

TOWARD THE SUNRISE
ON "THE SUNSET"



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TOWARD THE SUNRISE
ON "THE SUNSET"

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THE SAN JOSÉ TREE-PLANTING BEE

TOWARD THE SUNRISE ON "THE SUNSET"

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

*WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED
BY ALL OF US TOGETHER*



NEW YORK — PHILADELPHIA

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

1903

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THE WORLD'S WORK PRESS
NEW YORK

TO

E. O. McCORMICK

JAMES HORSBURGH, JR.

WILLIAM McMURRAY

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

DEDICATED

THE HAYSEEDS FROM THE EAST :

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

FOREWORD

THE trail of the Tenderfeet practically ended its outgoing course at Santa Barbara. After that it seemed to be the homecoming, and we had steeled our hearts to the fate of becoming simply the regular hardworking, money-spending California tourist.

This dreadful fear, however, was not fulfilled. Even at Los Angeles strange and subtle influences seemed to be at work in our favor. A very gentlemanly Mr. Martin "called to pay his respects," and to say that the State was ours, transmitting this message from Mr. McCormick and Mr. Horsburgh. When we left Los Angeles he helped the Conservator put us on the train; being no longer able-bodied men and women, we had to be "tended and mended" day by day. He introduced us to the conductor. At Santa Barbara the mysterious influence from San Francisco again made itself felt through Mr. Shillingsburg, and we knew for sure that we were again pampered and of the elect when Mr. Horsburgh turned up at Del Monte. Now we began our journey "toward the sunrise on the sunset."*

*This phrase is copyrighted by the Heart to Heart Department of *The Ladies Home Journal*.

STARTED FOR A NEW CORRAL

The long ride north from Santa Barbara to Del Monte (Monterey) was a revelation of loveliness, all the more appreciated because we were in a measure unprepared for it. For miles we skirted the Pacific, at times near the level of tide-water, then high above the shore with the waves breaking on a rugged coast far below; then along a wide stretch of fertile plains in process of tillage with six, eight and ten-horse plows at work, and snow-capped mountains in the background. Later, the wonderful ride over, around and through San Lucine Mountains, up

A GRADE OF 116 FEET TO THE MILE,

to the summit and then down the other side to the northerly slope of the Coast Range, on by San Miguel Mission, which we could plainly see from the car windows and so to the Del Monte, where we arrived in due course, or an hour or so after.

The paternal ancestor of our Lady Lamb, in describing Del Monte, said something to the effect that if Mr. Milton had been more farseeing he might have migrated to this spot and *found* a Paradise. The hotel is a mammoth caravansary, well appointed and specklessly neat (thanks

to the indefatigable Chinese scrubbers), and situated amid a wealth of arboreal, semitropical luxuriance, the detailed description of which I will leave to the virile and more accustomed pen of the Lamb. The morning after our arrival we started in horse-cars (soon to be trolleyized) for

THE GLASS-BOTTOMED BOATS,

and were fortunate in having for our boatman a delightful Portuguese giant, an ex-whaler of forty years' experience and the progenitor of nine children.

He rowed us to the submarine gardens and we were soon huddled beneath the black canopy, exclaiming at the marvels beneath—gorgeously colored and delicately tinted starfish, sea-urchins, octopi, sponges, strange fish both great and small, and flora of all sorts and shades. It was all so clear and distinct that we began to feel very much at home with the society beneath the surface, quite in the swim, in fact; but we dared not dally with old Neptune too long, for Mrs. Gazelle began to feel qualms of—conscience (at least, that is her version); so we went ashore and walked to the bath-house—the best of its kind yet. A delicious dip, a good luncheon and then—ho! for the golf course!

Perfect tees, springy fair greens, real turf and putting greens, gave the men unusually good sport; though the surroundings were so picturesque as to make it unusually difficult to focus attention on the balls.

THE LADIES WORKED OUT THEIR SALVATION

more quietly, walking, resting, etc., though the Lady Lamb and the little D. G. S. Bear had a long and complicated session with the cypress maze, having to call finally on two chivalrous soldiers for release. Mr. Fred Johnson, an old Norwich boy, joined us for the evening, which was spent around the ping-pong table. Tired, but joyous, we retired with more green verdure for our collection.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY (March 7th)

The second day at Del Monte, "the Beautiful" (truly named), opened with the crack of the whip as four shining bays and a "brake" dashed up to the door to take the party over the famous "Seventeen-Mile Drive." The day was gloriously sunny, the reins were in the safe hands of one "William" (good whip and good gentleman), and with the Gazelle on the box seat as coadjutor the drive was on. Through the park grounds of the Del Monte, into and through the quaint town of Monterey,

PAST THE FIRST THEATRE IN AMERICA,

past the first Custom House on the Pacific coast, then with a reminder of Uncle Sam in the shape of a coloured cavalry encampment; along the banks of the beautiful Bay of Monterey; past rocks freighted with bird life and into Pacific

Grove swept the horses and their charge. Then the eyes of the party feasted, and souls rose higher and life seemed sweeter as mile after mile of beautiful grove swept by with its tapered pines, its towering firs (which the Lady Gazelle's Grandmother Keeler remembered having seen when they were little huckleberry bushes) pointing to the sky; past broken green vistas giving a dash of blue water; past the rocks whereon the seals basked in the sun and shambled off into the water, until all the glories of the ride culminated at Cypress Point with

ITS GROVE OF SUPERB STORM-THRASHED
CYPRESS TREES,

and their hoods of velvet green. It is something to see one cypress, as sometimes we do, in the East on some storm-beaten coast, but to see scores, yes hundreds, one more beautiful in its artistically misshapen formation than the other—that is a memory verily of cypress green. On we went again, ten miles of the drive over, but the other seven equally beautiful, until with a suddenness all too soon in its coming we were back in Monterey: back to the shops; back to all things stern and hard save the romantic walled-in little home of the fair Señorita, in whose place and with whom General Sherman planted a rose-tree, which so appealed to the romantic soul of the Lady Gazelle that she will always believe the tale although angels may prove its falsity.



ON THE SEVENTEEN-MILE DRIVE AT MONTEREY



AT THE DEL MONTE

THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY (Sunday, March 8th)

Inclination and rain led the party to-day to confine itself to the beauties of Del Monte, with its gardens of 126 acres, in which the hands of the landscape architect and the gardener have reached their ripest skill, thirty separate gardens being maintained at an annual cost of \$40,000. It is

PRACTICALLY AN OLD-WORLD ESTATE IN AMERICA

with the trunks of gigantic trees clothed with ivy of twenty-five years' growth; with rose-gardens of every variety of rose known to the growers of the world, and where 5,000 roses bloom at one time; with a camellia garden; with an Arizona garden filled with the cacti and growth of the future State; with its rockeries; its tennis and croquet courts; its sand-piles for children; its lake; and lastly, but not leastly, its "maze"—a cleverly constructed bewildering maze of paths bordered with arbor vitæ. Into this the ladies wandered yesterday and reached the pivotal point and found the exits without great trouble. But the attempt of the men was not so successful. So to-day the combined forces faced the problem, and "they came, they saw, and they conquered." But not until they had learned the combination of keeping to the right upon entering and to the left upon leaving—a solution easy enough to set on paper but not so easy to follow in a succession of paths.

After a feast of horticulture and arborculture, the party set off to the haunts of "Boscoe,"

A NINE-MONTHS-OLD CINNAMON BEAR

tied to a steel chain for the questionable amusement of the Del Monte's guests and for the special teasing proclivities of the children. Our Bear, feeling a kindred spirit for one of his kind, brought a box of sweetmeats and fed these delectable indigestibles to his younger cinnamon brother, much to the delight and satisfaction of both Bears, although it seemed to the onlookers that the cinnamon was more self-possessed and felt more restful and seemed more at home than did his black brother, although the latter was far fleet of foot.

And so the party spent a quiet Sabbath, full of memories of "Del Monte the Beautiful."

THIRTIETH DAY (March 9th)

Sorrowfully, almost tearfully, the Tenderfeet cast lingering glances backward toward lovely Del Monte as the stage carried us for the last time through those wonderful gardens of the best hotel in California, where we fain would have roved for a month. There are those in the party—who shall be nameless—to whom

THE SIGHT OF "SADIE IN HER WAR-PAINT,"

on the way to take the same train with us, made the agony of parting from our host, Mr. Reynolds,

somewhat "less intense." Indeed, it was fortunate that we were being personally conducted by that pink of all proprieties, Mr. James Horsburgh, Jr., Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific, who arrived most opportunely and showed some of us how to travel in a straight path morally as well as geographically. The ladies gratefully resigned refractory husbands into his safe keeping, and from this time forth enjoyed some well-earned repose.

A four-in-hand coach which awaited our arrival when the train reached Santa Cruz soon whirled us away through the town and along its cliff drive, which would have seemed far finer had we not seen so recently those famous twelve miles of water-front among the beautiful old flat-topped cypresses, seal rocks and pine woods on the opposite shore of Monterey Bay. But a new thing under the sun was discovered on the Santa Cruz beach: an engine worked by the rise and fall of the waves in a deep, round well, cut in the solid rock, through which the sea rushed with power enough

TO MERCERIZE ALL THE COTTON CLOTH

and print all the books and journals wanted by a needy world. Therefore, why not move our combined businesses to Monterey? We could then show the influence of sea-power upon history as Captain Mahan never dreamed of doing. The inventor of this Santa Cruz well that works an engine had no loftier object in view than a great

red tank into which is pumped water to sprinkle the dusty roads.

After lunch at the hotel, the Tenderfeet climbed into the coach for another memorable drive, this time through a heavily wooded country watered by many brooks that came tumbling and cascading out of verdant canyons into one real river in the valley, far and ever farther below, for the road was long and steep. Up and up went the heavy coach, while the party exclaimed with delight at every new height gained. Redwoods had predominated in the forests all along the drive, redwoods such as we had met in other parts of California. But here and there we began to see trees that stood forth from among their fellows, commanding attention by their size, great straight shafts of noble height and girth towering upward from the roadside to where their fine evergreen needles formed a lacey canopy against the sky. Silence fell upon the once talkative company in

THE PRESENCE OF CREATIONS SO MAJESTIC

But not yet had we reached the grove of what are known as "the big trees of Santa Cruz" to distinguish them from the Mariposa Grove. Before reaching our destination we were to be tortured by the sight of thousands of acres from which every redwood of salable size had been cut, split and perverted into cash to add yet another million to the pockets of an already multi-millionaire. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead?" we wondered at the sight of the charred stumps of

fallen giants that were great trees when Rome was mistress of the world. This slaughter of aged Innocents still goes on in California (Oh, the folly of it, in this arid State of all places!) where the land is owned by lumber dealers and not reserved by the Government or by men who find it more profitable to charge an admission fee to tourists like ourselves. But righteous anger against

THE RICH OLD SINNER WHO HAD DEVASTATED

this region melted after we crossed the line of his vast possessions and entered his neighbor's territory, where redwoods in all their primeval grandeur still stood. No church or cathedral has seemed to me so holy a place as this: never have I felt so disposed to take the shoes from off my feet as here in this grove of trees more ancient than the Prophets—trees that were pushing their way through the soil of an unknown continent when Moses gave laws to the Children of Israel, and live to-day as they were living then, in sinless conformity with the divine law as no man save One ever lived. Silent, majestic, serene they stand, oblivious of years, oblivious of the rise of empires and the fall of thrones, of discovery and conquest, of the tyranny, passion, hate raging in the hearts of men that came to people this very land, their home; oblivious and silent as the Sphinx of Egypt.

In the indescribably beautiful mellow twilight of the forest we measured trees more than sixty feet in circumference. We entered a hollow trunk where all our party stood comfortably, and in

which General Fremont, the Pathfinder, once made his camp. We saw

THE LARGEST GROUP OF TREES IN EXISTENCE

eighteen Sequoias from a common root which, no doubt, once sprang from the stump of a fallen giant, as is the habit of these well-nigh deathless trees. We noted the luxuriant upper growth from trunks that were merely hollow shells at their base; we listened to the tales of a guide whose chatter about statistics, dimensions and celebrities who had visited the grove were as jarring to the spirit in Nature's sublime sanctuary as the babble of Cook's tourists in Westminster Abbey.

A brief ride on the rear platform of the narrow gauge railroad train through a region of astonishing beauty brought us to San José, where Mr. Shoup, of the Southern Pacific, stood ready to act as Guardian-Angel-in-Charge. There was still another four-in-hand coach drive before us, this time through the miles of prune orchards that furnish desserts for all the boarding-schools* in the country. Prunes, apricots, cherries, pears, sweet peas and other garden seeds by the train-load are shipped from this garden spot of the Santa Clara Valley to the effete East. Electric lights, furnished by

POWER TRANSMITTED MORE THAN A HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES

seemed to us the most astonishing sight in the

*This is a joke. We are awfully tired of it.—J. H., Jr.

streets of San José. After seeing the new Carnegie Library and other buildings, in which the citizens take great pride, we begged to rest awhile, at the Hotel Vendome, much to the disgust of the Pink.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY (Tuesday, March 10th)

After the utter weariness in which we had all retired, it was a relief to awaken refreshed and rejuvenated, for this was to be our "busy day" with a vengeance. This was our telegraph invitation, which came, we feel sure, at the suggestion of Mr. Horsburgh:

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

Frank N. Doubleday: Chamber of Commerce of San José invites yourself and party for carriage drive around San José and Santa Clara Valley. V. A. SCHELLER, President.

Coming from breakfast, we found a group of delegates from the San José Chamber of Commerce awaiting us, and without wasting any time we were tucked up cozily in automobiles and whirled away to the tree-planting, for you must know that this was Arbor Day in the Santa Clara Valley. After a short run from town we came upon a series of horny-handed sons of toil wielding spades beside the way who were pointed out to us as the prominent citizens; and when our machines drew up a little farther on, we were quite in the spirit of the occasion, and felt that we could not exist another minute without a spade. The spots indicated and the trees placed, we went to work. Each one dug the hole and

planted the tree—this means the ladies and the little D. G. S., mind you—only the fragile Gazelle outfit making theirs a combination affair, and the confession must be made that even so they were glad of the kindly offices of a colored man hard by who seemed to make the dirt fly in record time, as theirs did not. Photographers were on hand, as well as all the other inhabitants, both great and small, and we cannot but believe that the Bears and the Lambs will be shining examples in the thriving, public-spirited city of San José for many a long day. But even shining lights must at last go out, so after the big Bear had wiped the honest drops from his brow the procession moved. The same beautiful road went on and on, and then began to climb the mountain to the Lick Observatory, twenty-seven miles away. We followed it well up in the world, where we could get a superb view of one of the most beautiful as well as the most fertile valleys in the country—the Santa Clara. The beauty of the acres and miles of prune trees just beginning to blossom is as nothing, we are told, to that of the summer season, when the sweet peas and other seedsmen's favorites are in bloom.

Coming down the mountain again we were taken around the foot of it to Alum Rock Park, where, at the spring, our conductors, Messrs. Mathews and Hayes of the Chamber of Commerce, invited us to partake of refreshments—sulphur, soda and pure water. Then, after a flying glimpse of the aviary and baths, we were again whirled away, soon, however, to stop long enough to throw

a rope to one of the two Olds machines in the party, and in this familiar, hackneyed style we descended upon the great Flickinger Company's orchard and cannery, where the Mr. Graham in charge did his best to ruin our appetites with his delicious peaches and plums. However, when we were presently deposited at the Vendome we managed to toy with our luncheon in our usual generous fashion, and then took the train for Palo Alto, conducted by Mr. Horsburgh, our big Bear having hurried on ahead to obtain a much desired interview with Doctor Jordan, the President of the Leland Stanford University. On our arrival at the little village of Palo Alto we were met by two pleasant young men, the Messrs. McDowell, who did the honors, and showed great pride in their Alma Mater, as well they might, for it is a stupendous conception and wonderful work. It will take many years to carry out all the plans and tone down the effects to the perfection point, but the foundation is here and a great future before it. A hurried visit was paid to the different buildings and a few quiet moments spent in the new church—a memorial to Senator Stanford by his wife, where the beauty of each detail almost detracted from the whole; an \$80,000 copy in mosaic of Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper," for instance, was hardly to be seen for other altar decorations. The mosaic work all over the church was very wonderful, but its effect was marred, I thought, by the more vivid coloring of the stained glass windows, beautiful though they were, while the all-seeing

eye of giant size in the dome was more than disconcerting. On the whole, however, the present recorder, being a very common-place sort of person, *enjoyed* the church, especially the rose-window over the entrance. We all met Doctor and Mrs. Jordan and a visiting Oxford professor, and then drove about Mrs. Stanford's place, besprinkled with mausoleums, weeping angels, and monuments of many kinds. Our Gazelle, in his disrespectful, irreverent way, says she is a "bang-up mourner," when she runs short of relatives she plants reindeer and mastiffs and very many sphinxes about her door-yard. A monument more, and a turn of the road leads us through a wealth of sweet violets, then a covey of California quail, and we soon reach the ball-ground, where the faculty are playing one of the fraternities. In an instant our men are boys again, and it takes a firm and steady hand to pilot them away to the station, where the iron steed soon rushes in, and an hour and a half later we find ourselves in San Francisco, being trolleyed to the Palace Hotel. A speedy but delicious supper was soon forthcoming, and with highly colored visions of Chinatown to spur us on we started afresh, this time with Mr. Glennon, an ex-detective with a record of fourteen years in this foreign quarter, to pilot us. After a glimpse of Nob Hill we made a flying tour of Sing Fat's, the great Chinese emporium, then past numberless queer little shops selling all sorts of queer little things, then to an opium joint where the disgusting smoking process was seen in operation, and then—oh, then,

to the Chinese theatre! Going in by the main entrance, we found the crowd of Chinamen too dense to make our way through, so Mr. Glennon took us around to the stage entrance, and then we went down, down through long, underground passages where the actors live—for you must know that they are ostracized and despised by the community about them, and live as a class apart. Passing through the greenroom filled with actors painting, robing and bewhiskering themselves, we are given chairs at one side of the stage where both the performance and audience are before us. Every bench and every aisle were filled, and Chinamen were standing three or four deep right up to the stage. At the back sat the musicians, with their three or four fiendish instruments clanging away incessantly; in the centre was the stage manager, with a window-frame affair which seemed to comprise the scenery, all changes being denoted by little signs which he would unroll and hang from this frame from time to time. All the parts are taken by men, the salary of those impersonating women depending upon the closeness of their mimicry of voice and actions, a sort of lackadaisical stoicism resulting that is very ludicrous. The sea of faces before us was quite as interesting as the stage performance; the absorption of the audience was complete, and absolutely no notice whatever was taken of the "foreign devils," as they call Americans. The nerves of some of us were crying aloud, so the word was given to move on, to the sorrow of the Lady Gazelle, who would have dearly loved to stay to the finish,

which might be next week or possibly next month. Stopping a moment on the other side of the stage, where a view could be had of the women's gallery—for the women are on too low a plane to sit with their mighty masters—we followed again the little narrow, stuffy passages, all reeking with opium, to the blessed open air, and started for the joss-house. On the way we heard peculiar bangs and slams and thuds on all sides, which, it was explained, was the sound of doors closing at the "gentlemen's clubs," or gambling dens, which were all about us, heavy iron doors with mighty springs shutting them in, and all visitors being inspected through a small grating at the side. The joss-house was interesting with its incense and idols, but as the wee sma' hours were approaching and our Baby Bear was yawning we hurried on to a restaurant where the natives were dexterously manipulating the chop-sticks at their midnight meal. A cup of tea and some candied fruits and nuts fortified us for our walk home, and we turned in with the complacent consciousness that for one day at least we had followed the example of the "busy bee" of our childhood, for we surely had "improved each shining hour."

THE THIRTY-SECOND DAY (March 11th)

The first day in San Francisco very properly began with a visit to the Southern Pacific Railroad. The Zoo descended, *en masse*, on Mr. E. O. McCormick, Passenger Traffic Manager of the road, and it lost its collective heart, there and

then, to that Chesterfieldian gentleman. As the call progressed we were so much impressed with the quiet force which seemed to emanate from the Powers That Be that discussion and questionings began. We were then shown some of their advertising work, which is as interesting as it is instructive; their pamphlets and literature showing the wonders of California from the glories of the big trees to the amazing possibilities of the one-acre farm, upon one of which a man and wife supported themselves and cleared \$400 in one year. Even nature-study primers are provided to schools, with tree cones and tree seeds, and perhaps the most unique article given is

A TAPE AS MANY FEET IN LENGTH

as the circumference of the Grizzly Giant, the use of which is surely an impressive object lesson. The motive back of all seems to be the glorification of their wonderful State, a State which offers health and golden opportunity to all who will come.

Mr. McCormick was bent on our seeing the Yosemite and the Kings' River Canyon, which he said was twenty-six miles wide, four hundred and thirty-six miles long, and painted like a bouquet. The big trees of the Mariposa Grove we yearned for, but even the Passenger Traffic Manager had to admit to eight feet of snow in the forest, and this he felt was too much for tenderfeet.

We were then taken in charge by one *Dianthus Elegans* (perhaps more commonly known as the

"Pink") and driven to the Cliff House for luncheon, passing first through the thriving, prosperous-looking business section, then through the residence part of the city, with its broad, well-paved streets, bordered on each side with homes that, on Nob Hill, are palaces. We went on through the Presidio, where our soldiers live in a veritable park, and on past forts that bristled with guns, until we came to a bluff where the San Francisco Bay lay before us, with

ITS GOLDEN GATE LEADING OUT

to the great ocean beyond. An enemy must be fearless indeed who would try to force an entrance there. Across the bay are the mountains sloping down to its edge, and in the harbor are Government islands where are guardhouse, prison, etc. We saw all this when the sky was slightly overcast and everything was softened in tone to a silvery tint of pearl. The bay, with its splendid mountains on one side and the busy city on the other, with that glorious sloping of soft-colored rock on each side of Golden Gate, gave us a stirring impression of the beauty and strength of this wonderful harbor.

As luncheon was served in

THE TOWER ROOM OF THE CLIFF HOUSE,

which latter is at the ocean's edge, we were able, between courses, to watch the seals on the rocks below, and were much interested in seeing the

new Pacific mail steamer *Siberia* start off on her maiden journey to China and Japan.

Before mounting our brakes we went to the Sutro baths, which are perhaps the largest swimming tanks in America, and then drove back to the city through its very beautiful park. We found here a perfect wealth of flowers and trees, with fine roads winding through for a distance of five miles. These oiled roads are a soft brown color, forming a combination with the surrounding green that is wonderfully pleasing and restful to the eye. To the right of the park is a great bank of shifting sand stretching to the ocean, and we learned to our amazement that this park was originally part of that sand bank—void of any sign of vegetation. Every particle of soil in the park to-day has been carted from many miles away, and every tree, flower and blade of grass was brought from a distance and planted there.

The next step was mountainward, as we were to spend

THE NIGHT ON MOUNT TAMALPAIS,

2,597 feet above the sea. We crossed the bay by ferry, took a train, and, by changing once, started off up the mountain climb in the twilight on the "crookedest railroad in the world." The engine pushed us up, and the Lamb played engineer for a time. The moon came up and revealed the depth of the forest beneath us while we climbed; and as we approached the summit the glimpses which we had of the ocean, the bay and

the twinkling city away below us, were so beautiful that fatigue fled and we felt conscious of the rest and limitless quiet, and that only. Several members of the city's Bohemian Club were with us, and Mr. Runyon, our host, an official of the road, our friends, Mr. McMurray and the Pink. So it was a big and merry company that sat down to dinner at 8:30 P. M. in the tavern on top of the mountain. Most of the party, before retiring, went out for a walk, and declared the moonlight view to be one of surpassing beauty. There were others who, knowing that an early hour had been set for rising in the morning, were sensible enough to go early to bed—minus moonlight. But can a leopard give up his spots? Or a Philadelphian his sleep?

THIRTY-THIRD DAY (March 12th)

Properly, this day was to begin at six in the morning, before the sun had time to get up the mountain, where we had spent the night, as recounted by the ewe Lamb; but, unhappily, a cloud of mist and rain permitted the "celestial orb," as the Gazelle would say, to sneak into the world unbeknownst while we still slept. The manager of the hotel called us; not, as promised, but by eight some of the clouds had cleared away and we could see from the splendid height the topography of the Golden Gate, the towns of Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda and San Francisco itself.

To the present writer there seems hardly any doubt that the animals of this Zoo are gifted with

a temperament which nothing can spoil, because here again we were treated with a distinction which is the right of only presidents and kings, and yet we remained the modest, unassuming and gentle natures so earnestly advocated by that peerless magazine, *The Ladies' Home Journal*. The train down the mountain was scheduled to leave at 7:30 A. M., but what are time-tables to the Zoo? The Lamb uttered his first faint bleat at 7:30, so the train was held up until 8:30, and then used as a baggage wagon while we descended on a hand-car controlled by our host, Mr. Runyon. Down these eight miles we dropped 2,500 feet, around the double bow-knot spot, over beautiful gorges, through wonderful cuts, around the side of the mountain, doubling, twisting and turning, no portion of the track being straight for more than 400 feet. We stopped now and then at some particularly beautiful place, and the Bear was sent to gnaw off the branch of some flowering tree. When we finally arrived at the bottom we wanted, like children, to do it all over again. It seemed as though we must have failed to see some of the beauties.

All but the Bruins stopped at the ferry-house, which is truly a marvelous creation, an eighth of a mile long or so, with a tower like a slender finger pointing upward. Here all the railroads come into the city across the bay from the mainland. Here there is also maintained an exhibition of all the products of California, where the elect may feast their eyes and stimulate their imaginations, for of such is the Golden State.

The Bear family spent an hour with Mrs. Frank Norris. Later the gentlemen of the party rallied around the Bohemian Club, where a luncheon was given to us, including Mr. Wilson, of whom Mr. Runyon, of the Crookedest Railway in the World, was sole proprietor, having created him out of nothing. He confused the name of F. Coit Johnson with James H. Wilson, and when one considers the marked similarity, this trifling error seems natural. Mr. Wilson behaved in so quiet and exemplary a manner that the Gazelle had no cause to be ashamed of him.

The myriads of readers to whom these lines are addressed may possibly have noticed that when this writer is put to it to describe some marvel of nature, some gigantic wonder like the Grand Canyon, thirteen miles wide, 218 miles long and painted like a flower, some surpassing example of manly beauty like the Pink of Perfection, he avers with that modesty for which he is not up to the present well known, that it baffles the efforts of the Waterman pen; and so in this case his hopeless inability to describe this luncheon is borne in on him. The table was round and as large as a section of one of the great redwoods; there were peach branches in blossom as decoration, and violets strewn about in graceful profusion. Fifteen or sixteen members gave us welcome. Of all their names I can set down but few. There was the president of the club, Mr. Deering; Mr. C. M. Field, the secretary, and a nephew of the Daniels of New York; Mr. E. O. McCormick, who for a few hours took his hands

off the Southern Pacific throttle; Mr. Aiken, the editor of the *Sunset Magazine*; and another Mr. Aiken, a sculptor; Mr. Porter, an old friend of Frank Norris; Lieutenant Howland, who gave the Lamb a superb mahogany desk because he expressed an interest in it; Mr. Alexander Robinson, a bookseller, who had been stuck by Doubleday, Page & Company's books and bore no grudge; Ernest Peixotto, the illustrator; Mr. Charles Keeler and many others, who puffed our pride by treating us as though we were cabinet ministers at the very least.

I could go on and on telling of this luncheon, the calls afterward, accompanied by a friendly escort, who stopped business while we were attended to, but I'm not allowed to write the whole book.

THIRTY-FOURTH DAY (Friday, March 13th)

Lucky day for California, for it poured cats and dogs, though Mrs. Bear more truly and poetically described it as a golden rain; and in fact such a wetting, at this season, means untold wealth to the State. It was our last full (full is the word) day in San Francisco, and we were up and at it betimes, assorting ourselves into different groups as our necessities required, or as our guide, philosopher and Pink directed. Some of us did a little business, though we learned that the Bear *did* most, if not all, the booksellers. Then, while the ladies shopped (and good shopping they say it was), the men

visited the plant of the Sunset Press, controlled by Mr. Howard Tibbitts, which puts into artistically illustrated form magazine, railroad and other kinds of descriptive literature, their photographic work being especially fine. At twelve we all met at the studio of William Keith, the Corot of America. A great artist, we all agreed, and wondered why we of the East had heard so little of him. He is a picturesque figure, with a leonine head and mane; apparently more than seventy, but his best work has been done in the past six years, and he appears to be now at the acme of his vigor and power as an artist. The Bears were obliged to hurry away to keep a luncheon engagement with Mrs. Frank Norris, and the remainder of the party returned to the hotel for a frugal repast, after which more shopping and then another round-up at the Presbyterian Mission for Chinese slave girls, where we were met by Mrs. Horsburgh, the sister-in-law of our friend; and one of the managers. This society is doing good work, under the direction of Miss Cameron, who has passed through many thrilling experiences in her rescue raids. Here we saw all sizes, from cunning wee almond-blossom babies to girls of marriageable age, which is from fourteen to sixteen years. They delight in music, and their pretty part songs, which were accompanied on the piano by one of the older girls, were in marked and pleasing contrast to the discordant jangles we heard two nights before at the Chinese theatre; and their proficiency in naming in order the books of the Bible put us to shame.

Parting calls on some of our new friends were followed by a dinner at the Poodle Dog, the French restaurant in vogue; after which, tired and jaded, we repaired to the hotel to pack, preparatory to leaving on No. 4 at eight o'clock the next morning

Hardly had we started on this work, however, when the Pink arrived with the welcome news that he had secured places for us on the "Overland Limited," leaving at 10 A. M., and due at Ogden six hours earlier than No. 4. Immediately "that tired feeling" left us, and we settled ourselves for a "quiet English evening at home," with Mr. Horsburgh to help us forget that this was the eve of our departure from California.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH DAY (March 14th)

To-day the thought was of home and children. The trip was practically over and the homeward journey was to begin. So with the Gazelle wearing his most artistic amber-colored Budd shirt, the Bear showing the tallest collar ever seen in San Francisco, and the Pink, in the very flower of condition, showing a new and beautiful plum-colored cravat, the party started for the Oakland Ferry to take the Overland Limited. The gulls of San Francisco Bay followed the ferry-boat to flap their good-by to the departing Tenderfeet and incidentally to pick up the breakfast rolls thrown over to them by our friend of quiet force, Mr. McMurray, who, considerate to

the last, followed the Tenderfeet to the train. Then came that moment of joy that always accompanies the prospect of material comfort when it was discovered that the combined McCormick-Horsburgh-McMurray forces had provided a private stateroom for each pair of the party—the last (we thought) but not the least touch of Southern Pacific courtesy. Then came the firm grasp of hand that tells so much more than words of thanks as we said "au revoir but not adieu" to the Pink and the Man of Quiet Force. Our friends of days had gone, but not their thoughtful courtesies. "Godspeed them," said we, and then the train was off, and our faces were turned to the East—effete, yes, but HOME!

Along the edge of San Francisco Bay sped the train, then through the beautiful green-clad Sacramento Valley, from whence come the earliest cherries, peaches and apricots in the State, and in such quantities that from each of these stations it is not an uncommon event to ship a trainload of forty-five fruit-laden cars each day. The electric light here is generated on the Yuba River, transmitted through the towns of the valley, giving power of lighting, manufacture, trolley, reaching Oakland, 145 miles distant, where it supplies the entire town, this long-distance transmission being at a loss of less than five per cent. The water from the Yuba River is taken up in ditches and dropped into turbines through pipes, picked up by smaller companies and again used for generating electricity; after which the same water is taken up by ditch com-

panies and sold to farmers for irrigating purposes, and likewise for domestic and drinking purposes. Busy water, forsooth!

Soon the train glided easily onto the deck of the largest ferry-boat in the world, the *Solano*, which has a carrying capacity of two locomotives and a train of forty freight cars loaded with twenty tons of freight to the car. At noon, when the train reached Sacramento, we were destined once again to feel "the touch that makes the whole world kin" in the shape of huge bunches of superb violets sent by Mr. McCormick—truly a fragrant remembrance of the giver. Almost simultaneously came the Pullman porter staggering under three huge bundles of Southern Pacific literature sent by the Pink—enough to keep the entire party engrossed to their destination.

At one o'clock the air began to chill, the grass became a little less green, and the trees began to lose their luxuriant foliage. The realization was forced upon the party that it was nearing the line between the land of fruit and flowers and the land of snow and ice. Soon the snow-peaked Sierra Nevadas came into sight. Suddenly Caporn burst into view, with its canyon depth of 1,000 feet, its vista of sixty-five miles, its superb reaches of evergreen glades—a panorama of majesty and grandeur such as fills the eye and soul with wonder and silence—and the heart of the painter and writer with despair.

On went the two powerful engines up that wonderful ascent, where a height of 7,000 feet is attained in 85 miles, each succeeding vista seem-

ingly more impossible of description than the last. Silently on the back platform of the observation car sat the Tenderfeet, only the Lady Gazelle purring with romantic feelings as she passed tree after tree laden with the growth of mistletoe, the sparkle of the happy brown eyes revealing her thoughts of the possibilities of such immense quantities of the parasite. But even mistletoe must give way to snow, and with a sigh that spoke louder than words the Lady Gazelle sought the seclusion that her stateroom afforded.

Then came what, to the chronicler, seemed the most surpassing view of all—the American River Canyon, particularly effective at the moment of seeing it, with a bank of clouds graying the sky in the foreground and clothing the mountain tops with a vapory mist, while far away through the distant gorge—cutting the mountain in two—the horizon was illuminated with a glowing amber reflection of the dying day. Deep down in the ravine ran the tracery of the river like a network of lace, while over the mountainsides tumbled the cascades of the melting snows. It was a picture seen at a Bierstadt or Moran hour.

Slowly but surely was the varied scene of this wonderful ride changing. Only fifteen minutes back and the track was hedged by blossoming almond trees. Now patches of snow became more frequent, until exactly twenty-two minutes by the watch had elapsed from the last orange tree filled with golden fruit to the evergreen tree laden with its mantle of white snow. The scene

of green had changed to a scene of white—one as gloriously beautiful as the other, and yet how different! Still, we were in California, that State of infinite variety, where within an hour's walk one passes from summer to winter.

Flakes of snow now began to fall, and in fifteen minutes we were speeding through a snow-storm with three feet of snow on the level and from eighteen to thirty feet in the drift. And all within the hour! It seemed to us as if by magic a white curtain had been let down to shut out the Valley of Sunshine, of Flowers and of Fruit. Truly, we were in the midst of winter. And as if to remove the slightest doubt from the mind of the wonderful transformation scene, we ran into the great Southern Pacific snowsheds, built like storied sheds down the mountain and over the track, forty miles long and constructed at certain points at a cost of \$150,000 per single mile. To protect these valuable sheds from forest fires or locomotive sparks, a signal tower has been erected by the company, wherein is always stationed a lookout, scanning the vast reach of snowsheds with a telescope. A single snowfall means at the point of these sheds from eight to fifteen feet, often covering a two-story house, and aggregating during a winter a fall of eighty-six feet of snow. For two hours we ran through snowsheds, catching glimpses of the white-mantled gorges beyond through the slatted sides of the sheds. Like green sentinels on carpets of white stood miles after miles of pines, until at eight o'clock, after

riding ten hours, the train crossed the line and we were in Nevada.

We had left California behind—the State which for four weeks had made history in the minds and lives of the Tenderfeet, and where they had found the natures of men and women as golden as the fruits in their orchards, where hospitality is as fragrant as the flowers which clothe their homes, and where hearts are as large as the redwoods of their cathedral groves.

And so, with memories green and hearts swelling, the Tenderfeet closed their first day on the final lap of the journey.

TOWARD SUNRISE ON "THE SUNSET"

and just as we were going to bed, this telegram was delivered to us by the conductor, showing that we were still in the mind of our host.

SAN FRANCISCO, 3, 14, '03.

F. N. DOUBLEDAY (c. o. Cond'r No. 2):

Trust the Bears, the Lambs and the Wilsons have spent delightfully their last day in the Golden State. As you cross the line, take California's greetings. Come again soon.

JAS. HORSBURGH, JR.

THIRTY-SIXTH DAY (March 15th)

When the Tenderfeet awoke on this Sunday morning and looked out from their berths, the glorious Sierras had been left far behind and a dreary, desolate, arid, treeless region stretched in all directions as far as eye could see. No one was surprised to hear that the population of the

entire State of Nevada is only 42,000. The wonder is that any one would deliberately choose to live there with the paradise of California lying just across its border.

BUT SILVER MINES TEMPT MEN

as readily as gold, and since all cannot be silver kings and buy Senators' seats and palaces in Washington, the disappointed ones mine the lesser minerals or become sheep-herders. Here and there was seen a little group of Shoshone teepees in the distance, or a prairie schooner laboring across the windy plains, a smokepipe projecting above its canvas roof, a side of beef or mutton hanging from the rear, and with four, six or even eight horses and mules pulling the travelers toward what, let us hope, is a happier home than seems possible in this forlorn land. Such settlements as we passed in Nevada, and after the Utah line had been crossed, consisted of a few unpainted houses huddled together close beside the railroad track, with saloons for their most imposing edifices and

A CYCLONE CELLAR IN EVERY BACK YARD

More attractive only because they were more picturesque were the neighboring Chinese settlements, which furnish the vegetables and fruits to pioneers, who rarely take the trouble to make gardens of their own. This is surely the Wild West—the wildest, most unlovely part of

it we have yet seen. How exquisitely tinted is the desert of New Mexico and Arizona, that has a fascination indescribable, and how forbidding the Great American Desert through which we are glad enough to pass without once leaving the car! We admit the marvelous achievements of the men who settled Utah and made arid alkali prairies produce prodigious harvests, since THE WORLD'S WORK compels us to, but this Tenderfoot is convinced that a State requires more than agriculture and Mormonism to make it great.

From car windows we caught occasional glimpses of the great Salt Lake and snow-covered mountain peaks, the only truly beautiful objects seen in Utah.

On reaching Salt Lake City two hours late, and therefore too late to attend the afternoon services in the great Mormon Tabernacle, the thoughtful kindness of the Pink was again demonstrated. He had asked three leading citizens to meet and personally conduct us to the Tabernacle, where Professor MacClellan waited long and patiently to give us a special concert.

THE TABERNACLE IS REALLY A WONDERFUL BUILDING

when one remembers what the desert must have been in the early sixties, before a railroad penetrated it. Wood had to be hauled by ox-teams several hundred miles from canyons in the mountains; nails cost seventy-five cents a pound, and small panes of window-glass as much.

Yet the vast capsule seats more than eight thousand people, and its rounded roof, like the side walls, is nine feet thick. An unadorned capsule it is, as plain within as a Quaker meeting-house, for beauty is a thing unknown even now in Utah. Seated in the gallery opposite the great organ, we could distinctly hear a pin drop in the elders' seats fully two hundred feet away.

A CHOIR OF FIVE HUNDRED

is seated at the right and left of the elders during all services, but, unhappily, it had dispersed before we reached the Tabernacle. Professor MacClellan displayed the powers of the famous organ in a variety of selections, ranging from "Tannhauser" to the "Andante," by Mascagni, as one of our Mormon hosts called what another host referred to as the "Ave Maria" of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

The Temple adjoins the Tabernacle, but no polluted Gentile feet may tread its saintly aisles; so we hastened to our hotel to console ourselves with dinner as best we might

THIRTY-SEVENTH DAY (March 16th)

After a refreshing night in civilized beds, the Bears and Gazelles breakfasted together at a *reasonable* hour, and then scattered to investigate the chosen city of the Latter-Day Saints, while our poor, tired Lambs, not having turned in until the reckless hour of nine, enjoyed a tete-à-tete

repast at ten. All joined forces again at a twelve-thirty attempt at luncheon, to be ready for Mr. Savage, who was to conduct us to

AN INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH,

the present Prophet of the Mormon Church. First we came to the Eagle Gate, which formerly marked the entrance to Brigham Young's private grounds, passing under which, as good luck would have it, just as we arrived, came a little sweet-faced old lady—"one of Brigham's wives," says Mr. Savage, with bated breath. "There are only two or three still living." Next stands the famous Beehive, the official residence of the President, and between this and the Lion House, where President Young lived with the major part of his family in so-called peace and harmony, and named from the lion couchant over the door, stands a little old-fashioned building—the President's official headquarters. This we entered and were given chairs in his office, when immediately a door opened and the Prophet was with us. Tall and thin, with the venerable beard that seems to mark the species, we could not but be impressed by his dignity and sincerity of purpose, after the interchange of customary civilities, by his amiable recognition of the thirst for knowledge which we were all laboring under, cheerfully submitting to the catechism of the courageous Lamb, the rest of us, more timid by nature, thankfully absorbing it all. We learned that

THE BIBLE IS THE FOUNDATION OF MORMON
BELIEF

but co-equal with it they place the Book of Mormon, compiled from a vision experienced by the founder, Joseph Smith, uncle of this man, in the year 1820. They believe the Bible was for the people of the Eastern Hemisphere, the Book of Mormon for the Western. The reason that their Temple is kept sacred from the Gentile or outside world was explained by the fact that holy offices are being constantly performed there—the baptism and confirmation of the dead—for they hold that a living member of a family may save the souls of unregenerate ancestors by going through the ordeal of baptism by immersion, a separate ceremony being necessary for each dear departed. In fear and trembling we hear the Lamb's insinuating voice

"AND NOW ABOUT POLYGAMY, MR. SMITH?"

and the information was forthcoming in the same courteous spirit. Plural marriages, as the Mormons term them, have been permitted as special rewards of merit, each one authorized by the President—the applicant being intelligent, upright in character and financially qualified. Two or three was the usual number of wives allowed, though some were more ambitious—Father Brigham's ample fireside being too full for utterance. There were formerly about two or three thousand polygamous families, but since the de-

cision of the Supreme Court, about ten years ago, no such marriages have been either performed or sanctioned by the church, there being only eight or nine hundred polygamous families in existence, the *paterfamilias* of each of these still holding himself responsible for their welfare and maintenance despite any law to the contrary. The church continues to firmly believe in plural marriages, but sanctions no infraction of the laws of the United States. The time is passing, however, and, knowing that we are using up the golden moments of a busy man, we make our adieus and are piloted, again by Mr. Savage, down to the train which is waiting to take us to Saltair, a few miles away on the Great Salt Lake, evidently the Coney Island of the metropolis. Before arriving there we cross the River Jordan and then come upon multitudes of reservoirs where salt is made by solar evaporation.

Alighting from the train, an enormous open pavillion, most fearfully and wonderfully made, rises before us with long semi-circular arms stretching out into the salt sea, and

A LINE OF 720 BATH-HOUSES BELOW.

Much of the lake at this season is a white sand flat, but as we watched it, with the wonderful snow-covered mountains all about it, the lights and shadows made marvelous color effects and we stood fascinated. But a black cloud descended and a flurry of snow came upon us, so we were ready for the return trip to the city, a trip made

memorable by the presence of a stunning little bride. We much-abused wives would have put blinders on our susceptible better-halves; but no! they sit with bulging eyes and open mouths, picking flaws in the happy groom and cursing the fate that brought them to Utah ten years too late. Now

WE ARE HURRIED TO THE TITHING-STORES,

an institution maintained by the Mormon Church for the reception and disbursement of all kinds of goods and provisions, every member in good standing putting aside one-tenth of his income either in money or produce for the poor and sick and aged, who buy from the tithing-house with little paper exchange slips which resemble our paper money. The business side of this church is a very broad one—the beehive being their emblem—and includes farming, the beet-sugar industry, refining, banking, manufacturing, mining, journalism, and a mammoth enterprise, doing a business of between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 per annum, called "Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution," President Smith being practically the head of them all.

But the day is far spent, so we return to the hotel to prepare for our roving life again, for to-night we turn our faces toward Colorado.

THIRTY-EIGHTH DAY (March 17th)

This was a day of continuous car travel, and the scenery through which we passed was the

most sublimely beautiful we had yet seen. The first morning view was of distant mesas bathed in early sunlight. Then the mesa forms changed to mountain shapes and became higher and more peak-like. Some were covered with firs, with snow glistening at the top, while others were bare of tree life, showing marvelous rock formations. As we looked ahead, the mountains on each side seemed to draw together, and as we twisted around through that ever-narrowing space we would now and then come

FACE TO FACE WITH SOME GIGANTIC WALL

where tunneling through the rock itself was the only way out. Through these great Rockies we twisted all day, with a stream ever at our side, bordered at times with low-growing bushes of a coppery redness in their spring awakening which, with the sage coloring of the sisal willow, made a combination lovely indeed. We passed through famous Glenwood Springs, seeing the large hotel snuggled at the base of the mountains and the open-air tanks where one may bathe out of doors in medicinal waters, naturally warm—although he has only to raise his eyes to see snow-capped peaks. Glenwood is at the entrance of the Canyon of the Grand River, where the mountains seem almost to come together, being cleft only by that busy little river, the Grand, along whose edge we go. The walls of the canyon rise here on either hand to a height that is appalling. As we emerge from this canyon we come upon beds of

lava, telling a story of mighty upheavals eons ago. The mountains now recede a little, and a few cattle and scattered huts are seen here and there.

WHERE THE EAGLE RIVER RUNS INTO THE GRAND

begins another canyon, the walls of which are red stone—a red that is wonderful for its glowing richness of tone. At the end of this canyon, silhouetted against the sky, are frame huts perched away on top of the canyon sides. They are the homes of the miners and are known as the "Cliff-Dwellings."

Early in the afternoon we reached Minturn, and here the train is divided into two sections, for there is a great climb ahead up to the Tennessee Pass. Once this Pass is reached, it is time to stop and think about things. We are now 10,418 feet above sea-level, and this is

THE VERY BACKBONE OF THE ROCKIES,

known as the Continental Divide. All bodies of water having their source west of this point flow toward the Pacific and all streams rising east of this point flow into the Atlantic Ocean. From here the river beside which we have been traveling flows in the opposite direction and is now the Arkansas River. The train is now reunited and we go down at a great pace, dropping at one point 406 feet in a mile. Leadville should now be seen, from one point, as a city in the

clouds, but we missed just that glimpse, for at this point the Lady Gazelle, looking out of the car window, bristled with excitement and said,

“THERE’S A WOLF!”

Having watched in vain for something wild for the past six weeks, this announcement threw the Tenderfeet into a tremendous flutter. We hung out of the windows and scanned the entire landscape, including horizon and sky, but no wolf was visible. Mrs. Gazelle vehemently insisted that she had seen the animal, and as we all have grown to love that little lady we humored her—swallowed our suspicions and disappointment at one gulp, and dropped the matter. The mountains now seemed closing in on us, and we knew that the Royal Gorge must be not far ahead. Great structures of soft-colored rock rose high above us, on either side, and the track ran here by the very brink of the river. Our train wound its way through this great canyon as a snake might twist and turn on his path at the foot of a mountain—and we soon found ourselves

HEMMED IN BETWEEN TWO GIGANTIC WALLS,

with the sky visible only as a strip of blue away, away up—when we craned our necks to find it. At the narrowest point of the canyon the train must cross the river—which is now a little torrent—and yet there is not a single bit of ground here, on either side, on which to place

the base of a bridge—only the stream and the great walls of pinkish rock, which, as we saw it, was gorgeously bathed in sunset colors. But man has triumphed over Nature even here, and we see ahead of us a span of steel in the shape of the letter Λ , braced only against the sides of the canyon, its strength being at the apex of the two beams which support each other in their contact. From this centre is hung a bridge, and we go thundering over it and are soon out of the gorge—all too soon, for there is nothing grander than this on the road. After dinner we reach Colorado Springs and find a fine, large hotel, the Antlers, twinkling with lights, just across the road. A black-hearted coach-driver says that this hotel is several blocks away, and tries to ensnare us into his vehicle. But here the Lamb stands right up and makes remarks to that wretch, shoulders his own baggage and wrathfully makes his way across the road to the hotel, the party following, some meekly and others not so meekly.

THIRTY-NINTH DAY (March 18th)

We liked the Antlers and we liked Colorado Springs, we liked the Antlers' beds, the food, and the professional rates which the Lamb secured—even he does not exactly know how. It came about in this way: The clerk at the desk recognized—or thought he recognized—the Lamb as a long-lost friend. So the treasurer, feeling a little thin as to his wad, told the Lamb to arrange the bill. The clerk, looking at his

clean, clerical face, his commercial cheek or his theatrical make-up, we don't know which, remarked, "Professional rates, I suppose?" to which the Lamb only nodded affirmative, not knowing whether his troop was religious, dramatic or a band of drummers. Anyhow, a bill was produced which made the attenuated Gazelle treasurer break down and sob like a child with joy.

At the hotel we found this pleasant telegram, showing that although gone we were not forgotten, and a generous disregard for telegraph tolls which never ceases to impress us.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 17, 1903.

F. N. DOUBLEDAY, Care Antlers, Colo. Springs, Colo.

We hope it is as bright and sunny at Colorado Springs as it is here this A. M., and as sparkling as your brilliant party deserves. Just returned with Mrs. McCormick from a drive on the beach at Cliff House, and we wished you had all been with us.

E. O. McCORMICK.

Unhappily the weather did not agree with Mr. McCormick, for the iridescent Zoo was wrapped in cold, bluster and dust—anything but sparkling.

But to begin at the beginning: We awoke refreshed. The Lady Gazelle, who, the night before, carried her famous "little gray jewel-bag" and another bag up the long flight of stone steps leading to the hotel, walking up her own skirt most of the time and *almost* losing her temper, was radiant after a good sleep, and we started for Manitou Springs and the Garden of the Gods in two carriages.

We can go on with life's journey and cut out Manitou Springs without any excessive suffering,

but the Garden of the Gods was surely interesting and beautiful. Queer formations of red rock cover a few hundred acres. The roads are fine, and the vandal had stayed his hand so that the traveling tourists' names were not seen at every monument of interest. But the best of the drive came when we entered Glen Eyrie, General Palmer's beautiful home. Fine trees lined the road from the park gates in a land where trees were apparently unknown. An eagle's nest of generous proportions was plastered in a crag we passed, and the same strange red formations which made the Garden of the Gods famous General Palmer has in his own front yard, so to speak.

We were so fortunate as to find the General himself at home and most cordial. We all regretted that we could spend only a few minutes with him. The Gazelle, wishing, as he always does, to say the right thing, remarked in a low but penetrating voice, "We like your hotel, General Palmer"; but evidently the General had little experience in receiving delegations as tavern-keeper, and no apt phrase such as hotel men use, like "Come again" or "We strive to please," occurring to him, the subject was dropped.

A wild snowstorm came up in the afternoon and we missed our connection at Denver, forcing upon us a stay of six hours in that town, which was passing through what they called a blizzard, but what a Boston bean-eater would call a breezelet.

The Bear and the Lamb called on Mr. Hooper, of

the Denver & Rio Grande, whom the Bear had known fifteen years ago. He expressed himself delighted to see us, but undoubtedly regretted it when we began making suggestions as to how to conduct his railroad.

We told him it seemed queer to us that he should spend thousands of dollars advertising the Royal Gorge, and after one goes hundreds or thousands of miles to see it, that the railway should dash through the famous place (which is only about a mile long) at twenty miles an hour. No observation car, no stop, and no real chance to see its wonders are offered. He explained that the demand for speed was too great. It seemed queer that trains almost always late could not stand five minutes' further detention.

The late afternoon was spent by the ladies in a curio store, much to the embarrassment of the already frightened treasurer, and by the printer's-ink contingent in discussing men and books with the Colorado News Company, to the genuine enlightenment of the visitors. So with a generous dinner at Brown's Palace Hotel we came to the Burlington cars at ten with the usual squabble as to who should occupy the drawing-room and who the berths, and with the usual result that the accommodating Bruin family took the best.

FORTIETH DAY (March 19th)

On Thursday, March 19th, we awakened from our expensive and more or less restful sleep to find ourselves in the vast reaches of the Nebraska

cornfields. To what scenic variety have we been treated the past four days! Summer climate and oranges in California, the high and arid plains of Nevada and Utah, the majestic heights of the Rockies, and to-day these hundreds of miles of corn-stalks, force upon us an appreciation of the cause of the favorable national export balances and the making of foreign exchange.

So we steam through Nebraska, stopping at small, uninteresting towns, among others Lincoln, the home of W. J. Bryan, and finally reach Omaha, where we stay for an hour and have time for a glimpse of the city and a breath of fresh air. Then on again across the Missouri River and into fertile Iowa.

Our dinner is a matter for special record, for we had become so used to the ugly Pullmans, with their ill-assorted colors, filagree woodwork and gilt, that the beautiful "Burlington" diner of Mission design and simplicity of decoration was most agreeable in contrast. We were told that it was built by the Pullman Company from a design prepared by officers of the road and their wives, and we were led to moralize on the shortcomings of that great car-building company in this regard, and their failure to live up to their opportunities for elevating the standard of public taste. As it is, the ornate ugliness of their cars is reflected in many hotels and homes.

But as the engine eats up the miles of track our thoughts turn toward Home and all the word means to us, and we feel like turning to and helping the stoker. The fact is also borne in

upon us that this is the last full day of the "Zoo's" performance as a troupe this season, for we are nearing Chicago, the place of disintegration, and there is a tinge of melancholy in our hearts not induced by the raw March wind that blows across the prairies. Our memories run back over the manifold experiences of the past six weeks to the big-hearted friends we have made and their more than generous hospitality and kindness, which have been a revelation and a lesson. But as the last recorder of this trip, I have a golden opportunity to polish off the other animals and show up their foibles, for they cannot retaliate; but strangely enough, try as I may, memory fails to yield a single discord or jarring note in our comradeship during 8,300 miles or more of travel, and for this recorder the future holds no happier possibility than another pilgrimage in company with the incomparable "Zoo," who must now say "Au revoir, but not good-by."

THE END



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