is low, it is so unearthly in its beauty as no other spot I have ever seen in the three Americas. And noblest of all, in that matchless view, are the strange, tall, ghostly forms that seem to march with lengthening shadows down that magic valley — the fantastic buttes, mesas, and spires that stand rear-guard of the ages.

Chief of these — and the noblest single rock in America — is *Katzímo*, the Enchanted Mesa; a superb bulk of colored sandstone, nine hundred feet high and over a mile in circumference. It is the most perfect type of a mesa, and has a most romantic history. It was the earlier *Ácoma*;



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ACOMA FROM THE WEST.

Photo. by C. F. Lemmis

and on the summit of its tremendous cliff the eagle town of the *Quéres* nested. Until the great ladder-rock — a fragment detached from the cliff and resting against it — fell during a great flood. The people were planting in the valley when their pueblo was thus snatched a thousand feet above their reach; all but three women, who perished in the lofty town. Since that day (sometime in the middle ages) no human foot has trodden the summit of the *Mesa Encantada*.

*Ácoma* today occupies a townsite not so lofty but even more picturesque. Three miles south of the *Mesa Encantada* is the most splendid specimen of fantastic erosion on this continent. An "island" in the air; a rock with overhanging sides nearly 400 feet high, seventy acres in area on the fairly level top, indented with countless great bays, notched with dizzy chasms, flanked by vast buttresses so sheer Assyrian in their chance carving by the rain that one could believe the builders of Nineveh had learned their trade here, so labyrinthine in its perimeter that no man will find the last word of it — and I, who may safely claim to know it better than any other white, do not feel that I half know it — it is a rock wonderland worth crossing the world to study, even if it had no other attributes.



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*THE SOUTHEAST CORNER OF ACOMA.*

But it has. On its top stands a town which in artistic charm, ethnologic interest and romantic history together, has no peer.

The pueblo of Acoma is three vast parallel terraced blocks, each block nearly a thousand feet long, and looking for all the world, from a little distance, as if carved from the bedrock. It is one of the most perfect types still remaining of the prehistoric Pueblo architecture; three stories high, with the blank back walls of the old defensive scheme—and even in front, modern security and the nudgings of convenience have caused the breaking of but few first stories with doors and windows. Most of the houses remain of the type invented when every house must be a fort, as well as every town a Gibraltar. One climbed a dozen feet to his first roof, and pulled the ladder up at night; lived in the second and third stories, and used the ground floor as a cellar, reached only by a trap-door in a room of the second story. Against enemies armed only with bows and arrows, this sort of architecture was a very fair defense. And it is eloquent of the danger that walked in darkness and the destruction that wasted at noonday, in those old times, to see—in all the



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Photo by C. F. Lummis.

*A GLIMPSE OF THE PUEBLO FROM THE NORTHEAST*

UNIVERSITY

length and breadth of the hundreds of thousands of square miles over which the Pueblos ranged in different ages—how comfort had to be sacrificed for safety. Nothing but the eagle ever sought such inaccessible eyries as these victims of their own civilization. Because they were farmers instead of free-booters, because they had homes instead of being vagrants, they were easy to find; and they were the prey of a hundred nomad tribes. It was only by their wonderful system of fortified townsites and homes that they held their own. To this day Acoma goes half a mile for water, and anywhere from two to fifteen miles to the cornfield. That of the prehistoric times in New Mexico<sup>®</sup> was the most precarious farming in human history; and only the patience that is always a part of the patriarchal organization, supplemented by the greater patience that is learned by those for centuries beleaguered, could have held to their little corn and squash-patches these first American farmers. It was the stone hoe in the right hand, the bow and arrow in the left; and in the long run the scratchlike furrows drank a richer and redder irrigation than came from the little acequias. Sometimes it was the painted Apache who fell in his raid; and sometimes the Pueblo farmer who came to fertilize his own field, while his topknot (and thereby his virtues) went to enrich the pirates of the plains.

In front of, and some hundreds of yards apart from, the houses of Ácoma stands the huge old church, a miracle at once of faith and labor. It is not the original temple of the new God here—founded by Fray Juan Ramirez, the Apostle of the Acomas, in 1629. That stood a little nearer the town, and was destroyed in the terrible Pueblo Rebellion of 1680, when the gentle missionary Fray Lucas Maldonado was butchered by his flock. The present structure dates from about 1700. Every grain of its enormous bulk was brought up the precipice from the plain; its forty-foot timbers, fourteen inches square, came twenty miles from Mt. San Mateo by man-power; its graveyard—a stone-walled box 200 feet square, and forty-five feet deep at the outer edge—is filled with earth brought up the same wild trails on patient backs. And for that matter the infinite tons of earth and stone which compose the houses of 600 people came by the same way.

When one knows the approaches to Ácoma, the inconceivable labor which built this skyward town begins to be guessed at. During the present generation a trail has been built, up which horses come; but that did not count in the construction of Ácoma. Before it, the several trails which crept up by toe-holes in various clefts of erosion were not just the thing for the average tourist. Only two American women have ever traversed any of the serious trails up that cliff; and on the very easiest of them all—the famous *Camino del Padre*, by which Fray Ramirez made his ascent in the face of a hail of arrows—I have had almost to carry educated American men. The most picturesque of these stone ladders are the one just southeast of the church, and the one of which a glimpse is shown on page 185. The latter has been long deserted, after many fatalities; and since erosion has smoothed

\* So photographically described in Bandelier's historical novel *The Delight Makers*.

off many of the tiny "steps," no human being has traversed its whole dizzy course in many years.

The shape of the mesa is that of a pair of eyeglasses. The southern



oval is unoccupied, but is much visited—since here is the chief water-supply, a beautifully picturesque rainwater reservoir in the living rock. And on this same cliff, but never seen by half a dozen white men, is a perfect cliff-dwelling which faces the rising sun.

At about the neck which joins the two mesas—the bow of the eye-glasses—is the spot where Vicente de Zaldivar with less than 70 men stormed Ácoma, and where the soldier-poet Gaspar de Villagran made his heroic leap, on the 22d of January, 1599. It was the most wonderful assault in the history of North America.\* The Indians had treacherously massacred Zaldivar's brother Juan and his companions, and their punishment was as just as it was terrible. Three days of hand-to-hand fighting followed the assault; and at their end, though every surviving Spaniard was wounded, Ácoma was tamed for nearly a century.

The age of the present town is not known—except that it was already old in 1540. There is no possible doubt that this is the Ácoma of Coronado and Oñate.



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A FEAST-DAY IN ACOMA.

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I cannot try to describe in this scant space the simple Quéres; their impenetrable wall to the stranger, their loyal tenderness to the alien they learn to love, their strange customs—half prehistoric fetichism, half earnest christianity—their interesting and comfortable houses, their careful little farms, their quaint home industries, the beauty of the family relations, their wonderful and poetic folklore. Those who care to read of them may find something in what I have elsewhere written.† I have known and loved them for many years, these brown Hano Oshatch, the Children of the Sun; and though many of those are gone, now, who were my chief delight in the sky-town—like brave Martin Valle, the seven-times governor, and Hashti Garcia, the oldest of the Quéres, and Faustino, the most magnificent Mars that ever

\*See *The Spanish Pioneers*, Chaps. III, IV.

†In *The Land of Poco Tiempo*, *The Spanish Pioneers*, *A New Mexico David*, etc.





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ACOMA CHILDREN.

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walked in living bronze—my heart turns thither still. They deserve far more and far better description than has ever been given them; but here is no room for the volume they would fill. It is more to my purpose if by still persevering I may induce a few more Americans to care to see for themselves a spot as much more wonderful than anything they can find in Europe as the Pyramids are greater than a haystack.

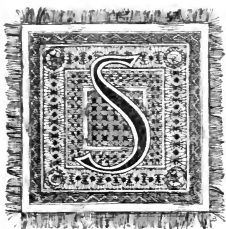
## WHEN WINTER WIDOWS ALL THE NORTH.

BY EDWARD W. BARNARD.

When winter widows all the North and folds  
 Her purple woods, her yellow fields, her plains,  
 In pallid motley; when from pleasant lanes  
 The green he tears, and what of brightness holds  
 The autumn garden still—wan marigolds,  
 Late dahlias,—these, he drowns in bitter rains;  
 When black storms drag their weight of icy chains  
 Across the piteous whiteness of her wolds,  
 And high winds drive us from the window-seat,  
 Whilst chimney-voices only moan and hiss—  
 Still, blossom-crowned, fruit-laden, and replete  
 With ev'ry gentle thing that makes for bliss,  
 Her marvelous sweet mouth, and warm as sweet,  
 The smiling South uplifts for us to kiss.

Fall River, Mass.

## THE RETURN OF YATES.



EVEN years ago the genius of Frederic Yates was an inspiring force in San Francisco. It is felt there still; and his present visit to the coast and to his father's home in Los Angeles is cause of rejoicing to all Californians who know the artist and his work.

Mr. Yates is English born, and is now settled in London, but he is still an American in America. Mrs. Yates is a native of New Haven, Connecticut.

From his very early years, the strong inclination for art persisted in the face of opposition, and at the age of

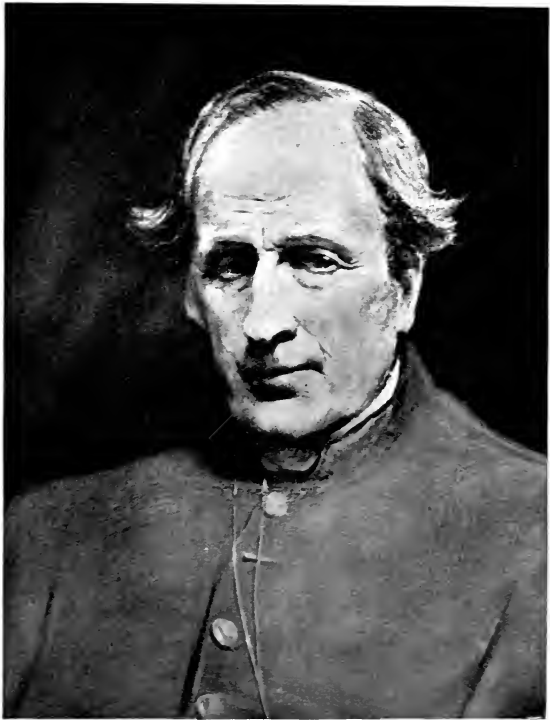
twenty-one, a desk in a mercantile house was abandoned for the atelier of M. Bonnat in Paris. Two or three years afterwards, his family having come from England to San Francisco, the young man joined them, and there began the rugged first stages of his career. As often as means were accumulated he returned to England, France or Italy for a year or two of work. When the Art League was formed by a number of San Francisco students, Mr. Yates became their instructor, and his magnetic enthusiasm built up a colony of earnest workers. He was a well-loved member of the Bohemian Club, which owns several portraits of his painting.

He painted portraits in California as good as those which afterwards won for him in the world's art-centers the full recognition he had missed here. It was in



Portrait by Yates.  
MADAME LA COMTESSE DE BRIEN.





Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE CANON OF CANTERBURY

Portrait by Yates.

1889 that the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire, having seen work of his, sent for him to execute commissions for her, and afterwards introduced him in London. The present visit is his first return to California since that time. In '94 he came as far as New York, but was recalled to paint a portrait of the Bishop of Portsmouth for presentation on an anniversary. He exhibits constantly in the Royal Academy and the New English Art Club; also in the Paris Salon.

The climate of England is congenial to Mr. Yates's temperament. The deep, quiet, satisfying color, the melting grays of that atmosphere are expressed in his landscapes. In California he avoids the hot sunlight, but rejoices in the beautiful color of dawn, sunset and afterglow.

The remarkable portrait seen in the photograph of the artist, here reproduced, was in the Salon of '95. It is that of Mr. G. A. Rogers, a

wood-carver of note, and a member of the Hogarth Club, to which Mr. Yates belongs.

The gift of portraiture is rare. To grasp the personality of the sitter and reproduce it so that the canvas seizes upon us with the power of life itself! Estimate the difference between this and the merely imitative portrait which reminds us of a friend by a deceptive resemblance to the features, copied line for line—and we have some conception of the length and breadth of mental power required to produce such work as that of Mr. Yates.

What do we wish to preserve of a friend? Not the milliner's view; not that of the satirist, who deals with superficial peculiarities. We want the real being. The portrait painter has trained himself to a large way of seeing—obeying a gift of insight that is divine. All that is wholesome, true and kind in human nature shines from the canvases of Mr. Yates. There are subtle intellectual qualities, and there is elemental force; the delicate grace of childhood, the strength and sweetness of age. Count the men of the day who can do such work!

It has all the qualities of great art. Free from mannerism—vigorously original and daring, it never loses repose, and it is delicious in harmony of color.

Mr. Yates's attitude is indicated in these words of his own: "We must not approach our work without feeling the absolute master over all its means of procedure. And yet at the same time to keep humble in spirit—these seem to me the two absolutely necessary qualities that must go together if we are ever to do the true work." H. E. C.

Los Angeles.

## AT REDLANDS.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

Once more among the mountains! Soul of mine  
 Drink in their matchless aspect as they lift  
 Their circling range, obscured by overdrift  
 Of cloud, or stand out sharply, line on line  
 Of august shapes, upon whose foreheads shine  
 The dawn's bright earnest and the late last gift  
 Of day, the brief empurpled gleams that shift  
 Through netted vapors at the sun's decline.

Once more among my visions! Soul, my soul,  
 Hast wandered from thy Switzerland, but now  
 Appear on thy horizon, east and west,  
 Those thrilling shapes; the mists arise and roll;  
 New lustres from some nameless day-spring flow,  
 And lo! and lo! thy dreams are manifest.

Los Angeles.



Union Fig 40

A CHARACTERISTIC VIEW IN THE NAVAJO COUNTRY.

Photo. by C. F. Lammie.

## 'SONGS OF THE NAVAJOS.

BY DR. WASHINGTON MATTHEWS.

FOR many years the most trusted account of the Navajo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona was to be found in a letter written by Doctor Jona Letherman of the army, and published in the Smithsonian Report for 1856. Doctor Letherman had lived three years at Fort Defiance, in the heart of the Navajo country, when he wrote this letter and he acknowledges his indebtedness, for assistance in preparing it, to Major Kendrick, who long commanded at Fort Defiance. Both the Doctor and the Major were men of unusual ability. The former, (having changed the spelling of his name to Letterman) afterwards distinguished himself as medical director of the Army of the Potomac, and the latter was, for many years, professor of chemistry at the National Military Academy.

From this letter, I extract the following statements concerning the Navajos: "Of their religion little or nothing is known, as indeed, all inquiries tend to show they have none." "The lack of traditions is a source of surprise. They have no knowledge of their origin or of the history of the tribe." "They have frequent gatherings for dancing." "Their singing is but a succession of grunts and is anything but agreeable."

The evidence of these gentlemen, one would think, might be taken as conclusive; yet, fifteen years ago, when I first found myself among the Navajos, I was not influenced, in the least, by the authority of this letter. Previous experience with Indians had taught me that such evidence might be of little value, and I began at once to investigate the religion, traditions and poetic literature of which, I was assured, the Navajos were devoid.

I had not been many weeks in New Mexico when I discovered that the dances, to which Doctor Letherman refers, were religious ceremonials and, later, I found that these ceremonials could compare favorably in allegory, symbolism and intricacy of ritual with the ceremonies of any people, ancient or modern. I found, ere long, that these heathens, pronounced godless and legendless, possessed myths and traditions so numerous and lengthy that I can never hope to collect them all, a pantheon as well stocked with gods and heroes as that of the ancient Greeks, and prayers which for length and vain repetition might put a pharisee to the blush.

But what did the study of the disagreeable "succession of grunts" reveal? This is the matter in which we are now most interested. It revealed that besides improvised songs, in which the Navajos are adepts, they have knowledge of thousands of significant songs—or poems as they might be called—which have been composed with care and handed down, for centuries perhaps, from teacher to pupil, from father to son, as a precious heritage, throughout the wide Navajo nation. They have songs of traveling, appropriate to every part of the journey, from the time the wanderer leaves his home until he returns. They

have farming songs which refer to every stage of their simple agriculture, from the first view of the planting-ground in the spring, to the harvest home. They have building songs which celebrate every act in the structure of the hut from "thinking about it" to moving into it and lighting the first fire. They have songs for hunting, for war, for gambling, in short, for every important occasion in life from birth to death, not to speak of pre-natal and post-obit songs. These songs are composed according to established (often rigid) rules and abound in poetic figures of speech.

Perhaps the most interesting of their metrical compositions are those connected with their sacred rites—their religious songs. These rites are very numerous; many of them are of nine days' duration and with each is associated a number of appropriate songs. Sometimes there are, pertaining to a single rite, two hundred songs, or more, which may not be sung at other rites.

These songs must be known to the priest of the rite and his assistants in a most exact manner; for an error made in singing a song may be fatal to the efficacy of a ceremony. In no case is an important mistake tolerated and, sometimes, the error of a single syllable works irreparable injury. A noteworthy instance of this rule is shown in a song sung at the beginning of work on the last night of the great ceremony of the night-chant. The rite is one which may cost the patron two hundred dollars or more. It has lasted eight days and nights when four singers, after long and careful instruction by the priest, come forth, painted, adorned and masked as gods, to sing this song of the *Atsáhléi*. Several hundred people—many from the furthest confines of the Navajo land—have come to sit up all night and witness the public ceremonies. The song is long and is mostly made up of meaningless or obsolete expressions which convey no idea to the mind of the singer. Yet not a single vocable may be omitted, mispronounced or misplaced. A score or more of critics, who know the song by heart, are listening with strained attention. If the slightest error is made, it is at once proclaimed; the fruitless ceremony terminates abruptly and the disappointed multitude disperses.

The songs all contain significant words; but these, for poetic requirements, are often greatly distorted and the distortions must be kept in mind. Some of the words, too, are archaic—they mean nothing in modern Navajo; but the priests assign traditional meanings to them—and this adds to the task of memorizing. But, in addition to the significant words, there are, (as instanced above) numerous meaningless vocables in all songs and these must be recited with a care at least equal to that bestowed on the rest of the composition. These meaningless sounds are commonly introduced in the preludes and refrains of the stanzas, and in the verse endings; but they may occur anywhere in the song.

The preludes and refrains here referred to are found, with rare exceptions, in every stanza and in every song. Although they are all either totally meaningless or only partly significant they are the most



characteristic parts of the poems and the singer cons the preludes over, when he wishes to call to mind any particular composition, just as we often remember a poem by means of the first line. They are rarely or never quite alike in any two songs and great ingenuity is often displayed in giving them variety.

There is yet another burden laid on the memory of the singer of sacred songs, and this is the order of their arrangement. The songs of each ceremony are divided into groups, which must follow one another in an established order, and each song has, in the group to which it belongs, a place that must not be changed, under penalty of divine displeasure. To sing, during the progress of a rite, the Sixth Song of the Mountain Sheep, before the Fifth Song is sung would be a sacrilege as great as to chant the syllables ohohoho in place of ehehehe. To remember this exact order of sequence in a set of two hundred or three hundred songs is no easy task.

But, it may be said by some of my readers: "Perhaps things were different with the Navajos in Doctor Letherman's day. May they not have learned from other tribes, or have, themselves, invented all this song and ceremony since he knew them?" To this I would reply that it is absurd to suppose that so many and such elaborate rites, with their accompanying songs, could have grown up among an unlettered people in the twenty-five years that elapsed between Doctor Letherman's departure from the Navajo country and my arrival there. Besides I have obtained my information from men of advanced age—sixty to eighty years old—who practiced these rites and sang these songs in their youth and who, in turn, learned them from men of a departed generation. The shamans who conduct these ceremonies, tell these tales and sing these songs, are scattered widely over the Navajo country. Men who are scarcely acquainted with one another, and who learned from different preceptors, will sing any given sacred song in the same words and to the same tune. All the lore of the Navajo priesthood was undoubtedly extant in Doctor Letherman's day and for ages before.

It is remarkable that while the Navajo men are such fruitful composers of song and such ardent singers, the women as a rule do not sing. Among the wild hunting tribes of the North, as I knew them thirty years ago, the women not only had songs of their own, but they took part in the ceremonial songs of the men. The Pueblo Indian women of New Mexico, neighbors of the Navajos, have many fine songs—the song of the corn-grinders, which I have often heard in Zuñi, being especially wild and musical—but the Navajo woman is songless. I tried a long time to find a woman who could sing, and offered liberal pecuniary inducements, before I got one. She came to me from a distance of thirty miles. She knew no songs peculiar to her sex, but her father was a medicine-man, who frequently repeated his songs at home in order to familiarize himself with them, and she gradually picked up some of them. She sang in a musical soprano, with much spirit, and was one of the most pleasing singers I heard in the tribe.

It is probable that all figures of speech known to our poets might be

shown to exist in these simple compositions of the Navajos; but, in many cases, the allusions are to matters of symbolism, or incidents in their myths, so recondite that they could be made plain to the reader only by a tedious recital — too long for the limits of this paper. Thus it would not be easy to make clear in a few words why, when the goddess Estsanatlehi, in one of the songs to her honor, is spoken of as climbing a wand of turquoise, we know the poet means to say she is ascending San Mateo Mountain in New Mexico; or why, when he speaks of her as climbing a wand of haliotis shell, he is endeavoring to tell us that she is ascending the peak of San Francisco in Arizona. But some of their metaphors and similes are not so hard to understand. Here is a translation of the Dove Song, one of the gambling songs sung in the game of Kesichè :

Wōsh Wōsh picks them up, (seeds)  
 Wōsh Wōsh picks them up,  
 Glossy Locks picks them up,  
 Red Moccasin picks them up,  
 Wōsh Wōsh picks them up.

Wōsh Wōsh is an onomatopoeia for the dove; Glossy Locks and Red Moccasin are figurative expressions for the dove of obvious significance.

Antithesis is a favorite figure with the Navajo poet. Here is an instance of it in a song belonging to the mountain-chant, one of the great nine-days ceremonies of the shamans :

The voice that beautifies the land,  
 The voice above,  
 The voice of the thunder,  
 Among the dark clouds,  
 Again and again it sounds,  
 The voice that beautifies the land.

The voice that beautifies the land,  
 The voice below,  
 The voice of the grasshopper,  
 Among the little plants,  
 Again and again it sounds,  
 The voice that beautifies the land.

In these two stanzas the voice of the thunder above is contrasted with the feeble noise of the grasshopper below; yet both are voices that make the world beautiful.

I have noted many cases of climax, but only one now occurs to me; (at the present writing most of my notes are not accessible). It is from the mountain-chant, and I offer it, although there are but two steps to the ladder.

Maid-who-becomes-a-bear  
 Sought the gods and found them;  
 On the summits of the mountains  
 Sought the gods and found them:  
 Truly, with my sacrifice,  
 Sought the gods and found them.  
 Somebody doubts it; so I have heard.

Holy-young-woman  
 Sought the gods and found them;  
 On the summits of the clouds,  
 Sought the gods and found them;  
 Truly, with my sacrifice,  
 Sought the gods and found them.  
 Somebody doubts it, so I have heard.

Maid-who-becomes-a-bear (Chikè chash-nátlehi) is an important character in Navajo mythology. The last line in each stanza is an instance of irony.

It will be seen from the examples given that they understand the value of repetition in poetry. The refrain is a favorite form of expression; but they know of other means of giving verbal melody to their songs as may be seen in the following text of the first stanza of the Blue-bird (*Sialia arctica*) song:

Tsì hayilkãì Dòla anì,  
 Ayash dotlózhi bíza holò  
 Bíza hozhòniigo, bíza holò  
 Bíza holòniigo whìhe inlì  
 Dòla anì. Dòla anì.

To appreciate this a translation is not necessary; but it is given, as the reader may wish to know it.

Just at daylight *Sialia* calls.  
 The blue bird has a voice.  
 His voice melodious. He has a voice.  
 He has a voice that flows in gladness.  
*Sialia* calls. *Sialia* calls.

The regular Navajo name for the blue bird "doli" (changed here to "dola" for poetic reasons) I translate *Sialia* to distinguish it from the descriptive term, in the second line, "ayash dotlózhi," which means literally blue-bird.

They are not ignorant of the value of rhyme in poetry, but they more often produce this by the repetition of significant or meaningless refrains or by the addition of meaningless syllables than by selecting different words with similar endings. Still we find the latter and more difficult means employed.

To the casual listener it may appear that there is much sameness in the music of their songs; but a more careful study will reveal the fact that the variety is great. It is remarkable how, with such rude instruments (an inverted basket for a drum and a gourd rattle) to accompany them, they succeed in producing so many musical changes. In their sacred songs, where four or more songs of similar import follow one another, as they often do, the music may be nearly alike (but never quite alike) in all; but when the theme of the poetry changes, the music takes a decided change. But I shall not speak further of the music; this subject I shall leave to the accomplished pen of Professor Fillmore.

Washington, D. C.

The vowels have the continental sounds. The consonants are sometimes only approximations to the Navajo sounds.



## "JACK."

BY ELWYN IRVING HOFFMAN.

The bushes are gray and the grass is yellow,  
 The trail is red-brown that wanders by ;  
 The quail can be seen, but here is a fellow  
 That all but escapes the hunter's keen eye !  
 The shade of his fur so nicely blending  
 Makes him a part of the yellow grass,  
 And only his ears, with black tips ending,  
 Betray him to them that else would pass !

Stop! kneel down—your wary creeping  
 Has not yet told him a foeman nears—  
 He sits a moment : then softly leaping  
 He comes down the trail with flopping ears.  
 Slowly he comes, for oft he's stopping  
 To reconnoiter—he sees you? No!  
 He shakes his head, once more he's hopping  
 Down the red trail that shall redder grow !

Now, heartless hillman, in ambush waiting,  
 Over the barrel of cold steel-blue,  
 Catch the bright sight—eye keen, calculating ;  
 Your finger is nerved on the trigger, too.  
 What is poor Jack? A worthless fellow,  
 Useful for nothing—save for fries!  
 Now! \* \* And there where the grass was yellow,  
 But now is red as the red-brown trail,  
 Jack dies, with a strangely human wail,  
 And a human look in his big, soft eyes!

French Corral, Cal.

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## PHILOPENA.

BY HENSHAW JONES.

**E**STRELLA was in love. And she knew it and gloried in it. Furthermore the youth she loved had no thought of love and was as indifferent to her as an ordinary boy could be to Estrella. Which does not mean that he was very indifferent. Thus circumstanced, many young ladies would have been melancholy ; most of them would have been secretly tearful. But Estrella was not one of the many and could certainly not be included in that vast majority which is the most. She slept soundly, and she smiled more prettily than ever, and she felt never so well, and she trusted that winsomeness was still a match for indifference ; that love was still a sweet contagion.

Pacheco worked on the little ranch whose crop of apricots was so small that the lady of the ranch and Estrella, with now and then some help, could " pit " it all. He was very tall, with a fine soft beard of black, and his eyes were very bright in their darkness, and he could smoke a cigarette like a very Don. When he rested a moment, leaning easily against some boxes of fruit, Estrella considered that he was well worth loving. But he never thought of love. He was pleasant and indifferent.

But Estrella never mistrusted her powers; never doubted that she was equal to the niceties of bringing things aright. For Pacheco was not *very* indifferent.

So she governed well her smiles and her times of nonchalance, as girls know how to govern them, and she made Pacheco's indifference vanish as little breezes ruffle still water. She understood how to praise his quickness with the pitting knife (for he pitted when there was fruit ahead); and when to make a pleasant mock at his smoking so many brown-paper cigarettes. Also when to decide that she didn't mind being foolish herself once in a while, for experiment's sake, and that if Pacheco would kindly roll her a cigarette she would try one. And there is no end of opportunities in such a situation for a charming little lady of a dark complexion to become most fascinating. The lighting was such a trouble that Pacheco had to handle the match while Estrella held the cigarette between her teeth and puffed. Then the smoke got into her eyes and made her weep most laughably and soon it made her cough, and the attempt had to be given up with a fling of the offending paper and tobacco.

There were many other of these devices which were apparent and describable, but the things that most availed cannot be told. For they were simple little quick glances, and little lookings away, and little welcomes when Pacheco came in from the orchard, and little nods in the morning and others at night, and many and many little things of Love's descriptions, but not to be described else. And Pacheco became daily less indifferent.

Finally, when the time was right, Estrella found a divided pit which contained a double meat, and laughing challenged Pacheco to eat a philopena. "And what shall be the forfeit?" he asked.

"Oh, a present."

"And shall the test be yes or no?"

"Yes or no to your question, just as you please."

"Well, it shall be yes and no, then," he said. "No, it shall be yes," said she.

"Yes, it shall be yes," he answered confused.

Then Estrella knew that it should be "yes" indeed.

So she contrived, as girls know how to contrive, that she should lose. And Pacheco laughed a little, indulgently, and asked for his present. "I will bring it in the morning," she answered him. And when morning came he asked again. "I have already given it," she replied. Then he looked at her closely and inquired in Spanish what the jest might be. But she gave him the same reply. And through the day and all the next he got no other. And she would joke with him no more, and seemed serious and not like herself of two days ago. Thereat Pacheco wondered a great deal; and longed more than he could have thought possible for her cheerful self.

Then the longing changed to something else within him, and the something else caused him to discern some things which else he would not have discerned.

Then on the evening of the third day, before he helped her into her cart in which she drove home, he asked again very earnestly, "and what was the gift?" She turned slowly and looked for many still seconds far into his eyes. "Foolish!" she said, and her look softened just the faintest shade, but still it was hard—"Foolish! Do you not know what gift is yours when you are given it?" And still she looked very steadily into his eyes and was very calm.

Then Pacheco knew what the gift had been; and it was many minutes before he helped her into the cart in which she rode home.

And Estrella smiled happily for many days because she had received a gift like the one she gave to Pacheco.

## A HISTORY OF NEW MEXICO.



IT certainly is high time we had a new one—for aside from the volume of W. H. H. Davis, which is valuable only because it was written in the early days of American occupation; and the alleged history of ex-Gov. L. Bradford Prince, which never had any value whatever, being simply written to be sold at a “tertio-millennial” celebration which was held half a century too soon; and the undigested mass of Hubert Howe Bancroft’s disjointed crowd of cheap reporters—there is no modern history of New Mexico. And certainly no part of the American Union more richly deserves definitive treatment, as no other part has had quite so romantic a story.

Mr. Frank de Thoma, who is a clerk in the government building at Santa Fé, if not a historian is a serious and earnest writer. He has studied much more honestly than any of the aforesaid writers (or hirers of writers, since we include Bancroft); and brings a much wider reading of original sources to bear on his *Historia Popular de Nuevo Mexico*, just published by the American Book Company, N. Y. His book is in Spanish—and a very high-toned and sympathetic Spanish, too—and is confessedly designed chiefly to be read by the descendants of those unsurpassed heroes who found, colonized and tamed this remote corner of the New World so long before an English-speaking colony had ventured to sit down even on the Atlantic seaboard. But Mr. de Thoma probably will not object to having it read by the later comers, and they will give themselves pleasure and profit by the reading—*if* they are pretty thoroughly grounded in Spanish. In its present shape it would be dangerous for a beginner.

This little volume tells sympathetically, as a rule fairly, and with many interesting details, the magnificent story of New Mexico. It gives, more than any other history, full justice to the part played by the missionaries—who were, after all, the real heroes in the pacification. It gives succinctly a great many things that cannot be found elsewhere without an enormous amount of labor. Its list of the governors; of the companions and followers of Oñate, who made the first colonization; and of the martyrs in the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680, are alone worth the price of the book. The list of race-mixtures (p. 68) is interesting; and it was a happy thought to quote the quaint language of Oñate’s act of taking possession. On the whole Mr. de Thoma has made a very readable and rather valuable book. Nowhere else in so small a bulk can one find so much history of New Mexico.

On the other hand, honesty compels some severe strictures. It is nothing short of astounding that a man should dare pretend today to write a history of New Mexico—particularly a mau of Santa Fé—without one word about Bandelier, whose monographs are the only conclusive work on New Mexican history in existence. That Mr. de Thoma largely depended on these monumental essays—which, though they are not a

history of New Mexico, cover nearly every point in that history, prior to this century—is patent to every student. One of the queer little indices is this: on page 125 he quotes a passage from Villagran—and he got the quotation from Bandelier; for Mr. de Thoma himself never saw a copy of Villagran, and probably never will see one. As the great disciple of Humboldt is the only recognized final authority on New Mexican history, it would have been wiser for the new-comer to admit acquaintance and debt.

It is no less surprising to find Mr. de Thoma uncertain as to the date and the founder of Santa Fé; it was long ago established beyond possible cavil that Oñate founded the town in 1605. He is equally at sea in questioning if Cabeza de Vaca saw any part of New Mexico. It is settled that he did not. He entirely ignores the central fact which led to Coronado's expedition—that Mendoza (just as he did later when viceroy of Peru) decided to kill two birds with one stone; to explore new regions, and at the same time rid his *vireinato* of the restless spirits. Coronado was ordered to take his army exploring and *never bring them back*—a fact which explains later complications, but of which Mr. de Thoma seems entirely innocent. It is also several years too late to repeat the ignorant libels of the coward on Fray Marcos of Niza. That heroic priest has been fully vindicated—and, among scholars, forever.

There are many other lapses in the book—like the cool assumption that Coronado wrote the anonymous *Relacion del Suceso*; the remarkable ignorance of the usual habits of the Rio Grande (p. 31); the ranking of the trivial expeditions of Chamuscado and Espejo above the era-making *entrada* of Coronado; the equal ignorance which makes the ocelot a native of New Mexico, and so on for quantity. One would like to know by what authority Mr. de Thoma says (p. 120) that the Pueblo Indians were star-worshippers. He knows nothing personally about the Pueblos; and it would be interesting to know who gave him this ridiculously untrue "fact."

The proofreading is hard to characterize in moderate language. It is the worst I have ever seen in any book; not one page in the total 185 lacks the grossest blunders. "Xumanes," "Xumanas" and "Jumanas" are used indifferently for the same tribe—and neither is correct. Such impossible errors as "Apachés," "Comanchés," "Yutés," "Jeméz," "Querés" are used throughout the book; and equal blunders make perennial ducks and drakes of the grammar. "Dijó," "Causadó," "Supó," "pusé," "hizó," are far more common in these slovenly pages than the correct forms, and the accents in general are misapplied. When an accent turns a common noun into a verb as is done so discouragingly often in this book, the blunder counts. Mr. de Thoma's work is earnest enough to merit a decent proofreader; and also a little of improvement by the author himself.

C. F. L.





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J. T. Bertrand, Official Photographer

As this page goes to press, work begins on the last important task at San Juan Capistrano—the re-roofing of Father Junipero Serra's adobe church. The requisite lumber is paid for and on the ground, and the tiles necessary to fill the gap of those lost and broken are being manufactured. In a few weeks now the tile roof will be as picturesque as it was in its prime—and as much more durable as Oregon pine rafters are more durable than sycamore poles. Arrangements are also made to cover the cloister roofs (restored by the Club this year) with an asphalt waterproofing such as they originally had. There will still be minor current improvements to be made; but with the finishing of these roofs the Landmarks Club will have saved all that was left of this beautiful Mission—so strengthened and protected that it will stand for another century. If the Club never did anything else, it would feel that this one achievement is enough to have justified its existence and its efforts. But it means to do a great deal else. The preservation of San Juan is but the beginning and the type of the Club's aims. And it is perfectly willing to have its usefulness judged by this its first accomplishment. If those upon whose intelligent public spirit and artistic sense the Club must depend for the means to prosecute further work in the conservation of our historic landmarks will inspect San Juan, the Club is content to stand or fall by their verdict. As a matter of fact the work of preserving this noble ruin has been done thoroughly wisely, with historic fitness, and very cheaply.

In a few weeks the directors hope to make a critical examination of San Fernando and report just what can be done to save the remnants of that peculiarly interesting ruin, with an estimate of the probable cost.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CAUSE.**

Previously acknowledged, cash \$903.50, services and material \$412, total \$1315.50.  
New contributions: H. Newmark, \$5, Mrs. John Wolfskill, \$5; collected by Mrs. Worrell, \$5.

\$1 each—Thorpe Talbot, Dunedin, New Zealand; Alfred J. Rodway, Roxbury, Mass.







There are many estimable people, conservative of the proprieties of life and thought, whose only dissipation is getting scared. Timidity, indeed, is a very logical outcome of what we are pleased to term civilization. But really there is no need to turn nervous over the present political campaign. Noise does not vote. If it did, two coyotes on a moon-lit hill would be a majority. This is a nation administered by ballots and not by the *ad interim* mouth. It is also a business nation; and not yet come upon the times when the have-nots shall outvote the haves. Ninety per cent. of the business of the country is on one side; therefore that side is going to win. The United States has many faults and many dangers, but it is not just yet run by the failures. It is a good time for patriots to brush down their hair and go about their business—not forgetting, of course, that part of their business is their part in politics.

The primal curse is not so much that we have to earn our bread in the sweat of our brow, nor that we must die. The bitterness of it is that we have to grow up. Not to mention what else we lose with youth, of innocence and hope and faith, it seems a pity that we must also suffer the dwindling of what few brains we started with.

Notoriously the burnt child cultivates aloofness from the fire. But as he grows up he will sit so close to it as to singe his mentality—purely because he has not been in the habit of changing his chair.

We hear much of the intelligence of the East—from Easterners. And as we nearly all came from there ourselves, we can understand how natural is their delusion. They are enormous thinkers—with their memories.

Now God forbid that the Lion make light of tragedy; but the sense of proportion counts, even when we look at death. Suicide, whether it be wilful or merely contributory, cannot rank with the unearned horrors.

Every newspaper in the United States printed on Monday, Aug. 18, the most extraordinary commentary on Eastern intelligence that can be conceived. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday New York city had been busy dying of sunstroke. A double force of gravediggers—400 in one cemetery, for instance—could not keep pace with the demand. Funeral expenses went up 20 per cent.; and the metropolis borrowed fifty hearses. On Sunday nearly 500 people were buried.

"All day Father Costello stood in the tiny chapel at Holy Cross and pronounced benedictions for the dead. The funeral trains approached the chapel in double lines, the hearses massed around the entrance, where bearers waited with their burden and the weeping relatives till their turn to enter."

If 500 people had perished by an engineer's carelessness, what a growl of rage would have gone up from the civilized world! But no railroad horror ever yet slew half that number. These five hundred New Yorkers died of a climate they knew and took their chances on. They knew that for a third of the year it is deadly by pneumonia and consumption; and that in another third it is fatal by sunstroke. Not so many die of the weather in three days of every year; but in every year enough die. *These* people never died before—therefore they staid.

It would be manifestly unfair to call this merely "Eastern intelligence." It is rather the average human intelligence—except that savages are very rarely such fools. They migrate. But if civilized folk were born in Tophet, half of them would stay there after the gates were open—because they were not in the habit of moving.

Meantime, such Easterners as have learned better do not stam pede the undertakers. If we die, out here, we do it decently and in order. No one has to come early to avoid the rush. And we die because we are mortal—not because we are too lazy, too avaricious or too stupid to shun climates known to be deadly. No one was ever sunstruck in the Southwest.

AN HONORABLE CAREER. It is not every day the country loses men it can so ill afford as William Henry Smith, who died suddenly in August. As General Manager of the Associated Press for years he was probably best known; and in that trying position he earned the gratitude of all who care for honest journalism. But he was something above a journalist; and not only in the higher statecraft of the country, but as a historian, made an honorable mark. Even at the time of his death he was engaged upon a comprehensive history of the Hayes administration, and had it so well in hand that it is believed his literary heirs can present it about as he would have wished. His struggles to finish his book in the face of a fatal disease were among the silent heroisms; and his family never dreamed how near he was to the shadowy line. He was a brother of C. W. Smith, now receiver of the A. & P. R. R., and still, as he was when General Manager of the Santa Fé system, one of the most intelligent and effective friends the West has had in the times that were most pregnant for California.

THE BEST UNIVERSITY. There are few who deserve better of their country than that ardent and competent American, Brander Matthews. His hand and his voice are always effective, not only on the side of patriotism, but with methods in which one can decently be patriotic. It is pleasant to note that his *Introduction to American Literature*, praised in these pages several months ago, has since been as warmly commended by all the leading critics of the country. Yet before this excellent book is forgotten in the present tidal wave of printed stuff, the Lion wishes to nail one little heresy. "That best of universities, a great city," says Mr. Matthews, in telling of the education of one American author.

It is not a true characterization. As one who knows universities and cities, the Lion must beg to remind Mr. Matthews that while the city is

probably a larger school than the college, there is a greater than either; and may wish that so brave and fair a scholar might have its advantages. College and city alike teach a man to think too much with his memory and too little with the back of his head. They vastly instruct but much less educate him. They give him tools, but not the supple wrist. They stiffen his mental joints, because they do everything for him.

No college man can decently ignore the benefits of college; no city man be ungrateful for what the friction of men has taught him. But no man who has after both taken a post-graduate course of the frontier can forget that this was worth them all. The true "greatest of all universities" is that which teaches its pupils to *think*; which trains them in self-reliance; which shows them not how to keep doing what they have done, but to be ready to do at need whatever they do not know how to do.

There are self-reliant men everywhere; but self-reliance is not increased by the scheme which blacks a man's boots and cooks his meals and prescribes his coat and either does everything for him or tells him how to do everything. Man is meant to be able to meet any emergency; to be supple in body and mind—and he becomes so only by practice; and practice of that sort is largely lacking in every great city. Only an ignoramus can slur the courage of city men. They are as brave as the country boys—and frequently more alert, as their nervous systems are more developed. But as every observant traveler knows, the average city man is the most helpless person when carried outside his ruts. His country cousin is no greener mentally; and is much readier to adapt himself.

Let us be thankful for all the schools we have, by whatever name they are called. But let us not forget that the supreme education is that which fits a man to handle himself in whatever circumstances. And until he has known hardship and danger and unfamiliar crises, he does not find out his whole capacity as a scholar.

The *Critic* very properly rebukes the sensational correspondent of a London daily. In trying to tell the Britishers how hot it was in New York city on the 14th of August, this person greatly exaggerated the "odors of the charnel house." The *Critic* wishes it to be distinctly understood that human bodies were *not* left to decompose on the streets; and that while there was not the same promptness in removing equine carcasses, only 1300 horses died of the weather in New York city that week anyhow. The *Lion* is glad to help the *Critic* pass along this refutation of a base libel.

NO GREAT  
WEATHER,  
NOHOW.

It was meant to be said, in connection with last month's frontispiece, that while Mr. Nahl painted a very gorgeous fan-dango, it was in no sense a real one. No such scene was ever visible anywhere in Spanish-America; unless it may have been at some road-house. If Spanish ladies are better arranged than the proverbial Queen of Spain, they never exhibit their superiority.

NOTES  
AND  
NOTIONS.

The population of Southern California is at once its permanent strength and its momentary weakness. Its strength, because in the measure of average intelligence no such population ever before sat down together. Its weakness, because in so great a population of newcomers a fair understanding of the State's past conditions and future needs cannot be had at once. If there is any one need for Californians now, besides (and selfishly as great as) the need to pull together for honest government, it is the need to defeat the attempt of a personal interest to punish Senator Perkins for being an honest man. We need him again in Congress.



## THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

IF there is anything more pernicious than the sort of optimists who keep the world back by their general belief that bad is good enough, it is the style of pessimists who (too cowardly to get out and fight for betterment) pretend everything is so hopelessly bad that it's no use. And this is just as true in literature as in politics, business and religion.

THE MORN-  
ING LIGHT  
IS BREAKING.

If the Lion has ever said anything snuffy about the intellectual alertness and independence of the tame and cottony East, he feels rebuked. Back yonder they have discovered that Joaquín Miller is a poet — a little matter which England found out some twenty years ago and didn't care who knew it. It is very pleasant, even at this late date, to read in the *Critic* (New York, July 11) an appreciation of the Poet of the Sierras as unreserved as it is unprecipitate. "There can be no doubt," admits the *Critic*, that "his claim to very high rank as a poet" has been "*unaccountably and heartlessly ignored.*" The italics are Western. Nor is this all. *The Critic* — which is foremost of the purely literary weeklies — gives a page and a half to such praise of Miller as it has rarely given any poet. The review is generous and just; though it by no means brings out what greatest work the poet has done.

All this is distinctly encouraging. When a man may be weighed by what he has done, rather than by where he lives, there looks to be hope for literature. And possibly on the heels of this Eastern landfall of Joaquín some Californians may awaken to the fact that we have one of the great American poets. Joaquín does not agree with St. Paul about causing his brother to offend; there are many valued citizens of Oakland more grateful to the barber and the tailor. But it is conceivable that California and the United States in general may sometime secure a population wherein the groom shall not be arbiter. And when they do, Miller will come to his own.

*Episcopo & Co.* is the first of Gabriele D'Annunzio's novels translated in the United States. Hitherto this Italian master has been known chiefly through French editions, and it is quite like Chicago enterprise to bring him within the reach of the average American reader. This is one of D'Annunzio's shorter novels, and apparently not of his maturer ones; yet it is an extremely powerful sketch which lays hold upon incalculable baseness and lifts it to unmistakable art. I despise the realism which finds nothing real except the

A  
GRAPHIC  
CANVAS.

low ; but such treatment as this makes a book which will not be dropped unfinished. The translation is flexible ; and the volume is of the exquisite workmanship of H. S. Stone & Co. Chicago, \$1.25.

It is to be hoped that the publishers will send a trepanning outfit with every copy of the *Petit Journal des Refusées* that goes to the New York exchanges. Otherwise their jest will be taken seriously by these innocents — as was the *Lark* not many months ago. The P. J. R. is very funny to those who are not impenetrable. Printed on wall-paper, trimmed bias, it sees the *Lark* and goes it one better — being undoubtedly the experienced afterthought of the same genius. It is founded on the always attractive plan of printing the rejected contributor, and is the extremest of all the clever guys up to date. It is a quarterly ; price “ 16 cents a number, \$16 a year.” Of course it comes from San Francisco.

ANOTHER  
TRAP FOR  
THE EAST.

It is a credit to the conscience of the large Eastern publishing houses that the magazines it has become a fashion for them to issue, for purposes not exclusively sanitary, are so genuinely worthy of the name. *The Bookman*, for instance — and it is one of the best instances — is far in advance of some of the monthlies of enormous circulation and pretense. Admirably edited, full of competent and timely articles and independent opinion, it is becoming a necessity to such as would keep track of the literary procession. Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y. ; \$2 a year.

HONEST  
AND  
SANE.

It is so much pleasanter to praise honest literary or scientific work than to score the dishonest ; not only as a text, but as a patriotism. In these little-scrupulous days, when every ignoramus who can hold a pen feels full-licensed to write he knows not what and God knows why — it is blessed to welcome every sincere writer who holds his peace until he knows what he is talking about. *Harper's Magazine* for September has an article by T. Mitchell Prudden, entitled “ A Summer Among Cliff-Dwellings.” I do not remember to have heard of Mr. Prudden before : but his article is so much superior to the usual magazine article on the West that it merits warm praise. It is pleasantly written, with modest disclaimer of scientific wisdom as to the “ Cliff-Dwellers ;” but an expert in the field does not find a word of fault with its statements or surmises. In a word, it is popular work based on the proved truth ; and that makes it rare in magazinedom.

THE  
SHINING  
EXCEPTION.

This month's charming frontispiece is from a character-study by the dean of Mexican photographers, Lorenzo Becerril of Puebla. The Charro dress, one of the most beautiful national costumes in the world, is fast passing away in Mexico — more's the pity. “ Civilized ” toggery is the thing, now ; and the artistic kidskin garb which so well beset the trim figure of tall Chihuahueño or sturdy Poblano is growing less in vogue every year. But there are still the faithful who stick to it ; and Don Lorenzo has immortalized as pretty a lad as ever started right. May he never invest himself in less romantic fashion !

THE  
YOUNG  
CHARRO.

HERE  
AND  
THERE.

It is more than surprising to find in the *Dial*, most scrupulous of critics, such an impossible spelling as "Hondurus," repeated several times in one issue (Sept. 1). *Honduras* is not Latin but Spanish; and its literal meaning is "the depths." Mr. Browne must have been away from home when the correspondent fell into them.

Weary unto death of the bibelot swarm—blab-a-lot would better fit most of them—the toiler after the periodical procession finds a grateful surprise in the *Autocrat*, a like-looking publication from Atlanta. For it really is written. The editor is Dollie Higbee Geppert; and the aim is to express the South. Mrs. Geppert is a bit Southern in her history, but writes English that is unusually well worth reading.

*The Iron Pirate*, by Max Pemberton, is "a plain tale of strange happenings on the sea." The happenings are strange enough; and those who have read the *Sea Wolves* know how Mr. Pemberton can tell them. The Globe Library, Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; paper, 35 cents.

Every reader of paper-covered novels knows Richard Henry Savage and his ability to "pile on the agony." His latest curdler, *Checked Through*, is included in the Rialto series. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; paper, 50 cents.

The *Red Letter* succeeds *Miss Blue Stocking* and the *Poster*, and is handsomer than either; a bibelot and a Bostonian.

The *Dial*, of Chicago, has entered upon its 21st volume. It is an honor to the United States; the sanest, soberest and most dignified literary fortnightly in America.

Charles Lotin Hildreth, whose verse in the periodicals of the East ranked him well up among our minor poets, was one of the hundreds who died of the August heat in New York.

Rand, McNally & Co. have issued a useful and timely compend on *Gold and Silver Coinage*, being a collection of the laws thereon enacted by congress from the organization of the federal government to the present time. Paper, 50 cents.

The divorce in the house of Stone & Kimball does not seem to have prejudiced the better half in Chicago. Even handsomer than ever are the new books from the press of H. S. Stone & Co. If there is better taste in any publishing house in America it is kept under a bushel. And the *Chap Book* goes on conquering and to conquer.

The newest of the birds of a feather—the singular is admirably indicative of their average plumage—is *The Magpie*, of Charlottesville, Va., "published monthly with as much promptness as circumstances will permit." It is not nearly so bad at the start as some, and has as much time as any of them to improve in.

Dr. Washington Matthews, U. S. Army, who contributes to this number an interesting and authoritative article on Navajo songs, passed many years on the New Mexican frontier and is universally recognized as the foremost living student of the Navajo Indians. Also as one of the most honorable and competent field-students we have ever had in the West. His article will be supplemented next month by a consideration of the same text from the point of view of the greatest expert in aboriginal music, Prof. John Comfort Fillmore.

Unless a doctor's certificate shall attribute to some other cause the decrease (just announced) of the *New Bohemian*, Cincinnati, the general presumption will be that it bragged itself to death. One can be sorry for the heartache involved in the smash of any publication, and still realize that it is an optimistic sign of the times if there were not, after all, enough credulous incompetents to support a "magazine" boldly published as an asylum for whatever had been rejected by intelligent editors.

## AS TOLD BY HELIOGRAPH.

BY J. TORREY CONNOR.



Mausard Collier Eng. Co.  
WATCHING FOR THE FLASH

"An instrument called the heliograph, or sun telegraph, constructed with small mirrors made to turn upon both a horizontal and vertical axis, mounted upon a tripod, so arranged as to make the flashes appear and disappear in rapid succession, is to a limited extent in use in the army; and by it messages may be transmitted much faster than with flags or torches, and it can be used at longer ranges. It is manipulated by a key, similar to the electric telegraph instrument. Mirror signaling was first used by the North American Indians."

On the 23d of August, '96, sixteen men of the Los Angeles Signal Corps, National Guard of California, were detailed to open a signal station at Wilson's Peak.

The highway to the Peak is a trail so narrow that two may not walk abreast, with a sheer wall of rock, crowned with a scrubby growth, on the one hand, and on the other shadow-haunted cañons of unknown depths.

At 8 o'clock P. M., the foot of the trail was reached. It was a perfect night; the moonlight filtered through the leafage overhead, dappling the path with silver. At first gradually ascending, the trail circled the slopes, turning and doubling on itself. Then came perpendicular stretches and downward dips, where we climbed and coasted alternately.

It was midnight when our journey ended. The camp fire built and the packs unloaded, each man rolled himself in a blanket, and made the bare earth his bed. At 5 o'clock a bugle call roused the sleepers, and at 9 o'clock the station was opened.

A heavy fog had rolled up from the sea during the night, and the peaks of the Sierra Madre alone were visible above the shrouding mists. Somewhere on the horizon, with seventy-five miles of land and water between us, was the island of Santa Catalina, on the topmost peak of which a second signal station had been established.

The sky was anxiously swept with glasses, but where was Catalina? The curtain of fog began to lift after a time, disclosing the shining valley far below, laid out in vineyards, orchards and gardens, like the squares of a great checker-board; but an obstinate bank of fog still obscured "Black Jack," the point toward which all eyes were turned. Several attempts at long-distance signaling had previously been made, without success; another failure was predicted, as hour after hour passed and still no answering flash to our repeated signals. Suddenly the man at the telescope shouted excitedly: "There it goes!" Presently we all saw it,—a steady, white light, and then flash! flash! flash! as the instrument spelled out their greeting.

One of the men seized the heliograph blank, and transcribed this message:

BLACK JACK, CATALINA ISLAND, 8-23, '96.

To Lieut. Lawrence:

Success at last.

CORP. WASHBURN.

In answer to which the following message was sent:

MT. WILSON, 8-23, '96.

To Corp. Washburn:

We hold the coast record.

SERG. KINSEY.

See illustration next page.







## WITH CYCLE AND CAMERA.

BY CHARLES FULLER GATES.

“THE world is mine!” exclaimed Monte Cristo. How much more that remark would have meant, if he had had a modern bicycle and camera!

A wheel extends one's horizon vastly, but a convenient camera makes it possible to preserve every scene. These grand old Missions of the Southwest, so interesting and picturesque, have been photographed hundreds of times by commercial photographers; but though it is possible to purchase these pictures in all sizes, a camera of your own gives you new views and odd corners that only you yourself can catch—at least, all amateurs think so.

One quiet Sunday—all Sundays seem quiet when you can get away from the populace—I strung my camera over my shoulder, and with a lady and a gentleman on a tandem for company, rode with my always willing wheel off towards Cahuenga, bound for San Fernando's sacred ruins.

Being in mid-summer, the day was warm, of course, but it was hot when we climbed the grade up into the pass; and when we pedaled across the wide expanse of valley between Encino and the Mission it was fairly tropical. We did not suffer from the heat, though, for we had dressed lightly, as all sensible travelers do, or should do, and I



Behre, Eng.

ENTRANCE TO OLD VAULT, SAN FERNANDO MISSION.

Illustrated from photos. by the author.

found a garb, similar to what the early Californians wore, a luxury, although inexpensive.

The roadside tavern at the foot of Cahuenga Pass is a pleasant, shady place on a warm day, and we were loth to leave it. Up in the pass, road-builders had been at work improving the grade, and, as the new road surface was very like a well cultivated field of summer fallow, we found our throats dry, so a cool stream was very refreshing to the party, as was the relish of water cress



my friend was gathering when I turned the camera in that direction.

At Encino we took a long rest and an *al fresco* lunch before beginning the ten mile ride straight across the hot valley.

On reaching the Mission, drinking the cool water and bathing our dusty faces, we rested awhile in the shade of the old church. While we were finishing our lunch here, one of the ranch men brought us a



"monkey-face owl" which had been pushed out of its nest on a rafter of the ruins. My companions were so pleased that they wanted a photograph of the queer little fellow. As we could not carry the owl home on the long return ride, we managed to get him back in the nest, although, I am sorry to say, his brothers and sisters were not glad to receive him, and the little descendants of the Mission Indians — who had come to the funeral of one of their companions in the Mission cemetery — began to throw bits of adobe at the nest, which had thus been brought to their attention. Of course we stopped them, for the time being, as we



crossed through the old church to where the dead child was being interred in the usual shallow grave. No doubt, boy fashion, the juveniles returned later and tortured to death the poor little owlets with the funny little faces.

Back of the olive grove of the fathers, which was half destroyed during the boom, we found the hundred-year-old cactus, and ate a



prickly pear from it. Of course we looked into the old vault, under that part of the main building now used as a Mission, and the photograph of the entrance is at least different from any I have seen.

In many ways I think San Fernando Mission the most interesting of the Missions. And it seems terrible to see it going to ruin so fast. The great main building, which was, I sup-

pose, the offices of the fathers, with corridor fronting on the great plaza, is now desecrated by bits of harness, old wagons, grain bags, a kitchen and sleeping quarters for the ranch hands, and all sorts of odds and ends that accumulate about a big ranch. The big court in the rear, on which the church or Mission proper fronts, is a farm yard now, and half filled with wagons, a threshing machine and hay and grain racks. Hogs are everywhere, and an open-air slaughtering place is located in this ancient Mission garden on the site of the first Mission, which was built a decade earlier than the present one.

About sixty-five acres here were deeded by the government to the church, I am told, and still belong to it. On this land stand the Mission buildings and the great wall, the olive orchard, the famous palms, and the fountains. Most of this sacred ground is now used as a hog ranch, while parts of the buildings are occupied by the land and water company which owns the great San Fernando ranch, with its thousands and thousands of acres, of which five thousand were in grain when I visited the Mission. One section of the great main building, with the tile roof still in good repair, is used to cure lemons, which are grown in the orchard, two miles square, off to the north a half mile away.



A CORNER OF THE MISSION.

Photo. by Schaffner.

The most noticeable things about San Fernando Mission are the great, ugly barns, built a few years ago on the north side of the main building, and the equally ugly blacksmith shop, which stands right in front of the sacred pile, spoiling the view of the Mission proper. What a shame that so historic a ruin should be so marred for the sake of convenience to ranch hands! Why could not the wealthy owners of the great San Fernando ranch have built these barns of adobe in the Mission style of architecture, and set aside some of the unused land a half mile away for barn yards and corrals, and thus left the Mission's sacred ground undefiled? Let us hope that the Landmarks Club will be able to bring this change about and begin a restoration before the great crack in the main building destroys that grand structure or the naked rafters of the old church fall.

## IN THE VAN OF PROGRESS.



WHILE many firms are disposed to grow faint hearted before the present political uncertainty and indulge in retrenchment, the enterprising firm of Hawley, King & Co. have signalized their faith in this locality and themselves by increasing their facilities for securing and handling whatever business there is. Awake to the fact that customers worth having will go wherever they can be most conveniently and completely served, they have recently removed their N. Main Street Branch to the handsome and commodious building pictured on this page. This structure was erected by Mr. W. H. Perry, on the corner of Broadway and Fifth street, especially for a carriage store, and it will therefore be interesting to note its appointments.

The firm makes a specialty of repairing carriages and bicycles, and six men, including some of the best mechanics in the city, are employed at this work in the fine, large basement. The four upper floors are reached both by stairs and a large vehicle elevator. On the first floor are displayed harness, bicycles and various vehicles from a \$60.00 top buggy to a \$1,000 broggham—carriages, rubber-tired phaetons for ladies' spider, phaetons, Rockaways etc.

The second floor contains traps, buggies, miniature vehicles for children, gents' driving wagons, fancy, high grade buckboards, trotting wagons and carts of all descriptions.

On the third floor are seen express wagons, top delivery wagons, 'busses, road and



Graham, Photo.

NEW CARRIAGE REPOSITORY OF HAWLEY, KING & CO.

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three-seated vehicles, beach passenger buckboards and fifteen-seated passenger break\*.

On the fourth floor is the paint shop and the trimming and setting-up room. All the floors are exceedingly well lighted. The ground measurements of the building are 60 x 120 feet, and modern ideas have so utilized space that Mr. King, the resident partner, states that the increased facilities for handling goods will enable them to sell at rates cheaper than heretofore.

The firm has recently secured the agency of the Victor bicycle—the standard wheel in the market. This, together with the famous Keating and a line of medium priced wheels, gives the firm the lead in the cycle business in this locality.

Hawley, King & Co. still maintain their wholesale and retail agricultural implement, farm and spring wagon establishment, which they have had for fourteen years, on the corner of Requena and Los Angeles streets.

They frequently express themselves in printers' ink as carrying "everything on wheels," and this is not at all to be doubted when one reads the long list of great Eastern firms for whom they are Pacific Coast agents. Among these concerns are such famous names as The Columbus Buggy Co.; New Haven Carriage Co.; Timken Co.; Geo. Osgood & Co.; Clarke & Co.; Michigan Buggy Co.; W. A. Patterson Co.; Racine Wagon and Carriage Co.; H. A. Moyer, and others.



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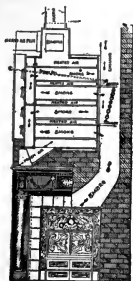
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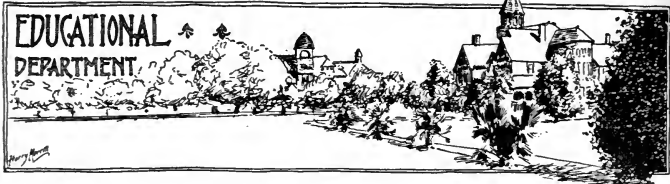
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Leave for: \*6:20, 7:40, 8:25  
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5:35 p. m.

Arrive from: 7:35, 8:40, 10:10  
a. m. 1:05, 5:00, \*5:30,  
6:35 p. m.

#### ALTADENA

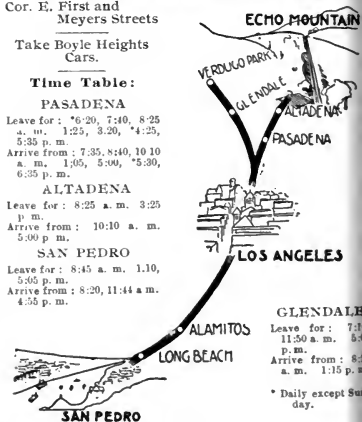
Leave for: 8:25 a. m. 3:25  
p. m.

Arrive from: 10:10 a. m.  
5:00 p. m.

#### SAN PEDRO

Leave for: 8:45 a. m. 1:10,  
5:05 p. m.

Arrive from: 8:20, 11:44 a. m.  
4:55 p. m.



#### GLENDALE

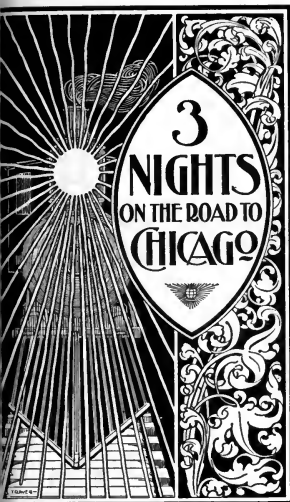
Leave for: 7:10  
11:50 a. m. 5:  
p. m.  
Arrive from: 8:  
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\* Daily except Sun-  
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" Los Angeles.....	10 45 am	" " " " " " " "
" Orange.....	11 30 am	" " " " " " " "
" San Bernardino.....	1 15 pm	" " " " " " " "
Ar. La Junta.....	11 15 am	Tues Wed. Thur. Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon.
" Pueblo.....	1 10 pm	" " " " " " " "
" Colorado Springs	3 00 pm	" " " " " " " "
" Denver.....	5 30 pm	" " " " " " " "
" Cripple Creek.....	7 00 am	Wed. Thur. Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tues.
" Newton.....	12 30 am	" " " " " " " "
" Kansas City.....	7 00 am	" " " " " " " "
" St. Louis.....	6 00 pm	" " " " " " " "
" Chicago.....	10 30 pm	" " " " " " " "
" Des Moines.....	8 15 pm	" " " " " " " "
" St. Paul.....	7 20 am	Thur. Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed.
" Minneapolis.....	8 00 am	" " " " " " " "
" Detroit.....	7 15 am	" " " " " " " "
" Cleveland.....	12 45 pm	" " " " " " " "
" Indianapolis.....	3 30 am	" " " " " " " "
" Cincinnati.....	7 20 am	" " " " " " " "
" Buffalo.....	5 30 pm	" " " " " " " "
" Pittsburg.....	5 10 pm	" " " " " " " "
" New York.....	7 00 am	Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thur.
" Boston.....	10 45 am	" " " " " " " "

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7 30 am	3 40 pm
†8 00 am	†4 00 pm
8 20 am	4 20 pm
8 40 am	4 40 pm
†9 00 am	6 00 pm
9 20 am	6 20 pm
9 40 am	6 40 pm
†10 00 am	6 00 pm
10 20 am	6 20 pm
10 40 am	6 40 pm
11 00 am	7 00 pm
11 20 am	7 20 pm
11 40 am	7 40 pm
12 00 m	8 00 pm
12 20 pm	8 20 pm
12 40 pm	9 00 pm
†1 00 pm	9 20 pm
1 20 pm	10 00 pm
1 40 pm	10 30 pm
2 00 pm	11 00 pm
2 20 pm	11 30 pm

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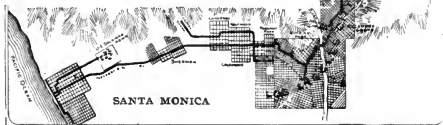
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6 30 am	10 40 am	2 40 pm	6 40 pm
7 00 am	11 00 am	3 00 pm	7 00 pm
7 20 am	11 20 am	3 20 pm	7 30 pm
7 40 am	11 40 am	3 40 pm	8 00 pm
8 00 am	12 00 m	4 00 pm	8 30 pm
8 20 am	12 20 m	4 20 pm	9 00 pm
8 40 am	12 40 pm	4 40 pm	9 30 pm
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*8 40 am	2 55 pm
8 55 am	3 25 pm
*9 10 am	3 55 pm
9 25 am	4 25 pm
*9 40 am	4 55 pm
9 55 am	*5 10 pm
*10 10 am	5 25 pm
*10 25 am	*5 40 pm
*10 40 am	5 55 pm
*10 55 am	*6 10 pm
11 10 am	6 25 pm
11 25 am	*6 40 pm
11 40 am	6 55 pm
11 55 am	*7 10 pm
*12 10 pm	7 25 pm
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THE  
LAND

OF

# SUNSHINE

A MAGAZINE OF  
CALIFORNIA AND THE  
SOUTHWEST



EDITED BY  
CHAS. F. LUMMIS

LOS ANGELES.

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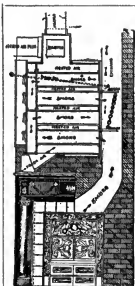
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# THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

## CONTENTS—NOVEMBER, 1896.

	PAGE
Southwestern Types; A Pueblo Cacique.....	frontispiece
The Line Rider (poem), Florence E. Pratt.....	221
The Ghost of the Quivira (illustrated), Chas. F. Lummis .....	222
(Southwestern Wonderland Series.)	
The Santa Barbara Islands (illustrated), Homer P. Earle .....	227
Fire in the Sierra Madre (illustration).....	231
Old Spanish Lavaderos (illustrated), Juliette E. Mathis.....	233
The Oldest Californian (with portrait), Edith Wagner.....	234
A Chinese Feud (story), Sui Seen Far.....	236
Songs of the Navajos, John Comfort Fillmore.....	238
Our November (poem), Julia Boynton Green.....	242
Fires in the Sierra, Abbot Kinney .....	242
The Landmarks Club.....	244
In the Lion's Den (by the editor).....	245
That Which is Written (by the editor).....	248

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"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



Vol. 5 No. 6.

LOS ANGELES

NOVEMBER, 1896.

## THE LINE RIDER.

BY FLORENCE EVELYN PRATT.

Over the mesa, 'neath the milk-white moon,  
 Leisurely riding through the wonder-night,  
 Went Sanderson, line-rider, full of dreams  
 Of young Dolores, sweetest of brown maids.  
 (Something lies hidden in the coyote\* grass).

Only a month ago those cañon walls  
 Moon-white, beheld a shadowy train wind down—  
 Contrabandista, laden with mescal ;  
 Pepe their chief, exultant, almost home.  
 (Something lies sullen in the coyote grass).

Apache rumors had preceded them,  
 Herding white settlers homeward. Sanderson,  
 Frontier-wise, watched the canny Mexicans,  
 Saw them untroubled ; couched, and got his prey.  
 (Something lies vengeful in the coyote grass).

Musing, his firm mouth smiling now and then  
 With reminiscent tenderness, he rode,  
 Unheeding how that Pepe had fled unscathed,  
 Until his horse, snorting and trembling, shied—  
 (A sudden spring from out the coyote grass !)

O brown Dolores ! musing 'neath the moon  
 That floods the homely old adobe walls,  
 Ask Pepe, when he comes to you tonight,  
 Whose horse he rides ? what makes his dagger dark ?  
 (Something lies silent in the coyote grass !)

\*Co-yòh-ty.

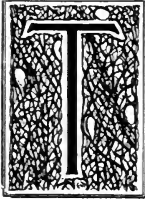
New York, N. Y.



## THE SOUTHWESTERN WONDERLAND.

## VIII. THE GHOST OF THE QUIVIRA.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



THE most romantic and remarkable ruin in the United States is that of the spectral and long-forgotten "city" which is the last resting place of the most famous myth in North America, the myth of the Quivira.\* There are larger ruins on this continent (though none within our national borders), and some handsomer. But no other is so ghostly in look, nor the grave of so many centuries of golden hopes.

The myth of the Quivira originated in 1540, in the pueblo of Pecos, N. M.—itself a ruin now. Just then Francisco Vasquez de Coronado—having explored from the Grand Cañon of the Colorado to the Rio Grande—had come there. The Pecos, to be rid of him, procured a Pawnee captive to tell him of the Quivira, a fabulous city of gold far to the northeast. Coronado made an astounding march in pursuit of this will-o'-the-wisp; overrunning what is now the Indian Territory and Kansas, to about where Kansas City stands today. He proved the myth a lie in the very year of its invention; for he found the Quivira—the tepees of a Teton tribe of nomad, buffalo-tagging savages, absolutely ignorant of the precious metals. But though strangled so young, the Quivira fable is not dead yet. Even sober Oñate, the founder of New Mexico, more than half a century later, chased the golden bubble; and so did many others in the two centuries following. And more Americans believe today in the fable than ever Spaniards did. I have known a man to start from Los Angeles on this fool's errand within twelve months.

In these 365 years, however, the locus of the myth has shifted from the eastern edge of Kansas a matter of 800 miles—clear down to the



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THE GHOST OF THE QUIVIRA. Copyright 1891 by C. F. Lummis.

\*Kee-vee-ra.



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THE CONVENT, TABIRA.

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center of New Mexico; and there it has halted for good. It will never move again—for no other place is so fitting. And doubtless it will never perish, since fools will never cease.

For something like a century, now, the name "Gran Quivira" (Great Quivira) has been applied to the wonderful ruins which are the subject of this article. It is of course a stupidity out of whole cloth; another case where shepherders and gold-crazy vagabonds have been permitted to make what we are pleased to call history. Not only has this spot not the remotest connection with anything distantly related to the Quivira; but it is a town so historic and so unmistakable that only ignorance could have misnamed it. It is the City that was Forgotten—till a historian came along with common-sense. Namely, Bandelier.

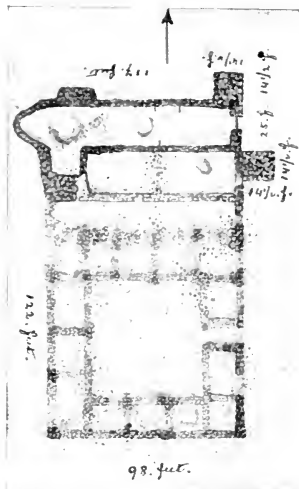
From the valley of the Rio Grande at Albuquerque you see close on the east the long range of 10,000-foot peaks which begin with the San-



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MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE.

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PLAN OF THE GREAT CHURCH.

Mexicans for more than a hundred miles.

The little Mexican towns are interesting—in one, at least, you may see the Penitente\* processions—and your itinerary will naturally include the superb ruins of Abo and Cuaray.† And from Punta de Agua you come down into the strange, hushed, grassy loneliness of the plain; with solitary junipers, and shadow-like antelope drifting into your ken and out.

Toward evening, when the unearthliness of the whole scene has so penetrated that you feel that nothing could be incredible—then of a

dias and stretch far to the south, shutting off from the valley the boundless great plains. You can go by carriage or horse, through Tijeras Cañon and the hamlets of Chilili, Tajique and Manzano, a long, hard, interesting ride; but you will do well not to go without a guide, and you must carry, the last day going, water for your animals as well as for yourself.

On your right is the great mountain wall, on this side sending down to your very path the vanguard of its noble armies of pines. On your left, the plains stretch brown to the very sunrise. Far down them glitter the Accursed Lakes, where millions of buffalo drank till the gods blasted the waters to saltness, in anger at a treachery (so the Pueblo folk-lore says). For centuries they have been the natural salt-works of the aborigines and



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THE MISSION OF TABIRA.

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\*See the May, '96, number of this magazine. †Kwah-rye.



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*A PORTAL IN TARIYA.*  
(With arabesque lintel.)

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sudden you fall upon a sight which you simply would not have believed if you had seen it three days before. Even now, though you no longer call your eyes a liar, you can hardly take their first word for it. For up on yonder smooth, brown whale-back ridge stands the Ghost of the Quivira.\* There is nowhere else in the world such a spectre city. Especially when you view it from the higher ground to the east, at dawn or evening twilight, the illusion is perfect. It is a ghost.

This was, 300 years ago, Tabirá—a town of the Tompiros tribe of the Pueblo Indians. It was discovered by Chamuscado in 1581; seen by Espejo in 1582; officially visited and its submission received by Oñate in 1598. September 9, 1598, Fray Francisco de San Miguel became the missionary of this pueblo; and about 1628 the first church was built. Its ruins are still visible. Before 1650 a new church and a convent were reared—and it is this huge building of grey stone, 202 feet front and 131 feet deep, with its great cruciform temple, its maze of rooms and passages, its arabesque-carved lintels (unspoiled by two centuries' exposure to the weather) its ponderous walls, that has been the great mystery



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THE RUINS FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

to the unread shepherd and prospector. They have gophered the walls and dug a hundred feet in the bedrock for buried treasure; and the tales that are current of subterranean rivers, caves full of diamonds, vaults bursting with gold, would put the Arabian Nights to the blush. To persons of ordinary intelligence it seems needless to say that there never was any treasure of any sort in any of these old Mexican missions—except the treasures of heroic faith.

Between 1670 and 1675 the Apaches wiped out Tabirá, and it has never since been occupied. Its survivors fled to El Paso; and their dwindling descendants live near there to this day.

The communal many-storied houses of the pueblo are now little more than tumbled mounds of stone, with here and there a room amid the wreck. But the great roofless temple, little shorn of its first stature, breached here and there but invincible still, faces the dumb sunlight, careless of Time. It stands for an age of chivalry and adventure and *finding out*, whose very swineherds could not have understood a sort of Americans too trivial to go to see the most fascinating ruin in America north of the tropic of Cancer.

\*For a full description see *The Land of Poco Tiempo* (Scribners), Chap. XI.

## THE SANTA BARBARA ISLANDS.

BY HOMER P. EARLE.



Union Eng. Co. Photo. by Brewster, Ventura.  
SAND EROSION, SAN NICOLAS.

THE coast of Southern California from Point Concepcion to Point Rincon lies east and west, and then bends to the southeast; despite the prevailing belief that one must sail west to reach the abrupt islands off Santa Barbara, Ventura and San Pedro. There could hardly be a more interesting cruise, so readily made in American waters, than that to the Channel islands.

Beating up the coast from San Pedro, the first island visited by our party was Anacapa, not quite four miles long and not quite 1000 feet in elevation, and smallest of the group except the insignificant island of Santa Barbara. Its extreme narrowness and the striking razor-edge of its ridge add to its apparent height. The east end is brilliantly white with the deposits of sea birds; otherwise the coloring is unusually dark. The bold, black contour, the savage attack of the breakers on the misshapen rocks give an impression of grim solitude; but at a rifle-shot, the air is suddenly darkened by an astounding swarm of pelicans, gulls and shags, and filled with thousands of harsh cries.

Anacapa is uninhabited, unless one counts campers and the Chinamen who spend a part of the year there in a tent amid piles of iridescent abalone shells and square yards of the evicted tenants, drying in the sun, to be shipped to Chinatown.

Santa Cruz, west of Anacapa, is a magnificent island nearly twenty miles long and the most extensive in area of all, though Catalina is a mile and a half longer. Its highest peak reaches 2407 feet, much the greatest elevation in the group, seconded by Catalina with 2000 feet. None of the other islands look so inviting; the hills are nowhere bare and bleak like the crags of Anacapa or the sand dunes of San Nicolás, and often proffer shade and bosky quiet, as at Prisoner's Harbor.

The island is owned by Justinian Caire, of Oakland, who has made it more than a magnificent estate, a veritable patriarchy—especially interesting at shearing time in April and at the wine-pressing in August and September, when the force of workmen is swelled by those brought over from the mainland. Great quantities of wool and wine are annually ex-





ported. Capacious storehouses and cellars are at the main ranch-house ; there is the green sweep of vines up the hillsides, and multitudes of sheep are everywhere.

We sailed west along the north shore, a rocky wall of extraordinary coloring, honey-combed with caves and grottoes, and carved into curious patterns by the weather. The caves are especially worth exploration.

Santa Rosa and San Miguel, not visited for lack of time, lie west of Santa Cruz. San Miguel is six and a half miles long and 860 feet high, with just vegetation to support its sheep, and has no good anchorages. Santa Rosa is twice as long, almost twice as high, and far more inviting to the visitor.

Although in geology they do not materially differ, to the ordinary observer no two of these islands are alike. Anacapa is a brown rock ; Santa Cruz is yellow with grass and green with trees while the general color from a distance is dull red. San Nicolás is far the most striking of all. Thirteen miles long and 890 feet high, hopelessly arid, without safe anchorages, washed by a tremendous swell and worn by violent winds, it is a wonder of beauty and unfriendliness. The brilliant sea,



the bulwarks of black rock, the great white sand-dunes and brown uplands, patched with crimson ice-plants, make a memorable combination of color.

The principal feature of San Nicolás is the result of erosion by sand. The outcropping sandstone has been worn and carved by the flying sand into strange terraces, caves and columns. Areas three hundred feet wide and half a mile long are covered with fragments up to two feet high, one to six inches through, and only a few feet apart, resembling elaborately turned table legs, or stalagmites. Sometimes two or three support a flat rock like a table. Many are hollowed and filled with sand. It is easy to believe the assertion of the captain that sand has been blown from these dunes to ships twenty miles away.

From San Nicolás to San Clemente is about 60 miles east-southeast, and there at Gallagher's Landing we next cast anchor. Yellowish brown, waterless, treeless and shrubless throughout its length of nineteen miles and its height of 870 feet, it has withal a large population of sheep who satisfy their thirst by chewing the ice-plant. Tom Gallagher and Peter Jensen live with the sheep, and Gallagher has an unbroken record of thirty-one years here. Chinese fishermen cast their nets and hunt the abalone; and an occasional boat brings supplies to the two inhabitants.

The only remaining island, besides little Santa Barbara, is Santa Catalina, notable for its beauty and diversity of landscape and most popular as a resort, and already many times described.

All this group plunge boldly into the sea and the water about them becomes suddenly deep. It is also surprisingly clear, and one of the most enchanting sights of the cruise was a peep into the gorgeous aquaria, wherein the business and pleasures of the delicately tinted fish may be studied at leisure.

Fishing is good everywhere and adapted to any temperament—the placidity of the seeker after rock bass or the adventurous spirit of the townsman who would capture a tuna or a jew fish. The barracuda is a graceful acrobat and easily turns a somersault complex enough to sadden the professional tumbler. It is inspiring to watch a school of porpoises toiling through the sea in eager leaps and plunges, forging ahead in a dense column of several hundred and making a roar like a waterfall. A whale now and then raises its huge mass partly out of the water and blows a geyser into the air with an uncanny snort. The sociable seal, so human in many of its ways, barks cheerfully as it looks up a luncheon and bathes not far from members of the party.

Aside from the natural pleasures of such a trip, the curio collector has a further incentive. Mortars, jars, arrow-heads, mace-heads, etc., are to be found on nearly every island, together with the bones of those who shaped them. To some of our party the discovery of these was the main object of the voyage; they were rewarded with skulls dug out of the sand and with various kinds of heavy stoneware characteristic of the races that once populated this group. It would be interesting to know which eyes will have looked on these islands to the best advantage; those now gone from those dry sockets, or ours.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

*A FOREST FIRE IN THE SIERRA MADRE.*



## OLD SPANISH "LAVADEROS."

BY JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.



BEAUTIFUL, but now mostly vanished with other traces of the earlier and simpler domestic life in this favored land of the open air, are the quaint washing-wells and rubbing-stones of brick or hollowed rock, contiguous to the running springs and arroyos beneath the breezy branches of fruit-trees, willows or giant alisos. In the pleasant pastoral times that are no more, before modern conveniences had usurped their important office, these sylvan "stationary tubs" were part of the economy of every household. They formed effective stage-setting for many animated and attractive



Commercial Eng Co.

THE OLD LAVADERO.

scenes. The pretty *lavandera*, with round, bared arms and brown eyes, limpid as the shadowed well whereby she knelt, too busy at her legitimate occupation, *limpiando la ropa*, to notice the stealthy approach of her *novio*, found herself clasped and kissed before she could forbid the butterfly adorer who was off and away too swiftly to catch the richly deserved, but badly aimed, rebuke she flung after him. And here groups of women knelt and scrubbed and slapped the soapy linen upon the rock, and laughed and gossiped as people could at their work in those patriarchal times.

The illustration shows the lost *lavaderos* in the historic de la Guerra gardens at Santa Barbara, used by numerous generations in the past. For many years the spring that fed them was used as the domestic supply by various families in the neighborhood; but it has finally been utilized by the local water company. The *lavaderos* were buried under the debris of the new water plant. To reward my explorations another set, not quite so elaborate as these, was discovered in the lower side of

the inclosure toward the sea. They serve as drinking pools now for feathered folk and quadrupeds only; the main body of the water having been diverted. A large weeping willow waves near them; and old fig, olive, orange, peach, pear and pomegranate trees are growing irregularly about.

These gardens once covered many acres devoted to orchard, vineyard and vegetables. They have been partially cut up into town blocks; but not all. The lower end, toward the foothills, terminates in a willow-marsh, whose waters, fed by the overflow and the winter rains, find their way out through the *estero* to the Santa Barbara Channel. We are very modern, now; but one sometimes sighs for the picturesque and happy era when the *lavadero* held its own and even wash-day was a pleasant function.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

## THE OLDEST CALIFORNIAN.

BY EDITH WAGNER.



Mansard-Collier Engraving Co.

OLD GABRIEL

OLD Gabriel, chief of a now extinct tribe of Tulare Indians, died six years ago in Salinas, Monterey county, California, at the reputed age of 151 years. He left his tribe and had been living at Carmelo for a number of years before Fray Junípero Serra came to Monterey. At the time of the landing of the Franciscan Fathers Gabriel was a grandfather. Marrying at fifteen he could have been a grandfather at thirty-two. He was, it is claimed, Father Junípero's first convert in that region; and with tears streaming down his time-scarred face he told Father Sorrentini of his baptism whence he had received the name of Gabriel 120 years before.

Father Sorrentini, the priest of Salinas, took a great interest in the lonely old Indian who had come down from another century. He preserved with care everything relating to Gabriel and was firmly convinced of his unparalleled age.

The Mission Indians were taught trades by the missionaries. Gabriel's was stone cutting and stone laying. In the twilight of his life he used to tell with great pride of his skill as a workman.

Father Serra erected a chapel of adobe where now stands San Carlos Mission, and old Gabriel used to give minute details concerning its building. Taking along his little band of trained workers, Father Junípero also built the Soledad and San Antonio Missions. The records show that Gabriel was with these founders. And he himself, before these records were examined, used to describe the, to him, eventful journey.

Many old people remember him as ancient when they were children. Señora Munras who died at ninety affirmed that the old Indian had grandchildren older than she. Señora Castro who died at ninety-five remembered when a child calling him "Old Gabriel."

Father Sorrentini came to Monterey with Bishop Amat in 1845. Gabriel then was pointed out to them as being Father Serra's first convert. His sixth wife had then been dead thirty years. In 1883 Father Sorrentini administered the last sacrament of the Church to Zacarias a son of Gabriel's by a third wife. This Zacarias was over a hundred ; and for years before his death had been more feeble in body and mind than his father.

Gabriel was very abstemious, using neither intoxicating liquors nor tobacco. For many years before he died he did not bathe but instead scraped himself with an old case knife, after which he would sit or lie for hours basking in the sun. It was currently believed that he *never* took a bath—but this must be a libel, as he was owner of a *temescal* or sweat house (an Indian modification of the hammam) on the banks of the Carmel river.

For thirty-six years before his death he was too feeble to do any hard work, but earned a livelihood by weaving zarapes and cinches or braiding reatas out of rawhide. Bent nearly double he hobbled along leaning on a short stick. His coat was covered with bright bits of cloth sewed on by his trembling old fingers. A red handkerchief was tied about his head ; and crowning that, a high hat—sometimes two or three jammed one upon the other. His picture does not do justice to his picturesque appearance, which is due perhaps to his old vanity—for he would not be photographed in his everyday dress.

His hair was white, but comparatively thick to the day of his death. His skin was black and from out the mummified old face his eyes glowed like two smouldering coals.

Old Gabriel's portrait, sent by Father Sorrentini to the Pope, was hung in the Vatican, as that of the oldest Catholic in the world. His latter days were very lonely, for he had forgotten what little Spanish and English he knew and for many years there was no one to speak his own tongue. He died in the Monterey county hospital March 16, 1890. A cloud of reporters and newspaper men settled on the little town like a plague of grasshoppers ; and fearful and wonderful were the tales they told. But the simple truth was quite marvelous enough.

It was a matter of pride with us, nearly all Californians born and bred, to point to our old Indian, the oldest man in the world ; and to know that our kindly clime had nourished one who lived to a century and a half.

Would that a benevolent Landmarks Club could have preserved him to us !

Los Angeles.



## A CHINESE FEUD.

BY SUI SEEN FAR.



**F**ANTZE stood behind the counter in her father's store, listlessly rolling up and down the balls in the counting machine; she was thinking of the feud between the Sam Yups and the See Yups.

Fantze was an American born, and though she wore the Chinese dress and ate with chopsticks, she was in many respects an American girl; for her mother had died when she was in swaddling clothes and her father had allowed the ladies of the Mission to have much to do with the bringing up of his little daughter.

And Fantze had a lover—just as any American girl might have had—and he, too, was an American Chinese, having been brought to the States when but nine years of age. His father, a boss laundryman, had returned to China but a short time since, leaving his business in charge of his son, who

managed it so successfully that he bade fair to make his "pile" in a much shorter time than his father before him.

But Wong On had no intention of following his parent to China. Degenerate Chinaman! He preferred the land of his adoption to that of his forefathers, and cherished the hope of building a little home for himself and Fantze in America.

Wong On and Fantze were engaged—not betrothed as boys and girls in China are without having anything to say themselves in the matter, but engaged just like ordinary Americans who pledge themselves to marry the one (they believe at the time) they love the best.

Wong On was never seen with Fantze on the street, and he dared not venture to ask for permission to visit her in her rooms, but he was forever finding excuses to call at her father's store, behind the counter of which she spent much time, poring over her picture books, sewing and at the same time keeping an eye on any customers who might enter during her father's frequent absences. The two young things had been very happy in one another's companionship, and Fantze's father had smiled and approved. But happy days go by.

There are ten districts in the Province of Kwangtung. When the Chinese say "a Sam Yup man," they mean a man from the Third District, and when they say "a See Yup," they mean one from the Fourth District, and so on.

Some time ago in Southern California a Sam Yup murdered a See Yup. All the See Yups knew that one of their number had been killed by a Sam Yup; but though they thirsted for revenge, they could not discover the murderer. It therefore became a case, not of man against man, but of district against district, and as a result a Sam Yup man soon went the way of the murdered See Yup. The See Yups, however, proved better detectives than their enemies, and traced the crime so that the actual murderer, a man belonging to one of the See Yup's secret societies, was convicted and punished by the law of the land. At this the See Yups became so bitterly incensed that notice to boycott all Sam Yups was sent by their chiefs to the See Yups all over the continent. The boycott spread and became a serious matter, for the See Yups are much more numerous than the Sam Yups, the See Yups being chiefly laundrymen and laboring men, and the Sam Yups merchants, who depend for the success of their business upon the trade of the See Yups.

Any See Yup seen in the store of a Sam Yup after the issuing of that notice was regarded with suspicion by his clan. Indeed, his life was not safe, for it was whispered that trusted emissaries of the Brotherhood were on the keen lookout for delinquents, who would be dealt with summarily and secretly.



So Fantze had good cause to feel sad. Supplies being now ordered to be sent direct to the chief laundries in the city where her father did business, her father's trade was ruined, and her lover, though he visited her as often, did so at great risk.

The door bell rang. It was Wong On; he stepped across the store and stood by Fantze's side.

"My pearl is misty today," said he, taking her hands and looking into her face.

"Ah, Wong On," she replied, "I fear for you—visit me no more, I entreat."

Wong On's face became stern. "Am I a cur?" he made answer.

She shook her head, and a quaint little smile flickered around her mouth as she said: "In my eyes you are a superior man."

"Then how can you expect me to leave you when you are in trouble and need me?"

"Because, Wong On, your life is precious, and for my sake you must be discreet."

"Look," said he, turning over the leaves of a bound *British Workman* which lay on the counter.

The girl peeped over his shoulder and saw a picture of Queen Victoria presenting some soldiers with medals.

"Those men," explained Wong On, "are receiving a reward for bravery. So some day shall I be rewarded, and my medal will be you."

Long and earnestly Fantze gazed—then the words came slowly: "The bravest soldiers receive no reward—they do not live long enough."

It was a wretched night. The wind blew in wild gusts and drove the rain savagely. Wong On emerged from his warm room and started for Fantze's home. He pulled down his cap and turned up his collar and walked quickly along, not noticing the footsteps behind him, muffled in the downpour.

He had made up his mind to marry Fantze without further waiting, for she and her father were almost destitute, and the lover in him yearned to take care of the girl. That very evening did he intend to persuade old Lee Fee to allow the Presbyterian minister to perform the ceremony. Though the old man burnt sticks of incense to Chinese gods and worshipped before an ancestral tablet, both he and Fantze were Christians.

The To-Come appeared before Wong On—the wonderful To-Come. He saw therein the most beautiful little woman in the world moving about his home, pouring out his tea and preparing his rice. He saw a cot; and kicking and crowing therein a baby—a boy baby with a round, shaven head and Fantze's eyes. He saw himself receiving the congratulations of all the wifeless, motherless, sisterless, childless American Chinamen. "Ah!" thought he, with a pitying thrill, "I will invite them by the half dozens to spend evenings with me, and Fantze shall entertain them as I have sometimes seen the wives of my American friends entertain their husbands' company. How very happy I shall be!"

A fire kindled in his heart. Just a few more steps and he would be with Fantze. But then there was a swish. Long, skinny arms threw a bleeding body against the door, on the other side of which sat Fantze dreaming of someone. Then Quong Sin, agent of one of the See Yup's secret societies, thrust a bloody blade up his sleeve and slunk silently away.

Time brings changes. In time the feud between the Sam Yups and See Yups died out, and Fantze became the wife of a proud old Confucianist who took her home to China. She renounced Christianity; but the last heard of her was that she had shown to some travelers as her most precious possession a picture torn from a Christian book. Underneath the picture is said to be written in Fantze's round hand: "These are brave men, but where are the bravest?"

## SONGS OF THE NAVAJOS. FROM THE MUSICIAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

BY JOHN COMFORT FILLMORE.



**F**ROM the stand-point of the scientific student of folk-song, all these Navajo songs which I have had the opportunity to study are extremely interesting. This interest, too, is of several different kinds. The Navajos, like all other makers of folk-music, use their songs as a medium of poetic and emotional expression; and it is very interesting to note the quality of melody they employ for this purpose. One may note the range and kind of intervals, the kind of rhythm and metre and the quality of tone which these people find appropriate to

the expression of certain ideas and feelings in song. A comparison of the Navajo songs, in these particulars, with the corresponding songs of other tribes and races would be a most interesting ethnological study; especially as the innermost life of all our aboriginal tribes is embodied in their music. So far as I know, all their prayers and expressions of religious feeling find outlet in song; so do all the deeper social emotions; and the historical records of the tribes, the traditions of noble deeds, the memories of good and bad fortunes received at the hands of the gods, all are recorded and handed down in the songs of the various societies.

In Dr. Matthews's paper (printed last month in these pages,) account is given of the poetic contents of some of the songs. Before proceeding to discuss any of them from the musician's point of view, I desire to add a word concerning three of the songs, the music of which I have transcribed from the records of Dr. Matthews's phonographic cylinders. I give the account from notes sent me by Dr. Matthews.

The two songs recorded on cylinder No. 38 are "songs of the Wargods sung in a ceremony where men, dressed to represent the wargods, enter the medicine lodge." Dr. Matthews translates the songs as follows, premising that "SLAYER-OF-THE-ALIEN-GODS" and "CHILD-OF-THE-WATERS" are the principal Navajo wargods.

1. Now SLAYER-OF-THE-ALIEN-GODS advances.
2. Above, among the peaks, he advances.
3. Now CHILD-OF-THE-WATERS advances.
4. Below, among the foot-hills he advances.

The one on cylinder No. 49 is called the Finishing Song. "It is the last song sung during the great nine-days' ceremony of the Night-chant. It is sung at daybreak, after a long night of song and vigil. To explain the meaning, even if I gave you the text and translation, would require a chapter, so I will not attempt it. The song refers to mysteries connected with the ceremony."

The song on cylinder 62 "is a song sung by a dozen male voices while the singers dance, out of doors, on the last night of the ceremony of the Night-chant. There are only two words in the song to which any

TRANSCRIBED BY J. C. FILLMORE.

CYLINDER No. 38. SONGS TO THE WAR-GOD.

(No. 2)

CYLINDER No. 41. THE BLUEBIRD SONG.

CYLINDER No. 49. THE "FINISHING SONG."

CYLINDER No. 62. A SONG OF THE NIGHT CHANT.

meaning is assigned, and these are archaic; one of them means 'The Corn grows up,' and the other 'The Rain descends.' These songs are sung loudly and may be heard a mile off on a still autumn night."

All the Navajo songs I have heard, either in Dr. Matthews's phonographic records or from the Indians themselves, have been sung with a quality of tone that suggests that they must be very primitive in character. Some of them are howls rather than songs, and the emphatic notes are sometimes grunts quite indefinite in pitch. Others, like that on cylinder No. 62, are sung in falsetto and with a peculiar tremolo impossible to describe and difficult to imitate. Evidently these people have not yet begun to pay any attention to beauty of tone quality; they sing in tones more like those of wild animals than those of human voices. But the curious thing, to a musician, is this: that *all this shouting, howling and whining proceeds along chord-lines*. I have elsewhere pointed out the vital significance of this fact.\* It shows, I think, plainly enough, that *the line of least resistance for a voice making folk-melody spontaneously is the line of a major or minor chord*. I ought to premise, however, that what is true of the songs of these Navajos is equally true of the folk-music of all races, so far as I have yet studied them. My work in this field has included the songs of several of our own Indian tribes besides the Navajos; viz. Omahas, Poncas, Pawnees, Sioux, Otoes, Winnebagos, Zuñis, Iroquois, Coahuia, Pomo and Esquimaux, besides two remote tribes in the mountains of Mexico, the Tarahumar and Tepehuan tribes, whose songs were given me by the ethnologist Carl Lumholtz. Further, I made a very thorough study of the songs of the Kwakiutl Indians from Vancouver Island when they were at the World's Fair in Chicago and have studied many of their songs since in phonographic records taken by Dr. Franz Boas, who had them in charge. My studies have also included songs of the Australian cannibals given me by Mr. Carl Lumholtz, songs taken down at first hand from South Sea Islanders, Javanese, Chinese, Japanese, Arabs, Turks and Dahomeyans at the World's Fair, and of course the folk-music of all the European races, including the Russian.

In all folk-music, everywhere, I find unity of the principle on which it is constructed. Folk-melody, everywhere, the world over, is *harmonic* melody; it has a key-note or Tonic and tends to move along the line of the Tonic chord, adding afterwards the tones which belong to the chords most nearly related to the Tonic. These are no other than the tones which make up our major and minor diatonic scales. In some of these races the tendency appears to be strong to add to the Tonic chord only the second and sixth of the major scale, sometimes laying the

\*See "A Study of Omaha Indian Music" by Alice C. Fletcher and John Comfort Fillmore, published by the Peabody Museum of American Archeology and Ethnology of Harvard University, 1893; "Primitive Scales and Rhythms," published in the Memoirs of the International Congress of Anthropology, Chicago, 1893; "A Woman's Song of the Kwakiutl Indians," in the Journal of American Folk-lore, Oct.—Dec., 1893; also a paper in the same magazine for April—June, 1895; and various papers in the magazine Music, published in Chicago by W. S. B. Matthews, besides one on "Some Tigua Songs," published in the LAND OF SUNSHINE for May, 1896.

principal stress on the first (Do) and sometimes on the sixth (La). In the former case the key is major and in the latter minor. The same tones are used for both keys and the question of key is simply a question of the location of the centre of gravity. These five-toned scales are not only exceedingly common as a basis for the old Scotch and Irish folk-songs, but almost equally so for peoples as widely separated as the Omaha Indians, the African Negroes and the Chinese.

The Navajo songs I have here transcribed are illustrations of melody so primitive as to bring us very near to the beginning of music-making. Number 1, on cylinder 38, is in C minor. C is plainly the key-note and the song is confined mainly to that tone and its minor third, E flat. G, the remaining component of the Tonic chord, does not appear at all, but B flat comes in at first so decidedly as to suggest E flat major as the Tonic chord. It also appears later as a bye-tone. The implied harmony of the song is plainly the chord of C minor as Tonic and its relative major, E flat. The second song on the same cylinder, after a preliminary flourish, settles down to the interval D—F sharp, suggesting D as the key-note, but not making it absolutely decisive.

The two songs on cylinder 41, a part of one of which I give here, embody a complete major Tonic chord and *nothing else*. Dr. Matthews thinks this is the Bluebird song referred to in his paper, (he had not the cylinder by him when he wrote). The song on cylinder 49 also contains a complete major chord and *nothing else*. The one on cylinder 62 is in F major. It embodies the Tonic chord F—A—C and adds the second (G) and the sixth (D) of the scale. That is to say it is built on precisely the same five-toned scale which characterizes most of the ancient Irish and Scotch folk-music and is found all over the world at a certain stage of musical development.

Such coincidences as these are not the result of accident but of law. There is unity of folk-music the world over, no matter how widely separated in blood, habitat and customs may be the peoples who make it, simply because there is unity in human nature as regards the structure of the ear and of the vocal chords, and also as regards the correlation of these with acoustic laws on the one hand and with physical laws on the other. It has taken us a good while to find this out, simply because competent musicians have not hitherto had their attention directed to the phenomena. Indeed, an examination of Richard Wallascheck's book entitled *Primitive Music*, an exhaustive summary of what was known on the subject up to the spring of 1893, when his book was published, will show that up to that time there was a great paucity of authentic material. Even now there are students (not musicians, however) who are working at the problem of folk-music on the assumption that every accidental aberration from the chord-line on the part of the untrained savage is made with deliberate intention and implies a new form of scale. This is, of course, quite as absurd as it would be to assume that a new scale is required every time our own singers sing out of tune. But I have dealt with this question minutely in the various publications heretofore referred to.

## OUR NOVEMBER.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

The little nomads of the air  
 On Autumn's pilgrimage set forth ;  
 Out of the rigors of the North  
 They come to find our meadows fair.  
 We, newly alien from the East,  
 Mark quickly the access of song,  
 Happy to have by this new throng  
 The Summer's merry choirs increased.

We watch the coming of the showers  
 And see the first faint emerald stain  
 Grow deeper in the lush young grain,  
 And see the tapestries of flowers  
 Spread quickly on the sunny slopes.  
 Strange lessons these! Unlearn the past!  
 Winter is here, is here at last,  
 A time of blossoming, birds and hopes!

Los Angeles.

## FIRES IN THE SIERRA.\*

BY ABBOT KINNEY.



FOREST fire creates a feeling of resentment in the lover of nature. The destruction of beauty, the deterioration of scenery and the long-enduring ugly scars are all a source of pain to a decent man. The sportsman is hurt by the forest fire. Such fires destroy animal food, kill the young, and reduce the game. Fires kill fish in three ways — by actual boiling (as recently in the North Fork of the San Gabriel), by reduced or dried up streams inefficient to hold them, and by floods, from burned water-sheds, full of mud which suffocates the fish.

These things are quite enough to warrant a reasonable system to prevent such injuries. Every year our mountains and their forests, fish, game and tonic climate are more and more sought. Their beauties are an attraction to the tourist and a valuable asset to the community. But this is by no means all. We do not have to appeal to the lover of Nature or the lover of sport or to the hotel keeper, real estate man or climate seeker on this forest fire question. The forest fire is of the first importance as an economic danger to Southern California. The destruction of wood and timber is in some sections important, as standing forests of dead, white skeleton trees testify on Grayback and San Bernardino. But this is not the great danger of damage of our forest fires. The danger is to the water-sheds. A forest fire burns brush, trees and, what is more important to the water-shed, the humus or forest soil. The water-holding capacity of the steep mountain sides is reduced. The rainfall cannot be so well retained and absorbed on a devastated, fire-swept mountain as on the same area forest-covered.

\*See page 231.

Consequently the water is delivered suddenly in floods. Mud, sand and boulders are carried down to the valleys. These are left on good lands or aid in the erosion of banks and the eating up by the torrent of fertile fields. Sometimes the detritus of mud and stones is so great that as soon as the grade is reduced (from the mountain to the valley) it is dropped in the channel, this becomes choked, and the flood takes a new and still more devastating course. The great forest fires on the watersheds of the Santa Ana, San Gabriel and Tejunja (Los Angeles) will surely increase the flood action of these streams during the rainy season. The flood water is gone after the flood is over. What the forest would have held back from a too sudden delivery and given out slowly and beneficently in the dry season, is dissipated in the torrent-rush from the burned district.

I visited the mountains this summer immediately after the great fire on the south side of the Santa Ana water-shed. The south side alone was burned. A heavy summer rain had put the fire out. Every gully and cañon from the burned district showed marked flood action. The Santa Ana had been so filled with mud that many of the trout had been smothered. Sand, roots, cinders and rubbish were in strong evidence. I saw no marks of flood action on the north or unburned side. The streams on that side were clear, while those on the south were mere muddy dribbles. Nowhere could there be a stronger illustration of the power of a forested area to hold back a given rainfall to an even and unsullied delivery, and of the destructive power of a burned-off mountain to give from the same rainfall a torrent charged with mud and rocks.

These forest fires are with us largely the result of campers' carelessness. The laws against fire are ample. The government has also reserved its mountain forest land. The trouble is that there is no one to enforce the laws and no one to manage the forest reserves. These devastating fires should be stopped. What is required is a manager and a patrol. An intelligent manager could take a company of cavalry in the dry season and, with a few miles of extension of present telephone wires to signal points, prevent most of the fires that now occur and put out those that did start within the first 24 hours. The lull of the wind at night almost everywhere offers facilities for putting out mountain fires, if you can only bring up a force to attack the fire at that time. Such a system would contemplate regulations for the Reservations. Rules and advice would be printed on cards and handed to persons going into the mountains on the roads and trails. One of these rules would impose a penalty and fine on anyone leaving a fire burning or for setting any fire not necessary for heat or cooking. This single rule, enforced, would prevent nine-tenths of our mountain fires. The signal points would give notice of even every campfire smoke and the patrols would visit camps and further freshen the rules on fires and demonstrate the force to punish criminal carelessness.

Forest fires on the steep mountains of Southern California are a menace to the productive capacity of the country. The resulting floods will destroy much of our good lands. The resulting drouths will deprive us of necessary water, and the denuded mountains will deteriorate our climate. These fires are wasteful and wholly unnecessary. They can be stopped and we ought to see to it that they are stopped. A detail of cavalry like those in the Yellowstone and Yosemite is the first thing. Let our public bodies ask for it and our public men get it.



TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS  
AND OTHER HISTORIC  
LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN  
CALIFORNIA.

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J. T. Bertrand, Official Photographer

Junipero Serra's original adobe church at San Juan Capistrano (founded 1776) is now saved. The broken roof of sycamore poles is replaced with a structure of Oregon pine; and the old tiles have been replaced so that the roof looks precisely as it did in its prime. The building will now stand for another century. The 400 feet of cloisters, re-roofed by the Club, have been waterproofed with asphaltum as they were originally. And thus the heavy work at Capistrano is done; though there will be small expenditures from time to time to carry out minor details of preservation.

San Fernando Mission has now been taken up. It will be remembered that the Club has a ten years' lease on San Juan, with preference as purchaser if the property should ever be for sale. The directors are very happy to state that its work at San Fernando will be on the same advantageous and unusual footing. The enormous monastery must be saved, and so must the great church. The former is a fine mass 240 x 66 feet; but its roof is so ruined that the whole building will fall soon unless it is made water-tight. The tiles must be carefully removed, an Oregon pine roof framed, and the tiles replaced. There are also some terrible breaches in the walls. The church is entirely unroofed; and a shake covering must be put on temporarily—until the Club can go to the heavy expense of buying tiles to cover it. To preserve these two buildings—both so much larger than those at Capistrano—will require an immediate outlay of \$2000; and with the aid of a public so intelligent and so generous as this has proved itself, the Club expects to raise that sum. An illustrated article on San Fernando will soon appear in these pages.

The Southern Pacific Railroad has generously given the Club half freight rates on material for the work, and extended other courtesies.

The Club (and everyone who desires the preservation of our historic landmarks) is again debtor to Bishop Montgomery, without whose courtesy, liberal spirit and cultured interest in this work nothing of importance could have been accomplished.

The first annual meeting of the Club will be held in Los Angeles November 17, place to be announced later. Reports of the work done will be presented, and officers elected for the coming year. All members of the Club are cordially invited; and all friends of the work as well.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CAUSE.**

Previously acknowledged: Cash \$420.50; services and material, \$412; total \$1332.50. (The \$5 credited in the October number as "collected by Mrs. Worrell" was contributed by Mrs. D. F. Donegan, N. Cohen, Fred Eaton, T. D. Stimson, and J. S. Brennan.)

**NEW CONTRIBUTIONS:**

Mrs. Frank McGrath, \$5; Eliza Perley, Ontario, \$2.  
\$1 each: F. H. Agnew; Mrs. Adolph Wood, Mrs. Seth Marshall, San Bernardino; Mrs. John W. Davis, Colton; H. W. Hellman.





If a man remembered, he would never run. It is only when <sup>ALMOST</sup> our memories are locked up and our minds gone a-fishing that <sup>OUT OF</sup> we panic. <sup>THE WOODS.</sup>

Two years ago a great many respectable people fancied that this nation was being and to be administered by the Debs crowd. A year later they trembled at the frown of our new czar, the A. P. A. To-day these terrors are like Moses, and no man knoweth where their graves are. A year from to-day a man will have to dig as deep to remember that he ever feared the business sense and the business honor of the country were going to the repudiation bow-wows November 4, 1896. The fact of it is, men and brethren, we can make many monkeys of ourselves by the way-side ; but when we get in at even-tide it is not to the asylum. I would venture to amend Mr. Le Gallienne's dictum that "a nation is a big fool with an army." A nation is a wise adjustment of fools.

As the Lion was whelped among New England snows, and <sup>WINTERS</sup> passed his cubhood in them until long after he was old enough <sup>AND</sup> to know better, he thinks he has some idea of the value of ten <sup>WINTERS.</sup> below zero as a means of grace. For a boy, the Eastern winter is not unredeemed. It would be a dullard indeed who could forget the sweet thrill of landing a snow-ball (well case-hardened over night) just back of the odious Burpee ear ; or the mile-a-minute on the double-runner down Dolloff's hill ; or the merry bells and cuddled straw and icy moon as the big pung crunched the snow ; or how the thirty-mile mirror of Winnepesaukee rang to his heel as he skated down the long line of bobbing flannel flaglets and whopped out sinewy pickerel through the holes in the ice. Verily it was good, and the Lion would be last in the world to belittle those gallant sports.

But after all it was rather costly fun. Every year there were those that paid the roses out of their cheeks and the spring from their step. All of that "bracing cold" could not brace them again. Anyone who knows the vital statistics of New England—the proud cradle of pneumonia and consumption—knows how they went. The yellow fever in the South claims fewer victims.

Of course it was cheaper for most of us ; but at best we gave four months of danger and discomfort for maybe ten days of fun. Jogging the furnace, and thawing feet and hands and faces, and playing that the ball and chain of overcoat, overshoes, tippet, mittens, ear-muffs and chest-protectors was as pleasant as it was necessary ; breathing day and night a vicious, superheated, humanity-poisoned atmosphere, and call-

ing to people to "shut the door," lest a breath of God's air touch us with congestion of the lungs; watching the yearly funeral of Nature (and those of friends who made too free with her); wading snow and slush, and dancing to keep from freezing—it was rather more than a few sleighrides were really worth.

No, the Lion is glad that having been many kinds of a fool he doesn't have to be that kind any longer. He can live anywhere, not being tender; but he prefers to live where it is worth while. It is good enough for him where God is goodnatured all the time, and where his own cubs, now, sleep every night in the year by an open window, and every morning leap into an unheated bath by an open window, and get out doors every day between one Christmas and another; where they snowball with Maréchal Niels in February, and can by an hour's ride up the mountains get real snowballs, or by an hour the other way tumble into the Pacific breakers and out all aglow. If there is no sugaring-off for them to go to at the risk of their lungs, fresh fruit every day of the year seems to keep them from missing it; and if a prudent Providence does not furnish ice half the year to keep them from spoiling, the eternal sunshine seems to soak into their tempers.

It is good enough for the Lion. But being a tolerant beast, he doesn't mind if others prefer to live in prison a third of the year for the relief of getting out in time to rest a little before the sunstroke season comes on.

EVERY-  
BODY'S

Perhaps the most disheartening token of the multiplication of stupidity is the fashion in which we are permitting the ruin of our forests. Fat-witted with civilized ease we munch our daily bread, and think dollars, and bat our eyes at whatever might set us to thinking anything else, smugly complacent while a lot of idiots and a sprinkling of criminals proceed to turn our paradise into a desert. The forests of the Southwest are small compared to our enormous area; and this is particularly true in Southern California. It is not too much to say—as everyone not wholly ignorant of science knows—that this matchless Eden of ours is dependent upon the forests of our water-sheds. When those forests disappear from the abrupt peaks, our semi-tropic valleys will begin to shrivel and go on shriveling, until their fertility is gone. What have our children ever done to us that we should desire to bring the desert upon them? Yet with a stupidity and carelessness equally inconceivable, we are inviting that very thing. "Only a mountain fire!" Yes, only! Southern California would be so pleasant without water—and only those who trust in God and pour their powder down the well can expect to have streams very long after the forests are finished.

The government itself is waking up. The National Forestry Commission has just been here to inspect the national reservations which embrace most of our forests; and the government will do what it can—but it cannot prevent our incendiaries. We must see to that ourselves; and there is no person whose business or pleasure lies in Southern California, but has a personal interest in this matter. It is time for people

who can think when they try, to see that we do something, and from and after the year of grace 1896 there shall never be another serious fire in the Sierra Madre.

Mark Twain needn't hurry about coming home. We all wish him back, bless his frowsled, rat-grey head—and full of new honors and new money. But he isn't essential to the preservation of American humor. A few weeks before 500 sunstruck people were buried in one day in that city (not to mention 1,750 other people who were sunstuck in that week but didn't quite die) a New York tuppenny magazine published an enthusiastic article proving that New York "is the ideal summer resort of America." It is. Like—

A certain romantic interest attaches to the class of people who think the Almighty is not half so smart as the cement contractor at eight cents per square foot. They set one to wondering how much worse the Creator could have done if He had tried.

It is a sad fact of Nature that tree-roots frequently hump sidewalks up an inch or two. Therefore, these folk who forget God will have no trees. They prefer to wear bald sidewalks and blue glasses—or, more exactly, to enjoy the baldness themselves and let their grandchildren wear the glasses. But if the Maker has given a good deal of time to the amusement of making freaks, He has remedied us with mortality. Los Angeles will be the most beautiful city in the United States—when enough of the people have died who think more of the blistered Portland cement than they do of God's green trees.

With this number the fifth volume of the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* is ended—and a rather respectable volume, too, for an unspecialized magazine on the "frontier." From the start this little monthly, of and in and for the Southwest against the field, has been most generously treated at home and abroad. It is steadily growing in business and in esteem. It has in its home field such a patronage as no other magazine published anywhere ever had here. It has more Eastern subscribers than the whole circulation of any other California monthly; subscribers in every State of the Union and every civilized country in the world. It has found the affection of its home folks, the respect of the critics, the practical friendship of the foremost writers. And it has tried to deserve all these things not by acrobatics, not by polite lying, but by doing honest work. It has tried to discourage literary swindling and incompetency in its field, and to draw out the potentialities of worthy work—and it has brought to light several writers of genuine promise. It has demonstrated not only the value but the possibility of the genuine magazine of locality; and to its little audience of fifty thousand readers—a small audience as the big magazines go, but an unusually friendly one—begs to say again that its one ambition is to be adequately and worthily the magazine of California and the Southwest. A fit representative of such a field and such a population will be good enough for any company anywhere.

*Puck* (in which I hardly think the article would have appeared a couple of years ago) wishes to know "why all brainy women—women doctors, emancipators, lawyers—are so homely?" It is a very easy conundrum, cherished jester. The answer is, because—they aren't.

There is, for sure, something in this *similia similibus* business, mentally as well as physically. Or maybe it comes back to the proverb that a man becomes what he eats. Here is Lombroso, the great Italian guess-worker who has fed for years on criminology. He has studied thieves until he knows more about them than their Maker ever dreamed. And just now he has been convicted and fined by a court of law for literary theft.



## THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

It is easy enough to see why the pen is mightier than the sword. A thousand-fold as many people think they know how to use it. These would be comparatively comfortable times if all scribblers might be disarmed of their present weapons and merely turned loose to do the community what little damage they would be able to with cutlasses.

AND A  
JOY FOR—  
AN HOUR.

Richard Le Gallienne's *Prose Fancies* is an extraordinarily pretty book; a new proof of the artistic taste for which its publishers are so soon renowned. Nor does its attraction stop with the beautiful dress. No one can doubt the exceeding cleverness of Mr. Le Gallienne. He has imagination and heart to back his skill in turning epigrams at the drop of the hat. We do not demand too much of the essayettist. So he be bright, brief and skilful at making a potato into a proverb, he has his calling and election sure. And Mr. Le Gallienne can do all these literary acrobatics much better than the average of his fellows. But he could do something else; and when one has read this graceful volume and appreciated all its charms, one winds up with wondering after all why the deuce he didn't. "A Seventh-Story Heaven," "On Loving One's Enemies," and "The Fallacy of a Nation" are the meanderings best worth while. Of the other chapters, many are so very slight that it is hard to understand how they were deemed worth saving past the periodical publication in which they were all very well. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

EVENING  
THE  
SCORE.

If Hamlin Garland sometimes makes one itch to pick up the first thing that comes handy to be thrown, he has also a redeeming way of impelling one to choose a bouquet for missile. His recent description (in *Harpers' Weekly*) of the Moqui Snake-Dance is a fine, broad piece of work; and so long as he will travel with that sort of baggage no one will question his right to travel and tell. The ethnologic explanations, learned from a wholly unnoted expeditioner, are not much important; but what Mr. Garland saw and thought about it is uncommonly interesting and instructive. If he was pompous in Mexico toward a people he did not know, he is dignified here among equally unguessed strangers—and all that makes so important a difference is that in the latter case he did not bring a prejudice along. To see a little in-door man patronizing the achievements of the great Mexican who has lived and done more than a thousand lives of his would balance is amusing enough once, but grows indigestible when every tuppenny tourist repeats

it. And on the other hand it is encouraging and warming when a traveler can see the human and elemental in a primitive race. Perhaps all that Mr. Garland needs, after all, is to get out West and stay long enough for it to soak in—but the really West, and not the Nebraska farm-hand area with its pig-pen horizon. His first taste of the large aperient seems to have worked very well.

He should, however, while he is making so good a job, abandon the impertinence of that spelling "Moki"—an atrocity invented by certain half-educated ethnologists who will probably never grow old enough to know any better. Moqui has had a place in literature and history since long before any of these mis-spellers had ancestors; and people who know anything of bibliography or of linguistics and have any sense of fitness will retain it.

*Those Good Normans* is not only by "Gyp," but "Gyp" at her sauciest. The sarcastic novel of manners is always entertaining, for sarcasm is dull only when it is directed at Us—and as every rational being knows, a *Bon Normand* is always the Other Fellow. Nationally as well as individually; so we may duly and doubly enjoy Madame la Comtesse's untender skill in the vivisection of a parvenu career wholly unlike anything we ever see in this country. She is so calm in her surgery that one does not fancy she has a grudge; and it seems a pity—for if she did hate the subjects she takes the scalpel to, she would be having so much fun! Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

It was hardly worth the *Critic's* nerves to feel an accusation of unfriendliness or unfairness to the West. It was not a Western accusation nor a responsible one; for the tottering monthly which made it is as little Californian as it is little honored. Without standing at home or abroad in the matter of brains, its morals are coming to be as well understood, for it has been repeatedly convicted of common lying, to say nothing of theft. That the *Critic* at all noticed such a charge from such a source is the best evidence of its more than desire to stand well with the West.

Real Westerners recognize in the *Critic* an earnest, if not very intimate, friend of whatever in the West can decently be befriended. It is a friend also of the South and North, and Patagonia and New Jersey—and every other place whence comes work that is good. Like the rest of us it makes mistakes. Like millions of other fenced Americans it cannot wholly understand the outer geography nor realize the people who do not have to live in New York and those who think "all by their lonesome." But it is a generous advocate of whatever it understands to be literature; and first and last it is doing its best for the literature of the world, as the *Overland* is of late doing its worst for the literature of California.

*Deborah, the Advanced Woman*, is not, as one might jump to guess, a story of to-day; and indeed the subtitle is misleading and a mistake. "Deborah" was "advanced" fifty years ago; not to a profession nor to chronic unease, but merely to a dislike of polygamy; and the book would have been more accurately ticketed and far better sold if given a name in tune with its contents. The story,

by Mary Ives Todd, is one of Mormonism; and the heroine, whose mother was a victim of Joseph Smith, goes through the flight from Nauvoo and other dramatic adventures. She is a Mormon, and so is her lover-husband; but both of them get enough of the Faith. The book is well informed, and rather interesting, but lacks constructive skill. The Arena Pub. Co., Boston.

HERE AND THERE. The ever-amiable Aug. F. Jaccaci ought to be aware, 'on the trail of Don Quixote' or off it, that to "Don" a Spaniard's last name ("Don Pacheco" is the specific case in *Scribner's*) is the last possible blunder. It would be just as conceivable to address Victoria as "Mrs. Queen."

Prof. Francis J. Child, of Harvard—"Stubby Child," to ten thousand of his aging ex-pupils—died Sept. 11, the last man of a noble company. His books never sold by the 50,000, nor have the newspapers ever diagrammed his underwear, and he was not a "popular idol." But few men of his generation have done so much for literature, and few have left monuments that will stand so tall in centuries after the "literary successes" who grasshopper us to-day shall have been forgotten of their very gravestones.

Chas. A. Keeler, the young scientist and poet of Berkeley, has printed for private circulation *The Promise of the Ages*, a blank-verse proffer to reconcile evolution and God. It is an ambitious undertaking; but at all events Mr. Keeler brings to it—as to all his work—dignity and earnest thought.

This court has received official information that Hezekiah Butterworth—the ignorance and dishonesty of whose article in the *Review of Reviews* on South American poets were duly exposed here not long ago—is not now "of the *Youth's Companion*." Nay, even that his connection with that paper ceased a year ago. *Provecho!* The *Companion* is entitled to the benefit of the correction.

Prof S. J. Brun, of Stanford University, has issued a volume of folklore *Tales of Languedoc*. Published by Doxey, San Francisco.

*The Lotus*, Kansas City, has burst into sudden bloom. Its September number takes easy rank as the handsomest and most artistic of all the bibelots. Walter Blackburn Harte has become the editor; and as he has approved himself an earnest and vigorous writer, his connection is enough to make us wish well to at least one bibelot in the shoal of them.

*El Mundo*, the bright and attractive illustrated weekly of the City of Mexico, has now a wide-awake daily edition.

Elizabeth Harrison, principal of the Chicago Kindergarten College, has made a valuable book in her *Study of Child Nature from the Kindergarten Standpoint*. If somewhat didactic, it is a volume any mother should profit by reading. Or any father, for that matter.

*She Fell in Love with Her Husband* is a sufficiently exciting story of love and hate and strikes in the German mines. "Hartmann" the giant villain who after all has some right blood in him, is a rather striking character. The novel is by E. Werner. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; paper, 25 cents.

Rhoda Broughton needs no guideboard among those who thrill over her novels, and they will find and thrill over her latest—*Not Wisely, But Too Well*. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Paper, 25 cents.

Another of Werner's readable novels, *The Price He Paid*, is newly issued in the "Globe Library." Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Paper, 25 cents.

This magazine is indebted to Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of the Interior, for publications of the Nebraska Historical Society, in which he is an active working member.



## THE BICYCLE YEAR.

A famous trainer of bicycle racers said last spring that there were ten thousand young men in this country alone who are taking part in bicycle racing. California has at least five per cent. of them, including some of the best. These young men, like the college foot-ball players, are most of them as strong mentally as physically.

The champion of 1895 was Edward C. Bald, of Buffalo, and he has been one of the best this year. He gave California credit for his splendid work last year, as he came here in the winter and had the benefit of this climate to train in. Because he did not spend last winter here he did not do as well this season.

The man of this season was Thomas Cooper, of Detroit, who visited the Southwest last winter. Cooper is perfect physically, and mentally he is the equal of any of his rivals. Formerly he was a chemist, but found bicycle racing more lucrative. This summer he was able to send his sister and mother to Europe, as well as to help his father, who is a poor man.

Otto Ziegler, the little German lad of San José, who is to become a lawyer after he gives up bicycle racing, has earned his share of glory this year. Hardly a month ago he had his arm broken in a fall. This threw him out of the races for the rest of the year, but the season was nearly over. Early last season his arm was broken in an Indiana town by a track fall, and thus he was kept from taking from Bald the honor of champion, which he had showed promise of doing. Ziegler is one of the world's half-dozen best riders, and has beaten every American of note.

For a few weeks, late this season, a little fellow from near Boston, named Butler, attracted great attention in the cycling world by winning from Cooper, Bald, Ziegler and the other great men. His work was as surprising as that of Ziegler in 1894, when he first met the best men of the East at Deuver and vanquished them all.



E. C. BALD.



TOM. COOPER.



OTTO ZIEGLER.



J. P. BLISS.



W. COBURN.



ARTHUR GARDINER.



O. S. KIMBLE.



J. S. JOHNSON.



F. LOUGHEAD



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H. C. CLARK.



HOMER FAIRMOM.

The sensational ride of 1896 was that of Anderson at St. Louis. He did a mile in 1:03, paced by a locomotive. Early in the summer Dennis, of Denver, an unknown rider, rode a mile in 1:17 down a slight grade with a hurricane at his back. But the most valuable record made this year was that of the mile paced by four-men machines on the mile track at Coronado Beach. W. W. Hamilton, from Pueblo, Colorado, was the record breaker, and though it was almost his first trial, he did the mile under 1:40, thanks to California climate—and this was in midwinter when the snow was deep back East. Afterwards twenty trials on the same track were made by other record breakers unsuccessfully, and Hamilton still holds the record.



BARNEY OLDFIELD.



A. F. SENN.

Clinton Coulter, of San Francisco, now holds the mile record unpaced—that is, riding all alone with no assistance from competition or multicycles. His time of 1:59 1-5 was made on the Denver track in October.



W. DE CARDY.

Clark, a Denver boy, was awarded the Morgan & Wright slab of gold, worth in weight nearly a thousand dollars, for making the unpaced record last year on this same Denver track.



W. BAINBRIDGE.

The only track fatality for several years occurred in mid-summer. Joe Griebler, of Minneapolis, ran off the high bank of an Eastern track during a fit of something like "blind staggers" and collided with a fence.



C. B. PIKE.

Several parties of American racing men visited Europe this year, and late in the season the visit was repaid by Michael, the little Welchman, who rode five miles last month in Chicago in nine minutes and 38 seconds. He is but nineteen years old and weighs but 96 pounds, and yet he can ride for an hour at better than a thirty mile gait.



PAT. O'CONNOR.

For years wheelmen have talked about a relay across the continent, but until this season it has not materialized. Starting, August 25th, from San Francisco, thirteen days were required to reach New York city, and about five hundred wheelmen took part.



W. E. KENYON.

California racing men have shown up splendidly this year, and those on the National Circuit have had their



L. P. SWETT.



HERMAN KOHL.



W. E. WEINIG.



J. A. WOODLIEF.





R. P. RICE.



L. A. CALLAHAN.



C. H. LANSTER.



JOHN LAWSON.



A. J. WEILEP.

names constantly before the reading public, except Wells, who has been sick all the season.

John S. Johnson, who has been the most advertised American racing man for years, was this year repeatedly beaten by the French riders, but on returning to this country was able to get in form again and win some good races. With Michael and others he will go to Australia this winter to take part in the races there. Bald, Cooper and other leaders talk of coming to Southern California again this winter to train on the Pasadena and Coronado tracks.



A. J. BANTA.



O. L. STEVENS.

Gardner was the champion for the first half of the season this year, but then gave out from sickness, and when he got in form again he found Cooper and Bald too much for him, while Ziegler, Sanger and Butler were also disputing his right to the championship.

Of the men who developed and first appeared this year as crackajacks, there are Kimble, of Louisville, Stevens, Bowler, Kohl, Pike, Oldfield, Mertens, Van Ness, Allen, Eaton, Woodlief, Maxwell, Repine, Towle, Senn, Laing, Ramsey, Swett, Coburn brothers, Frederickson, and Rigby, the last four having ridden some last year.

Among stars of last year's close of the season, Loughead, the Canadian, showed up the best. Lawson, the "Terrible Swede," did not keep up his speed reputation, nor did Fairmon, Bainbridge, De Cardy, and Van Herik. Callahan and O'Connor, the Irishmen, rode well at times, but did not make a business of racing as they did last year. Weinig, the big German from Buffalo, went abroad with Johnson and rode well in France in long races, as he has done since returning.



C. HOFER.



A. LAING.



A. C. MERTENS.



O. E. TOWLE.



CARTER.



HUM.



B. B. BIRD.



H. E. FREDERICKSON.



W. A. MAXWELL.



J. B. BOWLER.



JACK COBURN.



Photo by C. A. Smith.

*PORT HARFORD.*  
The seaport for San Luis Obispo.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.



*TYPICAL FARMING LAND.*

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.



*OLD MISSION, SAN LUIS OBISPO.*  
Established 1772.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

## SAN LUIS OBISPO.

“COME and see us,” said my friend recently from the ‘apple district of Michigan.’ “I have located near the thriving commercial city of San Luis Obispo, in the northern part of Southern California, seven miles from the Pacific Coast at Port Harford. I chose this locality, after careful investigation all over California, because with my limited means I was able to purchase 100 acres of land of exceptional fertility, and climatic advantages, with sufficient average rainfall to keep me from the expense of ‘purchased water.’

“From the time of the establishment of the Mission in 1772 to the present day, the superior advantages of this section for diversity of farming drew within its borders a class of home-builders at once industrious and thrifty. That they are now the well-to-do, yea, even wealthy ‘old timers,’ but demonstrates the wisdom of the selection. *Benjamin Libby*



Mausard Collier Eng. Co.

Photo. through courtesy Echo Mountain House.

SAN LUIS OBISPO.

“The city of San Luis Obispo, with its connection of rail and ship at Port Harford, affords superior shipping facilities north and southward. The Pacific Coast Ry., from San Luis Obispo to Los Olivos, traverses 66 miles of fertile lands, naturally moist, producing grain, pasturage and fruits in the greatest abundance.

“The commercial facilities of San Luis Obispo afford ready market for all products, and at standard prices. The educational and church opportunities are of the very best. Schools contain modern appointments and are conducted on progressive ideas. The city has made rapid progress in the way of up-to-date improvements, as street cars, electric light and power, water supply, business blocks, newspapers (daily and weekly), hotels, in fact everything indicating a thriving city, governed on business principles. So you see it is no longer a problem with me where to find suitable land at reasonable price, near good schools, the right kind of

neighbors for social life, ready market, and above all the ability to afford myself and family the comforts of civilization."

Further inquiry brought the information that my friend had purchased his land of the "Pacific Land Company of San Luis Obispo," whose statements he found strictly reliable. That in their office they displayed an exhibit of the products of their lands, rarely equaled anywhere, consisting of wheat, barley, oats, corn, flax-fibre and seed, beans never surpassed, beets in variety, the sugar beet perfection itself, apples, pears, prunes, plums, peaches, apricots, walnuts, almonds, figs, etc. The exhibit shows that the growers mixed brains with the soil.

No wonder that the genial manager, Mr. Arthur Bray, is an en-



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

EL CHARRO RANCHO FALLS.

thusiast, as to this exhibit of the products of the lands offered for sale by his company,—50,000 acres of land embracing every class suitable for the production of all kinds of deciduous fruits, vegetables and cereals, or pasturage for stock. Price of land within the reach of all industrious people, ranging from \$5.00 to \$50.00 per acre. The land produces lavishly without irrigation, although wells can be put down at the cost of \$100.00 which will yield water sufficient for 100 acres. These lands are located in northern Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo counties. Subdivided, or in large tracts for colonization. The company has already located a colony of Mennonites from Nebraska on some of their lands this year. Adequate idea as to the real value of these lands can only be had by inspection. The general formation of these lands is what is known in

the west as "rolling," except the bottom lands as "El Chorro (Falling Water) Homestead Tract."

This elegant ranch of 1800 acres is nestled in the lovely valley of the same name, 6 miles from San Luis Obispo, and 2 miles from station of S. P. Ry. to San Francisco, with everlasting trout streams rippling through the meadows. The soil is rich bottom alluvial over decomposed granite. Chorro and Pennington creeks—trout streams—flow through this property, and the pure mountain water is being piped to the 20 acre subdivisions for domestic and other purposes. The price per acre, with water under pressure, according to location, from \$30 upward.

The "San Marcos Colony" consists of 2500 acres of both plow and grazing land. This is mountain land 1400 feet above sea level, and one of



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co

EN ROUTE BY STAGE.

Photo. by E. M. Brickey.

the loveliest of ranches. Soil, rich decomposed granite, of great depth, and easy to cultivate. Climate temperate. The water of San Marcos creek is pure mountain water, goes with the land, and forever sets at rest the question of "scarcity of water." Sold at \$10.00 to \$30.00 per acre. Location 7 miles from Paso Robles city and Paso Robles Hot Springs, on the Southern Pacific Railway.

The property of the "Pacific Land Company of San Luis Obispo" embraces land especially adapted for dairying. This industry, in which this county leads all others in this State, is carried on very extensively, and owing to perfect transportation facilities finds ready markets at profitable remuneration. On the final completion of the Pacific Coast Railway and the Southern Pacific Overland Coast Line to Santa Barbara (the uncompleted portion being 56 miles), insuring immunity from dust and heat, the acme of transportation will be reached. This will in all

probability be consummated before the end of 1897, and no one will question that land all along the line will advance in price materially. Those who will "take time by the forelock" and provide for themselves comfortable homes, to be had now at least possible outlay, will share the additional prosperity from the beginning. The prices which Eastern people have heard so often quoted for citrus land have lead many to infer that all land in California is exceedingly high as compared with less remunerative land in the East. The era of moderate price land in the southernmost counties of California is disappearing as settlement becomes more dense, until it has become a puzzle to the intending settler of moderate means where cheap land can be secured in California. All such people should investigate the opportunities in San Luis Obispo county for securing a farm or fruit ranch at about a quarter the price



THE FREE-FROM-DUST ROUTE. Photo. by Waite.

charged in the citrus localities further south. Awaiting the thousands of settlers who, on completion of the coast railway, will flock to this locality, is virgin, fertile land and beautiful sites, partially covered with fine oak tim-

ber, at from \$5.00 to \$50.00 an acre, according to transportation facilities—and moist land at that, where irrigation is entirely unnecessary. Does fortune often beckon more kindly to those desiring to improve their condition and leave to their posterity an invaluable inheritance in "God's country?" Procrastination is the robber of many. The opportunity is open now and invites investigation.

A trip to this locality is well worth the while to both the tourist and home-seeker. For not only does the route by ocean, rail and stage furnish an ever changing panorama of the most unique character, but one of the largest and finest hotels of this section welcomes the wayfarer at San Luis Obispo and provides every comfort.

How shall I go to this land of plenty? For an all around enjoyable trip, from Los Angeles, take the Pacific Coast steamer at Redondo for Port Harford connecting with Pacific Coast Railway for San Luis Obispo, 30 minutes' ride in splendidly equipped coaches. Return by rail via Pacific Coast Railway through the fertile section of Arroyo Grande, Santa Maria to Los Olivos, thence by stage over the "Scenic route," a trip in itself of a lifetime's enjoyable memories, to Santa Barbara, and by rail or steamer back to Los Angeles.

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Sole Agents of the Pacific Land Co. for Southern California, of its lands in San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara Counties. (Reference is made to pages 258 to 262 of this issue for description of a portion of these lands.)

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Great interest is being manifested in Mining properties on the Pacific Coast. We give special attention to MINING INVESTMENTS.

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AND THE SOUTHWEST

\$1.00 A YEAR. 10 CENTS A COPY.  
FOREIGN RATES \$1.50 A YEAR.

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

Published monthly by

The Land of Sunshine Publishing Co.

INCORPORATED

501-503 STIMSON BUILDING, LOS ANGELES, CAL

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## A Widely Read Opinion.

"The LAND OF SUNSHINE, edited by Charles F. Lummis, is now in its fifth volume; its pages breathe the spirit of Southern California and the great Southwest. The series of illustrated articles by Mr. Lummis on "The Southwestern Wonderland," the description of "The Old California Vaquero," by Flora Haines Loughead, and the entertaining account of Southern California Indian life and customs, by David P. Barrows, which we find in the August number, are among the representative contributions which have recently appeared in this unique periodical. The *Overland* must look to its laurels."—*The Review of Reviews*, N. Y., for October.

## Representative Representation.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE has not been addicted to "special editions." It has been a part of its regular work to provide those features which have heretofore been the excuse for the "annuals" or special editions of other publications.

When, therefore, THE LAND OF SUNSHINE announces that its December number, which opens the sixth volume, will be a special Los Angeles number, everyone will realize that it will be done superbly—with better taste, better art and better dignity than any other publication on this coast can hope to offer. In fine, THE LAND OF SUNSHINE expects to outdo its own record, for the best has been saved for this number. Among other choice features it will depict the metropolis of Southern California, illustrating the finest types of its modern buildings and ancient landmarks, its semi-tropic homes, parks, schools, etc. It will be a number which you will be proud to send to the most cultured friend, or to retain as a souvenir of the romantic past, the progressive present, and the climatic advantages of the locality wherein you live.

Every local reader is interested in having this section presented before Eastern people in a creditable manner and from the right standpoint. It would be well, however, to bear in mind that not every Pacific Coast publication has standing among cultured people here and in the East. On the other hand the high reputation which THE LAND OF SUNSHINE has won counts for whatever it represents, and it has become generally known that it does not aim to give representation to that which is unrepresentative or discreditable.

Readers and advertisers will, no doubt, have other apparent opportunities, but if you care for representation why not choose a representative magazine instead of some irresponsible advertising dodge, or that class of publications which yearn for the welfare of yourself and the section—once a year.

## Arizona Readers.

No other publication can boast so magnificent a list of Arizona readers as the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Reason: no other publication so well represents Arizona, nor is any other publication fortunate in having a G. H. Paine to present its merits.

To Arizonians Mr. Paine no longer needs introduction, but many local advertisers will be pleased to learn that he is about to re-visit Arizona and New Mexico and complete the good beginning made in that territory for the LAND OF SUNSHINE last winter.



## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

### A Good Thing to Have.

The smiling countenance of mine host Reinhart lit up the vicinity of THE LAND OF SUNSHINE office the other day—but then the menu of the Hotel Arcadia, and those hot sea baths at Santa Monica, are productive of the Reinhart expression.

### Creditable Work.

Perhaps no newspaper cartoonist has won so enviable a reputation during the present political campaign as has Mr. W. E. Chapin of the Los Angeles Times. None of his achievements approach the mediocre, and too often low-lived plane of the majority of this class of work. On the other hand every one of them says something vital and says it simply, intelligently and thoroughly. A number of these cartoons have been reproduced by leading Eastern publications, and have far from suffered by comparison with that brilliant field.

### Ostriches.

The South Pasadena Ostrich Farm, which opened October 24th, adds another unique and interesting feature to the long list of Southern California attractions.

### Open for the Season.

Another notable opening, or rather re-opening for the winter season, is that of Pasadena's magnificent Moresque Palace—the Hotel Green. Los Angeles county could ill spare this large and modernly appointed hostelry, to which all Southern California owes many a prolonged visit from the wealthier class of tourists and investors.

### Health and Pleasure.

For all such ailments as rheumatism, dyspepsia, skin and blood diseases, nature has provided positive relief and cure at the El Paso de Robles Hot Sulphur Springs, which the many wonderful and miraculous cures attest. The accommodations of hotel and bath house are the most perfect, both for the health and pleasure seeker. See advertisement on inside front cover of this magazine.

### A New Firm.

Mr. Edwards has retired from the well known seed firm of Edwards & Johnson, of Los Angeles, and Mr. H. C. Johnson, a brother of Mr. Edwards' former associate in business, together with Mr. H. L. Musser, late from Pennsylvania, have entered the firm. Lovers of flowers will find a valuable announcement by this firm on the inside of the front cover of this number.

### The Burbank.

The fall and winter season of the popular family theatre of Los Angeles, the Burbank, has just opened with the Wm. L. Roberts company in Goethe's immortal "Faust," one of the grandest and most sublime conceptions that have emanated from master minds. Following "Faust," the same company will present for the week of Oct. 29 a scenic production of the drama made famous by Alexander Salvini, jr., "Don Cesar de Bazan." Commencing November first, the famous Broadway Comedians of New York, in that cyclone of merit, "Town Topics," up to date and filled to repletion with pretty music, delightful songs, novel dances and amusing witticisms. Following, the Ideal Opera Company in repertoire.



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We find that our success in advertising depends greatly on keeping an accurate estimate of results, and we feel that it is but due you to state that, during the time we have been using your medium, we have received better returns from it than from any other.

Yours very truly,  
DEL SUR RANCH COMPANY.

Per M. D. Eakins  
Secy.

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Of its literary quality it should suffice to say that its contributors already include Charles Dudley Warner, Mrs. Frémont, Mrs. Custer, Margaret Collier Graham, Grace Ellery Channing, Joaquin Miller, T. S. Van Dyke, John Vance Cheney, Charles Howard Shinn, C. D. Willard, H. Ellington Brook and many others of recognized standing.

Subscribe now, and thus secure the 1896 special X-Mas number. It may soon be out of your reach.

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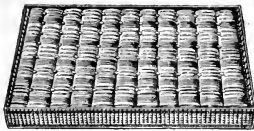
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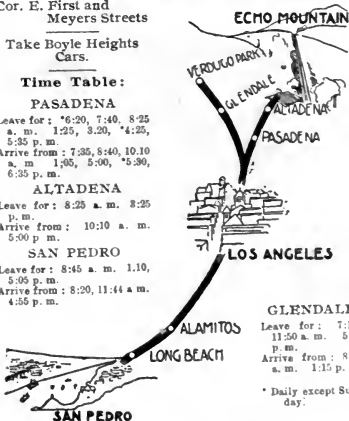
Leave for: \*6:20, 7:40, 8:25 a. m. 1:25, 3:20, \*4:25, 5:35 p. m.  
Arrive from: 7:35, 8:40, 10:10 a. m. 1:05, 5:00, \*5:30, 6:35 p. m.

#### ALTADENA

Leave for: 8:25 a. m. 3:25 p. m.  
Arrive from: 10:10 a. m. 5:00 p. m.

#### SAN PEDRO

Leave for: 8:45 a. m. 1:10, 5:05 p. m.  
Arrive from: 8:20, 11:44 a. m. 4:55 p. m.



#### GLENDALE

Leave for: 7:10, 11:50 a. m. 5:00 p. m.  
Arrive from: 8:20 a. m. 1:15 p. m.

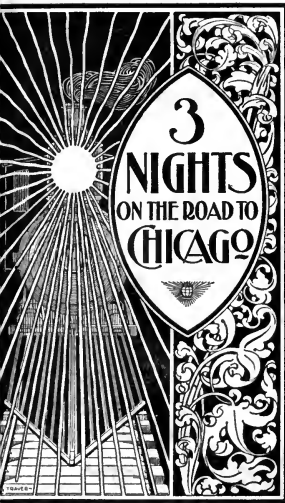
\* Daily except Sunday.

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READ THE SCHEDULE



I.v. San Diego.....	8 00 am	Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thur. Fri. Sat.
Los Angeles.....	10 45 am	" " " " " " " "
Orange.....	11 30 am	" " " " " " " "
San Bernardino.....	1 15 pm	" " " " " " " "
Ar. La Junta.....	11 15 am	Tues Wed. Thur. Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon.
Pueblo.....	1 10 pm	" " " " " " " "
Colorado Springs	3 00 pm	" " " " " " " "
Denver.....	5 30 pm	" " " " " " " "
Cripple Creek.....	7 00 am	Wed. Thur. Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tues.
Newton.....	12 30 am	" " " " " " " "
Kansas City.....	7 00 am	" " " " " " " "
St. Louis.....	6 00 pm	" " " " " " " "
Chicago.....	10 30 pm	" " " " " " " "
Des Moines.....	8 15 pm	" " " " " " " "
St. Paul.....	7 20 am	Thur. Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed.
Minneapolis.....	8 00 am	" " " " " " " "
Detroit.....	7 15 am	" " " " " " " "
Cleveland.....	12 45 pm	" " " " " " " "
Indianapolis.....	3 30 am	" " " " " " " "
Cincinnati.....	7 20 am	" " " " " " " "
Buffalo.....	5 30 pm	" " " " " " " "
Pittsburg.....	5 10 pm	" " " " " " " "
New York.....	7 00 am	Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thur.
Boston.....	10 45 am	" " " " " " " "

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*6 00 am	2 40 pm
*6 30 am	*3 00 pm
7 00 am	3 20 pm
7 30 am	3 40 pm
*8 00 am	*4 00 pm
8 20 am	4 20 pm
8 40 am	4 40 pm
*9 00 am	*5 00 pm
9 20 am	5 20 pm
9 40 am	5 40 pm
†10 00 am	6 00 pm
10 20 am	6 20 pm
10 40 am	6 40 pm
11 00 am	7 00 pm
11 20 am	7 20 pm
11 40 am	7 40 pm
12 00 m	8 00 pm
12 20 pm	8 30 pm
12 40 pm	9 00 pm
†1 00 pm	*9 30 pm
1 20 pm	10 00 pm
1 40 pm	10 30 pm
2 00 pm	11 00 pm
2 20 pm	11 30 pm

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6 00 am	10 20 am	2 20 pm	6 20 pm
6 30 am	10 40 am	2 40 pm	6 40 pm
7 00 am	11 00 am	3 00 pm	7 00 pm
7 20 am	11 20 am	3 20 pm	7 30 pm
7 40 am	11 40 am	3 40 pm	8 00 pm
8 00 am	12 00 m	4 00 pm	8 30 pm
8 20 am	12 20 am	4 20 pm	9 00 pm
8 40 am	12 40 pm	4 40 pm	9 30 pm
9 00 am	1 00 pm	5 00 pm	10 00 pm
9 20 am	1 20 pm	5 20 pm	10 30 pm
9 40 am	1 40 pm	5 40 pm	

Echo Mountain

LEAVE FOURTH ST

Los Angeles	1 55 pm
1 55 am	*2 25 pm
7 55 am	2 55 pm
*8 25 am	*3 25 pm
8 55 am	3 55 pm
*9 25 am	*4 25 pm
9 55 am	4 55 pm
*10 25 am	*5 25 pm
10 55 am	5 55 pm
*11 25 am	*6 55 pm
11 55 am	7 55 pm
*12 25 pm	*8 55 pm
12 55 pm	9 55 pm
*1 25 pm	†10 55 pm

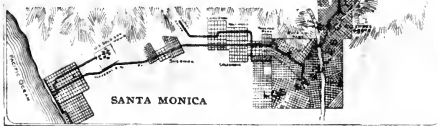
LEAVE HILL ST.

Santa Monica	1 25 pm
1 25 am	*2 25 pm
7 25 am	3 25 pm
8 25 am	*3 55 pm
9 25 am	4 25 pm
*9 55 am	*4 55 pm
10 25 am	5 25 pm
*10 55 am	*5 55 pm
11 25 am	6 25 pm
*11 55 am	*6 55 pm
12 25 pm	7 25 pm
*12 55 pm	8 25 pm
1 25 pm	9 25 pm
*1 55 pm	10 25 pm

\*Sundays only.  
† Except Sunday.  
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close of all theatres.

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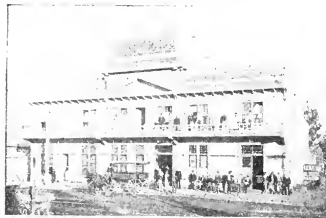
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We have just secured the agency for the VICTOR Bicycle, and this, with our Keating Wheel, puts us on the top round of the ladder.

Bring in your old Carriage or Buggy and we will allow you a fair price for it, to apply on the purchase of a new one. See illustration of our new quarters in this magazine.

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