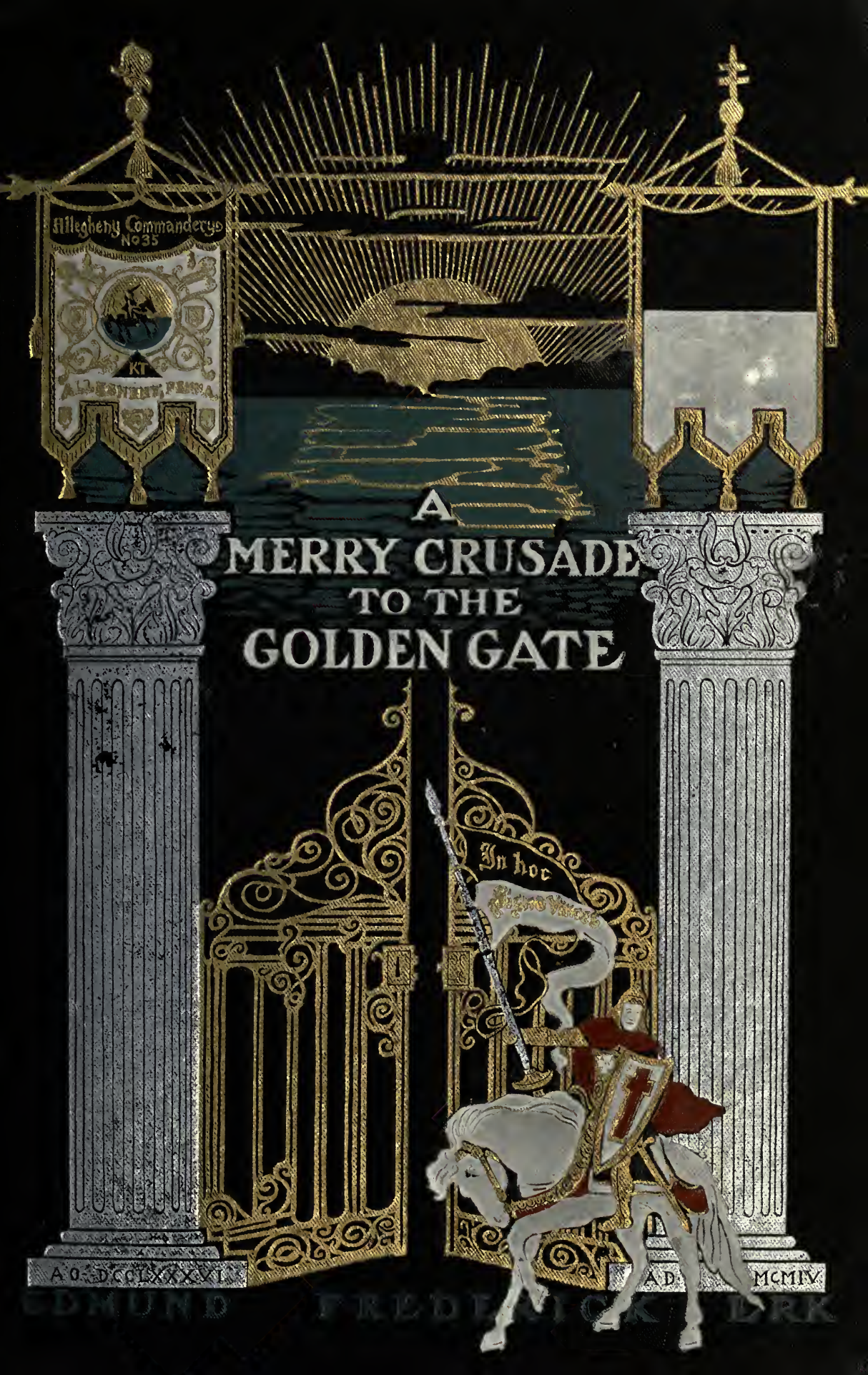

Allegheny Commandery
No 35
KT
ALLEGHENY, PENNA.
A
MERRY CRUSADE
TO THE
GOLDEN GATE
In hoc
A.D. MCCLXXXVI
A.D. MCMIV
EDMUND FREDERICK DRK

Edmund J. Cox

A MERRY CRUSADE TO THE GOLDEN GATE

UNDER THE BANNERS OF

Allegheny Commandery, No. 35,
Knights Templar, Allegheny, Pa.

A COMPLETE STORY OF THE

TWENTY-NINTH TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE

Grand Encampment, Knights Templar, U.S.A.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SEPTEMBER, 1904

AND

A TOUR OF TEN THOUSAND MILES THROUGH
THE WONDERLAND OF THE WEST

BY

EDMUND FREDERICK ERK

The Werner Company, Akron, O. and Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO

THOSE WHO HAVE

GUIDED AND GUARDED US ALONG LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE—

"The Dear Folks at Home"

THIS VOLUME IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

The Big Happy Family

Sir Wm. A. Aeberli
Sir Robert J. Bovard
Sir John F. Benkart
Mrs. John F. Benkart
Miss Selma Benkart
Sir G. G. Biddle
Mrs. G. G. Biddle
Sir Fred W. Beckert
Sir John Bader
Miss Mary Bader
Sir Carl A. Baumann
Sir Edward Burry
Miss Sadie Campbell
Sir Chas. S. Craig
Sir Samuel Coombs
Sir Edmund F. Erk
Sir Herman Flechsig
Mrs. Herman Flechsig
Sir O. C. Greenawalt
Sir Wayne Gilland
Sir Joseph J. Gilchrist
Sir Robert J. Graham
Miss G. Hillerich
Miss T. Hillerich
Sir C. C. Heckel
Bro. John Hanley
Mrs. John Hanley
Sir W. H. Jack
Sir Harry Kreps
Sir Edward Kunberger
Sir Harry W. Lowrie
Mrs. Harry W. Lowrie
Mr. Ivor Morris Lowrie
Mr. M. Leninger
Sir Wm. G. Lee
Mrs. Wm. G. Lee
Sir B. Scott M'Farland
Mr. Jos. A. Null
Sir W. F. Pears
Sir W. G. Reel
Sir Oscar Schulze
Mrs. Oscar Schulze
Miss Addie Schulze
Miss Lydia Schulze
Mr. Herbert Schulze
Sir Wm. A. Seiling
Mrs. Wm. A. Seiling
Sir H. Glenn Sample
Bro. A. F. Schwerd
Mrs. A. F. Schwerd
Sir Phillip Steinmiller
Mrs. Phillip Steinmiller
Miss Maggie Steinmiller
Sir Walter Shook
Sir Wm. J. Staiger
Sir R. C. Tannehill
Mrs. R. C. Tannehill
Sir H. H. Taylor
Sir David B. Watson
Sir Wm. S. Watson

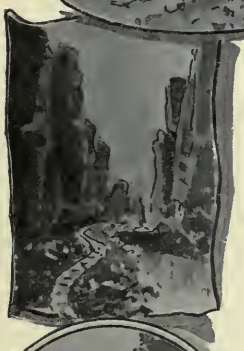
COMMITTEE

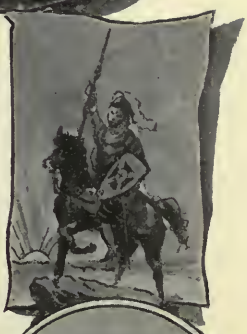
Sir Harry W. Lowrie Sir Oscar Schulze
Sir Herman Flechsig

PRESS REPRESENTATIVE

Sir Edmund F. Erk

Fond Recollections





Fitting is this glad occasion for fond memories galore,
Of the pilgrimage to 'Frisco, on the bright Pacific shore—
To the city of the Conclave, where fraternity held sway,
And to other scenes of pleasure as we journeyed on our way.

Back again come recollections of the frolics on the train,
As we sped o'er hill and valley and were whirled across the plain;
And the friends—we can't forget them—who gave greeting as we went,
Cheering us upon our travels o'er the wide-stretched continent.

There are memories inspiring of the mountains capped with snow
Of Pike's Peak, whose hoary summit first reflects the morning glow—
Of the Yellowstone, whose geysers and rare wonders met our eyes,
Of the soul-entrancing beauty of the western sapphire skies.

We recall the many marvels in wild Arizona shown—
Rocky passes, gorges, desert, and Grand Canyon's bulk of stone;
Nature spread her panorama everywhere we pleased to roam,
And a thousand topics furnished for the journeying back home.

Sweet to us are recollections of the friendships that we made,
And the kind, fraternal spirit that was everywhere displayed.
All the scenes that charmed our vision, all the friendships and the smiles,
Are again before us pictured with that glad ten thousand miles.

EDMUND F. ERK.

Foreword

HONORED wherever Templarism is known and enjoying world-wide distinction and reputation as travelers — having twice made pilgrimages throughout Europe — there was little surprise announced when public knowledge was given that Allegheny Commandery No. 35, Knights Templar, would make a trans-continental jaunt to attend the Twenty-ninth Triennial Conclave, Knights Templar, United States of America, which was held in San Francisco in September, 1904.

An itinerary was skillfully arranged that carried the special train of pilgrims over ten thousand miles and through nearly every portion of "America's Wonderland" in a tour of about six weeks' duration. At the suggestion of several Sir Knights who participated in the trip, I decided to prepare a history of the tour, and to chronicle as many of the interesting incidents that transpired as had come to my notice. In justice to myself it must be confessed that this work has been somewhat hastily prepared, and to this end, efforts toward literary style have been sacrificed.

Here and there a sentence may need straightening out and some thought might have been given better expression. My first desire was to go over each chapter and add a little here, and take away a little there; polishing up and burnishing as I went along. But when I looked over them my heart failed me. I remembered the circumstances surrounding the writing of every one of them and I shall let them alone.

It is hoped that this volume will appeal to that large class of readers which takes pleasure in traveling by imagination, as well as to those who have actually seen the objects described.

That it is not burdensome with statistics, nor too intricate in prolixity of description, but breathes a spirit of good will, of hopefulness and appreciation that will induce the reader to travel with us.

That it presents to the fraters who have traveled from all points of the continent, and from across the seas, a souvenir which will pleasantly remind them of their pilgrimage to the land of sunshine in a year most favorable and opportune, and one intended to commemorate the assembling, upon the golden shores of the vast Pacific, some forty thousand Sir Knights in Triennial Conclave.

That the reader, recognizing the difficulties of adequate treatment of so great a subject, may find in the interest it inspires an indulgent excuse of any shortcomings.

Truly, we have traveled over but a mere portion of this broad land of ours, but enough, quite enough, to give an idea of its wonders and vastness and to impress the noble and patriotic thought of Thoreau and Cook, so essential to all of us: "Nothing can be hoped for you if this bit of mould under your feet is not sweeter to you than any other in the world."

In addition I have, as nearly as possible, in this volume endeavored to set forth accurately the daily incidents of the "Big Happy Family" and of its members individually. I trust it will serve as a memento of that happy pilgrimage and if it serves to spend an hour pleasantly in your company I shall feel fully satisfied and amply repaid. As to what measure of success has crowned my efforts I leave to the judgment of the reader with the confidence born of conscientious and faithful effort.

E. F. E.

The author is indebted to Mr. C. A. Cairns, The Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company; Mr. E. L. Lomax, The Union Pacific Railroad Company; Mr. S. K. Hooper, The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company; Mr. C. W. Sells, the Manitou and Pike's Peak Railway Company; Mr. D. C. Mac Watters, The Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek District Railway Company; Mr. D. E. Burley, The Oregon Short Line Railroad Company; Mr. A. M. Cleland, The Northern Pacific Railroad Company; Mr. Jas. Horsburgh, Jr., Southern Pacific Company; Mr. A. D. Shepard, Mr. C. S. Aiken, Pacific Improvement Company; Mr. F. E. Shellaberger, Mr. W. H. Simpson, The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway System; Mr. Frank S. Thayer, Denver, Col., Mr. F. Jay Haynes, St. Paul, Minn., Mr. Louis Roesch, San Francisco, Cal., for their courtesy in permitting the use of many of the illustrations in this volume.

Table of Contents

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER XX.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHAPTER I.

SATURDAY, August 20, 1904, will long be cherished in the memories of members of Allegheny Commandery No. 35, Knights Templar and their guests on that occasion, as the beginning of a most delightful pilgrimage to California and return. Promptly at eight o'clock in the morning the entire party was assembled at the train, which was especially chartered from the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago railway for the entire tour. It consisted of three of the most magnificent Pullman cars in the company's service, together with a seventy-foot commissary car, fitted and supplied for the occasion.

Although rain threatened early in the morning, a united plea to "Jupiter Pluvius" to withhold his orders for an hour or two at least, was answered. After many struggles, the effulgent rays of "Old Sol" came peeping through the clouds from above dear old Allegheny's murky atmosphere.

Our farewells to those whom we were to leave behind were spoken in the glad sunshine, and their expressed hopes for a pleasant journey lent a significant brightness in contrast to the gloom of the early morning. With handshaking and good wishes of several hundred friends, the leave-taking scene at the station was an animated one. There was but one touch of pathos—the sorrow of Sir Knight brothers unable to accompany us on the pilgrimage. While lending cheer with kindly words, their anguish was plainly discernible on their faces. Bound by business necessities, or detained by the call of duty, they were compelled to remain behind, though their hearts yearned for the companionship, joys, and rich pleasures which the journey had in store, and the boundless interest and fellowship which the coming Conclave at the "Golden Gate" was sure to bring forth.

Those countenances which looked up to us in the parting "au revoir" were inscribed with expressions that bespoke more eloquently than tongue could tell the sincere sentiment that prevailed in the innermost recesses of the heart—and how those dear hearts did ache!

Our party numbered between sixty and seventy, citizens prominent in the affairs of the community, accompanied by their ladies

who were to act as guardians and protectors to their lords and masters. The event was the culmination of many busy weeks of preparation and anticipation. The scene presented at the station that morning was a privilege to behold. Every condition controlled by God and man seemed to enter into harmony in making the initial step of this trans-continental tour an auspicious inauguration, and the transfiguration of what promised to be a gloomy and uninviting day into one of sunshine and gladness, gave evidence of the sanction of the gods of the elements in setting forth their choicest raiment under which we might receive the "bon voyage" of our friends and brother Sir Knights on our trip of 10,000 miles through the wonderland of the west, where the creations of the Almighty can be realized in the full beauty of nature's clothes—unenshrouded and unblemished by the hand of man under pretext of "public improvement."

Through the bustle and activities of leave-taking the tourists were looking forward to the new and magnificent scenes which they were to behold, new acquaintances to be made, and the pleasure of being the guests of San Francisco, and attending that national reunion, the Twenty-ninth Triennial Conclave, Grand Encampment, Knights Templar of the United States of America. This event was set for September 3 to September 9, inclusive.

While often California is chosen as the land to which invalids are sent, none of our gallant and sturdy band were in search of health, as the most casual observer could note, after gazing upon the smiling and wholesome faces of the tourists.

It was indeed, a party qualified to participate in a journey replete with good cheer, animated with the spirit of brotherly and sisterly affection, an exemplification of genuine Masonic fraternity in all the term implies—the fraternity of an order that in fact, as well as in name, preserves the dignity of manhood, age after age, no matter to what portion of the globe circumstances may carry its members.

Suddenly in the height of the babel of exchanging farewells, given and taken for perhaps the hundredth time, the cold, unsympathetic peal of the engine bell rang out in supreme authority above the blending voices. With each succeeding clang the order "All-la-board," followed. A scatter of feet, a final "bon voyage," perhaps a kiss or two, a swish of skirts, and with a flutter of snowy handkerchiefs from car platforms and windows, which found equal exchange from those aground, the proud, majestic train glided gracefully out of the station, drawing from behind a prolonged cheer which distance seemed to swell into greater volume, aided by the resounding echoes from the hillsides.

Several of the bravest "must-stay-at-homes" could not resist the

opportunity, and had climbed aboard before the final signal had been given, and accompanied us for a few hundred miles. In far-off Ohio towns they alighted and turned their faces homeward, after having enjoyed the cordial hospitalities of the wayfarers enroute. Upon leaving the train at such distant points as they dared to roam, they shouted their adieus after the parting train with an enthusiasm that rent the air and blended into echoes until no more distinct, though their eyes were set upon the fast disappearing "special" until it gradually faded into a mere nothingness into the horizon.

When well out on the way the early threat of rain was fulfilled. It poured—but without the least tendency to dampen the ardor of our enthusiasm. It is safe to say that but few members of the party were cognizant of the fact that a storm was raging—and little would they have cared. Previous to this hour all had been assigned to their respective quarters, which to each was to be a "home" for six weeks or more. The sign "welcome" had been placed above every door, and it was not the only sign that implied hospitality and good-fellowship.

We had, indeed, become one big, happy family, all restrictions and formalities removed. The "stag" coach, or bachelor's apartments, had at once become the headquarters for fun and frolic, although the other coaches also resounded with merriment.

"Faithful" Johnstone, a big, whole-souled colored man, was in charge of the commissary car, and soon fell in with the spirit of the occasion. His color did not even lend a shadow, and he was "white" in the most liberal sense of the expression. Early in the day he delivered his ultimatum: "Boo-oys—jes' he'p you'selves! Yaa-s sah! Ha! Ha! Ha—um!" and to the end he evinced a happy and accommodating spirit.

The larders were abundantly stocked with the best the market afforded, including the best brands of cigars, most of which were natives of the banks of the Rhine, and donated by one of our worthy Sir Knights, who established an enviable reputation for smoothing out the rough places, and who, at all times, displayed an invincible spirit to further the interests of his fellowmen. It is perhaps needless to add that the good things so liberally provided were partaken of as the trip progressed, much to the appreciation of the outer man and the satisfaction and contentment of the inner.

"Luncheon redda' in the dinin' cah!" was an oft-repeated announcement, although it seemed a superabundance to partake of this invitation, considering the enticing offerings of the commissary car, which were lavishly and gratuitously offered. Time and again, throughout that long pilgrimage, the meals served in that self-same commissary car were among the best relished in the memory of

those fortunate enough to participate, even though the tops of trunks were made to serve as tables, and liquids had to be passed around with the rare skill of an accomplished equilibrist.

The afternoon of the first day established a precedent for joviality that was maintained throughout the trip. Utter freedom from all care, and the glad anticipation of further pleasures to come, ruled supreme. Time passed rapidly—too rapidly—and with the approach of placid evening with its lengthening shadows, and the slow and gradual blotting out of the rural landscapes, spinning rapidly by, the merry travelers found no abatement in their merriment. If possible, we were drawn more closely together in the bonds of human sympathy and fraternal brotherhood and sisterhood as the mantle of darkness was more tightly gathered about us, and the sun had gone to its rest beyond the wide reaches of the prairie land. We had seen the sun wink itself to sleep behind the clouds in the west, and as we were bound in that direction—and at the highest possible speed—we were assured that we would again catch up with "Old Sol" at dawn at the latest.

Reaching Chicago at ten o'clock that night, our train was shifted over to the tracks of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad and entered the depot of that system.

It was a happy party that rolled into the "Windy City." Few cared to venture from the station, nearly all being well acquainted with Chicago, having visited the metropolis of the inland seas previously, and besides, the time to stay was limited. All left the train for a stroll on the platforms and finally visited the station proper. Here scores of Sir Knights were met, some of whom claimed Chicago as their home, while others were making connections with this system, with the same mission and purpose in view which we cherished—the pleasure of attending the Conclave at San Francisco.

While these brother Sir Knights were strangers to our party, formal introduction was not even considered, and in a moment we were acquainted, one with the other, and the greetings exchanged, and the goodfellowship that prevailed for those few moments will ne'er be forgotten. Here, there and everywhere about the spacious corridors groups were gathered, chatting and laughing. Jests were exchanged, stories told, and acquaintanceships cemented into friendship, with mutual satisfaction. The ladies entered into the spirit of the occasion with zest and joined with the wives and daughters of the brother Sir Knights who but a moment before had been unknown to us.

To the ear it sounded as if a merry band of pickaninnies were taking recess; the spirited conversation (and it was far above the evenness of whisperings) conveyed the impression that bold revela-

tions were being made by the ladies, which at home might have been considered bosom secrets.

Thus was expression given to the spirit which dominated the hearts of those but briefly acquainted, which, with one accord, symbolized all that is good, best and most wholesome in the sisterhood and brotherhood of mankind, the cornerstone of all fraternalism, and the highest pinnacle of civilization.

Here it was we met Mr. C. A. Cairns, General Passenger Agent, Mr. S. A. Hutchison, Manager Tourist Department, Mr. R. B. Wilson, Ticket Agent, and J. O. Clifford of the Chicago & Northwestern system, jovial, genial, affable comrades. They manifested a special interest in the welfare of our party, and the meeting with them was of the most pleasant and cordial nature, ending with an affectionate embrace when they were forced to say "Good-bye." We were introduced to Mr. V. Z. Bayard, Tourist Agent for the company, who, Mr. Cairns said, would act as guardian for our party as far as Salt Lake City. He assured us that Mr. Bayard would be friendly disposed, and that before we were far out of Chicago we would be calling him "Vic."

Indeed, "Vic" showed his cordiality at first sight, and was repeatedly thereafter voted "the right man in the right place." This gentleman was familiar with every mile-post along the many miles of road we traveled with him, and was acquainted with every incident connected with the territory. In many instances he went beyond the mere discharge of his duty to see that we received the best of care. Need it be said that we all soon appreciated and valued his presence and branded him a real good fellow, and a hustler.

Eleven o'clock, the hour for our departure, was at hand. At the doors of the station cabs with belated arrivals were whirling up to the curb unloading their charges, the carriage wheels and the horses' hoof-beats clattering musically along the paved streets. Richly attired ladies and children, escorted by Sir Knights, descended and hurried into the station. All was now a bee-hive of animation and confusion; tickets were hastily bought and baggage checked; a call on the Information Bureau inquiring for schedules; Sir Knights who had not the important task of hunting their wives out of the crowds were busily engaged in hand-shaking and offering a parting farewell and God-speed to members of our party and to one another.

The gong sounded. All passed into the enclosure where several long trains were in waiting, notably the cheerful inviting "Allegheny Special." The powerful nervous engine ahead was impatiently puffing, anxious to begin its relay contest with the prairie winds.

"All-la-board!" shouted Mr. J. A. Woods, the genial Pull-

man conductor, smilingly. He called again and again, before he had his big family assembled under roof. The luxurious train was most inviting—so cheerful, so full of light and color. It was to serve as a home on wheels for many days en route to "sunland."

As the train pulled out of the station many of the "older folks" withdrew into their "homes" and retired for the night, while some of the Sir Knights stole a march as soon as their "better-halves" were fast asleep and joined the occupants of the "stag" coach in making a concerted march upon the commissary car. Here we gathered together for the quiet communion of kindred souls.

The "special" quietly drew out of the city limits and was soon whirling away toward the Upper Mississippi and the broad State of Iowa, carrying as happy a party of pilgrims as ever left Allegheny City for the west. A glimpse from the windows, or an unobstructed view from the side doors of the commissary car, presented a grand kaleidoscopic, retrospective view of the illuminated metropolis of Chicago, like a moving panorama, fast disappearing from our sight.

The route was now due west in a direct line through a chain of beautiful towns to Geneva, 35 miles out of Chicago, and the western boundary line of its suburban district. Then across northern Illinois to the Mississippi River. The first stop was made at DeKalb, 58 miles west of Chicago. The train scarcely came to a stop until we again flew onward amid total darkness, broken only by the occasional glare from the fire-box of the engine reflecting its rays upon the glittering tracks on each side.

The engineer calls for more steam. The scrape, scrape, scrape of the fireman's shovel resounds through the stilly night. Each shovel of coal as it was hurled into the bowels of the furnace was clearly heard in the commissary car. We raced onward faster, and still faster through the mantle of darkness and in a short time Dixon was reached, 98 miles west of Chicago. The town is near Rock River, in a region somewhat famous in Indian history. Scores of Indian mounds still remain and now serve as the sole monuments to commemorate the red man. Yes, it was now two o'clock, Sunday morning, rather late for sight-seeing, and the greater portion of the party were asleep and dreaming of further pleasures to be realized. Johnstone rubbed his eyes, rested his huge and weary frame against the substantial refrigerator and remained awake no longer.

Within another brief hour we crossed the Mississippi River between Fulton, Illinois, and Clinton, Iowa, but owing to the late, or more accurately, the early hour, this event was not witnessed by many. The few who were "up and doing" began to rub their eyes and after remarking that the events of the day had not fatigued them in the least, voluntarily agreed to join their comrades in

The Picturesque C. & N-W. Ry.

THE FOX RIVER AT GENEVA.

The view up and down Fox River Valley, just before entering Geneva, is one in which rolling uplands, fertile and highly cultivated, form the background, while, nearer at hand, the city nestles among the trees in quiet contrast to the sparkling waters of the river.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF DIXON.

The Picturesque C. & N-W. Ry.

ROCK RIVER NEAR STERLING.

The valley of the Rock River was the scene of many stirring events in the early days of territorial history ; the beautiful region hereabouts was one of the favorite hunting grounds of the Indians, and what are supposed to be Indian mounds still exist near Sterling. Many events in the Black Hawk war transpired in this region.

sweet slumbers over the Chicago & Northwestern to "dreamland." Silently they crept into their respective couches and all was good-night.

Henceforth no member of the jolly party was conscious of what transpired during the ensuing few hours, for all were enjoying a well-earned and deserving rest, as the God of providence carried them onward. Thus the chapter of events of the first day was recorded, full of good cheer and sweet reminiscences, now passed and gone, but ever in memory—never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

T the break of dawn, as though some celestial fairy had passed her wand over our brows, we awoke from sweet repose, and at once became aware, and forcibly impressed with the fact, that there was an "Alarm Clock" aboard.

This masterpiece of creation, or intricacy of musical mechanism, was in the human form of Sir Joseph J. Gilchrist, the "Honorable," from the "State of Allegheny"—marching up and down the aisle of the "stag" coach—shouting at the top of his voice: "Get up, boys! Get up and see the sun rise!" Many of the boys thrust their heads between the curtains, which lent privacy to their berths, to ascertain what particular specie of creature had been encountered on the western plains.

They beheld "Joe," wearing that ever-present and never-failing congenial smile, so cheerful and inviting that any incentive toward censure is driven away, no matter how serious the offense may be. "Hurry, hurry, hurry, boys, and see the sun rise!" he again commands. "Ah, we don't want to see any sun rise!" was the verdict in chorus. This announcement, followed by a little brotherly advice, appeared to have the desired effect and "Joe" humbly retired to his seat. Back go all heads behind the folds of each respective curtain, with every assurance that quietude would again prevail.

The silence, however, was not destined to be long-lived, for in a moment "Joe" made his second appearance, this time armed with every instrument of torture in the catalogue of unmusical and hideous things. "If they won't get up, I'll make them!" he insisted. The racket was awful. Those not awakened at the first call surely believed themselves victims of an Indian raid, accompanied by all the horrors of the war dance. "Joe" succeeded brilliantly in forcing an audience to the rise of the sun, and upon each subsequent morn-

ing during the entire tour the "Alarm Clock" was in working order and all viewed the sun rise every day, thanks to "Joe's" undeniable request.

With such a startling initiative all were early risers that Sabbath morning. Exchanged inquiries as to individual conditions brought the uniform response: "Bully, never felt better." However, an epidemic of hunger prevailed in its keenest ravage, and relief was at once offered by a few raps on the door of the commissary car. This served to awaken Johnstone, who, ever ready, catered to the inner feelings of those dependent upon him.

With contentment within, all returned to the vestibule car and took an unprejudiced look at one another. Never did there appear to be more gladness in the air. The spirit of charity and companionship that was ushered in with the morning was boundless.

The rain of the day before made the air cool and refreshing, as well as allaying the dust. Traveling was most delightful—such brightness in the sun—such beauteous prairie country. We passed numerous towns and villages and found interest in the moving about of the inhabitants. Cedar Rapids was reached shortly before six o'clock. This typical Iowa city is beautifully situated on the Cedar River. Its buildings, streets and cleanliness pay high tribute to the character of the people who inhabit it. The city gives evidence of a thriving industrial center, as well as a community of refinement and culture.

Journeying from Cedar Rapids we passed Belle Plain and Tama. At Tama we beheld Indians for the first time on our pilgrimage and immediately cameras were focused upon them. The red men seriously objected at first, not because they had not been educated to the harmless effects of this weapon, but because they demanded recompense before posing.

Sir Reese would not be convinced that the Indians were other than cheap imitations and attempted to strengthen his position in the matter by citing as a comparison the crimson complexion as portrayed by the Allegheny City street salesmen of cigar stores. He was finally convinced of his error by Sir Robert making the point that the Tama Indians were not well read men.

This town boasts of an Indian reservation where a remnant of the Sacs and Foxes still find a home. The community derives its name from a once famous Sac chief, Ta-E-Maih.

At this hour breakfast was enjoyed in the dining car, after which we were reminded that it was Sunday and that the day should be fittingly observed. Suggestions were immediately made that services be held, but the fact at once became apparent that none had the foresight to bring with them that which is most important and essential for such ceremony.

The Picturesque C. & N-W. Ry.

ACROSS IOWA.

THE IOWA RIVER NEAR TAMA.

The Picturesque C. & N-W. Ry.

ON THE INDIAN RESERVATION AT TAMA.

The Picturesque C. & N-W. Ry.

BRIDGE AT CLINTON.

"Oh!" cried one of the Sir Knights with boundless joy, "Eureka! I have found it! McFarland has brought a bible with him!" The announcement of this discovery brought the unanimous expression that Sir McFarland should officiate.

Sir McFarland, being the youngest Sir Knight in the party, had previously been dubbed "The Kid of York." He has an established reputation for overburdened generosity and is always willing to respond to the call of duty for the good of any cause. However, notwithstanding his infallible willingness, there was a decided hitch in the announced program. Several of the older heads were in consultation. The would-be communicants became anxious. Evidently a disagreement existed as to whether or not McFarland should officiate. Suddenly the diplomats separated and one of the Sir Knights arose and made the following startling statement: "I am informed that our worthy Sir Knight has not only brought a bible with him but a gun as well, consequently I deem it extremely unwise for this assemblage to consent in having him administer the gospel. Just picture the 'Kid,'" he continued, with a smile, "with a bible in one hand and a gun in his hip pocket. It is dangerous," he exclaimed dramatically, "such preparation and equipment might have been necessary in these parts in the days of 'Kit Carson,' but times and things have changed; and furthermore, this is not the time and place."

The general sentiment seemed to be that the pilgrims did not take kindly towards having religion administered with the aid of a revolver. McFarland tried to explain that the gun referred to was nothing but an innocent and inoffensive bazoo—one of the tin horns which Sir Edward J. Burry had brought with him. However, there was no service that day, and it is said that the good-natured "Kid" did not use the bible during the entire trip, unless it was in the seclusion of his private sanctum sanctorum.

Luncheon was served about the time we reached Dennison, 424 miles west of Chicago and about 68 miles east of Omaha. The train entered the Boyer Valley along which lays the route into the Missouri Valley. Here the broad lowlands of the Missouri come into sight on the right, and the road skirts the Missouri bluffs on the left for 20 miles, until Council Bluffs is reached. At this point we crossed the river and entered Omaha at 3:45 o'clock in the afternoon, entering the city over a great steel bridge which spans the river between the two cities and the two states.

Council Bluffs itself has a population of 26,000, while within a radius of six miles around the beautiful Union Station in Omaha is an estimated population of 165,000. Council Bluffs is the older of the two cities, Omaha (named after the Omaha Indians) da-

ting her history as a town from 1854, when, upon passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the latter state was thrown open for settlement.

Omaha is the metropolis of this section of the West and is a jobbing and distributing point of much importance and is rapidly growing as a manufacturing center. The city abounds in all the luxuries and conveniences of a modern city.

Our party remained in Omaha 35 minutes until connections were made with the Union Pacific Railroad. During this brief stay we were most hospitably entertained by the Sir Knights and citizens of that city, among whom were such honorable gentlemen as Mr. E. L. Lomax, General Passenger Agent Union Pacific Railroad Company, Mr. G. B. Bondesson and friends and Mr. L. Beindorff, who, for those brief moments, entertained us in the manner for which this "Magic City" is noted.

The following morning the "Omaha Bee" published a column article regarding our arrival. A reproduction, in part, follows:

PITTSBURG PARTY GOES WEST

Knights Templar and Families Pass Through to San Francisco.

RELISH THE PURE AIR OF NEBRASKA

Easterners Are Smitten with Hospitality of West and Cannot Get Too Much of Its Fresh Ozone.

The liveliest delegation of Knights Templar to pass through Omaha for San Francisco to attend their conclave since the procession started was the Allegheny commandery, No. 35. It came in over the Northwestern from Chicago at 3:40 yesterday afternoon and left at 4:15 for Denver over the Union Pacific.

The party numbered about eighty men and women, and every man and woman was loaded down with literature and cards showing what a particular good brand of Knights Templar Pittsburg turns out, for they were all from the Smoky City. Every person who visited their special train was welcomed with a hospitality equal to that of the west. To the Omaha visitors at the station, the tourists created considerable amusement as they alighted from the train. Each and every one of them drew a deep, long breath and kept on inflating their lungs with pure Nebraska air.

Among the [illegible] train were

The Picturesque C. & N-W. Ry.

CROSSING THE "HAWKEYE" STATE.

The Picturesque C. & N-W. Ry.

CROSSING THE GREAT PRAIRIES OF IOWA.

The Picturesque C. & N-W. Ry.

IN THE MISSOURI RIVER VALLEY.

That portion of the trip which extends from Missouri Valley to Council Bluffs skirts the eastern bluffs of the Missouri through one of the greatest corn-producing regions in existence. The fertile loam of the Missouri River Valley seems to be especially adapted to the production of that cereal.

As we left Omaha over the admirably equipped line of the Union Pacific railroad, we at once entered the valley of the Platte and followed that broad and shallow stream to its forks at North Platte. We had traveled but a short distance when our train came to a standstill at Millard, 20 miles out of Omaha. We were informed that there was a freight wreck ahead and there were probabilities of a delay of several hours. The "probabilities" proved true to the letter and we remained in that village three hours.

The pilgrims soon learned to adapt themselves to the conditions, and life became a systematic search for diversity. Time did not hang heavy on our hands by any manner of means. Most of the party left the train and were soon amused in various pastimes, a few of which might be enumerated as follows:

Game of baseball—non-professional rules—several lady participants. This ended dramatically. Sir William A. Seiling hit the ball for what looked like a home run. It landed on the bell of the locomotive and the game was called—many rushing for the train.

Foot-race down the railroad track and a demonstration in equilibrium—ladies only. The deftness in balancing, as shown from the lofty height of a steel rail was thrilling.

Concert by the brass band—Sir Oscar Schulze director. Oscar rolled up his sleeves and ordered the band to play every tune on record (both gold-moulded and Edison); also some tunes that have not as yet been placed on record.

Dancing to the music of the band. Set of two—Sir Oscar and Sir Harry W.—no callers. Charmed by the sweet strains, and indifferent as to time or place, and particularly innocent of the fact that there was a spectator or two, they essayed a Virginia reel on the Nebraska green sward. There was more real reel about this tripping of the light fantastic than the spectators had ever previously seen. The dance lasted but a few moments, or until a can of lemonade perched on a soap box had been turned over. Although the natives informed us that things as sour as lemonade turn, in that climate, from slighter provocation, it was nevertheless conceded that one of the dancers upset the lemonade.

Probably one of the most impressive entertainments indulged in at Millard was the presentation of a drama, depicting larceny on the western plains, entitled "Taking Things from Dumb Animals," in which Sir Robert J. Bovard essayed the star role, assisted by a Jersey cow. The cow in question was peacefully browsing on the meadow land when the drama opened. Sir "Bobby" and the cow exchanged glances at the same moment, and while the latter gave no expression of affection, "Bobby" at once acknowledged a thirst for milk. Without any formal introduction "Bobby" made his advances and was

soon milking the cow. Several followed, while the cow continued to chew her cud in silence. Finally, when she found herself the concentrated object of too general attention, she hurried away, swinging her tail in triumph. The owner of that cow still remains among the unidentified, but it is reasonable to suppose that he and the cow had words that night over the quality and quantity of milk at hand.

For Millard and its 300 inhabitants it was a gala day of strange experiences and unrestricted joy that did not even find a parallel on the annual circus day.

Shortly after seven o'clock the wreckage had been cleared away and we started. We stopped again a hundred yards away to take aboard a few ladies who were threatened with isolation on the plains, having strayed off out of hearing of the call "all aboard!"

Once on the way the engineer began clipping off the miles at a rapid rate in an endeavor to regain every possible moment before reaching Denver on the morrow. Many methods were employed to keep the party amused. Our music consisted of the well-mixed strains of a grind-organ and a bag-pipe which were a little asthmatic, and inclined to catch their breath where they ought to come out strong; a clarinet and a bass drum, which were a little unreliable on the high notes and rather melancholy on the low; a disreputable accordion that had a leak somewhere and breathed louder than it squawked; Burry's bazoo jew's-harp, etc., through which the "Terrible quartette sang(?)—the singing was voted worse than the instrumental renditions, although we all enjoyed it hugely, and suffered it gladly.

About the time the music was losing its charm "Vic" hurriedly requested us to be on the lookout and he would show us where we would eventually arrive. By a peculiar coincidence the next thing that presented itself was a graveyard. "Vic," however, was innocent of perpetrating a pun on us. He referred to the town of Columbus, Nebraska, which we reached a few minutes later. This was the place which in the '60's George Francis Train declared to be the geographical center of the United States, and for that reason advocated the removal of the National Capital to the Valley of the Platte. Here our train entered upon a stretch of track, which, for 40 or more miles in length, is as straight as it is possible for man to build. The telegraph poles on both sides (looking backward), presented the appearance of two solid walls of timber surmounted by endless lines of wire. The railroad tracks between narrowed into a shining streak in the background.

The entire state of Nebraska proved to be a marvelously rich farming country. Hundreds of fields of corn and wheat, and pas-

ture dotted with fat cattle, were viewed. Up to 1866 buffalo were numerous in this section and all of the region lends the basis of thrilling tales of Indian days. As late as 1897 the Indians captured and burned a train of cars near Lexington. All the savagery has been wiped out recently and the tale of the frontier remains an unsung lyric to battle and continuous endeavor for civilization that has rarely been equalled in deeds of valor and courage.

We arrived in North Platte early in the morning. Here central standard time, used thus far, is changed to the mountain standard, one hour slower than central (or two hours slower than Pittsburgh). Not a member of our party was awake to adjust his watch, every soul had drifted drowsily but happily away into the vast mysterious void which men call sleep.

CHAPTER III.

MONDAY morning the "Alarm Clock" opened a relentless bombardment. He stalked abroad with his customary invitation to view the rise of the sun, and there was no chance to evade the request. All arose fresh from a good night's sleep, and the cool invigorating prairie air was refreshing.

At a mass meeting held in the "stag" coach a program for the day was arranged, and was so brimful of diversity that the program could not possibly stand a border if presented in printed form. The mass meeting was open to all comers—everyone had a right, and was expected to make a suggestion. In consequence everyone was talking and listening at the same time, and many pearls of the King's and Queen's English fought for supremacy with the prairie winds.

Even at this early hour, without breakfast to sustain us under the ordeal, the consumptive accordion was given voice in the discussion. The proud musician, with the bandbox on his left knee, was swaying his head to and fro, whistling much of the accompaniment which the accordion refused to render, even under pressure.

Biff! Bang! With the velocity of a shooting star a very ripe cantaloupe alighted on the veteran music box. There was an atmospheric phenomenon, and like a bursting constellation, scattered its component elements in every direction. The instrument fell to the floor in humiliation while the erstwhile star performer arose with every indication of injured pride. All the members of the audience had observed the fruit pass through space, although the musician had no knowledge that he was the attracting force of a flying sphere

until the contact took place. He figured with astronomical skill that the planet had come from a northwesterly direction, about 72 degrees south. Of course the moment the planet struck all disturbing elements in the air were removed.

But as Leininger, the once proud but now much offended musician arose, he tenderly placed the accordion on the radiator to dry out and turning suddenly upon his audience dramatically exclaimed: "I bet one doll-ar I know what threw that bunch of bananas! It komes frum dat latitude," pointing his index finger with unerring aim in the direction of Sir Edward Kunberger. "It was 'Kunnie.' 'Kunnie'—he is jealous because I will make a speech to-day. He accuses me of possessing a gift of silvery language!"

"Kunnie," unable to shield his guilt any longer, entered a counter complaint, and publicly denounced Leininger as being the "man who ate the soap." The accusation was voted of grave importance, and it was agreed to try both of the accused at the same time. Sir H. Glen Sample was unanimously elected counsel for both parties concerned. The "Rowdy Bunch" were chosen as jurymen and counselor Sample presented both cases and both defenses with due formality and grave concern. He maintained, however, that no charge could be made for the cantaloupe, as it had been thrown in. Before the case had been concluded the foreman of the jury announced that a verdict had been reached, whereupon the jurymen, as if with one voice, sang their verdict in the following verse:

"It may be so for all we know,
It sounds to us like a lie—"

"First call for breakfast," cried the porter at this point, and the jurymen, leaping from their seats of judgment, made a "center rush" for the dining car.

From our seats at the table, we observed an impressive panorama unfolding itself over the prairie land. The sun was slowly rising and threw a warm glow over the landscape, suffusing the picture with a world of coloring.

Hot fried chicken, mutton chops, omelets, fried potatoes, coffee and many other excellent and palatable offerings comprised the bill-of-fare. We ate while passing through Sutherland and Paxton, two rural towns, and left the breakfast table about the time Ogallala was reached. This town derives its name from the Brule Sioux, a band of Indians of which "Spotted Tail" was the chief. This was the most powerful of Indian tribes in latter day history, numbering at one time nearly 10,000 warriors. A few miles north of Ogallala, is Ash Hollow, a noted Indian camping ground, and the scene of a great victory over them by General Harney in 1859.

Nebraska was rapidly sinking away in the rear. We had seen no land fade away from view with more regret. Her prairie was so unsurpassingly lovely, clad in living green, ribbed with rich vegetation, spotted with fattened cattle, and flecked with white cottages. Here and there, the lands were riven by deep canals built by the untiring toil of the early settlers, and the sparkling waters that coursed these artificial channels, quenched the thirst of a thousand miles of cultivation. The superb picture was fittingly crowned with the harvest of towering wheat and hay stacks, the fruits of the earth, and the brawn creators for man and beast. No longer is this the land of treachery, which the teachings of our school-boy days led us to believe. The blood of Nebraska's forefathers has made possible the achievements of to-day. Fair Nebraska, with its still youthful but eventful history, has made gigantic—yea, marvelous—strides to possess and maintain "Peace on earth, good-will toward men." That it has succeeded in rearing the fruits of its choice is shown on every hand. The pioneer road over which we traveled this day had cost many hundreds of lives to construct. There were constant, almost daily battles with the desperadoes and red men before it was completed.

Arriving at Julesburg, we found ourselves in Colorado. This station is the diverging point for Denver, 197 miles south. We stopped here for a short time. The town at first glance offered little interest to the traveler, but when a brief hint was given of its legends, the listener gave undivided attention.

In 1865, the Overland Stage Company had an important station at Julesburg, at which point large supplies were accumulated and stored. Troops were scattered all along the routes, and were frequently compelled to escort the stages from station to station because of the hostile red men. Many conflicts were waged in the neighborhood of Julesburg. On January 7, 1875, the Sioux and Cheyennes, numbering over 1,000, attacked Fort Sedgwick, then occupied by a force of about 50 men. The attack was repulsed, but not without severe loss. On February 2, 1875, they attacked and burned the station of the stage company at Julesburg. Many similar incidents in frontier history mark the history of the town. It takes its name from Jules Bernard, an old French-Canadian, who was famous in eastern Colorado and southern Nebraska in the days of the emigrant wagon trains.

Our journey since leaving the level lands of Iowa was along the natural grades formed by the water courses and consequently thus far our travel was free from heavy grades. The country we entered upon leaving Julesburg was occupied almost exclusively by stock raisers, their ranch houses being situated on both sides of

the river. Some have large tracts of land enclosed for winter ranges and enjoy sidings for shipping stock. The greater number, however, depend entirely upon the public range, both winter and summer.

Skirting the river, the first station of importance reached was Sterling, situated in the midst of a large and rich tract of bottom land on the Platte River. Our train stopped for 20 minutes, and in accord with usual custom, the members of our party stepped down upon terra firma and devoted themselves in taking snap shots at everything, whether usual or unusual.

The most attracting incident at Sterling was the sight of a cowboy, in true western regalia, galloping across the plain, and bearing down toward the train. As he halted, the greater portion of our party advanced for an interview. The conversation naturally led to a discussion of his horse. We noticed that the winning quality of the animal's nature was his great friendliness toward his master. He was continually sniffing at the clothing of his master and thrusting his head under the cowboy's elbow begging to have his forehead rubbed. The noble animal gave every evidence of fondness and affection for him whom he served. We were inclined to believe the noble animal most docile and the cowboy at once took advantage of his audience and started to give a performance.

By a mere indication of the bridle-hand, he turned him to right or left, and by raising his hand, without the slightest pressure on the bit, he brought his charger to a short and sudden stop. And how well the animal understood the maneuvers desired by his cowboy master. The animal was turned loose "after the bunch." He then gave a clear portrayal of rounding up cattle. All the rider had to do was to stick to him. This was no mean task, for he turned like a flash, and was as quick as a cat on his feet. "Go on," was the only command necessary, and the horse was off like the wind.

Sir W. G. Reel became possessed of the desire to determine whether or not he could ride the animal. The cowboy gracefully consented that the experiment be tried. As Reel climbed astride the horse the rest of the party were inclined to turn away and be spared the sight of seeing one of our number reduced to fractions. We trembled for him both in admiration of his courage and in sorrow of what we anticipated, and mentally fixed a valuation of "thirty cents" on his future prospects. But he finally got astride. We thought we could see him flying across the prairie and rapidly drawing near the horizon. Fortunately, the owner had his horse well trained, crying: "Whoa! Do you want to run away and break your neck?" The animal responded with almost human intelligence,

and stood motionless. So submissive did he obey, that he gave every outward indication of desiring to lean against something and think.

Our friend, the cowboy, informed us that the horse had but a single fault. His tail had been chopped off, or else he had sat down upon it too hard, and was compelled to fight flies with his heels. "He also reaches around and bites my leg," complained the owner. "I do not care particularly about that, only I don't believe a horse should be too sociable." With this startling information the members of our party could not but reflect how very fortunate it was that there were no ambitious flies about while Sir Reel was astride the horse.

As the train bore us southward short stops were made at Snyder, Fort Morgan and LaSalle. Ranch life in all its attractiveness was laid before us, as if upon the pages of an open book. Green pastures and productive fields were being reared from the arid lands by aid of artificial irrigating canals which supply moisture in the face of cloudless skies. Onward we sped through great stock farms, passing countless grazing herds that told of wealth and thrift.

After a short run through these productive fields we reached Brighton, but 19 miles out of Denver, and often classed as one of the suburbs of that city. Leaving Brighton, there was great activity and much skirmishing among members of the party. The animation increased until it rivaled the excitement attending a company of firemen about to answer a midnight alarm.

"Somebody swiped my coat!" announces one. "Say, Shook, have you got a collar button?"

"Porter! Porter! Brush me up a little!" came the command from several quarters at the same time.

"Yas sar! in a minute—deed dare am 'bout 22 ahead ob you!"

"Whoa, 'Kunnie,' don't forget your camera," came the advice from one section of the car, while above the babel of chattering voices some of the following expressions were clearly audible: "Hully gee! I'd give four dollars if I were shaved!" "Davie, are you going to wear your fatigue cap?" "Why cer-tain-ly!" "Then loan me your hat, someone sat down on mine and I can't get at my cap—eleven trunks fell on my suitcase!"

And the ladies!—Bless their hearts! They were right at home aboard the train. The quest for hair-pins and hat-pins and efforts to ascertain whether "it was on straight" made life on the rail equal to that in the boudoir. As toilets were being completed we glided into Union Station to the slow music of the engine.

"Den-verrrrrrr! Den-ver!" called the brakeman. All stood ready to pay homage to the "Queen City of the Plains," which is distinguished for her progress and modern methods. What excel-

lent order is maintained in the vast Union Station! No frantic crowding and jostling; no shouting; no confusion; no swaggering intrusion by rowdy hackmen negotiating for fares. The latter gentry stood along the curb line outside the station, beside their long line of conveyances, and held their peace.

We had no need for their services at that time. The Committee had wired the Denver Traction Company the day before to have a "Seeing Denver" special car in waiting for us at the depot. With this in mind our party wended its way through the station and took a position on a corner facing the depot, seeking in vain for the car that was not there.

Investigation brought to light the fact that the freight wreck, which had caused three hours' delay at Millard, had played havoc with the schedule, and that the anticipated palatial trolley car had grown weary of its wait and had been returned to the barns. Under the circumstances no one could be held accountable for the disappointment, and the joviality of the party was in itself sufficient to insure the good humor of everybody. Passersby looked on with interest and inquired what it was all about.

Within a few minutes the whole business section of the city was aware of the fact that the pilgrims had arrived and a dozen messengers were dispatched to the offices of the traction company. The delay afforded us ample opportunity to become acquainted with the surroundings. The picture presented, slowly but surely brought the realization of the blissful consciousness that we were at last beyond question, in the beautiful city of Denver. With absorbing interest, and in blissful forgetfulness of all else, we soon became enwrapped in the romantic phase of our pilgrimage, in all its enchanting delightfulness.

Denver, situated as it is, on the last of the great plains, and upon the threshold of the Rockies, whose peaks were profiled against the clouds in the distance, was sufficient to remove any tinge of disappointment in our short delay, and gave us the opportunity to feast our eyes upon the sublime, as the pendulum of our thoughts swung from plains to mountains; from mountains to plains again.

In the distance we could see the outer edge of the foot-hills and the beginning of the rocks that climb, climb, ever climb upward, until capped by the white purity of the everlasting snowbanks that link them with the mysteries of the unknown in the azure firmament. Towering in majestic but silent eloquence are the hoary historic mountains, such as Long's Peak, the Cheyenne and Sierra Blanca. Further to the south loom up the Spanish Peaks—time sentinels of history and geology. Magnificent ranges stand out about us in serried ranks, lifting their heads far up into the empyrean blue.

They mark the scene where nature has sculptured vast areas, and bracketed them in the heavens as mantle-pieces for the skies.

As we gazed out upon the prospect we realized it was but the raising of the first curtain upon scenes which we would behold on the morrow. From Denver we could see the ripples that would swell into waves of beauty in the grandeur of the Rocky Mountains that roll onward in sublimity toward the Pacific Ocean. Thus Nature in the west greeted us with an alluring smile.

"Here comes the car!" "Oh my! What do you think of that?" the ladies were heard to exclaim. "Impossible! Can't be it!" announced a dozen voices in amazement. As the car bore down upon us it had every appearance of a tub upon storm-tossed waters; it zigzagged and pendulumed from side to side as if carrying water on both shoulders, and yet undecided which shoulder to favor. As the "boat" arrived the sudden stop and application of the brakes resulted in creating a most hideous noise, not unlike the dumping of a cartload of cobble stones upon a surface of sheet iron. Burry at once explained: "Boys! That's the salute!" Whereupon we all humbly but gracefully bowed in recognition. We then carefully scrutinized the antediluvian curiosity with keen interest. It would have made a cherished specimen for the national museum of antiquities, or could have been condemned to the junk heap without intrinsic loss to anyone.

A banner bearing the invitation: "See Denver by Trolley," was stretched across the "cow-catcher," or fender. The muslin banner served a two-fold purpose—to advertise the enterprise as well as shield from view the absence of bolts from places most necessary. Strangers are prone to mistake these cars for sand cars, although they are entitled to marked respect, owing to their advanced age and the many years they have engaged in faithful service. While there were evidences that the car had once experienced the robust full-bloom of youth, it was now rapidly wasting away in the street. Perhaps the car still had hopes in the rarefied air of Denver.

However, it was finally agreed to trust ourselves to the mercies of the car. As we started to board the "Pullman" the conductor cautiously "sized us up," one by one, explaining that it was necessary that the passengers be properly distributed, and seated in such position as to keep the car balanced. It was evident that the tonnage exceeded the capacity of the car for the body of the car sank down until it rested upon the wheels with a groan.

We started, and as the car shot forward with the speed and grace of a team of oxen, the wheels sent forth a continual piercing grind that appealed strongly to our sympathies. The drop doors in the floor of the car were well worn off their hinges, and each time

the car bumped its way over a crossing the jolting of the primitive motors sent the doors up to smite the passengers, as if in protest against their burdensome task.

It soon became evident that there had been a miscalculation in the division of the tonnage. There was, apparently, too much avoirdupois on the right side—or to be more correct, on the wrong side. Difficulty was found in maintaining the equilibrium of the car. It moved along with a see-saw motion that became more pronounced as the conductor waded through the aisle.

An announcer, with megaphone in hand, had taken his station at the head of the car, and he, by the way, as well as the conductor, was polite and obliging, and both deserved a better fate. The announcer began to open fire with his volley of information, not only identifying and explaining everything that presented itself along the route but also entered into a general description and history of the city itself.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Denver—the capital—the commercial center and principal city in the state of Colorado! Fifteen miles east of the Rocky Mountains on a level plain 5,196 feet above the sea! In the 46 years since its origin, this village of miners grew into the handsome 'Queen City of the Plains.'

"The Union Pacific Railway route across the continent was the first constructed. It was opened in 1869 and greatly encouraged travel to the Pacific coast.

"Denver is also called 'The Great City of the Rockies.' You will note the snow-capped summits in the west in a magnificent and unbroken line, in view for 170 miles from Pike's Peak in the north to Long's Peak; with many intermediate summits, most of which rise 14,000 feet. Denver stands on a high plateau through which the South Platte River flows. It has a population of 134,000, gathered from all sections of the globe. It shelters many manufacturing enterprises, and some of the most extensive and important ore smelting works in the world! The annual output of silver and gold is enormous!

"The high elevation and healthful climate make it a beneficial resort for those suffering from pulmonary ailments. The artesian water supply has no equal in the world, being taken from more than 300 wells, running from 380 to 1160 feet beneath the city! This water is as clear and pure as the flawless crystal! Forty-eight miles south of the city Denver has built for its water works the highest dam in the world. The city was named in honor of General James W. Denver, an early governor of Kansas and a soldier in the Civil War. He first suggested Colorado as the name (for what was then) a territory.

"Note the great Colorado Front Range, or eastern ridge of the Rockies, stretching gradually across the country with ranges in the rear extending far into the west to the Utah Pass. Towering behind the front range, is Saguache Range, the chief ridge of the Rockies, which forms the Continental Divide.

"Among these complicated ranges are various extensive parks and broad valleys, nestling among peaks and ridges, and which were originally the beds of inland lakes. Out of these mountains, flow scores of rivers in every direction; the affluents of the Mississippi to the east, the Rio Grande to the south and the Colorado and Columbus to the west."

The announcer next called attention to the public buildings, cathedrals, churches, schools, playhouses, and the palatial and well-appointed hotels. Smilingly he referred to the street car system, and as a fitting climax, the motor of our car burnt out at the moment he attained the height of his eulogy.

Here we were detained for a time and patiently sat in our palatial gondola awaiting assistance. A good Samaritan, in the form of one of the regulation city traction cars appeared, and becoming attached to our car, both in spirit and by means of a coupling pin, valiantly towed us into the nearest car-barn.

Our fond expectations for a more modern vehicle were wrested from us, for entering the car-barn, we beheld several more "Seeing Denver" trucks resting upon the tracks. Among the employees of the barn these antiques were known under the names of "Adam," "Methusela," "Jacob" and "Isaac"—all the ancient patriarchs being honored in one of these relics of time.

We were quickly transferred into another ancient car, and as it repulsed the idea of further service with painful groans while slowly wending its way upon the main tracks, the announcer continued his "speil," enumerating the industries of the city.

"The building on your left," he continued, "is the public library with over 100,000 volumes. On your left is a public school, of which there are 60 in the city, with a daily attendance of 26,000 pupils and 580 teachers. To your right—the law schools and medical college. Approaching on the left, is the Denver Club, erected at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars—the Denver Athletic Club, a $225,000 structure. Here is the University Club; yonder the Woman's Club, with a membership of over 1,000."

We then passed through a residential section of the city lined with beautiful homes and intersected by broad avenues lined with shade trees and magnificent lawns. Denver is almost exclusively a city of brick and stone; the buildings with few exceptions, are costly and substantial, and thoroughly modern in appointments. The State

Capitol is graced with a lofty dome, and stands on a high eminence, making it visible from all points of the city. It was erected at a cost of $2,500,000.

As we bounded along the car shook and groaned terribly. Passengers were rolling from one end to the other. Momentarily we expected to see our bones protruding through our skins. After a succession of fearful bumps, we found ourselves bobbing along rather smoothly.

Sir Samuel Coombs, with a sincerity born of hope, expressed the cheerful sentiment: "We are going a bit smoother, I see."

"Yes," announced Sir C. C. Heckel, "We're off the track now."

His declaration was true to the letter. We had traveled several hundred feet without touching a rail. The conductor and the announcer at once entered into an impromptu debate as to a method of relief, when Sir Harry Kreps offered a practical suggestion, which was at once acted upon, and we were again upon the rail. Were it not for the uncertainty of the route, all would have preferred to remain off the tracks.

Proceeding slowly onward, we soon found ourselves at one of Denver's beautiful parks. A picturesque sight was presented. Scattered about, were rustic seats and benches in secluded nooks that were dark with shade. Rivulets of crystal water; lakelets with grassy banks; glimpses of sparkling cascades through openings in wildernesses of foliage; streams of clear water gushing from artificial knots on trunks of huge trees—all aided to form the beauty of the picture.

Many airy lookouts are provided here where one might gaze upon broad expanses of landscape. Banks of rare flowers lent fragrance to the air. The customary park sign, "Keep off the grass," was absent, but instead, placards were prominently displayed bearing the inscription: "Keep in the path."

The command to keep within the narrow confines of the "path," was the source of much merriment to members of our party. Many acknowledged having tried to keep within this command of seeking the "straight and narrow path" for some time.

After squirming around the city for a short time our car finally brought up near the beginning of our expedition. It might be said here, in justice to the Denver Street Car Company, that the "Seeing Denver" cars are controlled by a different company than the one controlling the traction service. Only such cars as are discarded as being unfit for further service, were allotted to the "Seeing Denver" company. Denver, with its 820 miles of streets, has 150 miles of electric street railway as completely and modernly equipped as any other city in the country.

Leaving the car, we found ourselves ready to do justice to a substantial dinner. However, as we had but limited time to remain in Denver, we decided that it would be best to devote as much of it as possible to sight-seeing, and partake only of a light luncheon.

Sirs Jack, Shook, Sample, Beckert and Mr. Ivon Morris Lowrie, the advance guard, spied a restaurant, in front of which was stationed a loud-voiced barker, who shouted the encouraging invitation: "Best meal in the city! All you can eat for twenty-five cents!"

"That's me! Here too! Aye! Aye! I'm for you!" shouted the invading advance guard.

The lunch room was so impressively inviting that it opened right into the street. The cooking apparatus was secreted in the rear, and as the advance guard rushed literally into the arms of the lone waiter, his countenance broke into a smile that denoted realization of promised prosperity. The waiter at once regained composure, and taking on an important air, gave every evidence of being proprietor as well. As a matter of fact, he was a man of many attainments, and soon proved himself to be the one performer of the roles of proprietor, head waiter, waiter, chef, dishwasher, (if there was any) and last but not least—the cashier. The barker was the only other official of the corporation, and it is doubtful whether or not he was a stockholder.

The table had no cloth upon it. The waiter had, but it was in such condition as to add to his slovenly appearance and that of the eating-house in general. The fellow began calling out the offerings of the menu with a rapidity that bespoke of a permanent and never-changing bill-of-fare.

Taking the orders he faced in the direction of the supposed location of the cook and shouted a repetition of the orders received. Then there was a delay. Obligingly he gave the information that he would interview the cook and "hurry him along."

Rushing into the rear the waiter-cook was seen to take down a mass of meat, and spreading it around a wire creation, laid it over a smoldering fire to cook. As it was finished to his liking, he laid it aside, just as a wandering dog stalked sadly into the kitchen. The canine sniffed at it, and probably recognizing the remnants of a one-time fellow companion, kissed the steak with tears in his eyes. The cook indignantly took it away from the dog and hurried it in to the guests.

Jack, who is acquainted with the rules of euchre, announced: "I pass." Shook, who never could be interested in golf, would have nothing to do with the sausage links. In fact, all "passed" in turn, and called for a new deal. Then the chef cooked broad, flat wheat

cakes, and greasing them generously with sausage meat, started forward with them. A few dropped to the floor (the cakes), but he picked them up with great care, and polishing them off gently on his elbow, laid them before the diners with proud satisfaction.

Sample said he would "stand pat." Beckert announced that Ivon Morris "took the cake," and passed them along. Lowrie believed it would be malicious to demolish such exquisite pastry, and the cakes remained untouched. But the resourceful and willing chef remained patiently at his work. Breaking a few eggs into a frying-pan, he stood by meditating, as he pried morsels of meat from between his teeth with a fork, stopping only to turn the eggs—with the same fork. As he brought in this course, the banqueters, in a moment of unrest, ordered another ration of sausage to dispense with the presence of the cook in order to hold a consultation. Undaunted, the cook again got out his wire cooking utensil, wound the proper allotment of sausage meat around it, and rolling up his sleeves, spat upon his hands, and fell upon his work with vim and vigor. Then Jack, Shook, Sample, Beckert and Lowrie passed out into the rarified air of the street.

The quintette sized up another restaurant in the immediate vicinity. "It don't look good to me," declared Shook. "Let's inquire," suggested Beckert. So Sample began to cross-examine the proprietor. "How are the sandwiches to-day—fresh?" With indignation at the intimation, the proprietor answered: "If you turn my sandwiches over, you will find the date of issue on each one. They were all fresh made, even if I don't remember just when they were created. If you have artificial teeth that fail to penetrate the sandwich, it is the fault of your dentist for not welding them out of iron ore!"

"How's the eggs?" was asked.

"Eggs are our specialty," declared the proprietor, "that's why they call this restaurant 'The Henry.' As soon as the eggs are turned over to me for inspection by the hen, they are dated, and when fried or boiled, they are again timed with red ink. If any of my help should date an egg ahead, I would discharge him on the spot. No restaurant in Denver would attempt to compete with me. I have the kindest regard for travelers. I would hate to meet them in eternity holding nuggets of rancid ham sandwiches under my nose. I never have to apologize for my hand-turned, seamless pies, either." As the proprietor reached for an abandoned cigar stump, Lowrie struck up the air:

"It may be so, for all we know;
But it sounds to us like a lie."

All fled, hungry and disappointed, and hailed two of those sawed-off landaus, bearing but two wheels. Instructing the college students on the box to take them to the nearest hotel, the famished five handed over a quarter apiece, and lay back and sighed a sigh of relief. The sigh had hardly been heaved, when the landaus were brought to a stop at a hotel within 200 yards from where the vehicles started.

After all had dined, a stroll was taken about the streets of Denver with the purpose of viewing such sights as were on view, without distressing or exerting ourselves. Several of the Sir Knights visited the headquarters of the local Commanderies and were most courteously received, in some instances it almost became necessary to use force in effecting a leave-taking. The Sir Knights of our party who had made the call, took great pride in exhibiting and wearing "exchange" badges which their Denver brethren had bestowed upon them.

The day was drawing to a close with the same rare demonstration as graced its beginning. The horizon was cast with half redness; in an amber sky, depths were assuming color, long oblique flames were empurpling the mountains, then the rocks, and finally, the sands. Shadows were taking possession of the land which had become fatigued by the heat of the first half of the day.

As the sun sank over the violet mountains and night made ready to fall, the birds came from out of their shelter and chirruped and sang in the gardens, while the people in the streets, terraces and verandas rapidly became multiplied in numbers.

As we drove and walked along the streets of Denver we became deeply impressed and instilled with the refreshing spirit of comfort which seemed to pervade all things. It is in marked contrast to the busy, restless, driving, vitality-consuming atmosphere of Western Pennsylvania. One of the greatest charms of Denver life is the "free-from-care" feeling that prevails everywhere at the close of the work of the day. Minds are not burdened with the losses or gains of the day, or the plans for the morrow, after nightfall. Energies are not burned with these restless excitements, nor lives worn out at a time when they should be in full bloom among Denverites.

As the farmer offers a season's rest to the acre of land which has served him well; as the trainmen stable each engine at the end of the division, to allow the machinery to cool; as the barber lays aside the razor which has seen continued service, that relaxation may bring back a keener edge—so the people of the west store their energies during the evening and night, and with fresh vitality at

command each morn, have made the country renowned for its enterprise and achievement.

Evening walks and drives in and about Denver are enchanting. Concerts and musical functions are provided lavishly. The people of the west have a keener appreciation of the purpose of life and the necessity of relaxation than have their brethren in the east. The contagion of the spirit was manifest in members of our party, who had not only gained substantially in weight, but in cheerfulness as well; not to mention the improvement in looks.

We left Denver and our friend Mr. S. K. Hooper, a happy shining light, at 9:30 o'clock at night over the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, properly known as the "Scenic Line of the World." It carried us through the portal of grandeur which opens into the grand auditorium of the Rocky Mountains, where Nature sings her most wondrous music. As the train bore us rapidly southward, we became enrapt with the inspiration wrought by the sublimity of the mountain land. While we stood admiring the cloud-capped peaks and the lowlands robed in misty gloom, a finer and more entrancing picture burst upon us and chained every eye with magnetic force. We were approaching Pike's Peak.

We stopped for a time at Palmer Lake, with more of mountain and less of plain, with its Glen Park and Chautauqua. This is the divide, the watershed, where to the north the tributaries feed the South Platte and to the south they wind their way to the Arkansas River.

As we start onward we come into full realization of Pike's Peak. Previously, this monarch had been to us only a name. True we had seen the mountain in picture, and heard of it in poem and song, but at last it had become a reality, a shape—we were sitting in the majestic presence of the great throne.

The monarch was still far away when we first saw it, but there was no such thing as mistaking, for it towers into the sky like a colossal wedge, and stands in sublime solitude which bespeaks pride and dignity. A portion of this stately piece of rock, this sky-cleaving monolith, is above the line of eternal snow. Some of the neighboring giants of rock appear black from waist up, while Pike's Peak stands naked and forbidding. Its sides are so perpendicular that snow cannot rest upon them except for a few powdered streaks in the crevices. Near the top, however, the snow takes hold and remains perpetually.

Its proud stature, its august isolation, and its majestic unkinship with its own kind, lends a sacred dignity to this Napoleon of the mountain world.

We passed Monument and Husted, and caught a few glimpses

of the towns, but we could not become interested in such things, for we were in a fever of impatience to meet the monarch of the mountains face to face.

It was after midnight when we arrived at the trio cities of Colorado Springs, Colorado City and Manitou. Here Pike's Peak becomes more rugged and sublime—so vast, so grand, so solemn! While a very world of solid weight, this monster looms up in the soft moonlight, as a fairy delusion of frostwork that one might vanquish with a breath. It appeared as a vision, so delicate, so airy, so graceful!

Howsoever who look upon it it is noble and beautiful, and while it is visible no counter-attraction can command your attention. Leave your eyes unfettered for an instant and they will revert to gaze upon Pike's Peak. Half the night, and all of the next day, this masterpiece of nature's architecture was our sole object of interest.

As the morning was ushered in and many of the pilgrims sought their berths, all lights aboard the train were turned down, with the exception of those in the "stag" coach and commissary car. The "Terrible Quartette" expressed a desire to lift up their voices and sing in praise of Pike's Peak. Others, equally inspired, joined in, regardless of the formality of following the same music and song. However, nothing was broken but the stillness of the night.

We were all fond of music, and the flute, jew's-harp, clarionet, bazoo and bass drum played in active competition on the same tunes. How we remember them! It is doubtful if we can ever rid them from our minds. The triangle and grind-organ were never played except at devotional services, or at such times when the ladies were awake. The music from these two instruments was too inspiring to waste on mere men.

It was greatly to our sorrow that it was impossible to have a piano on board. Sir Sample has wonderful command over this instrument. With a mere wave of his hand, he can make an upright lay down and beg. As for baby grands, he can make them come and eat out of his hand.

A proposition was made that Leininger favor us with a new selection on the consumptive accordion. The bandbox had been chained under his seat since the day it met with the fatal accident. A committee appointed for the purpose used considerable persuasion and Leininger finally consented. Then everyone scrambled for a gallery seat. As the musician entered with instrument under his arm, he announced that he would play a lullaby to Pike's Peak. "Imagine a lullaby on an accordion!" said "Kunnie."

As he strode to and fro, gracefully swinging his accordion, as with uplifted head he sang a song of tears to the mountain king, unfortunately he tripped over a rope which had been stretched from

refrigerator to lunch counter. As someone yelled "Murder!" Leininger fell into a heap upon his precious music-box. Amid the peals of laughter that were echoed from the mountains, Leininger exclaimed: "Well, what do you think of that?"—gathered himself up, and with a painful look of disgust, picked up the fragments of his accordion, and piece by piece, hurled it out upon the tracks.

Sir Aberli knew part of a melody—something about "How sweet it was to know something or other." We took it for granted it would have been much sweeter if he had known all about it, for he remembered only a few bars of the melody and played them continuously.

We finally contracted with him to restrain himself, but not until all had joined with him in several efforts to improve the classic composition. "Bobbie," who was one of the most ambitious assistant composers, failed in his efforts. His voice was so strong that it required eight or ten men to control it.

Starting with a faint, dismal sort of bass—about third base—it would suddenly be caught by a short-stop, and finally land somewhere between center and left field. Besides, "Bobbie" was not acquainted with the melody which was being sacrificed, and this also worked to his disadvantage.

William plead with him: "Come Bobbie, don't improvise. It's too egotistical. It will provoke remark. Just stick to 'How sweet it is to know,' etc. You can't improve upon it on the spur of the moment!"

"Bobbie" insisted that he was not improvising, but was restricting his vocal efforts along the lines laid out by the composer. Sir Greenwald expressed himself publicly on the horror of the exhibition, for which he was not allowed to join in. He stated that such singing was to him what a red rag was to a bull, and insisted that any further efforts on the part of the nightingales would bring disgrace upon the whole party, and that it was a mean advantage to take in the presence of Pike's Peak, inasmuch as the king of the mountains had not the power of speech to express himself.

"Bobbie," however, was not to be constrained, and continued to tear off additional bars of his selections, meanwhile viewing the outer world from the open door of the commissary car. William looked at Otto and Otto looked at Burry. They turned around and saw Oscar looking at Staiger and Staiger looking at Oscar; then all turned and gazed on "Bobbie." "Bill" thought he would break up the racket by asking: "Bobbie, will you be so kind as to tell us the altitude of Pike's Peak?" The singing went on, heedless of the question put. Burry asked: "What street car will I take for the South Side?" The singing continued. Oscar asked: "Bob, oh Bob,

do you think you'll work tomorrow?" No cessation; the storm continued. Otto tapped him on the shoulders and whispered something in his ear, but "Bobbie" only shook his head and soared higher and higher. Then we entreated him, we begged and plead with him in the name of all that was good, and for the sake of our dear wives and families so many miles away, for the sake of humanity, to please stop; but our entreaties were of no more avail than had we remained dumb. Then we tried the custom of politics, by endeavoring to bribe him with money, pearls, precious stones, U. S. Bonds, and U. S. Steel, or even offered to stop somewhere and make him a present of a ranch with a thousand acres to boot, if he would only cease and allow the weary to rest. We were now positive that "Bobbie" was wound up, so we silently took "French leave" as "Bobbie" looked without. Presently he turned about. His audience consisted only of Johnstone seated on the refrigerator—fast asleep. With guilty conscience "Bobbie" silently tip-toed off to bed.

CHAPTER IV

UNDER the shadows of Pike's Peak we slept the peaceful slumbers of the just. We dreamt of the pleasures that were and of the pleasures that were to be. Ere the sun had risen its head above the most distant mountain peak the pilgrims were bounding from their berths on this cheerful mid-summer morning—Tuesday, August the 23rd.

Early rising at Colorado Springs is no exertion. The freshness and exquisite purity of the atmosphere thrills one, while there is an indescribable charm in the early gloaming, as it steals silently over the mountains.

To enjoy the exquisite inception of a new day, one must be up ere the glory of the starlight has paled, as we did that morning. The air was perfumed with a heavenly fragrance. And the birds! They swept back and forth across the valleys constantly, while their jubilant music was never stilled.

From the position in which our "special" was side-tracked, we commanded a glorious view of the valley, and the many peaks beyond. As a pale daffodil light crept upward, the stars faded from the heavens. The great ghostly dome changed in hue from deep purple to a cold dead white, while the distant snow-capped peaks stood boldly forth under a glittering dazzle of light, and silvery gray

mists floated upward from the valley as if awakening from their sleep.

A faint chilled breath of some cold current heralds the daybreak and the tremulous leaves quiver and whisper greetings to the dawn. Suddenly a faint flush of rosy light tinges the highest peak and gradually stealing downward overspreads range beyond range until, in another moment, the whole chain of mountains were alike ablaze in the fiery glow. Meanwhile, the valleys remain shrouded in purple gloom and a great, solemn stillness brooded over all.

It was a deep, satisfying and never-to-be-forgotten pleasure to observe the sun create the new morn, and gradually, slowly and patiently clothe it with splendor after splendor, and glory upon glories, till the miracle was complete.

Our attentions were riveted—deeply absorbed in the marvel before us. The billowy chaos of mazy mountain domes, and the peaks draped in imperishable snow, were flooded with a glory of changing and dissolving splendor; while through rifts in a black cloud-bank above the sun radiated lances of diamond dust which shot out to the zenith. The valleys of the lower world swam in a tinted mist, which veiled the ruggedness of their crags, ribs and forests, and turned all the forbidding region into a soft, rich and sensuous paradise.

We spoke not a word. No expressions were exchanged. We could only gaze—and in ecstasy drink in the wonder-work of the heavens. Moment by moment it grew grander and more wonderful in color effect. Then suddenly—as the sun rolled into full sight—an orb of gleaming gold flooded the world beneath with almost insufferable radiance! Voluminous masses of white clouds were hurried away by the sweepings of the north winds! For an instant the sun was hidden from view, but again appeared to demonstrate its right of eminent domain—then gracefully retired behind a soft filmy veiling of cloud, that served to distill the light of day.

While there was no fire on board the train during the previous night (though there was considerable of "a hot time,") there was a marked scarcity of water in the morning, several of the early risers wending their way down to a nearby creek to bathe in the open. It seemed to them a blessed privilege, and resulted in those taking the "water-cure" feeling refreshed and even light-hearted.

Returning to the railroad station, "Joe," who was in the lead, gave the command: "Come on boys!" as he entered and gathered his army in front of the window of the telegraph operator, who was a young woman. Sir Gilchrist, with pride-swollen chest, and striking an attitude of independence by thrusting a thumb underneath each suspender strap at the arm pit, announced in commanding tones:

"I want to send a message!"

"Where to?" asked the young lady with all the sweetness at her command.

"Any old place," replied "Joe" with nonchalance, "But," he added, "You might as well make it Allegheny."

By this time the young lady was in spirit with the occasion, and tantalizingly inquired: "Pray, where is Allegheny?"

"What do you think of that, boys?" asked "Joe," clearly indicating his injured pride. "Don't know where Allegheny is? Well, it's bounded on the east by New York; on the west by Chicago; on the north by Canada and on the south by Florida. Why, Allegheny is the city that gave a world's fair to St. Louis. But never mind the message; permit me to ask are you fond of music?"

"Oh, my, yes!" exclaimed the young lady, enraptured at the idea. "No," she didn't have any preference, "just so it's music."

The invaders then lifted their voices to that same old, soul-maddening screech: "Bedelia." They assaulted it, crippled it, and then slaughtered it—and nobody mourned, though the station was half-filled with passengers. Most of them stood upon the seats, probably to rise above such music. They applauded vigorously but could not drown the horrible noise. They even laughed—so does the victim who has to have a tooth pulled and is helpless to resist it.

With further suggestion and solicitation upon the part of the audience they started to break the peace again. Notwithstanding the fact that we have had several open and private meetings since, and have carefully gone over all the works of foreign and native composers, we can arrive at no reasonable or definite conclusion as to what that second song was. We still remain in the darkness and bliss of ignorance.

Occasionally, for a very brief time, two of the participants carried the same air, and when one reached a part which was most familiar to him, he wanted to be heard, and his voice rose up in supreme command, and started off like a race horse until another followed with the enthusiasm of a steam calliope. Then someone pitched his voice into a beautiful minor key—it must have been a night-key, for it was one that minors should not be permitted to carry. Then some song-bird wrecked the whole business with a sound similar to that made by a circular saw striking a rusty nail only to be lost in a general shuffle of sharps, flats, majors and minors in wasteful extravagance. Then there rose out of the wreckage a sweet melodious voice, for a second—such a brief second—while the singer was hastening through some bar that was familiar to him, (temperance bar if you please). Then some one chased him to cover with

a thunderous roar like the unloading of a cartload of cobblestones upon sheet iron, and just when victory seemed within grasp, a passing freight train whistled and shrieked by in full supremacy and conquered the howling dervishes.

The listeners applauded and expressed a wish that the concert (?) be prolonged, but announcement was made that it was one of the fundamental rules of the opera company not to play more than one engagement in a town. Experience had taught them that it was unsafe to life and limb to appear before the same audience twice. Sir Burry further explained that they had completely revolutionized music, and were burying the old masters one by one, and that his artists differed from all others in one notable respect; that they were not merely spotted with music here and there, but were saturated with it.

The young lady was full of praises. "I know," she said, "that your music is high-grade. It so delighted me, stirred me, enraptured me and moved me, that I could have cried all the time."

"Cried for help?" suggested Sir Greenawalt.

"Oh no," she answered, "you didn't need any. There was volume quite sufficient to your recitals. When you come again, the combined theatres of the city will not be sufficient to hold the audience."

With an entrancing smile and pleasant bow, each member of the chorus bid adieu, and stepping out on the platform felt so smitten with pride, that each dived into his pocket and pinned another "exchange badge" on his coat as a personal reward for merit.

Following breakfast, we boarded a street car near the Colorado Springs for a ride to Manitou, a distance of five miles west, passing en route Colorado City, the first capital of the State. Located directly at the foot of Pike's Peak, at an elevation of 6,318 feet, is Manitou. It sits in the lap of an amphitheatre of mountains and foot-hills, and may truly be termed, the Switzerland of America. The cog-wheel railroad which runs to the summit of Pike's Peak, starts at Manitou, and here are located the celebrated medical Soda, Sulphur and Iron Springs.

Situated in the heart of the town and at the end of the street car line are the Soda Springs. It is a popular gathering place and is visited by thousands of tourists annually, who come to drink of its refreshing waters. We all partook freely, there was plenty of it, and it never runs dry.

The Sulphur Springs have a flavor all their own. Not only do their waters taste of minerals, but bear the perfume of several kinds of groceries in solution—such as stale Easter eggs and onions, that have been drowned in kerosene. It bears a flavor of brimstone, or something that would make a blazed trail at night, all the way up

Pike's Peak. It would serve as an excellent weapon for revenge. If one would drink a quart of the sulphur water and breathe hard on an enemy, it would produce blind staggers; two breaths on a man means a metallic casket for one.

At the extreme end of Ruxton Avenue, we found the Ute Iron Springs; another large effervescing spring, but instead of the sparkling soda, or self-pronouncing sulphur, we found modest, strength-giving iron water springs. Sir Gilland inquired of the attendant if he was sure that there were no rusty nails, old wash-boilers, horse-shoes, or other hardware at the bottom of the spring, and was assured to the contrary. He was told of the strength-giving properties of the water, and urged everyone to partake, to gain the required strength to climb Pike's Peak. The Ute Iron Springs received their name from the tribe of Ute Indians. Sir Lee claims that it was the springs that made the Indians red men, for he explained that they drank so much iron water that they became rusty inside until it broke through their skin, and gave them the reddish outward appearance.

However, all the mineral waters in the neighborhood of Manitou, rank high as a beverage, and many persons are using them during the entire year. They resemble those of Ems, and are beneficial to consumptive, dyspeptic and other patients.

The tour about Manitou was of unusual interest and attraction. Following the road due north from the Soda Springs, one enters Williams' Canyon, a most picturesque gorge. Its walls blend with strata of sandstone and limestone, showing colorings of pink, gray, vermillion and white. Above are several hundred feet of limestone, in which a number of curious caverns have been discovered, the most notable of which being the Cave of the Winds. These caves are three-quarters of a mile underground, and run directly through the heart of the mountain. Here the handiwork of nature in all its charms and wonder is to be seen. The "Diamond Hall" and "Crystal Palace" are the principal attractions in these subterranean chambers. The ceiling of "Diamond Hall" is decorated with graceful wreaths and festoons of flowery alabaster, which under the influence of the magnesium light of the guide, is beautiful to the extreme, and every inch of wall sparkles and scintillates every conceivable color and shade, giving the effect of diamond Mosaic work.

The Grand Caverns are beautiful caves located two and one-half miles from Manitou over a magnificent drive up the famous Ute Pass, one of the historic highways of the Rockies. First a mere trail paced by the Indians in their flights over the mountains, it became a wagon-road to Leadville, and yet serves as one of the most accessible passages over the mountains.

Presently we came to the station of the famous Cog Wheel Railroad which ascends a grade of twenty-five per cent, and reaches an elevation of 14,147 feet at the summit. We gazed with interest upon this mountain railway, and it seemed incredible that the train which was standing ready to pull out, could creep straight up to the mountain top. Mr. C. W. Sells and Mr. Benjamin P. Wheat, lofty and elevating gentlemen, stood nearby, and stated it had often performed that very miracle and any doubt in our minds was soon dispelled as the odd-looking locomotive began to enter upon its task. The boiler end was coupled to the coach, and the engine was tilted sharply backward, so that it could take up the cogs that propel the train. The coach was comfortably equipped and was composed chiefly of glass to facilitate observation. The seats are so equipped as to remain level regardless of the grades. The engine pushes the car in ascending, and precedes it in descending; thus insuring complete control over the coach, which, because of not being coupled to the locomotive, can be operated independently.

There was scarcely room in the one car for our entire party, but rather than be separated, several of the "boys" sat upon the floor of the front platform, and bracing their feet against the railing, lighted their pipes, and enjoyed an unobstructed view of the surroundings.

We started upon our tour of elevation about nine o'clock in the morning. Cold type could never do justice in properly describing the magnificent scenic beauty of the nine miles of road in ascending Pike's Peak. The constantly changing panorama, the varied tints and colors, which cannot be imitated upon canvas by the most skillful masters, form a picture for the mind which can only be drawn through the eye.

Engelmann's Canyon, formed by the sides of Manitou and Hiawatha Mountains, is the starting point of this novel railway. Rushing swiftly through the canyon, and flowing beside us, then appearing far below over massive boulders and forming innumerable cascades, is Ruxton Creek; a sparkling mountain stream whose source lies in the snow that crowns the mountain top.

Passing into the canyon to the left, we came upon Shady Springs, hidden under the slope of the mountain upon which rest Gog and Magog. To the right is the "Lone Fisherman," who patiently fishes from the top of the northern wall of the canyon. As we enter the Grand Pass, we catch a glimpse of Echo Falls, named after Echo Rocks, above whose high walls resound the dashing waters of the canyons, clearly and distinctly. Just beyond, we can observe National Creek tunnel, an arched waterway formed by fallen boulders. "Hanging Rock" and Frog Rock" are passed before we enter "Ar-

PIKE'S PEAK REGION.

1—Cog Road on Pike's Peak. 2-8-14—Pike's Peak from Colorado Springs. 3-6—Ascending Pike's Peak. 4—Above the Half-way House, Pike's Peak. 5—Primrose. 7—Around the Corner. 9—Spring Opening of Pike's Peak Cog-wheel Road. 10—White Poppy. 11—Mariposo Lilly. 12—Half-way House. 13—Windy Point, Pike's Peak. 15—Pike's Peak from Pilot Knob. 16—Phantom Curve. 17—Vista of Pike's Peak. 18—Cog Road Station, Manitou. 19—Cog Road Locomotive. 20—The Trail. 21—Past Timber Line.

tists' Glen," from where a good view of "Cameron's Cone" (10,695 feet) and the Garden of the Gods may be had.

Curious shaped rocks stand out in bold relief from the mountain sides. They have been christened with names appropriate to their conformation. The "Plum Pudding," "Turtle," and "Punch," are some that we passed in our ride until we came within vision of Minnehaha Falls.

At this point, about two miles from the starting place, the steep mountain slopes begin to rise to their greatest magnitudes. Man becomes dwarfed in the sublimity of the scene. The specks that indicate villages below, the rivers in the valleys which look like slender threads, the overhanging clouds which seem so near, and the massive, majestic, arrogant monuments of stone which spring up on every side, leave the spectator in full realization of his own insignificance and a fuller appreciation of the marvels of nature than he has ever before enjoyed.

A few hundred feet further and one again stands face to face with civilization in the form of a group of Swiss cottages occupied by pleasure seekers. "Lizzard Rock," "Pinnacle Rock," "The Devil's Slide," "Woodland Park," "Elk's Head," and the "Flueride Gold Mine," are passed as we suddenly come upon the Half-Way House, a comfortable little hotel situated in a beautiful grove at the foot of "Grand View Rock," three and one-half miles from Manitou. This is a popular stopping place for parties ascending the peak, and to rest, to observe, and to wonder.

As we again proceeded, we passed through the ragged walls of "Hell's Gate" and entered the verdant Ruxton and Aspen Parks, over which stand Bald and Sheep Mountains. Then for little more than two miles we traveled over a comparatively level stretch, getting an excellent view of "Grand Old Mountain." Here our locomotive makes a short stop to replenish its supply of water, for the longest and steepest incline on the road is just ahead. The grade is straight up the side of the mountain at an angle similar to that formed by a ladder placed against the side of a house. It is so sharp that one dare not look at it long in realization that it is to be ascended.

As we ascend, the mountains to the east seem to sink until they appear as mere foot-hills and the valleys and rocks beneath become more extended in view. From the well-named "Inspiration Point," we see far below a glacial lake of 110 acres; and glacial rocks marked by the action of ice in ages past; Mt. Baldy; Mt. Garfield; Bear Creek Canyon and the Southern Mountains.

After passing "Timber Line," which has an elevation of 11,578 feet, we cross a great field of broken rock, spotted here and there

with soil enough to bear moss and various Alpine plants, and where, in certain seasons, there grow a profusion of small flowers which one would hardly expect to find at so high an altitude.

At this point a lady, a stranger, passed through the car with a small basket on her arm, offering flowers for sale. The bouquets had a rare fragrance, especially when they were moist. She called them "wild forget-me-nots" and claimed to have plucked them from the mountain side amid snow and rocks. She was pleasant and talkative, relating an interesting story. In answer to a question put by Sir Burry, who seemed deeply interested, the stranger declared that she was married.

As we reached Windy Point we caught the first glimpse of the far west, as it rolls itself out from the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific. With renewed effort, the little engine plowed its way up still sharper inclines until, a short time later, we reached the very summit of Pike's Peak, and triumphantly took our stand upon the very head of the majestic monster.

The whole world seemed before us! Villages, towns, cities, hills, valleys, rivers, lakes, and even mountains and clouds found place in the picture which was spread out before us. Rare, indeed, would be the art that could picture to the soul the unapproachable magnitude of the view, unaided by the sense of sight. A mighty panorama of 60,000 square miles was accessible to the human eye.

To the east, the buffalo plains are ribbed with streams and dotted with flowering fields, while villages and cities mark their borders. Colorado Springs, Manitou and the Garden of the Gods lie at our feet like diminutive checker-boards spread out among fields of flowers and foliage.

To the south lie Seven Lakes; the Raton Mountain range of New Mexico; the famous Spanish Peaks, and the cities of Pueblo, Florence, Canon City and Altman (the highest mining camp in Colorado), and in the far distance, the fertile Arkansas Valley winds itself among the hills. Cripple Creek and Bull Hill appear but a stone's throw, while the many mine settlements and web of railways are plainly and clearly seen.

To the west is the Sangre de Christo range protruding its glistening crests above the clouds and spreading out its sheet of perpetual snow. Buffalo, Ouray, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Holy Cross and Elbert Peaks proudly raise their heads at a distance varying from 60 to 150 miles away. To the north are visible the abyss; Gray's and Long's peaks—the farthest north of any we saw in the Continental Divide; and Denver, Castle Rock and Manitou Park.

As the wayfarer takes his stand on the crest of Pike's Peak and beholds the handiwork of the Master before him, a respect born of

reverence saturates the soul. Word nor picture has never, and can never, convey to the human mind such full appreciation of the systematic provisions of nature to the dwellers of the earth, as are made known to him who stands upon the sublime heights of Pike's Peak, and sees and realizes the handiwork of God which man has worked into his own benefaction. Cold type or words fail to carry such impressing influences as the Creator's own achievement through nature, as it lies like the open pages of history, at the very feet of the pilgrim on the heights of Pike's Peak.

As we stood upon the very apex of this mountain emperor, we beheld a vast portion of this little world in unique circumstantiality of detail—saw it as the bird sees it—and all reduced to the smallest scale, but as sharply worked out and finished as a steel engraving. The numerous toy cities with their tiny spires projecting, appeared as the playthings of children who had abandoned them for a day. The forest tracts were diminished and softened by distance as cushions of moss, while the rivers shone and glistened under the sun's rays until they appeared as strings of pearl. The smaller bodies of water relieved the general conformation with the beauty of a blue teardrop which had fallen and lodged in some slight depression among the moss-beds. The diminutive trains were seen gliding along between cities, seemingly taking a mighty time to travel the distance, for magnificent distances appeared as but yards, and it looked as though one might span what was 100 miles with the outstretched arms.

The world beneath us was stretched out like an enormous "relief map" with hills, valleys, forests and streams pictured in their miniature and natural color. This was the picture we saw stretched out before us. Distance softened it; the sun glorified it; strong contrasts heightened the effect, and over and above it all, a drowsing air of repose spiritualized it and likened it unto a beautiful estray from the other and more mysterious worlds we visit in dreams.

The cares and responsibilities of this life make it the privilege of but a few of the great human family to know the sensation of looking from a mountain top over thousands of miles of the earth's domains. To those who can enjoy this feast of vision, it inscribes an indelible recollection upon the mind, and the magnificence of the spectacle leaves a lasting impression that will never fade from memory. In the ages gone, and those to come, the revelations from the heights of Pike's Peak, will remain among one of the sacred privileges of man, and of those that may come and go, none will ever carry away a more gracious appreciation than did the pilgrims of our party.

One might suppose that to be carried literally out of the world to the heights of Pike's Peak would be foregoing, for a time, all the

conventionalities of the earth. But this is not true. American enterprise will not be thwarted, and by turning about from the grandeurs that lie beneath, one finds conventionalities upon the peak that become unconventional because of their peculiar surroundings. On the top of the peak is a postoffice—the highest in the world. Here members of our party hastily jotted a few lines to relatives and friends that they might experience the sensation of receiving a message from the clouds, and note the post-mark of "Summit, Pike's Peak, August 23, 1904."

On the mountain top there is a telegraph station, which also has the distinction of being the "highest in the world." We patronized the operator in sending greetings home.

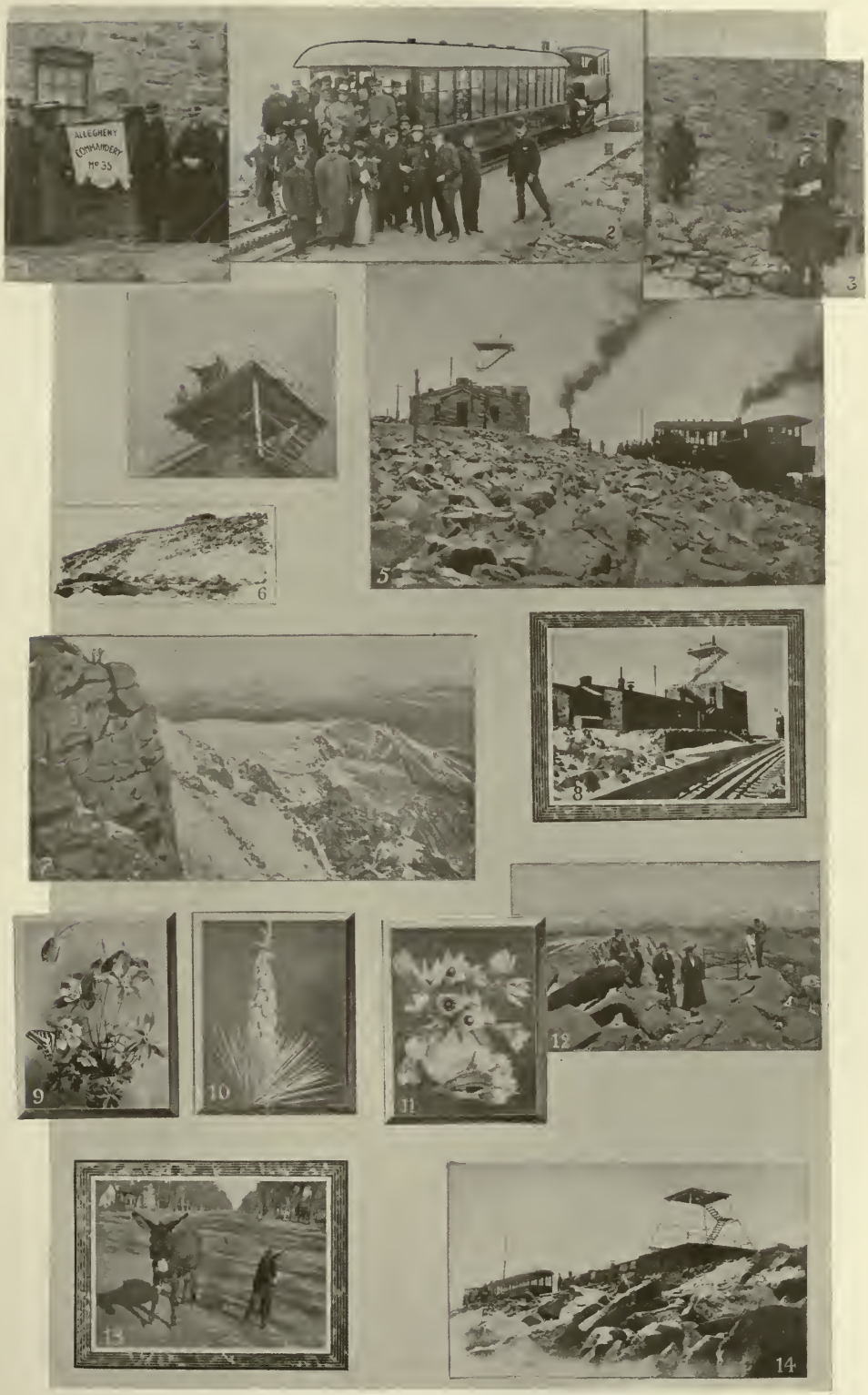
The "Summit House" is like an oasis on a barren desert. Built of ragged rock cleaved from the very peak itself, it offers within the comfortable glow of a huge stove, while hot coffee and bulky doughnuts touch the heart of the wayfarer through his stomach.

Terrific winds sweep the summit, and although thermometers registered 90 degrees at Manitou before we started, it was very cold on the peak. "Vic" had previously cautioned us to take an ample supply of wraps and overcoats before ascending, and we found this advice of value. The barometer on the summit stands about 17 inches while water boils at 184 degrees Fahrenheit. These grossly abnormal conditions cast a strange, faint and weak sensation over the pilgrims for a time; although there were very few who actually felt ill. The ladies were particularly brave in facing the new elements.

An amusing and most unusual pastime for an August day was a snowball warfare among the pilgrims on the summit of the peak, after leaving Manitou under a boiling sun several hours before. Through the mantle of snow on the mountain top, protruded a sea of ragged rocks covering the whole summit as if created by a series of blasts. As we stood on the summit in bold defiance of the raging winds, we became enveloped from time to time, by the shifting fleecy clouds. Standing as near to the sun as mortal dare tread in this country, we were at once in close communion with the swiftly but silently shifting clouds, which at times veiled the view in transitory mist and then wafted high above and sped ever onward.

Protruding into these very clouds, rises the United States Signal Station from the very apex of the peak. This is, of course, the highest observatory in the country; and the roof, which is platformed and protected by railings, affords a wonderful view-point. Regardless of the terrific winds, the pilgrims would not be denied the privilege of surveying mother earth from this pinnacle.

It would even be difficult for imagination to concede that anything mortal could add dignity or impressiveness to Pike's Peak,



PIKE'S PEAK REGION.

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-14—Summit of Pike's Peak, altitude 14,147 feet. 9—Columbine. 10—Yucca. 11—Anemone. 12—Triangle Cryptic Rite Masons, Summit of Pike's Peak. 13—Mamma's Baby.

but none can gainsay the dramatic and romantic effect of the silhouette of Sir Oscar Schulze as he stood in bold contrast to the fleecy clouds behind him, when he took his position on the top of the signal station. Oscar, who had been at once a father and brother to the pilgrims, in all that the terms imply, is a man of soldierly bearing. Clad in a heavy military ulster with flowing cape, he ascended to the top of the signal station with several pilgrims. As he gazed upon the endless view stretched out before him, he pointed in dramatic fashion to some object of interest in the valley, with the attitude of a general noting some military movement on the battle field. As his cape and ulster-clad soldierly figure stood out in bold relief against the clouds and skies, it appeared as if Napoleon had risen again, and forgetful of St. Helena, was once more a leader of men, in supreme authority.

Even as we gazed, we unfurled our banner, the Stars and Stripes, to the breeze with a rousing cheer that was born from patriotic hearts. The indifference shown the nation's flag on terra firma is lost when one enters strange and unusual places, and we paid homage to our colors with uplifted voices while the thrill of true American patriotism shook our physical frames like aspens in the wind, and inspired our souls with loyal love for our country.

We found special pride as we stood upon the summit of the mount, in the fact that the first party who ever ascended Pike's Peak were Pittsburghers. In 1819, Major S. H. Long was sent by Secretary of War, John C. Calhoun, in charge of an "expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains." On July 13th, of that year, the party encamped near the present site of Colorado Springs, from which place Dr. Edwin James, with three unknown men and a volunteer named Harris, started to ascend. The summit was reached on the evening of July 14th. The first woman to stand on the summit, was Mrs. James H. Holmes, who reached the top on August 5th, 1858. The Peak derives its name from General Zebulon Pike, who discovered the noble mountain while leading an exploration expedition in November 1806.

When the time for our departure arrived, we cast a last longing glance over the horizon, in full realization of the fact that we had witnessed the grandest scenic panorama visible from any accessible point. With a parting look, the picture was indelibly inscribed upon our minds with an appreciation that the years cannot wipe out.

We entered the car with complete freedom from the fears we had entertained upon the ascent. As the train started down the sharp incline there was havoc among the party. Many unconsciously threw their weight to the rear in an effort to retain equi-

librium. This, of course, was of little avail. Memories of sliding down banisters in childhood, were vividly brought back to mind, but the physique could not accommodate itself to these conditions so well as in the early days.

Occasionally, a few acres of almost level road afforded us a few moments of comfortable breathing, but in a moment we would turn a corner and see a long steep line of rail stretching down below us, and the comfort was at an end. The locomotive knew no fear, and never paused or slackened its speed upon approaching these sharp descents, but kept calmly and relentlessly to its task, made a sudden bow, and went smoothly gliding downstairs.

It was wildly exhilarating to slide along the edge of the precipices and look straight down into the far-reaching valleys. There was much curiosity to learn how the train would stop at the station upon the steep incline. We were anxious to learn the method employed. The solution lacked every element of mysteriousness. The train simply stopped. That was all there was to it. Then it moved on in the even tenor of its way, and went sliding down again.

Here and there we caught a glimpse of the "trail" in our descent. Upon it we saw men on horseback, burroback and afoot. There is an incentive and charm in going up, ever up, toward the goal. Those on foot are armed with a stout staff taking their time, and choosing their own fanciful route. There can be no more profitable recreation than the glorification of conquering Pike's Peak, and few pleasures can be compared with that of the tourist who stands upon the top of the mountain monarch.

An unusual incident which the passenger enjoys in the descent from the peak, is an optical delusion. Trees, houses, shrubbery and every standing object seem to have fallen into oblique position. All appear to be standing awry, so much so, that the cottages appear to be on the verge of complete collapse.

Gradually we acquired absolute confidence in the locomotive and relaxed our physical efforts to hold it back. The "boys" on the platform lighted their pipes again with every assurance of security, and again lapsed into the jubilant and care-begone spirit which marked our pilgrimage from start to finish. As we descended gradually but surely, the whole world seemed to flit by with us upon the inspection stand, inspecting the world on the wing. There was not a breeze or gust of dust to interfere with our vision. We drank in the moving picture with uninterrupted thought—even Sir Gilchrist forgot for a time the "girl he left behind."

During one of the stops a lady boarded the train and cried out the announcement that she had the "Pike's Peak Daily News" for sale. This is a paper published on the summit, and calls itself the

"most elevated" publication on earth. It gives evidence of the lofty strides of journalism. It contained in brief, the following:

Pike's Peak Daily News.

PUBLISHED DAILY ON PIKE'S PEAK.
Altitude, 14,147 feet.

The most "elevated" publication on Earth.

Contains daily the names of every arrival on the Summit. The official newspaper of the M. & P. P. Railroad.

C. E. TSCHUDI, Publisher.
Postoffice Address: Manitou, Colorado.

VOLUME 8. : : NUMBER 285

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1904.

ARRIVALS ON PIKE'S PEAK.

The following distinguished ladies and gentlemen registered on top of sight-seeing old Pike's Peak today, via the picturesque and scenic Cog Wheel Route:

Forenoon arrivals on the Summit:

FIRST SECTION.

This is a special of Commandery No. 35, K. T., Allegheny City, Pa., en route to the coast, traveling in their own special Pullmans, with commissary and all the conveniences and luxuries of life. The jolliest and most representative crowd of Americans that has ascended the Peak in a thousand years. Here they are:

Miss Gustie L Hilleric[illegible]
Mr. T. V. Hill[illegible]
[illegible]

With a relentless puff—puff—puff—the engine continues its descent, grasping the cogs to retard its flight. "Jack" was of the opinion that the tracks had been recently oiled, and that they would serve as an excellent lightning rod to the summit of Pike's Peak. Before reaching Manitou we crossed a bridge whose framework stretched over a gorge and shot across the dizzy air like a stray spider-web strand. One has little difficulty in enumerating his sins while the train creeps down this bridge, and repentance is general. Even the young lady who dropped a snowball down the back of the writer's neck plead guilty and asked for mercy.

Upon arriving at our destination, we sought the Iron Springs Hotel where we indulged with a vim in a satisfying luncheon while we rehearsed our experiences of the morning. In the midst of a general conversation, some one was heard to remark to Sir John Bader: "John, you act as though you were starving!"

"Act!" he repeated in tones of astonishment. "Don't you know the difference between acting and the real thing?" It was the genuine article of appetite in large consignments, with all of us.

After luncheon we strolled about the hotel grounds viewing the flowers, shrubbery, and an enchanting bit of landscape gardening. The guests of the hotel soon became acquainted with our party, after first taking a few shots at us with their cameras. Finally, as a compromise, we gathered in a group upon the lawn, and had a picture taken "collectively." Previously we had been "taken" as individuals, walking, talking, standing, running, and in all manner of unconventional poses. One might believe that the amateur photographers considered us some rare specie of the mountain tribes.

The hotel proprietor was most agreeable. He invited several of the Sir Knights into the secret confines of his private apartments where he proved himself an attentive host.

Tallyhos and carriages were in waiting and soon we were ready for a drive through the "Garden of the Gods." The guests of the hostelry gathered on the lawn and veranda and waved their handkerchiefs and cheered us until we had driven out of sight.

As we rattled along cheerily, the ladies viewed the beautiful surrounding country from beneath their parasols, which only partially shielded them from the blazing sun. The driver beguiled the way with amusing and instructive conversation until we arrived at the gateway of the "Garden of the Gods." It consists of two enormous masses of red sandstone, 330 feet high. Between them was a smaller rock which divides the passageway in two. The rock to the right resembles a huge camel in kneeling position.

Behind the rock, a magnificent panorama unfolds itself, while immediately through the "Gate," Pike's Peak is seen rising in majestic grandeur. Much of the charm of the scene is due to the numerous contrasts of color. We passed through the "Gateway," and entered the valley of wonders.

In a strange, wierd solitude, nature has perpetuated peculiar freaks of sculpture and feats of architecture. Quaint and grotesque suggestions of living forms (some of which have received appropriate designations) rose from out of the rocks about us. Perhaps the giants of old had used the garden for their playground, and left their toys behind when the angels came and christened it the "Garden of the Gods."

In our tour of inspection, we arrive before the famous "Balanced Rock." It stands upon the summit of a ridge some 50 feet above the surrounding country. The rock itself is about 70 feet high and weighs, approximately, 500 tons. This gigantic mass of rock is cunningly balanced, though slightly tilted upon a mere point, and

GARDEN OF THE GODS.

1—Gateway, Garden of the Gods (Pike's Peak seen through the Gate). 2—The Three Graces. 3—Cathedral Spires. 4—Bear and Seal (Rock formation). 5—Rainbow Falls. 6.—Major Dome (200 feet high). 7—Manitou, Col. 8—Balanced Rock. 9—Garden of the Gods.

has remained in such position for centuries. The surface in contact with the under rock is very small and the strength of a mere man applied to the under edge is sufficient to change its center of gravity.

As soon as the astonishment which this phenomenon cast over us had abated we anxiously inquired how and whence the stone originated. Was it elevated to its unique position by human hands? Was it the agency of nature that set it upon its frail and slender pivot? From our experience in viewing mountain masses with geological eyes, we readily discovered that the only chisel ever employed upon the balanced rock was the tooth of time, and the elements the only workmen.

Pursuing our route, we come face to face with the "Cathedral Spires"—high and interesting columns of red sandstone, attaining an elevation of 200 feet. They greatly resemble in shape church spires and compose one of the chief attractions in the "Garden of the Gods."

The "Three Graces" are also of great interest to the wanderer in the garden. They consist of three broad, flat slabs and appear to have been turned edgeways by some prehistoric upheaval. Odd and curiously-shaped creations of stone spring out of the ground on all sides. Each has a designation peculiar to its formation. The "Statue of Liberty," "Dolphin," "Lion," "Griffin," "Bear and Seal," "Kissing Camels," "Toad," "Toad Stools," "Greyhound's Head," "Old Man's Wine Cellar," "Sea Lion," "Washerwoman," "Punch and Judy," "Nun," "Scotchman," and many other oddly named monuments of time give outline to figures after which they have been named.

At the top of the pass we turn out and away from the "Garden of the Gods." The train of carriages plodded on in its slow way, and we looked back with a sigh of farewell as we observed the colossal and forever-open "Gateway" disappearing in the rear. We half fancied that the veiled "Statue of Liberty" bowed her head in the sunshine and the "Sea Lion" howled a parting salute as we drove out of sight. We had no sea lions aboard to return the salute, but ever anxious to relieve any contingency Sir Beckert brought forth a bugle and sounded a farewell that could leave no doubt but that the stone figures in the garden turned stone deaf.

Arriving at Colorado Springs station, several members of the party decided to continue the drive to the North and South Cheyenne Canyon and the Seven Falls, located five miles out of Colorado Springs. Those who made the trip were amply repaid. The North Cheyenne Canyon shelters numerous cascades, wonderful rock formations and innumerable striking and impressive creations.

The South Cheyenne Canyon was admitted to be the most beau-

tiful and inspiring resort near nature's own heart. We found our inspection delightful, romantic and most satisfying.

Continuing, we arrived at a point where towering masses of rock 1200 feet in height swung out before us on the one side, while the turbulent mountain stream winds its way through the canyon on the other. The scene is picturesque, and the blending colors that coat the mountain side and canyon lend grandeur.

Pursuing our course we reach the "Pillar of Hercules." They consist of two massive rocks, upwards of 300 feet in height which stand side by side near the entrance to the "Seven Falls," as sentinals guarding the approach.

Rounding a magnificent curve, we suddenly came upon a beautiful cascade, falling in all 234 feet in seven leaps. We ascended a lofty stairway at the side of the falls, and at the top find the waters leaping and bursting over the rapids, as though conscious of the destiny that awaits them. Gradually the waters wind through a cliff between lofty precipices and are hurled over a succession of falls.

The snow-made waters, in their mad leaps of beauty, laugh as they have laughed for ages in sunlight and moonlight. On! On! Ever on, they rush, leap after leap, as a fawn sprinting from rock to rock. Spirits seem to dance upon the frothing foam of the many cascades formed with infinite delicacy, but great variety. As the sparkling waters dash over the ragged rock pell-mell, the cascades jostle and bruise one another until they disappear in vapor, in foam, in uproar, and in clouds.

At the top of the stairway on the Cheyenne Mountains, is located the grave of the authoress, Helen Hunt Jackson, who died in 1885. Everywhere about the trees and rocks visitors have left their cards—some dating back many years.

As we cautiously decended the stairway, we were overcome by many sensations—we were dazed, made dizzy, confused and charmed. Arriving at the bottom we entered our carriage and as we sped away we took a backward glimpse of the charming and unusual picture as presented by the Seven Falls and the Cheyenne Canyons.

The route to our "home and camping ground" was gone over in comparatively short time. However, on the way we stopped to witness a remarkable and glorious sunset. Round the horizon ran a thin mist with a brilliant depth of coloring. To the east, a blue gauze seemed to cover the valley as it sank into night, while the intervening ridges rose with increasing distinctness.

The valley itself was flooded with an exquisitely delicate light. A few fleecy clouds tinted in gold, pale salmon and sapphire, passed rapidly over the empurpled mountain range. The great shadow of Pike's Peak spread itself, cone-like, across the valley; the blue mists

COLORADO SPRINGS' BEAUTY SPOTS.

1—Stratton Park, Cheyenne Canyon. 2—South Cheyenne Canyon. 3—Williams Canyon. 4-5—Ute Pass and Rainbow Falls. 6—Cripple Creek. 7—Soda Springs. 8—Black Crags, Ute Pass. 9—Seven Falls. 10—Denver, Col. 11—Iron Springs. 12—Hell Gate, Hagerman Pass. 13—Pillars of Hercules.

were quenched; the distant mountains glowed like fairy hills for a few moments, and the sun poising itself like a great globe of fire in the darkening heavens, descended slowly below the golden ridge to illuminate another hemisphere.

At the conclusion of dinner that evening a portion of the "family" remained at "home" while several members of the younger element continued their tour of sight-seeing as well as possible by lamplight, or under the glare of the moon.

One incident, particularly worthy of mention, was brought to light by the discovery that Sir Knights Burry, Sample, Baumann, Greenawalt and Gilchrist, had disappeared. Not to be economical with the truth, it must be said that we were in a quandary as to what had become of them. A moment of relaxation—a concentration of thought, and the secret dawned upon us! It was remembered how interested this quintette was in those happy-spirited girls at the Iron Springs Hotel, where we had lunched during the day. It was also remembered by a few who were within hearing distance, that the same ladies had invited the runaways over for dinner, and had given the assurance that they would take it upon themselves to insure the "boys" a cordial reception. After dinner the five couples were to attend a dance in or about Colorado Springs. This arrangement, it was remembered, was agreed upon, and so the mystery was solved.

No wonder then that the lost sheep had "togged" themselves in their "very best" and had neatly shaven before they strayed from the fold. Burry, however, insisted upon clinging to his striped sweater, which resembled the American flag—he was a picturesque object as a cotillion leader. The injunction that was issued, and the conversation that transpired before they left was also remembered. "Burry," they said, "now listen. You are about to go among a brilliant assemblage of ladies, refined, cultured and thoroughly accomplished in the manners and customs of deportment in good society. Now Burry, be polite and obliging, and consider our opinion. If you want to command the just respect of the ladies—for in that make-up you can never win their friendly regard—your costume should only be such as is becoming your mother's drawing-room!"

Burry stood placidly contemplating. Then he remarked, smilingly: "Nope! No change! I'd rather be a living coward than a dead hero!"

So they called upon the maidens. It was 11 o'clock when they returned. They hadn't danced! They hadn't even dined! The girls had issued a proclamation that they would not attend the dance unless chaperoned by an aunt—a maiden lady of about 64 summers. The "boys" "reneiged" at this proposition. During the discussion

of this point of contention, the ladies entirely overlooked their proposition to serve dinner, and the boys didn't care to mention the oversight in the face of the first disappointment.

It was a concentrated raid that the wayfarers made upon the commissary car upon their return. It was amusing to behold the starving pilgrims. Driven by hunger, they munched watermelon to the very outer edge, and never paused for an instant to inspect the sandwiches, to determine whether or not their contents were sufficiently lean; but with one in each hand, and a stack within reaching distance, they kept busily at their tasks, unmindful of an enthusiastic and much amused audience.

The day closed with its characterization of momentous events and memories. There was not an individual in the party whose brain did not teem with thoughts and images, scenes and memories, invoked by the history of the day and of the venerable scenes that lay before us.

But among us all, there was no "voice of them that wept." Tears would have been out of place. The thoughts of what we had seen were filled with poetry, sublimity, and more than all—dignity. Wheresoever we had gone during the day, we were met by the kindest attention.

The hour is late, a breeze so soft and yet so invigorating, touched the cheek like a kind, familiar hand; it seemed to whisper sweetly to the ear: "The morrow will be fairer than this, come, come," it beckons, "Take a final glimpse of the surroundings." Behold! Nature sleeps, breathlessly—silently; perhaps she was dreaming of the spirit world that seems to draw so close to her on such a—g-o-o-d n-i-g-h-t.

One or two of our companions who have been accused of being implicated in the above incident, claim they were not among those who called upon the ladies. Should this be so, they need offer no apology as far as the incident is concerned; but inasmuch as they came home the same time as the guilty parties, displayed the same ravenous appetite, and offered no satisfactory account for their late arrival, they have not been entirely exonerated, and the circumstantial evidence remains unshaken.

CHAPTER V.

WE awoke early and refreshed on the morn which our calendars told us was Wednesday, August 24. All were ready to appreciate anew the wonders about us and the prospect of viewing such additional scenic grandeurs that time would permit, for minutes had value and we were scheduled to depart at 10:30 o'clock.

Several of the pilgrims drove to the Canyons and the Seven Falls; to Palmer Park and the Cheyenne Mountains. Others took a trip over "The Short Line," America's famous Mountain Highway. It is a ride of forty-five miles from Colorado Springs to the Cripple Creek Gold Camp, passing en route "Point Sublime," "St. Peter's Dome," "Devil's Slide," "Cathedral Park" and one continuous panorama of nature's most gorgeous mountain and canyon scenery. To describe such beauty and grandeur of Nature's artistic triumph would truly bankrupt the English language. Circle the globe, if you must, it will repay the time and expense. The mass of richly colored rock torn by the tempests of a thousand years rear their heads in all manner of fantastic shapes, brushing each other in wild disorder. The road starts where the beauty begins and chooses the loveliest spots as its pathway, over the mountains, circling around the tops of canyons, presenting Nature's handiwork with a bewildering magnificence. In the care of Mr. D. C. MacWatters, that wholesouled happy comrade (by the way a Pittsburgh boy) the trip was made doubly a pleasure.

We visited the Broadmoor Casino; Ruxton and Williams Canyons and Ute Pass; Glen Eyril; the Seven Lakes; Bruin Inn; the Smelters; Monument Park and the great variety of scenic wonders for which Colorado Springs is noted. With the Rocky Mountains, which are tributary to it, Colorado Springs contains within its borders a greater number and variety of wonderful scenic creations than can be found in any other equal area in the world.

We concluded our sight-seeing expedition of the morning by making a tour of the business section of Colorado Springs. The ladies, of course, called on the department stores and scrutinized and criticised the fashions and modes (some were ancient, they said) and purchased a parasol, a fan or some other souvenir which met their fancy. A hurried raid was made into some of the shops for

musical (?) instruments to replace such as were demolished in the raid on board the train sometime previous.

The city of Colorado Springs is pleasantly laid out with wide, tree-shaded streets, like a New England village spread broadly at the base of Pike's Peak. Here dwell great numbers of people who are physically unable to stand the rigors of the climate along the Atlantic coast. It is a veritable Eden for invalids. They come to regain the lost angel of health and seldom seek again unless they come too late. Many live here who could survive nowhere else. They long to return to their far-off homes; but home to them means death. The Colorado air sustains them; elsewhere they die. They long—some of them—for the snowy winters and flowery summers of their eastern homes. Others settle happily and contentedly in the endless sunshine of winterless, summerless Colorado.

The city proper was first settled in 1871, but as the name erroneously suggests, there are no springs nearer than Manitou. The climate of Colorado Springs is charming, so different from that of nearly every other region of the world in its sunshine, dryness, freedom from fog, its altitude and its daily light winds, that it is of great beneficial value for all human ailments. The advantages of the climate have been a great factor in increasing the population. At Colorado Springs the sun shines 304 days in the year—in New York but 263 days. The city has on one hand a magnificent mountain view and on the other a limitless landscape across the prairie lands. Here is located Colorado College and other public institutions and the National Printers' Home, supported by printers throughout the country.

The time for our departure was rapidly approaching. The party grouped about the station. The engine was attached to the "special." The engineer, a big good-souled fellow, was typical in his attire of blue jacket and overalls—a small cap which but partially covered his large head, and a bandanna around his neck. Everything about him was symbolic of his characteristics—good-natured, happy fellow—he stood by his cab, hand resting on the rail, facing the rear, awaiting orders and ready to ascend and pull open the throttle.

"A jolly party," he remarked, "What commandery did you say? Oh yes! I am a member of Omaha Commandery. I received orders to drive this "special" but I did not know who or what the party was, but soon as I sees you—well, well," he laughed, as his face flushed, "I told Jack," (the fireman) "I am going to have a holiday with this 'er party. Say Jack, give her plenty of oil and we'll have smooth driving. I'd give my year's salary to be with you all the way. Now look here, boys, you know what I'm going to do? I'll blow the whistle and throw the throttle wide open at every station

Courtesy Mr. D. C. Mac Watters.

SCENES ON THE C. S. & C. C. D. RY. (THE SHORT LINE).

1—Around the Top of South Cheyenne Canyon. 2—Mountain view from Point Sublime. 3—Broadmoor and Plains from Pt. Sublime. 4—Approaching Duffields. 5—The Short Line Penetrating the Rockies. 6—Three Elevations of Track. 7—Colorado Springs and Tunnel. 8—St. Peter's Dome. 9—Rock Creek Castles. 10—The Short Line in Cheyenne Canyons. 11—Cathedral Rocks. 12—Rounding the Devil's Slide.

and the inhabitants will wonder what happened. I just tell you it will be no Mormon pilgrimage crossing this 'ere state!"

This same engineer sat in his cab, head propped out of the window, wearing one of the Allegheny commandery's fatigue caps all the way. Yes, he was one of us, a worthy addition to the happy family; and for several reasons he will always remember the meeting.

This engineer was merely a specimen of the pleasing good-natured manhood among the employees of the various railroads over which we traveled.

"Say, Wood-ze, how soon?" was asked. "Ten minutes," replied the obliging Pullman conductor who had entered so deeply into our affections that the formal identity of "Mr. Woods" had long since been supplanted by the more familiar term.

A few moments were left in which to take a long memorable look at Pike's Peak. There was something subduing in the influence of that silent, solemn and awful presence. One seemed in the very presence of the indestructible and eternal and to appreciate the trivial and fleeting nature of one's own existence. The contrast seemed sharp. The spirit of the great rock has looked down, through the slow drift of the ages upon millions of men of many races and judged them as it will judge a million more, and shall still stand dauntlessly upon its throne, unchanged and ever watching, after life shall have gone and the earth become a vacant desolation. What is the mysterious spell humanity finds about Pike's Peak that is absent from the surrounding mountains? That strange, deep, nameless influence, which once felt, cannot be forgotten and creates an insatiable desire to experience it again.

Probably moved by this strong influence, Sir Oscar Schulze, to the great astonishment of all present, expressed his determination to again ascend the summit of the peak. This, of course, would have been impossible, if he would accompany our party. So we pleaded with him and exhausted every effort in prevailing upon him to defer such an undertaking until some future time, but Oscar was persistent and would not yield—then, to the surprise of all, he demonstrated his superb idea.

At the station stood an immense telescope. He approached the telescopist and announced that he desired to make an ascent to the summit and inquired if there was any danger. "No," replied the telescopist, "not by telescope." He concluded by adding that he had taken a great many parties to the summit that way and "never lost a man." Oscar then announced that he would start immediately. His determination was calmly expressed; the dare and spirit was upon him. As he had committed himself, he would not

back down—he would ascend the Peak if it cost him his life. He told the man to slant his machine in the proper direction—and he was off.

Oscar invited one of our companions to go along but he was afraid to risk the dangers of the trip. Oscar gave him fresh courage by assuring him that he would hold his hand all the way. With a perceptible tremble, our companion consented.

Taking a last pathetic look upon the summer scene about them, they fixed their eyes to the glass and prepared to ascend to the summit of everlasting snow. The mountain-top was brilliant under the glare of the sun and seemed hardly 1,000 yards away. Objects and details on the very top were clearly discernible and with sharp distinctness they beheld a woman, but much to the regret of the ladies in the party they were unable to "describe her dress." They could see her nod to the people about her and raise her hand to hold her hat on, while she used the other hand to shield her eyes from the sun. It seemed incredible that the woman was in reality so far away. When they turned their eyes away from the instrument, everything was vague and the mountain monster alone commanded the vision of the eye. As our friend Oscar shouted a triumphant "Ah!" over the impressive scene the telescope offered, a startled man at their elbows cried: "All a-b-o-a-r-d!"

They jumped off the summit in an instant, for they preferred to be with the happy family who were already aboard, rather than to be orphaned upon the mountain-top. We bid the Peak a final good-bye—possibly for all time. How surely, at some future day, when the memory of it shall have lost its vividness shall we half-believe that we have ever seen these many creative geniuses in a wonderful dream rather than with waking eyes.

As our train started, it was difficult to determine whether the engine or the Pittsburgh tobies smoked by the engineer and fireman were casting back the greatest gusts of smoke. We whirled along for an hour or more without any conflict among the "stag" coach constituents, worth mentioning. It was a 24 hour ride to Salt Lake City. However, the employments and amusements which were prepared on an elaborate scale, whiled away the time merrily. There was an endless strain of cheerful, chattering gossip which sounded throughout each of the coaches. A little reading was indulged in and much smoking and sewing, although not by the same parties.

In the "stag" coach a delightful, harmless game of euchre was in progress, the most amusing feature of which was Burry's persistency in calling upon "Kings and Queens" and never finding them at home. During the game it was proposed to hold a euchre party on an elaborate scale, in the evening—full dress, of course,

Courtesy Mr. Frank S. Thayer.

THE CANYONS OF COLORADO.

1—Black Canyon of the Gunnison (Showing the Currecanti Needle in Distance). 2—Clear Creek Canyon (The Hanging Rock). 3—Platte Canyon. 4—Grand Canyon of the Arkansas (The Royal Gorge). 5—Grand Canyon of the Arkansas (The Royal Gorge and Suspended Bridge). 6—Canyon of the Grand River (near Glenwood Springs showing the Mirror). 7—Canyon of the Grand River (near Glenwood Springs showing Tunnel).

and Gilchrist took especial care to notify Burry that he could not participate in the sweater that had seen service at a social function at Manitou. Gilchrist laid great emphasis upon the fact that the glaring striped design of the sweater might lead the residents along the railway to believe that the "special" was a convict train, once they gained sight of the garment.

Burry denied Gilchrist the right to bar the sweater because it had already been "barred" by the designer, but he was out-voted and promised to appear attired as a citizen at the promised social event of the evening.

At the conclusion of the "stag" coach euchre game, Sir Seiling took occasion to announce a most agreeable surprise in the shape of a feast of melons. He had purchased several armsful at Colorado Springs. "They were the real things," he said. "Knew they were Rockyfords. Grew right in the neighborhood." Mouths were watering as he declared his exclusive, professional knowledge of what a respectable melon should be like.

Finally he brought forth the fruit and called for a knife. A murmur of suppressed laughter came from several quarters, and Seiling believing this to be an expression of appreciation of the delicacies about to be offered, cut firmly and deeply. The first of the alleged melons fell apart. Then Seiling nearly fell apart. The terrible truth dawned upon him. He had bought pumpkins for melons —his reputation was shattered! Only when his invited guests promised to string the pumpkin seeds into a necklace for him as a token of appreciation of his good intention, could his humiliation be eased.

As we sped onward, every mile disclosed new and wondrous views. We sat in our quarters as spectators of a moving panorama. The diversity of subjects was endless. The combinations of form and color, of light and shadow, of foreground and distance, were constantly changing. Skirting southward, we arrived at Pueblo. Here Vulcan has fired his forges with red molten matter from mines of gold, silver, lead, copper and iron.

The community is a center of western commerce; they term it the "Pittsburgh of the West." However, in our eyes, it resembled our home city only in the clouds of smoke that overhang it. A tinge of homesickness overcame us, but in a moment it was forgotten.

Canyon City is 41 miles westward and the journey to that city is of the most interesting nature. Presently a new interest is aroused when, four miles west, the road enters the Royal Gorge in the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas. Perhaps nothing in the whole range of the Rockies is more awe inspiring. It overpowers the beholder in its effect.

The canyon is formed by a mighty fissure in the living rock, wrought by some stupendous upheaval in the ages of long ago. With a base of about 50 feet in width, it widens out until the top spreads open some 70 feet. The walls rise up a sheer 3,000 feet above the level of the river that rushes by in its narrow bed. Walled in between these monster rocks, which are marble-like in their many hues, it is little to be wondered at that the imagination is staggered with the effort to comprehend the full sublimity of the scene. As one gazes in silent awe at this miracle in rock, thoughts cannot linger elsewhere. One sees, gradually realizes and then remembers!

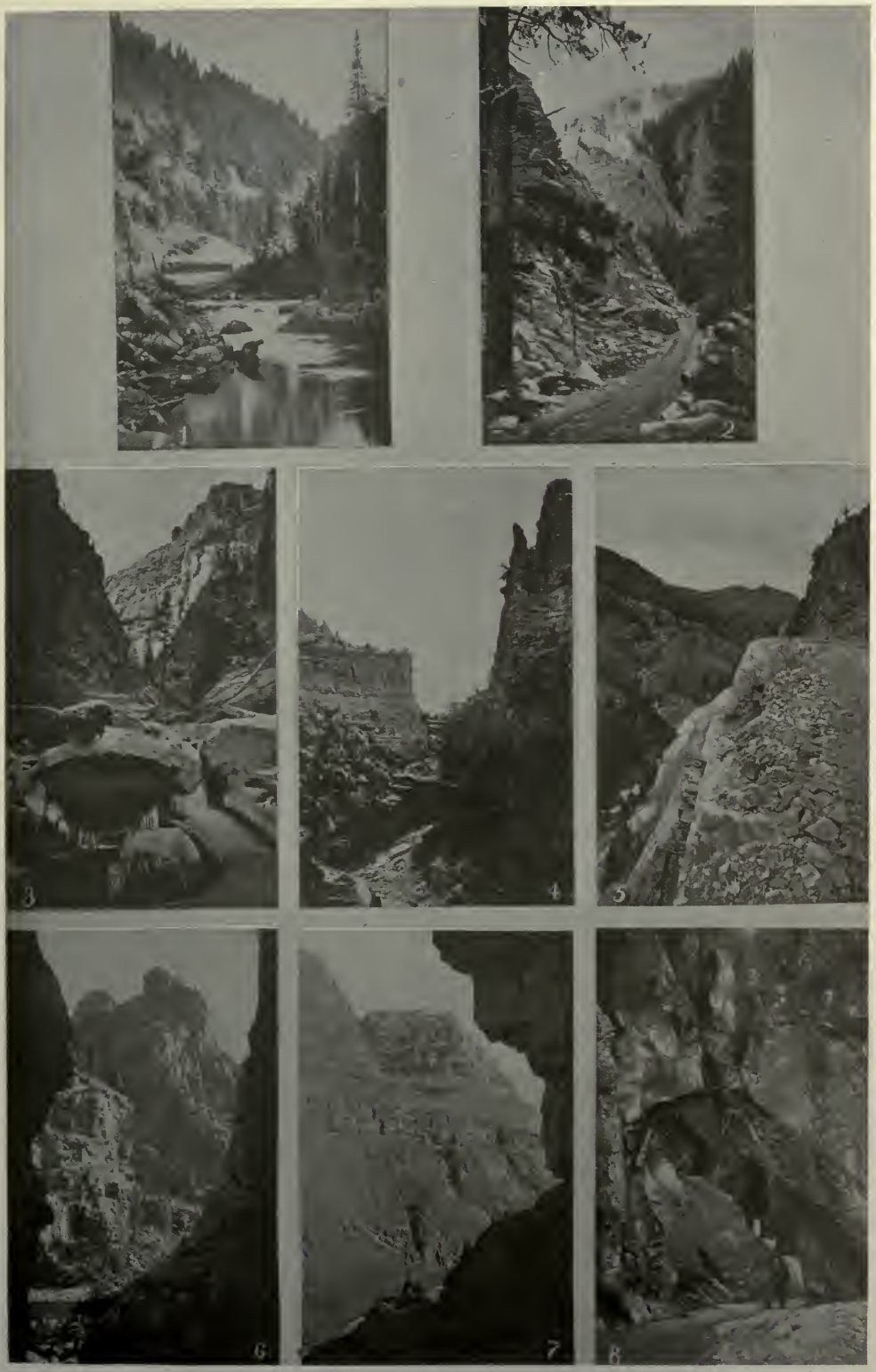
The Gorge, smooth and unbroken by tree or shrub, rises into the skies and leaps into enternity. Great engineering skill was displayed in the laying of track in short and bold curves along the railway route, which winds its way along the rushing stream at the base of the mighty cliffs. The train moves slowly through the wondrous gorge. The p-u-f-f, p-u-f-f, p-u-f-f of the engine was met with echoes of great volume and it was impossible to count the astonishing clatter of reverberations. The echoes were so long-continued and gave such an indication of cordiality that they were enjoyed by everyone.

Out of the great canyon, and in sight of our "special," there arose innumerable lofty, picturesque mountains, the summits of which were covered with snow. The great encircling walls of rock and snow contrasted grandly with the beauteous scenes beneath. The snows had wonderful effect as we looked up to them from the moving train. They flashed gloriously in the sunlight above the mists of the valley; they had a rosy glow in the evening sunset and when the sun had entirely departed and before darkness completely shrouded them, they gleamed afar off with a cold and spectral light that made them appear as possessions of a region over which man has never trod.

The deep black gorges in the mountains look mysterious. Here and there the sun lights up some little grassy ravine and then displays splintered rock rising in wild confusion. Often long lines of white clouds lie among the mountain summits, while at other times every peak and precipice wall is distinctly marked against the deep blue sky. The valley is especially striking where it lies partly in golden sunlight and partly within the shadows of its great hills.

The journey offers new scenic grandeurs almost continuously. Innumerable objects of interest present themselves upon every hand. A thousand novel impressions photograph themselves upon the minds through the eyes' lens. At times one would imagine that nature has reversed the elements and that skyland and earthland were transposed and the world had turned topsy-turvy.

With two engines to draw the "special" we slowly plowed along,



Courtesy Mr. Frank S. Thayer.

THE CANYONS OF COLORADO.

1—Eagle River Canyon (Between Leadville and Glenwood Springs). 2—Boulder Canyon. 3—Los Pinos Canyon (Toltec Gorge, showing train of cars entering tunnel). 4—Williams Canyon (The Amphitheatre). 5—Uncompahgre Canyon (Ouray and Silverton Toll Road). 6—Box Canyon (near Ouray). 7—Grand Canyon of the Colorado. 8—Black Canyon of the Gunnison (Side View, Showing the Currecanti Needle).

winding about and climbing the steep mountain grade for an hour or two. Presently the locomotives seemed to take wings and appeared to be leaping into the very clouds and ere we knew it, we were on the top of the range of the mighty Rockies at an altitude of 10,200 feet. Thus Salida and Malta were passed and Leadville reached—the giant baby city—the youngest and most wonderful child of the prolific west! Gaining world-famed reputation as a mining camp, Leadville grew up like a mushroom, and it is one of the highest cities, in point of altitude, in the world.

In the early days of Colorado, this was the great gold placer mining camp of California Gulch. Afterwards it produced enormous quantities of silver from the extensive carbonate beds discovered in 1876 and the population at once expanded to 30,000, while its name was changed to Leadville. Of late, gold mining has again become profitable, while the yield of silver, which at one time reached $13,000,000 annually, has been much reduced owing to the decline in value. Lead is also found in great quantities.

At Leadville some of our party left the train and purchased specimens of ore from urchins about the station who traffic largely in these souvenirs with passing tourists. By the way, who was it who received the lead quarter in change during such a transaction, and only became aware of it when it was too late to go back? However, the coin was surely an appropriate memento of Leadville. Sir William J. Staiger, in fatigue uniform, entered the station lunch-room to buy a sandwich. When he inquired the price, the pleasant waitress replied, "Five cents to railroad men."

A few miles northwest from the crest of Tennessee Pass, lies the famous mountain of the Holy Cross, whose peak attains an altitude of 14,200 feet. This snow-white banner of Christian faith has been engraved by nature into the brown brow of the mountain, at its very apex. The cross is formed by two transverse canyons of great depth running down and across the mountain. Everlasting snow finds repose in the bed of these ravines and marks the symbol of Christianity perfectly. It is a wondrous and most impressive sight to behold this sign "set in the heavens." This great pure white cross, shining high above all the turbulence of the earth, appears as a mute invitation for faith, hope and charity for all mankind to look up to. Halfway between earth and heaven, this cross of the Creator's making seems as a link by which both spheres may be joined together.

Turning our faces to the setting sun, we continued our journey. We found ourselves on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, where the Eagle River takes its rise, gathering volume and strength from hundreds of snow-fed tributaries and rushing down through the gorge known as Eagle River Canyon, to join the Grand.

"Look! Look! Look!" shouted "Vic," pointing upward. The walls near the summit were pierced with the shafts and tunnels of mines and up near the rugged heights one catches glimpses of the shaft-houses and miners' cabins perched on the mountain brink like eagles' nests.

As the evening sun set in its flood of crimson and gold, the glory of the glow would dazzle the strong eye of the eagle. Gradually it paled to a soft primrose—then to eternal green. Later the pearly gray clouds were rose-flushed by an after-glow more vivid than the sunset itself; a rich, full carmine which quickly faded away to the cold, intense blue of a Colorado night. A fitful, light breeze arose, creating a melancholy, mournful wail which vibrated among the rocks and waters with a low, surging sound—a wild mountain melody.

After dinner that evening, we remembered, in the words of a famous author, that it was "the night of the party," the euchre party. It was to be "ladies night" in the "stag" coach. The ladies, attired in their finest, were gallantly escorted to their places and every seat was occupied.

What a remarkable change had come over the dear old "stag" coach! It had been finely groomed under process of housecleaning. The old home of the "rowdy bunch" and their associates had been smoothed of its usual aspect of being the play-ground of a rough and ready, frolicsome crowd of wandering pilgrims. In accord with the appearance of the coach, an atmosphere of good behavior prevailed, which must have been fully as great a surprise to the coach as its own appearance was to the occupants.

The conduct of the "boys" within the confines of their own "roost" was not only a revelation but was gratifying and surprising —even laughably so—and a real treat for the guests. But my, how many cautions, promptings and rehearsals were necessary to accomplish the perfect staging of this comedy "of good behavior."

The game was on. Mirth and laughter arose in loud peals from the contestants who were challenging each other's skill and often drowned the announcements to "assist" and commands to "take it up." Out of the continuous strain of converse and laughter, it was difficult to determine who were successful. Those who did not participate gathered about the side doors of the commissary car and viewed the spectacle with keen gratification.

But another and more wondrous sight greeted the spectators from without. A spectacle that found its strength in its serenity—its sublime, gorgeous beauty whose silence was its eloquence, and whose brilliancy was upon its surface. The train was high in the mountains—climbing, climbing and circling about in many curves on a shelf of granite hewn out of the perpendicular cliffs. The

The Scenic Lines, The D. & R. G. R. R. and the "Moffat Road."

SCENIC GEMS OF COLORADO.

1—Animas Canyon (Through it flows the Rio de Las Animas de Pérdidas, The River of Lost Souls). 2-3-4—Mountain of the Holy Cross (Seen from the crest of Fremont and Tennessee Pass). 5—Eagle River Canyon (Mine Shaft and Tunnels near the Summit). 6—The Palisades. 7—Snow-banks on "Moffat Road," 60 miles from Denver. 8—The Walls of the Canyon—Grand River. 9—Salida, Colorado. 10—A range of snow crowned mountains. 11—Mountain lion. 12—Burros (We helped to build the Railroad). 13—Near Mt. Alto Park, Switzerland Trail.

powerful headlights of the engines and the glare from the palatial coaches illuminated the rock on every side. Our souls became imbued with the spectacle that unfolded itself before our eyes. The walls of these crevices assumed magical shapes. Colors, tints and unnamed tones which are foreign to the artist's palette, illuminated these cliffs and turned everything to a green, red, yellow aqua marine or mother-of-pearl, by gradations of astonishing delicacy.

On the other side, clearly detached by a sharp escarpment, are towering rocks like spires of gigantic cathedrals; rising so proud, so elegant, so bold and so stately. Words fail to express the unexpected outlines and peculiar shapes of these rocks. Their tops are broken and indented in the form of saw teeth, while gable ends and crosses are effected by these peaks and vertical walls, some of which even slope outward and overhang the railroad tracks.

Passing through this brilliant gash in the mountain, we entered the canyon of the Grand River, approached through the valley of the Eagle River. High bluffs hemmed us in on the left, while the river bank twisted itself along on the right. Gigantic specimens of ancient architecture hewed out of the rock by the mallet of nature, rose above us. Suggestions of the Pyramids and the Sphinx look out of the rock piled structures on every hand. Columns, bastions, walls, buttresses, towers and statues in solid stone are created out of the wonderful and natural formations.

Emerging from this dreamland of stone, we entered Glenwood Springs at 9:30 o'clock in the evening. A brief delay afforded us the opportunity and pleasure of viewing the surrounding country from the station platform. We found Glenwood Springs nestled in the midst of beauteous mountain landscapes. Its fame rests in its well-earned reputation as a health and pleasure resort and it is principally noted for its hot springs, where but a few years ago, the Ute Indians bathed in their native freedom.

The Colorado Hotel, one block from the station, calls forth admiration in its architectural design, situated as it is, at the base of the mountains. It commands a richly picturesque view in overlooking the Grand River and all the surrounding valleys.

All this while, as the beauties of nature's handiwork are being revealed, the euchre party continued without interruption. Ofttimes, the non-participants, who were enjoying the rich treat to its fullest, called the attention of the players to the marvels.

The euchre party concluded hostilities as we reached Grand Valley. After a count of the maimed and wounded, it was discovered that Sir William S. Watson had captured the first prize. The writer is not certain whether this trophy consisted of Burry's sweater or Seiling's aggregation of pumpkin melons. Unfortunately, the con-

solation prize was won by one of the ladies and consisted of the "Alarm Clock." The lady indignantly refused to accept the "prize" and felt that the record of being the greatest loser was humiliation enough to bear. So "he" was discarded. Evidently, he wasn't the "right" bower. With accustomed form, a luncheon was prepared and the entertainment voted a glorious success.

At the conclusion of festivities, other comrades join the party in the commissary car, and told and re-told of the wonderful scenes witnessed while riding through the canyons. How long we remained in the commissary car absorbing the scenic grandeurs as they passed in the night, would be difficult to tell. We felt ourselves embraced simultaneously by three elements—the awe and beauty about us, the cheer and good-fellowship of each other and the romance of the starlighted sky. These impulses wove a three-fold spell about our senses, while our intellects and souls seemed free and emancipated from earthly trammels. Each moment seemed to draw us nearer to the realm of the stars which glistened so brilliantly above us. Suddenly we found ourselves growing drowsy—luxuriantly sleepy. It was after midnight. Everything was hushed and the silence that belongs to the wide expanse of starlighted heavens prevailed. Not a sound disturbed the stilly night to detract from the planets as they hung like golden balls in the clear sky. The star dust of planetary systems—whole universes—stretched away bewilderingly into the unutterable void of boundless immensity, mapping out here and there the trackless thoroughfares of God in the midnight skies.

The Scenic Lines, The D. & R. G. R. R. and the "Moffat Road."

PORTALS OF GRANDEUR.

1—Gray's and Torrey's Peaks (Torrey's Peak, height 14,336 feet; Gray's Peak, height 14,341 feet). 2—Mount Sopris, altitude 14,300 feet. 3—The Famous Camp Bird Mine. 4—Portals of the Grand. 5—Hanging Lake (near Glenwood). 6—Looping the Mountains. 7—Mountain Goat. 8—Devil's Tower. 9—Mancos Canyon Cliff Dwellers Ruins. 10—Devil's Slide. 11—The Columbine, Colorado's State Flower. 12—Big game in sight of train. 13—The Moose. 14—Home of the Redman. 15—Elk "natural" Park (in the Rockies). 16—The Deer (meal time). 17—Castle Gate (Price River Canyon, Utah). 18—Dainty Waterfall. 19—A Picturesque spot for the fisherman.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the early morning—shortly after the ever faithful "Alarm Clock" had beckoned us into Thursday, August 25th, we watched the silent battle of dawn and darkness upon the land of Utah with placid interest. As we observed the shadows gradually sink away and saw the hidden beauties unfold themselves in splendor—when the still surface became belated like a rainbow with broad bars of blue and green and white half the distance from the circumference to the centre—when we gazed upon the mountain ridges feathered with pines, jutting white caps, bold promontories, grand sweeps of rugged scenery topped with bald, glimmering peaks —all magnificently pictured in the polished mirror of the waters, in richest, softest detail, the tranquil interest that was born of the morning, deepened and deepened by sure degrees, till it culminated at last in resistless fascination.

After breakfast we felt fresh and vigorous. We left our seats hurriedly and just in time, as we plunged through the arcades of the "Castle Gate" which guards the entrance to Price River Canyon. "Castle Gate" bears a great similarity to the "Gateway" of the "Garden of the Gods." The two high pillars of rock forming it are continuations of spurs of the cliffs behind and each rises about 500 feet. They are rich red in color and the pines and firs which grow around their base form a fine color contrast. Between these promontories runs the river and the railroad, pressing closely upon one another. The turreted rocky cliffs and the rushing river with tangled brush overhanging, forms a picture that deeply impresses the wayfarer.

Presently the ascent of the Wasatch range is accomplished and the Mormon citadel is finally entered. At once we appreciated the beauty of the great city of the plains and the handiwork of the sturdy pioneer.

Railroads have made the Rocky Mountain country familiar and contiguous to the whole world. The canyons, the bald and blackened cliffs, the velvety park and the snowy, silent peak that forever rests against the soft, blue sky, are ever new. The foamy green of the torrents has whirled past the giant walls of nature's mighty fortress myriads of years, perhaps, and the stars have looked down into the great heart of earth for centuries, where the silver thread of

streams, thousands of feet below, have been patiently carving out the canyon where the eagle, the wind and the solemn echo have their home.

Arriving at Salt Lake City at 10:40 o'clock, our committee chartered a train for a run to Saltair Beach, a magnificent bathing resort on the great Salt Lake. The 14 mile spin across the valley to the lake was exhilarating. The imposing, gigantic pavilion, numerous piers and many bath houses which mark the resort, were seen several miles away. The pavilion is of Moorish design, forming a monster crescent in the arms of the sea. The waters are very shallow, averaging only 20 feet in depth and not over 50 feet in the deepest places. The shores on the desert plateau are monotonously flat, though the resort itself stands 4,200 feet above sea level. The dimensions of the lake varies according to the rainfall, the surface rising and falling at various periods in the year. Several streams feed the lake, among which is the Jordan River, 40 miles long, which drains Utah Lake to the southward.

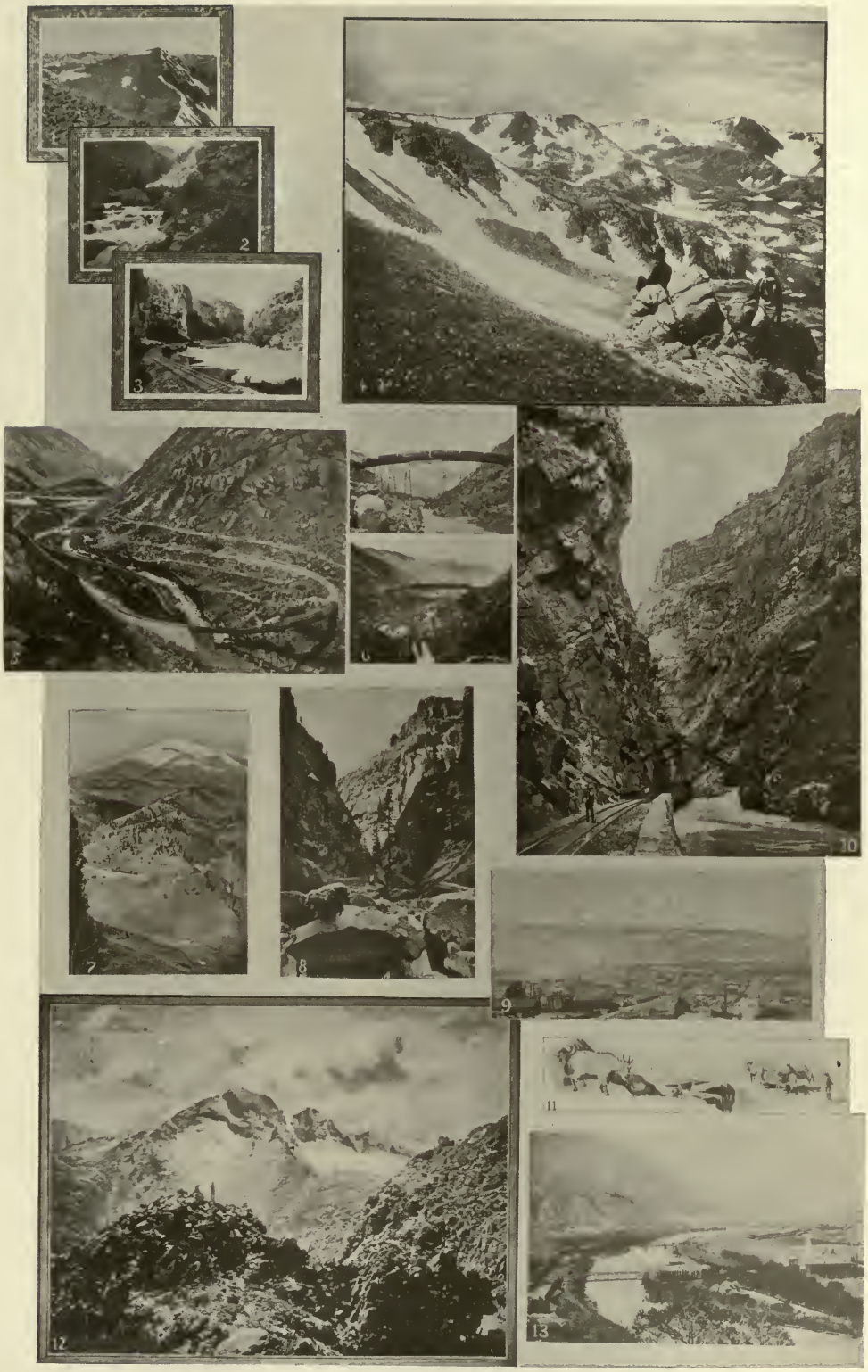
The waters are densely salt, varying from 14 to 22 per cent. as the waters are high or low (compared with three to four per cent. in the ocean). The lake is estimated to contain 400,000,000 tons of salt. Not a fish can exist within it, with the exception of a small brine shrimp. The waves are light blue or green and as they dance upon the surface, it is difficult to distinguish which color prevails.

Bathing in Salt Lake is novel. The density of the water makes the body very buoyant, easily floating head and shoulders above the waves, and is so great that a person is sustained on the surface indefinitely, while it is impossible for the human body to sink.

Suddenly, at a moment when the bathers were in their highest glee, a frightful slashing in the waters riveted the attention of all! The sun was eclipsed for an instant as two immense objects passed through the air, followed by another and greater commotion in the waters. The ladies thought it some monster sea serpent. The men believed the monster beds of salt had exploded and hoped for the best. As the frantic struggle in the waters continued, the bravest of the men cautiously tread near to observe what particular mammoths of the sea were in deadly combat. They sought and found —it was merely Sir Knights Gilchrist and Reel trying to learn how to swim.

Each of these two gentlemen consumes six feet of space, when standing erect, and fortunately for them, Salt Lake rebelled when they threw themselves upon its waters and refused to take in more than three feet of each. They floated higher than anyone else and their frantic efforts were consequently not fatal to them.

One of the spectators on the shore was an Indian—not a Mor-



The Scenic Lines, The D. & R. G. R. R. and the "Moffat Road."

AUDITORIUM OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

1—Summit Gray's Peak. 2—Platte Canyon. 3—Canyon of the Grand River. 4—Arapahoe Peaks. 5—Famous Georgetown Loop. 6—High Bridge and Falls in the Loop. 7—Marshall Pass and Mount Ouray (showing three elevations of track). 8—Toltec Gorge. 9—The City of Leadville and Mt. Massive. 10—Royal Gorge. 11—Mountain Goat. 12—Arapahoe Peak (Colorado). 13—Glenwood Springs.

mon Indian, nor one of the wooden tribe—but a real, live, fast-color red man. His powerful stature and historic ancestry made him a desirable model for an amateur lady photographer. As she leveled her weapon upon him, the Indian haughtily objected. His modesty forbade him to pose for a likeness—although he admitted that for a small money consideration he would forego the modesty. As the lady was not a believer in the commercial in art, she did not take kindly to the recompense proposed and continued to level her instrument upon him. With indignation, the Indian picked up a corn cob and was about to let it fly in the direction of the photographer when she hastily closed her camera and took "French leave," for more serene objects of interest.

Every member of the party, almost without exception, took a plunge in the briny waters of Salt Lake. Sir Lee was timid about casting himself upon the waves owing to his old enemy—rheumatism. This malady often seizes him and his sufferings on such occasions are not matters of jest. However, after repeated invitations of "Oh, come on in Bill—it's fine," he decided to take issue against his rheumatics.

Attiring himself in a gorgeous bathing suit, he stepped out of the bath house into the chilly air and strode toward the beach. He shivered violently and hastened back and sought seclusion once more in civilian attire.

Unfortunately, his rheumatics seized him with earnestness. Every member of the party offered a remedy via his throat. The sympathies of the ladies were especially benefiting to him but it was only after continued inward application of the preparation offered him that aid was realized. Noting the kind attention that was bestowed upon Sir Lee while in the throes of his affliction, Sirs Robert and Reese soon became seized with similar symptoms and publicly announced that they too, were smitten with rheumatics. However, "Bill" not desiring to see fond attention wasted on counterfeit ailments, secretly spread the information that Reese and Robert were suffering from a contagious disease which often follows bathing in salty water. The two would-be rheumatics at once became isolated, inasmuch as everyone fled when they drew near. While being a strong prescription for the two, it was remarkable how quickly it effected a permanent cure.

The inevitable curio store is found at Saltair Beach in many numbers. The salt of the earth and the salt of the sea together with unsalted and saltable curios of all descriptions, make silent appeal to the pocketbook of the visitor.

On the great pavilion is a monster dance floor. Here the "stag" coach contingent arose to the height of the occasion. They tripped the light fantastic and cut figures in a manner to bring them addi-

tional laurels. Who they danced with is not a matter for publication, for in a Mormon country one must do as the Mormons do.

Probably owing to the stimulating effect of the brine upon the skin or the saline air upon the lungs, or both, our appetites were greatly sharpened after the bath and we sought and devoured a hearty meal.

The only sad feature of our stay at Saltair was the realization of the fact that "Vic" was to leave us. The call to duty, urgent by the demands of business, made it necessary for him to return. His kindly manner during his stay with us cemented him firmly in our affections and it was with considerable mutual remorse that he departed.

We returned to Salt Lake City at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and at once boarded a "sight-seeing" car which afforded us a thorough inspection of the city. Salt Lake City, which is often termed "Zion" by the Mormon "faithful," has been so often and so thoroughly described that most people are acquainted with the beauties of the community. It was here that we met Mr. D. E. Burley, General Passenger Agent for the Oregon Short Line railroad. He is a "hale fellow well met," cherished by all that know him. He showed our party every attention.

The city is situated at the base of a spur of the rugged and beautiful Wahsatch Mountains. The northern limits extend to the "bench" or uplands which join the plains to the mountains. The streets are exceptionally wide, being 132 feet in width, including sidewalks 20 feet wide, and are beautified and made comfortable by numerous shade trees. Along each side of the streets runs a clear, cool stream of water, supplied from the mountain canyons. These rivulets, together with gardens and fruit and shade trees with which the residences are supplied, gives the city an indescribable air of comfort and repose and lends the enchantment of rural life within city limits.

In July 1847, when the sight of the present city was a desert region, Brigham Young, after being driven from Nauvoo, on the Mississippi, brought his first Mormon colony across the plains and mountains and landed his band of 143 followers on the ground which was destined to become Salt Lake City. They organized the State of Deseret which afterward became a territory of the United States.

By prodigious labors in constructing irrigation canals bringing down the mountain streams, the Mormons made the soil productive and changed the desert into one of the most fertile valleys in the country. Almost the complete flow of the Jordan River is thus used for irrigation purposes. Colonies and proselytes were

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1—Wahsatch Mountains. 2—Moonlight on Salt Lake. 3—West Shore Antelope Island, Salt Lake. 4—Cliffs of Gunnison Island, Salt Lake, and trestle of the "Ogden-Lucin Cut-off." 5—Pelicon Bay, Salt Lake. 6—Black Rock, Salt Lake. 7—Temple Square (Assembly Hall, Tabernacle and Temple). 8—Tabernacle Organ. 9—Mormon colony crossing the plains (1847). 10—Saltair from the Beach.

gathered from all sections of the world until 200,000 Mormons were located in Utah.

After protracted conflicts with the government, polygamy was declared illegal and its discontinuance was ordered by a proclamation of the Mormon president. In Salt Lake City alone, it is said the Latter Day Saints and Gentiles together exceed 50,000.

Extensive mining interests in the nearby country afford much revenue to the city. The lofty Wasatch Mountains loom up impressively on the northern and eastern sides of the city, while to the south, rising beyond a stretch of 100 miles of plains, is a magnificent range of snow-covered mountains, offering an awe-inspiring view from all portions of the city.

As the guide called our attention to the various handsome residences there was one invariable query on our part—"How many wives has he?" The guide took the question goodnaturedly but pleaded ignorance of the official count.

After a tour of the city, natural curiosity made us eager to get a peep "over the garden wall" which encloses the "Temple Square" adorned by the three main edifices of the Latter Day Saints, whose particular architecture is of general knowledge.

"Temple Square," which is the sacred square of the Mormons, forms the hub of all the streets in the city, which are laid out toward the four cardinal points of the compass. Safely guarded behind a high wall, stands the great granite Mormon Temple which was 40 years in building and which cost $4,000,000. Three pointed towers grace each end, the loftiest of which is surmounted by a gilded figure of the Mormon angel, Moroni.

Within the "garden wall" is also the Mormon Tabernacle, a high, oval-shaped structure whose roof is rounded like a turtle back. It has a seating capacity of 8,000 within its walls, which stretch 250 feet from east to west and 150 feet from north to south. The roof is supported by 46 columns of sandstone. From these pillars, or walls, the roof springs in one unbroken arch, forming a large, self-sustaining house top. The ceiling rises 63 feet above the floor and has wonderful acoustic properties.

At the west end of the tabernacle is situated a great organ, one of the largest in America. Seats about the organ accommodate a chorus of 550 singers. After listening to an organ recital, we were given a demonstration of the wonderful acoustic properties of the building. A whisper, and even the dropping of a pin, was clearly audible at a distance of over 200 feet.

"Assembly Hall" is a stone structure of less pretention and is devoted to the deliberations of the church potentates. The grounds about the buildings are beautifully parked, while a statue of Brig-

ham Young who designed and laid the corner-stone of the temple, stands within the shadow of that edifice.

Upon going eastward from the south entrance of the square, we entered the "Tithing Yard" and church offices. The "Lion" and "Bee Hive" houses are then encountered while opposite stands the "Amelia Palace" erected by Brigham Young for his favorite helpmate. Nearby is "Eagle Gate," the entrance to Young's former spacious private grounds, recently reconstructed by the city government.

Immediately north and east of "Eagle Gate" is the grave of Brigham Young, where, surrounded by several of his wives, he sleeps beneath an unpretentious granite slab.

Following dinner, we strolled about town, touring the principal streets. The shops, stores and business houses were closed for the most part, and the city was at rest. Illumination was poor and far below that of the average city. Few streets lamps were lit and those that were burned low. Beyond the business district no lights disturbed the peaceful tranquility and the aspect did not appeal kindly to us. We almost neglected to mention that in our tour of inspection to-day, we saw a wash line with a sheriff sale stock of long wet hose—looks suspicious. Why not one flag, one country and one wife? Matrimony is a good thing but it can be and is overdone.

Shortly we returned to the hotel, rested for an hour or two, and then wended our way through the dark thoroughfares to the depot of the Oregon Short Line Railroad.

Our "special" was in waiting as usual. Its contrasting brightness and cheerfulness greeted us invitingly. The feeling of comfort and "glad to be home again" pervaded every pilgrim in the party. At 9 o'clock we were speeding away for a night's ride to Monida, Mont., which is the starting point for that eventful, arduous, stupendous and soul-gratifying stage ride of one week, through the Yellowstone National Park.

The night aboard the train offered no special incidents, any further than the general activity in gathering together and packing articles of clothing and necessities for the one week's tour through the great Yellowstone National Park. This journey which we were to enter upon in the morning, was anticipated as one of the most important epochs of our transcontinental tour. With this in mind, all retired early to free the mind from excitement and prepare the physical for the grand, strenuous expedition to come.

CHAPTER VII.

LL night we rode north through the state of Idaho, arriving at Monida, Montana, at 8 o'clock in the morning. Monida, which is one of the gateways of the railroad to the Yellowstone National Park, is situated in a broad, low pass on the crest of the main range of the Rocky Mountains which forms the boundary line between the states of Montana and Idaho—hence the name—Mon-Ida.

So well had we prepared ourselves and so thoroughly had all been impressed with the fact that there must be no delay, that everybody was ready to board the coaches in waiting when we arrived at Monida. The ladies were punctual and as we left our "special" promptly at 8 o'clock on this calm and fair Friday morning, August 26, there was no occasion for the slightest delay.

Stepping from the cars, we stood face to face with the strenuous life of the west, which is so strongly advocated by President Roosevelt. A string of two and four horse Concord coaches of the Monida and Yellowstone Stage Company were awaiting to carry us to the threshold of the National Park.

The fiery mustangs were prancing and rearing in wild excitement for the start. Their drivers—men who have been reared among the mustangs and know and love them and place a confidence in them that they would ne'er repose in man; men who believe in swearing by their horse and against mankind—they, too, were impatient for the start. The excitement that pervaded the rearing, frothing, plunging horses, also influenced them, and they were eager to get started and above all, to be in the lead and stay there.

The sight of the stage coaches, the nervous mustangs and impatient drivers, together with the realization that our good, old, faithful and ever-inviting "special" was to be left for a week and the knowledge of the fact that we were about to enter upon an expedition within an expedition, keyed the pilgrims up to almost the same height of excitement that pervaded everything about us.

Lustily we cheered and yelled farewells and bon voyages to one another and to the "special" as we entered the coaches to which each had been assigned. It was worth a life-time of city toiling to perch in the fore-top with the driver and see the mustangs in the long line of coaches scamper under the sharp snapping of the

whip which was continuously swept over them with the skill of the men of the plains, but which never touched or cut the animals.

It was indeed heavenly to scan the blue distances of a world that knew no monarchs but us; to cleave the winds with uncovered heads and feel the sluggish pulses rousing to the spirit of a speed almost that of the resistless rush of the typhoon.

Our coaches were off like a pack of well trained hounds on the hot scent. Whips cracked, horses leaped into the air, drivers swore and emphatically declared another half hour would see them in front. Those in the first coach could see the other coaches hurrying in the background through little clouds of dust of their own creation. Those in the rear observed the little line of dots ahead, each coach making its location better known as does the cannon on the battlefield—with a puff of smoke.

The horses were faithful and the drivers were justly proud of them. The noble animals would bowl along on the edge of the steep hill at a reasonable trot but when they again entered the level they did it with a frenzy born of the ceaseless whip cracking, which resounded like volleys of musketry.

They tore through the narrow paths, over rocks, and were unmindful of any obstacles that might lie in the path. Around sharp curves they flew, showering their volleys as they went, while before us swept a continuous tidal wave of golfers on the dust and desert land. Far ahead we had the admiring gaze of the coaches way off in the lead.

On and on we rushed. Every driver strained to the uttermost in his frantic endeavors to make another breathe the dust of his coach. "Look out there, Dick! That fellow in the rear wants to pass us!" shouts someone.

"Can't do it!" yells the driver in tones of determination, as he rises in his seat and slashes forward with a long lash of his whip. On and on we thundered, regardless of the coach road. Across ditches, up and down, over rocks and mounds and often running on but two side wheels, we surged round curve after curve, seldom relaxing speed.

Ever on we rushed as our driver passed the coach which but a short time ago, was two miles in the lead. A cheer from each coach as we passed rent the air and lent further incentive and renewed vigor to the fearless drivers. With a word of encouragement to the horses, followed by the relentless smack of the whip-lash, "Dick" kept up the pace, determined to retain his position in the ranks. Looking behind, we saw clouds of dust each a half-mile apart, marking the location of the train of coaches.

Presently we reached a relay station in the Centennial Valley. Here fresh horses awaited us. Quickly releasing two of the

most wearied mustangs, they were replaced by well-rested animals. For a time, travel was more difficult and with less speed, owing to the continual but gradual ascent. As we passed the backbone of the rise and gained the level road once more, the drivers surpassed their previous efforts and gave full vent to their shouts and urgings to the faithful mustangs, who responded gamely while the rush and clatter once more resounded throughout the hills and valleys.

Despite the fact that this section of the journey offered numerous abrupt turns on a sharply descending grade, the horses madly galloped their way onward, unmindful of the thrills and anxiety of the passengers who were experiencing anything but a comfortable frame of mind. The turns in the road were taken with "daredevil" abruptness. We seemed to be spinning round the rings of a whirlwind or like liquor flowing down the spiral of a corkscrew.

The driver informed us that it would be to our best interests to be among the first to arrive at Lakeview for luncheon; "but," he added, impressively "be not disturbed—remain tranquil—give yourselves no uneasiness—the dust of the other coaches rises far behind—leave all to me."

Down came his whip as a final climax. The mustangs bounded in their harness in response, and fairly lifted the coach from the ground! In an instant we were assured that, at least, two wheels had returned to earth. Never before had we experienced such a shaking up. Recent flooding rains had washed the roads entirely clear, here and there, but we never stopped or slackened the pace for anything. Over ditches, over rocks, across fallen trees, without the least sign of hesitation, the mustangs wildly plunged. Rubbish, driftwood, and gulleys that lay in the road offered no fear for animals or drivers.

Occasionally, the calm, good-natured madman on the coach top, would bend a majestic look over his shoulder at his passengers, and remark: "Ah, you perceive? It is as I have said, we shall arrive for luncheon before it is ready for us."

Whenever we appeared to have missed being hurled into destruction in our mad flight, the driver would gracefully turn about and in sarcastic amusement say: "Enjoy it, gentlemen; it is very rare; it is very unusual; it is given to only a few to ride in this racy, fascinating fashion."

The "King" was as good as his word—he overtook each one of the coaches in the long procession and passed them like a hurricane. As a result, we arrived at Lakeview Inn, washed up and had the pleasure of greeting the travelers on the other coaches as they filed in one by one.

We remained at the Inn but forty minutes. The establishment

is well kept and was a revelation, inasmuch as the comfort it afforded was not anticipated in such a remote country district. It need scarcely be said that we were hungry—the word fails to express the sensation we felt. The meal was heartily enjoyed and we neglected nothing on the menu. Lakeview derives its name from a lake which lies in the lap of the valley at this point and the green mountain slopes afforded us the first glimpse of grass for many miles.

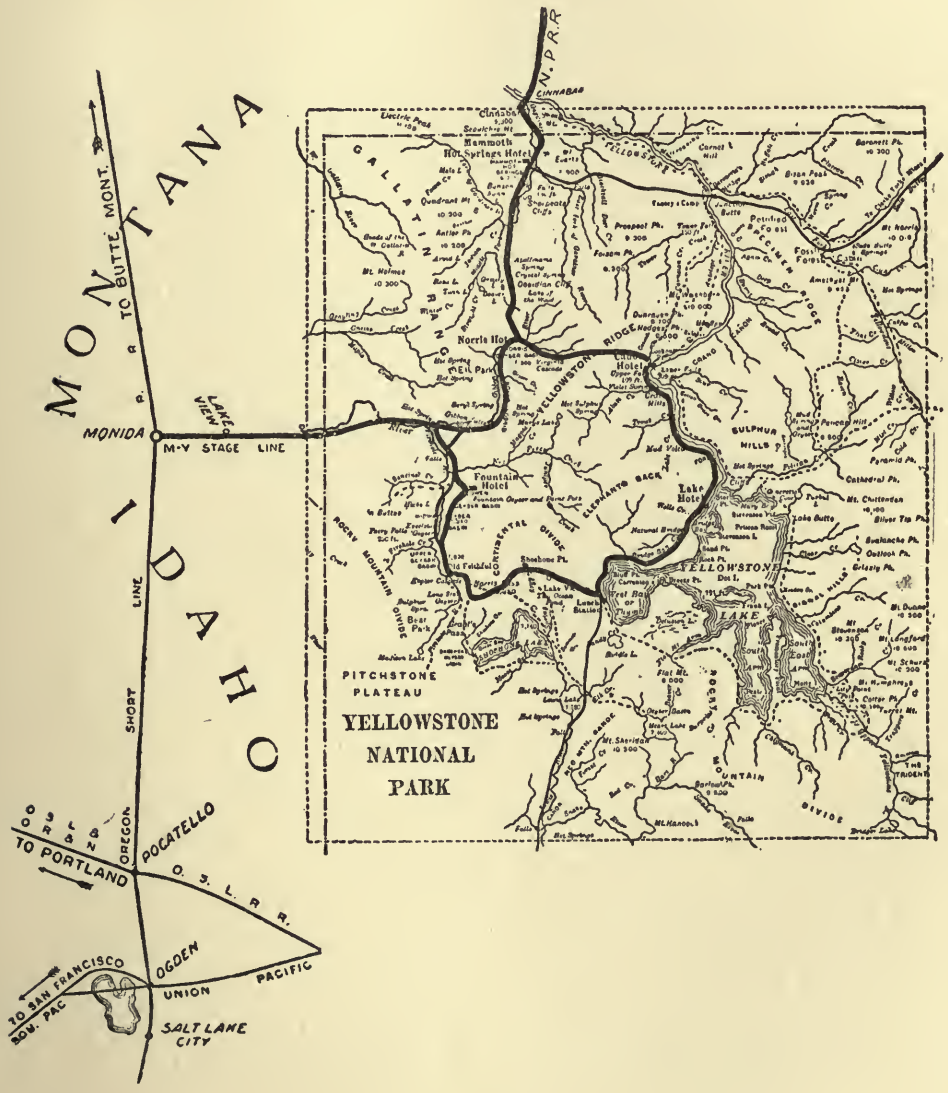
During our short stay at Lakewood Inn, the pilgrims took advantage of the opportunity to hold a short session, so as to inform the several coaching parties what particular experience they had encountered in their particular stage ride. Fortunately, only two fatalities were reported.

In the first instance, Sir Wayne Gilland was the victim, and if it were not for some "Good Man Friday" he might still be enacting Robinson Crusoe in the wilds of the Yellowstone Park region. While the coach, which bore him rapidly to Lakeview was in the highest point of action, it struck a rise in the roadway without ceremony or formal introduction. Gilland sat on top of the coach and as the vehicle attempted to pass the rock unnoticed—inclined at an angle of 45 degrees—Gilland was tilted the other way. In other words, while the stage showed signs of lying down on its right side, Gilland pulled the other way and the division of opinion led to a division of company—Gilland fell off the coach-top.

Amid the clashing of the mustangs' hoofs, the yells of the driver and the report of the whip lash, any announcement that Gilland might have made was lost in the air. Fortunately, another member of the party noted our brother Sir Knight's hasty and sudden departure and induced the driver to halt long enough to gather him in. Happily, Sir Gilland was uninjured and now glories in the distinction that he is the only member of our party who saw that country during "the fall," and declares that he was more deeply touched by nature in that vicinity than any of his brother Sir Knights.

The second fatality occurred on the coach which brought Sir Flechsig to Lakeview, and he was the particular sufferer. While his coach was bounding over obstacles in the road without the least sign of abatement, he experienced a great feeling of unrest—he couldn't retain his seat with any degree of comfort and still retain the dignity of wearing a hat. He has two strong and healthy hands, but no more. One he applied to keep his head in touch with his hat and the other he grasped about the coach seat to keep his trousers in touch with the coach. The latter undertaking became more and more difficult as the coach rose high in the air after

leaping over each successive obstacle in the roadway. Sir Flechsig, after deep mental research, conceived a wonderful scientific deduction. When the coach bounded upward he would grasp the seat firmly with BOTH hands and retain his seat. When the coach was about to drop suddenly, he would grasp his hat with BOTH hands and retain the friendly and close relation between it and his head. Sad to relate, however, the coach took one particular hurdle with such speed and uncertainty of action as to shatter Sir Her-



man's theory—he grasped the seat instead of the hat and his headgear was left to the mercies of the breeze. It took considerable persuasion to induce the driver to believe that Sir Herman had necessity for his headgear which was then sporting with the wind on the plains but with considerable reluctance the "Ben Hur" of the coach agreed to wait five minutes for a searching party to go after the hat. Their efforts proved successful and they returned shortly with the trophy of the chase.

After our short but pleasant stay at Lakeview Inn, we again departed on our strenuous career. We were impatient to get away and we were not sorry when the time arrived to start, for we were destined to ride another 40 miles before the day's end.

On we went, climbing higher and higher, curving hither and thither, in the shade of noble woodland and with a rich variety and profusion of wild flowers growing all about us. Glimpses of rounded grassy hills occupied by a few cattle, lazily nipping, were seen far below, while down in the lower valleys others could be seen as if in diminutive miniature. Every now and then some ermined monarch of the mountain swung magnificently into view for a moment, then drifted past some intervening spur, only to disappear again as we continued in our course.

The drive throughout was soul-stirring; the exceeding sense of satisfaction that follows a good meal added largely to our enjoyment, as did the keen anticipation of something to look forward to in the grandeurs which were promised in the geysers, hot springs, canyons and other assets of The Yellowstone National Park, sharpened the zest. Smoking was never before so satisfying; solid comfort was never more solid, as we lay back against the cushions of the coach, silent, meditative, steeped in felicity.

While we sat in silent thought, viewing the beauties in the mountain passes and breathing the pure and rarified air, Sir D. B. Watson, who had been dozing, rubbed his eyes, opened them and then straightened himself up as if startled. He had been dreaming he was at sea and to find land all about him was somewhat of a surprising revelation. It took "Davie" several seconds to "come to."

Meanwhile the horses were galloping on and the driver was whistling the air of some familiar Bohemian opera. Sir William S. Watson was asleep at "Davie's" side, while another wayfarer on the top of the coach was sleeping and baking in the sun, with folded arms and bowed head. "Davie" tried to identify his companions but could not. Try as he would, time and time again, to call them by name, he erred in every instance and smiled at his failures. It was some little time before he could actually and rightly designate his old acquaintances.

Realizing that he had missed much of the rich scenic advantages of the trip, during his hour's sleep, "Davie" chided himself and profiting by his own loss, woke up his brother and took him to task for neglecting the scenery while in slumber. Then Sir William, instead of showing signs of humiliation, upbraided "Davie" for being so wanting in vigilance. He announced that he had looked forward to the trip for many months and had especially anticipated a rich treat in the drive to Yellowstone National Park, but that a man might travel to the end of the earth with him and never see anything. He held that he was manifestly endowed with the very genius of ill luck.

Thus we drove quietly along for several miles, dead to the seductions of the bewildering array of scenery, but we entirely recovered our spirits when the coach bounded over a high rock in the roadway and we all woke up.

Presently we halted and partook of cool, clear mountain water and felt considerably refreshed. As we continued upon our journey and sped along the base of the steep mountains, we marveled not at the many tracks of avalanches that had occurred but because of the fact that they are not occurring all the time. One cannot understand why rocks and landslides are not constantly plunging down these declivities. Here and there can be seen the effects of snow slides which left broad and naked paths, some of which are a mile in length and a thousand feet wide. As the snow breaks under its own weight from the cliffs many thousand feet high, and hurls itself into the valleys below, it cuts its path as cleanly and sharply as the surveyor could conceive. The mountain side is thickly covered with growing timber but where a slide has occurred trees have been swept out of the path. Here and there a fallen tree has been caught and lodged, but at the bottom is one conglomerate mass of timber scattered in wild confusion. The path of the snow slide has the appearance of a single cut with the clippers through the heavy wool of a sheep, exposing to view a streak of nakedness.

We traveled under a sweltering sun and always saw the shade leave the shady places before we could get to them. We had a particularly hot time that particular afternoon. Possibly the only comfort we found was in the knowledge of the fact that among the trees in the little shady nooks, initials, monograms and names of cities were carved in the bark by others who had traveled the same road before us.

Shortly we ran straight up a hillside where we could see mountains more than 100 miles away. We re-crossed the divide at Targhe Pass and the whip-lash-like road thereto. The rock-dog which is but the translated prairie-dog, broke across the road under the feet

of our horses. The rabbit and the chipmunk danced with fright. We heard the splashing of the Snake River and as we whirled around a curve we faced the water but saw no bridge. Dauntlessly the horses carried us through the stream while the water reached the very bed of the coaches and seemed to float them to aid the animals who were submerged up to their necks. It was a thrilling experience and the noble mustangs seemed to swim as they carried the vehicles along. Reaching the opposite side, the drivers applied the whip once more as they stood up in their seats, and with a furious dash, we mounted the steep river bank while the passengers feared an upsetting at every instant.

Up the hill we clamored, then round a curve, up another steep incline, down another valley and once more we flew across the level and over several plank bridges that spanned the gullies. The planks squeaked and shifted from their positions as we bounded over them.

Before us lay a straight road for three miles or more. In the foreground, at a distance of about 60 miles, we observed a high range of mountains of inky blackness. Dark clouds were overhanging while lightning played about the peaks and mountain side like tangled silver threads dropping from the skies. The mountains were shrouded in darkest gloom while about us the day was fair. The scene of a thunder storm in the distance was a most interesting spectacle and as we gazed we viewed, as it were, the atmospheric conditions of a distant and far-off region.

The road turned and we rattled along into Madison Basin to an inn on the western edge of the reservation. It was just about sunset when we had concluded the trip of 70 (some say more) miles from Monida, in 11 hours.

This hostelry, if it may be graced by such a name, lies at the very outer edge of Yellowstone National Park proper. Everything within the park is conducted under Government care and supervision but this inn not being within the limits of the park, is a strictly private enterprise—although literally speaking there was little enterprise about it.

As the first coach drew up, we were met by a tyranical sentinel in the form of over six feet of man, attired in a rough-and-ready corduroy suit and upon whose head was saucily perched a large, broad-brimmed sombrero hat. We learned later that this pirate was the "manager;" a man from out of the east who had affected all the swagger, bullishness and arrogance which is so often attributed to the man of the western plains, but which is rarely found in him.

He met the occupants of the first coach with the greatest indifference and lack of hospitality. When the fact was made known to him that the pilgrims sought shelter for the night, he seemed bored

and made the blunt announcement that we would be compelled to sleep in tents. This was roundly resented. The inn whose purpose it was to accommodate travelers to the park, but which is anything but accommodating, consisted of one double log building and a single log hut, crude and unartistically built.

We denounced the manager for his endeavors to corral us, as he would cattle, and after a lengthy and animated argument, in which some plain truths were told him, he decided to "place us" under roof. As the other coaches rolled in, the manager became more and more agitated, realizing that he would have duties to perform. It was with the greatest difficulty that our party was placed and this was not accomplished until four or more persons were placed in a room, which could not comfortably accommodate one person.

Naturally we arrived hungry after our long ride and made application for dinner. After a tiresome wait, we were told that the banquet hall was in readiness, but owing to the limited room, only a restricted number (about 10) could be "fed" at a time. The party had gathered in the office of the double log house and as the announcement of dinner came, we were directed to pass through a narrow dark hallway which had as many valleys and dales in it as the road over which we had driven. As the hungry pilgrims passed cautiously through the treacherous and uncertain passageway, we were met at the end by a guard who allowed but a certain number to enter into the dining-room when at his pleasure, he defiantly slammed the door and bolted it in the face of the invading party.

Notwithstanding our cold reception, we went to the table eager and hungry. The number of dishes provided were amply sufficient but it was the monotonous variety of unstriking dishes that amused us.

As we waded through the menu, our appetites slackened, whether because of natural or unnatural causes would be unfair to state. Perhaps if the slabs of alleged roast beef, which some identified as mustang flesh were brought on the table and carved in full view of the audience, a truer sense of earnestness and reality might have been added. The meat aroused much enthusiasm owing to its armor-proof qualities, and the stronger of the men broke up several slices for the benefit of the ladies. We met the weary and wayworn steak, or to be more correct, a broiled barn-hinge, with gravy on it, that bore the tooth prints of other guests who are now in a land where the pirate manager will have a hard time entering.

Among other things, we were given what the inn keeper thought was coffee. It must be admitted in all truth, that the liquid was within several shades of the real thing, but in taste it was as near coffee as hypocrisy is to holiness. It was feeble, characterless and

uninspiring. Milk which did a sister act with coffee on the vaudeville menu, caused a "stay of proceedings;" several flies swam in the pitcher. The waiter threw in his life preserver and drowned them. It very much resembled whitewash. The bread—fair enough, good enough after a fashion, but cold, and tough and unsympathetic.

Next, the butter, the sham and tasteless butter; it worked the pump handle at daytime and slept under the coaches at night. There was no salt in it, but what was in it will ever remain one of the great mysteries of the yellowstone region.

Then we had dessert—berries. Poor lonesome berries. It was a mean advantage to partake of them, for they had long lost the glow of youth and were in the last stages of decay. Probably the stone hearted manager was even moved to sympathy as he looked into the care-worn faces of those berries, for they were doled out with care and scrutiny which could not otherwise be accomplished than by the use of jewelers' scales. The grapes were fair, but frequently through neglect on the part of the waiter, a tolerably good "peach" was found.

At the end of the "feast" we were grievously unsatisfied; we had plenty of exercise, plenty of interest, a fine lot of hopes but nothing to eat.

After dinner we wandered aimlessly about from one of the log shanties to the other, one of which contained a stove. As we moved about in the arctic atmosphere, all were silent, smileless, forlorn and shivering—thinking perhaps, how foolish we were to have come so far away from our own firesides. Finding the ladies huddled about a cold, fireless and unsympathetic stove, Sir William G. Lee gallantly started a fire in this apparently useless piece of furniture. The manager of the inn at once interfered, declaring that "it was hot enough to bake beans." Sir Lee agreed that he had made it hot enough to suit any guest, but insisted that the fire in the stove remain burning and the pirate withdrew in humble defeat of his purpose.

We were not dissatisfied with rural life, or as the Reverend Wagner would have it, "the simple life." No, in fact this is just what we would have appreciated most. We were willing and even anxious for novelty's sake, to enter into the simple as well as the strenuous life. But to be abused, mistreated, denied comforts which were readily at hand by a tyranical pirate in the role of hotel manager, whose methods for getting all he could for nothing, would drive the highwayman to blush, was not only distasteful to us but tended greatly to discourage the fond hopes we had anticipated in our trip through Yellowstone National Park.

As we moved about from one crude shanty to the other, we mentally became more and more discouraged and anxiously awaited

the morrow when we could dash into the wilds of the great park and forget this place. The shanties taken as a whole, looked to us like a skating rink that had started out to make money and then suddenly changed its mind and resolved to become a tannery. The roofs were made of little odds and ends of misfit rafters and distorted shingles that somebody had purchased at a sheriff's sale and the rooms and stairs were giddy in the extreme. When we rambled in and around the cross-eyed staircases and other nightmares till reason tottered on her throne, we came out and stood on the architectural wart, called the front porch, to get fresh air. This porch was painted a dull red and had wooden rosettes at the corners that looked like a freckle on the end of the nose of a social wreck.

Further up on the demoralized "lumber pile" we saw, now and then, places where the workman's mind had wandered by the too free use of "thin skin" and "cut and dry" and he had nailed on his clapboards wrong side up and then painted them with Paris green that was intended for something else. It might have been constructed at night for mental relaxation and intellectual repose, but for comfort, architecture and beauty, the building was a gross violation of the statutes in such cases made and provided against the peace and dignity of the State. No one could look at it or sleep within its walls without a feeling of heartache and the nightmare. Besides the two log huts which comprised the Inn, the proprietor conducted a "department" store in the rear of the larger building. This enterprise was built, for the most part, under ground. The entrance led into what appeared to be a dugout and the further one entered into the store, the further underground he would find himself. There was a gruesome mysteriousness about the deranged little place. The proprietor of the inn and store as well, remained in charge of the store almost continuously. He was an aged man, a backwoodsman, and while he was somewhat coarse and blunt in his mannerisms, he at least, did not affect the arrogance and domineering spirit of the creature who posed as his manager.

In this store, among other things, was a meager display of souvenirs from Yellowstone National Park, consisting of pieces of rock, many colored sands, geyser formations and similar articles. While they were exhibited for the purpose of sale, the proprietor was visibly agitated when a prospective customer showed an inclination to purchase. It was evident that he felt bored with the prospect that the sale of any souvenir entailed the necessity of laying in another supply.

However, there were souvenirs in liquid form, which the proprietor was willing to dispense with freer hand and for which he himself was a willing customer. These liquids were indeed souvenirs,

for once purchased they would leave a lasting remembrance. They were designated by the prosaic names of "Cut and Dry" and "Thin Skin." The proprietor thought so highly and dearly of them that he kept them in the deepest and farthest recesses of the underground hovel. To the very best of our knowledge, the manager was about the only person who had the least respect for these "souvenirs." However, we could ever remember the cold comfort and lack of hospitality received at this place without a souvenir.

As the time came to retire, we were handed a small piece of candle with which to light ourselves upstairs and into a small and thinly partitioned compartment which was honored in being designated as a "room," probably called a room because there wasn't any. Two beds were crowded into each of these pigeon holes.

The beds were also "souvenirs," from the standpoint that they were greatly out of the common. In them were hills and valleys and to be accommodated in one, the occupant was compelled to take a position, making his body conform to the impression left by the person who slept there last. No carpet graced the floor, a melancholy washstand stood isolated in the corner. A dejected pitcher stood upon it, mourning over a broken nose. Above this piece of strictly antique furniture, hung the remnant of a looking-glass. Half of the glass was gone and as one gazed into the remaining half, one's head was missing from the chin up, giving the appearance of some dreadful, unfinished object. Stretches of canvas served as partitions separating the "rooms" and whispers could distinctly be heard from one apartment to another. In fact, one could not offer a prayer without having it conflict with that of another in adjoining and distant rooms. Sir William J. Staiger, who was dreadfully tired, leaned rather heavily against the partition of the pigeon-hole assigned to him, to pull off his shoes. The strain was too much for the partition and he broke through it into the next "room."

No light but a dismal candle illuminated the room. Presently Sir W. G. Reel cried out for the porter to secure more light. The porter, who was the son of the proprietor was clad in overalls and boots and wore a red flannel undershirt. In response to the call, he climbed up a ladder which served as a stairway, and as he crept along the dismal hallway, which was here and there patched with a piece of wornout oilcloth, the floor sank under his weight and the building creaked dismally to every footstep. He carried a lantern to guide him safely, and in response to the request of the guest, lighted a two-inch piece of tallow—a sorrowful, lean candle that burned blue, then sputtered and got discouraged and went out.

Undaunted, the porter lighted it again. Sir Reel asked if that was all the light he had. "Oh! No," replied the porter, who by the

way, was the most accommodating individual about the place. "I've got two one-inch candles here." Reel said: "Light them both—I'll have to have one to see the other by." The porter did so but the result was drearier than darkness itself. In a spirit of confidence, the porter announced that he would go "somewhere" and steal a lamp. Reel abetted and encouraged him in his criminal design.

To our great sorrow, we heard that pirate manager get after the porter in the hallway a few minutes later. "Where are you going with that lamp?" he thundered.

"Eleven wants it," timidly replied the porter.

"Eleven! Why he's got a bunch of candles now. Does he want to illuminate the house? Does he want to get up a torchlight procession? What is he up to anyway?"

"He don't like them candles. Says he wants a lamp and if he don't get it, he'll burn the shanty down."

"Well, you take it along and see what in the very nation he wants with a lamp," and the tyrant went off growling.

Tired as we were, we hesitated as to whether we should retire, considering the surroundings. We talked at random, in vain endeavor to make "head or tail" of the wild chaos of the day's sights and experiences. Our pleasures had been boundless during that day of rare holiday frolic. Thirty miles of ceaseless rush, rattle and clatter and never a weary moment, never a lapse of interest. A score of these miles were over a level country, with desert solitudes of limitless panoramas and bewildering prospectives. Then we remembered the pleasant stop at Lakeview, following which we rode forty or more miles over hills and valleys. Grassy carpets sprinkled this pathway which was figured with Nature's own designs.

We remembered the shadow of the clouds, crossing the Snake River. Here were no scenes but summer scenes and no disposition inspired in them but to dreamily smoke the pipe of peace with repose and contentment. The massive fortresses, counterfeited in the eternal rocks and splendid with the crimson and gold of the setting sun; dizzy altitudes among fog weathered peaks and never melting snows, where thunder and lightning and tempests warred magnificently far off in the distance, with the storm clouds that swung their shredded banners in our very faces.

We subsided to indolent smoking. We yawned and stretched—then feebly wondered if we were really and truly on the border, at the very gate, of the renowned "Yellowstone" and drifted drowsily away into sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

SATURDAY morning, August 27, found a congregation of early risers among the guests at the inn. No "Alarm Clock" was necessary to bring the pilgrims out of their beds, although it required considerable physical exercise to arise from out of the deep cast molds, which previous guests had created.

The outside world offered such a pleasing and striking contrast, as the sun slowly arose in the horizon to supervise the movements of the day. The scent of the pine trees lent vigor to the body and instilled ambition into the soul. The border of the Yellowstone Park could be seen from the distance and sharpened our curiosity to see the mysteries within.

The disappointments which were encountered in arriving at the inn the night before were momentarily forgotten as we gazed from our windows and realized the rich pleasures which were in store for the day. But our hopes were destined to again perish in the sea of disappointment and discouragement, at least for a time. We were again called to the dining room!

Once more we were corralled in the narrow rickety hall-way and allowed to rush into the "banquet hall" in groups, as sheep are turned into their respective pens. We dined on the remnants of that, which was dignified by the name "dinner" the night before.

Promptly at 8 o'clock we boarded our coaches which were in waiting, and with the heartiest of farewells, which came directly from all hearts, we bade the inn good-bye with a hope that we should not strike such an equally inhospitable hostelry during the remainder of our pilgrimage, or the rest of our lives.

Refreshed by the early morning air, we went bowling along over a hard and smooth roadway, through all the summer loveliness. Shortly we found the roadways in excellent condition and freely sprinkled to allay the dust. At once we realized that we were actually within the park; for Uncle Sam is an excellent custodian and takes particular pride in caring for his famous breathing spots.

Once within the park, the sights and scenes were a constant entertainment to the eye. Sometimes only the width of the road guided us between imposing precipices on the left and a clear, cool body of water on the right, with its shoals of uncatchable fishes, skimming about through the bars of sun and shadow. Sometimes the preci-

pices faded away into an apparently endless, upward slant, and were densely covered with magnificent trees.

The beauty of the woodland became intensified as we approached a veritable Eden of pines. Through the center of this grove was a broad driveway flanked on each side by immense pine trees of almost equal height. This was the famous Christmas Tree Park. One becomes deeply inspired when once within this forest of pine. Such a sameness is there in infinite variety. Once inside, the woods cannot be seen for trees. One can but wander on, letting each object impress itself upon the mind and carry away a confused recollection of innumerable perpendicular lines straining upward in competition. The upward lines are of varied thicknesses, while branches scatter about in confusion. The delicious scent that fills the air breathes of vigor and health-giving qualities.

On this drive we caught the first glimpse of deer, elk and eagle. With a sauciness that commanded respect, the deer ventured out into the road, less than a score of feet in front of the prancing mustangs. With head erect and ears alert, they gazed daringly at us —then scampered back into the wood. Their grace and agility, together with the white-speckled loins of the tiny fawns, added beauty and prettiness to the picture.

Occasionally we caught glimpses of elk, who, like their smaller relatives, the deer, stood majestically in expectancy as they heard the approach of our coaches, then with graceful leaps over any and every obstacle in the path, they were lost in the wilds of the forest.

Far up in the tree tops, many paces ahead, we observed the eagle serenely and statue-like, taking a topographical view of the surrounding country, seeking prey with unerring eye. With disdain, the bird-king cast his glances down upon us and with an air of supremacy and indifference, never moved a feather to indicate that mere humanity was worthy of notice.

Onward we drove, to the regular and even stride of the mustangs, as we passed down through the forest, drawing in the fragrant breath of the morning, in deep, refreshing draughts, and wishing we might never have anything to do forever more, but ride and ride through such woodland.

The true charm did not lie in the drive and scenery alone, but in the conversation as well. The rattle of the coaches was an excellent measure by which to time the movement of the tongue and keep the blood and brain stirred and active. The supreme pleasure came from the heart to heart talk among congenial companions. It mattered little whether one talked wisdom or nonsense, the result was the same. The greater portion of the enjoyment lay in the action of the gladsome jaw and the ringing of the sympathetic ear.

What a variety of subjects were raked over during that half-day's drive! There being no constraint, a sudden change in the subject was always in order, and no one subject was permitted to grow tiresome. In the first hour or more of that early morning ride, we discussed everything we knew. Then we branched out into the glad, free, boundless realm of the things we were not certain about.

The fact that we were not all agriculturists was made known when "Joe" inquired at what particular season the pine trees of Christmas Tree Park bore their pineapples. Others inquired as to how Yellowstone Park derived its name, and to this query, Sir Carl, with an air of superior information, pointed out all the yellow mud-bespecked stones that lay in our course.

Occasionally the conversation would turn to the geysers and hot springs, which we yearned to see, when some caustic wit in the party would refer the travelers to seek under the coach body for the hot springs. Sometimes the conversation would turn for a moment to the sentimental, and we expressed curiosity to know what the friends at home were doing and thinking about, and then we would discuss our anticipations of the coming conclave at Frisco.

Sometimes we would "give the floor" to the driver, who would take up the thread of his life's history, which he had laid aside previously. True or untrue, the tales of the past of these reinsmen, form the most interesting narratives imaginable. Some proved the exception to the rule, in that they would not discuss their past history at all, and drove silently on, listening, but rarely speaking. There can be no doubt that among the most silent, lies buried tales of the past that if told would bear out the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." Their very silence carries the impression that romances were buried behind when they sought the west and the stage coach for forgetfulness.

As we exhausted our conversational ability we sought singing as a pastime. We were cheered by our own melodies. Everybody sang, or at least tried to give voice to some song. The result was a wild but entertaining blending of soprano, alto, contralto, basso, baritone, tenor and several intermediate tones still unnamed. Occasionally one singer would act as leader, usually all were leaders. Some were more rapid vocalists than others, but those that dwelt at length upon the climax soon caught up, even though they were compelled to jump a few measures at a time. Old and young sang songs they had never heard, and some, no one else had ever before listened to. Others sang who could not sing. Many a medley of childhood was resurrected which some of the older members of the party recognized as one-time popular airs. All formalities were cast to the winds and the happy party kept pulling away with no apparent sign of fatigue.

It was all high-grade music. Indeed it must have been high-grade because it so uplifted us that we were full of cry all the time and mad with enthusiasm. Our souls were never before so thoroughly scoured out. The solemn and majestic chanting rose and fell (mostly rose), and rose again, in that rich and wild confusion of warring sounds to the stately swing of those ever-present inspiring airs. It seemed as if nothing but the very highest of high-grade music could be so divinely beautiful.

Just imagine hearing that congenial "young-old-man" Heckel, singing "Bedelia" and a score of other popular airs that but few of us know; and when Sir Oscar came in with his impressive basso the horses started on a gallop, we all received a jolt, and the singing was driven out of us as the driver pulled in the reins.

We learned to know that there were two kinds of music—a kind which one feels, just as an oyster might; and another sort which requires a higher faculty which must be associated and developed by training. Yet if base music gives some of us wings, why then should we desire any other? But we do. We want it because it comes higher.

Presently we came upon Riverside Station where is located a cantonment from Fort Yellowstone. This point is always guarded by government militiamen on horseback, who pace the roadway. These armymen are encountered in all sections of the park.

The route follows along the Firehole River after passing Riverside Station. The stream has not been inappropriately named and seems to flow from the worst portion of the Satanic domain. It has ample current with beautiful transparent, blue water, bubbling over a bed of discolored stones and lava. Its waters are composed entirely of the outflow of geysers and hot springs, impregnated with everything the forbidding regions produce. The water is pretty to look at but vilely bitter.

Thus far we had seen no geysers, although several miles ahead, along the river, geysers are liberally distributed at intervals for 10 miles, being, for convenience of description, divided into the Lower, Middle and Upper Geyser Basins.

As we drove merrily along we passed the falls of the Firehole River—beautiful beads of blue, clear water, breaking over the rocks. About the noon hour, we saw, miles ahead, the steam rising from the Lower Geyser Basin in clouds that were lost among the distant hills. Presently we arrived at a point where we could see the myriads of steam jets rising from a surface area of some three miles of desolate geyserite deposits, which had the appearance of a large field of snow. The Fountain Hotel was now in sight, and with renewed ambition we sped along the straight road and arrived at the hostelry in time for

luncheon. This is the first hotel within the park proper and being conducted under government supervision, inasmuch as the privilege for conducting it is granted by Uncle Sam, the contrast it afforded to the hovel which is graced by the name of an inn was marked—but more of this anon.

Our arrival at Fountain Hotel was hailed with delight by members of the party because of the stimulating air, and the fact of the uncomfortable stay at the inn on the border. But the delight of the pilgrims was not shared by the proprietor of the hotel—at least not for the first moment or two—owing to the suspicion that was given him, that a stranded circus troupe was about to make a concentrated attack.

This slight misunderstanding was, in a measure, due to Sir William G. Lee, but not because of any premonition on his part. Sir Lee, like the rest of us, had become numb and stiff from sitting in one position during the long drive. As his coach drew up to the door of the hotel, he forgot his affliction in his anxiety to alight, and in an effort to step out of the coach, he stumbled over a valise, and after a graceful (?) double somersault he alighted on the porch of the hotel at the feet of the proprietor. "Bill's" entree was picturesque to say the least, and the proprietor of the hotel looked anxiously for some other member of the party to swing off the roof of the coach from a trapeze, or walk into the hostelry on a high wire. Fortunately, the rest of the party passed through the usual formalities in alighting, and thereby set at rest all fears of the hotel management.

Our fondest anticipation of the meal we were to have at Fountain Hotel did not equal the realization. The contrast between it and the rations that were "thrown out" to us at the inn was too great for description. The table was snowy white in the array of linen and the service was equal to that of any first class metropolitan hotel. To find such conditions in the very wilds of the west was a surprising and most agreeable fact.

Imagine how the poor, weary and hungry pilgrims devoured those appetizing viands; we felt that some good angel had suddenly swept down from out of a better land and set before us a mighty porterhouse steak, an inch and one-half thick, hot and spluttering from the griddle; dusted with fragrant peppers; enriched with little melting bits of butter of unimpeachable freshness and genuineness; the precious juices of the meat trickling out and joining the gravy, archipelagoed with mushrooms; a strip or two of tender, yellowish fat, gracing an outlying district of this ample county of beefsteak; and the long white bone which divides the sirloin from the tenderloin, still in place. That good, imaginary angel, also added a great cup of home-made coffee, with cream "a-froth" on top; some real butter,

firm, yellow and fresh; some smoking hot biscuits; a plate of hot buckwheat cakes with transparent syrup. Could words describe the sumptuousness of this layout, compared with that of our former stopping place?

After luncheon we were assigned to our rooms. Large, spacious apartments were alloted to us. The bed linen was faultlessly white, while the furniture within the rooms was strictly modern and comfortable. Everything essential for the welfare and ease of the guests was found in these rooms, while the service throughout the house was excellent.

Having been apprised where we were to be quartered for the night, and after seeing that our baggage was deposited in the right rooms, we gathered together in a large drawing room on the ground floor—one of those rooms which are the chief features of all summer resorts.

In this room was one of those "near-pianos"—a small, clattery, wheezy, asthmatic thing; certainly the worst counterfeit, in the way of a piano, that we had seen.

How Addie and Lydia manipulated the ivories with such skill and marvelous rapidity and simplicity, was an astonishing treat to everyone. Presently, a young lady, unknown to members of our party, and apparently unconscious of the multitude about her, approached the piano timidly. As soon as she began to beat that old, helpless wreck, we knew it had faced its destiny and we felt sorry for the hoarse and sickly instrument. After a companion of the lady pianist had brought several armsful of sheet music into the room and had begun to gracefully turn the pages, she swooped down upon the instrument and without any further preliminaries turned on all the horrors of "tenement-house torture," while the congregation set its teeth in agony. With a sweeping calesthenic movement she followed attack with attack until the battle waged at its height and thunder of shots and exploding shells was the only "musical" thing she produced. Then she waded, chin-deep, into the blood of the slain with a fair average of two false notes in every five, and rarely agreed with the author of the composition which she was endeavoring to follow. The audience stood it for a while with marked forbearance, but when the cannonade waxed hotter and fiercer and discords held full sway, the procession began to move. One by one, the congregation sought the fresh and stilly air, which was fractured only by the more melodious and harmonizing notes of the hawk, owl, eagle and cricket. A few stragglers held their ground 10 minutes longer, but when the pianist began to wring out the "cries of the wounded" they struck their colors and retired in panic.

There never was a more complete victory; "Bobbie" and Jack were the only non-combatants left on the field. None liked mediocrity, but we all reverenced perfection. The music was perfection in its way; it was the worst music that had ever been achieved by a mere human being.

"Bobbie" moved closer and listened attentively. When she had concluded, to the horror of all, he urged her to repeat it. She agreed with a pleased alacrity and a heightened enthusiasm and made it ALL discords this time. She got an amount of anguish into the cries of the wounded that shed a new light on human suffering. She continued on the warpath for the next half hour.

All this time, crowds gathered on the porch and pressed their faces closely against the window panes to look and marvel, and placed their hands to their ears so that they might not hear; for the bravest dared not venture in. Finally, the young lady marched off, contented and happy, and our party took renewed courage and marched in again. Moral: The piano should never be abused, they are always "square and upright."

During the afternoon rain and hail showers came and went intermittently. Between showers we visited the geysers and hot springs and other natural curiosities in the vicinity of the hotel. It appeared to us as if the rain stimulated the activity of the geysers. The larger one bubbled all over and as the rain and hail fell it created the effect of water thrown upon a hot stove.

There are about 700 springs and geysers in the neighborhood, most of them very small. The noted Fountain Geyser throws a broad, low stream of many interlacing jets every two or three hours, which prevail about 15 minutes. The Thud Geyser has a crater 150 feet in diameter with a small rim within. As the geyser operates, it throws a column 60 feet in height, with heavy and regular "thud" underground, announcing the coming of each new spray. This geyser has no fixed period for action. The basin in which the hotel lies has a generous supply of mud geysers, known as "paint pots," which eject brilliantly colored muds with the consistency and appearance of paint, the prevailing hues being red, white, yellow and pink.

The surface about these geysers and springs is underlined with sulphur, subterranean fires, boiling water, and steam, which make their way out in many places. Throughout the whole district, the earth has been cracked by the heat into wide fissures in which waters can be heard boiling and running down, in the depths. Everything on the surface, which can be, is burnt.

Nearly every crevice throws forth steam and hot water with deposits of sulphur at their outer edges, while the odors of some are almost unbearable. No wonder that the Indians avoid-

Courtesy Oregon Short Line R. R.

MONIDA TO LOWER GEYSER BASIN, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

1—The Rapids. 2—Cascades of the Firehole River. 3-15—Deer. 4-6-7—Where Nature Sleeps. 5—Elk in the Valley. 8—On the border. 9—Yellowstone Park Stage Coach. 10—Bear, posing for his picture. 11—Christmas Tree Park. 12—Racing to Lakeview. 13—Mud Geyser. 14—Mammoth Paint Pots. 16—Fountain Hotel. 17—National Park Mountain, Junction of Firehole and Gibbon Rivers. 18—Hail and Rain. 19—Fountain Geyser, Lower Basin. 20—Excelsior Geyser.

ed this forbidding region! No wonder the tales told by some of the early explorers were disbelieved!

Here and there the hot springs form shallow pools where the waters run over the rim-like edges, trickling down over the outer lips, forming beautiful shapes and coral decorations out of the dried lime deposits. With the aid of the sun, these deposits become rich in delicious colorings of red, brown, green, yellow, blue and pink. As long as the waters flow these decorations retain their mystic-color beauty, but where the flow ceases the atmosphere bleaches everything into a snowy-whiteness, while the more delicate formations crumble into dust.

As we tread over the formation, the ground rang hollow. A stream of iron-red water gushed forth here and there, then rushed into a hole in the earth as a frightened prairie dog. A half-hundred feet above us, jets of steam arose—only to die out and fade into the blue. The dust bespattered deposits were continually being renovated by lime, whiter than the driven snow.

As the eye followed down the grottoes and caves, the deep abyss that finds its way into fires of the bowels of the earth, the mind lost all conjecture of the depths from whence these wonders come forth. The pools, crying out in anguish because of the bitterness which they endure, mutter, chatter, moan and groan continuously. Fifty feet under water, from out of the lips of the lime edges, silver bubbles worked their way up into the still crystal surface, disturbing its tranquility. Suddenly the pool shakes and noises rumble. As we retired in fright, we found neighboring pools in similar agitation. Crevices in the ground reek with running, seething water. In places, pit holes remain as dry as the desert sands—elsewhere the seething waters have embalmed and boiled the underwood, while here and there forest trees shield the havoc with their greenery.

The struggle between the subterranean fires and peaceful vegetation will ere long be won by the trees and shrubs. The fires which have raged through the ages are dying down. The hotel now stands where the springs at one time flowed wildly into deposit wastes while the pines which surround the hostelry have succeeded the former places of geysers and springs.

Government soldiers patrol and guard the grounds, armed with six-shooters, to prevent the tourist from hurling logs and stones into the pools, or chipping tracery from the formations or walking where the crust is too thin, to foolishly cook himself.

It was at the Fountain Hotel that we saw the first bears on our pilgrimage. They boarded at the same hotel, and there is more truth than jest in this. Not that they occupied adjoining rooms—for they merely took table board, but still not at our particular table.

Owing to the remoteness of the hotels in Yellowstone Park from any municipal garbage dump, it is the practice of the management of these hostelries to carry the refuse from the kitchen and dining room and deposit it a few hundred yards in the rear of the buildings. So accurately have the bears in the surrounding country noted this fact, and so carefully have they gauged the time for carrying the garbage to the depository, that they seldom vary a moment in making their tri-daily calls and feasting from the refuse heap until no heap remains.

As a special caution to guests, danger posts are stationed about 200 feet from the garbage repository to mark the point from whence the bears can be viewed with certain safety, while the additional precaution is given not to move nearer or create a disturbing noise while the bruins are within hearing distance. It is a well known characteristic of the animal not to become aggressive unless in hunger or fear of danger, when they become not only fleet of foot and sharp of claw but have a power of embracing one as he has never been embraced before, or can possibly be embraced thereafter.

As if equipped with faultless and ever accurate time pieces, the bears slowly waddle out of the dense forest of pines at precise hours three times a day—about a half hour after each meal, being gracious enough to allow the employees time to place the refuse. As we watched them from the prescribed point of safety, we could see them leisurely, slowly and ploddingly jogging to their eating place. With noses close to the ground, eyes riveted upward, and heads in continuous swinging motion from side to side, they waddled forward to the garbage heap and devoured it in its entirety, meanwhile eyeing us with suspicion. They left as they came, unceremoniously and leisurely, and were lost in the pines until the hour for replenishing the garbage pile was at hand.

During the afternoon we met several Sir Knights of Tancred Commandery No. 48, of Pittsburgh, in their coaches. The most cordial greetings were exchanged. There was more than a touch of sentiment in the accidental meeting of brother Sir Knights from our own sister city. Our Fraters were enthusiastic in their delight and showered us with best wishes and good cheer. We too, were happy over the meeting with "home folks" in such a romantic place as Yellowstone Park. A final word—a "good-bye" and an expressed hope that we would meet at the Conclave—and they again resumed their route.

Returning to the hotel, Sirs Jack and Reel became impressed with the idea that their identity had become lost behind over-grown beards. A systematic search of the hotel failed to reveal a barber-shop. Upon inquiry, the clerk informed the "two wild men of

Yellowstone" that the engineer could be induced to amputate the beards. Seeking the under-world, wherein lie the engine and boiler rooms, they found the engineer, and after an interview were informed that he would take the contract, although he showed no desire to furnish a bond.

The engineer inquired where the rooms of the unshaven were. "Never mind about our rooms," cried Reel, "we want to be shaved right now."

Then the engineer became excited! There was a hurried consultation between him and his assistant, the fireman, followed by a hurrying to and fro and an unearthing of razors from most unexpected places and a skirmishing for soap and other necessary mechanical appliances.

Escorting his victims into a mean, small, shabby back room, used for storing timber to fire the boiler, he brought in one three-legged kitchen chair and a soap-box and gave his customers their choice. Sir Jack announced that it was immaterial to him, whether he went to a martyr's grave on a soap-box or milking stool, and he was voted the soap-box.

Taking their positions, the unshaven were requested to prop their feet on a cord of wood. With sad, silent, and solemn countenances they looked up piteously into the face of the villain, who was testing his razor on a piece of sheet-iron. Sir Reel asked if he could leave a message to his family and friends, but the engineer and fireman both declared that they could not delay the operation any longer, for any further neglect of the engine and boilers might ruin the whole shaving process by an explosion.

The horrible prospect was not endurable after the engineer had kneaded lather over the faces of his victims for ten minutes and checked their sobs by plastering liberal quantities of suds into their mouths. The Sir Knights expelled the nasty stuff with a few uncomplimentary remarks but the outlaw knew no fear and stropped his razor on his boot with renewed vigor.

Hovering over his first victim, Sir Reel, for six fearful seconds, he swooped down upon him like the evil genius of destruction, while Jack, on the soap-box, grasped his friend by the hand, and turned away his tear-dimmed eyes to be spared the full horrors of the scene.

The first rake of the razor loosened the hide of the victim and lifted him bodily from his seat. He stormed and remonstrated, raved and demanded that the job be finished by the use of emery paper rather than a meat-saw. The butchery continued in all its fury—but let us draw a curtain over the harrowing scene. Suffice to say, that the victims endured the cruel inflictions with a courage and

manliness that cannot help but enscroll their names upon the records of the "Hero Fund."

As a final climax, the would-be assassin held a basin of water under the chins of his victims and sprayed its contents over their faces, into their bosoms and down their backs, under the mean pretense of washing away the soap and blood. He followed this by drying the features of his victims with what he termed a "towel," but which might have been previously employed in drying over-oiled sections of the engine. As the barber, in conclusion, made an effort to comb the hair of his sufferers, they rebelled, declaring that it was sufficient to be skinned without being scalped. Several members of our party who by this time had been drawn to the scene of the tragedy, assisted in caring for the wounded and removing them from the battle-field.

After dinner, Mary Commandery of Philadelphia, arrived at the hotel, and a more agreeable, companionable and brotherly and sisterly party we never met throughout our whole pilgrimage. They were viewing the park over a different route than the one pursued by us, having entered by the North Gate. The one distinct advantage they had over us was that they were not compelled to stop at the inn on the border, either coming or going.

The hours that followed, about the spacious verandas and drawing room, were among the most pleasant in our memories of the entire trip. Music, song and laughter was general and ever present, and all shared therein, in full accord.

One of the features of the evening was the rendition of a musical, elocutionary, dramatic and literary program in which talent of both Commanderies participated, with the exception of Bovard and Gilchrist. The law and order committee very charitably agreed that to allow "Bobbie" to sing would create too much jealousy among the men, while the committee on the care of children thought it inadvisable to allow "Joe" to make his first public appearance so far away from home, although he agreed to sing that sentimental soprano aria, "I want Santa Claus to Bring Me a Red Wagon."

After a time, when the dancers held the drawing room and the spectators thronged the verandas and engaged in conversation and laughter, "Bobbie" hit upon an ingenius scheme to aid some "noble charity."

Passing among the members of the joyous party, "Bobbie" made known his proposition. He had been given a watch. Its worth could not be estimated because of its associations. The present owner, finding himself in the midst of such an estimable gathering, believed himself selfish to retain it, so he decided to raffle it, that its ownership might be determined without partiality. As

a mere matter of form, according to the progressive agent, the chances were ten cents each; the proceeds to go to a "noble charity."

There was a frantic rush to procure chances. In order not to disappoint, many chances were sold several times over. As the dimes began to accumulate in "Bobbie's" clothes, he was handicapped in moving about and making faster sales.

Finally the time for picking the winner came to hand. Every safeguard was introduced to insure fairness. Fate chose that one of the Philadelphia guests should be the proud owner of the trophy. With great diplomacy and considerable ceremony, "Bobbie" escorted the winner to the open door, made a neat presentation speech, and handing him the watch, was lost in the darkness.

A hundred or more gathered about the winner as he unwrapped the tissue paper with great care. When the time-piece was revealed, a titter of laughter swelled into tumult, and the proud winner of a moment before shrank to a victim of misapprehension. Meanwhile a vigilence committee was appointed to wait on "Bobbie," providing he could be located within the Park.

The watch proved to be the remnant of a one-time active and enthusiastic dollar time-piece. It was so much ashamed of itself that it covered its face with its hands. It had evidently been the victim of a recent catastrophe, for the glass was broken, the case badly bent, and when but slightly moved, sections of the "works" would rattle within. This only tended to prove what the announcer had said before selling chances: "Its worth could not be estimated because of its association." It had evidently been associated with a trip-hammer.

The dance continued and laughter again held sway amid the chattering of the onlookers. Gradually, as the hours of morning hovered near, the members of the happy party dispersed one by one, and sought their well-earned couches. As the dance floor, which but a little while before was thronged with merry dancers, became vacated, and the spacious porches which had held the joyous Sir Knights and ladies became depleted, a few who remained behind cast a sentimental glance over the scenes which a short time before had rung with cheer, music and laughter, only to be succeeded by silence; and stepping out into the air they held communion with the moon and twinkling stars in the stilly night.

Days such as the one which was closing are rare in a life-time. So full of interest and lack of fatigue. For hours we plunged over miles of roads, hills and valleys and through canyons, while laughing waters rushed and gushed and broke over falls round about us. The deer, elk, eagle, bear and animals of lesser fame looked on as

we completed our tour for the day. What audacity for these intruders to enter our domain, they seemed to ask.

Our views and study of the geyser formations impressed us with their similarity in growth to mankind as expressed in Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man." First, as the babe sleeping close to the bosom of Mother Earth, the airy wreath rises from the heated clay; then comes the infant breathing stronger and at times puckering in the nurse's arms, as the sprays splutter out of the earth; third, the child simmering with impatience, as found in the pools; fourth, the youth whose occupation is to boil over, active and aggressive, like the paint pots working with constant energy; fifth, manhood as represented by the gushers rising in their maturity to their greatest height; sixth, comes the age when action is but intermittent; and last, old age, when the tranquil pool, sleepy in its inactivity, shows the last signs of life only to be eventually absorbed by the sun and left to shrink and wither and crumble to dust.

We felt the peace of a summer night whose day sleeps with open eyes. The full moon glistened on the white formations of the geyser deposits, while the rays of the planets played in the spray of the geyser streams. The effect was most beautiful to the eye and inspiring to the soul, and appeared like the veil of a lacy rainbow shooting upwards. The night was pensive, soothing, cool and exhilarating. A dreamy stillness filled the air—suddenly the splash of the geyser breaks the silence. Occasionally the "thud" would proclaim the coming water eruption of the geyser by that name, it bursted forth with a splash—splash—splash, and growled and roared as it threw its fountain higher and higher in vain effort to outdo its rivals. Together they rent the air in competition for the baskings of the moon—then all was silent as the waters again sought the bowels of the earth and secretly gained strength for another combat.

CHAPTER IX.

WE awoke early on the morning of Sunday, August 28, to find the day a glorious one. There was a feeling of responsibility upon us as we realized that it was the Sabbath—the day of happiness and freedom from toil. But one can "break the Sabbath" in a hundred ways without sinning. We do not work on Sunday because the commandments forbid it—we rest on Sunday because the commandments require it. It is in the definition of the word "rest" that the contention lies.

We did not rest on this Sunday by secluding ourselves in quietude, if this be the accepted manner of resting. We rested in the bosom of glorious Nature, and in this rest witnessed and realized the work of the Maker of all things and gloried in His achievement. Probably in no other portion of this continent can the works of Nature be seen in such variety as in Yellowstone National Park, and as we were carried along from wonder to wonder the fulness of our appreciation increased.

How quickly and surely isolation from the activities of the world lead to forgetfulness, was illustrated by the fact that the drivers of the stage coaches had no idea that the day was Sunday. Secluded as they are in the vastness of the Park, they work day after day without the thought of a calendar, and not until the passengers reminded them and made them acquainted with the fact that the day was the Sabbath, did they know it.

The driving schedule does not permit of any lapse of time, and as the drivers are compelled to mount the boxes and continue monotonously over the same path daily, they not only lose sight of the day of the week, but also the date of the month. All days are alike to them, and what care they, for they have become sons of the wild and find peace in their pastoral innocence.

As the passengers were assigned to the various coaches that Sunday morning, and the last one had driven away, a mathematical problem presented itself that caused considerable anxiety among four members of the party, and no little worry to the others. One Sir Knight and three ladies of the party were left behind as the last coach drove off.

In the usual mad rush of the drivers for the lead, the coaches were well out of sight and hurrying further away with all the ef-

fort of the mustangs, before the predicament was fully realized. Inquiry for another coach brought the response that there was none to be had. A previous count had demonstrated the fact that as many coaches had left as had arrived with our party. Wherefore then, the surplus of passengers?

Undesirous of being isolated in the Park with the other pilgrims San Francisco bound, the stranded Sir Knight made a hasty inquiry for a telegraph office and was agreeably surprised to find one in the hotel. Without an instant's delay, he wired the management of the coach company, probably 100 miles distant, telling of the predicament, and making an urgent plea for another coach. With "red-taped" leisureness the management wired back for "a full and detailed report of how it happened." As this required statement would mean an expression of about 1000 words, and as the prevailing toll in the park was four cents a word, the Sir Knight, with rare mathematical aptitude, figured that it would cost him about $40, and realizing that horses could be bought in that wilderness for about $10 each (if one was disinclined to go out and catch a wild one) he decided to try a quicker means of relief. A second thought also brought the conclusion that, although the detailed report might have been satisfactory, that it would be tiresome to wait until another coach could be brought from headquarters, 100 miles away.

Leaving the ladies in the hotel where he provided for their comfort, the Sir Knight sought the coach company's barn in the rear of the hotel in hopes of securing a rig to carry the forsaken to their friends. Beating his way through underbrush and far into the woods in the dangerous vicinity in which we saw the unscrupulous bears the night previous, the lonely Sir Knight eventually came upon a hostler pitching hay in what appeared to be a barn. Approaching the man with all possible grace the Sir Knight made an eloquent plea for a horse, which surpassed any effort ever credited to Richard III.

Whether or not the stranger was agreeably impressed will probably never be known, for he replied in a mixed and unintelligent jargon, which appealed to the ear as a mixture of Slavonish, Chinese and Greek. The stranger's speech did not give the slightest clue of any one fixed modern tongue. After a disappointing search of the shed to find that there was not a horse in sight, the Sir Knight wended his way back through the woods dodging shadows for bears.

Arriving at the hotel one of the overseers of the stage company was found. His supervision was limited to the district embraced within a radius of 50 miles and he had power to take official action.

He was gruff in his manner, but by tactful approach was gracious enough to listen to the story of the stranded troupe. He contended that the coach company was not in error—that as many coaches were provided as had arrived at the hotel. However, he finally consented, in consideration of a $10 fee, to use his own rig and drive the lost sheep back into the fold at the station ahead. This bargain was cheerfully entered into, and starting two hours after the last coach had left, the four forsaken gave chase after the advance guard. The greeting that awaited them at the hands of the pilgrims when they arrived was solicitous and impressive. Some thought that the bears had eaten the missing quartet, while there were others who believed that the Sir Knight had eloped with the three ladies.

An investigation was at once started to learn how the surplus of passengers was made possible, when as many coaches had left Fountain as had arrived there the day previous. This mystery was soon cleared up when it became known that two of the larger coaches had been changed for smaller ones, making the gross accommodation four less, and the four passengers who graciously saw the other pilgrims seated first were left to themselves among the geysers. This exchange of coaches was branded as a commercial trick on the part of the two drivers to accommodate another transient party, and after vigorous complaint the original coaches were restored and the $10 fee was eventually refunded.

We had ridden for two hours through wild country and found our happy meeting in the world-famous and unequaled "Faithful Inn," probably the most picturesque tavern in the world. The drive to the inn was over smooth roads and riding was most delightful. Now and again a slight rain storm would come up, but never so serious as to interfere with the pleasure of the trip. The stranded quartet were favored with a fast team in a light barouch. The driver reached into his vest pocket and brought forth the stump of a cigar, about one inch in length, and setting his teeth firmly upon it, found renewed energy which he applied to the horses. After he carried the stump for a half-hour, the Sir Knight beside him thought it would be Christian charity to give him a light, and forthwith handed him a Wheeling stogie which he had just lighted. The driver accepted it graciously and carefully returned his cigar stump to his vest pocket. His sociability was unequaled for so short an acquaintance.

Presently he brought the horses to a halt, and turning the lines over to the Sir Knight with the request: "Pard, hold these a minute," descended from the box and took a drink from a small pool, by means of a tin can. When he returned his face bore a careworn

look and appeared dejected. "I am sick," he declared. The strong stogie was too much for him, and thereby was demonstrated the fact that even a tenderfoot from Allegheny can sustain things which the strenuous man of the west finds beyond his physique.

Our drive to "Old Faithful Inn" was through the Middle Geyser Basin and along the Firehole River. Continuing, we came in sight of Hell's Half Acre, a locality of 50 acres which is rife with hot springs and geysers, and whose waters continually boil and splutter and spout above the surface. Many legends are told as to how Hell's Half Acre derived its name, but they all find their beginning in the heated, sulphurous vomitings of the vicinity.

The whole basin is surrounded and bespecked with timbered hills of pine, whose aroma is fragrant in contrast to the fumes of sulphur and lime deposits which the wayfarer is compelled to sniff almost continually. At the foot of the Half Acre is a lake whose waters are bluish-green, but which shade into deposits of the brightest of red as they flow down to the river. The great "Excelsior" Geyser lies in the Middle Geyser Basin. It is of enormous power but operates only at uncertain periods. When active, it throws out such an immense amount of water as to double the flow of the river. Its crater, which is 100 yards wide, is lined with most beautiful colorings of sulphur deposits. The waters boil violently in the throat of the crater at all times and bubble and splutter their way to a constant outflow almost incessantly. When raging, "Excelsior" Geyser throws a column of water 200 feet high.

Beyond the Half Acre to the west, and along our driveway, lay a great acreage of seething hot springs and geysers which grumble and steam like seething cauldrons that know no rest. The place is uncanny, the footing treacherous, and the vicinity is the hottest in the park. Furiously boiling waters and continued sprays of varied volume, disrupted and crust-dried lime and sulphur deposits discolor vegetable growth within sight of the eye, and whiten tree trunks as would a new coat of whitewash.

Suddenly an unusually large spurt of boiling water leaped into the air. Even those far removed from any possibility of danger shrank back in fear of an impromptu over-heated shower-bath. This was the "Riverside" Geyser. Its crater was ragged and from out of its slippery, slimy funnel the water rose and fell 10 feet at a time, then bubbled and boiled over, driving away the spectators in a scamper.

Following the desolate shores of the Firehole River for several miles, we passed through a region of extinct geysers that was rife with active hot springs, jets of spouting steam rising out of the lime and sulphur crusted earth as far as the eye can see.

Courtesy Northern Pacific Railroad.

OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER—YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Beyond is the largest field of geysers on earth—the Upper Geyser Basin. Here are congregated a half hundred of the greatest geysers in the world over a territory of two or three square miles. Clouds of steaming water are continually shooting skyward, while the sulphur-bespattered earth is saturated with the hot water which is seeking its way from the geyser lips to the river. The paint pots working constantly, knead their sulphurous paste from side to side, and color the surface in variegated hues with their sputterings.

The pride of the Upper Geyser Basin, and the first geyser which is shown visitors, is known as "Old Faithful." Its name was given because of its reliability in spraying at an appointed time. "Old Faithful" has a flat top, with a cone 200 feet in diameter which rises towards the center about 20 feet. Steam is constantly escaping, and as you approach, with the assurance that the next shot of water will not occur until the scheduled time, rumblings and dull explosions are heard beneath, while there is seemingly hollowness which creates fear as one treads near the mouth of the crater.

Geysers all about rage and bellow, and make the air mist-like with their skyward plunges. The almost constant battery of spurting streams of hot water, the restless paint pots, the ambitious and ever active hot springs, the bellowings and rumblings underneath, —all seemed to indicate that some monstrous beast of the underworld was raging and frothing in a mad effort to obtain release.

It was here at the edge of the Upper Geyser Basin and within sight of "Old Faithful" geyser that we found "Old Faithful Inn." If ever the aims of a hotel builder in making a hostelry inviting to prospective guests were realized, it was in the building of "Old Faithful Inn." Built entirely of logs and used in their natural hewn state, the hotel is at once unique and strikingly beautiful. Its long, sloping roof which tapers down to almost the very ground, lends the cheer of the Swiss cottage, while the pillars of hewn logs which support the main balconies lend a startling oddness which one learns to adore. Not only without, but also within, the building is constructed entirely of logs. Walls are formed of neatly matched tree trunks, which have been stripped of their bark and varnished, while doors and even window frames are constructed of the natural shaped wood. From the wide and roomy office and lobby on the ground floor one can look up through the building to the roof, the upper floors being balconied. These balconies are in themselves most artistic, and like all else in the construction of the house, are created from hewn logs and branches. Their special attractiveness lies in the fact that the posts and post-trimmings are perfectly matched and attest to the great labor and time which must have been employed in seeking and obtaining equal and almost identically shaped limbs and logs. The verandas,

ballroom, reception rooms, rathskeller, parlors, dining-room—in a word, all the rooms in the house, even including the bed-rooms, were constructed in natural shaped wood, while a cleanliness prevailed that was faultless.

Huge knots in the logs added a rugged beauty, but the inconceivable wonder was in the fact that the knots appeared in the woodwork in symmetrical rotation, showing further ingenuity in matching the natural wood.

Greeting us at the doorway of this picturesque hostelry was "Larry," the manager. Everyone about the place, stranger, guest and visitor, knew him only by that familiar name, and as his friendliness left no room for formalities, we also knew him and learned to like him—as "Larry." "Larry's" hand-shake was a welcome in itself and his verbal greeting given in a deep, hearty tone, left not the vestige of doubt of his sincerity. Each and every member of our party was greeted by the warm hand-shake of the cheerful and accommodating host.

We were at once ushered into the dining-room to enter into combat with our appetites. While the meal was in itself of sufficient interest to appeal to us, we were fascinated by the rustic beauty of the interior, with its walls, ceiling and every detail constructed from trees in their own shape of growth, welded into one whole of artistic grace. A novel feature that presented itself in the dining-room was a huge and massive sideboard hewn out of petrified wood, which, in its silence, told eloquently of the times when our prehistoric fathers wandered through this garden of nature in the centuries of long ago.

Great fireplaces were found on every floor and were set deep within the natural wood walls. Even in the construction of the doors was the natural wood effect carried out, and from floor to floor, room to room, and even door to door, there never seemed a monotony of this feature which was ever interesting and especially pleasing in its suggestion of comfort.

Ever and anon we met "Larry" hurrying to and fro through the spacious building. Busy or not, he was ever ready to inquire into the comfort of each and every guest, and his demeanor was always so friendly that we found him quite as admirable as the very building itself.

After luncheon we strolled among the geysers and hot springs in the vicinity of the hotel, under the direction of a guide. He was evidently of foreign birth and as a test of his truthfulness would accompany every explanation with the invitation: "If you don't belief it, dry it yourself." We believed him.

Scattered about us were mounds of extinct geysers; and while they still steamed, had long since spent their force and were inactive.

Courtesy Oregon Short Line R. R.

MIDDLE AND UPPER GEYSER BASIN, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

1—Lone Star Geyser. 2-15-17-19—Faithful Inn. 3—Sapphire Pool, Biscuit Basin. 4—Early Morning in the Upper Geyser Basin. 5—Crater of the Oblong Geyser. 6.—Castle Well, Castle Geyser. 7-8—Interior Faithful Inn. 9—Morning Glory Spring. 10-11—Castle and Bee-Hive Geysers. 12-13-16—Grotto Geyser, Cone. 14—The Sponge. 18—Punch-Bowl Spring. 20—Emerald Pool. 21—Mr. Bear. 22—Old Faithful Geyser.

In a field of these aged and indigent, stood "Old Faithful" geyser. We heard the rumbling and infallible symptoms of its eruption and hastened thither. Steam jets were shooting forth with increasing volume, and the internal confusion became greater. In a moment the rumbling blended into rolling thunder and while in its highest pitch of nervous growling and spraying, came the explosion, which threw the water higher and higher into the air, until it attained a column 150 feet in height—the grand fountain was in play.

The stream inclined to the north, and as the wind carried dense clouds of steam and sprays, huge splashes fell from the apex of the fountain upon the northward side of the cone which formed the geyser mouth. Unsatisfied in her effort, nature lends color to the scene by the aid of the sun, in painting beautiful rainbows upon the spraying waters.

"Old Faithful," true to its name, rises out of its subterranean depths every 63 minutes, to the minute, operates for five minutes at a height of 150 feet, then gradually recedes to about 30 feet. After 6 minutes have elapsed, the geyser, in one concentrated dying effort, hurls forth a column 50 feet high and sinks back—far down into the depths of the earth, to lie in repose until it has accumulated renewed energy in the customary interval of 63 minutes.

After the geyser has spent its wrath, one can look down into the mouth with every degree of safety—providing the look does not require the allotted 63 minutes. As the eye penetrates the draughts of steam which pour out of the geyser mouth, one can see far down into the rocky recesses. Pools of water of transparent blue are left in the rock cleft pockets within the cone. The outer crust of the mouth is hard, brittle and porous, and less sulphurous than those of other geysers.

The geysers of the Upper Basin form the waters of the Firehole River and pour 10,000,000 gallons into that stream daily. As we strolled about to the northward we meet the "Beehive" geyser whose tube is high. It is enclosed by a pile of geyserite formation, which from its appearance, gives the name "Beehive." Near by is a vent, which acting like a safety valve, shoots forth jets of steam before each eruption and thereby gives warning to inquisitive explorers. The spray of the "Beehive" attains a height of 200 feet. It operates but once or twice a day, usually at night.

Nearby are the "Turban," "Lion," "Lioness" and their two cubs, and a little to the eastward is the "Giantess." The Lion group is of uncertain action and of small volume in comparison to the other geysers.

The "Giantess," however, is worthy of the name. Seated upon her throne on the summit of a mound 50 feet high, this geyser presents

a depressed crater 18 by 24 feet, which is usually filled with dark-blue water. In other words, the "Giantess" is a most unfortunate woman in that she has no mouth—though in the language of the geyser biographers, "her lips are very broad and flat."

Being so large she naturally moves slowly, and operates only at intervals, averaging every two weeks. But when the "Giantess" rises in her dignity she must be heard—and usually is heard. Previous notice of bursting anger is given by violent boiling and internal rumbling which terminate with an explosion that is terrific, and which at times shakes the hotel far removed, and frightens the inhabitants. Her sprays attain a height of 250 feet and operations usually continue throughout an entire day. The spray of the "Giantess" is as wide as her crater, and through the center can be seen distinct jets forcing their way through the water-spout.

Across the river is the "Castle," so named because of its castellated construction. Its action is uncertain, varying from once a day to every other day, and it throws a column of water 150 feet in height, which continues about 40 minutes and then tapers off in a series of insignificant spurts. Scattered about are geysers of small size and lesser force, which operate usually in sympathy with the larger geysers.

The "Grand" geyser operates with great power and force, and when ready to spray, causes the earth to tremble while the internal thumpings and rumblings are fearful and threatening. Sucking in the water reposing in its crater, the geyser shoots forth in a solid column 200 feet high, with steam rising in clouds above.

The water spout of the "Grand" seems to be composed of a combination of numerous separate jets which fall back into the funnel-shaped crater with a thunderous report at successive intervals. The "Saw-Mill" (rather insignificant) has a tube six inches in diameter. Its water column, thrown 40 feet high, gives the peculiar sound of a saw, caused by the puffs of steam ejected alternately with the water jets.

The "Wash Tubs," small basins with diameters of about 10 feet and whose bottoms are lined with orifice, are nearby. If clothes or any foreign matter is put into these basins, the washing process is industriously carried out, then suddenly, water, clothes and all, are sucked down into the deep recesses of the basins. After a time the water reappears and back come the clothes.

The "Devil's Well" nearby is a broad basin of ever boiling water of a beautiful blue cast. It often serves the purpose for tourists to boil eggs, potatoes and other articles of food in its steaming waters. The "Comet" geyser stands near the well. It explodes several times during the day but its spray never attains great height.

Courtesy Northern Pacific Railroad.

THE GIANT GEYSER—YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

The "Giant" is the great geyser of the Upper Basin. Its cone stands upon almost level surface and is broken and irregular in shape. A glance into its interior discloses formations and deposits of beauteous hues and of iridescent splendor. Brilliant colors representing hundreds of shades, interblend in making the lining attractive.

The "Giant," like the majority of geysers, is uncertain in action but usually operates every fourth day. A vent in its side and the action of numerous "Little Devils" located nearby, gives ample notice of the rising fury of the "Giant." When the monster does break loose he holds sway 90 minutes. The outburst comes like a tornado, and the water that gushes forth doubles the flow of the river during its operation. Its column rises to a height of 250 feet and is eight feet in diameter. The water bursts forth in a sea of steam that pervades the whole valley and holds a perfectly erect position during operation.

The "Catfish" and "Grotto" are geysers in the immediate vicinity which are of odd and irregular formation but vigorous spouters, though their waters reach no great altitude.

The "Fan" geyser is well named. It has five tubes which are spread out symmetrically, and during an eruption they give the appearance of an open fan. The center tube throws a spout 100 feet high and operations occur three or four times a day and continue 15 minutes.

The "Splendid" spouts 200 feet into the air every three hours and continues in action about 10 minutes. The "Pyramid" and "Punch Bowl" have ceased operation. The first has become merely a steam jet, while the latter is a serrated-edged mound within which rests an elegant pool of deep blue water.

"Morning Glory Spring" is a marvelously tinted pool, shaped and colored in great similarity to the flower after which it is named. Its outer edges rest level with the surface of the ground and bear a rich, variated blend of pink. Tapering towards the center, rich shades of purple and blue interblend until the center is reached, where the bottomless hole finds its way into the depths of the earth bearing a purple-black hue.

These geysers attain a boiling point of 250 degrees at a depth of 70 feet when in a state of activity, and the steam so suddenly generated gives the necessary force to lift the great spouts of water out of the depths of the earth to the surface.

Government soldiers patrol the geyser fields as a protection to the geysers. Their particular function is to prevent curio seekers from demolishing the cones and chipping them, or otherwise disturbing the natural trend of the geysers. Another special duty of these

guardsmen is to prevent sight-seers from throwing foreign matter into the craters. The geysers do not like to be fed and show great resentment at having articles thrown into their mouths. They become especially indignant and furious if given soap. Their resentment of soap is a great peculiarity of the geyser, though they are rather human in this. It is a well founded and established fact that if soap is thrown into the mouth of an active geyser, it rages and becomes inconsolable for a whole day. It seems to weaken their stomachs and acts as a powerful emetic, causing them to hurl forth all that has accumulated in their depths. It must be admitted, with a degree of humiliation, that no member of our party had any soap. Hence we sought no opportunity to evade the guardsmen and satisfy our curiosity.

Slowly and reluctantly we left the geyser fields, and in obedience to the call of the falling shades of evening, made our way back to the hotel. Several members of the party (none of the ladies) desired the services of a barber. History repeats itself. No barber shop found place in the otherwise complete hostelry. Again the unshaven were directed to the boiler room and left to the mercies of the engineer and fireman.

It is not the intent of the writer to strike pity in the hearts of the reader, nor encourage tears and inconsolable sorrow. So we will refrain from a minute description of the suffering and tortures of the bearded while they were being shaven. Suffice to say, we identified each victim that entered the boiler room by a number, so as to avoid any difficulty in recognizing him when he returned. Meanwhile, other members of the party plucked wild flowers as a fitting tribute in case of necessity.

With the same charity as was manifested at the Fountain hotel, the bears in the vicinity of "Old Faithful Inn" were fed in a like manner; from the garbage heap in the rear of the hotel. In order to draw a correct comparison of the devouring ability of these bears with the others, we viewed the feeding with interest. The greater majority of guests at this garbage banquet were blacks bears, and surely did justice to the spread. However, while in the midst of a course, before dessert had been served, a huge grizzly strode majestically into sight, and without an effort conquered and took individual possession. The black bears scattered in fright at the approach of this monarch, who was gracious enough to delay his entry until the other species of his family had at least a munch or two—though he did not give them opportunity for the customary formality of delivering after-dinner speeches.

It was a source of great pleasure to us to again meet our Fraters and friends from Mary Commandery at the hotel. They had

traveled in our wake and reached the hotel several hours after our arrival. Greetings were hearty and cordial on all sides, and previously made friendships were cemented more strongly, if that were possible.

The gathering at dinner was a large and enthusiastic one. The coziness of the oddly constructed dining-room lent zest to the appetite and conversation. We were served by waitresses in quaint and comely attire and of pleasant personality. They were young women far above the station of those who usually serve in that capacity; for many school teachers and women of like vocation take the opportunity of so earning a pleasant summer vacation within the Yellowstone National Park.

The dress of the waitresses were so attractive that the writer, in his unfamiliarity of technical makeup of ladies' garments, or the welding process necessary to wrought them into shape, appealed to Sir Heckel for a description, and the latter took special pride in being able to talk intelligently upon the subject. According to Sir Heckel the gowns conformed to this description:

"They were simple foulard gros de laine trimmed with lemon-colored orange blossoms a la Merode. Overskirts of embroidered cheese-cloth hung loosely from the waist and were cut bias about the accordion-plaited skirt binding. Facings of hemstitched petit polonaise, with insertions, were draped about the shoulders and basted to the back, upon which flourished a liberal crop of hooks and eyes."

While the writer has not the ability of Sir Heckel to enter into a discussion of the artistic merits of this combination, he can at least attest to the fact that the waitresses looked especially alluring and fascinating in this attire.

After dinner the guests distributed themselves about the great drawing-room, verandas, porches and grounds, and entered into the enjoyment of an evening that inscribed itself indelibly upon our memories. One member of the Mary Commandery was a clergyman, and he presided during a short devotional service, after which a concert and recital was given by members from both parties. We had some talent with us that was not publicly displayed upon this occasion, and to save Sirs Gilchrist and Burry and Aberli from any unnecessary humiliation, we will not mention names.

One of the features of the evening was offered by a viewing of the eruption of "Old Faithful" geyser by searchlight, with which the hotel was equipped. The sight was one that beggars description. As the great light shot out from the tower of the hostelry, it unceremoniously revealed the bears in the woods. How they scattered and scampered off under the rays of the powerful light was a source of great amusement.

The curio store is ever present and found special attraction at "Old Faithful Inn," with its offerings of the many-colored sands from the canyon geyser deposits, and photographs of the odd and novel hotel.

With the diligence of the faculty of a ladies' seminary, the hotel management orders lights extinguished after a certain hour. But to guide the belated wayfarer, candles were lighted and placed about in nooks especially in the walls and pillars for that purpose. The effect was beautiful as the lights cast their soft rays upon the natural wooded walls and the interior. A watchman patroled the building with lantern swung upon his arm, and added additional romance to the scene. A pilgrim was seated in a broad arm chair, concluding a letter to a far-off friend or relative when the lights were extinguished, and with an accommodation that prevailed among all attaches of the house, the watchman placed a few candles upon the arm of his chair, so that the letter-writer's signature might find the proper place upon the letter sheet.

One by one the pilgrims had found their resting places for the night. If such a thing were possible, our apartments were too alluring and comfortable for sleep. In accord with the construction scheme of the whole house, the walls and doors and everything pertaining to the sleeping apartments was constructed of wood in its natural state. The effect was so pleasing to the eyes that it was difficult to close them.

As we viewed the cheerfulness of the room, the pleasures and activities of the day were reviewed in our minds and the mysteries of the marvels of nature became further mystifying until relieved by sleep.

CHAPTER X.

THE pilgrims were all early risers on the morning of Monday, August 29. When we beheld the odd walls of the Woodland Hotel we were quickly conscious of our whereabouts and the glad memories of the preceding day were instantly refreshed. Enthused with the vigor that saturates the early riser in Yellowstone Park, we responded quickly to a sunrise call to breakfast and ate heartily and gossiped cheerfully.

Promptly at 7:30 o'clock our coaches were lined up and in waiting for the drive of the day, which was to find its termination at the Yellowstone Lake. The usual anxiety prevailed in making sure that all baggage was ready for conveyance and that no companion would

again be stranded. Just as we were assured that everything was ready for the start, a misunderstanding occurred in which Mr. Joseph Null and Sir McFarland were most deeply interested.

Mr. Null was perplexed and hatless. The latter condition gave reason for the former. Some person had taken his cap. Even the bears were suspected—for you know bears are always bare-headed. Sir McFarland was known to have worn a hat on the previous evening, while on this gladsome morn he wore a cap that was nowise unlike the one which Mr. Null missed. But as McFarland, as we already know, was the only man in the party equipped with the good book, the investigation was not carried so far. Realizing the sedate mannerisms of the latter, he was not cross-examined but in voluntary testimony admitted that his hat had also been taken and preaching from the text: "He helps those who help themselves," admitted that he had come in possession of the cap he wore by contact. However, what threatened to become a case for Government investigation, inasmuch as the alleged connivance was hatched on Government territory, became averted by Sir McFarland gracefully and charitably offering covering for the head of a fellow-being by giving Mr. Null the cap which was his, while another Sir Knight presented Sir McFarland with an auxiliary headgear.

As we stood ready to enter the coaches, our royal host "Larry" rushed out among us and bade each and every member of the party goodbye with a hearty hand-shake that had a warmth which came straight from the heart. With a word of best wishes he assisted us into the coaches and with the crack of the whip, a command or two from the drivers and a rousing hurrah from the members of our party mingled with those of the guests of the hotel whom we were leaving behind, the mustangs pranced high into the air and then shot forward to speed over the roadways to the end of the day's travel.

The route pointed to the east and through the heart of the Rocky Mountains until the trail leads out on the West Thumb of Yellowstone Lake. Owing to the winding roadway necessary to span the mountains, the Continental Divide was twice crossed on the way, and a curious loop was made to the northward, the second crossing being at an elevation of 8,500 feet.

In the far distance the Grand Tetons were visible, as the driver halted and pointed majestically with his whip. We could see a dim, vapor-like outline, bracketed in the clouds. It had the appearance of a silvery-white lining of a fair blue sky and seemed as mist rather than reality.

Following a slowly descending trail we reached West Thumb station and caught the first glimpse of the Yellowstone Lake. The lake is at 7,740 feet elevation and has a coast-line of 150 miles.

The lake has indented bays in its western and southern shores, which give it an irregular outline very similar to the form of the human hand. There are five of these bays and they are known as the "Thumb" and "Fingers." The "Thumb" is the widest of these bays and as our stop was on the western shore of the bay bearing that name, the station is known as "West Thumb." This station has for its chief attraction a lunch room; a long, one-story frame building, neatly equipped and clean, and we were served with a plain but satisfying luncheon. The pilgrims as a whole found no startling innovation at West Thumb lunch station, although Sir Beckert was forced to admit that he had lived a hand-to-mouth existence during his eventful career, but had never before been forced to take food from the thumb.

While there is a certain degree of appropriateness in designating Yellowstone Lake and its bays as a hand with five fingers, because of the number of its bays, it must be admitted with truth that the hand is deformed and distorted. It is probably for this reason that it does not wear the wedding ring.

The "Thumb" is wider than it is long; the forefinger is detached and shriveled; the middle finger gives indication of having been dislocated or victimized in some painful catastrophe, while the "little finger" is in truth the largest finger of all. The combination therefore, presents a hand that no bachelor visitor might be expected to plead for.

After luncheon we paid a short visit to the paint pots and hot springs in the immediate vicinity. On the very edge of the lake itself, and spreading out into its very waters, is an actual geyser crater whose waters boil, and seethe, and bubble over, and run into the cool waters of the lake.

There is an old story told visitors that a fisherman can stand upon the bank of the lake and catch fish, turn about and drop them into the crater while still on the line and then detach them ready to serve—caught and boiled while you wait, as it were. This opportunity presents itself by the provisions of nature, but the only doubt that rises in the mind of the patient listener of this story is whether or not he has cultivated the necessary appetite to make fresh caught and boiled fish palatable, when thoroughly seasoned by the brimstone and sulphur which the geyser crater offers gratis during the boiling operation.

The surface about West Thumb is a waste of volcanic ashes through which vegetation is only now beginning to struggle. Here and there are cavities bearing many-colored watermarks around their rims and filled with muddy deposits. These signs mark the tombs of one-time active geysers and tell the tale, even after death,

Courtesy Oregon Short Line R. R.

UPPER GEYSER BASIN TO THE LAKE—YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

1—Jackson Lake and Teton Mountains. 2—Obsidian Cliff (Volcanic Glass). 3—The Teton Range. 4—Elk. 5—Emigrant Peak. 6—Buffalo. 7—Tourists Among the Bears. 8—Bear "A La Cart." 9—Amid the Spray and Roar.. 10—Yellowstone Lake. 11—Lake Hotel. 12—Hayden Valley, between Lake and Falls. 13—Golden Gate, East Entrance. 14—Road to Yellowstone Canyon. 15—Bridge near Grand Canyon. 16—Eagle Nest Rock, Gardner River. 17—Golden Gate Canyon.

that their crevices, too, have nursed the tossed and turbulent blue waters, which in the days gone by filled them to the brim and flowed over their lips. Notwithstanding the ravages of old age and disability, the scene has not been robbed of its extraordinary mystery and beauty.

The air rings with the rhapsodies of the raging paint pots, with their splutterings, tossings, growlings, rumblings and splashings. The hot, soft clay is coated in many hues and blends—flawless white, yellow-white, red, blue, gray, pink, pale green and composite shades, all muddled and mixed in a splendor that dazzles the eye. Several companions carried off lumps of this many-colored clay, but in a half-hour it had dried into lime-dust and could be blown away into nothingness, in true fable fashion.

Re-entering our coaches, we were driven over a rocky and hilly road. Just as the path became rockiest and when traveling became least comfortable, we reached a point where we obtained a better and clearer view of the lake than had before presented itself, and we lost the discomforts of riding in our observations.

Suddenly the pathway took a downward trend, then sloped sharply. The roads were newly made and the rains caused them to be muddy and holding. Oft-times we rode on the two side wheels of the coach, while the passengers clutched the seat posts and each other in frantic efforts to stay within. Down and up we rolled and tossed like a rudderless ship afloat on the wild wave.

As we rode onward the scenery became less attractive for a time. The shores of the lake bore uninteresting and uniform slopes and were lined with marshes and pine trees. Occasionally the monotony was relieved by tiny islands which dotted the blue waters, while at times waterfowl would hover over the marshes in large numbers.

For two or three hours we jogged along, up and down, over the road that skirts the lake, with a dim and dream-like picture of a watery expanse, veiled by the pines, before us. Gradually a sprinkling rain that had been falling upon us took courage and developed into a heavy downpour. It quickly changed to hail, which fell in such density as to screen everything from view but the nearest objects. The dampened air became chilly and uncomfortable—it was more than chilly, it was cold.

We wrapped ourselves in gayly colored blankets, which slowly but surely turned pale after sighting the weather elements. In other words, the colors ran from the blankets in fear of the hail and rain, and when we removed them, we found the red and the blue and green and yellow sheltered under the blankets themselves, and pressed into our own wearing apparel.

The seasoned drivers sat unsheltered on the top of the coaches,

allowing themselves to become water-soaked without a murmur of complaint, and if they gave any indication of their feelings, they seemed to like it. It settled the dust on their clothes.

After a time, when we had entered a valley, the storm began to abate, but it remained cool and misty and the waters of the lake became rough. Presently a vast, black cloud on the opposite side of the lake, and to our right, dissolved, and uncurtained mountains of grand proportions and soaring loftiness. They were black as the night, with the exception of their snow-capped summits.

Their appearance surprised us, for we had supposed that there was naught behind that low-hung blanket of sable cloud but level valleys. What we had mistaken for fleeting glimpses of dark clouds were in reality patches of snowy crest shredded into rents by the drifting dark clouds.

Presently the Lake Hotel loomed into view and at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon we pulled up to its entrance, tired after the rough ride and rougher weather, but joyful and anxious to get under its sheltering roof and enjoy its hospitality.

The hotel was of rich artistic beauty and is the largest in the park. Its architecture is of Colonial type and the entrance with its wide porch and massive, high columns, is not unlike the entrance to the White House. The hotel is very roomy throughout and its long and wide corridor on the main floor was inviting and comfortable.

Shortly after our arrival, Sir Beckert startled us by announcing that he was going fishing in the lake, because he had been taught that the fish were more susceptible after a rainstorm than at any other time. He started out with the best wishes of the entire party, and special instructions not to allow his fishing ambitions to interfere with his truth-telling. He returned an hour later with an enormous fish. He refused to tell where he bought it. Nevertheless, it was of such alluring aspect that all appetites at once became sharpened, only to be disappointed by the announcement that it was to be given over to the hotel chef for preparation for breakfast in the morning.

After a satisfying dinner, we were agreeably surprised to find our fraters and friends of Mary's Commandery drilling on the spacious verandas of the hotel, fitting themselves for their showing at the Conclave.

The evening was spent in glorious entertainment among our old friends; music, dancing, laughter and good cheer were the diversities. Not to be outdone by opposition, this hotel also had its patronage of bears, who found their way to the garbage heap with the same aptitude as their brethren at the Faithful Inn and Fountain

Hotel. The night was raw and cold, and few ventured outside of the cheerful and inviting hostelry. A few of the boldest took short walks in the vicinity of the hotel and lake. Then the soft gloaming, with the spectacle of the dying lights of day playing about the crests and pinnacles of the still and solemn upper realm of the sleeping mountains on the opposite side of the lake, created a contrast that offered a text for talk.

There was no sound but the dulled, complaining waves of the lake and the echo of the laughter and merriment of those within the hotel. On the outside the spirit that prevailed was one of deep, pervading peace. On a fair day or night it must be beautiful, but on such a night as we experienced one might dream his life tranquilly away and not miss it, or mind it when it was gone.

The day had departed with the small installment paid by the sun, and a cool, almost wintry night came with the stars. Back to the hotel—a final smoke on the veranda facing the waters and mountains —a summing up of the day's events; then within the hotel an hour or two to think and talk it over, or perhaps a few stories to relate. A final "good night," "good night" and to bed, with drowsy brains harassed with a mad panorama that mixes up pictures of paint pots, of geysers, of pools, of hot springs and of the lake and of home, in grotesque and bewildering disorder. Then a melting away of dear familiar faces, of scenes, of the hail and rain, the tumble and toss over new made roads, and of the boisterous waves of the lake—into a great calm of forgetfulness and peace and after which—the nightmare.

CHAPTER XI.

FRESH, invigorating breezes from the lake rejuvenated the early rising pilgrims on the morning of Tuesday, August 30. The first call of the breakfast bell found a ready response. Sir Beckert beamed with delight in keen anticipation of the kingly morsel he felt he had in store in the serving of the massive fish, which it was alleged he had caught on the preceding evening.

When the first course was served Frederick merely whetted his appetite for the feast and graciously promised those seated at his table a share of the fish if their conduct deserved it. He playfully tapped his fingers on the table to some tune while awaiting the toothsome dish, but when the second course was served the fisherman grew

anxious. The third and fourth courses were passed along, and still no fish; Sir Beckert could only be quieted by having his attention drawn to the peals of laughter coming from another table. The climax came when the waiter anxiously inquired if there was "any thing else?" Then Sir Beckert rose to his highest declamatory ability and in the pure Shakespearean inquired: "Where is my fish?"

The waiter shook his apron and admitted he did not have it. He scurried off into the kitchen at the command of the disappointed fisherman, while continued laughter from the other end of the room seemed to mock the dramatic effect of the scene.

"The fish has already been served," announced the breathless waiter upon his return, whereupon there was a scurry of fleeing diners from the table at the other end of the room.

The mystery was solved! Some ingenious and fish-devouring member of our party had informed the chef what table should be decorated by the carcass of the fish and when Sir Beckert viewed the remains there was nothing left for him but the "wish-bone."

In the rain, hail and cold of the preceding day our impressions were not flattering. We thought the lake not very attractive. On this early morning we were free to confess that we had erred somewhat in our judgment, though not very materially.

The east, whose opal tints we had previously noted, had changed to tender rose and was now inundated with the flames of the sun, whose disc we began to perceive above the mountain tops.

The lake looked like an immense mirror—calm and beautiful. To the right it reflected the mountain scenery while waterfowl chirped and flew about for an hour or more. Gradually the spectacle grew in magnificence as the beauty of the morn unfolded itself, and like the birds, we felt inclined to raise our voices in song.

About 9 o'clock we started upon the day's journey, which was to find its wonderful climax at the Grand Canyon. The road lay along the Yellowstone River, which has its source in Bridger Lake to the southeast of the park, and flows northward through a broad valley between generally snow-capped mountain ridges of volcanic origin, some of whose peaks rise to an elevation of 11,000 feet.

It is a sluggish stream with heavy timbered banks, much of the initial valley being marsh. The river flows into Yellowstone Lake from whence we started. The road was generally smooth and led up and down over a succession of hills. Here and there the path was narrow, but the horses were accustomed to the path and never left it, while the drivers found ample time to entertain themselves and their passengers.

So closely did the coaches follow each other at times that the

horses of the coach in the rear would socially project their noses into the rear of the coach in front, while the drivers would stand upon their seats and shout to one another in continued conversation. When the top of a hill was reached we would go flying down the other side, with no change in the program. In this manner we went whizzing down a long incline with nobody in a position to know whether or not we were bound to destruction.

Amidst jesting, singing and laughter, our conversation would constantly revert to the anticipation of the scenes we were to behold within the next hour or two. Our drivers and friends had told us of the wonders of the Grand Canyon, which neither pen nor brush could adequately portray in splendor. We had heard of the precipices that seem to rise straight up out of the bowels of the earth; the falls with their roar of thunder, dashing into the canyons below; the eagles' nests perched upon the dizzy heights of the precipice eaves, and the rainbow-tinted sands and rocks that bedeck the canyon sides. We had heard the stories of the beautiful cascade that leaps from the rugged heights, robed in a powdery spray, ruffled with foam and girdled with a rainbow. We longed to look upon these things, for to look upon them, they told us, was to look upon the last possibility of the sublime and the enchanting.

It was because of this that we talked chiefly of the pleasures that were to come. If we were conscious of any impatience, it was to get there in favorable season; if we felt any anxiety it was that the day might remain perfect and serve us a flawless gaze upon these marvels when they were at their best.

The road carried us near a field of mud geysers, which spluttered in nervous restlessness. Then we passed down through Hayden Valley, on and on in proximity of the Sulphur Mountains. Flowers poked out their heads along the water's edge, some entirely new to us while others greeted us as old acquaintances. Soon we arrived at a large, magnificent bridge whose great archway spanned a beautiful valley. We drove over the structure and then—then we arrived at the very edge of the mighty cliff that stands as Nature's fitting monument to her own glory—the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone!

Astonished beyond the most fanciful anticipation, we gazed down upon a panorama in the marvelously beautiful canyon; a deep gorge where a glance sweeps from the rocky heights to a valley so confined, so sombre, so solemn and beautiful.

We stood at the very top of the canyon at a place where, after continually rising, a superb sheet of water found release and fell with a dash and a roar, while on either side the rocky flanks steamed with foam. We ventured so near that we were smitten

with a desire to place our hands into the water and touch the roaring current.

The waters cried out with a roar as they made their first leap, but the cry of fright and fear of injury was smothered in the depth of the fall embedded far below. We could scarcely move for pleasure and surprise, we seemed spell-bound by the grandeur which the canyon revealed. Everything swayed the spectator.

We leaned upon a wooden rail nearby, which trembled under our weight, and charmed by the aspect, we went to the extremity of the rail—then we leaned against the giant rocks that seemed to speak in thunderous tones, and raged with effervescing foam emitting from their mouths, as the falls coursed on in their mad, downward flight.

Here the sight became more threatening as we stood nearer to the frightful, plunging waters. The forbidding but splendid abyss angrily threw a shower of pearls in the face of those who dare venture near. One becomes enchanted and speechless, and it is repulsive to be spoken to and to have inspiration shattered as one gazes and listens to Nature's continuous extravaganza—in the music, the song, the cry, the roar, the thunder, the lightning of the storm-chariot, the pyrotechnics of the waters, when, suddenly, after a persistent gaze, the onlooker feels as if the world had turned upside down.

After allowing ourselves sufficient time to admire the prospect of the magnificent falls, we re-entered our coaches and drove along the edge of the precipice to "Point Lookout."

On reaching the lip of the cliff and peering over the dizzy heights, (from a point of general vantage superior to that at the falls) the wonderful and unique character of the magnificent canyon burst upon us. It is a hopeless task to endeavor to convey in words an idea of the scene that lay before us, since, as was remarked on the spot, an accomplished painter, even by a series of views studded with the jewels of his heart, could but impart a faint impression of the glorious sight; for to obtain the color effects he would have to dip his brush in the hues of the rainbow and allow the moisture to dry upon the canvas with his own breath, while his soul was entranced with awe, and the spirit of inspiration animated his very being.

Reluctantly we made our way to the hotel at the noon hour and found luncheon ready, but our hunger was keener in the desire to return and feast upon the scenes from whence we had come than were our appetites for the more prosaic meal that stood before us.

We had an hour's rest at the hotel and during that brief period quietude reigned round, and a spirit of tranquility and serenity spread over us, and entwined the realm of space about us. There

Courtesy Oregon Short Line R. R. Photo. by F. Jay Haynes

GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE—YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

was a something that seemed to implore, that plead, that urged, and whispered in our ears—"You have not seen it all." Nature, like a child, was calling us to hasten and see more of its playthings, and childlike we hastened thither.

We drove along the rim of the canyon to "Grand View," the "Brink" and other lofty view points, and it was here that we learned just what the canyon was—we were in a manner stunned and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until we had arrived at the edge of "Grand View" and peered over the edge of the cliffs that the scene dawned upon us in its full might, majesty and glory.

We could hear the roar and see the rushing waters in their fall, then passing through the canyon far below the winding stream made its way. The Crystal Falls formed a perfect grotto in the side of the canyon. Deep down in the canyon sides is the brilliant lining of many-hued sands—the white, the orange, the red, the gray, the purple—in fact all colors and shades known to man, blended together under the piercing rays of the sun into a light yellow, from whence the river achieves its name.

The river dashes to the brink of the Lower Falls through a pass not 100 feet wide and rushing over the cataract, plunges down 300 feet amid a spray that showers its pearly drops about in mad confusion. As the restless current madly seeks an outlet, its water turns in hue from green to blue in variating shades.

It was an extraordinary panorama that greeted our eyes as we gazed from "Grand View" and the "Brink." The colors of the canyon were so transcendent, so tender, so transparent, so harmonious. We shut our eyes momentarily and still the vision remained. We still could see the amber sands; the pink and pearly walls; the cataract rocks, chocolate-brown, black, purple and polished; the lofty alpines that clustered here and there, bespattered and flecked with the yeasty foam—over all the blue and burning sky, permeated with light that palpitated everything with its sunshine.

As we look back upon that scene the inadequacy of words becomes apparent and all efforts to describe the indescribable become mere presumptions. Words are useful instruments, but like the etching needle and the burin, they stop short at form. They fail in their effort to translate color and striking beauty.

As we slowly ventured down the narrow path along the falls we realized that we had never before even dreamt of anything as lovely as the sight we beheld.

We stood in the glorious sunlight among pine trees, that, while they towered high into the air, were but pigmies like ourselves in the presence of even the lowest step in the falls, which

leaped and dashed from such a height that the current lost all semblance of water.

Dashing down over the rocks, the waters formed a splendid bouquet of glistening rockets, which, instead of rushing heavenward, shot down as if from the blue canopy which seemed to touch the brink far above us.

Like a spray of falling stars, which seemed to storm down upon us in separate showers, until they blended together in bands of thousands in a grand avalanche of frothy, fleecy foam, the falls raged and thundered until they were lost in a seething whirlpool that found shelter in the boulders below.

The most exquisite moment arrived when we reached some spot where the sun's rays streamed past and transformed the light vapor into irridescent rainbow-prisms which girdled the waters in their mystic circle. As the pyrotechnic waters shot through these belts of radiance, they seemed to carry the colors of the dancing sunbeam with them and made the vivid rainbow elastic.

When we again attained the summit of the canyon we bade adieu to the exquisite scene. The pathway was steep, necessitating frequent rests under the overshadowing pines whose feathery branches fringed the steep cliffs and served as weathervanes to show the trend of the breezes.

It was a silent party that made its way back to the hotel, for all remained in deep thought, reviewing the wonders of the canyon in the mind. Upon our arrival at the hostelry we regaled ourselves with a satisfying dinner.

Following dinner, members of our party and several from Mary Commandery, who had again caught up with us, offered a vocal, instrumental and elocutionary entertainment, which found its conclusion in an instructive lecture on the Yellowstone National Park by an old inhabitant.

The old gentleman related some interesting anecdotes during the course of his address. One bore on the democracy of President Roosevelt, whom he guided through the park. The President had been given special permission to shoot in the park but refused to accept any special privileges. The lecturer also told several interesting stories of his experience with buffalo, deer and other animals in the park. Reverting to a discussion of the park itself, the speaker said in part:

"Yellowstone National Park, which covers an area of 5,500 square miles within the Rocky Mountains, was set aside by Congress as a public reservation and pleasure-ground. It lies chiefly in northwestern Wyoming but extends into Montana to the north and into Idaho to the west. Its store of natural curiosities is

Courtesy O. S. L. R. R. and N. P. R. R.

SCENES AT THE GRAND CANYON—YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

greater than that of any other area of equal size in the world and within it are the sources of some of America's greatest rivers. The Yellowstone, Gardiner and Madison Rivers, the headwaters of the Missouri are born within the park, while the Snake River which is a source of the Columbia of Oregon, and the Green River which feeds the Colorado, find their source in this reservation.

"The center of the park is marked by a great, broad, volcanic plateau which has an average height of 8,000 feet above sea-level. It is fringed with mountains and peaks which attain an extreme altitude of 12,000 feet.

"The park contains the most elevated lake in the world—Yellowstone Lake. The Yellowstone River flows into the lake, then out of it to the northward, through a magnificent canyon. Tower Creek, which flows through a gloomy pass known as Devil's Den and which at one point has a fall of 156 feet, is the most remarkable tributary of the Yellowstone. Owing to the peculiar existing atmospheric conditions, there is frost in the park every month in the year. Geysers, paint pots, craters, terrace formations, obsidian cliffs, petrified trees, hot springs, sulphur deposits and similar formations, bespeak of recent volcanic activity, while these geysers and springs are unequaled in number and magnitude in any other section of the globe.

"There are in the neighborhood of 5,000 hot springs with their deposits of lime and silica in the park, while over 100 geysers throwing columns of water from 50 to 250 feet exist within its confines. Gorgeous colors and elaborate ornamentations are created by the deposits of the geysers and springs, and find their greatest glory in the valleys of the Gardiner and Madison Rivers.

"Attempts have been made by the Government to establish a huge game preserve within the park and large numbers of wild animals abound, including deer, elk, bear, big-horn sheep and the last herd of buffalo in the country.

"This region was first explored in 1807. A hunter named Coulter visited it and upon his return to civilization, told such wonderful stories of the hot springs and geysers that the unbelieving borderers, in derision, called it "Coulter's Hell." Others visited it subsequently, but their remarkable tales were generally regarded as romances. The first thorough exploration was made by Prof. Hayden's scientific party for the Government in 1871, and his report led Congress to reserve it as a public park."

The lecturer continued, giving a number of his experiences with the wild animals in the park and furnished a fund of interesting data and statistics as well as humorous incidents.

Sir Gilchrist became deeply interested as the lecturer told of the springs and pools on the plateaus and table-lands, and asked if bil-

liards as well as pool could be found on the table-land. The lecturer was in doubt for a moment and then declared that Sir Gilchrist must have lost the cue.

Two pathetic incidents occurred later in the evening in which two members of our party, Sirs Reel and Aeberli, played the star roles.

About the midnight hour, when the happy party was slowly thinning out, and one by one the pilgrims sought their couches for the night, the startling discovery was made that Sir Aeberli was missing. A commotion at once ensued. A diligent search of the building failed to reveal the missing pilgrim.

Grave fears were expressed that he might be exploring the unknown interior of a bear, for there was the customary delegation in the rear of the hotel. Some thought he might have attempted a Turkish bath within a geyser crater. Others believed that the lecturer's reference to wild game had sent him seeking after "pinochle" or "sixty-six."

Almost to a man, every member of the party accustomed to late hours heroically offered his services in forming a searching party, and headed by a delegation of the employees of the hotel, who acted as guides, we set out on our man-hunt. Never was the territory so thoroughly gone over. Never were the stately pines so thoroughly shaken in hopes of bringing a man out of a tree. The searching party worked systematically, widening out into a circle from a given point.

Suddenly there was a cry of joy from the searchers to the west. Other members of the party hurried to the scene. There was Sir Aeberli, seated on the bank of Alum Creek with his feet dangling in its waters. He was serene and happy and seemed ruffled when his bath was so rudely disturbed.

An explanation was at once demanded as to why he sought such an hour to bask in the waters of Alum Creek. Finally, to convince his rescuers that he was acting wisely and in a spirit of confidence, he disclosed the fact that he had learned the waters of Alum Creek bore mystic power at the midnight hour. He had been informed that in years gone by a 70-year-old man, six feet tall and weighing 200 pounds, had fallen into the pool at the stroke of 12 at night, and after swimming about for a half hour was rescued and found to have become regenerated. The old man was but 10 years of age, only 5 feet tall and weighed but 100 pounds when dragged to the shore, while future developments showed that he had only an elementary knowledge of arithmetic and had a keen desire to play marbles. As Sir Aeberli did not have an opportunity to venture into the creek bodily when rescued, the only evidence of the truth of the parable

which struck the rescuing party was the fact that the bather is now wearing a No. 3 shoe.

When "Bill" arrived at the hotel he was going all to pieces with laughter. His rescuers desired an explanation and he went on: "To think of a torchlight procession coming way out there in the woods at midnight and carrying me to the hotel on their shoulders in triumph! And yet I was once only a poor boy! It shows what may be accomplished by anyone if he will persevere and insist on living a different life."

Another member of the party who, for a time, was strangely missing, was Sir Reel. He was soon discovered seated on the edge of the Canyon in deep study, determining how the varied colors of the sands in the bottom of the ravine looked at night. Leaving Sir Reel undisturbed and in deep thought, the rescuing party upon reaching the hotel with the Alum Creek diver, hastened to the room of Sir Reel and finding a new 12-inch lighted candle, mischieviously sliced off an inch, and lighting it, left it swimming in the socket in place of the long, fresh-lighted taper.

Shortly after, Sir Reel entered the hotel and the conspirators laid low. Entering his room, he was startled to find that he had remained out long enough to permit a 12-inch candle to consume itself. Just as he was figuring how many hours he had remained away, and why his watch was so woefully incorrect, one of the arch-conspirators entered the room and asked if it was not too dark a morning for an early breakfast. Sir Reel admitted in tones of embarrassment that he had just returned from an all-night vigil on the Canyon brink and admitted that he was too tired for breakfast and would take a little nap. After a "nap" it took considerable evidence to convince Sir Reel just what portion of the day he was living in.

Meanwhile, as the strayed sheep were being gathered in, the ladies of the party had retired, and the "boys," after an additional hour or two of amusement, sought their beds.

The activities of the day brought us early sleep, but not a lasting one. In less than two hours we awoke with throbbing temples. We were dazed, confused, dreamy and unrefreshed. Soon we realized the cause for it all. Most of the day we had heard the roar of falling water. For hours we thought this poetic, but as we lay in our beds, the distant roar, after singing us to sleep, continued in volume until it woke us with heads that felt sore.

The sensation is almost unaccountable. Amidst apparent profound silence, we heard a sullen, distant, continued roar which one hears when placing a sea shell to the ear. We became drowsy and absent-minded; there was no tenacity of mind; we could not hold

a thought and carry it to conclusion; had we tried to sit up and write our vocabulary would have been empty, our pens would have been inactive. With heads tilted up, and eyes closed, we listened to the painful muffled roar in our soundest sleep. We listened and listened—were compelled to listen—and again awoke at last, irritable and harassed.

It was those raging waterfalls which we had eagerly sought during the day that had created the mischief. As we discovered the identity of the sleep-wrecker, the sensation intensified in volume. While the roar of the torrent was almost maddening, the physical pain it inflicted was exquisite. We were compelled to rise and stand by the open window and gaze out into the fascinating silence and solitude, and ponder over it all.

CHAPTER XII.

WEDNESDAY morning, August 31, was one of calm beauty as it unfolded itself o'er the Grand Canyon. The massive crags around the valley lay "like sleeping kings" robed in purple gloom, while the pale, yellow light crept behind them, and the tall pines formed a belt of deeper hue around their base.

After a hasty breakfast we departed on our day's drive, resting and lunching at Norris Geyser Basin, passing the Virginia Cascade en route. We drove silently along between green and fragrant banks, the surface of which had been cloaked by a mantle of frost during the night; but swiftly and silently, as the glorious orb which had opened and was ready to rule the day shot forth its searching and penetrating rays, Nature changed her attire and transformed the frost to dewdrops, with which to quench the thirst of its beautiful emerald growth, for the day. The atmosphere became more and more fragrant, with a sense of pleasure and contentment that grew with the moments.

At times the roads and banks were overhung by branches that hid the path from view; then we drove past noble hills clothed with dense foliage to their tops, while on the other side were open levels, upon which the sun blazed with all its power; again, we drove through the shadow of the forest which contained at least a dozen species of admirable timber that might have been turned to manifold uses throughout the land; in fact, there was a treasury of untold wealth in timber throughout the park, but the Government strictly prohibits any tree to be hewn, except where branches may interfere with

Courtesy Northern Pacific R. R.

MOUNT HOOD AND GLACIERS.

FROM CLOUD CAP INN, 11,225 FEET HIGH.

travel along the roadways, and even then only such portions are removed which are absolutely necessary. The trees as a rule grow erect with branching columns of every size, crossclasped to each other by transverse bars in the upper portions of the tree.

It was here that the drivers proudly pointed out the "Twin Tree;" two giants standing side by side, with no conceivable difference in size, shape, or circumference. Far up the trunk of one tree a branch has extended and grown into the trunk of the other tree; the branch, drawing sustenance from both trees, has grown to a diameter of probably eight inches. The phenomenon of the "Twin Tree" offered possibilities in the minds of the agriculturists in our party, and while offering them food for thought, also offered thought for food. In this respect the "Twin Tree" led Sir Biddle to remark that by grafting a pine tree to an apple tree in like manner, pineapples could be grown in inexhaustible numbers, while Sir Kreps, who also had commercial ambitions, hit upon the happy idea that by training a rubber tree to grow into an oak tree in similar manner, that no difficulty would be experienced in raising rubber-tired buggies.

During our travels through the park we had seen thousands of acres of untouched land—the unblemished face of virgin Nature. Human foot had never trod upon hundreds of acres that came into our view from the coach seats. Hills and valleys were choked with timber which had never known the woodman's ax. Thousands of trees rent from their foundations by the fury of storms or tottering from age and disability, lay matted together. Each remains to lay where it falls, and branches and limbs, even trunks, seek the earth from whence they sprang and bury themselves into the ground. Moss and grass form the floral tributes which Nature pays to these dead, till at last, crumbling into dust as does the human form, there remains little but an outline upon the underbrush of what was once a monarch of the forest. We had seen scores of impressions where trees had fallen and decayed, and returned to earth with nothing but a mere outline of dust to be carried away by the winds.

Onward we sped in our course through the household of nature. Here and there deer would venture from out of the woods and taking a position near the roadway, fearlessly and saucily gaze upon the approaching coaches with apparent indignation, as if sneering at the advance of uninvited guests.

Eventually we spied Norris Geyser Basin through the trees. It appeared like an immense caldron of incessant activity as the steam jets arose, the geysers plunged and roared, and blasts rang through the air from the basin which covers an area of 150 acres.

The basin is properly named, in that it rests in a depression below the general level. The complete area appears to have been de-

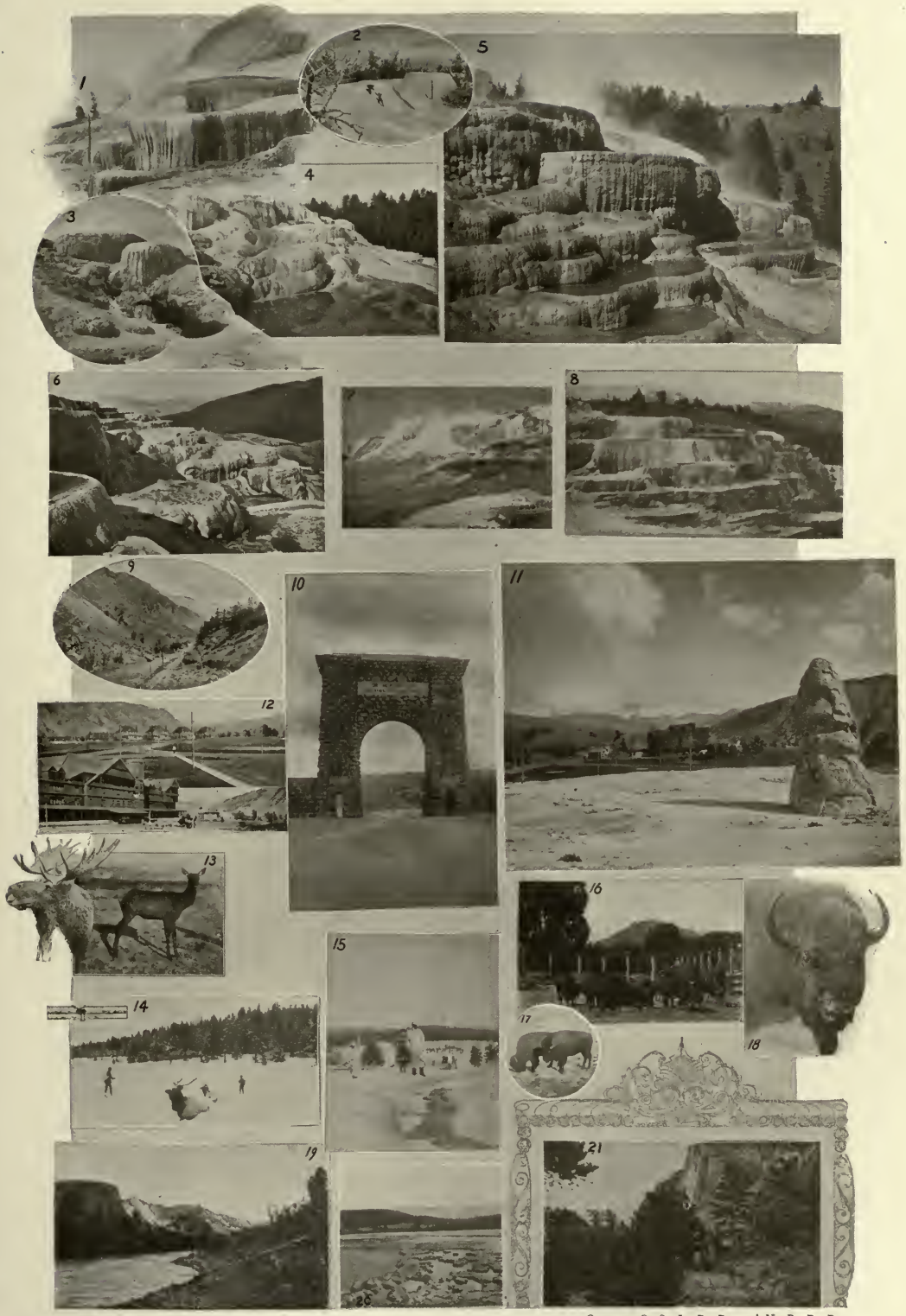
vastated by some recent furious volcanic deluge, while the dazzling white geyser formations and deposits which cover the ground, and the hissing steam, the bubbling pools, and spraying mud geysers, give evidence of another storm of brimstone and fire in course of preparation.

The surface is strewn with a composition of lime, silica, sulphur and sand, baked together by the torrid heat and cracked into fissures. As one treads upon the surface the ground has a hollow ring, indicating deep subterranean recesses, while streams of boiling waters can be heard rumbling underneath. Here and there these underground waters find release among the pine trees and streaming into cataracts, spray upon the many-colored and hard-crusted deposits.

Like a community of an hundred exhaust pipes, an equal number of saucy geysers of all sizes boil and rage everywhere. The "Steamboat" geyser lives up to its name by maintaining a continuous loud roar; the "Black Growler" growls in basso tones while pools, paint pots, hot springs and other fearsome creatures join in a violent, discording chorus. The air is impregnated with powerful, nauseating odors, not unlike that of stale eggs. The white-crusted ground crumbles under foot, and as the sun glares down upon the snowy field the reflection is blinding.

The "Emerald Pool" which finds place in the basin, is a wide crater of a former geyser, filled with boiling water of beautiful emerald color which is ever active. The "Minute Man" is a popular geyser, spouting at intervals of one minute and continuing 10 or 12 seconds. Its spray rises 30 feet. The "Vixen" is delightfully unreliable, throwing forth its spray at the most unlooked for times. The "Monarch" holds sway on a hillside, a portion of which it has blown away. It spouts once a day and its waters rise to a height of 100 feet, continuing about 30 minutes. Its column comes from two huge orifices, the surplus water running down like a large brook. When inactive this geyser industriously boils like a big tea-kettle. Close by is the huge black "Ink Bottle," which resembles a pool of writing fluid, its rims blackened like charcoal. Nearby were plenty of "paint pots" and sulphur springs.

Finishing our stroll through the geyser basin, we wended our way to the hotel at Norris, and entering the dining-room, we busied ourselves with the lingering routine of the table d' hote with patience and satisfaction. We took soup; then waited a few moments for the fish; a few moments longer and the plates were changed and roast beef was brought on; another change and we took peas and patties; these were followed by roast chicken and salad; then pie, ice cream, oranges, almonds, green onions (as large as door-knobs), coffee and finally ice water, (uncongealed ice dipped from the geysers,) with



Courtesy O. S. L. R. R. and N. P. R. R.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS AND NORRIS GEYSER BASIN—YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

1—Pulpit Terrace. 2—The White Elephant. 3—Cupid's Cave. 4—Mammoth Hot Springs. 5—Cleopatra Terrace. 6—Coating Springs. 7—Jupiter and Pulpit Terraces. 8—Minerva Terrace. 9—Yankee Jim's Canyon (near Gardner). 10—New Lava Arch (The North Gate). 11—Liberty Cap and Mammoth Hotel. 12—Fort Yellowstone and Mammoth Hotel. 13—Moose and Young Cow Elk. 14—Elk, in winter. 15—Norris Geyser Basin. 16–17–18—Yellowstone Park Buffalo. 19—Along the Madison River. 20—Biscuit Basin. 21—Gardner Canyon.

every course, of course, anything but coarse. With such a cargo on board, digestion would be a slow process, but the 30 mile drive ahead gave assurance of considerable aid.

It was at Norris that we met our Fraters and friends of Mary Commandery for the last time in the park. As we parted (for we left the park by different directions) we sang a farewell and they reciprocated by singing a farewell to us. While from a critical muical standpoint the singing may not have been technically correct, there was a sentiment in it which to us was beyond criticism.

In a northerly direction from Norris are located the famous Mammoth Hot Springs and still further along the same route is the "Gardiner Entrance," or "Northern Gate," best reached by the Northern Pacific railroad. It was by this entrance that Tancred and Mary parties had entered and through which they left the park. As the drive to the Mammoth Springs requires a half day each way, and as we were anxious to complete our travels on original schedule, we decided to forego the privilege of viewing the springs and continue on to Monida.

The Mammoth Springs include wonderfully constructed terraces formed from calcareous deposits that cover an area of several square miles. Some 70 flowing springs are in operation, whose waters rise to 165 degrees. The terraces are of many delicate hues and are indented with picturesque caves, while cones of extinct geysers rise up in bold contrast.

Entering the coaches after our substantial luncheon, we drove around a winding road and entered into a woodland of spruce and passed between the trees in a serpentine course. The wheels ran silently over the bark-strewn mounds. Eventually we were carried through the long, deep canyon of the Gibbon River and up a mountain side, offering a distant view of Gibbon Falls, a cataract of 80 feet, located down in the valley.

All about us were great depths of boundless forest that have a beguiling and impressive charm. In childhood we had read of regions such as these being peopled with gnomes, dwarfs, fairies, giants and all sorts of mysterious creatures. As we passed through the dense forests these memories returned and we almost believed in the gnomes and fairies as realities.

Presently one falls into a dreamy thought of enchanted folk and animals and the rest of the pleasing legendary fables; and so, by encouraging one's fanciful imagination, one interprets the shadows that play between the forest aisles as being the reflections from mysterious denizens of the woods. The region was peculiarly meet for such thoughts. The woodland was so thick and dense that the horses' hoofs made no more sound on the soft road than if they were

treading on wool; the only sound was the cracking of the drivers' whips, which echoed loud and long. The tree trunks were as round and straight and smooth as pillars, and stood close together; they were bare of branches to a point about 25 feet above ground, and from thence upwards were so thick with boughs that not a ray of sunlight could penetrate them. Outside the world was bright, but a deep and mellow twilight reigned within, while a silence prevailed so profound that we seemed to hear our own breathing.

Turning our eyes up and down, right and left, we seemed to see the same scenes, though they were not the same. New forms and combinations seemed to mass before us in a manner incomprehensible to human intellect. The eye does not fill with seeing, nor the ear with hearing, were one to spend a lifetime in these forests. One might spend centuries studying the species of trees; their action and reaction upon one another; their virtues, properties and uses, and how they exist and grow. One might ever ask by what miracle they are compacted out of light, air and water, each after its kind; whether they are stable or variable; whether the great God may not be creating new forms and new wonders day by day. Were you to spend centuries in these forests determining these questions, could you still answer the one question whether these wonders really exist or simply appear? It is a secret that may be hidden from the philosopher and yet be clear to the infant.

So it seemed to us as we entered the park on the first day, and so it seemed to us on the last day as we were leaving, even more impressed and awe-struck than upon the first day. Gradually, as the sun began to sink, there was a taste of frost about and we drove swiftly out of the forest and into the open along the Gibbon River to a branch of the Madison.

It was here that the drivers informed us that we were within a few miles of the Inn, on the border of the park. "The stone bruise to our memory." Painful memories of the past were instantly recalled. Immediately all guns were loaded and teeth were set to meet the enemy and face the pirate who held sway over the mud hovel settlement. Recalling the manner in which we were served on our first visit and realizing the painful necessity of patronizing the inn dining-room, Sir Kunberger shed tears of sorrow over the fact that we had overlooked taking box lunches from Norris. Sir Shook announced that unless the animals objected, he would sleep with the mustangs rather than experience another night in the inn hayloft.

Soon we arrived at the log and mud shanties with a fixed determination to suffer no abuse. And how bold the ladies were as we took the fort! And how well they played their parts as fearless soldiers with military bearing and daring, ready and eager to face the enemy.

We had no fear upon arriving. Experience gave us courage and we knew what to expect. The same old pirate was on hand to issue his orders and bully the guests—had he dared. If there was one thing the inn really offered, it was the marked contrast to other conditions in and about Yellowstone Park and served to bring out with stronger appreciation the pleasures we had found on our inland trip. At this inn we found all the solitude necessary to make us dreary. If the place and the pirate were not food for "Rock-me-to-sleep, mother," then none ever existed. The scene was one of desolation, misery and poverty, and there was little wonder that even the bears refused to eat regularly at the place.

There was the customary line-up in the "alley" previous to dinner. A certain number were permitted to canter into the banquet hall (?) and when they had gone through the motions of eating what was served them they were released by another door and a second detachment entered.

The meal itself was beyond description and once eaten is never to be forgotten, for the stomach will give a lasting reminder. We were given something that looked like meat, but like the trees in Yellowstone Park, was destined never to be hewn. We would have considered it a treat had we been served with a lump of coal, a horse-blanket, a slab of marble or a keg of nails, instead of the misrepresentations that were brought to us, which only served to encourage our appetites but discourage them immediately thereafter. Drippings from the "paint pots" would have made admirable dessert instead of the mysterious petrification that was dished out. Sir Benkart, who has talent as a sculptor, managed by supreme effort to carve his name in the butter as a lasting monument to other wayfarers who might be destined to be caught in the web and meshes of the hostelry.

After all the members of our party had visited the dining-room the Sir Knights serenaded the ladies in delightful fashion, and for a time we forgot the miseries that surrounded us. We rehearsed the same old songs which we all knew so well and sang so badly, but nevertheless it was music to our ears to listen to our own voices. After the serenade the Sir Knights drilled in front of the log huts. It was our first drill since leaving home and considering lack of practice was very commendable—thanks to Sir Shook.

Following the drill, we strolled into the neighboring woods and were agreeably surprised to find a party of campers. They appeared to be gypsies or foreigners, but nevertheless showed a high degree of intelligence by casting their lot in the open rather than patronizing the Inn. Encouraged by our success in singing for our ladies, we serenaded the campers and captured the camp. The strangers applauded in apparent keen delight and after a pleasant hour or more we

reluctantly left them to go to rest upon the ground, which we knew would have been exquisite comfort in comparison to what we were destined to endure.

Upon our return to the hotel (?) the first mutiny broke out. The piratical manager ordered us to bed and immediately there was a rebellion. It was the first test of strength, and we displayed our courage by announcing that we would retire when we were ready. It was an easy victory and the pirate retired in disorder. Evidently his defeat unnerved him, for he became involved in all sorts of "mix-ups" in everything he attempted to do during the evening.

As night came on we gathered together in the saddest, most constrained and dismal of all places we had ever seen—the offices of the two log shanties. Here we were grouped about in couples, threes and fours, and mumbled in abated voices and looked timid, homeless and forlorn in the gloom that prevailed. The vision of the bright, cheerful and inviting "Allegheny Special" which faithfully awaited us 70 miles ahead, came before us, and in hopeless discouragement we slowly retired to the hayloft.

In assigning the partitions that served as rooms, the pirate had become badly confused. Sir Tannehill was ushered to one compartment and had hardly become reconciled to his horrible surroundings when another party demanded entrance, having been directed to the same apartment. Sir Tannehill, rather than have fellow-beings suffer the anxiety of sleeping out in the open with the bears, charitably called over the partition that he would allow the advancing parties to sleep under his bed. However, the pirate was prevailed upon to provide another room.

The canvas partitions which separated the rooms reminded us of being behind the scenes in a ten cent side show, while the doors, which were without locks, had to be held shut by moving beds up against them. Even the hay and sawdust which served as carpet gave no sign of having been changed since our first arrival.

Two, three and as many as four were assigned to one room. Sirs David B. Watson and William S. Watson had been assigned to the same room and immediately retired in hopes of forgetting their surroundings. Sir David B. became restless, but Sir William S. was fortunate enough to pass into sleep at once. "Davie" did not like the idea of his bedfellow gaining sleep so soon. There was something about it which did not appeal to his sense of what was just and fair. He could not understand how his brother could so quickly and easily enter the enjoyment of "Nature's sweet restorer" while he was compelled to lie awake in lonesome misery. "Davie" lay fretting over his injury and making brave efforts to sleep, but the harder he tried the wider awake he grew. He began feeling very lonely in the dark with

no company but an undigested dinner. Finally his mind became sharpened and he began thinking of any and every subject, but his thinking never carried him beyond the beginning. It was touch and go; his mind turned from one topic to another with frantic speed until finally his head was in a whirl and he was fagged out.

The fatigue became so great that it presently began to make some impression against his nervous excitement. While imagining himself wide awake, he would really doze momentarily and suddenly awaken with a physical jerk which nearly wrenched his joints apart, the delusion of the moment being that he was tumbling over a precipice. The truth of the matter was that the bed had only two casters, one on each side, diagonally, and as he tossed from side to side the bed thumped upon the floor and he felt himself upon the high seas.

After he had fallen over six or seven precipices and thus found out that one-half of his brain had been asleep as many times without the wide-awake, hard-working other half even suspecting it, the periodical unconsciousness began to extend over more of his brain territory, until at last he sank into a doze, which grew deeper and deeper and was about to become a solid, peaceful, dreamless stupor when—what was that?

"Davie's" dulled faculties dragged themselves partly back to life and took a receptive attitude. Out of an immense, limitless distance, there came something which grew and grew as it approached and presently was recognizable as a sound, it had rather seemed to be a feeling, at first. The sound was near by—perhaps it was the grumbling of a bear—and now it was nearer and came still nearer until at last it was right in the room.

"Davie" awoke to his fullest, and before him, upon the foot of the bed, sat a large gray owl. Not a night owl, as in the generally accepted sense, but one of the feathered flock. At first "Davie" was mentally offering a reward of five, seven, eight, ten dollars, for that owl; but eventually he was offering rewards entirely beyond the means of even a Rockefeller. Finally he did what everyone else has done under similar circumstances since the days of Noah—resolved to throw something. He reached down and brought up a shoe, then sat and listened. Taking deliberate aim, he fired with vigor. The shoe, taking a graceful out-curve, dodged the owl and crashing through the canvas partition, broke a mirror in the adjoining room!

Immediately there was a cry from the neighboring sleepers who were rudely aroused by breaking glass. They did not cry out in fear, but in delight, for they imagined, while yet asleep, that the breaking of the glass was the welcoming ring of some dinner bell in a real hotel. Explanations and apologies were soon made to the satisfaction of all, but the owl had silently passed out into the otherwise stilly night.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE air was made musical by good cheer after we had risen on the morning of Thursday, September 1st. We were bound for Monida, with a 70-mile drive ahead and anticipated reaching our own dear "Allegheny Special" by sunset. The pleasure that one experiences on a home-going voyage pervaded every member of the party. Yellowstone Park had been a revelation and marvel to us and new interest could be found every day for years. Perhaps it was the inn that made the leave-taking so easy. If it was, it is the only redeeming feature the establishment had.

Entering the coaches we started on our long ride. The scenes were familiar to us, having gone over the same road en route to the park, but nevertheless the beauties of nature had almost as great an interest to the pilgrims as upon first sight. Far in the distance we saw a wall of dreary mountains; some shorn of vegetation, glaring fiercely under the sun. They fenced in great stretches of level prairie land and were threaded with fine lines which we knew to be roads. Then there were mountains whose ribbed and chasmed fronts were clad with stately pines that seemed to grow smaller and smaller as they climbed, till one might fancy them reduced to weeds and shrubbery near the summit.

We verily believed that some of us would be shot before the drive of the day was finished. After leaving the inn we were no more within the park limits, and there was no restriction in hunting game or shooting. With this in mind, Sirs Reel, Beckert, Jack and Mr. Null kept their hands on their revolvers almost continuously and when least expected would take a shot at some object—often not visible to any other member of the party. Each of these gentlemen were "fancy shots." They could shoot "out" curves and "in" curves and "drops" that would dodge any given target with an ease and grace that was truly remarkable.

All were in deadly fear that murder would be committed ere the drive was over, and in order to save the state from the expense of an execution we implored the marksmen to aim at us. We felt that if we could only induce them to do this, our lives would be perfectly safe and free from any danger. However, the quartet refused to aim at us fearing that their arms might suddenly swerve and that they might, by accident, actually hit what they aimed at. As it was, we

were kept in almost continuous motion dodging bullets that were fired in opposite directions.

Eventually peace was declared and the warriors laid aside their arms for a time. We jogged along stupidly in the sun, thinking about things ever so far away and with the distant look in our eyes such as only a bank cashier can affect. Dashing up a hill at a stormy gallop and down an embankment, we were once more on the bank of that self-same Snake River through which our horses had waded on the incoming trip and the performance was repeated. It was here that we were compelled to blush with shame as laurels in marksmanship were rudely swept away.

Upon leaving the inn, one of the drivers went out on a strike because his horses had not been properly fed. We could have struck for the same reason, but deemed it inadvisable to remain in that territory any longer and slowly starve. But the coachman was obstinate, and in arranging for transportation for those who were to ride on the coach that was left behind, Leininger secured a seat among strangers in a coach that immediately followed our coaches. Leininger informed his new acquaintances that the pilgrims were as exemplary a party as had ever visited the region, and further announced that there were sportsmen among the party from whose guns every living thing flees in terror. The listeners were so visibly impressed that when their coach caught up with ours on the bank of the Snake River, every one of the strangers hid their revolvers from view in order not to compete with our quartet in marksmanship.

The river was literally covered with wild duck. Leininger arose in his seat and commanded that the strangers watch the frightful slaughter, which he predicted would exterminate the whole duck tribe. Then with great care Reel, Beckert, Jack and Null pulled out a copy of Smith & Wesson's great book on "How to Ventilate." They opened the volume at the first chapter and addressed several 38-calibre remarks in the direction. Immediately the air rang with a bang! de bang-bang! bang! de bang-bang-bang!

"No chance for the poor, poor ducks," sobbed Leininger, while the strangers wept, and the quartet kept up the bombardment until their revolvers were empty.

"We'll never be able to count the dead," remarked Leininger as the smoke was clearing away, and he, together with the marksmen, were whetting their appetites for a wild duck dinner.

As Sir Reel's voice broke the silence with the singing of "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" the coaches drew nearer and Leininger felt that the slaughter had been complete.

"How many?" asked Leininger, when to his great horror Reel answered in tones of disgust: "We fired nearly 100 shots and the

nearest duck never raised a wing or turned a feather." It is needless to add that Leininger was deaf and dumb to the strangers during the remainder of the drive.

Gaining the opposite side of the river, we continued our drive over hill and vale until the "hoodoo" caught up with us for a moment. It was the 13th day we had been out from Allegheny and one of the coaches carried 13 passengers. This particular coach broke down and after being left in the rear for some time managed to make temporary repairs and continued in our wake.

After a time riding became tiresome and as we reached a series of hills we offered rest to ourselves and the horses by walking up the hills in front of the coaches, gathering wild-flowers from the road banks and between the coach tracks.

Arriving in a deep valley we viewed extensive plains stretched out before us and caught a glimpse of Lakeview, although we were not destined to reach that point for two hours. Every now and again we caught a fleeting glimpse of the hostelry at that place, but before we could take a prolonged look, another hill would loom up and hide it from view.

Arriving at Lakeview everyone took a vigorous wash in a water-trough. The writer uses the word "everyone" advisedly, as several members of the party insisted that the public be fully informed on this point and asked that the fact be given special prominence.

Entering the dining-room we at once became conscious of the fact that a conclave of flies from every section in the United States, Dominion of Canada and foreign points was in session. The muslin-covered walls and ceiling of the rooms were covered, while flying squadrons sailed about by the hundred.

It was amusing to an onlooker to see the gymnastics of the diners at the table, although the participants could not appreciate the joke. One hand only was used in eating while the other was continuously engaged in a smacking and cracking that sounded like a military engagement, for there were nearly a hundred seated at the tables. Even the flies seemed to enjoy it, for none were injured, while bald heads reddened under the blows until they shone like the sun. With arms ever in motion in similar directions, the guests looked like a well-drilled class going through an exercise in calisthenics, and enough exercise was provided to digest the meal before leaving the table.

After a short rest we started on the last relay to Monida and our "Allegheny Special." In making up our train of coaches we included an elderly lady and gentleman. We nicknamed the couple Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus, and they occupied the last seat on the last coach. Racing between the drivers was carried on with a fury in the run to Monida, but Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus dozed peacefully and their

coach soon became known as the "bum coach" because of its antiquity and weakness for breaking down and resting at frequent intervals.

Shortly after leaving Lakeview, one of the coaches containing ten gentlemen and one lady, began creaking badly and the driver stopping and making an examination, discovered that one of the boxes had become quite hot. No water could be found for miles about and a consultation was held. Meanwhile coach after coach passed until one came along that contained a Sir Knight whose business is coach and wagon building. He gave his seat to the lady of the stranded party and offered some professional advice that soon overcame the trouble, and after greasing the axle and replacing the wheel, the wild ride to Monida began.

The coach ran smoothly and to insure against further delay some "oil" was applied to the driver. Coach after coach was passed! More "oil" to the driver—and only one coach remained ahead! More "oil" and—happy thought—one of the passengers wagered with the driver that he could not pass the single coach ahead. A bottle of "oil" was passed up to the reinsman and the wild ride that followed will ever linger in the memories of those who survived it. Suffice to say the driver won the wager and reached Monida in the van of the party.

Another exciting race on this relay was between the "Him" coach and the "Her" coach—these names having been designated because of the sex of the passengers. At one point when the "Her" coach was two miles in the lead, a passenger on the "Him" coach made the usual $1 wager with the driver. The race for $1 or death was begun in earnest. On the left was a ravine of great depth with many turns in the road. While making one of the curves the driver, in his frantic cries and whip-lashings, dropped his lines. With a marvelous leap he succeeded in regaining them to the very good fortune of the passengers as well as himself. On he kept without abatement of pace and shortly after, in the valley below, earned his wager of $1 by successfully passing the "Her" coach and holding the advantage. The yelling and shouting and whipping and galloping by all interested made the race exciting and exhilarating and particularly boisterous.

"Three-Fingered Mike," one of the drivers who bore that prosaic title because he had lost two fingers of one hand in some wild escapade, was notorious for his fast and daring and yet skilful driving. As he brought his coach to a sudden stop in front of the hotel at Monida, one of the horses fell helpless to the ground.

"What a pity—is he dead?" was asked by Sir Schwerd, while others gathered about and offered words of sympathy for the animal.

"Naw," answered "Mike," "he ain't dead—only tired. That there

hoss started to lay down at the top of the hill nine miles back, but I wa'n't goin' to let him down till I got to the reg'lar stoppin' place."

"Home" again! for the first time in a week! Cheers and smiles bespoke the sentiments of every pilgrim in the party. The conductor "Woodzie," porters and "Faithful" Johnstone of the commissary were loud in their welcome. Once more there was a full audience aboard to hear the singing of the chorus and listen to the many stories and incidents that were to be told. With a parting salute, and waving a last adieu, we left Monida to speed onward to Ogden, Utah.

The seats were once more filled and the good, old commissary car was again pressed into service. It was a night typical of old times—old times that were but a week old, but that week had been so crowded with incidents, adventure and excitement that it seemed like months.

Although we were fatigued from our long drive and exhausted after facing the direct rays of the sun for so many hours, we found comfort in the fact that the pleasant memories of our trip through the Yellowstone National Park (with the exception of the inn on the border) will grow with increasing interest as the years roll by, memories which some day will become all the more beautiful when the last annoyance that incumbers them shall have faded out of our minds, never again to return.

Boyhood days are no happier than those of after life, but we look back upon them regretfully because we forget our punishments; such as customarily follow a parent's knowledge of "hookey-playing." How we grieved when our ball team lost, or our kites became destroyed! Because we have forgotten all the sorrows and privations of that epoch and remember only the orchard robberies, cellar side-shows, wooden sword pageants and vacation time.

We were satisfied. We felt that our reward was yet to come. To us Yellowstone Park and the experiences within it were destined to have an enchanted memory a year hence—a memory that was sure to grow with time, and which to us would be priceless.

As our train glided silently along, the moon shed a silvery light over the whole surrounding country; the steep mountain banks appeared in most fantastical shapes, while the high oaks on either side bowed their branches and cast deep shadows over the track as we flew past.

Suddenly there was a violent sprinkling upon the window glass. It sounded like the fury of a violent hail-storm. Investigation proved that we were traveling through a sand desert and the velocity of the train was sweeping the sand in clouds against the coaches. Though the windows were kept tightly closed, the sand nevertheless pene-

trated the window sashes. The sensation of riding through a sandstorm, even though you create it yourself, is a peculiar one, although by no means alarming.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN the light of the newborn day, in the rock-walled pocket of the mountain, the ghost of the dead night found shelter yet. Afar, upon the mountain-tops, across the valley, the radiant morn stepped lightly. Moment by moment she drew nearer, scattering jewels as she passed, until every distant peak gleamed in delicate array.

Old-fashioned home-life aboard the train was re-established. The cheering and oft-repeated greeting of "good morning" was expressed and re-expressed in all fullness of heart. The same mass meeting comprised of the same members, was re-assembled in the commissary car and, as ever, was full of speech-makers who were invariably interrupted. Motions were made that did not survive sufficient seconds to be seconded. Amendments were offered that were "born to blush unseen"—and unheard. Resolutions were offered that died from sheer exhaustion in their efforts to get "before the house."

Two mass meetings a day were arranged for, but the custom was not to adjourn one until the other was full under way. New chairmen were elected almost with the tick of the clock. "Boxmen" they were, rather than chairmen, if the nature of the furniture was to be considered. We were earnestly engrossed in these labors—delightful labors to us—for the greater portion of the time; and yet, so often fallaciously, that whenever, at long intervals, we safely delivered a resolution, it was cause for public rejoicing.

One of the disturbing elements of these deliberating conferences was the "I don't want to hear that" double-sextette. This degree team was possessed with powerful voices, and whenever some ambitious narrator found courage to spin a story, or some talented historian arose to expound sterling thoughts on the natural beauties of the country, he had no sooner opened a new can of preserved and difficult words that would have been an ornament to any collection, when the chorus would enthusiastically and unitedly set forth the discordant roar—"I don't want to hear that, 'Kunnie!' Dou you?" "No, no! We don't want to hear that!" thundered a chorus of voices.

Amidst these diversities, and others which took more serious

form, in the coaches, we eventually found ourselves at Ogden, Utah, shortly before 9 o'clock in the morning.

We were cordially and fraternally greeted at the station by a delegation of local Sir Knights who had a car in waiting, that we might inspect their city. We took advantage of their kind offer by an hour's ride. Among those who greeted us at Ogden was Mr. C. A. Henry, ticket agent at the Union depot, who showed our party special attention and every courtesy.

We found Ogden to be a city of enterprise. It is located at the base of the Wasatch Range on the Ogden River, midway between the Missouri River and the Golden Gate, and 833 miles east of San Francisco. It lies in a rich, fertile valley and shelters a population of 17,000. The Mormon movement of 1848 under Brigham Young included Ogden, while Corrinne, a short distance west, was at one time the largest Gentile settlement in Utah. Irrigation has worked wonderfully to develop Ogden into a rich grain and fruit growing region. In importance as a commercial and railway center Ogden is second only to Salt Lake City, in Utah. Its people are progressive and it is assured of as prosperous a future as any city in the inter-mountain region.

Returning to the station we were informed that the time standard again changed, this time to Pacific standard. The latter is one hour slower than mountain time or three hours slower than Pittsburgh time.

Hanley complained that his watch could not become acclimated to the many variations and had completely failed to "keep the hang." It had grown discouraged and stopped. The owner contended that if the standards kept going back much further we would be living in the week before last by the time San Francisco was reached. At any event, he found consolation in the fact that his appetite contained a clock-work equal to any emergency and that he could always feel assured that it was meal time when it struck, regardless whether it struck 12 or not.

There was considerable delay in leaving Ogden station and we were informed that preparations were being made to take our "Special" over the new short line known as the "Ogden-Lucin Cut-off," and that our "Special" was to be the second passenger train to cross it.

The "cut-off" is on the Southern Pacific system, the admirable "Sunset Route," and presently we were bound on our novel tour. The "cut-off" is 102 miles long, 72 miles on land and 30 on water over the great Salt Lake. It is a saving of 40 miles over the old route which made a semi-circle over the northern shore of the lake. The old route crossed two mountain ranges while the new road is almost

perfectly level. Reaching the lake proper, the train sped over a continuous single-track trestle that seemed to sway under its burden. Gravel and sand from the newly constructed roadbed crumbled and rolled into the lake while workmen, who were still employed at various points, stood upon a narrow pathway on the outer edge of the trestle and anxiously watched the passing of the train, eagerly noting its influence upon the "fill-ins" and roadbed. The "cut-off" is a triumph of engineering skill and presented many intricate problems before its construction was achieved. At one point, near Promontory Point, a cut 3,000 feet long was made into the sand and rock of a barren bluff.

It was at Promontory station, on the old line, on May 10, 1869, that the builders of the original transcontinental line, the Union Pacific and Central Pacific joined their tracks. The last connecting spike, which was of gold, was driven with a silver hammer amid impressive exercises. Two locomotives, one coming from the east and the other from the west, met here, welding the last link in the chain of transcontinental travel. The Southern Pacific afterward absorbed the old Central Pacific line.

We continued across the great lake at greatly reduced speed, owing to the newness of the trestle and roadbed. Where the waters of the lake were especially shallow, or where the water had departed entirely, the sight was a most interesting one, giving the appearance of an immense desert of snow, due to the enormous deposits of crystalized salt.

In the early days Salt Lake was a much larger body of water than it appears today, and undisputable evidence of the fact is shown by the old shore lines which are indelibly traced high up on the mountain sides. Researchers have mapped out these old water lines and named the ancient lake "Lake Bonneville."

Shortly after passing Lucin, Utah, we observed a small granite monument supported by a mass of rock. This marks the Nevada state line and passing it, we entered upon the Great American Desert (also known as the Humboldt Desert) and the expansive alkaline waste loomed drearily before us.

Our next stop was Tecoma, Nevada, where the celebrated silver and lead mines were discovered in 1874. On the left of the station is a famous landmark, Pilot Peak, a lofty pile of rock towering into the clouds 2,500 feet above the sands and sagebrush. This peak was regarded with welcoming reverence by the emigrant and pioneer who crossed the plains in the early days, for it pointed his course into valleys and streams where water and food were procurable after days of weary travel over the desert.

Several small stations were passed with scarcely a house in sight; absolutely nothing to relieve the eye over miles and miles of barren

sandy plains, with here and there a cluster of sagebrush valiantly fighting for life. The little frame buildings which serve as flag stations are probably the tribute to civilization of one of the mining camps for which the state is noted, and occasionally a hopeful prospector leaves the train at these points and wanders into the dismal desert in hope of attaining wealth in the form of enchanting silver, gold and lead.

Moor station, which at one time was a good-sized community of frontiersmen and lumbermen (during the construction of the railroad) is now a deserted village. At this point there is a down grade of 311 miles to the Nevada Desert. As we passed these numerous little stations the monotony of the barren waste became stronger, while the railroad tracks had a peculiar interest, in that we recognized in them a connection with the world.

It was while passing these way-stations that an interesting mass meeting was in session in the commissary car. Several had declared their surprise at not having seen much of the wild game for which the west is noted and which they had hoped to see upon their natural playground. Following the expression of this sentiment Mr. Null declared with pride that he had seen several "flocks" of coyotes and urged his hearers to be upon the lookout, for his trained sportsman's scent informed him that there were some in the neighborhood. With eager eyes the "commissary delegation" scanned the country for miles around from out the open door of the commissary car, as the train sped its course. With drawn revolver (22 calibre, a bullet from which wild game takes with pleasure, and begs for more) Null bravely awaited the foe. Suddenly, with an exclamation of joy, he pointed to a spot a short distance ahead, crying out: "There is a flock of coyotes! See them!" Before answer could be made, we were upon them, and with a bang! bang! bang! he had discharged his baritone instrument upon—upon a harmless community of prairie dogs.

It required a map and several allopathic doses of logic to convince Null that coyotes and prairie dogs were "birds of a different feather," and it was at his good-natured expense that much amusement was afforded in the commissary car, in a full and complete discussion of his "flock" of coyotes.

Gradually our eyes and minds reverted to the lonely and deserted sands that ran out to meet the horizon on every side. Desolation was complete and in its completeness drew an impressive picture that led the onlooker into mysterious dreams. There were no ploughed fields, very few settlements, no trees nor grass nor vegetation of any kind save the few straggling patches of sagebrush. At times we rode for scores of miles without even the sight of a hut or the faintest clue

of humanity, or even animal life. It was a complete blank—an uninviting, smileless, appropriately named desert.

One becomes enwrapped in serious thought at first in glancing o'er this hapless land—an effect that many confound with weariness. With a sky unchanged from horizon to horizon and a deadly silence over all, one becomes lost in the solitude and the onlooker's very soul seems to fade out into the nothingness that lies before him. Now and again a sort of deserted village is swiftly passed; then a little verdure, sandy islets and lastly, a few reefs of whitish calcareous stone on the outer edge of an ocean of sand. So much sameness; so little variety, with scarcely a motion but the slow steady passage of the rising sun in the east to its setting beneath the sand limits in the west.

Scarcely a twilight smiles upon the scene of emptiness, though occasionally there is a sudden expansion of light and warmth with burning winds that momentarily give the landscape a melancholy glare that causes grewsome sensations. Normally there prevails a radiant immobility, a kind of impossibility that seemed to have fallen from the sky upon lifeless things, and from them to reflect into human faces. After a time the eye became accustomed to the endless expanse as it glared under the flaring sun in the nakedness which was relieved only by the sagebrush and the repulsive cactus, and if any astonishment was experienced, it was over the still remaining sensibility to such slightly changing effects and at being so deeply impressed with that which was but so simple.

We rarely saw a moving creature on these pathless sands. But for the telegraph poles stalking ghost-like across the desert, it would seem as if we had passed the limits of civilization and were moving o'er the threshold of a land unexplored.

Following dinner, the "warrior band" repaired to the commissary car only to find it in semi-darkness owing to trouble with the Pintsch lights. Johnstone was equal to the occasion, and at one of the little stations where we stopped for a moment, he alighted and "borrowed" a few lanterns. While there was a perceptible difference in the lights, Sir Craig contended that the change was immaterial, and that in place of Pintsch lights we had "pinched lights."

The customary entertainment was afforded in the commissary car and among new diversities introduced was a "Con" clave. It wasn't a triennial affair, but we were willing to try it on any and all.

As we reached Palisade we were somewhat startled to hear a scramble of feet on the roof of the commissary car. Making an investigation, we discovered that two "knights of the road" were basking on the promenade deck. Realizing that the "professional travelers" were compelled to take the first train in sight in a country where two trains a day is the limit, we instructed Sir Harry W. Lowrie,

chairman of our committee, to present our compliments to the gentlemen upstairs. The suggestion was carried out but received no response, possibly that the tramps on the roof thought we were "beneath them."

Several towns of more or less interest were passed during the evening and night. Leaving Palisade, and passing through a 12-mile canyon, Cluro was reached. Beowawe, Shoshone and Battle Mountain are stations in the Humboldt Valley, which serve as distributing points for the mining camps both north and south of the railroad. Passing through many ranches, we came to Stone House, a station deriving its name from an old building that formerly served as an eating house and stop-over in the days of the stage coach. Many conflicts between the early settlers and Indians occurred at this point. Passing Iron Point we came to Winnemucca, the county seat of Humboldt county. It is a mining center of considerable importance and is rife with traditions from the days of the emigrants.

It was considerably later than the midnight hour when we reached Humboldt, which is known as the oasis of the Great Desert. It possesses a lake that has an altitude equal to that of the Great Salt Lake in Utah. Almost in the midst of the desert, with barrenness and desolation on every side, stands this oasis with its verdant green.

Most of the pilgrims had long since retired when Humboldt was reached, although a few were still gathered in the commissary car. "Bobbie" sang a few songs in "sugar-coated doses" which made them easy to take. He was voted a nightingale; for all were agreed that he was at his best at night and in the gale. Just as he had completed his last song, we thought we heard a distant call coming from over the desert. We listened and it was repeated. It was some Indian warrior, responding to what he had mistaken in "Bobbie's" song as the warcry of a rival tribe.

As we looked out into the stilly night with its deep shadows of darkness stretched o'er the mighty expanse, our thoughts reverted to the possible unwritten history of the years gone by, which the desert could disclose if it would.

We thought of the present conditions and future possibilities as compared with those in the same region in the days of our forefathers. We sought into the future with a hope to learn what coming enterprise could effect, in bringing water to relieve the thirst of this parched waste and transform it into the flower garden of the middle west.

We had often looked up into the midnight skies; at the Southern Cross in the Pacific; and the Milky Way in the Tropics; at Mars and the so-called canals and at the Opal widths of the moon; from the snowy tops of mountains, and down into the bowels of the earth; but

never, never had we studied the past, the present and the future under such extraordinary circumstances, and with such peculiar and enchanted environments, as on this night, crossing the Great American Desert.

Meditating in the stilly and solemn night, what does not enter the mind? As our thoughts wandered aimlessly o'er the vast realm of space, what did the power of thinking convey of that arid and repulsive desert, which for years upon years served only as a barrier against the advancement of civilization.

Nor had Nature always been in the same mood as she prevailed through the many years over this wide stretch of discouragement and nothingness. For in winter she clothed the countless acreage with a deep cloak of snow, and for a summer garb, applied the burning, ceaseless rays of a penetrating sun to sprinkle them with a gray mantle of saline alkali dust. Under either condition, this mighty expanse preserved the common characteristics of barrenness, inhospitality and misery, after which a longing for Home above. So, so many prayers have been answered, for buried beneath the burning sands lay untold secrets materialized by the dry and parched bones of men who wandered a step too far in search of the mysteries that might lie beyond, or the wealth that remained unrevealed.

Not many years ago there were no inhabitants upon this land of desolation. A band of Indians may have occasionally traversed it in order to reach other hunting-grounds; but the hardiest of the braves were glad to lose sight of the awesome desolation and find themselves once more upon the prairie. Occasionally the coyote would stalk among the sage brush, and the buzzard sail slowly over the vast expanse in search of a new victim, who was probably driven to the dust by thirst; but aside from these and a few carnivorous animals, no living thing would linger upon the treacherous sands.

This waveless sea, within sight of human eye, was dusted with alkali, intersected only by sparse clumps of dwarfish chapparel bushes. The deep silence of overhanging death was ever present. Rarely did bird ruffle the air, nor was there a move upon the dull, gray earth—above all, there prevailed absolute and uninterrupted silence. There was no semblance of sound in all the mighty wilderness of nothingness; nothing but silence—complete, heart-subduing silence.

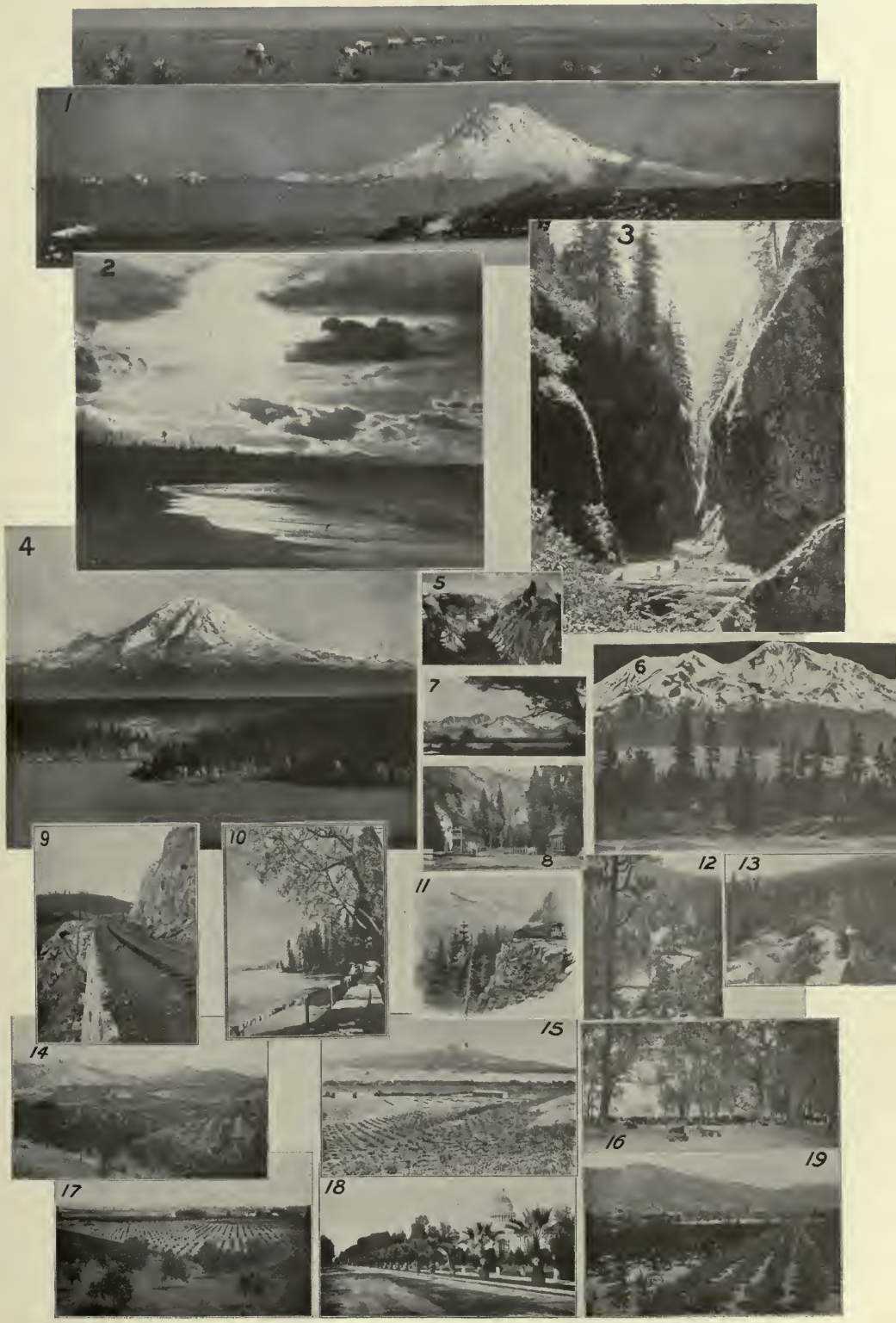
Desolation was occasionally relieved by a pathway trending its way across the desert and winding itself, further and further out, only to become lost in nothingness in the extreme distance. Rutted with wheel-marks and trodden down by the feet of adventurers and prospectors, they tell the tale of daring ambition intertwined with pathos. For here and there lay scattered white objects which glistened and shone under the sun, and stood out in bold relief against

their alkali bases. What were they? Bones! Some large and coarse —others small and delicate. The former told of the perishing of cattle and beasts—the others lay as pathetic monuments to the memory of men, some who had been counted among the living by hopeful relatives and friends, long after they fell to rise no more from the yearning sands of the desert. For miles one could have traced this ghastly caravan route by the bones of man and beast which fell by the wayside.

But today—today! chiefly through the establishment of the railroad, civilization is being introduced by means of little settlements that dot the desert at distant points and serve as commissary stations to give sustenance to the mining camps and ranges, whose residents strive to overcome uninviting natural conditions in hopes of gaining a livelihood and possible wealth. Today, the enterprise of man, first by railway building and then by the invention of modern machinery and various forms of irrigation, is facing the terrors of the desert which vanquished their valiant forefathers and have at last succeeded in encroaching upon the arid waste.

But what does the future offer? Can hope spring out of this barren and endless field of arid land? As one looks out upon the desert and meditates and contemplates over the past and present, these questions cannot fail but arise. Water! Water! Water! That is the cry that goes up silently but eloquently from the parched dust. And why not water?

Not many years ago California, whose luxuriant Sacramento Valley adjoins the Humboldt Desert, and the paradise of vineyards and pleasant fruit-growing valleys of Santa Anna, San Gabriel and San Bernardino, to the south, which border on the Mojave Desert (a part of which they once were, and STILL ARE) were, within the memory of many, just as arid as are the sands of the Great American Desert to-day. Irrigation will be the emancipator of the desert! When the increasing influx of foreigners to our shores becomes a matter of important concern, as it should now be, and when the development of the west becomes a national issue, as it surely must—then will the American mind exert itself, and from watersheds in the north there will flow the life-giving blood through the veins of irrigation that will quicken the pulsation of this enormous fevered body, and from it will spring forth, not only sustenance for man in the shape of grain, cattle, fruit and flowers, but there will arise a land of cities and villages which will be to California what California is to-day to the rest of the country.



Courtesy Southern Pacific Co. and Mr. Frank S. Thayer.

SCENES ON THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC—THE NORTHWEST AND SACRAMENTO VALLEY

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

1—Mount Tacoma. 2—Moonlight on Puget Sound. 3—Oneonta Gorge, Cascade Mts. 4—Mt. Ranier. 5—The Backbone of the Sierra Nevada. 6—The Snowy Crest of Mount Shasta. 7—Sierra Blanca. 8—Sentinel Hotel, Yosemite. 9–11—Rounding Cape Horn 10—Lake Tahoe near Tahoe Tavern. 12—The Canyon of the Sacramento. 13—The Upper Sacramento, near Sims. 14—View from English Hills, near Vacaville, Solano County. 15—Mt. Shasta and Edson Fruit Ranch near Gazelle. 16—Cattle on Rancho del Rio de los Molinos, near Red Bluff. 17—Looking Southeast over Maywood Colony near Corning. 18—Capitol at Sacramento, California. 19—Head of Capay Valley near Rumsey.

CHAPTER XV.

IT was early on the morning of Saturday, September 3, when we again looked out upon the apparently endless desert. Being far removed from the chain of cities, we would naturally be in the country; where the grass sparkles with dew, the air intoxicating with fragrance lent by the flowers, while the birds should have serenaded us from out of the tree-tops. But alas! there was no dew, no flowers, nor birds, nor trees.

Shortly after sunrise the whole country bore a rosy hue; a vivid rose, with depths of peach color; a town in the distance was spotted by points of shadow and to our great surprise, some palms were scattered about, gleaming gaily enough in the mournful landscape which for a short moment of freshness seemed to smile at the rising sun. How the palms came to be, or whence they came, were questions we could not answer; lest they were planted as an experiment by some horticulturist. Vague sounds seemed to penetrate the air with a suggestion of singing that made us understand that every country and land on earth has its joyous awakening.

Presently we reach a village, whose size might call for the more dignified term "town." It was Wadsworth, Nevada, in the valley of the Truckee where are located the famous borax mines. Wadsworth is 278 miles east of San Francisco. After passing a small station, Vista, Nevada, we reached Reno, one of the most important centers in the state of Nevada and a town with a population of 8,000.

Reno is the county seat of Washoe county, and was named in honor of General Reno, who was killed at the battle of South Mountain. The city is probably the most modern and best equipped in Nevada and is important as an educational, commercial and mining center, and as this is a silver region, the town has extensive smelting mills.

One of the most important steps yet taken by the United States Government towards irrigating the arid lands of the west has been in the construction of the Truckee-Carson project near Reno.

The huge headgates on the Truckee-Carson canal are of concrete, all of one piece, and present an impregnable appearance. With ordinary care they will last for centuries, defying storms and floods and keeping the water under absolute control at all times. The work

testifies to the fact that the government, with its expert engineers and ample funds, is able to come to the aid of the west with projects of a lasting character, and while encouraging and desiring irrigation work by private capital, has the ability to undertake the greater works with a completeness and permanency beyond the reach of individual funds. By this project water is taken from the Truckee river at a point two miles above Wadsworth, Nevada, to the channel of the Carson river by a canal 31 miles long. The canal will irrigate 350,000 acres.

The opening of the Truckee-Carson project was celebrated just three years from the passage of the Reclamation Act, on June 17, 1902. It was the first great step in the rebuilding of Nevada. Shortly after 10 o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Francis G. Newlands, wife of Senator Newlands of Nevada, who is the "Father of the Reclamation Act," broke a bottle of champagne over the headgates. The members of the congressional committees, including five of the 17 who drafted the Reclamation Act, the governor of Nevada, the governor of California, the distinguished body of citizens and legislators, turned the cranks, the headgates lifted, and the cool waters of the high Sierra rushed through the canal to the thirsty desert. It was more than a step in the upbuilding of Nevada; it was a move toward the reclamation of the whole west. It was the consummation of the dreams of years, and of the men who had worked long and faithfully.

Millions of acres of arid land in the west will be thrown open to the farmer through irrigation and the huge projects which the government has on hand under the national Reclamation Act. This act will, it is claimed by the most enthusiastic irrigation experts, open the way for the mightiest Anglo-Saxon cultivation the world has ever known. The work which the government is executing in constructing great storage and diversion dams, and in building canals, laterals and headgates, is the largest undertaking of the kind in the history of the United States.

Thirty-one miles southward is Carson City, the capital of Nevada, and 21 miles farther the famous silver mining town of Virginia City, built half way up a steep mountain slope and completely surrounded by mountains. Virginia City stands directly over the noted Comstock Lode, and here are the Bonanza Mines, which were such prolific producers in the great silver days. The lode has produced over $450,000,000, chiefly silver, and it is drained by the Sutro Tunnel, nearly four miles long, which cost $4,500,000 to construct. Here are also the mines of Tonapah.

Continuing westward, we arrived at Verdi. Shortly after, we reached State Line, a small village whose great importance lies in the

fact that it marks the boundary line between Nevada and California, and in another moment we were within the great and glorious state of California. It was with the greatest delight that we entered the fairyland of fruit, flower and sunshine, and the things which have made the region famous lay before us in all their splendor.

Passing Floriston, whose greatest pride lies in a large paper mill, we reached Truckee, the gateway of the wonderful Sacramento Valley, a veritable "Garden of Eden" in its wonderland of agricultural bliss.

While Truckee is 200 miles removed from San Francisco we were greeted at this point with flying banners bearing the insignia "In Hoc Signo Vinces," and the phrase, "Welcome, Sir Knights." As our train entered the station, a delegation of local Sir Knights and their friends greeted us with a rousing welcome and the "Special" stopped long enough to permit us to step out among them and exchange greetings.

One of the first objects of interest that met our eyes as we alighted was an Indian and his squaw. Mrs. Indian was reclining lazily upon a pile of earth with her face heavily veiled, while Mr. Indian, a dirty and unkempt citizen, tried to play high finance with the passengers. Many efforts were made to secure photographs of the redskin couple, but every effort was met with a firm demand for liberal remuneration. Mr. Indian endeavored to sell permits to take Mrs. Indian's picture at $5.00 per pose, but no one was curious enough to pay that price to have her lift her veil. Nevertheless, several snapshots of the couple were surreptitiously secured.

We found Truckee an interesting spot, especially so because of the contrast it offered to the long stretch of desert over which we had passed. The town is important as a commercial center because of its being the distributing point for a large tributary country. It was burned down in 1868 and again during the following year. In 1870 it was burned down twice; once more in 1874 and 1875 "Chinatown" was destroyed by fire. About one-third of the population consists of Chinamen. The town is also a famous mountain resort, being 5,890 feet above sea-level. Lake Tahoe and Independence Lake, both famous mountain lakes, are each about 14 miles from Truckee. Lake Tahoe is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world, 22 miles long, 10 to 14 miles wide and from 100 to 2,000 feet deep. It is so clear that the bottom is distinctly visible at a depth of 60 to 70 feet, surrounded by snow-clad mountains, and yet it never freezes. In a region of many lakes, it is known as "the gem of the high Sierras."

Three miles west of Truckee, near Lakeview station, we saw Donner Lake from the car window. The lake is named after the

Donner party who starved in its vicinity in the pioneer days. The lake is a beautiful body of placid water, completely surrounded by lofty mountains.

Shortly after, we arrived at Summit, the highest point on the Sierra Nevadas, 7,017 feet above the level of the sea. This is not the highest land of the Sierra Nevadas, for the peaks around us rose to an altitude of over 10,000 feet. The scenery was impressive. Bleak and bare granite mountains, deep gorges, sparkling waterfalls and beautiful lakes lie within sight.

Just before arriving at Summit, a succession of tunnels and snow-sheds were passed through with such rapidity that it was hard to determine just when we emerged from one and entered into another. While passing through one of the snow-sheds our coaches became considerably scratched and splintered by a projection. This accident grieved "Woodzie" very much, and while he could by no means be held accountable for the occurrence, he was sadly disappointed in the thought of entering the Conclave city with blemished cars.

From Summit the descent was rapid; the road winding down, mile after mile, while the mountain scenery was stupendous and awe-inspiring in its magnificent grandeur. The little stations we passed on the way carried memory back to the old days by their names, which have the flavor of mining camps. Some were: Rocker Pan, Schovil Pass, Emigrant Gap, Blue Canyon, Shady Run, Towles, Alta, Dutch Flat and Gold Run. At present, however, while mining is still pursued, the land is blooming with orchards and bedecked with vegetation.

Some distance to the northward, the whole country being mountainous and the lower slopes covered with forests of splendid pines, is the grand snow-covered dome of Mount Shasta, one of the noblest of the Cascades (in California called the Coast Range), rising 14,440 feet, a huge extinct volcano, having a crater in its western peak 2,500 feet deep and three-quarters of a mile wide. Beyond, the Sacramento Valley stretches far away southward, passing Chico and Marysville, to Sacramento. It was to the eastward, near Colonia, that the first discovery of California gold was made in February, 1848, on the farm of Colonel Sutter, the county having been appropriately named El Dorado.

Reaching Cape Horn we not only entered upon scenes of utmost grandeur, but entered upon a roadbed of amazing construction. Cape Horn is a projection of rock from out of the mountain—a shelf, as it were, carved out of the faces of startling precipices. Around this ledge a framework of track has ingeniously been laid and as the

train crawls around it, a picture of blue depths was presented that will live forever in memory. As we looked out of the car windows we could see, 2,200 feet below, a mere thread zigzaging hither and thither in its course. It was the American River seeking its golden channel. From the dizzy height we could see the washed-out banks of Iowa Hill to the east, and the orchards and vineyards in the west. Southward was a rough sea of mountains whose peaks rose and fell like the wave.

Passing several small and unimportant villages we reached Auburn, a beautiful town in the Sierra foothills. It enjoys liberal irrigation and its surroundings are a maze of orchards, vineyards and other forms of vegetation. It has already attained fame as a health resort because of the evenness of its climate.

The largest and most comprehensive irrigation project which the government has under consideration is the reclamation of 2,000,000 acres of land in the Sacramento valley. Water will be conserved by means of seven huge reservoirs and distributed over the valley, which is 250 miles long and from 20 to 60 miles in breadth. Here the problems of irrigation, reclamation, navigation and drainage are all closely connected, for, with the storage of waters, the crest of the spring floods, which have so often broken the levees on the lower reaches of the Sacramento river and destroyed millions of dollars worth of property, will be controlled. The climatic conditions in the Sacramento valley are far less extreme than those in the desert regions.

Although the government contemplates irrigation for the benefit of homesteaders, and endeavors so far as possible to undertake works with the view of bringing water to available government lands, yet, in the event that individuals are willing to sub-divide lands, and to sign a contract which will prevent land speculation anticipating increased values through irrigation, irrigation works will be undertaken under the Reclamation Act where the land is in private ownership. This is the case in the Salt River valley, Arizona, where a dam capable of impounding enough water to irrigate 200,000 acres of land will be constructed. The settlers in that section have gone ahead and accomplished marvels; the government is coming to their aid. In the Sacramento valley the land is mainly in large holdings, there being individual ranches of 100,000 acres in extent. The California promotion committee has heard from many of the big land owners that they will sub-divide their holdings.

Presently excessive heat seemed to quiver in the air everywhere. Looking far down in the valleys below, the origin was detected in a huge raging forest fire. The baking atmosphere was distressing,

while the reflection of the sun from the red, sandy earth, was blinding. The sky was like an oven-top without ventilation, the wind which was carried up from the forest fire was so pungent that it was difficult to keep the hand out of the car window any length of time.

Each succeeding flame burst forth with greater radiance, enveloping each previous one in its blaze that seemed to illuminate the very skies. Aided by a brisk wind, the fire spread rapidly, and with the continued cracking of burning trees, saplings and bushes, like charges of musketry, a thrill of excitement was lent to the destructive scenes. Trees creaked, groaned, then fell with a splintering crash before the furiously raging demon of fire. Clouds upon clouds of smoke lifted themselves from the scene of devastation like curtains that arise to disclose the ravages of an unchecked onslaught.

Coats and vests were laid aside while we sought the good, old commissary car as does the wayfarer an oasis on the desert. The heat was sufficiently intense to induce thermometers to boil when compelled to face it and make the mercury run from the tube to seek shelter elsewhere.

The fire in the valley spread rapidly, and the train was sent along with increasing speed. We learned subsequently that the fire (a day or two later) reached the snow-sheds at Blue Canyon, Towles and Reno, and that not only did the railroad suffer great loss, but traffic was tied up for a day or more, delaying many Knight Templar "Specials."

The fruit-growing towns of Auburn, New Castle, Penryn, Loomis, Rocklin, Roseville and Antelope were passed and the whole country was rife with orange, lemon and apricot orchards and vineyards, while other semi-tropical fruits grew riotously.

After a delightful ride through this garden country we finally reached the beautiful city of Sacramento, 90 miles east of San Francisco. As we entered the station, a big crowd was at hand to give us a rousing welcome, and when the train came to a stop we were met by an escort of Sir Knights from San Francisco who greeted us with sincere and marked cordiality. They were jolly, good fellows and their every action bespoke hospitality.

It transpired that one of the escorts was formerly a resident of Allegheny, and while we were shaking hands, one with the other, an impressive scene ensued when Sir William G. Lee and this former Alleghenian recognized one another. Never was a more enthusiastic greeting exchanged. With a kiss they threw their arms around each other's necks. It was a marked example of how truly small the world is, and in what unlooked-for places we may encounter those whom we best know.

The meeting in general at the Sacramento station was impressive. Never was a better example given of man meeting man, friend meeting friend, brother meeting brother, with hand full of welcome in its fraternal grasp and heart full of love in its every pulsation.

Sacramento, the capital of the state, is a city of about 35,000 population. As a city, it is probably one of the most beautiful communities in the country. Its streets are well shaded, while beautiful gardens blooming with almost tropical luxuries, abound on every side. In enterprise the city is also deserving of great respect. This is best shown in the fact that in 1850 a fire left but one house standing; in 1854 a fire again destroyed the city; in 1851 and 1852 floods caused devastation, and again in 1861 and 1862 the city was inundated. Sacramento arose dauntlessly from all these elements to greater prosperity, and now has established itself above the flood line.

The escort boarded our train and we started. What robust, jolly, good fellows they were! They too, had suffered perceptibly from the excessive heat; a fact that was eloquently told by their wilted collars. They assured us, however, that within an hour we could wear our light overcoats with every degree of comfort, which, as soon as we reached San Francisco Bay, proved eminently true.

The run from Sacramento to San Francisco under escort of these royal Californians was a fitting, crowning pleasure to our eventful transcontinental tour. Everyone was trying to hear and be heard at the same time. Both guests and hosts had so much to tell one another and so many questions to ask and answer. Not to be outdone we decided, inasmuch as the Californians were escorting us to the Conclave city, that we would do a little escorting ourselves. And we did. We escorted them into the commissary car. An impressive scene then took place. We put our California brethren through all the degrees—from 118 in the sun to one or two below in the refrigerator. There always were several below in the refrigerator, due of course to the ice!

So impressive were the greetings exchanged in the commissary car that even Johnstone expressed a wish to become a Knight. He confided this to Schwerd, and the latter informed him that he had one advantage; while some people might say that he, as compared to our party, was as different as darkness and dawn, there was no question but that he looked like a night—his complexion being darkness itself.

As the "Special" neared San Francisco, our committee issued orders that every Sir Knight don his fatigue uniform. Then the usual skirmish of dressing and packing-up ensued. As we reached

Benicia, formerly the capital of the state, the atmosphere became considerably cooler. Passing the little station of Port Costa we entered upon the last hour's run into San Francisco.

On the right, for the entire distance, lies the magnificent expanse of San Francisco Bay, a magnificent inland sea and one of the finest harbors in the world, 50 miles long and 10 miles wide, connected with the Pacific Ocean by the strait of the Golden Gate, five miles long and a mile wide. The bay is separated from the ocean by a long peninsula, having the city of San Francisco on the inside of its northern extremity. A delightful ride along the bayside, made pleasanter by the cooling winds that blew over the waters, brought us to the beautiful tree-bowered city of Oakland, from which point the first glimpse of the Pacific was obtained and then the Golden Gate opened before our eyes.

As our train wended its way slowly through the beautiful garden city of Oakland, we could clearly see the heights, slopes and levels of a great city across the bay. From out of the massive built-up blocks there arose the spires and steeples that mark a great municipality, while high above the shore proudly floated hundreds of flags and banners proclaiming to the breeze that it was a city of joy and festivity.

It was the Conclave city! A city which we had come thousands of miles to realize—and as it stood out before us in bold relief against the deep-blue sky, we gazed upon it with mental satisfaction in the achievement of our ambitions and desires, which had overcome mountain, vale and prairie—yes, and even the desert.

Here we crossed the bay, entered the Ferry depot, and set foot upon the soil of San Francisco. The ladies were placed in the care of a committee, while the Sir Knights formed in line for a march and escort to the hotel.

At the entrance of the Ferry Depot we were met by a detachment of Sir Knights awaiting us. After an exchange of courtesies between Sirs Harry W. Lowrie, Herman Flechsig and Oscar Schulze, our committee, and the San Francisco Fraters, the Sir Knights of the Conclave city at once assumed the duties of escort and both bodies, under the banners of their respective Commanderies and headed by a magnificent band, moved up Market street.

Once on the great thoroughfare the sidewalks became speedily crowded. The march up Market street, escort and pilgrims marking time to stirring music of the band, presented a pretty sight and gained special attractiveness.

From Market street we turned into Ellis street and as we drew up in front of the hotel the crowd had grown considerably in size.

The command was halted in front of the hotel and the escort stepped forward and bade the Sir Knights of Allegheny Commandery welcome to the city. Members of our committee responded fittingly, after which personal congratulations were exchanged and the warm grasp of the hand, the friendly and Knightly welcome to each and all of us by the local Sir Knights present, made us feel perfectly at home. The band then struck up another air of welcome, after which the escort gave the marching salute and at a quick pace they returned from whence they had come to meet and greet other arrivals.

First impressions convinced us that our headquarters were not of the highest standard. No meals were provided in the establishment; the accommodations were limited and what service there was, was not of the best. However, we were quite willing to overlook a few discomforts and make due allowance for the crowded and congested condition of the city, and after our experiences at the inn (on the border of the Yellowstone Park) we felt that we were "trained to the minute" to endure any and all hardships of hotel life.

Europe may pride itself upon its cosmopolitan hotels, but it is safe to declare that a hotel never existed on the two hemispheres which was better equipped to entertain a congress of nations than was the one that sheltered us during the Conclave. The hostelry was conducted by a lady proprietor and manager. A small weazy fellow that appeared to be semi-French and semi-Italian, was general utility man and served as head porter and head bell-boy. He stepped as daintily and gently as a cat crossing a muddy street. A noisy, irritable Chinaman ran the elevator; male Japanese did the housework and negroes supervised the furnaces, while a Russian was in command of the boiler-room. When this international staff of employees became divided in their opinions, which was not an unusual occurrence, a debate ensued that was not only forceful, but as interesting as it was variated. The Chinese elevator man became easily angered, and when under such a spell would deliver an oration in jargon, and relieve himself of argument in a mixture of Chinese and English that was a privilege to hear, and fully worth the cost of a week's accommodation. He was always ready to begin and continue an argument and was the means of providing the best entertainment the hotel afforded. In starting the elevator, he would frequently enter into an argument with some passenger on the ground floor and continue to expel his confused and stimulating discourse during the complete ascent. As the shrill voice of the Mongolian grew fainter and fainter, while the elevator continued its upward course, the effect was most amusing, recalling to mind the argument with a Russian who went up in a balloon. The Japanese

were about the most obliging and quiet nation represented on the "board of control," although it would have taken something more than the Hague Peace Tribunal to maintain harmony among all the foreign ambassadors represented under this one roof.

Entering the hotel, we were within a small lobby where a stairway and elevator crowded each other in an effort to find place. The "office" was on the second floor. It was about the size of a "Punch and Judy" cabinet, and bore an opening similar to a ticket office window. It was from this point of vantage that "Judy" transacted her business. Lined about the "office" were a few chairs offering unenthusiastic welcome to the weary. In order to avoid publicity in case of an international conflict with the employees of the house, most of our Sir Knights subscribed themselves upon the hotel registers under non-de-plumes. According to "Judy's" records such illustrious persons as "John L. Sullivan," "Kit Carson," "Buffalo Bill," the "James Boys" and Pawnee Bill" were finding shelter in the house.

We were assigned to our quarters, and probably in an effort to keep us from becoming too lonesome, four and six members of the party were in many instances assigned to one room. After supervising the proper placing of our baggage, we formed an attacking force and left the hotel in search of the best dinner in San Francisco, and surely there is no reason to believe but that we secured it.

No conception can be formed of the appetites we poor and weary pilgrims had. We were being hourly benefited by the ocean breeze and the crisp, bracing air that swept over us from the Pacific, notwithstanding the fact that since leaving home we had seen each other growing stouter day by day.

We were not compelled to search long before we came upon a large, handsome and tastefully decorated dining place, of which the city is blessed with many. Here we not only found comfort, but fared sumptuously of a magnificent dinner comprising all the good things of this life.

Everything about the place was tidy and clean, the food was well prepared, and the waiters attentive and polite. An air of festivity pervaded the place. Scores of Sir Knights and their ladies were constantly coming and going, and all was in gala attire. Everyone was affable and sociable; laughter, joy and good cheer were predominant. Upwards of 200 sat about innumerable small tables, feasting and conversing. The streets were thronged with joyous pleasure-seekers and entrancing music prevailed, both within and without. Life and action all about us lent enthusiasm, while a dizzy

maze of elaborate illumination and decorations gave the whole picture a magnificent setting.

The city was dressed in holiday attire, her gates were open to receive her guests, her streets and homes were lighted, the tables were spread and the feast was set for the Sir Knights that came across the continent and from beyond the sea to partake of the blessings so lavishly showered upon the state. And there was ample for all who gathered within the "Golden Gate" during the festive week to feast their eyes upon the great display and Knightly hospitality of the metropolis of the Pacific.

After dinner, we walked for miles over the principal thoroughfares. All were brilliantly lighted in bright colors and flashing constellations, while handsomely attired men and women thronged the sidewalks. It was a scene of splendor, activity and cheerfulness, and conversation and laughter prevailed everywhere. There were greetings and exchange of salutes almost continuously among Sir Knights who had known no previous relationship other than the inseparable bonds of fraternity.

The splendor probably inspired Sir Robert to take a step which he had hoped to realize since childhood. From earliest infancy it had been his cherished ambition to some day be shaven in the most gorgeous, palatial barbershop that existed this side of fairyland. To repose at full length upon a cushioned reclining chair surrounded in a confusion of luxury. His ambitions sought frescoed walls and gilded arches with vistas of columns stretching far above him, Oriental perfumes and incense to intoxicate his senses and soothe him into a dreamland of music and song. Sir Robert came across an establishment during his walk which offered him a realization of his desire. As he sank into a chair and ordered the full menu, he dozed into a continuation of his dream, and felt that at the end of an hour he would awake to find his face as smooth and soft as an infant's; that his every hope would be realized, and that departing, he would lift his hand and declare: "Heaven bless you, my son!"—but Sir Robert didn't say anything of the sort—neither did he get a realization of his dream—but he did get a bill for $2.85, and his blessing—well, that is a private matter which it is not the privilege of the writer to go into.

Several members of our party took short street-car rides in an effort to get more extended views of the city. In one of these parties was Sir Reese Tannehill, and while feasting his eyes upon the great panorama on the sidewalks, his car gave a sudden lurch and Sir Tannehill's arm went through the glass in the door, completely shat-

tering it. He delivered a short extemporaneous speech to the conductor, making offer to pay for the damage. The latter graciously refused to accept the kind offer, declaring that Sir Reese could lay the matter before the superintendent, who was stationed further up the line. When this individual was found, he declared that Sir Tannehill's pain would recompense the company's pane, and gave him permission "to go and break three or four more" and no charge would be permitted. The incident served to illustrate the regard which the whole city held for their guests, and the efforts of every citizen to encourage the visitors to have the kindliest feelings towards Frisco.

Never did imagination in its most fanciful flights through fairyland realize such grandeur and brilliancy of illumination as the streets of San Francisco presented on this night. It appeared as if every electric light bulb in creation, of every conceivable hue, had been pressed into service in the decorations. Not only was the city of San Francisco extravagantly liberal in adding its share to the general glory, but the state of California, through the Harbor Commissioners, contributed generously in decorating the Ferry Building in a sumptuous manner, while "Uncle Sam" himself could not be denied the privilege of joining in the festivities. Out in the harbor were a number of warships, all strung with electric lights, while the penetrating white beams of their searchlights crossed and re-crossed the sky.

Could the padres of old have stepped from the Ferry at the foot of Market street on this Saturday night, after the current had electrified the myriads of lights on the broad thoroughfare, they would have become wondrously amazed at the glory of their beloved city. Strangers arriving in San Francisco from across the bay imagined that the city was aflame; for the illumination cast a glow upon the sky as if caused by a great conflagration.

Thousands of necklaces of diamonds glistened in the business sections of the city. Lights of every color, grouped in degree emblems and other designs crossed and re-crossed each other in many a sparkling line and curve. Colonnades, columns, buildings, and designs, all alight with glowing blubs, was the gorgeous sight that lent the carnival spirit to the throngs that passed under them. The brilliant display stretched from the Ferry building at Market street to Tenth street, and included one great loop that reached out to take in Union Square. Besides this, there were innumerable illuminations over the many miles of streets leading from the main thoroughfare, that added their share to the general glory.

The Harbor Commissioners had every light in the Ferry build-

ing in operation, and the great Nave with its shower of lights helped dazzle the spectators. The building was outlined in fairy tracery against the sky, and directly under the large clock on the building shone a twenty-foot emblem in its appropriate colors. At Steuart and Market streets was the beginning of a lane of lights that stretched out for two miles in relentless brilliancy. The lane passed through a magnificent colonnade of double columns, patterned after Corinthian architecture. On each side of the street and suspended between the columns were innumerable signs which shone out "welcome," while every conceivable Masonic emblem was represented in color and light.

At Post and New Montgomery streets the Masonic Temple was ablaze with lights and every insignia of the order hung in illumination from the building. The Union Trust building opposite was outlined and strung with myriads of lights, while public and office buildings on every side joined in creating further brilliancy.

The "Court of Honor," at the intersection of Market, Kearney, Geary and Third streets, over which much skill and care had been expended, proved to be the grandest display that San Francisco had ever known. From stout cables stretching from high buildings on each side of Market street was suspended a glittering bell-shaped mass of electric lights with a rim 40 feet in diameter, with strings tapering to the top lights, while in the center of the web, blazing like jewels, hung the signs of the order. A huge cross and crown and the motto, "In Hoc Signo Vinces," all thickly incrusted with lights, shone from within this sunburst of electric jewels. At its outer edge, suspended from a huge ring of light which required considerable thought and ingenuity to devise, were suspended at intervals every emblem and degree insignia, all richly illuminated in true color. The nearby buildings, including the Palace Hotel and "Call" building, were outlined with lights and hung with mottoes and designs. The thousands of lights concentrated in this court made that part of Market street as light, if not lighter, than day.

Both sides of Geary street were illuminated with arcs as far as Hotel Francis, which was also brilliantly illuminated and decorated. Union Square was surrounded by white masts that supported girdles of light, while connecting the masts were strings of lights and Japanese lanterns, with clusters of electric bulbs within.

On Market street, beyond the "Court of Honor," the canopy of light continued to the great "Colonnade" that extended from Fifth to Sixth street. The approach to both sides of the "Colonnade" led between Corinthian columns twined with strings of frosted lights, while in the center stood a three-column "Triumphal Arch," from

which was suspended the cross of the "Most Eminent Grand Master," heavily embossed with lights, and, together with the loops of lights which strung from curb to curb, attracted crowds to the "Colonnade."

The City Hall was a feature of illumination; it was gorgeously decorated. The main building was outlined and figured in light, while the dome was ablaze.

The uptown illumination was particularly beautiful at Mechanic's Pavilion, which was liberally decorated with light in all manner of designs. Across Larkin street blazed the sign "Headquarters California Commanderies." Within the Pavilion the illuminations were more compact but equally as brilliant and elaborate. The various headquarters of the different Commanderies of the state were marked by novel ideas in light arrangement, while in the banquet hall, in Hayes street, were lights and Chinese lanterns entwined among the foliage and flowers, making a fairy representation of a Hong Kong teagarden. In the upper balcony was a representation of Sierra scenery, and among the forest of evergreen were strung myriads of lights and scores of designs.

Some idea of the magnitude of the illumination can be gleaned when it is known that the lowest competitive bid for the lighting plant was $53,000; the cost for current $25,000; while 150,000 electric lights and 10,000 Chinese and Japanese lanterns of every color and size were in use. In the "Court of Honor" alone 20,000 incandescent lights were in service, while 7,500 were aglow in the "Colonnade." These figures refer only to the public demonstration, while the electric displays and decorations made by individuals, business houses, store-keepers, hotels, office buildings and other private concerns were beyond conjecture.

All this grandeur, and the prevailing good cheer of the merry crowds that thronged the streets in their gala attire, made that first night in Frisco a stirring and memorable one. We cannot recall half the places we visited or what we particularly saw; we had no disposition to examine carefully into anything—we could only glance and go—to move and keep moving. The spirit of the Conclave was upon us while the music, brilliancy and glory of it all intoxicated the senses. Finally, at a late hour, we sought rest in one of the great casinos. Hundreds came and went and dined in this gilded palace, although it would have been difficult to make an accurate count of the number present at any one time, because of the mirrored walls, which stretched the assemblage out into countless numbers. Young and old alike, all richly attired, sat in couples and groups about innumerable tables eating of the good things of earth and engaged in a din of conversation that dazed the senses. Gathered about

on a balcony were others similarly engaged, while in one corner, hidden by banks of ferns, an immense orchestra made frantic efforts to be heard above the din of laughter and clatter.

As a final climax, and to close the first day in Frisco in all its cheerfulness, we sought our rooms in the hotel and climbed into our sumptuous (?) beds—everything gradually and surely forcing upon us the coveted consciousness that at last—beyond any question—we were really in San Francisco. We were forgetful of all else, and came to a full realization of the accomplishment of our mission in all its enchanting delightfulness.

CHAPTER XVI.

S the glorious sun rose out of the eastern horizon and spread its resistless rays upon this beautiful western city on Sunday, September 4, it disclosed a community of splendor. The nodding plumes and doffing of caps and hats on every thoroughfare at an early hour, told the story.

And there was much to induce early rising. The affection of brotherhood was paramount in every heart, and the fact of the realization of family reunion of brethren from every state and clime was in every mind. To greet and be greeted, to meet and be met, to shake a brother's hand and have a brother shake one's own hand, were some of the incentives which overcame every encouragement toward inactivity, while the program of the day was one that appealed to both the eye and mind.

Special services were to be conducted in churches of many denominations, morning, afternoon and evening. Probably the most inspiring religious service of the Conclave, and which touched the heart and fired the patriotism of everyone who was fortunate enough to attend, was the grand memorial sacred concert, which the program announced would be held in Mechanic's Pavilion in the evening, under the auspices of California Commandery No. 1, in honor of the late Sir Knight William McKinley, the martyred President of the United States.

Incoming trains were still bringing thousands of Sir Knights from all sections of the country into the Conclave city. The escort-

ing committees were attending to their functions from sunrise until sunrise.

The religious services drew multitudes, of which many could not be accommodated. Thousands were turned away. The disappointed ones and others who knew full well the inability of the monster Mechanic's Pavilion to shelter all who would seek admittance, spent the day in sight-seeing in a quiet way.

The Grand Encampment of the United States attended a most impressive service in the morning, in the First Congregational Church. They were escorted to and from the church by Golden Gate Commandery No. 16. The doors of the edifice had been opened long before the hour set for the beginning of the services, and all space not reserved for the Grand Encampment and their escort had long been filled when the two columns of Knights, with white-lined capes thrown back, and white-plumed chapeaux held over the right shoulder, marched into the building through the rear doors under escort of the handsomely attired Golden Gate Commandery No. 16.

At the pulpit were V. E. Sir Daniel C. Roberts, D. D., Grand Prelate of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar U. S. A.; Sir Knight William H. Jordan, Prelate of Golden Gate Commandery No. 16, and the Rev. George C. Adams, D. D., pastor of the church, all of whom rose and stood in an attitude of greeting and welcome until the guests of honor and their escort were seated.

The church was elaborately decorated in floral designs emblematic of the order represented, a huge electric cross of red flaming above the organ loft. The services were beautiful and impressive in song, lesson and discourse, and were appreciated by an audience which packed the galleries and filled every seat left vacant in the body of the house after the Sir Knights were accommodated.

The responsive reading and the Litany of the order were conducted by Prelate Sir Knight William H. Jordan, the invocations were by the pastor and the sermon was preached by V. E. Sir Daniel C. Roberts, D. D.

Seldom has a more beautiful ceremony been witnessed than that which was held in Mechanic's Pavilion in the afternoon. The main floor was converted into a California forest of tall redwood trees, whose high tops and heads reached far above the balconies, and whose boughs formed an indescribably beautiful canopy overhead. The galleries were covered with green in such manner as to form a continuation of the trees.

Ascending the stairway to the gallery the visitors encountered a group of three figures, representing two nymphs tempting Pan to drink from a lily which was held just beyond his reach, while on

the opposite side of the gallery hung the original copy of Earl Cummings' "At Play."

In the annex the California Commanderies had their headquarters and dispensed refreshments in the Chinese teagarden, fitted up in keeping with the original article, as though transplanted from the Celestial empire. The art gallery was probably the finest piece of decorative work ever done beneath that roof. The ceilings and alcoves were tinted in cream and green. The walls and floors of two sections were covered with green burlap and two other sections were covered with burlap in the natural color. More than 2000 yards of burlap were required in this work.

Seventy-two beautiful colonnades, forming a magnificent court, had been placed in sections 2 and 3 of the gallery. Each colonnade was mounted with a large eagle about thirty-six inches high, and a fine silken flag. Between sections, beautiful arbors composed of colonnades and arranged so as to represent the California missions, made a beautiful effect. The arbors contained a number of red lanterns from which electric bulbs cast a soft light. The reception room at one end of the building was fitted in Chinese fashion, the fittings consisting of the choicest furnishings obtainable in Chinatown. A minature forest had been planted at the west end of the upper gallery for Santa Rosa Commandery. The seven Commanderies which jointly occupied one section of the Pavilion had taverns built of rough timber, typical of the early days of California.

It was amidst these beautiful surroundings that the afternoon and evening services were held. Long before the hour set for the afternoon services, a continued flow of humanity began to pour into the building. At the first notes of the trumpet the Sir Knights fell into line behind a screen of evergreen at the front of the pavilion and as the band played "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," they marched slowly up the center isle. Two by two they came, and as the isle filled with marching men robed in baldric and snowy plumes, a more picturesque sight could not be imagined. On they came, until the floor and platform was a moving mass of velvet folds, kindly faces and nodding plumes.

As the Sir Knights reached the platform and stood in their places, there was a wave of the Commander's hand and instantly all heads were uncovered. Then, after the singing of the last verses of the processional, all took their seats. An elaborate musical program was carried out and fitting prayers offered, after which the Rev. Dr. Frederick W. Clampett, rector of Trinity Church, delivered an impressive sermon, in which he told of the sterling Christianity advocated by Templarhood, the solemnity of their service, and concluded

by paying fitting tribute to late President McKinley, and holding him and his character before his hearers as an example of manhood and all the qualities which tend to make beauty of character.

Nor was the evening service less impressive. Ablaze with a thousand lights, splendid with a myriad of colored incandescent bulbs patterned in symbols of Free Masonry, and thronged with an audience of 15,000 people, each one of whom sat with bowed head in respect to the memory of Sir Knight William McKinley, who three years before had gone to join the Grand Commandery on high, was the solemn picture that presented itself. So eager was the multitude to take opportunity in respecting the former Sir Knight—president, hero, statesman and humanitarian—that fully 5000 were turned away from the doors for lack of seating capacity. The immense stage reserved for the Sir Knights and their families and the musicians, was decorated with flowers and banks of evergreen. On all sides the floral effects added to the beauty of the interior. Large American flags were draped at one end of the hall, while bunting and garlands of blossoms swung out from the balconies.

The program opened with a measured dirge, followed by the overture from "Tannhauser." With the closing strains the drill corps of the California Commandery entered the hall, accompanied by the vested choir of Trinity Church. Lights were dimmed, and as the group formed in picturesque tableaux the singers began the strains of the beautiful melody— (a) "Lead, Kindly Light." The association of the hymn with the martyred President was never more keenly realized and more than one eye grew dim as the words of the sacred song fell on the hushed assembly. (b) "The Lord's Prayer" (music by John Hendon Pratt), (c) "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Sanctus" from mass "Sollenelle" (Gounod); following a selection by the orchestra, Sir Knight Samuel M. Shortridge delivered an oration, and after him came a rendition of "Lead Thou Me On," by the Templar Choir of the California Commandery; paraphrase on "Nearer, My God, to Thee," (Reeves); soprano solo, "The Holy City," Miss Millie Flynn; transcription on Schubert's "Serenade" (Lizst); grand chorus of 500 voices, under direction of Professor John W. McKenzie—(a) "The Lost Chord" (Sullivan), (b) "Rock of Ages" (the audience arose and joined in singing the last number); "Angelus" from "Suite Scenes Pittoresque" (Massenet); "The Star-Spangled Banner," Miss Millie Flynn; "Tenting To-Night," rendered by the Temple Choir in costume and the singing of "America," in unison, terminated the impressive services.

If there is one spot in San Francisco of which every Californian is proud, and justly so, it is the Golden Gate Park, covering an expanse of over 1,000 acres. Its beauty is due, first to climatic conditions, second to its topography. Beautiful shubbery, abundant bloom, varied landscapes and artistic statuary are here. Wide stretches of grassy plain are succeeded by beautiful eminences, at the foot of which are on one hand placid lakes, on the other the glistening waves of the Pacific. It is rife with beautiful buildings and walks, while dense foliage and flowers bloom the year round. As a special compliment to the Conclave visitors, a score of floral designs, worked into Masonic emblems, were in view throughout the park. Among points of interest within its bounds are the Conservatory, Aviary, Museum, Egyptian Art Building, Buffalo Paddock, Japanese Garden, Stowe Lake, Huntington Falls, Strawberry Hill, Lake Alvord, Children's House and Playground, Commissioner's Lodge, many beautiful statues, a well stocked zoo and a bandstand where 45 pieces play each Sunday and holidays. Thirty-five years ago the site was a series of desolate sand dunes, barren of vegetation. To-day, its beauties fascinate and hold the visitor spellbound.

On the sunset edge and in proximity to the Golden Gate Park, is the Cliff House. Situated upon a rocky bluff overlooking the Pacific Ocean and a precipitous beach, the Cliff House affords a sight that cannot be erased from memory. A portion of the building rises high above the ocean and one can sit and watch the breakers dash wildly against the cliffs as they roll in from shores afar.

Out in the ocean, a cable's length from shore, are the celebrated Seal Rocks. Immense wave-washed monuments that rise high out of the water, they afford a resting place for a colony of huge seals that warm themselves in the kindly sunshine after a frolic in the salt sea. Their movements are interesting, their barking being distinctly heard above the roar of the surf, while countless numbers of sea gulls and other waterfowl circle above and perch upon the rocks in agreeable companionship with the seals.

To the right of the Cliff House are the famous Sutro Baths, said to be the largest in the world. They are 500 feet long and 254 feet wide and hold 1,804,962 gallons of water which comes from the sea, and towering above them is the magnificent sky-battlement known as Sutro Heights—a private property open to the public and embellished by landscape gardens and statuary. From this place a majestic panorama of the shore is afforded for many miles.

It was these and many other beauty spots that the Sir Knights and their ladies visited during that Sunday afternoon, but go where they might, the glittering uniforms, elaborate decorations and general

brilliancy encouraged the predominating feeling of good cheer, buoyancy, laughter and merriment. And what endless opportunity for sight-seeing the City of the Golden Gate affords! What beauty spots created both by Nature and man abound in all directions! How liberally has the Maker showered His blessings upon this exit of America. But of this, more anon.

The evening was spent in drives, trolley rides, walks and visits to the many Commandery headquarters which were extremely liberal in their hospitality. Other diversions as were consistent with the day were indulged in, although a great number of the visitors attended the McKinley Memorial Service.

Returning to our headquarters that night, there was a general stampede for writing material and a concentrated effort made to inform "the folks at home" of our conditions mentally and physically. Some began to describe the beauties of the Conclave, but were ignominously defeated because of the limited time that was allotted for letter-writing, while others, finding themselves deluged in an effort to deal even in generalities, restricted themselves to discussing the weather and their health.

It was also at this time that the historians of the pilgrimage retreated in wild confusion. At the very outset from Allegheny many of the pilgrims had supplied themselves with diaries and liberal ammunition in the shape of pens and pencils with which to chronicle any and all events that might occur on the transcontinental tour.

For a time ambition kept apace of events. Then gradually, one by one, the historians began to fall by the wayside, while others formed a rear guard by keeping three or four days behind current events. However, with the activity, boundless interest and fellowship of the Conclave, and the myriads of rich pleasures at hand, the regiment of historians was completely annihilated. Some had not yet climbed Pike's Peak when they reached Frisco (according to their diaries) while others were just noting the fact that we had visited the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City.

One of these diaries, which started out with a noble purpose and met with an abrupt conclusion, was discovered in one of the wastebaskets of our San Francisco hotel. It was prefaced with a most worthy resolution and concluded with a brief but interesting tale, as follows:

"It is my purpose to chronicle in detail, each evening, the events of the day as they occur to my mind, so that in a few years they may be read and enjoyed by my family. I shall be punctual and try to deal truthfully with all matters that I may refer to in these pages, whether they be of national or personal interest, and I shall seek to

treat all subjects and conditions with sincere impartiality, regardless of personal beliefs or opinions.

"August 23—Ate lunch and smoked a cigar and—

"Sept. 1—The climate is fine and we had little rain, but the mountain air—"

CHAPTER XVII.

MONDAY morning brought with it a startling revelation. The population at the hotel had become wonderfully increased. Every room was full of life—flea life. Where they came from and how they arrived, we never paused to ask, although some expressed the belief that they swam over the bay, for they were excellent sailors, considering how tirelessly they sailed through the air. We had been told the previous night that there was not a SINGLE flea in Frisco. This was eminently true—they were all married and had large families.

Following up our original discovery that the flea can thrive on San Francisco air, we continued our scientific research and were rewarded by learning that the flea is not a wild animal. It is very tame and showed no inclination to avoid human society. In fact, Sir Reel had a flock so well trained that they would eat out of his hand, kiss him on the neck, whisper in his ear, and sit on his nose, without command. We further learned that there was no peril in hunting them, while their natural affection for human society attracts them to you, if one has but a little patience.

They kept up a continuous buzzing strain which to us sounded as "Welcome z—z—z Sir z—z—z Knights z—z—z welcome." While they were so sociable that they crawled all over us, inside of our clothes and out, we were nevertheless hunting them day and night. We soon learned that hunting them with a gun was inadvisable, and after much experimenting, discovered that the easiest way to lose their company was to allow them to hold public meetings on your face and then, in an outburst of sorrow, to drown them with your tears.

However, with all their faults, Sir Otto is indebted to the fleas of Frisco for the greatest physical culture exercise he ever enjoyed. Otto had been ailing somewhat since entering the Yellowstone Park, and really needed the exercise which was forced upon him.

Sir Otto had been wearing a sweater which he brought from the east, and on this particular morning had it thrown over a chair for ventilation. The fleas appointed a board of inquiry, numbering about 250, to inspect the interior of the sweater, but carelessly neglected to notify Otto of the fact. Without the slightest malice towards the fleas he hurriedly donned the garment and was not conscious of the bosom companions he had made until it was snugly fitted. Then the terrible truth dawned upon him! As the fleas, 250 strong, attempted to bite their way out, they bit in the wrong direction. Otto tugged violently at the sweater in a frantic effort to release the poor imprisoned fleas. The more he pulled and tugged, the tighter the sweater, and the more excited both he and fleas became. During his struggles he executed a new method of calisthenics that would have been a profitable revelation to the greatest physical culture instructor extant. Finally, with the brave assistance of several pilgrims, the sweater was removed and the fleas released, but Otto bore the teeth marks of the fleas in such great numbers that it was necessary to let contracts for talcum powder by the pound.

The Conclave program for the day was one that predicted boundless entertainment. Among events scheduled were: Receiving the officers of the Great Priory of England and Wales and the dependencies of the British crown; reception by Golden Gate Commandery No. 16, in Golden Gate Hall, afternoon and evening; ladies' reception at headquarters of California Commandery No. 1, in Mechanics' Pavilion in the afternoon.

Monday, September 5, was a legal holiday in California, known as Labor Day. The celebration consisted of a parade in the morning; reunion of labor organizations, exercises afternoon and evening, celebrations of San Francisco Labor Council and fireworks at night.

The Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania and the Sir Knights of Pennsylvania tendered a reception to all Knights Templar and their ladies in the Marble and Maple rooms of the Palace Hotel; exhibition drill and band concert by Malta Commandery No. 21 Drill Corps, Binghamton, N. Y., at night; reception in the Palace Hotel, under the auspices of the ladies' committee; open-air concert in Union Square; reception by Oakland Commandery No. 11, at Native Sons' Hall; general reception by California Commandery No. 1, and other Commanderies, in Mechanics' Pavilion; performance by Chinese actors in Grand Opera House and numerous other events of equal interest.

The reception tendered the Earl of Euston (personal representative of King Edward) and the delegation representing the Grand Priory of England and Wales, was most impressive. They were met by a full Templar escort consisting of four troops mounted, two com-

panies on foot and a band of 40 pieces with mounted buglers. Troops A and B of the mounted escort occupied the right of the line and were followed by the band and two foot escorts, then the distinguished visitors in carriages, with the two companies from California Commandery bringing up in the rear as the guard of honor.

As the Earl emerged from the depot on the way to his carriage, there was a fanfare from the buglers while the band struck up and kept playing until all the visitors were seated in their carriages. The escorts, both mounted and afoot, presented arms and remained at present until the last carriage had passed the line of escort, after which they swung into line and accompanied the distinguished guests to the Palace Hotel.

Here they formed a double line at the main entrance on New Montgomery street, while the foot escort formed a line reaching across the street from the entrance. The band was stationed at the corner of New Montgomery and Market streets, and, as the Earl and his party alighted from their carriages, they passed through a hollow square of presented swords to the music of the band, making a most imposing and beautiful picture.

The distinguished visitors comprising the English delegation were: The Right Honorable, the Earl of Euston, the Most Eminent and Supreme Grand Master of the Great Priory of England and Wales; Sir Charles F. Matier, Great Vice-Chancellor of the Great Priory of England and Wales; Sir Thomas Fraser, Sir A. J. Thomas, Rev. C. E. L. Wright, Sir T. P. Dorman and Abraham Woodiwiss, the delegation representing the English Great Cross Templars, and the personal representatives of King Edward VII. of England, as well as the delegation representing the Great Priory of Canada and the British Crown dependencies.

Every state, territory, and section of the continent was represented at the Conclave by their Commanderies, and the number of foreign representatives was exceptionally large. At this time the following Commanderies had arrived:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—Grand Encampment, M. E. Grand Master Henry Bates Stoddard.

ALABAMA—Grand Commandery. Cyrene Commandery No. 10, Birmingham, E. Sir John H. Robinson, Commander.

ARIZONA—Grand Commandery.

ARKANSAS—Grand Commandery, R. E. Sir T. H. Jones. Arkansas Delegation, Little Rock.

CALIFORNIA—Grand Commandery, R. E. Sir W. Frank Pierce, Grand Commander. California Commandery No. 1, E. Sir Charles Mortimer Plum, Commander. Sacramento Commandery No. 2, E.

Sir Edward Adolph Weil, Commander. Pacific Commandery No. 3, E. Sir Elisha Tolman Gould, Commander. El Dorado Commandery No. 4, E. Sir Charles Albert Swisler, Commander. Oroville Commandery No. 5, E. Sir Albert Eugene Boynton, Commander. Nevada Commandery No. 6, E. Sir Thomas Ingram, Commander. Marysville Commandery No. 7, E. Sir Oscar Leonidas Meek, Commander. Stockton Commandery No. 8, E. Sir Charles Willis Norton, Commander. Los Angeles Commandery No. 9, E. Sir John Amos Kingsley, Commander. San Jose Commandery No. 10, E. Sir William Gay Alexander, Commander. Oakland Commandery No. 11, E. Sir William Henry Craig, Commander. Chico Commandery No. 12, E. Sir Eugene E. Canfield, Commander. Lassen Commandery No. 13, E. Sir Harry DeForest Burroughs, Commander. Santa Rosa Commandery No. 14, E. Sir Charles Clinton Belden, Commander. Golden Gate Commandery No. 16, E. Sir Philip D. Code, Commander. Red Bluff Commandery No. 17, E. Sir Elias Delevan Gardner, Commander. Ventura Commandery No. 18, E. Sir Frederick William Baker, Commander. Naval Commandery No. 19, E. Sir Alrik Hammer, Commander. Mount Olivet Commandery No. 20, Petaluma, E. Sir Dolphus B. Fairbanks, Commander. Woodland Commandery No. 21, E. Sir John Reith, Jr., Commander. Watsonville Commandery No. 22, E. Sir William A. Trafton, Commander. Saint Bernard Commandery No. 23, E. Sir Dwight Coleman Schlott, Commander. Colusa Commandery No. 24, E. Sir William Henry Buster, Commander. San Diego Commandery No. 25, E. Sir Charles Wylie Buker, Commander. Visalia Commandery No. 26, E. Sir James H. McKie, Commander. San Luis Obispo Commandery No. 27, E. Sir Stephen Davis Ballou, Commander. Riverside Commandery No. 28, E. Sir Samuel Adams White, Commander. Fresno Commandery No. 29, E. Sir Edward Sharp Valentine, Commander. St. Omer Commandery No. 30, E. Sir Clarence Crosby Knight, Commander. Pasadena Commandery No. 31, E. Sir Robert Henry Cuthbert, Commander. Mt. Shasta Commandery No. 32, E. Sir George Dexter Butler, Commander. Ukiah Commandery No. 33, E. Sir Howard B. Smith, Commander. Napa Commandery No. 34, E. Sir Daniel S. Kyser, Commander. Eureka Commandery No. 35, E. Sir Albert Charles Barker, Commander. Santa Ana Commandery No. 36, E. Sir John Lewis Dryer, Commander. Southern California Commandery No. 37, E. Sir James Albert Dole, Commander. Vacaville Commandery No. 38, E. Sir Robert Lincoln Reid, Commander. Bakersfield Commandery No. 39, E. Sir John Lovell Carson, Commander. Long Beach Commandery No. 40, E. Sir James Benjamin Heartwell, Commander.

COLORADO—Grand Commandery, R. E., Sir William J. Fine, Grand Commander. Denver-Frisco K. T. 1904 Club; Denver (composed of members of various Colorado Commanderies) Sir Knight Fred Walsen, President; Sir Richard K. Le Bert, Secretary. Pueblo Club, Pueblo.

CONNECTICUT—Grand Commandery, E. Sir Eugene A. Hall, proxy for Grand Commander. Washington Commandery No. 1, Hartford, E. Sir W. G. Baxter, Commander. New Haven Commandery No. 2, New Haven, E. Sir Frank Bishop, Commander. Hamilton Commandery No. 5, Bridgeport, E. Sir Geo. M. Baldwin, Commander. Holy Sepulchre Commandery No. 8, Pawtucket. New Haven Commandery California Club, Sir Charles E. Rounds, Adjutant President.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Grand Commandery of District of Columbia, R. E. Sir Andrew W. Kelley, Grand Commander. Washington Club, Washington, D. C.

FLORIDA—Grand Commandery of Florida, Right Eminent Sir Otis L. Keene, Grand Commander. Florida Delegation, Jacksonville.

GEORGIA—Grand Commandery.

ILLINOIS—Grand Commandery. Apollo Commandery No. 1, Chicago, E. Sir James Francis Rowins, Commander. Peoria Commandery No. 3. Ottowa Commandery No. 10, Ottowa, E. Sir Henry L. Arnold, Commander. Cairo Commandery No. 13, Cairo, E. Sir Frank Spencer, Chairman. Urbana Commandery No. 16, E. Sir H. T. Hubbard, Commander. Chicago Commandery No. 19, Chicago, E. Sir William S. Peavey, Commander. St. Barnard Commandery No. 35, Chicago. Montjoie Commandery No. 53, Chicago, E. Sir William H. Pool, Commander. Lincoln Park Commandery No. 64, Chicago, E. Sir John A. Eck, Commander.

INDIANA—Grand Commandery. Rapier Commandery No. 1, Indianapolis. Greenfield Commandery No. 25, Greenfield. Frankfort Commandery No. 29, Frankfort, E. Sir C. A. Ford, Commander. Kokomo Commandery No. 36, Kokomo. Washington Commandery No. 33, Washington. Crawfordsville Commandery No. 39, Crawfordsville. Hammond Commandery No. 41, Hammond, E. Sir J. J. Ruff, Commander.

IOWA—Grand Commandery. Temple Commandery No. 4, Des Moines, E. Sir Frank H. McArthur, Commander.

KANSAS—Grand Commandery, R. E. Sir T. H. Jones, Grand Commander. Oswego Commandery No. 7, Oswego. Kansas City No. 10, Kansas City. Kansas Delegation, Kansas City, E. Sir B. G. Brown in command.

KENTUCKY—Grand Commandery. Louisville Commandery No. 1, Louisville. De Molay Commandery No. 12, Louisville. Marion Commandery No. 24, Lebanon.

LOUISIANA—Grand Commandery.

MAINE—Grand Commandery. Portland Commandery No. 2, Portland, E. Sir Woodman E. Eaton, Commander.

MARYLAND—Grand Commandery. Maryland Delegation.

MASSACHUSETTS—Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Boston Commandery No. 2, Boston, E. Sir Rinaldo B. Richardson, Commander. Worcester Commandery No. 5, Worcester. De Molay Commandery No. 7, Boston, E. Sir Oscar A. Shepherd, Commander. Sutton Commandery No. 16, New Bedford, P. C. Jacob C. Dunham, in charge. Hugh de Payens Commandery No. 20, Melrose, E. Sir Harry Stevens, Commander. St. Omer Commandery No. 21, Boston. Joseph Warren Commandery No. 26, Roxbury. Trinity Commandery No. 32, Hudson, E. Sir Charles A. Bartlett, Commander. Coeur de Lion Commandery No. 34, Boston, E. Sir John H. Studley, Commander. Olivet Commandery No. 36, Lynn, E. Sir Amos T. Chase, Commander. Cambridge Commandery No. 42, Cambridge, E. Sir R. Walter Hilliard, Commander. Massachusetts Delegation. Springfield Commandery No. —, Springfield.

MICHIGAN—Grand Commandery. Peninsular Commandery No. 8, Kalamazoo, E. Sir James Freaser, Commander.

MINNESOTA—Grand Commandery, R. E. Sir George W. Buck, Grand Commander. Minnesota Delegation.

MISSISSIPPI—Grand Commandery, R. E. Sir Frank Burkett, Grand Commander.

MISSOURI—Grand Commandery. Kansas City Commandery No. 10, Kansas City. St. Aldemar Commandery No. 18, St. Louis. Oriental Commandery No. 35, Kansas City.

MONTANA—Grand Commandery. Montana Commandery No. 3, Butte.

NEBRASKA—Grand Commandery. Mount Calvary Commandery No. 1, Omaha.

NEVADA—Grand Commandery. De Witt Clinton Commandery No. 1, Virginia City. Nevada Commandery No. 6, Nevada City, E. Sir Thomas Ingram, Commander.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Grand Commandery, R. E. Sir Thomas M. Fletcher, Grand Commander. Trinity Commandery No. 1, Manchester, E. Sir Elmer D. Goodwin, Commander.

NEW JERSEY—Grand Commandery. New Jersey Delegation.

NEW MEXICO—Grand Commandery.

NEW YORK—Grand Commandery. Apollo Commandery No. 15, Troy. Malta Commandery No. 21, Binghamton, E. Sir Arthur W. T. Black, Commander. Central City Commandery No. 25, Syracuse.

NORTH CAROLINA—Grand Commandery.

NORTH DAKOTA—Grand Commandery.

OHIO—Grand Commandery. Cincinnati Commandery No. 3, Cincinnati, E. Sir A. S. Brown, Commander. Reed Commandery No. 6, Dayton. Oriental Commandery No. 12, Cleveland, E. Sir R. D. Morgan, Commander. Hansellman Commandery No. 16, Cincinnati, E. Sir William J. Graf, Commander. Garfield Commandery No. 28, Washington Court House. Palestine Commandery No. 33, Springfield, E. Sir John B. McGrew, Commander. Marietta Commandery No. 50, Marietta.

OREGON—Grand Commandery. Oregon Commandery No. 1, Portland, E. Sir Henry Roe, Commander. Malta Commandery No. 4, Ashland. Pendleton Commandery No. 7, Pendleton. Melita Commandery No. 8, Grants Pass, E. Sir W. H. Hampton, Commander.

PENNSYLVANIA—Grand Commandery. Pittsburgh Commandery No. 1, Pittsburgh, E. Sir Edward Lewis, Commander. Allegheny Commandery No. 35, Allegheny, E. Sir Lawrence Kalmeyer, Commander. Tancred Commandery No. 48, Pittsburgh, E. Sir Winfield S. Bell, Commander. De Molay Commandery No. 9, Reading. Pilgrim Commandery No. 11, Harrisburg, E. Sir Lewis Beitler, Commander. Towanda Commandery No. 16, Towanda, E. Sir Ed. Carter, Jr., Commander. Coeur de Lion Commandery No. 17, Scranton. Allen Commandery No. 20, Allentown, E. Sir W. H. Rontzheimer, Commander. Baldwin Commandery No. 22, Philadelphia, E. Sir Albert F. Young, Commander. Kodosh Commandery No. 29, Philadelphia, E. Sir George W. Loudenslager, Commander. Mary Commandery No. 36, Philadelphia, E. Sir Davis W. Stewart, Commander. Reading Commandery No. 42, Reading, E. Sir John M. Goas, Commander. Corinthian Chasseur Commandery No. 53, Philadelphia, Sir Knight John C. Taylor, Generalissimo. Melita Commandery No. 68, Scranton. Mount Vernon Commandery No. 73, Hazelton, E. Sir William Glover, Jr., Commander. Golden Gate Club, E. Sir J. H. Murray in charge. Reading Club.

RHODE ISLAND—Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. See Massachusetts. St. Johns Commandery No. 1, Providence. Holy Sepulchre Commandery No. 8, Pawtucket, E. Sir William W. Curtis, Commander. Calvary Commandery No. 13, Providence, E. Sir Chas. C. Darling, Commander.

SOUTH CAROLINA—South Carolina Commandery No. 1, Charleston, E. Sir James R. Johnson, Acting Commander.

SOUTH DAKOTA—Grand Commandery.

TENNESSEE—Grand Commandery, R. E. Sir A. N. Sloan, Grand Commander.

TEXAS—Grand Commandery. Texas Delegation, San Antonio.

UTAH—Utah Commandery No. 1, Salt Lake City. El Monte Commandery No. 2, Ogden, E. Sir Jacob H. Epperson, Commander.

VERMONT—Grand Commandery. Vermont Frisco Club, White River Junction.

WEST VIRGINIA—Grand Commandery, R. E. Sir W. M. Van Winkle, Commander.

WASHINGTON—Grand Commandery. Seattle Delegation, Seattle. Whatcom Delegation, Whatcom.

WISCONSIN—Grand Commandery. Ivanhoe Commandery No. 24, Milwaukee, E. Sir Sam W. French, Commander.

WYOMING—Grand Commandery.

ENGLAND AND WALES—Great Priory, The Right Honorable, The Earl of Euston, G. C. T., 33 degree Most Eminent and Supreme Grand Master, and official staff.

CANADA—Great Priory. Victoria Delegation, Victoria, B. C. Vancouver Delegation, Vancouver, B. C.

Aside from the above mentioned, may other Commanderies were represented. They came as delegations, which represented a number of Commanderies in the same home district.

Many of our pilgrims spent the morning in continuing their sightseeing expeditions. The Presidio was a point that attracted many. It is the headquarters of the Department of California, and covers a stretch of 1,500 acres overlooking San Francisco Bay. Battalion drills of soldiery take place every day and the spot is one of unusual beauty and interest.

Walter and Ivor, though still enjoying the luxury of bachelorhood, are noted for their appreciation of all that is sweet in this life, and with this reputation established, we were not surprised to find them in charge of a confectionery store opposite the hotel. The store could be viewed both within and without from the hotel windows, and this soon revealed to us that two unprotected young women were compelled to toil laboriously behind the counters, serving confections to the demands of the public. Walter and Ivor, gallant to a fault, could not long suffer to see these two young women overwork themselves, so they rushed to their assistance. Some unsympathetic persons have said that they were attracted by sweets not embodied in the

candies, but be that as it may, they proved themselves silent heroes to the cause of honest working girls, and when the true history of San Francisco is again written, it will remain incomplete unless it gives proper space and position to the noble efforts of these two sympathetic gentlemen behind the counters of that confectionery store.

The Navy Department ordered all Government ships of the Pacific squadron stationed in the harbor of San Francisco to remain there during Conclave week for the benefit of the visiting Sir Knights and their families. The United States flagship New York was anchored off the foot of Clay street; her boats landing at Clay street wharf. Both the United States steamship Pennington and the United States steamship Marblehead were anchored in the stream opposite Mission street wharf. The torpedo boats were ordered from Benicia Bay to the Bay of San Francisco, to remain there during Conclave week. These boats were open for inspection to visitors. During the morning we had been invited to visit the United States Flagship New York, which was lying in the bay. Several Sir Knights and their ladies took advantage of the kind offer, and steaming out into the bay, boarded the famous ship. The natty sailors, the wonderful mechanisms of warfare, the powerful guns which Uncle Sam knows so well how to use, and the many other interesting things aboard the monster fighting machine, were startling and most interesting revelations.

The afternoon was one of ceaseless activity. Sir Knights and their ladies were coming and going in endless procession from and to every point of the compass. San Francisco is essentially a tourist's Mecca. A pleasure loving people possessed the city, and being the gateway to the Orient, there is probably no other city in America whose streets are filled with such a mixture of races and nationalities. Then, because of its adjacent military posts and naval rendezvous, glittering uniforms of foreign officials and the simpler dress of American soldiers and sailors were everywhere apparent. These uniforms and international and Oriental costumes, aided by the brilliant Knight Templar regalia and the splendid decorations, gave a brilliancy to the street scenes that was beyond description.

With San Francisco as a starting point, days and weeks could be spent in pleasant excursions. A sail on the bay or a visit to Oakland, the favorite home city, which has a population of 95,000. The city is named from the numerous live-oaks growing in its gardens and along the streets. It has extensive manufactures and a magnificent view over the expansive bay and city of San Francisco and the distant Golden Gate. In the Oakland suburbs is Berkeley, and against the shoulder of the hills which mark its boundary, may be seen the

buildings of the great State University, the "Athens" of the Pacific; the attractive grounds cover 250 acres and the endowment exceeds $8,000,000. Across San Antonio estuary, (which the work of the Federal Government has converted into Oakland Harbor) the city of Alameda peeps from its clustered oaks, and through the beautiful Piedmont hills to Oakland are the sister cities of San Leandro and Haywards. An ascent up Mt. Tamalpais via the "crookedest railroad in the world" which parallels itself five times within 300 feet, is a trip of scenic wealth.

Those who visited Fort Mason, the headquarters of Major General Arthur McArthur, found handsome grounds and an excellent view of the bay. Fisherman's Wharf, located at the top of an immense sea-wall, disclosed hundreds of Italian fishermen mooring their picturesque lateen-sailed boats. The whole waterfront offered romantically interesting sights. Schooners discharging pine from Puget Sound; steamers unloading cargos from Liverpool, from Panama, from South America, from Australia, and others from China and Japan, seemed to have secrets to disclose and tales of interest to relate. White transports tell of the Phillipines, while steamers just in from the frigid shores of Alaska also find place in this international navy.

The spirit of roving and adventure pervades the scene at the waterfront. Here one may observe the big four-masters, laden with wheat, brought around Cape Horn. A rakish brig unloads a cargo of copra and sandalwood, which tells of the scented groves of south Pacific islands. Over yonder are big bunkers, with sooty workmen and busy engines, straining at coal buckets. Japanese, Chinese and Koreans mingle with the throng.

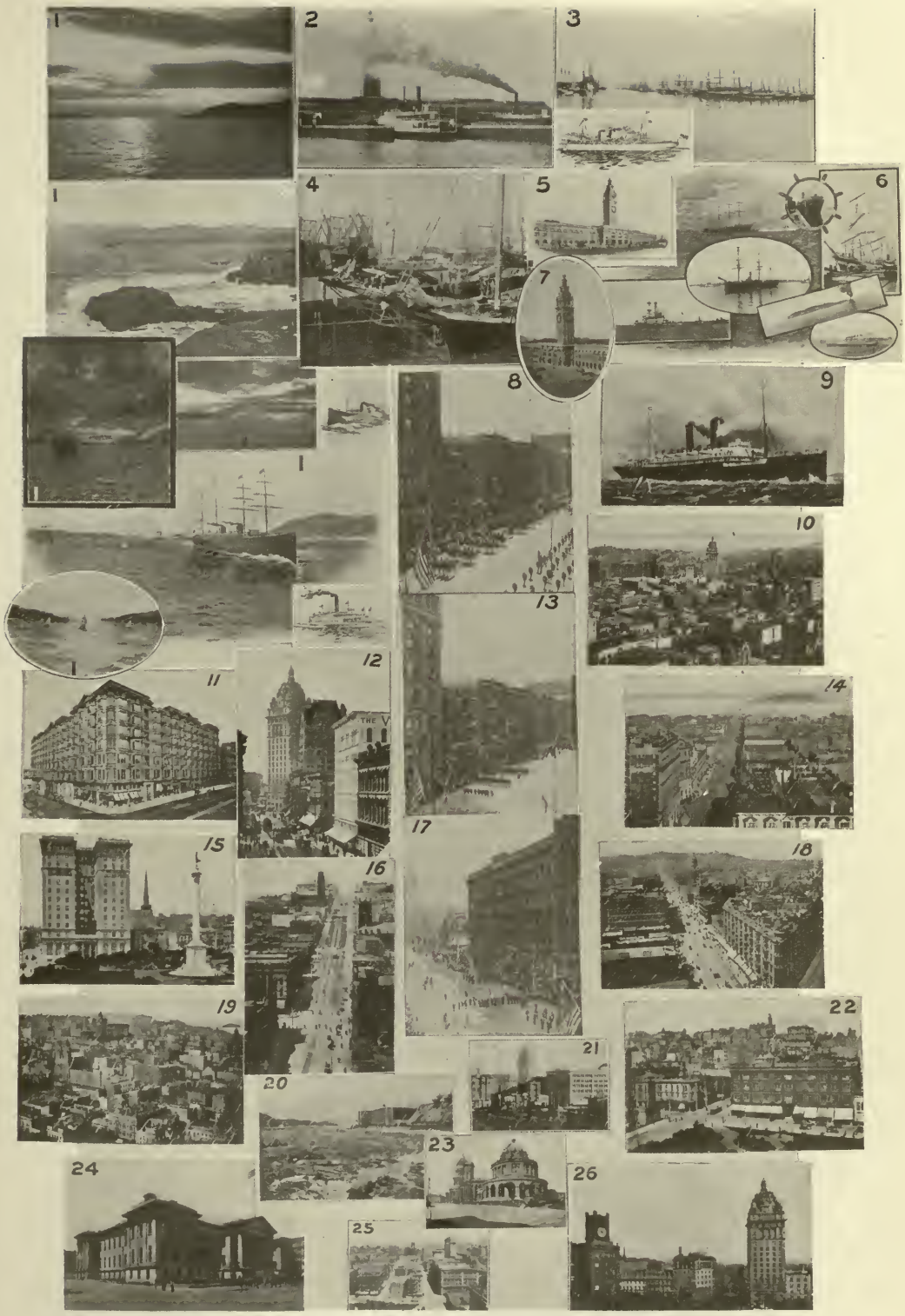
When evening comes on, the deep sea-chants rise above the city's roar as anchors are lifted. One then keenly feels the call of the sea. The genius of Stevenson has woven a halo of romance over these semi-tropical seas that woos the traveler with well-nigh irresistible charm. As you look westward out of the nation's front door from the Cliff House headland height, it would be strange, indeed, if you were not seized with a longing to set sail.

Where will you go?

To Hawaii? Magical isles, wreathed in flowers and laved by flashing summer seas; land of banana plantations, cane and rice fields; land of roaring volcanoes and verdant plains.

To Samoa? Coral shores under the stars and stripes; happy natives, cocoanut palms and delicious tropical fruit, transparent seas and beautiful shells.

To Tahiti? Riotous vegetation, the supple bamboo, broad-leafed



SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

1—The Golden Gate. 2-5-7.-Ferry Building. 3-6—Oakland Harbor, San Francisco Bay. 4—The Wharves at San Francisco. 8-13-17—Allegheny Commandery No. 35, K. T., on parade. 9—Outward Bound Liner Passing Through the Golden Gate. 10—Panoramic View of San Francisco, from Hopkins' Art Institute; Call Building in center. 11—Palace Hotel. 12—Kearny Street, looking South from Post Street, showing the White House and Mutual Bank Buildings and the Call Building. 14—Panoramic View of Business District from Call Building, showing Market Street, Ferry Building and San Francisco Bay. 15—St. Francis Hotel, Union Square and Dewey Monument. 16—California Street Hill looking West from Kearny Street. 18—Market Street, looking West from Call Building, showing Phelan Building and Twin Peaks. 19—Panoramic View from Call Building, showing Fairmont Hotel (Nob Hill) and Telegraph Hill. 20—Golden Gate and Fort Winfield Scott. 21—Union Square. 22—View from Union Square, showing Hopkins' Art Institute, on Nob Hill. 23—City Hall. 24—United States Mint (The largest Mint in the World). 25—View from Hotel St. Francis. 26—Newspaper Row ("Call," "Chronicle" and "Examiner" Bldgs).

banana and lance-leafed mango; an out-of-doors country, where houses are used only to sleep in.

To New Zealand? Newest England, as it has been fittingly called; half around the world, but nearer than many have thought; the famous west coast sounds, rivaling the fiords of Norway.

To Australia? A partly explored continent of vast and varied resources; wonderful cities, strange races, and strange flora and fauna, kangaroos and paroquets, cockatoos and pouched bears.

Which one, or all of them?

The bay of San Francisco is almost completely encircled by land. The Golden Gate is the tide-way, a narrow passage between the extremities of two peninsulas, upon the point of the southernmost of which the city stands.

Few bays are more picturesque, none better suited to the purpose of commerce. Crossing on the fine Santa Fe ferry boat and leaving the dock at Point Richmond, San Francisco Bay proper extends far beyond the limits of vision southward. To the north are other portions of the same bay, though carrying distinctive names. At the head of San Pablo Bay is Mare Island, with "Uncle Sam's" big navy yards. Mount Diablo seems to rise close upon the Suisun shore.

Here, too, the Franciscan mission-builders were first upon the field, and the present name is a curtailment of Mission de los Dolores de Nuestro Padre San Francisco de Asis, an appellation commemorative of the sorrows of the originator of the order. The Mission Dolores, founded in 1776, is still preserved with its little campo santo of the dead, a poor, unsightly, strangled thing, structurally unimposing and wholly wanting in the poetic atmosphere of semi-solitude that envelops the missions of Southern California. A modern cathedral overshadows it, and shops and dwellings jostle it. So nearly, in forty years, has all trace of the preceding three-quarters of a century been obliterated. Changed from a Spanish to a Mexican province early in the century, then promptly stripped of the treasures that had been accumulated by monkish administration, and subsequently ceded to the United States, California had on the whole a dreamy, quiet life until that famous nugget was found in 1848. Then followed the era of the Argonauts, seekers of the golden fleece, who flocked by the thousands from eastern towns and cities by way of the plains, the Isthmus and the Cape, to dig in the gravel-beds; lawless adventurers in their train; while the peculiar character of the population made it then so lawless, that twice the better element had to take summary control of the municipal government by "Vigilance Committees," who did not hesitate to execute promptly notorious criminals. San Francisco practically dates from that period. Its story is a wild one, a

working-out of order and stable commercial prosperity through chapters that treat of feverish gold-crazy mobs, of rapine grappled by the vigilance committee, of insurrection crushed by military force. And in this prosperity, oddly enough, the production of gold has been superseded in importance by other resources; for although California annually yields more precious metal than any other state, the yearly value of its marketed cattle, wool, cereals, roots, fruits, sugar and wines, is twice as great, and forms the real commercial basis of the great city of the Pacific coast.

As if it were fearful of being hid, it is set upon not one, but a score of hills, of which a group extends westward from the bay, varying in height from less than 200 to over 900 feet. Conspicuous among them are the Telegraph Hill, Nob Hill, Park Peak, the Mission Peaks and others overlooking land and sea. As you near the city by way of Point Richmond, you will be dull, indeed, if your pulses are not stirred in anticipation of viewing one of the really great cities of the world.

When the first burst of delight at the wondrous panorama had settled into a calmer satisfaction, we began to pick out and inquire concerning the various points of interest. Off to the right, which is here the west, is a lofty red island, and beyond, on the shore, a grim cluster of red and gray buildings. The cluster of foreboding buildings is the State Prison on Point San Quentin.

Angel Island, on the south of Raccoon Straits, is like all the islands of the bay, government property. Just around the first headland is Hospital Cove, and there is located the United States Quarantine Station. The island itself is one-and-a-half miles long, its crest rises 760 feet from the bay, and its area is about 600 acres.

Looking back towards the bay shore on the left, the island between Point Richmond and the mainland carries the pastoral title of Sheep Island. The Government puts it to no use. On the shore beyond are the powder works, where dynamite and other high explosives are manufactured.

Goat Island is one of the most conspicuous islands in the harbor. On this the Government has a torpedo supply station for the warships, a depot for the buoys and supplies of the lighthouse tenders, and a new Naval Training School, where American lads are to be taught how to defend the country's honor upon the sea.

There is a whiff of fresh salt breeze as the boat passes beyond the southerly point of Angel Island, and we turned to the right again to view the Golden Gate.

Here, indeed, is fascinating beauty. The broad bay narrows to the width of a mile—the Golden Gate proper—and through this nar-

row passage ebb and flow the mighty tides. Some resistless forces of old earth's agony seem to have rent the big hills to make this way for commerce. Its guardian heights rise 2,000 feet on the left hand, stretching up to the peaks of Tumulpais to the northward. On the right hand the heights are lower, but still lofty. The slopes are bare and sandy. From their bluffs may be seen the guns of a heavy battery of 12-inch rifles—473 feet above the sea level—the highest heavy gun battery in the world.

Inside the Gate are attractions for nearer view. In mid-channel the fortified island of Alcatraz rears itself 140 feet above low water. Here is the military prison and an artillery post, with a torpedo station and a light that can be seen for 19 miles out at sea. These attributes, together with the romantic prison and a melancholy fog bell, give the island a peculiar grim fascination to the visitor.

One of the pretty and appropriate sentiments of the afternoon was made manifest when the Sir Knights of De Molay Commandery No. 7, of Boston, went in a body to the monument erected in Golden Gate Park to the memory of the late Rev. Thomas Starr King. Under direction of their Eminent Commander they participated in an imposing ceremony and placed a wreath of "victory palms" at the base of the monument, while fitting tributes were paid. The Rev. Mr. King had formerly been a leader and public man in Boston.

San Francisco and California Commanderies, as hosts, spent the day in attending to social duties and "open house" prevailed everywhere. Golden Gate Commandery No. 16 and California Commandery No. 1 were lavish entertainers, while all the Commanderies located in Mechanic's Pavilion held a general reception. Aside from this, receptions were held at the various hotel headquarters afternoon and evening.

At the Palace Hotel a reception was held afternoon and evening by the ladies of the general reception committee. A Hawaiian band discoursed native airs, while talented little Chinese girls sang during the serving of refreshments.

With the throngs coursing the streets in gala attire under the blaze of the many-colored electrical decorations, the night was a memorable one. We visited in turn the various reception headquarters, drills, band concerts and other diversions. The city was in possession of a merry and loving gathering that numbered thousands, and while the great majority were strangers to one another, each sought to make the other more content and happier. The glittering uniforms—the color and brilliancy of the street scenes—together with the music of laughter and good cheer that everywhere found expression, made life both appear and feel, anew.

pendicular rows; apothecaries expounding the medicinal virtues of toad and snake; gold workers making bracelets of the precious metal to be welded about the arm of him who dares not trust his hoard to another's keep; restaurateurs serving really palatable conserves, with pots of delectable tea; shop-keepers vending strange foreign fruits and dubious edibles plucked from the depths of nightmare; merchants displaying infinitude of curious trinkets and elaborate costly wares; worshipers and readers of the book of fate in rich temples, niched with uncouth deities; conventional actors playing interminable histrionics to respectful and appreciative auditors; gamblers stoically venturing desperate games of chance with cards and dominoes; opium smokers stretched upon their bunks in a hot atmosphere heavy with sickening fumes; unutterable vices no whit above the level of deep damnation—such is the Chinatown one brings away in lasting memory after three hours of peering, entering, ascending, descending, crossing and delving.

A very orderly and quiet community, withal, for the Mongolian is not commonly an obstreperous individual, and his vices are not of the kind that inflame to deeds of violence. He knows no more convivial bowl than a cup of tea.

The joss-houses, or temples, are hung with ponderous gilded carvings, with costly draperies and rich machinery of worship. The deities are fearful conceptions, ferocious of countenance, bristling with hair, and decked with tinseled robes. A tiny vestal-flame burns dimly in a corner, and near it stands a huge gong. An attendant strikes this gong vociferously to arouse the god, and then prostrates himself before the altar, making three salaams. A couple of short billets, half-round, are then tossed into the air to bode good or ill luck to you according as they fall upon the one or the other side. A good augury having been secured by dint of persistent tossing, a quiverful of joss-sticks is next taken in hand and dexterously shaken until three have fallen to the floor. The sticks are numbered and correspond to paragraphs in a fate book that is next resorted to, and you are ultimately informed that you will live for forty years to come, that you will marry within two years, and, if your sex and air seem to countenance such a venture, that you will shortly make enormous winnings at poker.

With all the novelty that Chinatown offers to the uninitiated, none receive the attention and patronage as is bestowed upon the Chinese play. For acts that are mysterious and plays that are peculiar, crude, boisterous and positively insane to the Occidental eye and ear, the Celestial performance "takes the palm." The play, whether comedy or drama, varies in length from six to eight hours to one

continuous performance that holds the stage for three or more months. Since women are excluded from the stage, male actors impersonate feminine roles. Make-up is of chief import; acting is secondary. Stage property and scenery as Americans know them are foreign to the Chinese stage. A chair is made to represent anything from a castle or fortress to a bridge or horse, according to signs which are displayed now and again, and which assist the spectator in encouraging his imagination in giving other form to the chair. The musicians (and it is the greatest charity to call them such) are seated upon the stage among the actors, and so are all distinguished visitors.

The stage manager and his assistants now and then erect a small background suggestive of environment, and the province of the orchestra is to accentuate emotion—in which they attain no small degree of success. It is highly conventionalized drama, in which any kind of incongruity may elbow the players provided it does not confuse the mind by actually intervening between them and the audience. The plays are largely historical, or at least legendary. There are stars whose celebrity packs the house to the limit of standing-room, and there are the same strained silent attention and quick rippling response to witty passages that mark our own play-houses; but such demonstrative applause as the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet is unknown. The Chinese theatre-goer would as soon think of so testifying enjoyment of a good book in the quiet of his home.

Entering the Grand Opera House (where the Chinese performance was given during the Conclave week) we found ourselves a portion of an audience that tested the seating capacity as well as the standing-room of the house. The audience was a representative one, which would have done justice to any grand opera performance.

Scanning the programs which were passed through the audience by Chinese boys, we found a synopsis of the trouble in store, in both Chinese and English; we also learned that the performance was divided into two parts. The first was to be a portrayal of vicissitudes during the reign of Yan Tsung—1022-1046 A. D. It appeared from the program that a wealthy Chinaman had two wives, and that malicious reports had been spread concerning a son and daughter of each. This led to a war of clans that threatened the empire, but virtue and truth finally triumphed. From the performance it seemed that all we witnessed was the war of the clans.

The second part, according to the program, was the story of seven angels, who, descending from heaven became seven beautiful young women, the youngest of which was the most beautiful. She had a host of suitors, but was eventually won by a poor youth who had nothing to offer but a good name. Owing to the fact that women

were not permitted to appear upon the stage, and that the seven "beautiful angels" were portrayed by as many coolies, there was much speculation among the audience as to who the irresistibly handsome younger one was. As a matter of fact no one knew when the first part ended or the second began.

We sat in our seats three whole hours and never understood any thing but the lightning and thunder which was sometimes reversed by the property man turning the thunder loose first. The din of banging, slamming and clashing of tin pans, wash boilers, cymbals, hammering of gongs and monotonous squealing of stringed weapons, and other instruments of torture by the orchestra (which was complacently smoking while seated on soap boxes upon the stage) was indescribable. Two of the leading actors, standing behind chairs (which might have represented warships or fruit stands for ought we knew) faced each other with wild and violent gesticulations and emitted piercing yells that were audible over the bombardment of the orchestra.

Occasionally Sir Flechsig would applaud the performers vigorously, and we were at a loss to know for what reason, as he was not suspected of being posted on Chinese drama or to have a speaking acquaintanceship with the language. It developed later, however, that he had an acquaintance who is a shorthand writer in an Allegheny Chinese laundry, who had given him many written orders for clean linen. From this familiarity he felt that he could interpret one of the signs on the stage to read "to be done next Friday." As this was Monday night he had reason for hope in the sign.

The antics of the performers knew no description. Those slain in full view of the audience found an almost immediate resurrection, and trotted off the stage without exciting the least commotion. The costumes were a riot of color worked into such combinations and forms as were beyond the wildest imaginations of the most insane. No two performers were garbed alike. There was no freak in dress too crazy to be indulged in; no absurdity too absurd to be tolerated; no frenzy in diabolism too fantastic to be attempted. It was wild masquerade of inconceivable costumes that even a tailor with delirium tremens and seven devils could not pattern. The headgear was equally as outlandish. Some of the hats were shaped like the Eiffel tower with as many stories, and a few more balconies and trimmings. Others were magnificent in their simplicity—being nothing more than stove-pipe-shaped exaggerations in many colors and embellished with tassels and Chinese embroidery.

The property man was the undisputed monarch of the performance. He sat among the actors and orchestra upon the stage, with

an air of authority that knew no denial. Occasionally, when he felt that it was time to change the scenery, he would unceremoniously order the actor essaying the role of king to abdicate his soap-box throne, and readjusting the paraphernalia to suit himself, lighted a cigarette and with a saucy air and commanding wave of his hand ordered the performance to continue. There being no curtain used, the scenic changes lent additional interest.

All emotions and passions were depicted and expressed in music (?), while the lines of the actors were read in sing-song accord to the noise made almost continuously by the orchestra. To be compelled to endure it in silence made it more severe. Seated about were ladies and gentlemen unknown to us, and this necessitated repression; yet at times the pain was so difficult to bear that Sir Oscar could scarcely restrain his tears. As the howling, wailing and shrieking of the performers, and the raging, bombarding and explosions of the orchestra rose higher and higher, wilder and wilder, and fiercer and fiercer, Sir Oscar could have cried, had he been alone.

The foot-lights went out several times for refreshments and on the whole the performance was a grand success. The first time the lights adjourned, an usher appeared on the stage with a kerosene lamp, but the audience with one voice laughed him out into the starless night. We shall never forget how proud and buoyant he looked as he sailed in with that kerosene lamp and soiled chimney, and how hurt and grieved he seemed when he took it and groped his way out, while the house trembled with merriment.

The actors are the slaves, the chattels of the manager or proprietor; they live in the basement beneath the stage and come to the street rarely, and then only by stealth. Their one living room under the stage suffices for all purposes. Here they cook, eat after midnight, and sleep all day. This of course refers only to the Chinese Theatre where the performances are customarily given. It is said the actors live on the coarsest food and represent the lowest and most despised class or casts of China.

It was with a degree of the greatest appreciation that we again breathed the out-door air, after the performance had run its three hour course. The beautifully illuminated and decorated streets afforded a marked contrast. The thoroughfares, hotels, headquarters and casinos were thronged with fashionably attired men and women, and the holiday spirit prevailed uninterrupted. Slowly wending our way to the hotel, we reluctantly retired to our rooms—to dream a Chinese nightmare!

CHAPTER XVIII.

TUESDAY—the day of the parade—had arrived. Every Sir Knight was up and about early in the day. Uniforms were given a final brush, belts adjusted, and all other duties essential to good appearance were performed.

The day was oppressively hot; this was forecasted in the early hours. Sir Seiling, who had become overheated while polishing a belt buckle, called the Jap bell boy and ordered some ice. The boy disappeared and returning shortly with an old newspaper, handed it to Sir Seiling with the information that he could get a supply "down at the grocery." Sir Seiling refused to act upon the suggestion, fearing that carrying dripping ice through the streets of San Francisco in dress Templar uniform would establish a tiresome summer fashion.

What threatened to appear as a "before and after taking" advertisement in the ranks of the Allegheny paraders, was narrowly averted while our delegation was dressing for parade. In some manner Sir "Bobbie" received Sir Oscar's trousers and the latter secured Sir "Bobbie's," and if it were not for the fact that Sir Oscar tried his on first, the fatal error might not have been discovered until too late, for "Bobbie" certainly had no trouble falling into Oscar's garment, which was considerably wider than his own.

The program for the day teemed with interesting events. Following the parade of the morning, the Triennial Session of the Grand Encampment was scheduled to open in Golden Gate Hall in the afternoon, while a reception was to be given in Native Sons' Hall by Oakland Commandery, No. 11. One of the stellar events which the evening had in store was a reception by Pittsburgh Commandery, No. 1, to Sir Knights and ladies of San Francisco and visiting fraters and their ladies at the Commandery headquarters in the Palace Hotel, from 8 to 12 o'clock. Other prominent events of the evening were: Reception to Grand Master at Palace Hotel. Promenade concert in the nave of the Ferry building, 8 until 12. Chinese play at the Grand Opera House, 8:15 to 10:15 o'clock. Reception by Sacramento Commandery No. 2 at Pioneer Hall. Reception by San Jose Commandery No. 10 at Mechanics' Pavilion. Reception by Oakland Commandery No. 11 at Native Sons' Hall. Reception by Golden Gate Commandery No. 16 at Golden Gate Hall. Exhibition drill and band concert by Malta Commandery Drill Corps, Binghamton,

N. Y., in front of the Palace Hotel. Open air concert in Union Square, from 8 until 11 p. m.

We knew the day would be without rain and that the sun would shine forth in all its radiance, but we had not anticipated 102 degrees under which to make a march of several miles, and execute military maneuvers on the public highways.

The parade started 10:15 o'clock in the morning and continued its march until 1:20 o'clock in the afternoon, covering a distance estimated from four and one-half to seven miles. It moved like one piece of wonderful mechanism, and what a gorgeous pageant it was. The whole affair was marvelously planned and executed, and the great army of mounted and marching Sir Knights, in number, appearance and precision, presented an imposing array.

The mighty column, said to have been the most notable parade ever seen in San Francisco, was led in its march by Governor Pardee of California, and Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco. E. Sir Charles L. Field, Grand Captain-General of California, was in full command, assisted by an able staff, headed by E. Sir George D. Clark. Behind them rode a squad of police, Sir George W. Wittman, Chief of Police, commanding, followed by a corps of mounted buglers.

FIRST GRAND DIVISION.

R. E. Sir Frank William Sumner, Past Grand Commander of California, Chief of Division; E. Sir Jessee B. Fuller, Chief of Staff. California Commandery No. 1 (mounted), E. Sir Charles M. Plum, Commander, as Special Escort to the Grand Master. Officers and members of the Grand Encampment and visitors from other Grand Jurisdictions, under command of V. E. Sir W. B. Melish, Grand Captain-General.

California Commandery No. 1, led the First Grand Division as escort to the entire parade. These 350 Knights, attired in their handsome velvet costumes embroidered in white, and mounted upon sleek-coated steeds of black, with a military band dressed in blue, bringing up in the rear, formed a beautiful picture and received just and enthusiastic applause all along the line of march.

Next came the California Bugle and Drum Corps leading, the first carriage containing: Most Eminent Sir Henry Bates Stoddard, Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States of America; Most Eminent the Earl of Euston, Grand Master of the Great Priory of England and Wales.

Second carriage: R. E. Sir George Mayhew Moulton, Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Encampment; V. E. C. Fitzgerald Matier, G. C. T., Great Vice-Chancellor of the Great Priory.

Other officers of the Grand Encampment in carriages.

These carriages were followed by Golden Gate Commandery No. 16,

E. Sir P. D. Code, Commander, resplendent in full-dress uniform, acting as Special Escort to the Grand Encampment.

Following Golden Gate Commandery came a line of carriages containing members of the Grand Encampment, visitors from other Grand Jurisdictions and officers and past officers of State Commanderies.

Terminating the First Grand Division came a brown cub bear chained to a pole in the center of a float and shambling around in playing the part of mascot for his Commandery. The float was decorated with the black and white of the Templar, and the national colors. As a finale to the First Division came ambulance wagons ready to relieve the injured at a moment's notice.

SECOND GRAND DIVISION.

R. E. Sir Freeman C. Hersey, Grand Commander of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, Chief of Division; Sir Frederick E. Pierce, Chief of Staff. The Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island and Subordinate Commanderies.

THIRD GRAND DIVISION.

R. E. Sir Harrison Dingman, Past Grand Commander of District of Columbia, Chief of Division; R. E. Sir Charles Clark, Chief of Staff. The following Grand Commanderies and their Subordinate Commanderies: New York, Virginia, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut. The banners of this division were exceptionally beautiful, while a large representation of Sir Knights and Commanderies were shown.

FOURTH GRAND DIVISION.

R. E. Sir Thomas Kite, Grand Commander of Ohio, Chief of Division; E. Sir John Nelson Bell, Chief of Staff. The following Grand Commanderies and their Subordinate Commanderies, Ohio, Kentucky, Maine. Subordinate Commanderies under the Grand Encampment of the United States. The Louisville, Ky., band reaped a large share of applause by the rendition of Southern airs, while the Louisville Drill Corps executed some fine maneuvers. Maine was well represented by Portland Commandery, while Ohio contributed much to the success of the parade. Ambulances followed the Buckeye Sir Knights and then came the flags and magnificent banners of the

FIFTH GRAND DIVISION.

This section was made up entirely of Sir Knights from the Keystone State, and with the exception of the California representation, Pennsylvania had by far the greatest number of Sir Knights in line. This fact was heartily appreciated over the full route of the parade and applause was most liberally showered upon this division.

"Look at Allegheny!" "Look at Allegheny!" was the cry along the line of march as our pilgrims, forty-four in number, executed some of their well-known manuevers. It is not egotism to say that the "boys"

kept bravely at their tasks under the sweltering sun, and that as marchers, and for military bearing they had few equals in the monster parade. Pittsburgh Commandery No. 1, Tancred Commandery No. 48, and other commanderies, all notable for drill work, included Washington, Harrisburg, Allen, Kodosh, Philadelphia, Reading, De Molay, Pilgrim, Towanda, Coeur de Lion, Baldwin, Mary, Corinthian, Chasseur, Melita, Mount Vernon and Golden Gate Club. The division was in command of R. E. Sir Wilson I. Fleming, Grand Commander of Pennsylvania, and E. Sir Frank McSparren, Chief of Staff. Pittsburgh Commandery No. 1, was especially well represented, its column of marchers extending more than half a square, while Tancred Commandery also shared liberally in the applause showered upon the Pennsylvania delegations.

SIXTH GRAND DIVISION.

V. E. George Edwin Ohara, Deputy Grand Commander of Illinois, Chief of Division; Holman G. Puritan, Chief of Staff. The following Grand Commanderies and their Subordinate Commanderies: Indiana, Texas, Mississippi, Michigan, Illinois, Tennessee, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Georgia, Missouri, Alabama, Louisiana.

SEVENTH GRAND DIVISION.

E. Sir John H. Leathers, Chief of Division; Sir Knight Ernest McPherson, Chief of Staff. The following Grand Commanderies and their Subordinate Commanderies: Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Maryland, Nebraska, Arkansas, West Virginia, Colorado, North Carolina, South Dakota.

EIGHTH GRAND DIVISION.

R. E. Sir J. W. Chamberlain, Past Grand Commander of Minnesota, Chief of Division; R. E. Sir Benton H. Langley, Chief of Staff. The following Grand Commanderies and their Subordinate Commanderies: Oregon, Washington, Wyoming, Montana, North Dakota, Arizona, Florida, Indian Territory, District of Columbia, Oklahoma, New Mexico.

NINTH GRAND DIVISION.

E. Sir Thomas B. Hall, Chief of Division; Sir Knight John W. Guthrie, Chief of Staff. Commanderies Subordinate to the Grand Commandery of California: Sacramento, Pacific, El Dorado, Stockton.

TENTH GRAND DIVISION.

E. Sir William D. Stevens, Grand Junior Warden of California, Chief of Division; Sir Knight Perry Weidner, Chief of Staff. Commanderies Subordinate to the Grand Commandery of California: Los Angeles, San Jose, Oakland.

ELEVENTH GRAND DIVISION.

E. Sir Joseph C. Campbell, Chief of Division; Sir Knight William C. Ralston, Chief of Staff. Commanderies Subordinate to the Grand

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR PARADE.

Commandery of California: Naval, Ventura, Woodland, St. Bernard, San Diego, Visalia, San Luis Obispo, Riverside, Fresno, St. Omar, Pasadena, Eureka, Lassen.

TWELFTH GRAND DIVISION.

E. Sir Hudson B. Gillis, Grand Senior Warden of California, Chief of Division; Sir Knight Edwin A. Forbes, Chief of Staff. Commanderies Subordinate to the Grand Commandery of California: Oroville, Nevada, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff, Watsonville, Colusa, Mt. Shasta, Santa Ana, Southern California, Santa Rosa, Mt. Olivet, Ukiah, Napa, Vacaville, Bakersfield, Long Beach.

The route of march was from the corner of Geary and Kearny streets; along Kearny to Pine street; along Pine to Montgomery; along Montgomery to Market; along Market to Van Ness avenue and along Van Ness avenue to Washington street, where the column was swung around and countermarched over the same route.

The officers of the Encampment and Priory continued in the parade until the reviewing stand was reached at the top of the hill, at Sutter street and Van Ness avenue, where they took seats upon the platform to view the splendid line of march.

On every street over which the march was made the curbs were lined with spectators ten and twelve deep, while every stairway, window, and in many instances, roofs, were peopled. The grand stands were choked with humanity and the police were compelled to check the surging masses. The people were as enthusiastic as they were numerous, swinging their hats and shouting as the thousands of swords passed by.

From windows and housetops, in the wide vicinity, there burst forth a snow-storm of waving handkerchiefs, and the wavers mingled their cheers with those of the masses below as the gorgeously costumed Knights went speeding by.

One of the innovations of the march was the presence of a number of water-bottle wagons, which deposited syphons of Shasta Spring water along the entire line of march for the benefit of the marchers, who were perceptibly suffering under the torrid temperature of 102 degrees. These bottles were picked up during the march, and when the thirsty Knight. (still marching) had secured what drink he could, the bottle was set on the street again to be picked up by the next sufferer, or the water-bottle wagon.

Glasses were dispensed with, of course, and the fraters drank from the spout. If the drinker pressed the lever too hard, a stream shot forth well calculated to drown the would-be partaker. Sir C. C. Heckel succeeded in getting one of the bottles while he was sweltering under a brisk march up one of the hills. With parched tongue and open mouth, he aimed the syphon spout on a direct line with his throat. Anxiety over-

stepped the bounds of prudence, for he pressed the lever with a force that not only immediately enwrapped him in a most complete Shasta shower bath, but the inner man remained as dry as the outer man had become wet.

One of the sad incidents of the parade took the form in the death of Sir Knight Joseph Leath, of the Grand Commandery of Tennessee, while he was performing a most chivalrous act toward a brother Sir Knight. Sir Leath was riding in a carriage at the head of the Coeur de Lion Commandery, and while passing California street on Van Ness avenue, he noticed an old friend marching in the parade who appeared to be staggering from exhaustion and overcome by the heat. Sir Leath ordered his driver to stop and invited the weary marcher to take his seat in the carriage. As the gallant Knight stepped down from the carriage he clasped his hands to his heart and sank to the ground dead. The kind act of true fraternal fellowship which Sir Leath was performing while on the very threshold of death gave a rich impressiveness to the sorrow which was felt and expressed over his death.

When the grand parade of the morning had ended and luncheon was over, members of the Grand Commandery assembled in the main auditorium of Golden Gate Hall to transact the business of the Triennial Session of the Grand Encampment. The entire afternoon was consumed in arranging preliminary details for the session. None but members of the Grand Commandery were permitted within the Auditorium, with the exception of a few who were given privilege to hear several of the speeches from the gallery.

Most conspicuous in the gathering was the Earl of Euston and his staff, who occupied places on the platform with the officers of the Grand Commandery. In their robes of scarlet splendor and trimmings of ermine, the English delegation presented a striking feature and added lustre to the setting of the scene.

E. Sir George D. Clark, chairman of the reception committee, and a member of the executive committee of the Conclave, called the Commandery to order, and introduced Governor George C. Pardee, of California as the first speaker. He gave the knights the liberty of the length and breadth of his great state, and told of the accomplishments of the order. Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco extended a welcome on behalf of the city, while E. Sir Henry D. Loveland extended the hospitality of the State Commanderies. He was followed by the Most Eminent Grand Master Sir Henry B. Stoddard, who in his address introduced the Earl of Euston. The Earl gave a short response. His manner of delivery, full of enthusiasm, carried with it the emotion the speaker felt in extending his thanks for the welcome accorded him. His voice, though full and strong, seemed to tremble under the weight

of his words as he told of the accomplishment of the Order in forming a closer alliance between the nations of Great Britain and America.

The session then launched into the business that laid before it. In addition to secret proceedings, the only business done was the appointment of committees on Credentials, Work of the Grand Officers, Charter, and Dispensation.

Mechanic's Pavilion was a haven of refuge and rest for many of the visitors during the afternoon. Its decorations of foliage, and perfume from the redwood boughs were cooling and invigorating. Ice cream and mineral water booths were the objects of unlimited attention, and Commanderies showing exhibits of agricultural and mineral wealth were magnets of interest.

Thousands crowded Mechanics' Pavilion at night to attend the reception given in honor of the visiting Sir Knights. Never in the history of the structure had such a crowd gathered within its walls, nor was such a magnificent scene ever witnessed. All the splendor of the trappings of the Sir Knights, and the dainty raiment of the ladies, were displayed as the great promenade proceeded through the length of the main floor of the Pavilion. A conservative estimate placed the number of visitors at over 30,000.

The Earl of Euston, accompanied by his staff, were the guests of the Commanderies quartered in the Pavilion. The Earl's arrival was the occasion for a great demonstration. With his party he walked along the promenade, while the band played English popular airs. After a half hour, the Earl and his party returned to their apartments. On every hand the local Commanderies showered their hospitality upon the visitors, and the reception proved a glorious success from every standpoint.

During the evening a promenade concert was also held in the Nave of the Ferry Building, and notwithstanding the crowds at the Pavilion reception, thousands were attracted to the Ferry Building and participated in a most brilliant function. The concert was made the occasion for an informal reception by the Sir Knights and ladies of California Commanderies. The view the Nave offered both of the illuminated city and the lighted waters of San Francisco Bay, studded with warships and merchant vessels, made the event especially auspicious.

It was a tired and weary regiment of pilgrims that sought their berths that night. The long march in the magnificent parade, under a sun that had no sympathy; the receptions, promenades, and band concerts of the evening, (not to speak of the many other private and public functions), were sufficient to test the most strenuous vitality, and we slept a needed sleep.

CHAPTER XIX.

NOTWITHSTANDING the activities of the previous day, there was a brisk effort on the part of our pilgrims to report for breakfast before "Old Sol" had raised his head out of his bed in the east. Those who succeeded in rising before the sun had cause to rejoice, for the torrid heat of the previous day was continued. "Old Sol" again proved himself to be the most distinguished Knight of all, and not content with such honors as 32nd and 33rd degrees, he blazed forth in his own exclusiveness, at 102 degrees in the shade.

It seemed as if there was no end of pleasures, amusements and diversions as one glanced at the interesting program for the day, and considered the entertainment already provided. Probably the most important event scheduled was the Competitive Drill for prizes which was to be held in the morning in Golden Gate Park. Sessions of the Grand Encampment, bay excursions, receptions, concerts and the banquet to the Grand Encampment to be held in the evening, were among other features of the day's program.

There was fully 25,000 people gathered on the sloping lawns surrounding the ball park when the competitive drill began at 10 o'clock. Four corps in all, competed. The trophies were perhaps the most valuable ever offered for a like occasion. Every drill corps that competed received a handsome trophy, and its Commandery a stand of colors.

The Louisville Commandery Drill Corps was the first to drill, and headed by their own Commandery band playing "Dixie" and led by Captain Frank Fehr, they filed into the inclosed space set apart for the drill.

After a turn across the field and back, the Kentuckians came to attention before the judges, and were subjected to a critical inspection, after which the tactics as laid down by the jurisdiction of California were commenced. Movements in the school of Sir Knight, the school of Commandery, and the manual of the Sword, were gone through.

From the first it was evident that the Kentuckians were well trained. Their alignment was perfect; the movements of hands and feet were as one man, and whenever a particularly brilliant movement was executed the spectators broke into round after round of cheers and applause.

Thirty minutes were allowed each corps in which to go through the

schedule of movements and the Louisville Corps finishing in ample time, marched off the field to the melody of "My Old Kentucky Home."

The Malta Commandery Corps No. 21, of Binghamton, N. Y., was the next to take the field. A. W. T. Black commanded the corps. The New Yorkers gave a fine exhibition of drilling but were slower in execution of movements than was the Louisville corps. Before the entire schedule could be completed the Malta Corps was recalled on account of the expiration of the time limit.

The crack St. Bernard Corps of Chicago was the next to enter upon the field. This corps had won the championship in competitive drills on several occasions, and was looked upon as well nigh invincible. They were received with tremendous cheering as they swung into the field, headed by the California Commandery band. In marked contrast to the long, easy strides, and apparent ease of the Louisville Corps were the sharp, quick movements of the Chicagoans. The St. Bernard Sir Knights were granted a special dispensation from the committee to drill according to their own tactics in several of the required maneuvers, while the balance of the corps were compelled to use the Sumner tactics. Some thought this would give St. Bernard special advantages in the competition but the Kentuckians gallantly announced, before the drill, that they would abide by the decision of the judges without appeal.

The last of the competitors was the Ivanhoe Commandery Drill Corps, No. 24, of Milwaukee, commanded by Captain D. Milton Jones. They made a very favorable impression, and were repeatedly applauded but their work was not quite as finished as that of the Louisville or St. Bernard Corps.

Each of the competing corps was marked on the basis of 810 points —three for each of the 270 movements. Every one of the movements was closely followed and the markings were made to the second decimal point with the final result as follows: Louisville, 779.54; St. Bernard, 771.14; Ivanhoe, 725.03 and Malta, 655.82. The announcement of the judges awarding first prize to the Kentuckians was received with thunderous applause and prolonged cheers and the Louisville Corps modestly received the honor. During the interval while the judges were deliberating, the corps from Golden Gate Commandery and Los Angeles Commandery gave exhibitions in fancy drilling. Their work was a revelation to the gathered Sir Knights, and the opinion was frequently expressed that the winning Kentuckians will be compelled to look to their laurels if the above two corps enter in the competition at the next Conclave. Besides the movements of the regular schedule, a number of fancy tactics were gone through and were heartily applauded.

Those who sought the bay excursions on the steamers San Pablo, Oakland and Tamalpais during the morning, found a delightful diversion from the heat, together with a view of the scenic beauties of Golden Gate

harbor. Others participated in well arranged excursions to the Cliff House, Sutro Heights, Golden Gate Park and Ocean Beach. From 10 o'clock until the noon hour Red Bluff Commandery No. 18 entertained the visiting Sir Knights and their ladies at the Commandery Headquarters in the United States Hotel and proved to be royal hosts.

Sessions of the Grand Encampment were held morning and afternoon but were not public and their deliberations and action on various matters were reported through the proper channels.

Receptions and entertainments continued unabated during the afternoon. Among hosts were the Ladies' Committee; California Commandery No. 1; Oakland Commandery No. 11; Golden Gate Commandery No. 16; Red Bluff Commandery No. 18; Woodland Commandery No. 21 and Fresno Commandery No. 29.

With the ambitious mercury rising above the 100 mark, it was decided by a party of our pilgrims to do the sight-seeing of the afternoon in the "poor man's automobile"—the trolley car.

Boarding a car in front of the Palace Hotel we passed through newspaper row and the business section of the city, and going down Jackson street saw the handsome Dewey Monument, erected in commemoration of the notable naval victory in Manila Bay. In the same district we passed numerous old-time mansions, which stood as memorials to the successful in the strife for wealth and gold in the early days of California, when San Francisco was little else than the supply station for the mining camps. Nob Hill is the name of the district, though Sir Reel insisted on pronouncing it with an "M" instead of "N." Sir Steinmiller who is versed in ancient history explained that because the community was rife with mansions it was called "Nobility Hill" but that recent generations had become free with the appellation and used only the first syllable, calling it Nob Hill. Northward, Kearny street with the leading stores extended past Telegraph Hill, rising almost 300 feet and giving a magnificent view from the summit.

Fairmount Hotel, a structure of beautiful architectural design overlooks the city in this vicinity, while directly opposite we observed the Hopkins' Institute of Art. As the car sped along a beautiful view was unfolded. From below the eminence upon which we were riding, arose the Hall of Justice, its clock tower almost facing us. To the east we could view the Ferry Depot and the busy harbor; almost at our feet lay Chinatown; a little beyond were the crowded streets of the business district, the waterfront with swift boats furrowing the tranquil waters and the fishing smacks coursing the bay under their many-shaped sails. On the opposite shore was shown a fine view of Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and the University of California. Midway in the bay could be seen Alcatraz Island with its harbor defenses and military prison and Yerba Buena Island and its naval training school. In the distance this interest-

ing panorama was set off by Sausalito, Point Richmond and the rising eminences of Mount Tamalpais and Mount Diablo.

Striking a downward grade we passed through a residential section of latter-day millionaires and reached a point where a full view of the Presidio Government Reservation and Fort Mason could be had. Passing Laurel Hill cemetery we entered into the Richmond district, where a view of the ocean shore was before us, while to the right the Bay of San Francisco was still in sight. Fort Point, the Cliff House, and the Seal Rocks, already known to us, were again seen and appreciated, while Golden Gate Park and the Government Life Saving Station were also visited. Before returning we took a profitable walk through Sutro Gardens, a beautiful park on the edge of the ocean.

Returning by another route we passed along the southern boundary line of Golden Gate Park, affording rich examples of artistic landscape gardening. We passed Strawberry Hill with its observatory—according to Sir Biddle's explanation the observatory was erected to assist in locating the strawberries—while in the same vicinity we saw the Affiliated Colleges of the State University. Passing through Ashbury Heights and by Mount Olympus, we glided over the famous switch-back into the Mission district, riding by the new Mission High School, and the famous old Mission Dolores Church.

Striking the home stretch of our tour we passed the magnificent City Hall, the Hall of Records, Mechanic's Pavilion, the new Postoffice, in course of construction, at a cost of $3,000,000, and the monument to the discovery of gold in California. We reached the termination of our delightful ride after passing the Academy of Sciences and Pioneer Hall founded by philanthropist James Lick, and the United States Mint, the largest in the world, declared by Sir William G. Lee to be "the greatest money-maker on earth." After the eye had been engaged with the view of San Francisco itself, the city appears to be built in terraced rows rising steeply from the water-front. It is rather motley in architecture. Low frame buildings were at first the rule, partly because they were sufficient to the climate and partly in deference to traditions of earthquake; but at length builders ventured taller structures, of brick and stone, and every year many lofty, elegant buildings are added. Certainly no one of them has been shaken down as yet, and possibly the architects have authority for believing that even Vulcan is superannuated and in his second childhood is appeased with a rattle.

It is a city of fair aspect—in one direction undulating from the water's edge, in another rising abruptly to the precipitous heights of Telegraph Hill.

San Francisco's topography is such as to display, from each of half a hundred vantage points, some new phases. Then, too, most of the treasures are gathered and placed for the visitor rather than for the selfish

pleasure of its own citizens. In the magnificent Union Ferry Depot (owned by the state of California) at the gates of the city, is housed the splendid collection of the State Mining Bureau and State Board of Trade and the exhibit of curios of the Alaska Commercial Company, now owned by the State University.

San Francisco is a city richly endowed by nature, and with this capital, her loyal sons and daughters have wrought greater fortunes of beauty, architecturally and scenically. With her natural beauties of bay, ocean, and rugged landscape as a basis, the city has been further embellished by the hand of her people and shekels of gold wrought from out of her own soil.

Yet the city is not one of special architectural merit as a whole. Still there are many things that are positively unique —not because of age, nor beauty, nor historical association, but because they reflect the mode of life of a people, some of whom are Americans unlike the Americans of most other states. The cosmopolitan air of the city which shelters a population drawn from every corner of the earth, lends a peculiar interest to the visitor which can scarcely be found elsewhere than in Paris or Gibraltar. A touch of the Orient, a flavor of sunny Spain, a smattering of France, a touch of Italy and the Mediterranian in the quaint fishing fleets, a breath of old England inspired from the travelers of Australia who always rest on the Pacific shore, a trace of the end of the earth from the visitors from Alaska and the Klondike gold fields who are always present in large numbers—these, and representatives of all other nationalities, lend that cosmopolitan seasoning which is so delightfully palatable to all visitors.

San Franciscans are a pleasure loving people devoting their leisure hours in enjoying the good things of life. They are liberal patrons of art and music, and lovers of nature.

Though little more than a half century old as a city, it has become an ideal commonwealth. Its commercial enterprises have already attained a high place among the cities of the nation. One of the most notable of the city's commercial achievements is the Union Iron Works, a famous shipbuilding plant, which employs 4,000 men. It was here that the "Oregon," "Charleston," "Olympia," "San Francisco," "Monterey," "Ohio," "Wisconsin," of our navy were built, as well as the submarine torpedo boat destroyers "Pike" and "Grampus." At the time of the Conclave there were 10 organized companies operating 12 steamship lines between San Francisco and foreign countries, exclusive of the vessels that ply between Golden Gate and the Canadian ports. Supplies are sent out of San Francisco regularly to such distant points as Australia, Oceanica, China, Japan, Phillipine Islands, Hawaii, Borneo, South America, Panama and Alaska. The natural ocean outlet, provided by San Francisco Bay, has built up the shipping trade to such a point that the city has be-

come a great railway terminal for transcontinental freight, in both exports and imports.

For years San Francisco suffered from lack of manufacturing industries, due in great measure to the fact that it could not provide a moderate priced fuel. In recent years fuel oil has been discovered in great quantities, and this is already solving the manufacturing problem. More than half the steam locomotives in the state are so constructed as to use this oil for fuel, while many of the ocean steamers are using it successfully. Another step in securing cheap power has been taken in harnessing the mountain streams, and using their force to generate electricity. Already the most important of these mountain waterways are under control. Instead of gold, which in the early days was the ruler of the destiny of the city and state, commerce is king today and the populace is bowing to this regal authority.

Although the population is given as 400,000, the city has an enormous floating population which it is difficult to estimate, and which makes it possible to presume that there are 500,000 souls within the city most any day. Most of the visitors, and for that matter, a great proportion of the inhabitants, live on the European plan. They engage a room in a hotel or boarding house, and eat whenever and wherever their fancy dictates. It is a city of restaurants, which are as various in price as they are in class and nationality. Within 15 minutes walk through the heart of the city one may encounter American, French, Italian, Mexican, Spanish, Chinese, Hungarian, English and German eating houses, and while they vary in quality and price, the field is so thoroughly covered and competition so keen, that go where one will, the diner can secure "value received" in the restaurants of San Francisco.

The city is blessed with surroundings that afford visions of both mountain and sea and has become the center of a chain of suburbs, some of which in themselves have already the appearance of cities. With its beautiful natural harbor and ideal location at the gateway into the Far East, which at this time offers so much promise, and from its position as the outlet not only of the commerce of the nation, but also of a highly important agricultural and fruit-growing district, San Francisco today stands on the threshold that looks into greater possibilities and gives more encouragement for future prosperity than many other cities, of relative size, in the land.

Satisfying our appetites, which were encouraged by the car rides and sojourns of the afternoon, our "happy family" of pilgrims became a portion of the inspiring promenade upon the gorgeously illuminated thoroughfares, in search of some of the pleasures and festivities which the evening so liberally offered.

A notable and brilliant reception of the evening was given by Pitts-

burgh Commandery No. 1, in the Marble Hall and Palm Gardens of the Palace Hotel. So popular had Pennsylvania become at the Conclave, that from 8 o'clock to 11 o'clock, the hours set in which to receive, a constant stream of Sir Knights and their ladies, from all sections of the country, took the opportunity to pay their respects to the "Smoky City" delegation, and carried with them souvenir plates as a lasting remembrance of Pennsylvania hospitality.

Other noteworthy receptions of the evening were those conducted by the Ladies of the Conclave in the Palace Hotel; California Commandery Night, with an exhibition drill and grand ball in Mechanics' Pavilion; reception by Oroville Commandery No. 5 in Mechanics' Pavilion; reception by Nevada Commandery No. 6 in Mechanics' Pavilion; reception by Marysville Commandery No. 7 in Mechanics' Pavilion; reception and ball by Stockton Commandery No. 8 in Lyric Hall; reception by Oakland Commandery No. 11 in Native Sons' Hall; reception by Golden Gate Commandery No. 16 in Golden Gate Hall; reception by Naval Commandery No. 19 in Lyric Hall; reception by Fresno Commandery No. 29 in Pythian Castle; and an elaborate reception in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel, conducted by the Grand Commandery of Ohio, in honor of the Most Eminent Grand Master of the United States, and representatives of Great Britain and the British dependencies and to the members of the Grand Encampment of the United States.

In fact the hospitality was so general and generous, and the receptions so numerous, that Sir Kreps, who is an authority on business law, declared that the bankruptcy laws of California must be most liberal in permitting the appointment of so many "receivers" in one day.

Probably the stellar attraction of the night was the exquisite official banquet of the Conclave, in honor of the Grand Encampment of the United States held in the spacious dining rooms of St. Francis Hotel. Earl Euston and his party were among the special guests. Four hundred Sir Knights were in attendance.

In point of floral decoration, illumination, and detail of menu, the banquet was admitted to have been one of the finest ever held in the "Golden Gate City." With Sir Reuben H. Lloyd as toastmaster and a staff of eloquent speakers, the affair terminated in a sparkling array of pithy comment, appropriate anecdotes, sterling examples of oratory, and bright, crisp wit and lofty humor.

Earl Euston, when called upon, graciously responded, and declared that he and the members of his party did not have words to express their appreciation for the kindness, hospitality and brotherly love shown them since their arrival in New York.

"I live for peace and I want to try and draw the people of our different lands closer together," continued his lordship. "This greeting

will always be a green, refreshing memory. England, Wales, Ireland and Scotland are not far away from San Francisco. Come over the herring pond and let us reciprocate for all this kindness. All we ask you to do is to pull the latchstring.

"May your present President be your future one, and help cement the bond of friendship between our two great nations."

Grand Master Stoddard alluded to the flag that is buried. He meant the Confederate emblem for which he had fought, and with vehement gesture and pointing to the Stars and Stripes he said:

"This is our only emblem, and our life's blood from one end of the land to the other is pledged for its integrity."

His auditors rose with him to the occasion, and there was a tumultuous demonstration.

"May peace be our heritage," continued the speaker, "and let us live up to the ideals of Knight Templarism, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

The other distinguished speakers were C. E. Matier and A. Woodiwiss of Lord Euston's party, V. E. Sir H. W. Rugg, V. E. Sir W. B. Melish; General J. C. Smith of Chicago, and Senator Perkins of California

While hospitality was the order of the Conclave on all sides and from every source, a pleasing example of good will and kind treatment to brother man was exemplified by the Press Club of San Francisco, which inaugurated a most liberal "open door policy" to the Sir Knights and visiting newspapermen.

Early in the day, in response to repeated invitations, a number of the Allegheny pilgrims visited the handsome and exquisitely comfortable quarters of the association of newspaper writers. To say that the treatment afforded was most hospitable expresses it mildly, and when the pilgrims were compelled to leave, owing to the many pressing engagements, which they were in duty bound to respect, the leave-taking was only made possible upon promise to return later in the evening, and share in the enjoyment of a banquet and vaudeville performance which the club provided upon its own stage and in its own auditorium, in which professional talent was to appear.

Sir. C. H. Wilson, chairman of the Press Committee of the Club, greeted us warmly and offered the comfortable and handsomely furnished rooms to our disposal. While his hospitality was unlimited, it must be said in the fullest justice, that every member of the organization whom it was our good fortune to meet, exhibited equal kindness to our pilgrims.

The members of our party were deeply impressed with the cordiality of the San Francisco newspapermen; while we found the newspapers themselves as modernly equipped and well conducted as any that exists

in other metropolitan cities. They print the news, all of it, and they were well and cleanly edited.

It was not until midnight had faded into the early hours of morn that the pilgrims had another opportunity to even recall the previous engagement, and in respect to the kindness of the Press Club members, sought their headquarters, if for no other reason, than to offer a fitting apology.

Even at that late hour the welcome was most gracious. The performance had long been concluded and to the startling surprise of the visiting pilgrims, the hosts insisted upon receiving our delegates in the auditorium and giving another performance for our special benefit. As the majority of the professional talent had long since left the building, their positions on the program were taken by members of the club themselves, who offered an entertainment that can in truth be said to have equalled that of any professional performance. The talent of the performers was remarkable, and after enjoying further hospitality in the form of a liberal luncheon, the Allegheny pilgrims departed with the kindliest remembrances of most generous hosts.

CHAPTER XX.

THE morning found no abatement of the oppressive heat which had prevailed for the past few days. Californians were strictly on the defensive in sustaining their integrity, having previously and repeatedly informed us that their climate knew no intense heat nor severe cold.

Californians, in offering evidence to sustain their claims, produced the weather records for the past 10 years, and it must be said in respect to our hosts, that the register failed to show a time in those years when the thermometer had reached such ambitious heights.

The program for the day was as diversified and offered equal interest to those of the previous days. In the morning a session of the Grand Encampment was held in Golden Gate Hall and excursions were provided on the bay and to the Cliff House, Park, Sutro Heights, Ocean Beach. Another session of the Grand Encampment in Golden Gate Hall was scheduled for the afternoon, as well as reception and entertainment by Ladies' Committee at the Palace Hotel; Ladies' reception under auspices of California Commandery No. 1 in Mechanics' Pavilion; reception by Oakland Commandery No. 11 in Native Sons' Hall; reception

by Golden Gate Commandery No. 16 in the Mark Hopkins' Institute of Art; excursion to the University of California, Berkeley, and reception by the officers of the University to visiting Sir Knights and ladies; concert by California Glee Club and university orchestra in Greek Theatre, which seats 8,000 persons. In the evening the Chinese play at the Grand Opera House was to be repeated, as was the reception and entertainment at the Press Club; promenade concert in the Nave of the Ferry Building; reception by Ladies' Committee in Palace Hotel; reception by California Commandery No. 1 in Mechanics' Pavilion; reception by Ladies of Oakland Commandery No. 11 in Nave of Ferry Building; reception by Golden Gate Commandery No. 16 in Mark Hopkins' Institute of Art and open-air concert in Union Square.

A day filled to overflowing with engagements stood before us. Engagements which we were in honor and duty bound to respect. It was our last day in the Conclave city, for we were to leave in the morning. What more appropriate program could we have selected than one which provided for a farewell visit to the many Commandery headquarters, who were ever lavish in their entertainment, most liberal in their hospitality, and found honor and pleasure in greeting a brother.

Commanderies of San Francisco, of the state of California, and visiting Commanderies innumerable, maintained an "open house" throughout the entire week, and from the kindly spirit and generous entertainment which was so freely shown on every hand it was our duty to bid farewell to our Sir Knight brothers and thank them, and give expression of our appreciation for their hospitality, in words and by the clasp of the hand.

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to properly describe the liberal hospitality of the entertainers. In the many headquarters scattered among the hotels, halls, and the Mechanics' Pavilion, a reception committee was almost incessantly in waiting, and the visitors were showered, not only with kind words, warm greetings and fraternal affection. but were compelled to partake of sumptuous refreshments and become recipients of tokens and souvenirs innumerable.

The products of nature which find such a glorious triumph in the soil of California, were appropriately made the offering of the Commanderies of that state to their visiting brethren. Grapes, which in individual size and cluster had never been seen by the visitors, were lavishly dispensed. Strawberries, oranges, plums, apricots, pears, raisins, —fruits and flowers of every growth—which in size and splendor find no description elsewhere but in the accounts of the ancient land of Canaan, were distributed by the California Commanderies. California Commandery No. 1 and Golden Gate Commandery No. 16 sent a wagon-load of baskets, containing all varieties of wine and fruits, selected from the

most fancy species, to our headquarters, where every member of our party was presented with an individual basket.

Truly, these offerings of fruit on every side and their splendor, brought to our minds, with renewed force, the truth and appropriateness of those sterling Biblical axioms: "For by thy fruits shall I know you" and "Such as I have, give I unto thee." In the full ripeness of the fruit we recognized the maturity of the hospitality of our hosts; in size, the bigness of their hearts; in taste, the sweet flavor of the fraternal affection; and in luscious juice, the flow of that spirit of charity, benevolence and hospitality that quenches the thirsty in life, relieves the weary, and removes many of the obstacles in the pathway to eternity.

Throughout the day we passed from one Commandery headquarters to another, unable physically, to enjoy the fullness of their hospitality, but capable in spirit to find mental nourishment in their sentiments to store away in our hearts, and hang upon the walls of memory, and offer them, in our humble way, our appreciation and extend our highest respects.

The hearty social welcome tendered to each and every member of our party made us feel so much at home that we regretted our visit had not been lengthened to as many days and weeks as there were hours. We were immediately introduced, and soon were made to feel, from the general warm-heartedness and sincere greeting, perfectly at ease and acquainted,—no half-way meeting and greeting, but real, true, whole-souled welcome.

Reaching the various headquarters we were at once ushered into the banquet hall. Tables were profusely bedecked with beautiful baskets, pillars and columns of exquisite cut flowers, which filled the air with their perfume. A button-hole bouquet, prepared by the ladies of the receiving Commanderies, was offered every visiting Sir Knight,—although in the course of the day the bouquets became more numerous than our button-holes. Strewn about the tables were all the delicacies of the season, and some which had been rushed ahead of the coming season. It can in truth be said that the pilgrims of Allegheny Commandery did justice to all things, stood by their post nobly, and had excellent staying qualities.

The beautiful and graceful attire of the ladies and their kindly democratic manner, lent additional pleasures, while the Sir Knights were as old-time and bosom friends, once we stepped over their thresholds.

The days so spent are still so bright in memory of things pleasant, that they will ever remain to us full of delightful remembrances and pleasant meetings. The warm shake of the right hand has ever left the tinge of fraternal greeting and brotherly love, and the friends made and won on that last day at the Twenty-ninth Triennial Conclave shall ever be remembered.

Were proper space devoted to the merits of the entertainment provided by each Commandery, the accounts could not find space in a volume several times this size. The attempt to do justice will not, nay, could not—be undertaken, although as a means to illustrate the many kindnesses showered upon us, a brief mention of some of the hosts may be permitted.

California Grand Commandery, aside from its continual lavish entertainment, gave away as souvenirs thousands of dollars worth of gold nuggets and specimens of ore from the rich mines which have made the state famous.

California Commandery, No. 1, (with 21 other Commanderies) found quarters in the enormous Mechanics' Pavilion, on this occasion, won additional laurels, fully maintaining her enviable reputation for generous and liberal entertainment, overflowing with her good cheer and hospitality. It maintained a band of 40 pieces, and a drum and bugle corps of 30 pieces during the Conclave.

Golden Gate Commandery No. 16, entertained gorgeously in its own hall, which was beautifully decorated, and maintained a band of 60 pieces. It took leading parts and acquitted itself with honor, winning plaudits from the assembled thousands.

Los Angeles Commandery, No. 9, exemplified the spirit of liberality for which the west is famed, and with the representation of 450 Sir Knights and ladies, entered upon a series of brilliant social functions and generous receptions that brought it priceless prestige.

Sacramento Commandery No. 2, offered Knightly hospitality in its headquarters in Pioneer Hall; it was accompanied by a band of 22 pieces, and an orchestra of 10 pieces, and distributed handsome exchange badges of gold ormolu, richly enameled.

Pacific Commandery No. 3, of Sonora, was a liberal host and exhibited an interesting display of $40,000 worth of gold specimens from the mines of Calavera and Tuolumne counties. El Dorado Commandery, No. 4, whose headquarters were in Hotel Fremont, presented each visitor with a bottle of wine and basket of fruit both home products. Oroville Commandery, No. 5, kept open house in Mechanics' Pavilion and brought with it tons of fresh fruits from its home county. Nevada Commandery, No. 6, of Nevada City, Cal., entertained in Mechanics' Pavilion. This Commandery represented the greatest gold-producing county in the state and had a magnificent exhibition of gold quartz and nuggets. Souvenir boxes, containing gold bearing quartz and specimens of petrified wood, were presented to visitors

San Jose Commandery, No. 10, representing the Santa Clara Valley, distributed the choicest flowers and fruits which have made that valley famous. Red Bluff Commandery, No. 17, which also had its headquar-

ters in Mechanics' Pavilion, offered a rich exhibit of ore and fruits, and entertained with Northern California Battalion. Mount Olivet Commandery, No. 20, of Petaluma, also stationed in the Pavilion, had a unique exhibit representing a redwood forest, in the midst of which was shown a tavern wherein the Commandery had its headquarters. Watsonville Commandery, No. 22, also quartered in the Pavilion, showered visitors with the renown Watsonville strawberries, cream and fruit which know no equal in size and flavor. Stockton Commandery, No. 8, entertained on an elaborate scale, with music, dancing and souvenirs. Fresno Commandery, No. 29, distributed cartons of raisins and samples of Fresno's famous wines. Santa Rosa Commandery, No. 14, had a car load of delicious fruit to offer.

Among other California Commanderies who were prominent in providing entertainment by means of receptions, concerts, balls, and open-house parties, were: Marysville, No. 7; Chico, No. 12; Lassen, No. 13; Ventura, No. 18; Naval, No. 19; Woodland, No. 21; Saint Bernard, No. 23; Colusa, No. 24; San Diego, No. 25; Visalia, No. 26; San Luis Obispo, No. 27; Riverside, No. 28; St. Omer, No. 30; Pasadena, No. 31; Mt. Shasta, No. 32; Ukiah, No. 33; Napa, No. 34; Eureka, No. 35; Santa Ana, No. 36; Southern California, No. 37; Vacaville, No. 38; Bakersville, No. 39; Long Beach, No. 40.

These Commanderies are known and distinguished wherever the order exists; and today there is nowhere a Commandery more renowned. They have a national reputation for character of work, and particularly for general and liberal hospitality; and they command the respect of every Commandery in the land, and we may add, of the entire Fraternity of Masons. They have a power in the community which is great and uplifting. Their pilgrimage to the Twenty-seventh Triennial Conclave, in our own city, have made known the character of the people, the products, the advantages, the opportunities, the blessings of this Golden State, in most potent and beneficent manner.

Aside from those mentioned there were scores of other Commanderies from within and without the state, whose liberality was boundless and who were enthusiastic exponents of the "open door" policy. All the State Grand Commanderies entertained at gorgeous receptions and continually offered social diversion on an elaborate scale.

Appreciation was general, among the visiting and resident Sir Knights, for the liberal distribution of a magnificent souvenir edition of the "Trestle Board." This issue, the "Conclave Number," was offered to every Sir Knight gratuitously, and was well edited, beautifully illustrated, handsomely bound, and rife with interesting data pertaining to Knight Templar history.

After accomplishing the greatest day's work of the Conclave, the busi-

ness sessions of the Grand Encampment came to a close during the afternoon. The announcement was made that the next Conclave was voted to Saratoga Springs, N. Y., to begin on the second Tuesday in July, 1907. The election of Grand Officers resulted as follows: Most Eminent Grand Master, Sir George M. Moulton, Chicago; Deputy Grand Master, Right Eminent Sir Henry W. Rugg, Providence, R. I.; Grand Generalissimo, Very Eminent Sir William B. Melish, Cincinnati; Grand Captain-General, Very Eminent Sir Frank H. Thomas, Washington, D. C.; Grand Senior Warden, Very Eminent Sir Arthur Mac Arthur, Troy, N. Y.; Grand Junior Warden, Very Eminent Sir W. Frank Pierce, Oakland, Cal.; Grand Treasurer, Very Eminent Sir H. Wales, Lines, Meriden, Conn.; Grand Recorder, Very Eminent Sir John A. Gerow, Detroit, Mich. Following his election, the Grand Master appointed the following officers, who were installed to serve under him: Grand Prelate, Very Eminent Sir W. Worrall, D. D., Kentucky; Grand Standard Bearer, Very Eminent Sir William H. Norris, Iowa; Grand Sword Bearer, Very Eminent Sir Joseph K. Orr, Georgia; Grand Warder, Very Eminent Sir Edward W. Wellington, Kansas; Grand Captain of the Guard, Very Eminent Sir J. W. Chamberlain, Minnesota. Other important business was transacted, but its nature was not made public.

During the afternoon not less than 5,000 Sir Knights and their ladies visited the University of California in Berkeley, where they were made the guests of the faculty and students of that institution. A concert and entertainment was given in the Greek Theatre which was both classic and entertaining, by the students of the university. After a complete and interesting inspection of the institution the visitors were tendered a formal reception.

One of the most brilliant functions of the Conclave took place during the afternoon and evening in the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, under the auspices of the Ladies of Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, which was in the form of a reception to the New Grand Encampment Officers. The halls and galleries, from whose walls hung the canvas of old and famous masters, were illuminated and decorated in such great array that they blazed forth in a riot of splendor.

The beauty and handsome attire of the fair women and the gorgeous trappings of the plumed Sir Knights added to the magnificent grandeur and general elegance. An incessant stream of visitors presented their invitations at the door and entered upon the gorgeous parade through the halls and galleries.

Entering the building, the visitors were received by the wives of the Past Commanders of Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16. Ladies of the Floor Committee then ushered the visitors through the entire building, and conducted them finally to the main dining hall in the basement, where refreshments were served. During the night crowds gathered upon the

lawn and were entertained with an open air concert; while two orchestras provided music for those within the mansion.

When the hours had grown small, a feeling close to the sentimental overcame us as we slowly sought our way to the hotel—for it was the eve of our departure. We were in full realization that the myriads of electric lights, grouped in spectacular array, were shining upon us for the last time. We thought of our leave-taking on the morrow—the severence from the joviality and happy spirit of the Conclave and the thousands that had helped and participated in making these conditions possible. May their course ever be onward and upward. "So mote it be."

It was not with light step that we sauntered along with these thoughts in mind, and we eagerly sought our couches to dream away, if possible, the sadness of our farewell.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE Chinese elevator man at the hotel was a very busy individual in the morning. So was the lady manager of the hostelry, behind her little "punch-and-judy" cabinet. The Japanese bell boy, the Russian engineer and the Ethiopian furnace tender, were all in a high state of action. Not a nationality on the hotel force was inactive. For the pilgrims of Allegheny Commandery were preparing to leave.

The Chinaman and Japanese in their excitement and confusion, became involved in a flow of international rhetoric that was edifying, to say the least. The elevator man, whose purpose in life was to elevate humanity and place it on a higher plane, gave an exhibition of restlessness and impatience together with a flow of speech, that was startling.

Final attention to baggage, settling of hotel accounts, a word of direction to give—these and many other things engrossed the attention of the pilgrims, until all were ready to say a tearless farewell to the hotel.

Once on the outside of the building, and face to face with the Conclave city itself, the realization of our leave-taking dawned upon us in its most impressive form. As we looked into the streets, Sir Knights were moving about in preparation for the pleasures of the day, which we were to sacrifice; while the sleeping skeletons of unlighted electric-light bulbs, spoke mutely of the glory of the night to come.

It was with slow and measured step that we made our way to the railroad station. We knew full well that we were about to enter upon our homeward flight. To turn back, after realizing our fondest hope and expectancy, in meeting friend, brother and sister, from every corner of the nation, in one happy band; under the skies of one city, and in a spirit of affection and happiness which had swayed the Conclave atmosphere from end to end.

From all corners of the nation—yes, even from other nations—there came pilgrims, and were met together. Each brother had vied with the other in making his neighbor comfortable; every individual and every Commandery had become a decimal of the unity of splendor, good cheer and fraternal fellowship—not in words alone, but all that the terms imply —in spirit and reality.

As we walked the streets, which were rapidly becoming more and more populated, and the sun rose higher and higher in the skies, every scene brought its reminder of some pleasant memory; every object had its recollection of some pleasure enjoyed. Hand in hand, heart to heart, all had worked together for mutual benefit, and the happy result knew no expression.

California had been a royal and liberal host. San Francisco had been extravagant in her hospitality. Fame had long since inscribed both city and state high up in the records of entertainers; while fortune had laid the richest products of the earth and the precious metals of the mines at her feet, in compensation of her worth.

Our entertainment had been planned and carried out on a magnificent scale; festivities knew no end, and hospitality was lavish. Through all this munificent abundance, and through the brilliancy of the illuminations, decorations, and the Knightly attire, there shone a light whose radiance was unconquerable, whose rays penetrated every combating brilliancy, whose power could not be denied—the light that signalled from heart to heart, that made fellow-beings out of men, that made brothers out of strangers, that gave life a purpose, and which showed material form in the seal of fraternity, by the clasp of the hand.

The city still entertained these dear friends whom we had learned to know and appreciate; and with suppressed feelings we continued our way to the station. We had gathered on the very edge of the country, and had joined hands and hearts for a brief week. Physical visions may depart—faces may melt away from view, and even from mind—but memories live forever! Recollections survive beyond the grave.

Our greeting had been hearty and sincere, our leave-taking a regret to all. The city and state were proud of the honor of entertaining the Sir Knights of the nation, and this was none the less reciprocated by the visitors, who considered it a privilege to meet upon the golden shores of the Pacific. The program of the Conclave entertainment was to continue until the following night, and we were almost persuaded to break our itinerary so as to enjoy the fullness of the festivities. This, however, was impossible. We finally reached the Southern Pacific (Coast Line) railroad station, where at 9 o'clock, our train was to leave for San Jose.

As we took a last look, from the station, over the beautiful panorama that San Francisco offers, and saw in every direction some color or decoration in respect to the Conclave, the visions and impressions of the

past week again sped through our minds; we lived those pleasant hours over again in so many seconds, and with sad hearts we departed from the Conclave City of 1904, and seeking the train sheds, came upon our train —our own dear "Allegheny Special!"

What a haven of rest it offered! How inviting it was in this hour of depression! How soothing in its comforts, and how dear that old commissary car beckoned and welcomed us in its old familiar unpretentious manner! It was like stepping from the Pacific coast into home. And it was "home"—for wasn't it the place "where we used to live?"

There stood "Woodzie," Johnston and the grinning porters, glad and anxious to receive us. It was like meeting an old-time friend for us to greet the interior of our "Special." Every seat we gazed upon seemed to speak out some pleasant reminiscence. Finally, after placing our hand baggage, we gathered within the walls of the dear old commissary car, and with Johnston as a most agreeable audience, we sang—we sang a fond adieu to 'Frisco and the Twenty-ninth Triennial Conclave, and to the hope of future happiness and equal pleasures, such as we had enjoyed on our tour.

Promptly at 9 o'clock we moved out of the station for a short ride to San Jose, passing innumerable small but interesting towns en route, and stopping at Burlingame, San Mateo, Belmont, Menlo Park and Palo Alto before reaching our destination, shortly before noon.

The route lies through the attractive and prolific Santa Clara Valley, whose heavy laden orchards, beautiful vineyards, and even climate the year round, have given it universal fame. The industries, social conditions and natural scenes are wholly uneffected by the slightest touch of the commonplace, and as charming as they are novel, offer a rich field for study and enjoyment.

Burlingame, our first stop, is a playground for San Francisco's most wealthy. It shelters a country club with expansive game preserves, and well-appointed cottages, and is the scene of many coaching meets, paper chases, hunts and polo games.

San Mateo, older and more sedate, is noted for its educational institutions and as being the center of a rich and prosperous orchard and vineyard region. Belmont is located near the mountains, whose contiguous slopes, heights and canyons, afford picturesque sites for the elegant country homes, which comprise the town. Menlo Park is also a community made up of the country homes of rich San Francisco citizens, and has been aided in its natural beauty by artificial parks, lawns and cultivated grounds.

Palo Alto or "tall tree," takes its name from a redwood tree near the railway, and is located in a wide-streching forest of oaks, which was reared largely as an adjunct to the noted Leland Stanford, Jr., University. This is one of the greatest educational endowments in America, having

a fund of over $30,000,000, the gift of Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford, in memory of their only son. The buildings, in a manner, reproduce the architecture of the ancient Spanish Mission. The arrangement is quadrangular; the inner line of buildings one story, and the outer two stories high, inclose a vast court richly ornamented with statuary, plants, flowers and fountains.

A stately arch opens into the court, while an arcade, one mile in length, faces the court, and forms a continued covered passage-way entirely around it. The buildings are of yellow buff sand-stone, surmounted by red-tiled roofs, and this color combination in the Moorish architectural design, picturesquely contrasting with the oaks and eucalyptus trees, and the many tropical plants gives the group of buildings an interesting Oriental aspect. The Palo Alto estate of 8,000 acres, is one of the great California stock-farms.

In the center of Santa Clara Valley nestles the city of San Jose, called the "Garden City" for its profusion of flowers. Though but 50 miles from San Francisco, the climate differs, because of a great difference in topography. In summer, San Jose is free from the fogs and winds of San Francisco, while in the winter, instead of the soft balminess of the Golden Gate City, the air of San Jose has a frosty touch. Fruits from the rich vineyards and great apricot, prune, olive and almond orchards of the valley are brought into San Jose for shipment and distribution, while the city is the center in the production of prunes and cured fruits.

Three miles from San Jose is Santa Clara, the two being connected by the famous Alameda, or shaded drive. Alum Rock, a noted pleasure resort, is one of the suburban attractions and is reached by a six mile trolley ride.

The Calaveras Mountains are to the eastward, and here, on the apex of Mount Hamilton, 26 miles southeast, is the world-famed Lick Observatory, at 4200 feet elevation. It was founded by a legacy of $750,000 left by James Lick, of San Francisco, and is attached to the University of California, being among the leading observatories of the world. It has one of the largest and most powerful refracting telescopes in existence; the object glass being 36 inches in diameter. Mr. Lick is buried in the foundation pier of the great telescope which he erected.

Not alone is a view of the skies through this monster telescope impressive, but that afforded the naked eye from the summit of the mount is one of the most expansive imaginable. The Observatory is exceptionally well located; its white buildings shining in the sunlight are seen from afar.

Near the San Jose railroad station we came upon an opposition observatory, conducted by a traveling astronomer who graciously permitted the public to peep into the mysteries of the skies through a "short-sighted" telescope, at 5 cents a peep. Several members of our party

peeped through the glass. Sir David claimed he had discovered another Conclave in the metropolis of the sun, on a spot where that orb seemed to shine the brightest.

Sir Sample, who is a student of the sciences, asked whether Saturn, or Lillian Russell was the greatest star, but the astronomer was forced to admit that the full records of both were not at hand. Schwerd then pointed the telescope eastward, in an effort to learn if everything was all right at home; he declared that the glass was not sufficiently powerful to penetrate the Rocky Mountains. Besides, he said, the wind was "agin him." He felt sure, however, that he could see the smoke.

"The sun cannot be examined through an ordinary telescope with impunity," explained Sir David to the other sky-students. "I know of one man who tried it and he is now wearing a glass eye that cost him $7.00."

"There are many theories regarding the black spots," announced Sir Sample, "authorities differ on their solution. My theory is, that they either represent open-air caucauses of the colored race, or coal mines. However, if I could get a little closer to it, I might speak more definitely."

"The sun gives indication of endorsing American patriotism," declared Schwerd, "for it is like the 'Star Spangled Banner.' 'By the dawn's early light,' and the moon 'is a proof through the night,' that 'it is still there.'"

"It is said," he continued, "that the luminous body is 92,000,000 miles from McKees Rocks—although there were mornings last winter that made it seem further away than that. I understand that the direct road is paved and sewered all the way, and lined with cement pavements and shade trees—but do not misunderstand me! There are no plan of lots for sale! You may therefore gaze upon it with the assurance that no one will try to force an 'easy-weekly-payment' scheme upon you."

During the afternoon we took a pleasant six mile trolley ride to Alum Rock. While prospecting in the vicinity Sirs Gilchrist, Sample and Watson reported that they found a fallen meteor, weighing 20 tons. Ordinarily, the action of alum water is to contract, even the truth—but that is getting away from the story. The veracity of the discoverers was never questioned, although Sir Greenawalt would not understand how the three explorers managed to weigh the 20 ton meteor, having no scales in their possession.

Returning to San Jose, we visited the city jail (solely a voluntary act). The prisoners were in plain view, being separated only by bars. Most of the inmates were dejected objects of humanity, gathered up in the walks of life—walks along the railroad tracks. Nearly all were tramps, and like other "natural products," there is a heavy crop through the agricultural districts of California. San Jose is not only a great center for the curing of fruits, but for the curing of tramps as well. Hence the jail and the patronage.

Across the Coast Range or mountains, eastward from San Jose, is the extensive San Joaquin Valley, noted as the "granary of California," 200 miles long and 30 to 70 miles wide, between the mountain ranges. It produces almost limitless crops of grain, fruits and wines. Through this great valley San Joaquin River flows northward, and the Sacramento River southward, in another valley as spacious, and uniting they go out westward to San Francisco Bay. We were told that in the days when the earth was forming, the sea waves beat against the slopes of Sierra Nevada, but ultimately the waters receded, leaving the floor of this vast valley of central California stretching nearly 500 miles between the mountain ranges.

The first comers among the white men dug gold out of its soil, but now they also get an enormous revenue from the prolific crops. Railways traverse it in all directions. The chief city is Stockton, at the head of navigation on the San Joaquin, a town of 25,000 people, having numerous factories. Here, in the slopes and gulches of the Sierras, stretching far away, were the first gold-mines of California, when the discoveries of the "Forty-niners" set the world agog. At Jackson, was tapped the famous "Mother Lode," the most continuous and richest of the three gold belts extending along the slopes of the Sierras, and so-called by the early miners because they regarded it as the parent source of all gold found in the placers. This lode is in some parts a mile wide, and extends a hundred miles, being here a series of parallel fissures filled with gold-bearing quartz-veins while farther south they unite in a single enormous fissure. The mineral belts paralleling it on both sides are rich in copper and gold. The country all about is a mining region with prolific "diggings" everywhere, and smoke arising from the stampmills at work reducing the ores. There is Tuttletown and Jackass Hill, the home of "Truthful James," and the localities made familiar by Bret Harte and Mark Twain. There is Carson Hill, here having been picked up on its summit the largest gold-nugget ever found in California, worth $47,000. As the San Joaquin Valley is ascended, it develops its wealth of grain-fields, orchards and vineyards and displays the grand systems of irrigation, which has contributed to produce so much fertility.

Eastward from San Joaquin Valley are the famous groves of Big Trees, the gigantic sequoias, which Emerson has appropriately called the "Plantations of God." There are two forests of giants in Calaveras and Mariposa counties displaying these enormous trees, of which it is significantly said that some were growing when Christ was upon earth. The Calaveras Grove, the northermost, is at an elevation of 4,700 feet above the sea, upon a tract about two-thirds of a mile long and 200 feet wide, there being a hundred large trees and many smaller. The tallest tree standing is the "Keystone State," 325 feet high and 45 feet in circum-

ference. The "Mother of the Forest," denuded of its bark, is 315 feet high and 61 feet girth, while the "Father of the Forest," the biggest of all is prostrate, and measures 112 feet in circumference. There are two trees 300 feet high, and many exceeding 250 feet, the bark sometimes being a foot and a half thick. This grove, however, being less convenient, is not so much visited as the Mariposa Grove to the southward. It is in Mariposa (the butterfly) county, at 6,500 feet elevation, and near the Yosemite Valley. The tract of four square miles is a State Park, there being two distinct forests a half-mile apart. The lower grove has a hundred fine trees, the largest being the "Grizzly Giant," of 94 feet circumference and 31 feet diameter, the main limb, at 200 feet elevation, being over six feet in diameter. The upper grove contains 360 trees, and the road between the groves is tunnelled directly through one of them, which is 27 feet in diameter. Through this living tree, named "Wawona," the stage-coach drives in a passage nearly ten feet wide. These trees are not so high as in Calaveras Grove, but they are usually of larger girth. The tallest is 272 feet, ten exceed 250 feet, and three are over 90 feet in circumference, while 20 are over 60 feet. Many of the finest have been marred by fires. There are eight groves of these Big Trees in California, these being the chief.

Into the San Joaquin flows Merced River, coming from the eastward down out of the Sierras through the famous Yosemite Valley.

The high Sierras have been termed the American Alps, and merit the appellation. Here are snowy peaks that meet the sky along a thousand miles of the California border, and crowning all, Mount Whitney, the loftiest peak in the United States.

There are in this Sierra region mighty evergreen forests, groves of the greatest and grandest trees in the world, the Canyons of Kings and Kern Rivers, Lassen Buttes, the Minarets, and numerous other wonders. Among them all, however, Yosemite is the best known. It lies due east of San Francisco at an elevation of 4,000 feet, and is reached from Merced (a town on the Santa Fe in the San Joaquin Valley) by stage ride of about 90 miles. The way is by Merced Falls, the picturesque old-time mining town of Coulterville and the Merced Grove of Big Trees. The monster trees are from 25 to 30 feet in diameter at base and are of fabulous age.

The floor is a parklike tract about eight miles long by half a mile to a mile wide. The Merced River frolics its way through this mountain glade and around its imperious walls thousands of feet high.

As you enter, mighty El Capitan rears its monumental form 3,200 feet at your right. It is a solid mass of granite taller than the valley is wide at this point and presenting two perpendicular faces. On the other hand Bridal Veil Fall is flinging cascades of lacelike delicacy from a height of 950 feet, and in the far distance you catch a glimpse of the

famed Half Dome, Washington Columns and the crests of the highest peaks in the range.

The road leads on beyond Cathedral Spires, Three Brothers and Sentinel Rock, the valley widens and Yosemite Falls appear, with the Sentinel Hotel and the little village at the stage terminus, midway between the falls and Glacier Point opposite.

Beyond Glacier Point the valley angles sharply, and in the recess thus formed Vernal, Nevada, and Illiloutte Falls, Liberty Cap and Mount Broderick are located, but are not visible from the hotel.

Looking east, Half Dome presents an almost perpendicular wall; at its base is Mirror Lake, and, opposite, North Dome and Washington Arches. The peak of Half Dome is 4,737 feet above the valley floor, and 8,737 feet above the sea.

The roads and trails have been constructed by and have heretofore been kept in repair by the state. The entire Yosemite National Park is now under control of the United States Government.

You may visit both the base and the lip of Nevada Falls, poise in mid-air from the overhanging rock at Glacier Point, gaze 4,000 feet below from a parapet of Three Brothers or off to the wilderness of peaks that lose themselves in the sky to the eastward; or you may pitch pebbles into the gushing torrent of Yosemite Falls where it makes its dizzy leap over the cliff.

The glory of Yosemite has passed into literature. It lends to word-painting as do but few of Nature's masterpieces. Only for those who have seen, can the name conjure up visions of a waterfall of filmy tracery that bends and sways in the breeze, of a gigantic cliff that stands at the portal a colossal greeting and farewell, of another fall whose waters plunge from a height a half mile above you.

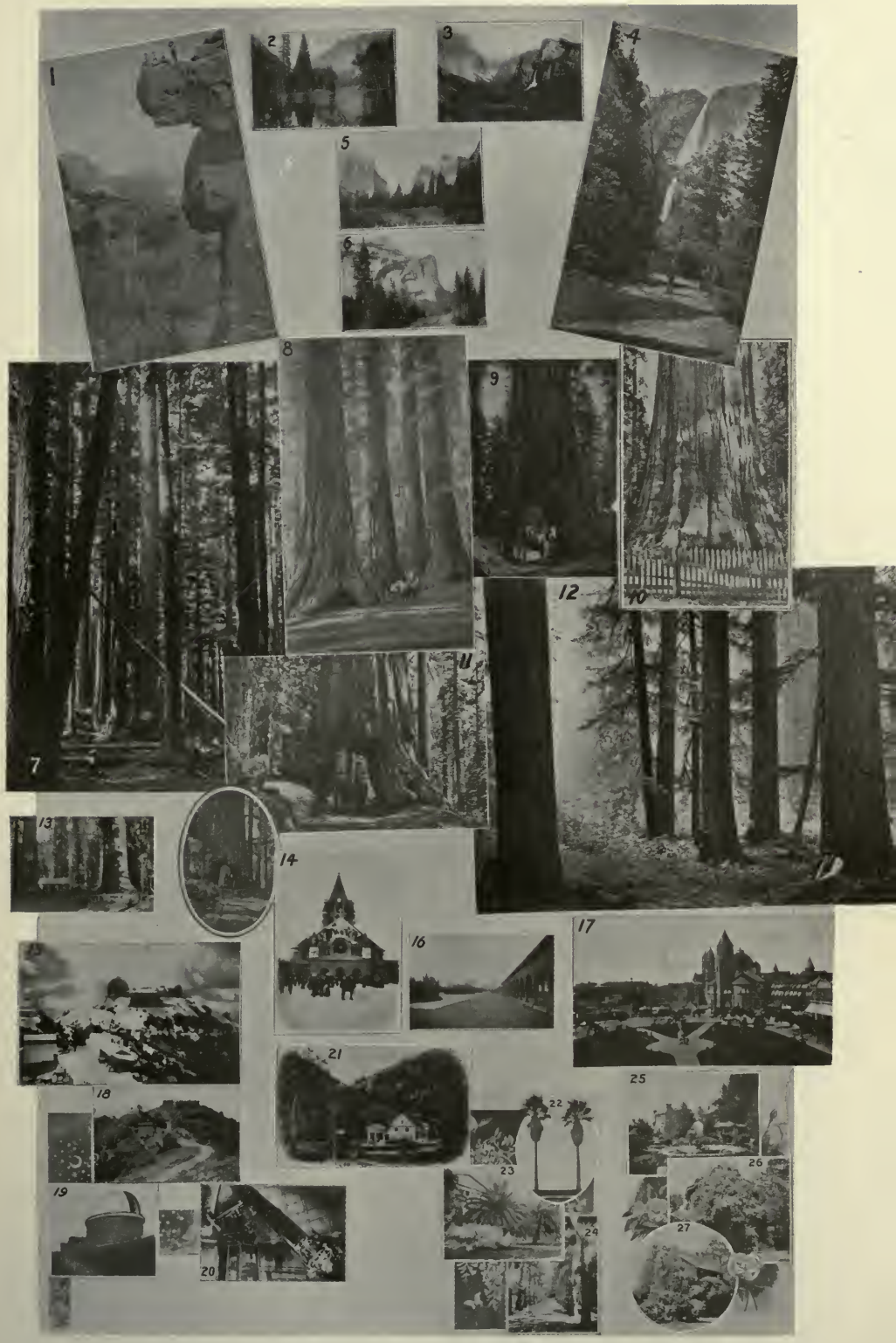
It were idle to enumerate. No single feature wins admiration. It is the harmonious whole, blending majesty with color, form and action, that wooes all our senses with siren touch. It is not a matter of height or breadth or mere bigness. The Grand Canyon of Arizona outclasses Yosemite a hundred times over in greatness and other-worldness. But here Nature is truly feminine; she is tender, gracious and becomingly gowned; she puts on little airs; she is in the mood of comradeship. For here are found song birds, gorgeous wild flowers, rippling streams, grassy parks and bowers of shrubbery and ferns. These, quite as much as the beetling crag or stupendous waterfall, are the secret of Yosemite's hold on the imagination. It is this sense of the supremely beautiful incarnated which makes the Yosemite.

After a brief expedition through the principal streets of San Jose and a visitation to the fruit curing establishments we were ready to depart. Reaching the station, we abandoned our "Special" for a time, and boarded a train on the narrow gauge railroad, bound for "Big Trees" station 28 miles distant.

For several miles out of San Jose we passed through a succession of apricot, prune, and almond orchards; while fruits of all kinds abounded on every side. At Los Gatos we entered the Santa Cruz Mountains, and the magnificent forests of California were upon us. Redwoods, oak, madrones, laurel and pines blanket the slopes and crown the summits. The trees are magnificent and majestic, and yet this is not the only section whose trees have made California a household word—the big tree groves of California are scattered throughout the forest reserves and many national parks of the Sierras.

It was early in the evening when we arrived at "Big Tree" station and with the knowledge that we had but a short time to stay, the pilgrims made a rush for the Big Tree grove. We were surprised to find the "giants" corraled within a high fence, while an industrious young man was anxiously awaiting us at the gate with outstretched hand—to get some of our money. This came as a surprise to us, inasmuch as no admission charge is made at any of the other parks throughout the state. Meeting the "holdup" agreeably, we entered the grove and began hurrying through as many of the redwoods as our scant time allowance would permit.

A most impressive sight is offered to the eye and soul by these monster trees, huddled together within the confines of this 20-acre grove.



YOSEMITE VALLEY—BIG TREE GROVES—SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

1—Overhanging Rock, Yosemite Valley. 2—Merced River, in the Yosemite Valley. 3—Yosemite Valley. 4—Yosemite Falls. 5—Entrance to the Yosemite Valley. 6—Washington Column and Dome, Yosemite Valley. 7-8-9-10-11-12-13—The California Big Trees. 14—Memorial Chapel, Leland Stanford Jr. University, Cal. 15—Lick Observatory in Winter, Mt. Hamilton, Cal. 16—Leland Stanford University, in Santa Clara County. 17—San Jose, Cal. 18-19-20—Mount Hamilton and the Lick Observatory. 21—Alum Rock Park, San Jose, Cal. 22-23-24-25-26-27—Scenes at San Jose, Cal.

Trees 10 to 20 feet in diameter are plentiful, and all tower into the very skies, hundreds of feet above. Doorways and driveways had in many instances been cut through the base of the trees, but these niches in no wise impeded their growth or verdure. One particularly massive tree had been hollowed out, and bore doors and windows, giving evidence that it was once inhabited, and a legend says that a child was born within its trunk. The whole grove was Fremont's old camping-ground, during the Mexican war.

During the little while it was our privilege to remain in the grove, the beauty, grandeur and wonder of the scene was most impressive. The long aisles of stately columns rising straight and true to dizzy heights, and losing themselves in their crown of misty foliage, with only the flickering light of the sky separating one column from the other, was a sight more beautiful than can be conceived. There is no grander sunlight than the sunlight which plays through these massive redwoods, cedars and pines. No sky seemed so beautiful as the sky that glistened here and there between the broad trunks, of this large, overgrown family.

Few, if any, of the trees bore branches or boughs until they attained a height of 100 feet or more. They seem to concentrate their efforts in growing straight and upright lives, ever heavenward, and then in mighty and final effort throw out their arms in homage to their Maker. One cannot, with any degree of justice, describe these noble woods. Nor can one properly acknowledge by word, the feeling that inspires the onlooker. A deep sense of contentment interblends with one of buoyancy and boyish gladness, while withall, a feeling of remoteness and isolation from the work-day world pervades the mind.

As one stands within the rich cathedral gloom, cast by the shadows of these massive steeples, the mind reflects upon the dignity and meaning of it all. For these trees are the oldest living things on earth! Their records, which they themselves inscribe from year to year, around their hearts, prove them to be centuries, yea, thousands of years old. How often have they been used as an altar to their Maker; how many human generations have, under their shady branches differently pronounced the name of God, but who recognized him everywhere in His works, and adored Him in His manifestations. They stood to witness the birth of Christ; they have seen nations rise and fall; they have known races of which we have never learned; they have heard the chanting and prayer of religious creeds innumerable, and in their great, deep and unbreakable silence, keep their secrets well.

The most weird and enchanting effect is that produced by the diffused light of the late afternoon sun, when no ray is strong enough to pierce the heavy foliage. The diffused light, in its effort to gain admission, takes color from the moss and leaves, and enters the forest like faint, green-tinted mist and spreads the theatrical fire of a fairyland. The

suggestion of mystery, and the supernatural effect, which haunts the forest at all times, is greatly intensified by this unearthly glow.

The redwood trees, which are numberless in the Santa Cruz Valley, will not thrive outside of the state of California, and only in a limited belt in that state. Soil conditions, abundance of oxygen and ozone, and an ocean breeze, seems essential. The wood is rich red in color, of even grain, almost free from knots, and has wonderful lasting properties.

It is said, that there is no pitch, turpentine, volatile nor inflammable properties in the wood, and that houses built of it are rarely destroyed by fire.

The fireproof qualities of this wood impressed Sir Flechsig so strongly that he decided to appeal to the government with a novel suggestion. As paper is now made from wood, he concluded that it might be advisable to have bank note paper made from red wood, so that the public need have no fear of "burning up" their money. Meanwhile, Sir Schulze was figuring out another theory intended to be beneficial to man. Both gentlemen were inspired by their surroundings. Sir Oscar looked long at the tree which had been hollowed out for use as a house, and which still grew; and from this he deducted the idea, that if a young redwood were transplanted into a city, and hollowed out as a hut, it would grow into a magnificent skyscraper within a century, and what an enormous percentage of interest would be the return.

It was unpleasant to contemplate leaving these natural monuments to the universe. They not only have a vegetable force that gives them eternal life, but even a soul that gives them wisdom and foresight, similar to the instincts of animals and the intelligence of men. They know the seasons of the year, and know in advance, when to expect them. They move their enormous branches according to their fancy, and change their dress and clothe themselves in different hues to suit the season and occasion. They take root far down in the depths of the earth where all other prolific vegetation dies.

While we were thus soliloquizing there came the clang of the locomotive bell, urging us to return to the train. All sentiment instantly became dispelled, and there was a merry clatter of feet in the forest as we ran for the gate. The ladies, however, tarried long enough to gather pieces of bark as a lasting, material remembrance of our visit; although the impressions gained, will in themselves, prove lasting souvenirs.

The trip to Santa Cruz was a short one. Here our "Special" awaited us. The same feeling of contentment and delight at meeting an old friend overcame us, for our "home on wheels" had come over another route from San Jose.

Following dinner we inspected the city, which proved to be principally a summer resort. The town nestles in a sharp bend on the northern shore of Monterey Bay, which is 20 miles wide, thereby insuring

good bathing, boating, and fishing. Hotels are plentiful and every attribute that appeals to the heart of the summer vacationist is provided. In the background are the Santa Cruz Mountains. The town was a Mission founded in 1791.

We visited Sea Beach Hotel, a fine hostelry standing on an eminence and commanding an excellent view of the bay and the broad, sloping sand beach. Dotting the wide shelving beach were innumerable tents of many hues, where bathers and visitors find shelter from the sun. It was a veritable city of tents, which were perched upon the shore like flocks of sea gulls.

Neptune Casino is one of the attractive spots at the resort, where music and dancing are nightly in progress. We lingered within its walls a brief time to permit some of the members of our party to engage in "tripping the light fantastic." Two Sir Knights sat nearby and watched the merriment with a furtive glance. They seemed occupied in fanning the young ladies and conversing with them. As the bass viol was bearing on rather hard, the Sir Knights shouted everything they had to say. One of them was talking in a loud and earnest way to a fascinating damsel when the music ceased with a sudden snort, and he was heard to exclaim: "I like to converse with people in whom I take an interest." If the Sir Knight had checked his conversation at the time the music ceased, all might have been well—but he didn't.

During a stroll on the outskirts of town we observed a small wooden structure, from which came forth startling outcries. We stopped to investigate and discovered a colored congregation frantically, but unsucessfully, trying to outyell the minister. The shepherd of the flock was throwing his arms about in wild excitement, as he paced the floor and loudly shrieked. If he were not black his face would have turned red; and if his face was red it would have turned black. We didn't know what particular denomination the worshippers acknowledged, and we didn't dare to inquire.

The parson wore a black suit, which from all appearances had been given to him, or he might have found it hanging on a shutter or some backyard fence. It was the best fit, in a misfit, we had ever seen. The coat went away below his knees, and instead of being buttoned, as a double-breasted coat should, he wore it lapped over, and the button-holes were fastened with safety pins from the left shoulder down. An elephant could have stepped into the legs of the trousers, which were also rolled up a foot or more, at the bottom.

The preacher's discourse was emphatic and he sawed the air like a gladiator. Of course we stood on the outside, and just as it was beginning to get interesting. "My dear frens, bredren and sistern," he said, "de soul ob de black man am as dear in de sight ob—ob———," just then someone yelled—c-h-i-c-k-e-n! There was a skirmish, and

we took "French leave." The local newspapers had an item the following morning, with the headline: "Chicken Disrupts Colored Congregation."

We slept a comfortable sleep upon our "Special" that night, for our train was not scheduled to leave until 11 o'clock in the morning. There were some late arrivals, whom the writer believes were delayed because they desired quiet and lonesome communion with the sad sea waves.

CHAPTER XXII.

VERY little of the next morning was devoted to sleep, for we desired to spend all the time possible in sight-seeing. Bathing engaged the attention of the early risers, and later drives were taken over the many fine roads. The town itself is pretty, yet unpretentious. Nearby is located Capitola, also bordering on the bay, and replete with beautiful woodland scenery. There were several unique, natural bridges, in and about Santa Cruz, formed out of solid rock and through which the waters dash. Noel Heights and Beach Hill are eminences in the rear of the town offering excellent viewpoints from which to scan the surrounding country.

About a half mile from Santa Cruz, on the bay shore, is Twin Lakes, a park owned by California Baptists. Lake Seabright lies on one side of the park and Lake Swan on the other, forming a picturesque resort. Camp-meetings are held here during the summer months.

While strolling along the beach Sir D. B. Watson and Sir Gilchrist not only encountered several Pennsylvanians, but also came upon a stranded actor from Pittsburgh. How the latter managed to walk so far away from home was a question that mystified the Sir Knights. The tragedian placidly pursued his occupation of fishing from one of the docks and gave no outward signs of recognition.

At 11:15 o'clock we had all boarded the "Special" and with a clang of the engine bell, and a final "toot-toot," we departed for Del Monte, which we were destined to reach at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Passing through the bayside towns of Capitola and Aptos, we arrived at Parjaro a few moments after the noon hour. Here we were scheduled to stop 45 minutes, in order to afford the travelers opportunity to secure luncheon.

Many left the train, going into the town, which was located quite a distance from the station. For some unknown reason, after a stop of about 10 or 15 minutes had been made, the engineer sounded his bell vigorously, giving the signal of readiness to start. Immediately the placid town of Parjaro became the scene of great activity. Sir Knights

MONTEREY AND SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

1—Old Mission Church of El Carmelo. 2—Natural Bridge and Cypress Trees. 3—Old Custom House, Monterey, Cal. 4—Midway Point, near Monterey. 5—San Carlos Mission, Monterey, Cal. 6—Wave Motor, Santa Cruz, Cal. 7—First Theatre in California, Monterey, Cal. 8—Cliff drive, Santa Cruz, Cal. 9—The Waves Break, Pacific Coast, Cal. 10–13—High Waves, Natural Bridge, Santa Cruz, Cal. 11—Allegheny "Special" leaving Santa Cruz, Cal. 12—Casino and Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz, Cal.

and ladies were dashing down the road, some of them clung tenaciously to their hamless sandwiches. Others had just begun sipping their soup, when their anticipations were rudely shattered by the sound of the engine bell. None had succeeded in obtaining a meal.

Just as the last breathless diner reached the car steps, a cloud of dust was seen coming down the road, in the center of which was a black speck. A few moments later we perceived that the oncoming object was a carriage, and the engineer was prevailed upon to wait a moment, until we could determine what the trouble was—every member of our party being accounted for.

The carriage came to a sudden stop on the opposite side of a large field, which separated the railway from the road. A figure was seen hurriedly alighting, and without an instant's delay, to come rushing across the field at top speed. Hat in hand, he frantically hailed the engineer to wait; but we could not recognize who it was, for he appeared to have something black over his face. Just as he gained the edge of the field, and we felt that we would learn his identity, he made a leap to clear the fence, but unfortunately misjudged the distance, and clung on a picket most ungracefully by the seat of his trousers. Kicking himself free, he landed on earth again, only to trip over a log in his anxiety to catch the train. When he broke the silence with a shriek that forever removed all doubt of identity: "I heered dat bell aringin, an I dun wan to stay in dis 'ere man's country—no sah!"

It was one of our colored porters who had ventured into the town for a luncheon, drank his soup, and had magnanimously hired a carriage when he heard the call of the engineer. As he came dashing across the field, he looked more like a hired man going after dinner than a porter running away from one. His patrons, who had done much towards his support by having him shine their shoes, reached the train by their own locomotion.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Del Monte and Monterey, both places being in close proximity to one another; not more than a mile separating them.

Del Monte is the Garden of Eden of the 20th century. It was a spot we had longed to see, and our anticipations sought the idealistic, because of the pictures we had seen of its gorgeous beauty. Contrary to custom, the pictures did not do justice to the original. They were not beautiful enough—not fanciful enough—they had not told half the story; nor can words accurately portray the wonderful charms of the landscape gardening that is spread over the 200 acres surrounding the Del Monte Hotel. The beauty, which here arrests the eye, is highly picturesque and ever sublime; the admiration keeps a firm hold on the memory long after many other scenes and impressions have faded away. We had seen many marvelous works of Nature established by Nature

herself, unaided. But here, at Del Monte, we saw the works of Nature aided by the greatest skill that man can command, the best soil the earth can produce, and the most agreeable climate for horticultural splendors. The blending of Nature and art is so complete; and the grace of garden and lawn, of shrubbery and flower-bed, and shining lake, so fits in with the grace of the wilderness, which nowhere has been lost or marred.

The short drive from the station to the hotel carries one through the magnificent lawns of the hostelry. It is but the carpet of Nature stretched out in its most magnificent pattern. Floral creations, which are peculiar to the climate, grow in abundance. Here are wondrous live oaks and "green bay trees," like those of Palestine; young specimens of the Sequoia, California big trees, besides shrubs and trees from all lands, the Arizona garden; the maze with its hedges of Monterey cypresses, and its mile of tangled footpaths. No posy-planted perfume farm of the Rivera could display fields of richer floral beauty than these enchanted gardens. The whole surrounding is bewitching. Every leaf and blade of grass appears to have been brushed, watered, and trimmed every day. Surely the hedges and floral designs were shaped and measured, and their symmetry preserved by the most architectural of gardeners and civil engineers, or some one else exceptionally competent to measure distances without fault. Surely the stately rows of trees that divide the beautiful landscape, the shrubs, the flowers and the leaves, were trained in their growth, and found their places in the beautifully impressive picture, by the use of the plum, level and the square. How else are these marvels of symmetry, beauty and order attained? There is not a fence nor wall to interfere with Nature's own growth. There is no dust, rubbish, or decay within sight—nothing that could possibly suggest neglect. All is orderly, beautiful and fascinating, with a charm that rarely abounds elsewhere than in the childish ideal of fairyland, or the mature impressions of a Paradise.

Reaching the magnificent hotel, which enjoys the patronage of the ultra-fashionable, as well as the casual traveler, we at once entered upon a sight-seeing expedition.

One of the most attractive drives in California is known as the "Seventeen-mile Drive," which leads from Hotel Del Monte over beautiful, smooth, and dustless macadamized roads. Several members of our party took this drive in part. The path winds around Monterey peninsula, passing the Junipero Serra Monument, and the spot where the old Padre and his followers knelt in worship more than a century ago. It passes through Pacific Grove and skirts the bayshore beneath thousand-year-old cypress trees, and offers, at times, a panoramic view of Monterey and the bay, with Fremont's peak in the distance.

A short visit to the old, half-Spanish town of Monterey, offered scenes of the quaintest interest. Monterey was the first capital of Cali-

SCENES AT DEL MONTE, CALIFORNIA.

PICTURESQUE PARKS AND GROUNDS OF THE HOTEL DEL MONTE.

fornia, in the earliest period of Spanish rule, and it was here, in the old adobe house in 1847, that General Fremont raised the first American flag ever sent to the California breeze. The town is a curious mixture of modern architecture and ancient tile-roofed adobe houses of early Spanish days. The old Custom House, erected in 1822, is pointed out to visitors as one of the curiosities, as well as the old whaling station; the old adobe where Jenny Lind once sang; the rose arbor where General Sherman made love; and Colton Hall, where California's first legislature met. The streets are crooked and narrow, and were originally trails.

Near Monterey is Pacific Grove, and the old mission of Carmel which was established in 1771. Hotel El Carmelo, named after the mission, entertains visitors to Pacific Grove. A visit can be made to Lighthouse Point and the Ord Barracks, named for Major General E.O.C.Ord, one of the largest and most important military points in the United States.

On the bayshore, at Monterey, visitors are provided with glass-bottom boats similar to those which have made the Catalina Islands famous. The center of these boats are equipped with glass, and the passengers, seated about, and leaning over a rail provided for the purpose, look through the glass and down into the very bottom of the bay. The waters are very clear and peculiarly magnifying. Every pebble on the bottom of the bay can be clearly seen, while the many peculiar species of sea weed, and the countless number of novel and well known fish, make the trip a highly entertaining and interesting one.

With keen appetites, encouraged by the breezes of Monterey bay and the invigorating climate of the island, we made application at Hotel Del Monte for dinner. From the wide verandas riotous roses clambered to offer a welcome shade, while the interior of the hotel, and the dining halls, were all that a blending of splendor and comfort could make them.

The menu was a most elaborate one, and on a par with the best offered in high class hotels of the larger cities, and superior to many of them. During dinner, a competent orchestra furnished delightful music.

Among diversions provided for the hotel guests are: athletic sports of various kinds, coaching, racing, tennis, basket-ball, football, golf, polo, bathing, rowing, sailing and other outdoor amusements. The Club House, with its billiard rooms and bowling alleys, and the Bathing Pavilion and Sun Tower afford other methods of recreation, while informal dances in the ball rooms, concerts, and other entertainment, for which elaborate preparations are made, provide indoor pastime in the evening.

Following our most satisfying repast, we engaged in many of the diversions offered, until the hour set for our departure. We were so fascinated by the enchanting gardens that we utilized the opportunity to stroll among the maze of flowers and shrubs—a quiet row on Laguna del

Rey, the lake upon the grounds, over which the swan and sea fowl gracefully disport in idle beauty among the lily pads.

Sir John Bader was the most sought-after man in the party that evening. With his training as a florist, (for that is his vocation) he alone was in possession of the identity of the wonderful blooms and flowers that were so strange to us, and so foreign to our home climate. Sir Bader was ready to provide the Latin term for every shrub. However, once in possession of the Latin names, we were still in blissful ignorance.

Finally the hour for departure was at hand. Reluctantly we sauntered to the station. Here we met delegations of the Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia Commanderies, who were also outward bound. In an instant the spirit of good fellowship prevailed with marked enthusiasm, the hills re-echoing with laughter and song. There was but a short time to wait for our respective trains. During the interval, a very informal entertainment was unanimously agreed upon, wherein everyone was compelled to make a speech, tell a story, or sing a song. There were so many in the gathering, that it became necessary to have several speeches made and a number of songs sung at the same time; but this did not appear to detract from the entertainment. Old and young were included in the talent, and the few moments spent at Del Monte station, awakened the hills with the echoes of laughing, chattering, song and frolic.

Our "Special" was the first to leave the station. We had gone but a short distance down the track when our train came to a stop. Many of the ladies and older folks had retired for the night, while the commissary car delegation was still awake—very widely awake.

We had not stopped long, when another train was heard coming down the track. It drew up to a stop on a track directly opposite us, and proved to be the "Special" of one of the other delegations. All was quiet aboard, windows were curtained and silence prevailed. A moment later another "Special" drew up, and stopped on the track on the other side of our "Special." As was the case with the first train, all was quiet aboard.

Realizing that the delegations on board the other trains were endeavoring to go to sleep, the commissary car chorus felt called upon to render a serenade, for they had been told in every state through which they had passed, that their singing "would put anyone to sleep." The truth of this was refuted, however, for when the chorus struck up, and several of our musicians played a vigilant accompaniment on the windows of the two trains, there were many signs of an awakening among our Fraters.

Curtains were slowly raised along the two lines of cars. Heads were seen to tilt sideways to ascertain the cause of the tumult, and finally, realizing that it was not an attack by hostile forces, the windows were

raised, and a tirade of wit and humor flew thick and fast, with the Allegheny "Special" as the center of a double fire.

The final parting came, as the trains started in earnest for their destinations, and with a rousing farewell cheer, we went our way. Our "Special" rode throughout the night and brought us to Santa Barbara on the following morning.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THERE was much joviality in the "stag" coach and commissary car until the night began to fade into morning. It was past midnight when we reached the town of Paso Rubles, and when San Luis Obispo was passed at 3 o'clock, there were none awake but the engineer and a few of the train crew.

From San Luis Obispo to Santa Barbara the railroad passes through a varied country. Cutting across the valley, it spans divides, follows ravines, circles mountains, delves into hills, until it reaches Surf, a town on the rocky shore of the ocean front. From Surf southward, the route lies along the ocean for 100 miles, with points of interest scattered liberally enroute.

It was early in the morning, Sunday, September 11, when the sleeping pilgrims were suddenly aroused by the persistent and urgent calls of one who impatiently paced the aisles, shouting at the top of his voice: "Sunday barber! Sunday barber! Sunday barber! in such rapid succession, that without exception, every one of the sleepers believed the intruder to have called "Santa Barbara," inasmuch as that was our destination.

Sir Aeberli who gave this misleading cry, did so purposely in an effort to insure an early breakfast. As had been the custom he was previously chosen by lot, to serve as barber on that day, and took the opportunity, (it being Sunday) to persistently announce: "Sunday barber," leading the sleepers to believe they had either overslept, or that the train was running several hours ahead of its schedule. There was a quick outpouring from the berths, after which a vigorous search was made for Sir Aeberli, who in some manner managed to make his escape into the furthermost recesses of the commissary car. However, as a result, there was an early breakfast on board the train that morning.

It was 9:30 o'clock when we reached Santa Barbara. The bells of the famous Santa Barbara Mission were tolling. We knew not whether

we were being serenaded, or invited to the mission, for if the invitation was a general one, it must be taken for granted that the residents of Santa Barbara are somewhat dilatory in responding, considering the length of time the mission bells were rung. We immediately engaged carriages and drove through the town and suburbs.

Santa Barbara with its 10,000 inhabitants, is situated as a rectangular parallelogram in that angle of the California coast, where the shore line bends like an elbow at Point Concepcion and trends towards the sunrise. Ribbed and stayed with parallel and transverse mountain ranges, broken and diversified by smiling and sunlit valleys, washed by the sea on both southern and western shores, it is interesting and attractive. Its southern shore constitutes the only considerable east and west trend of coast on the western shore of the United States, hence it is the only shore line in all this western land that faces the sun.

The city of Santa Barbara is situated in the most sheltered nook on this east and west trend of coast. With a southerly exposure, overlooking the warm waters of the Santa Barbara channel, and protected from all chilling winds by the mountain wall of the Santa Yuez range, north of the town. The cooling sea breeze eliminates the heat of summer and flowers bloom, fruits ripen, vegetables grow all the year round.

The Bay of Santa Barbara is renowned for its beauty as that of famed Naples, which it so much resembles. From Point Santa Barbara, where the lighthouse stands like a sentinel in white, eastward to Rincon, the shore sweeps in a circle of uniform curve, 15 miles in length, now with wave-lapped sandy shore, then rising into low bluffs that bound oak-dotted mesas. And the waters ripple on this winterless shore as gently as the wavelets on an island lake.

For yachting and boating the Santa Barbara Channel offers ample sea room, yet so protected by the mountainous island chain on the south and the elevated shore of the mainland on the north, as to be entirely safe at all times. Surf bathing is said to be unexcelled, as the waters are claimed to be free from all undertow. What a field of pleasure for the coming time when the millions that are to throng the Pacific shore shall here find an advantageous and attractive marine playground.

Island and bay, shore, valley and foothills are not the full assets of Santa Barbara. There are heights and beauties beyond, and the towering Santa Yuez, that, like a mighty wall guards this happy valley from Borea's chilling breath, holds within its canyons, gorges and defiles a never-ending series of delights. Trails lead up to its heights and traverse its summits, and wonder and romance lie along the pathway.

Across the channel from Santa Barbara are the mountainous islands of San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz and Anacapa. Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa contain more than 50,000 acres each, but Santa Cruz is the

most picturesque owing to its mountainous character, wonderful caverns and chambers, which the winds and waves through many ages have hollowed out along the precipitous shores. These caves, in which the ebb and flux of the tide make deep bellowings as though some sea-god were manifesting his displeasure at being disturbed by visitors from the outside world, are of unexplored depths; and a brave one is he who, after passing beyond the twilight that comes from the outside world, dares venture into the darkness, whose extent can only be surmised from the startling echoes that come from apparently unfathomable recesses.

Santa Barbara has striking suburban villas and home sites, many of which command fine views from the bluffs, rising to the east and west of the town. Fine roadways make driving a pleasure for these suburbanites.

Santa Barbara was founded in 1782, and of the old Presido no trace remains save some slight mounds where the walls crumbled away years ago. It stood near the intersection of Santa Barbara and Canon Perdido streets, and around it in the early days clustered the adobe dwellings of the pioneer residents, for it was a frontier garrison of Old Spain, and the Spanish flag floated from its walls.

This section of the city is still largely inhabited by Spanish-speaking people who comprise one-sixth of the population. Here are still found quaint adobe homes, some a century old, which stand in bold contrast to the many modern buildings. The old structures were erected before streets were laid out, and without any regard for the points of the compass. The result is a delightfully haphazard arrangement.

Of all the memorials of bygone days there is none in the town of equal interest with the mission building, whose gray towers crown the slope upon which the town rests. It is the only mission of more than a score established on the Pacific Coast, in which the daily ministrations of the Franciscan order has not ceased since its founding, and since its inception in 1786 it has been a landmark to the mariner and a point of interest to the traveler.

We found the mission building to be all that its pictures had implied. The impression of grewsomeness and fearsomeness, with which such buildings are always clothed, prevails in all its completeness. The old building is of plain construction on the Moorish order of architecture. Within the gates, and in the garden, were several long-robed, well-fed and prosperous-looking monks. Here and there we saw one with shaven head, coarse robe, rope girdle and strung with beads, and with feet encased in sandals or entirely bare.

The monks were very accommodating. For a piece of silver they showed us around, and the larger the denomination of the coin presented, the more we saw. Anything from a kind word to a relic of the

building could be purchased. Pieces of old, rusty iron and keys which it was alleged were used a century ago, were offered for sale; and it is astonishing how the supply holds out, considering that these relics have been sold for years.

Sir Craig, who purchased an old key from one of the monks, expressed a desire to secure a chain, explaining as he had purchased the key from the monk, he considered it a monk key. It did not take long to supply our party with "relics" and we found greater interest in viewing the grounds and the old building.

Sir Jack entered the mission and was requested to register. Through force of habit, due to the many hotel stops on our pilgrimage, he handed his umbrella to one of the monks and inquired when dinner would be ready.

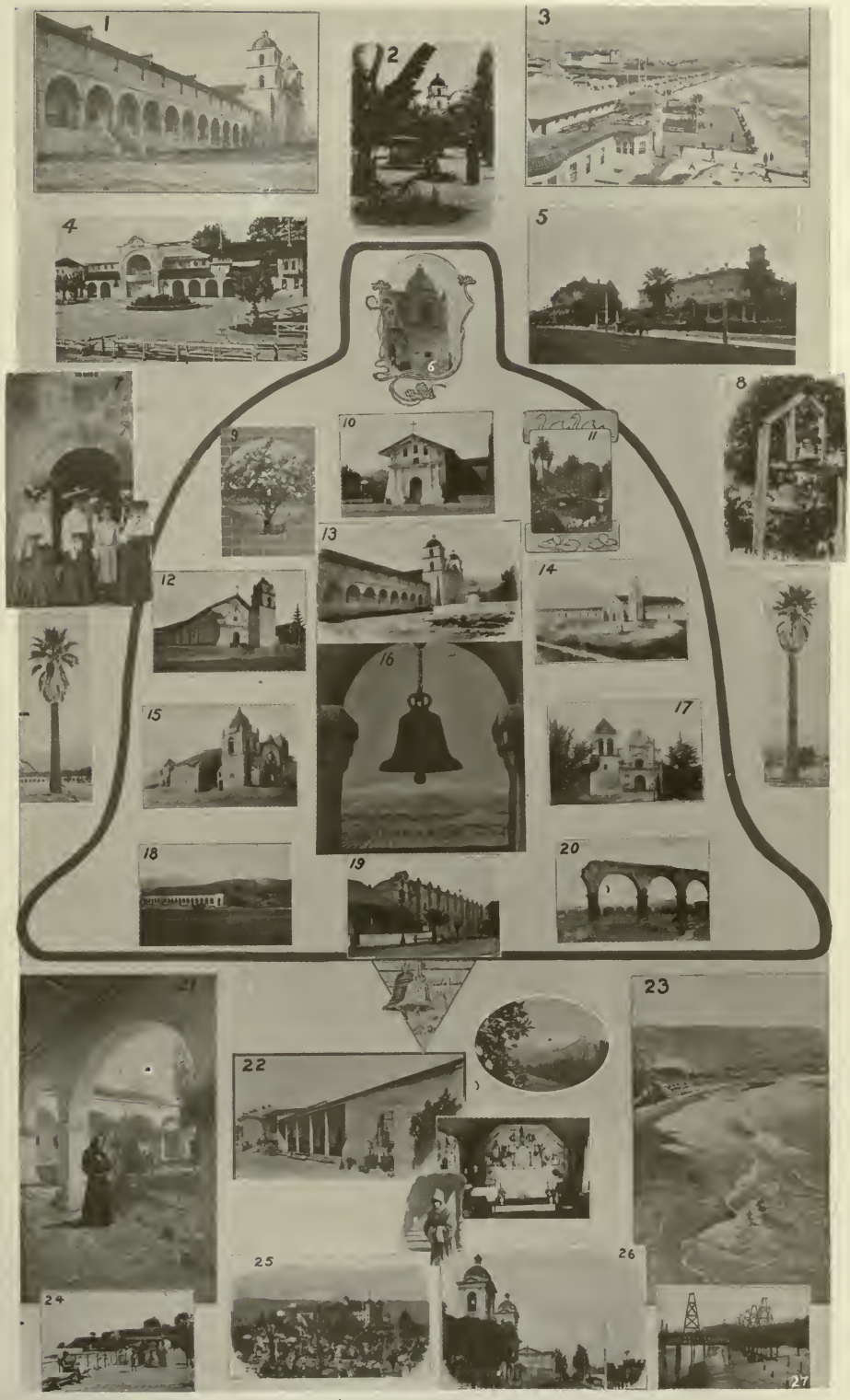
Santa Barbara Mission was long known as the "American Mentone," because of its similarity to the European resort. A curiosity of the neighborhood is La Parra Grande, or the "Great Vine," which has a trunk four feet in diameter and covers a trellis 60 feet square. Its annual average production is 8,000 pounds of grapes. Many legends are told in connection with the history of the old building. It is said that 6,000 Indians are buried within its walls, and that most of these were the early converts of the Franciscan monks.

Naturally, the question most asked by tourists who visit the missions of California, is how and why they came to be erected and by whom. The story is an interesting and romantic one and is well told in a little booklet (California, via the Santa Fe Trail), issued by the Santa Fe railroad, which has been of great value to the writer and is herewith reproduced in part, by the courtesy of the publishers:

STORY OF THE MISSIONS.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the Spanish throne, desiring to encourage colonization of its territory of Upper California, then unpeopled save by native Indian tribes, entered into an arrangement with the Order of St. Francis by virtue of which that order undertook to establish missions in the new country which were to be the nuclei of future villages and cities, to which Spanish subjects were encouraged to emigrate. By the terms of that arrangement the Franciscans were to possess the mission properties and their revenues for 10 years, which was deemed a sufficient period in which to fairly establish the colonies, when the entire property was to revert to the Spanish government. In point of fact the Franciscans were left in undisputed possession for more than a half century.

The monk chosen to take charge of the undertaking was Junipero Serra. Seven years before the Declaration of the Independence of the American Colonies, in the early summer of 1769, he entered the bay of San Diego, 227 years after Cabrillo had discovered it for Spain and 167 years after it had been surveyed and named by Viscaino, during all which preceding time the country had lain fallow. Within two months Serra had founded a mission near the mouth of the San Diego River, which five years after was removed some six miles up the valley to a point about three miles distant from the present city of San Diego. From that time one mission after another was founded, 21 in all, from San Diego along the coast as far north as San Francisco. The more important of these were built of stone and a hard burnt brick that even



SANTA BARBARA, CAL., AND CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

1–13—Mission Santa Barbara, founded 1785. 2-6-7-9-11—Gardens of Santa Barbara Mission. 3—Plaza del Mar and Hotel Potter from Los Banos del Mar. 4—Los Banos del Mar. 5—Arlington Hotel and Annex. 8—The Old Mission Bells. 10—Mission Dolores, San Francisco. 12—Mission San Buena Ventura, in the city of Ventura. 14—The Santa Cruz Mission, as it appeared when it was in the days of its prime. 15—Carmel Mission, near Monterey. 16—Scene from the Belfry, Santa Barbara Mission. 17—Mission San Carlos Borromeo, erected at Monterey in 1804. 18—San Fernando Mission. 19—San Gabriel Mission, seven miles from Los Angeles. 20—Ruins of the Mission at San Juan Capistrano (has recently been partially restored). 21—Mission San Juan Capistrano. 22—Home of Ramona, Camulos. 23—At Santa Barbara. 24—The esplanade at Santa Barbara. 25—Potter Hotel, from the Plaza. 26—Santa Clara Mission and College, Santa Clara, Cal. 27—Among the oil wells, on the beach at Summerland.

now will turn the edge of the finest trowel. The labor of their construction was appalling. Brick had to be burnt, stone quarried and dressed, and huge timbers for rafters brought on men's shoulders from the mountain forests, sometimes 30 miles distant, through rocky canyons and over trackless hills.

The Indians performed most of this labor, under the direction of the monks. These Indians were tractable, as a rule. Once, or twice at most, they rose against their masters, but the policy of the padres was kindness and forgiveness, although it must be inferred that the condition of the Indians over whom they claimed spiritual and temporal authority was a form of slavery, without all the cruelties that usually pertain to enforced servitude.

They were the bondsmen of the padres, whose aim was to convert them to Christianity and civilization, and many thousands of them were persuaded to cluster around the missions, their daughters becoming neophytes in the convents, and the others contributing their labor to the erection of the enormous structures that occupied many acres of ground and to the industries of agriculture, cattle raising, and a variety of manufactures. There were, after the primitive fashion of the time, woolen mills, wood-working and blacksmith shops, and such other manufactories as were practicable in the existing state of the arts, which could be made profitable.

The mission properties soon became enormously valuable, their yearly revenues sometimes amounting to $2,000,000. The exportation of hides was one of the most important items, and merchant vessels from our own Atlantic seaboard, from England and from Spain, sailed to the California coast for cargoes of that commodity. Dana's romantic and universally read "Two Years Before the Mast," is the record of such a voyage. He visited California more than a half century ago, and found its quaint Spanish-Indian life full of the picturesque and romantic.

The padres invariably selected a site favorable for defense, commanding views of entrancing scenery, on the slopes of the most fertile valleys, and convenient to the running water which was the safeguard of agriculture in a country of sparse and uncertain rainfall. The Indians, less warlike in nature than the roving tribes east of the Rockies, were almost universally submissive. If there was ever an Arcadia it was surely there and then. Against the blue of the sky, unspotted by a single cloud through many months of the year, snow-crowned mountains rose in dazzling relief, while oranges, olives, figs, dates, bananas, and every other variety of temperate and sub-tropical fruit which had been introduced by the Spaniards, ripened in a sun whose ardency was tempered by the dryness of the air into an equability like that of June, while the regularly alternating breeze that daily swept to and from the ocean and mountain made summer and winter almost indistinguishable seasons, then as now, save for the welcome rains that characterize the latter.

At the foot of the valley, between the mountain slopes, and never more than a few miles away, the waters of the Pacific rocked placidly in the brilliant sunlight or broke in foam upon a broad beach of sand. In such a scene Spaniard and Indian plied their peaceful vocations, the one in picturesque national garb, the other almost innocent of clothing, while over and around them lay an atmosphere of sacredness which even to this day clings to the broken arches and crumbling walls. Over the peaceful valleys a veritable angelus rang. The mellow bells of the mission churches summoned dusky hordes to ceremonial devotion. Want and strife were unknown.

It is true they had their trials. Earthquakes which have been almost unknown in California for a quarter of a century, were then not uncommon, and were at times disastrous. Rio de los Temblores was the name of a stream derived from the frequency of earth rockings in the region through which it flowed; and in the second decade of our century the dreaded *temblor* upset the 120-foot tower of the Mission San Juan Capistrano and sent it crashing down through the roof upon a congregation, of whom nearly 40 perished. Those, too, were lawless times upon the main. Pirates, cruising the South Seas in quest of booty, hovered about the California coast, and then the mission men stood to their arms, while the women and children fled to the interior canyons with their portable treasures. One buccaneer, Bouchard, repulsed in his attempt upon Dolores and Santa Barbara, descended successfully upon another mission and dwelt there riotously for a time, carousing and destroying such valuables as he could not carry away, while the entire population quaked in the forest along the Rio Trabuco. This was the same luckless San Juan Capistrano, six years after the earthquake visitation. Then, too there were bickerings of a political nature, and struggles for place, after the rule of Mexico had succeeded to that of Spain, but the common people troubled themselves little with such matters.

The end of the Franciscan dynasty came suddenly with the secularization of the mission property by the Mexican government to replete the exhausted treasuries of Santa Ana. Sadly the monks forsook the scene of their long labors, and silently the Indians melted away into the wilderness and the darkness of their natural ways, save such as had intermarried with the families of Spanish soldiers and colonists. The churches are now, for the most part, only decayed legacies and fragmentary reminders of a time whose like the world will never know again. Save only three or four, preserved by reverent hands, where modern worshippers, denationalized and clad in American dress, still kneel and recite their orisons, the venerable ruins are forsaken by all except the tourist and the antiquarian, and their bells are silent forever. There is hardly a more noteworthy name in the annals of California than that of Junipero Serra, and in heroic endeavor there is no more signal instance of absolute failure than his who founded the California missions, aside from the perpetuation of his saintly name. They accomplished nothing so far as can now be seen.

The descendants of their converts, what few have survived contact with the Anglo-Saxon, have no discoverable worth, and, together with the greater part of the original Spanish population, have faded away, as if a blight had fallen upon them.

But so long as one stone remains upon another, and a single arch of the missions still stands, an atmosphere will abide there, something that does not come from mountain, or vale, or sea, or sky; the spirit of consecration, it may be; but if it is only the aroma of ancient and romantic associations, the suggestion of a peculiar phase of earnest and simple human life and quaint environment that is forever past, the mission-ruins must remain among the most interesting monuments in all our varied land, and will amply repay the inconsiderable effort and outlay required to enable the tourist to view them. San Diego, the oldest; San Duis Rey, the most poetically environed; San Juan Capistrano, of most tragic memory; San Gabriel, the most imposing and Santa Barbara, the most perfectly preserved, will suffice the casual sightseer. These also lie comparatively near together, and are all easily accessible; the first three being located on or adjacent to the railway line between Los Angeles and San Diego, the fourth standing but a few miles from the first named city, and the fifth being almost in the heart of the famous resort that bears its name.

Reluctantly will the visitor tear himself from the encompassing charm of their roofless arches and reminiscent shadows. They are a dream of the Old World, indifferent to the sordidness and turbulence of the New; one of the few things that have been spared by a relentless past, whose habit is to sweep the things of yesterday into oblivion. Almost can one hear the echoes of their bells ringing out to heathen thousands the sunset and the dawn.

Returning from our interesting drive, we visited the beach; some donned bathing suits and entered the surf while others sought a swimming pool nearby. Among the latter were Sirs Reese Tannehill, William G. Lee and Robert J. Graham.

The three pilgrims were equipped with bathing suits at the pool and sought their respective dressing rooms. Shortly after, Sirs Reese and Robert emerged and splashed gracefully about in the pool. Evidently Sir Lee's appearance had been delayed. After a patient wait Sirs Reese and Robert became anxious and urgently called: "Hurry up, Bill!" for the hour of our departure was near at hand and the bath had to be a hurried one. But "Bill" never answered.

Meanwhile, Sir Lee was experiencing a most trying ordeal. The young lady who doled out the bathing suits, had made a grievous error. She had given him a boy's size! With one leg and one arm in the suit, and a portion of it tightly drawn over his face, Sir Lee was vigorously, but unsuccessfully struggling in his dressing room, while Sirs Tannehill and Graham were urging him to appear. In vain he

tried to extricate himself, realizing that train time was approaching and fearing that he would be left behind in the toils of one half of a bathing suit.

Meanwhile, Sirs Tannehill and Graham had leisurely finished their bath, believing Sir Lee had withdrawn. The former made inquiry at the door of Sir Lee's room, and hearing a noise within, entered and rescued their brother Sir Knight from the meshes of the "youth's companion." After completing his dry bath, Sir Lee returned his suit to the lady and inquired if he looked like an infant. "Why I gave you a boy's suit—didn't I," she admitted with a smile, "do you want your money back?" "Never mind! I had a turkish bath that was worth the money," replied Sir Lee as he hurried off.

While the tragedy of Sir Lee's bath was being enacted at the swimming pool, a drama of a reverse nature took place on the beach. Sir Biddle, who is very fond of shells, was enjoying himself along the water's edge, gathering all sorts of pretty specimens. He had accumulated a sufficient number to test his carrying ability, when he spied an exceptionally fine one lying a few feet out, where the surf was scarcely a half inch deep. Walking out boldly, Sir Biddle did not observe the playful wave which was stealthily approaching and rolling shoreward in a deceptive manner. Eventually he did observe it, but not until it came upon him with such a vigor as to completely envelop him, and leave standing upon the shore a drenched looking individual. He wrung out his clothes as best he could, and lay in the sun to dry.

Following luncheon at Hotel Potter, the signal to board the train was given. As the engineer was ready to pull open the throttle, a call to halt was heard, coming from an approaching passenger train. Before we could give our visions play, we heard a laugh—then the identity was complete! It was Sir Oscar Schulze and his party. They had heard the call while still at luncheon, immediately ordered a carriage and gave instructions to be driven to the station. There were two stations, and they were hurried to the wrong one, and found another train ready to pull out. Fortunately it was compelled to make a stop at the station where our "Special" had lain in waiting and they realized their mistake in time to hail us and get safely within the fold before we started. There was a general jollification upon finding the "lost" members of our "big, happy family" in which the missing shared with equal enthusiasm as those who had been temporarily bereft.

The trip from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles was replete with interest and offered such scenic diversions as to make the four and one-half hour ride a pleasant one.

For many miles the train hugged the ocean shore, and for a stretch

of 30 miles we were at the very edge of the water, affording an interesting view of sail boats, bathers and the breakers. Passing through Summerland, while skirting the ocean, we were afforded one of the most curious sights the country can produce—that of oil wells in the ocean. Marine oil wells, they are called. Derricks are erected out in the water, and stand defiantly as the breakers dash against them. From a distance and to the unacquainted, they give the appearance of being piers for some structure to be erected out over the water. It is said that the oil is of high grade and that little drilling is necessary, because it lies close to the surface. From Summerland station 400,000,000 pounds of crude oil were shipped during the year 1903.

Sir W. G. Reel, (who is an oil operator) in whose honor we had designated oil as "the Reel thing," was much interested in the marine oil wells. The feat of procuring oil out of water appealed to him as a profitable undertaking, and he declared his intentions of trying it when he arrived home.

San Buenaventura, or Ventura as it is more commonly called, is an interesting town of 5,000 inhabitants, which we passed before sighting Montalvo, where is located one of the largest beet sugar factories in the world. Nearby is Santa Paula, whose fame lies in its orange, lemon and English walnut groves, while Sespe, a few miles distant, is an oil town.

Camulos is "the home of Ramona," for it was in the old Del Valle home in this place, that Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson wrote her famous Indian novel of that name.

After viewing "the home of Ramona" Johnston gave expression to his feelings and declared that he felt more reconciled to his own birthplace. "Comparin' de house where I wuz born," he said, "I ain't got no reason fur to complain. Ramoney wuz not born in a house as big as I wuz and fur de high tone of front yard and chicken, I'se got 'em faded. De day am not far away dat I'se be more a shinin' light to de literary world as Ramoney ever dreamed—What you think Mas'er Herbert?"

"That's right, Johnston—give me a ham sandwich."

With but rare exception, the entire length of track from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles was lined with wild and cultivated flowers, while immense palms kept company with the track most of the way. The effect was delightful, with the restless ocean on one side, and the many-colored flowers and shrubs on the other.

Reaching Saugus, which is but 25 miles from Los Angeles, we caught sight of the immense olive groves, which comprise several thousand acres with more than 100,000 full bearing trees. Entering the San Fernando Valley, not far from the old mission of that name, we pass through many pretty horticultural communities, the way leading quickly to the much-lauded city of fruit, flower and sunny clime; of mountain

and shore; land of paradoxes, where winter is the season of bloom and fruitage, and summer is Nature's time for slumber.

The metropolis of this land of sunshine and productiveness is La Puebla de la Nuestra Senora la Reine de Los Angeles, or "the City of Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels," a lengthy title which was conferred during Spanish sovereignty, and which the matter-of-fact American very wisely shortened into Los Angeles. It was this city that our "happy family" entered, shortly after 8 o'clock, with a vivid preconception of the splendors and interest it had to offer.

Upon our arrival we sought the principal streets, to stroll, to look and to admire. The city was well lighted, not only by electricity provided for that purpose, but also with special illuminations, designed in honor of the visiting Sir Knights, who came from all sections of the country before and after the Conclave. Los Angeles was the first city in the United States to entirely abandon gas for street lighting and replace it with electricity. Many of the lights are on high masts, and can be seen for miles around, while a distant view of the city at night is impressive.

There are not many cities in the United States that have had such a remarkable and varied history as Los Angeles, the chief city of Southern California, and the commercial metropolis of the southwestern corner of the United States. Few cities of this size, moreover, are so well known throughout the length and breadth of this country and abroad. The rapid growth of Los Angeles from an insignificant semi-Mexican town to a metropolitan city has been told and retold, until it is familiar to millions of Americans, the attractions afforded by the city to health seekers, pleasure seekers and tourists have been spread abroad by hundreds and thousands of visitors, who, after one trip to this section, are in most cases anxious to return, and frequently become permanent residents.

During the last 20 years Los Angeles has grown from a population of 11,000 in 1880 to 102,479 by the census of 1900. The present population is estimated at 150,000. There are three leading features that have contributed to such growth. These are climate, soil and location. Any one of these advantages would be sufficient to build up a large city, but taken together they insure the future of Los Angeles as the metropolis of the southwestern portion of the United States.

Los Angeles was founded on September 4, 1781, by a small band of pobladores, or colonists, who had been recruited in the Mexican States of Simaloa and Sonora, and brought here under command of a government officer to found an agricultural colony for the purpose of raising produce for the soldiers at the presidios. The first census of the little city taken in 1790 gave the total population as 141. As recently as 1831,

fifty years after founding the pueblo, the population was only 770. In January, 1847, the population was 1,500. In 1880 business was dull and there was no sign that the city was on the eve of a marvelous growth. Five years later, on November 9, 1885, the last spike was driven in the Atlantic and Pacific Railway at the Cajon Pass, thus completing a new overland route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and providing Los Angeles with competition in overland railroad transportation. From that time the growth of the city was wonderfully rapid. The great real estate boom of 1886-7 is a matter of history, as is also the wonderful manner in which Los Angeles held up under the reaction that inevitably followed the collapse of the over speculation of that period.

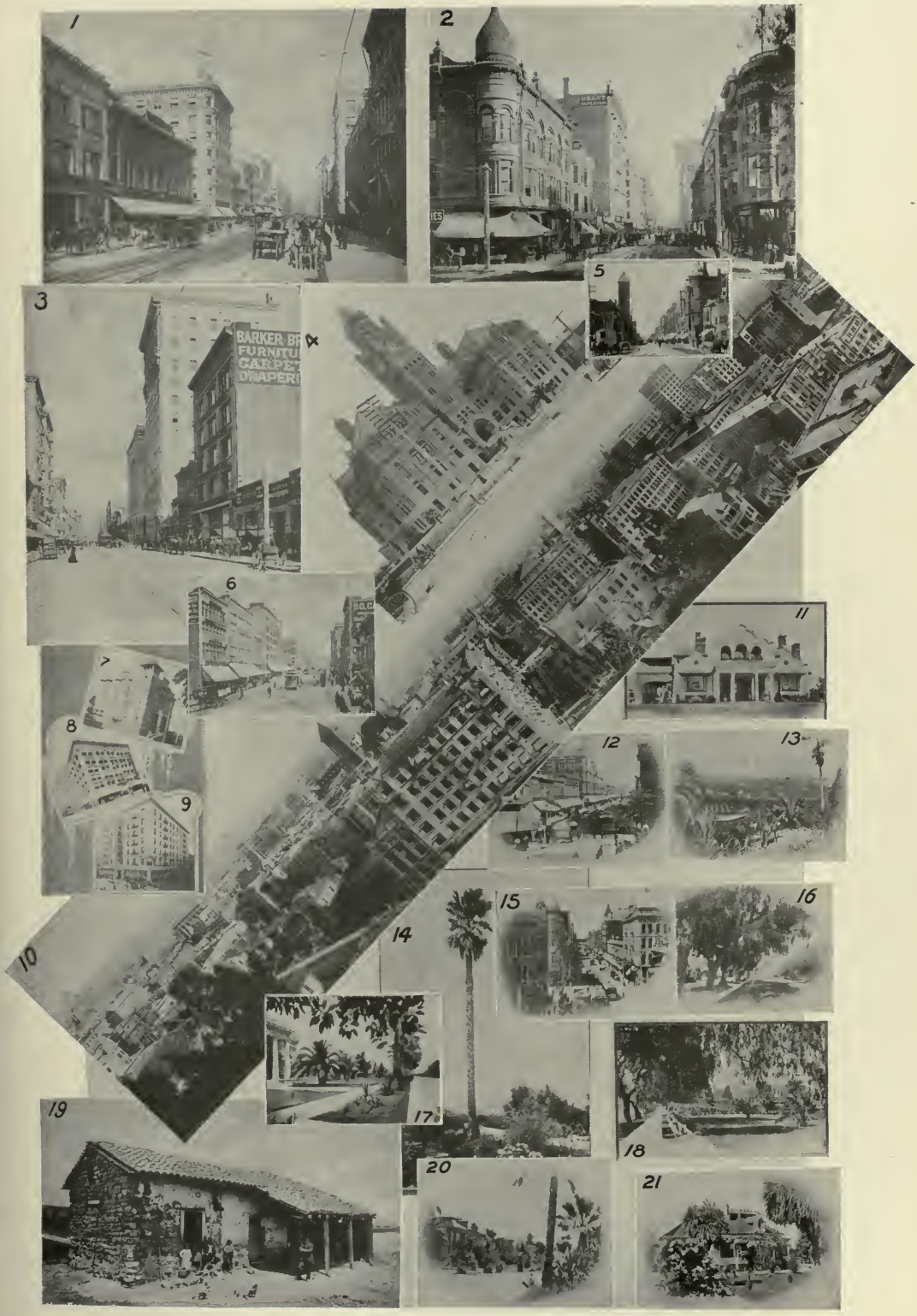
Considering that fifteen years ago there was not a single paved street in the city, Los Angeles has made a remarkable progress in street improvements. There are now about 250 miles of graded and graveled streets, over 20 miles of paved streets, nearly 400 miles of cement and asphalt sidewalk and 175 miles of sewer. Los Angeles has a complete sewer system, including an outfall to the ocean.

The city possesses the great natural advantage of being situated on the shortest route by the easiest grades, between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. The merchants of Los Angeles do a large business with a section of country extending from the eastern limits of Arizona to Fresno on the north. The principal articles of export are fruits, fresh and dried, potatoes and vegetables, beans, wine and brandy, wool, honey, canned goods, sugar, wheat, corn and barley.

For a dozen years past Los Angeles has been the scene of great activity in building operations. Scores of fine business blocks and hundreds of handsome residences have been built. The value of the buildings erected in Los Angeles during the year 1903 amounted to over $13,000,000. The city lies about midway between the Sierra Madre range of mountains and the ocean, and about 300 feet above sea level. The Los Angeles River, which is almost devoid of water during the summer but is sometimes transformed into a torrent for a few days in winter, runs through the city from north to south. In the northern and western portion of the city limits are hills of considerable altitude, from which a magnificent view may be obtained of the surrounding valleys, with the ocean in the distance, the picture being framed on the north by a succession of grand old mountains.

The southern and southwestern portions of the city are level, with a gentle slope to the southwest. Across the river is the section known as Boyle Heights, a high gravelly table of mesa land.

There are a dozen public parks within the city limits, aggregating over 600 acres, of which six are of considerable size. Westlake Park, 35 acres in area, is one of the most popular open air resorts. It has a



LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

1-5-6—Broadway. 2—Fourth Street. 3—South Spring Street. 4—Court House. 7—Hotel Pepper. 8—The Van Nuys. 9—The Angelus. 10—Bird's eye view of Los Angeles. 11—A Mission Style Residence. 12—Looking North on Spring from First. 13—From Sunshine to Snow. 14—Palm Tree. 15—Looking South on Spring from First. 16—Adams Street. 17-18—A Residence Street. 19—A Mexican Home. 20—Chester Place. 21—A Beautiful Home.

lake with boats, fine drives and extensive views from the adjacent hills. Eastlake Park in Los Angeles covers 50 acres and has been made quite attractive. Here also is a lake. The park nurseries are located here and also a menagerie. Prospect Park, on Boyle Heights, is a small but beautiful place, with many choice trees and shrubs. The oldest and best improved of the city parks on Sixth street, not far from the business center, is known as Central Park. The trees have attained a large growth. Hollenbeck Park is a tract of about 20 acres, on the east side of the river on Boyle Heights. It has been improved with shade trees and a small lake. Echo Park, a beautifully improved tract in the northwestern part of the city, contains the largest body of water in Los Angeles. Elysian Park, 500 acres in area, is a remnant of thousands of acres of such land that the city formerly owned. Much of the land is within the frostless belt. The views of mountains, valleys and ocean, city and plain are grand in the extreme. Griffith Park, a tract of 3,000 acres, was donated to the city. It is located about a mile north of the city, and embraces a varied assortment of mountain, foothill and valley scenery. A boulevard to connect the parks of Los Angeles has been commenced.

The excellent electric street car system of Los Angeles, which is said to be unexcelled in this country, has done much to encourage the growth of the city. In addition to the lines within the city limits the system connects with Pasadena, Santa Monica, San Pedro, Redonda, Long Beach and Ocean Park, while plans have been adopted which promise 450 miles of suburban electric roads radiating around Los Angeles in all directions.

After all is said the chief attraction of Los Angeles to new arrivals, lies in its beautiful homes. The rare beauty of the grounds surrounding the attractive homes of Los Angeles, Pasadena and other Los Angeles county cities is a constant theme of admiration on the part of eastern visitors. A majority of the residences stand in spacious grounds, a lot of 50x150 feet being the smallest occupied by a house of any pretension, even within a stone's throw of the business streets. Many have from one to five acres of ground, all in a high state of cultivation, with well kept verdant lawns, upon which the fig, orange and palm cast a grateful shade. Along the sides of the streets shade trees are also the rule, the favorite varieties being the graceful pepper, which grows to a great size, the eucalyptus and the grevilla.

The almost universal material for residences in Southern California is woodpine and redwood, the latter being used altogether for outside and largely for inside finish. This material, while amply sufficient for the climate, lends itself to graceful decoration undreamed of to those who have been accustomed to houses of brick and stone.

The development of the horticultural industry of Los Angeles during the past few years has been remarkable. The most important horticultural product of the county is the orange. Other fruits raised in Los Angeles are the lemon, almond, fig, prune, apricot, walnut, peach, pear and berries.

The shipment of citrus fruits from Southern California points for a season are estimated at 27,500 carloads. A large portion of these shipments are contributed by Los Angeles county. Floriculture is also an important and rapidly growing industry in Southern California.

The school facilities of Los Angeles are especially good. Besides the complete system of public schools, private schools and colleges abound in Los Angeles, Pasadena and other towns. Most of the leading religious denominations are represented, not only by churches, but also by one or more religious colleges.

There is not a secret society of any importance that is not represented. Los Angeles society is cosmopolitan, every State in the Union, and almost every country in the world, being numerously represented.

To find evidences of the old Spanish life one must now seek in the most remote corners of the city. One can find the Spanish quarter, and in it a few unkempt houses and elements of the picturesque. One may find a restaurant or two, in the heart of the city, where English is spoken and broken by dark-skinned girls who stand ready to introduce the patrons into the mysteries of chili con carne, frijoles, or tortillas.

Senores, senoras and senoritas are plentifully encountered upon the streets, but are not in general distinguished by any peculiarity of attire. Upon the borders of the city one finds more vivid types, and there the jacal, a poor mud hovel thatched with straw, is not quite extinct. The words Spanish and Mexican are commonly used in California to distinguish a racial difference. Not a few of the Spanish soldiery and colonists originally took wives from among the native Indians. Their offspring has had its charms for later comers of still other races, and a complexity of mixture has resulted.

The term Mexican is generally understood to apply to this amalgamation, those of pure Castilian descent preferring to be known as Spanish. The latter, numerically a small class, represent high types, and the persistency of the old strain is such that the poorest Mexican is to a certain manner born. He wears a contented mein, as if his Diogenes-tub and his imperceptible larder were regal possessions, and he does not easily part with dignity and self-respect.

Returning from our drive we sought our "Special," which had been side-tracked for the night. During our absence, other Commanderies, with special trains had arrived and soon there was a large colony of "hotels on wheels" perched about on all available sidings. There was a

great advantage in these movable hostelries, for if one did not like the neighborhood in which his hotel was situated, it could quickly and easily be moved.

The usual "open meeting" was held in our commissary car that night, though not with the extreme enthusiasm that had marked these occasions in the past, for everyone was more or less fatigued after the activities of the day.

One sad feature of the night was the necessity of establishing an emergency hospital on board the train, with Sir Kreps as house physician, surgeon and nurse, and Sir Biddle as the patient.

While making the ride from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles Sir Biddle became deeply interested in the many specimens of cactus growing along the track. He had seen cactus before, when we crossed the desert, but he did not know "what sort of an animal" it was at close range. So he decided to capture one "alive."

When the "Special" made one of its short stops en route, Sir Biddle seized his long waited opportunity, and rushing out surrounded a cactus —with his hands. Then he closed in upon it with a suddenness that must have surprised the cactus, as much as the cactus surprised him.

"It bit me," he yelled as he rushed to the train firmly clutching the plant, while blood flowed from the many wounds made by the sharp and piercing needles, with which the cactus leaves were covered.

He was given temporary relief, but that night aboard the train, the wounded hands began to show further signs of inflammation and became quite painful. Sir Kreps, whose reputation as a poultice-maker is unequaled, and whose good-nature is boundless, spent the greater portion of the night in relieving the suffering pilgrim, and it must be said in all fairness and justice to Dr. Kreps, that his patient survived through the night.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OUR itinerary for the day included a visit to Mt. Lowe, Pasadena, and the Ostrich Farm at South Pasadena, and with this program before us, an early start was made. After a delightful car ride which carried us past Pasadena and through a rich agricultural country, we arrived at the foot of Mount Echo. Here we boarded the cable incline to the summit of that mountain, as a preparatory trip to Mt. Lowe.

The ride through Rubio Canyon is one of great interest. Beautiful view of valley and ocean are afforded during the first portion of the

two and one-half mile ride, and as the route enters the canyon, picturesque rocks and streamlets are passed and crossed until the cable incline is reached at a point 2,200 feet above the sea. Trees, shrubs, flowers and ferns grow in wild confusion on the mountain side, while Mirror Lake, a small but beautiful body of water, is located near the foot of the incline.

The cable incline, which makes the sharp ascent up Echo Mountain, is operated by the novel application of both electric and water power. It is 3,000 feet in length and has a grade of 62 per cent. The steepness of this grade can better be realized, when one understands that a 62 per cent grade means a rise of 62 feet in going forward 100 feet.

The view in ascending is indescribably grand. The motion of the car is smooth. At first, the mountains composing the Rubio amphitheater appear to rise with the car. Passing through Granite Gorge—an immense cut in the mountain slope—and over Macpherson trestle—a bridge 200 feet long—the San Gabriel Valley unfolds its incomparable charms, and, as the elevation increases the view expands to its fullest glory.

Once upon the crest of Echo Mountain, the discovery is made that the mountain is dissevered from the main range with the exception of a small "saddle." The view of the ever verdant valleys, cities, towns, villages, old missions, islands, and ocean is a remarkable one. A comfortable hotel is located on the mountain, while the Lowe Observatory is situated on a slope above. The site is said to be an exceptionally good one for astronomical research. Here many discoveries have been made, under the direction of Prof. Edgar L. Larkin.

From the top of Echo Mountain begins the Alpine division of the railroad to Alpine Tavern; a section of electric road that is five miles long, and without exception the finest scenic railroad in this or any other country. Built on an easy grade, over a road bed which is an almost continuous shelve of granite, upon which rest redwood ties, this scenic railroad winds its way around Mt. Lowe, leaping over chasms and canyons by means of unique bridges, circling mountainous projections, and passing through granite walls and offering a view of the valleys and country thousands of feet below. Pikes' Peak and other noted mountain tops offer enchanting distant views, but the Mt. Lowe railroad, winding itself around and around the mountain side, offers a direct downward, as well as out-reaching view, that is distinctly its own. Whole Southern California seems spread out beneath. Distant Catalina Islands and the more remote Channel Islands, off Santa Barbara, are clearly and distinctly in view.

The cars go swinging along the precipitous flanks of the rugged mountain and around such startling curves, bold headlines, sharp angled rock piles, and amazing bridges and trestles, that the unacquainted is

LOS ANGELES—PASADENA—SAN BERNARDINO—CORONADO—MT. LOWE—CATALINA ISLANDS—SAN DIEGO—SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA.

1—A Pigeon Farm. 2—Lake Baldwin's Ranch. 3—Oranges near the snow fields. 4—Pasadena Homes. 5-10—Orange Grove Avenue, Pasadena. 6—Field of Calla Lillies. 7—The Great Pier, Port Los Angeles. 8—E Street, San Bernardino. 9—Mission San Juan Capistrano, founded 1776. 11—The Booming Surf at Coronada. 12—Sea of Clouds. 13—Mission San Gabriel, founded 1771. 14—Sun Motor, Cawston Ostrich Farm. 15-16—Cawston Ostrich Farm, South Pasadena. 17—Mt. Lowe Incline Railway. 18—Granite Gate, Alpine Extension, Mt. Lowe Road. 19—View of the San Gabriel Valley, from Mt. Lowe Road. 20-22—Car on Circular Bridge, Mt. Lowe Road. 23—On the Trail, Echo Mountain. 21—Seal Rocks—Catalina Islands. 24—Caught with rod and reel (390 lbs.) Santa Catalina Islands. 25—Avalon, Santa Catalina Islands. 27—Sugar Loaf, Santa Catalina Islands. 35—Drive to Middle Ranch. 36—Flying Fish. 37—Catalina Tuna. 38—Arch Rock. 28—San Diego, Cal. 29—Street Scene, San Diego, Cal. 30—Inner Harbor, San Pedro. 31—San Pedro Harbor. 32-34—Boating Terminal Island. 33—Point Firmin Light House, San Pedro.

prone to suffer fear and nervousness, though every assurance of safety is given. On portions of the division, loops are made around the canyons in such number, and the track turns and twists in such a maze, that at times one can look down and count nine different tracks over which the car has passed before reaching the upper altitude. At almost every stage of the journey one can look down and see the tracks of the road passing one another.

The picturesque route is through dense forests of luxuriant wood. Foliage is heavy and sweet-smelling. The whole journey is alluring and thrilling. On one side of the road there rises the towering mountain side, while on the other lies immeasurable depths that find their end in the valleys and canyon-bottoms below.

For the first half mile there is little to excite the passenger, but as the cars suddenly begin their sharp and abrupt climb, one enters a veritable world of shrubbery and woodland. Spinning around the mountain the cars shoot ever upward zigzaging over trestles and bridges and round curves innumerable.

Twisting, circling, dodging, but ever rising, it unthreads the skein whose end lies in the clouds. Skirting over the open slopes, across the ravines and canyons, the broad plain below is no longer a fleeting vista, but a broad prospect. You can see the forest spilling itself upon the field as you look far below, and catch a faint glimpse of the Pacific Ocean, which appears as a hazy cloud of steel.

Up and up we went, holding firmly to the car with one hand, and clasping our hat with the other. At Mt. Lowe Springs, a point 5,000 feet above sea level, the unique scenic railway came to an end. Here is located Alpine Tavern, a cosy Swiss-fashioned hotel nestling in the mountain side, and about 1,000 feet below the summit of the mountain. About the tavern grew trees in the wildest profusion, as well as every variety of fern, some of the species growing to the height of a man.

Walks, driveways and bridle paths led the visitor from the hotel through romantic woodland. Squirrels, the size of which we had never seen, pranced about playfully, and while somewhat tame, did not place enough confidence in man to approach too closely.

An interesting example of the taming of the wild was exhibited on the balconies of the hotel. A lady, seated reading a book, held a piece of sugar in the palm of her outstretched hand. Shortly, several birds of various species were attracted, and after circling about in smaller and smaller radius, alighted on her finger and ate from her hand. The birds watched her face intently, and when she looked up from her book and at them—off they flew. Again she turned her eyes to her book and the birds were back again.

After an interesting jaunt about the tavern we started on the return

trip. The descent was not less interesting than the ascent. In fact there was a deeper sense of the thrilling, as we went whirling down the mountain side to the depths below. Arriving at the foot of Mount Echo, we returned over the same route which we came and stopped at Pasadena, a thriving modern city of 20,000 inhabitants. For the origin of the name you may choose between the imputed Indian signification, Crown of the Valley, and a corruption of the Spanish Paso de Eden (Threshold of Eden). It is in any event the crown of the San Gabriel Valley, which nestles warmly in its groves and rosebowers below lofty bulwarks tipped with snow. Here an eastern multitude makes regular winter home in modest cottage or imposing mansion. Every fruit and flower and every ornamental tree and shrub known to Southern California is represented in the elaborate grounds of this little realm. It is a playground of wealth.

Orange Grove avenue is one of the most beautiful residence thoroughfares in the United States, or in any other country, for that matter. The magnificent Raymond Hotel on the hill is a prominent landmark for many miles around. The Hotel Green, adjoining the depot of the Santa Fe, is a fine specimen of California architecture. Another notable edifice is Hotel Maryland, recently built. The visitor to Pasadena finds it difficult to believe that less than thirty years ago the site of this beautiful city, then known as the San Pasqual rancho, was sold to the "Indiana Colony" for $5 an acre, and the seller afterward expressed contrition at having taken advantage of the "tenderfeet" in charging so exorbitant a price.

One of the most pleasing features of our visit to Pasadena was the reception tendered us and hospitality shown by the local Commandery. It was on this occasion that Sir William exhibited a staunch temperance spirit, that could not have been put to a more severe test. He visited one of the wineries whose daily capacity was 75 tons of grapes. Sir William witnessed the process of making wine with great interest, saw the huge casks being rapidly filled, and where sufficient wine was stored to supply a nation. Then he went to the Pasadena Commandery headquarters to secure some lemonade and cake.

After a short but delightful stay in Pasadena we visited South Pasadena and Ostrich Farm. Amid semi-tropical surroundings this unique enterprise finds its home. In 1885 fifty ostriches were imported from Africa and formed the foundation of a flock that numbered 250 during our visit. The care of the young, and the method of extracting plumes from the old, were of much interest. The chicks are fed on gravel during the first few days and seemed to thrive on it. Spectators are not permitted to venture near, for the ostrich often becomes angered, and when so aroused, is somewhat dangerous. They also have a great fancy for anything that shines, and are inclined to steal and eat such

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

1—San Gabriel Mission. 2—California Poppy. 3—Los Angeles Mission and the Plaza. 4—Hollenbeck Park. 5—City Park. 6—West Lake Park. 7-12-16—East Lake Park. 8—A Cluster of Oranges. 9—Baldwin's ranch, showing "Lucky" Baldwin. 10—A Rose covered Cottage. 11-14—Figueroa Street. 13—A Palm Drive. 15—St. James Park. 17—Residence of Paul De Longpre. 18—A Typical Southern California semi-tropic scene. 19—Palm Avenue. 20—Adams Street.

objects, whether they be portions of wearing apparel or not. Hanley would not venture within 50 yards of an ostrich when he heard of their fondness for glittering objects, as he had his shoes polished prior to leaving Pasadena. Johnston held his hand over his nose, which had become sunburned and shone like Sir Oscar's stud.

A brick is just as toothsome to an ostrich as a plate of tri-colored ice cream. The birds swallow everything whole, and depend upon their stomachs to do the mastication as well as digestion. Oranges are gulped down whole, without the formality of taking off the rind. We suggested to the proprietor that he take his birds and board them at the inn, on the border of the Yellowstone Park, but he declared that even an ostrich might die of shock.

The peculiarity of the bird in swallowing everything whole, is clearly shown by the bulge in the side of the neck which each article forms, before it works its way down into the stomach. Some were leisurely walking about with one or two apparent pouches in their long necks, while others wore necks that looked like well-knotted hickory canes, with big bulges here and there on both sides. Although the ostriches at the Pasadena farm are somewhat tamed by confinement, they seemed to consider the visiting Sir Knights with suspicion. They looked upon Templars as their natural enemies, because of their display of plumes.

Returning to Los Angeles we sauntered about upon the cheerful, well-lighted streets. After a short walk we came upon a building in gala array. A banner swung across the thoroughfare, announced that it was the Temple of Los Angeles Commandery, No. 9. Above the entrance hung a sign, larger by far than the banner, which read "Welcome Sir Knights." But the broad invitation of a wide sign was not necessary in this case. It was like meeting a dear old friend. The boundless hospitality of Los Angeles Commandery, No. 9, was a fresh memory. We had learned to know our Fraters, and had enjoyed their generosity in the Conclave City.

As we entered the open door we became immersed in a flood of light and brilliancy. Everything seemed to lift itself and smilingly say: "Pilgrim, I Greet Thee." The whole edifice within was aglow. Music filled the air. The sweet aroma of fragrant flowers intoxicated the senses. For 14 days and nights this Commandery kept its doors wide open to the visiting Sir Knights from all sections of the country, and never did the hospitality waver from the point of extravagant liberality.

We were ushered into a spacious banquet hall, where an elegant repast was spread. A corps of attendants stood ready, not only to cater to our needs but to encourage us to take more than our needs. Beautiful floral designs and decorations stood about in large number. Roses and delicate buds were virtually showered upon us, for as one beautiful piece was plucked apart for the guests, another was provided. Tickets of

admission and transportation to various resorts and pleasure points, were liberally offered to the visiting Sir Knights, including street car tickets.

The ladies who assisted the Los Angeles Sir Knights in receiving, were as attentive and sisterly as the most liberal application of those terms can convey. Not only did they receive our ladies with a hospitality that was entirely free from formality, but they also received the Sir Knights of our party as old-time acquaintances.

The social and fraternal kindness shown us that evening by every individual, was truly beyond any anticipation. It is no exaggeration to say that the reception accorded us was one of the most liberal throughout our transcontinental pilgrimage. It was only upon our announcement that our schedule would permit us to remain in Los Angeles for another day or two, and that we would return before leaving the city, that our leave-taking on that night was made possible. Under these conditions we were able to say "good-night" but not good bye.

As we reached the railroad station in search of our train, to retire for the night, we found that we had "moved" again. We didn't live in the same neighborhood. Trains bearing delegations from other sections of the country occupied the site where we had resided during the morning. We were compelled to inquire where we "lived."

Finally we found our "Special." We had moved to an aristocratic community and were located on a siding used by a lard refinery. In the morning we had faced a foundry and saw mill. However, knowing that our train had been switched back and forth among other Knight Templar "Specials," we knew that we were "moving in good society."

A thrilling incident occurred in the "stag" coach that night which virtually made the cold chills creep upon the backs of many of the occupants. It was all due to a cold reception which the "stag" coach delegation received.

Two of the pilgrims, who received an inspiration, by seeing the trainmen wheeling cracked ice for the drinking tanks, managed to "borrow" a tubful. In order that the excitement of the day might not overheat the blood of the comrades during the night, they distributed the ice equally, under the sheets of each berth in the "stag" coach, while occupants were innocently discussing in the commissary car. After the Sir Knights had retired there came a rude awakening. Some declared that ten thousand needles pierced them. Others announced that the city was immersed in a flood. Sir Watson, who had an upper berth, called for an umbrella to keep the rain from coming in the roof. Only one pilgrim was spared, and this was only accomplished by the heroic action of a brother Sir Knight. The ice distributor had entered the stateroom, occupied by "Kunnie," with the charitable purpose of showing him the same attention the others had received. Once within the apartment, he was encountered by Sir "Bobbie" who guarded his sleeping comrade

and roommate with a sincerity that would have driven the melodrama hero to blush. No logical argument on the part of the ice man could induce Sir "Bobbie" to permit his comrade to be sprinkled with cracked ice, and "Kunnie" was permitted to enjoy the sleep of the just without the comforts of a refrigerator car.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHETHER the fates willed it because it was the thirteenth day of the month, or whether it was merely a caprice of destiny may never be known, but the fact remains that our happy band of pilgrims were compelled to suffer embarrassment at the hands of a confused laundryman.

On the previous morning, a well-meaning young man called upon us and had politely solicited the laundry of our party in behalf of his firm, who washed for a living. His promise to return the linens the same day was an inducement that won him our business. We gave him everything wearable that could be spared; retaining only essential articles for the day's wear. But when night came, it came without the laundry or the laundryman.

However, early on this morning there came a delivery of bundles to our "Special" that looked like an army equipment. In fact the bundles returned seemed so many more than those sent, that we had a suspicion that the fertile climate of Southern California had induced our linen to multiply upon contact with water.

Some time after the delivery was made and the bundles had been distributed, the awful truth dawned upon us. Our laundry had become confused with that of a visiting circus, and we were destined to either remain "at home" or appear only in the sawdust ring. While we deeply sympathized with the bareback riders, clowns, and acrobats who at the same time might be struggling into sane clothing, we were compelled to take a selfish view of the situation, and consider what an embarrassment it would be to wear the costumes we had received, without the use of make-up paint.

Sir Oscar, who had entrusted the laundry with cleaning three pairs of flannel trousers and several suits of underwear, had received in return a pair of lavender tights which had evidently been built for the "living skeleton" or the "ossified man." Knowing that lavender was not favorable to his complexion, Sir Oscar refused to wear the tights in public.

Sir Frederick W. received a pair of drawers which were constructed on a new plan. They consisted of two white ruffle-cuffed absurdities, hitched together at the top with a narrow band; and when applied, they did not come down to his knees. They were pretty enough, but made him feel like two persons, and much disconnected at that. He didn't appear to be related to himself when he tried them on.

The shirt they brought Sir Reel was shorter than Sir Frederick's drawers, and hadn't any sleeves—at least it had nothing more than what could be called "rudimentary or undeveloped" sleeves. Fancy "edging" ran around the arm pits, where the sleeves had been amputated, and the bosom was cut ridiculously low. When Sir Reel tried it on he found that it was cut too high at the bottom and too low at the top—but how it did stretch!

The knit silk underskirt that was brought Sir Gilland in exchange for four dozen collars, was really a sensible thing. It opened behind, and had pockets in which to put your shoulder blades. It was a beautiful, deep rich red in color, and was so tastefully pleated and ruffled that it would not have appeared absurd on the street—providing something was worn to cover it.

Sir Greenawalt, who had sent four neckties and three dozen handkerchiefs to the laundry, drew as his prize package a linen duster, that had either been tailored to fit the elephant, or was intended as a covering for one of the circus wagons. Sir Otto made a tent out of it, and crawling under, avoided catching cold until his proper laundry was returned.

Sir Gilchrist, who wears a No. 17 shirt, when the laundry is not working on it, received a boy's waist with nice white pearl buttons around the bottom and a pretty sailor collar at the top. Unable to don the dainty little creation, Sir Joseph tied the arms of the waist around his neck and managed to wear the collar. He made the cutest little "Bo Peep" that Los Angeles ever entertained.

Sir Burry had his sweater washed! If there is any doubt in the reader's mind, the fact can be confirmed by making an investigation of the records of the Los Angeles laundries. Whether it was rejected by the circus crew, because it was too sensational, is not known; at any rate it was among the very few pieces properly returned to our train. However, when Sir Edward and the sweater looked into each other's faces there was no sign of recognition. Instead of the attractive striped bars which had made the sweater famous throughout the west, it had changed into a blending rainbow effect, and gave evidence that it had been weeping long and piteously. Sir Edward was so moved that he clasped the sweater to his breast, and the sweater put its arms around Sir Edward.

Sir Kunberger had sent the laundry "an awful lot" of shirts—but they were both missing. When he opened his package he found a pink hair

ribbon, two pair of "open-work" stockings and a "cutaway" waist that glistened with spangles. The waist was so "cut away" that anyone attempting to put it on, would have fallen out of it, were it not for the shoulder straps. "Kunnie" tried it on but the spangles would not match the pink hair ribbon, which he was compelled to wear around his neck for a collar.

Sir Walter received a Navajo blanket and two doilies in exchange for all the linen he had. The blanket appeared as if it had covered a multitude of sins, and if the doilies had only been feathers he might have assumed the role of "Sitting Bull." He was the best dressed man on board the train—nothing flashy about his attire, but more genteel than his comrades.

Sir Flechsig wouldn't have cared so much about losing a dozen collars, four shirts, two suits of underwear and eight handkerchiefs if he hadn't received a brick-red flannel undershirt in return. It was so heavy that he could hardly wear it, and the red was so violent that he feared he would catch fire if he put it on. So he opened a window and tacked the red shirt to the sill, as a signal of distress. A few moments later several strangers walked into the car and inquired when the auction would take place. Then Sir Herman brought down his flag to half-mast.

Nothing was received by Sir Craig but the promise of an investigation. He couldn't wear that without causing talk, so Burry, in the kindness of his heart, allowed him to wear the sweater, that he could at least sit up in bed.

Sir Watson gleefully unwrapped a package of collars, with the hope that he, at least, had received conventional attire. Unfortunately they were four sizes too large for him, but with the aid of a safety pin he managed to keep one from falling over his shoulders. In the absence of any means by which to fasten the collar at the back, it continually worked its way up the back of his neck until it looked like the strap on a guardsman's helmet, and interfered with jaw movement.

Other members of the party received souvenirs in return for their garments that were more interesting than serviceable, and when the "third and last call" to breakfast was heard, the consternation that prevailed in the "stag" coach was beyond the power of description.

The predicament in the "stag" coach was a serious one. With nearly all the linen of the whole party in the hands of the laundry, or more likely, in the hands of the circus troupe, we were not prepared to receive visitors.

We were too loose in some places and too tight in others, and all together we felt slovenly and ill conditioned. There was one advantage that all enjoyed. No one at the breakfast table that morning was better dressed than the other. Everyone had someone else's clothes on, in part or in whole. It appeared as if a congress of nations was feasting. How-

ever, everything but the costumes and their colors, harmonized. Sir Craig, who had received nothing but a promise, managed to get to the breakfast table through the kindness of Sir Greenawalt, who brought him along under his roomy linen duster. Sir Flechsig, who had received the red flannel undershirt, did not come to the table at all, but sent word that, while he was not more particular in his dress than his companions, he had never carried the hod, and was sure that a guest at the table wearing a red undershirt would excite remark.

Fortunately, the laundry authorities (having discovered their error) paid an urgent call shortly after breakfast, and presented us with our missing garments. They explained that the moving of our "Special" and the transfer of a circus train upon the siding formerly occupied by us, had led to the unfortunate error; as the only address by which we were identified was the street opposite which our "Special" was originally stationed.

Several of our Sir Knights had formed such a "strong attachment" to the circus clothing that they could not easily part with it. For instance, Sir Oscar, who tried on the lavender tights was so attached to them that it required the efforts of three companions to get them off. Not that he wasn't willing, but the tights clung affectionately to him. Sir Lee's sympathies went out to Oscar, as his experience with the Santa Barbara bathing suit gave a keen realization of Oscar's predicament.

After making the necessary changes in clothing, we were prepared to make the day's pilgrimage which promised to carry us through some of the many attractive resorts and suburbs of Los Angeles. The seaside resorts in the vicinity are easily accessible and are largely patronized. The oldest is Santa Monica, which is not only a seaside resort, but a good-sized, modern city as well. To the south is Ocean Park, and immediately to the north, Port Los Angeles. All three offer the pleasures of seaside life.

En route to Santa Monica we passed through Swatelle, where stands the Pacific branch of the National Soldiers' Home. Upwards of 2,000 veterans were making their home there during our visit. The home has a farm of 500 acres adjoining and extensive grounds rich in floral beauty surround the premises.

Playa Del Rey is the name of the new beach resort which is rapidly being beautified. Among its attractions is a lagoon whose waters are smooth and wide. It is two miles long and is devoted to boat racing. From Playa Del Rey we took a seaside trolley ride of twelve miles to Redondo, one of the most popular seaside resorts on the Pacific coast.

Redondo is famed as a fishing resort and black bass weighing from 300 to 500 pounds have frequently been caught in its waters. Fishing by moonlight is one of the summer attractions. Swimming, bathing, boating and beach-combing are among the other popular diversities. Great

shiploads of lumber are loaded here, and passenger steamers make regular stops. Redondo has fine hotels and many handsome cottages, and among its beauty spots is a carnation garden of several acres. Near Redondo is Hermosa Beach, a summer resort rather than a pleasure resort, where families of Los Angeles merchants summer in large numbers.

Sirs Bovard, Reel, Shook and Jack bathed so long at Redondo that the sun burned them to a color which is distinctly that of the boiled lobster. They each wore a hugh straw bathing hat that looked like an inverted bushel basket.

No one appreciated the beauty of their costumes any more than they did themselves, and in order not to rob "the folks at home" of the treat, they sought a photographer and had their pictures taken ensemble. It was indeed unfortunate that they were compelled to remove their bathing suits before leaving, for when the tight-fitting garments were slowly peeled off, the sunburnt skin of the bathers came off with them in large patches. Sir Reel devoted his time at the beach in hunting moonstones, which were among the pebbles cast up by the waves, and proved himself a star in his astronomical pursuit of seeking moonstones by sunlight.

Among other attractive resorts and pleasure spots lying within a narrow radius are Hollywood, Manhattan Beach, Long Beach, Brighton Beach, Alhambra, Wilson Peak Park, Monrovia, Pomona, Idyllwild, and the old mission town of San Gabriel. This mission was founded by the Franciscan monks in 1771, and the old building is finely preserved. The mission grape vine is more than 100 years old, and never fails to bear a heavy vintage.

While the greater number of our pilgrims gave themselves over to a visitation of these many resorts, a number spent the day in a visit to San Diego, that Southern California city which is as beautiful as it is important. With a fine harbor, and nestling on a slope that rises from the water's edge to a high summit, San Diego enjoys a rare location. With valleys of enormous fruit-bearing orchards on one side and lofty mountains on the other, and with ocean and the San Diego river in close touch, the city enjoys rich advantages. Its hotels are many and luxuriant. Then there is Coronado. A city of tents but a mile away, which faces the ocean and offers all the pleasures of a popular resort and with all the beauty of a summer home.

Nothwithstanding the activities of the day, it was not an exhausted band of pilgrims that found its way back into the fold, in the city of Los Angeles, at night. Whether it was the admirable climate or something in the rarefied air, the fact remains. Following dinner, we again sought our old friends—Los Angeles Commandery, No. 9. The Temple stood aglow in all the splendor we had seen the night before. The same hospitality reigned supreme. Aided by scores of pretty girls and handsome

matrons, the Sir Knights were anxious to receive us, and offer their well-known generosity. Music and the scent of flowers lent charm to the surroundings, while dancing and other forms of entertainment were lavishly provided.

An incident which indicates the liberality and kindness with which the visiting Sir Knights were received by all classes and all interests in Los Angeles, can be cited in a courtesy which was enjoyed by Sir Schulze and his party, while returning from the Masonic Temple that night. The party was late in leaving, and sought the railroad station to board the "Special" for the night. Taking the first street car that came along, the pilgrims asked the conductor to leave them off at the railroad station. He informed them that, at that hour, his car would come to the end of its route about six blocks from the station. "But," continued the conductor, "I see you are visitors and we want to treat you right. I will carry you there on my own account, for I know the company wants to treat you right." The car outran its terminal and carried the party to its destination.

Guests at the "Hotel De Car" were late in returning that night, but this was charitably excused because of the fact that the "hotel" had changed its location so often that the guests possibly might have become confused. However, the right quarters could have been detected from the outside, by the murmurings of a "council of war" which was being held in the commissary car. An outline of attack for the morrow was being mapped out, when the terrible truth dawned upon us that we had no leader. It was a kingdom without a king, and an election was promptly held. Owing to the fact that he was not present to resent it, Sir Joseph J. was unanimously chosen for the distinction. It was a mean advantage to take as he lay peacefully sleeping in his berth in the "stag" coach.

Once named as king, thoughts turned to the fact that he was uncrowned. It was only after a consultation with Johnston, that possibilities offered themselves. (Nothing is dearer or more sacred to the heart of a loyal colored gentleman than a watermelon, and Johnston's ingenuity turned to that.) His suggestion was accepted and we at once performed the delicate operation of dissecting a huge watermelon by cutting it in half, and carving out the interior.

With great solemnity a committee was appointed to crown the king, and treading softly to his couch, we placed the inverted half watermelon rind over his imperial dome of thought. The fatigue of the day, the vigorating night air, and the comforting assurance of duty well done, and the approval of friends, had lulled him into a gentle repose. Anyone who might have looked upon him as he lay there in that innocent slumber, with the winsome mouth slightly ajar, while a merry smile now and then flitted across the regular features, would have said that no heart could be so hard as to harbor ill for one so guileless and so innocent. Occasion-

ally he let a sigh of blessed relief, such as a woman might heave after she has returned from church and transferred herself from the embrace of a castiron, glove-fit, tailor-made gown into a friendly wrapper. Regularly, like the rise and fall of the waves at the Cliff House, it rose and fell. It is true that the crown was not so good a fit as it might have been, and that it covered more of his face than it did his head, but the honor was there. After performing the coronation we retired and left the king to dream of his glory.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HAT was our surprise on the following morning, when we found the new king still sleeping with the crown on his head. True, it was tilted a little over his left ear, in a manner that would hardly have been considered dignified in court circles, but our "king could do no wrong!" To show our loyalty as his respectful subjects, we decided to awaken him with a pleasing serenade.

Promptly at 8:30 o'clock we boarded the train for San Pedro, en route to Santa Catalina Island and the famous Marine Gardens. The Salt Lake Route, over which we traveled, finds it most important connection between Los Angeles and San Pedro, the terminal of the Wilmington Transportation Company, whose steamers ply daily, throughout the year, from San Pedro to the islands.

San Pedro is a port whose future offers boundless opportunities. It is through this harbor that Los Angeles will ship to the Orient, and which will open all Southern California and the southwestern portion of the whole country and afford an outlet to the Far East, Hawaii and the Panama Canal trade. During our visit the government was constructing a $3,000,000 breakwater two miles long, to protect the harbor, and when this is completed the inner harbor of San Pedro will embrace a water front of 11 miles, suitable for the dockage or sea-going vessels. The town is a growing one, and is engaged chiefly in marketing oysters, sardines, lobsters and all sea foods in a large commercial way.

Arriving at San Pedro, one of the Santa Catalina steamers was in waiting. The ocean trip is one and one-half hours duration, and is highly enjoyable. A beautiful view of the Southern California coast line is afforded, and while all sorts of objects of interest command the attention of the steamer passengers, there is none so fascinating or novel as the flying fish, which are seen in large numbers.

When but a few miles out from the mainland these marvelous fish

can be seen leaping from beneath the bow of the steamer, singly, in pairs and by the dozen, until one wearies in counting them. They skim over the waves in graceful curves and their length of flight varies from 10 to 500 yards, and often greater distances. In size, shape and color the flying fish are very similar to the mackerel. Its "wings" are muscular fins whose spines are connected by a light membrane, and are four in number. The hindermost pair are quite small, mere butterfly wings of stout fiber; the foremost pair attain a length of seven or eight inches, and when extended are two inches or more in breadth. Breaking from the water at a high rate of speed, but at a very low angle, the flying fish extend these wing-like fins and holds them rigid, like the set wings of a soaring hawk. With the lower flange of its deeply forked tail, which at first drags lightly, it sculls with a convulsive wriggle of the whole body that gives it the casual appearance of actually winging its way. The additional impulse thus acquired lifts it entirely out of the water, over whose surface it then glides without further effort for a long distance, until, losing in momentum and in the sustaining pressure of the air beneath its outstretched fins, it again touches the water, either to disappear abruptly or by renewed sculling to prolong its flight. Whales of great size are often seen along the route of these steamers, but it was not our privilege to observe any during the trip.

Arriving at the largest of the Santa Catalina Islands, we steamed into a beautiful bay, which was a concaved semi-circle in shape. The island itself is 22 miles long and includes 40,000 acres, in the shadow of mountains that almost completely encircle it. It is known as Avalon.

Upon landing, the steamer was surrounded by scores of boys, many of them in skiffs, and others swimming in the water—all shouting: "Got any change, mister?" "Got any change, mister?" and urging us to throw coins into the bay and see them dive after them.

Shivering incessantly, and with chattering teeth and deep-blued lips, these little fellows, clad only in tights, make a business, if not a profession, of diving for money thrown from the steamers by daily visitors, spending hours, and often a whole day, in the water.

We acquiesced with their demands and threw out several coins. So perfectly clear is the water that the bottom can be seen. All the lads were expert divers and never failed to get the coins, coming up with them in their mouths. In fact the only purse they used, or could use, were mouth purses. They kept up their call for "more change" when their mouths were so full that their words were scarcely audible; this compelled them to make all sorts of grimaces in shouting, without dropping money from their mouths.

Some of the lads were cunning enough to catch their coins, long before they had sunk to the bottom, but would throw their legs half out of the water and dive deep to give the impression that they had gone to the

bottom. Frequently, an exciting scramble under water for the possession of a coin lent zest to the performance, and as a whole we enjoyed the sport as much as the boys.

On the pier we at once became the objects of persistent attention by a hundred boatmen, who hawked at us like the inevitable hackman at a railroad station, and grasping us familiarly by the coat lapel, shouted: "Glass bottom boat?" "Glass bottom boat, sir?"

These glass bottom boats offer the chief interest in a visit to Santa Catalina Islands. They are small crafts, usually propelled by oar, though some are sail boats, and a few, steam launches. In every instance the seats are arranged around the edge of the boat in elliptical shape, while the center of the bottom drops down under water containing a clear slab of plate glass. To protect this "pit," and to afford the passengers something to lean on, a rail guards the center of the boat, and by resting on this and peering down, all the mysteries of Neptune's kingdom are revealed.

The famous "Marine Gardens" are located in the bay off the Avalon shore. So transparent are the waters that every detail on the bottom many fathoms below, are clearly distinguishable. The glass has magnifying properties, so has the water, and as one gazes in rapture at the rare and exquisite foliage of the sea bottom, and turns about a moment to note that the earth is still about him, he becomes thrilled with a feeling and belief that he is swaying leisurely, airily and lightly through space; that the boat is balancing daintily upon some cloud and that there is naught beneath nor above.

Were every page in this volume devoted solely to a description of the marvels of the sea as disclosed by the glass bottom boats, and were the writer so rare a one as to be competent to accurately record their description, the story would not be half told. Man's knowledge of color and form is too limited to tell his neighbor what he saw at the bottom of the sea. Expert botanists are helpless to identify many of the specimens revealed in the shrubbery and forests which grow in jungle-like confusion on the ocean bottom. Shells and coral creations abound in forms and color of dazzling splendor, while fish that are marvelously odd and curious pose and swim lazily by in uncountable numbers, utterly ignorant of the presence of man, or too dignified to notice him.

The brush itself, that grand preserver of human memory, is powerless to record the beauties of life under water. Just as if God had amused himself by making a garden of awe-inspiring beauty. One becomes astounded, asks questions, exclaims, and goes into ecstacies. A hundred species of fish passed by playfully, in schools of thousands, or in tiny groups, unconscious and unmindful of an audience. You see them as they live, and play, and pass the time away.

The golden sands mingled with the emerald vegetation; the trees of

coral with irregular branches glistening with every imaginable hue—mother-of-pearl, ruby, saphire, turquoise and amethyst; hair-like ferns, sea grass and other odly-shaped vegetation swaying gently to and fro, in harmony with the will of the under currents, lend a supernatural charm.

Here are shell-encrusted rocks projecting upward at uneven heights like the hills upon the shore, and over these pearly gray formations one can see the slowly creeping shell and star fish moving spasmodically in short, jerky slides. Gold fish, of immense size, wiggle slowly by, while here and there one is privileged to gaze upon the queer electric fish which throws its peculiar, greenish searchlight ahead intermittently.

It was a fairy place inhabited by fish, fish, fish—nothing but fish! Here and there arose a cliff arranged like a throne of a splendid goddess or mermaid of royal blood, who had chosen this fairyland for her bath. Sometimes the rocks would take the form of abandoned castles, with secret subterranean passageways through which the fish would gracefully glide in and out.

Occasionally the boatman would announce the particular depth at the point where the boat was resting, and this only added wonder, because of the clearness of the vision. Now and again the eye and mind would tire of the eager and incessant gaze, and one is compelled to turn away and rest, and rub fresh vigor into the eyes.

Reluctantly we left the Marine Gardens. It had been of such unexpected beauty and its revelations so novel and fascinating. Returning to Avalon, some of the pilgrims made an inspection of that picturesque town, while others took side trips, including: Sea-Lion Rookery, the Sphinx, San Clemente, Little Harbor, Mount Orizaba, Banning and Black Jack, Empire Landing, Catalina Harbor, Eagles' Nest Camp, Prehistoric Cave, Moonstone Beach and Sea Rocks. The latter being the rendezvous of hundreds of seals, many of whom are of enormous size.

One of Avalon's most alluring attractions is the sport it offers to anglers. The barracuda is plentiful, likewise yellow-tail or sea-salmon, which frequently weighs 50 pounds. Sea-bass fishing is much indulged in, and these fish are also plentiful, ranging in weight from 200 to 400 pounds. The fisherman who hooks one is frequently dragged in his skiff for miles, and is often as much exhausted as the fish when it finally comes to gaff.

The most popular fishing at Catalina is for the leaping tuna, a gamy fish that furnishes the angler all the sport that hook and line can possibly afford. Fishermen from all parts of the world visit Catalina for the sole purpose of combating with the "tunny," and a tuna club has been formed, which offers diplomas and prizes to the catcher of the largest tuna each year, with rod and reel. These fish sometimes weigh 250 pounds, and are so game that they have been known to pull a boat containing three people for 12 hours before being landed. Their favorite diet is flying fish,

in following which they will jump out of the water and catch their prey in the air.

Shortly after 4 o'clock we boarded the steamer for our return. The trip was rougher than the one that brought us to Catalina Islands. Not that the water was any rougher, but the trip was not as pleasant to some of the pilgrims. Most of the party had eaten liberally of fish during a luncheon of rich food, thereby securing an excellent "ready on" for the return voyage. As the boat weighed anchor, everyone was happy and cheerful, and smiles spread over every countenance. All were in jesting humor, as they greeted one another with: "Hello, Joe"; "How-de-du, Ed?" "Fine sight!" "How you feeling?" etc. As they strode about upon the deck the happy pilgrims pulled down their vests in conscious satisfaction of the good meal they had enjoyed—(the ladies, of course, being excepted). In a few moments these land sailors deserted the deck one by one.

The cabin and staterooms seemed to have offered special attractions; peace and quiet prevailed. Down in the cabin "Bobbie" was mumbling something about "near North avenue, Allegheny—h-o-m-e." He looked as if he had something on his mind or off his stomach. "Joe" appeared so quiet there was a suspicion that something ailed him.

"When do we get off the roller-coaster?" inquired Sir Gilland in whispers—and we knew how he felt. Sir Watson was looking down a port hole, pretending he saw the Marine Gardens.

We arrived at San Pedro shortly after six o'clock with our "wounded," and when we reached Los Angeles we found that the hospital candidates had fully recovered.

The engine had not ceased panting when there was a concentrated rush on the part of the "stag coachers" to get to their quarters and "prepare" for the evening. There was an upheaval of linens and neckties, and all tributes to good appearance—including hair restorer. What occasioned all the activity could not be ascertained, for none cared to divulge the secret. However, it was learned later that some of the "stag coachers" were received at Los Angeles Commandery headquarters by members of the fair sex, with an enthusiasm that bespoke the fact that they had at least been remembered from the previous visits.

We are almost afraid to tell how our noble, big-hearted Fraters received and treated us, for fear of a whole batch of Masonic bodies packing up and paying them a visit and taking those good people completely by storm; but even with that risk, we cannot refrain from dilating upon one of the most glorious receptions of the pilgrimage; so our good friends must not hold us accountable if we are the cause of a wholesale imposition upon their kindness and hospitality.

It was our last night in Los Angeles, and at no time did we more keenly regret it than when we participated in the grand good time offered

by Los Angeles Commandery with the big-hearted hospitality which had marked its reception for days. Long into the night we lingered within the portals of the brilliantly lighted headquarters, bidding adieu time and time again.

We can truthfully say that the few days spent in Los Angeles were among the brightest and sparkling gems that studded our transcontinental tour. We assured our hosts of the highest and keenest appreciation of their boundless hospitality, extravagant liberality and sincere fraternal fellowship. The outstretched hand of brotherly welcome was extended by Los Angeles Commandery, No. 9, not only during the 14 days and nights it maintained "open house" at home, but at its headquarters in the Conclave City as well.

In San Francisco the Los Angeles Commandery was represented by nearly 500 Sir Knights and ladies, and the entertainment that they provided at their headquarters rivaled the most lavish display on the coast. Hurrying back to their paradisiacal home, they threw wide open the doors of their magnificent Temple and received in regal style. Enjoying this hospitality and the friendship of the Los Angeles Sir Knights themselves, we are only placing credit where credit is due, in congratulating them upon the honor they bestowed upon California and the order they represented, by their lavish, delightful and sincere welcome and entertainment.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WE arose the next morning with full knowledge of the fact that we had but a few hours to remain in Los Angeles. There were expressions of regret because our stay could not be prolonged. We regretted to leave the city and the friends we had made; parting from the Sir Knights of the beautiful city. Some of "our boys" regretted to leave the fair sex—in fact, our regrets became so many that Sir Reel regretted to leave the breakfast table—until everything that resembled food had left first.

With but a few hours before train time, our "happy family" made a farewell trip uptown for the purpose of bidding our friends good-bye. The Temple was, of course, visited, and a sincere farewell exchanged. Sirs Burry and Taylor started off on a secret mission, only to return with what appeared to be tear-dimmed eyes. Sir Beckert came back with an armful of souvenirs, sufficient to start him in that business.

Among congenial friends whom we bade farewell were a number of

railroad representatives, whose previous courtesy had won our appreciation, and whose good-fellowship we had enjoyed.

Among these was a quartet of Santa Fe men, who showed our party every attention. They were H. H. Francisco, general freight agent at Los Angeles, who was named after San Francisco—or before it. He was a royal entertainer, as was Fred E. Shellaberger, passenger agent in Pittsburgh, who was in Los Angeles to greet us; A. J. Kennedy, passenger agent in Cleveland; T. P. Chambers, contracting freight agent in Los Angeles; Thomas W. Moses, of Los Angeles, traveling passenger agent, who accompanied us for a time after leaving Los Angeles, and other jovial, genial, affable gentlemen; T. H. Goodman, general passenger agent; R. A. Donaldson, and James Horsburgh, Jr., of the Southern Pacific Company. In company with these pleasant companions we spent a happy hour, during which the absence of E. F. Lalk, general freight agent of the Santa Fe system in Pittsburgh was regretted by the entire party. C. A. David, excursion agent for the Northwestern and Union Pacific lines; E. P. Ensign, traveling passenger agent for the Union Pacific; P. O. Prince, traveling agent for the Northwestern; William H. Sutton, fraternal editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, and others, showed our party special courtesies.

Shortly before 11 o'clock we started over the famous Santa Fe "kite-shaped" track through the orange groves of Southern California. A swing around the "kite-shaped" track carries one from Los Angeles back to Los Angeles, through 166 miles of the finest orange country in the world, without duplicating a mile. This bit of track, though named "kite-shaped," resembles the figure eight in form, with the upper circle larger than the lower. Pasadena, Santa Anita, Monrovia, Azusa, Pomona, Ontario, Rialto, San Bernardino, Redlands, Mentone, Highland, Colton, Riverside, Corona, Orange, Fullerton, La Mirada and back to Los Angeles. This is the route as identified by the principal towns. Los Angeles stands at the top of the kite or figure eight, and San Bernardino is the point of crossing.

The whole country penetrated by the "kite-shaped" track is rich with the scent of oranges and flowers, and of citrus fruits. Passing Pasadena the train runs through the Santa Anita branch of "Lucky" Baldwin for several miles. This is the home of the famous turfman and mining millionaire. Pomona and Ontario are devoted to olive culture, while orange and lemon groves embower the beautiful homes. San Bernardino is one of the oldest of Southern California towns, having been established since 1852. It is the commercial center of the surrounding country, shelters the shops of the Santa Fe railroad, and is a town of beauty. It is here that the smaller loop of the track begins.

In the foothills of the Santa Ana valley, which is included in the lower loop of the track, lies the pretty town of Redlands, a modern, up-to-

date community, less than 20 years old. It is a community of palatial homes, grand avenues and of magnificent views. It is claimed that the finest oranges in the world grow in Redlands and immediate vicinity. Bear Valley Lake, which lies in the mountains above, is the source which alleviates the thirst of the orange groves in the valley.

Passing San Bernardino again as one re-enters the upper loop, and beyond numerous fruit-growing communities, lies the enterprising and beautiful city of Riverside. Along the track at this point may be seen the immense, main cement ditch, which feeds subsidiary ditches that distribute the much-needed water among the orange and lemon blooms. All along the route of the "kite-shaped" track one is compelled to note the absence of broken fences, cowlots and unpainted houses. One becomes surprised at the uniform neatness, cleanliness, grace and taste in beautifying. We marveled at the fine roads, the beauty of the orange groves, skirting the very tracks, and the evenness of the hedges; and as we bowled along we entered a wilderness of odorous flowers shortly after the noon hour, and speeding through it, excited, delighted and half persuaded that we were only the sport of a beautiful dream, lo! we arrived at Riverside.

As we stepped from the train to spend a few hours in a fuller enjoyment of the beauties of the community, our ears met the sweet, welcoming music of the chimes. As the soft pealing of the bells resounded, a sensitiveness of welcome pervaded us. The chimes seemed endowed with the most pleasing of all sounds we had heard; enchanting, melodious and rich blending in tone. The echo was like the long-drawn chord of a church organ, infinitely softened by distance.

With this welcome ringing in our ears we boarded a car for the hotel. It had become second nature with us to ride, hence we asked no questions until we were seated. Then we learned that the hotel was but a few blocks from the station, and it took a great deal of hurrying to pay the conductor before we got off.

The Glenwood, known as "California's Mission Hotel," is picturesquely beautiful, while a touch of romance is added by the marked mission style of the architecture. The building is long, low and cloistered, inclosing a spacious court and surrounded by magnificent old trees and stately palms. In the court, the Adobe or casino adjoins the Campanile, whose sweet-chiming mission bells were still tolling when we arrived. Facing the court, on the third floor, is the Paseo de las Palmas, a promenade 700 feet long. The building carries out the mission scheme in every detail, the furnishings being quaintly consistent with this idea.

The grounds about the building were as beautifully kept as fine gardening would permit. Hedges, shrubs, semi-tropical plants and trees were trained to grow in accurately symmetrical shapes. Flowers and blooms and the sweet scent of the orange blossoms lent fragrance to the

RIVERSIDE AND REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA.

1—Riverside's Famous Magnolia Avenue (10 miles long, 200 feet wide). 2—Glenwood Chime. 3—Cactus Garden, A. S. White Park (400 varieties). 4—A Few Riverside Roses. 5-9—Roof Promenade. 6—Pachappa Mountain and Orange Groves. 7—The Old Well, at The Glenwood. 8—Picking Oranges near Snow Fields. 10-11-12-13-15-16-17-19-21-22-24—The Glenwood. 14—Riverside Pioneer Rose Tree. 18—Oranges and Orange Blossoms. 20—Carnegie Library. 23—Palm on Arlington Heights. 25—President Roosevelt, planting the "Original Orange Tree" at The Glenwood. 26—Palm Drive. 27—A Redlands Home. 28-29-30-31—"The Anchorage" and its Grounds. 32—U. S. Government Indian School. 33—View from Smiley Heights, Redlands.

air, and a charm to the surroundings that was unsurpassable. Every nook and corner of the Glenwood that lends an opportunity to carry out the mission or cloister style of architecture has been graced with an arch, from which a bell is pendant; even the spacious dining hall and lounging quarters are suggestive of the period of Junipero Serra.

Following a most satisfying meal, carriages awaited us at the hotel entrance, and we at once entered upon one of the most delightful drives this country affords. Riverside enjoys the distinction of being the largest orange growing settlement in the world, the production annually being three million boxes of oranges and lemons. It is the home of the seedless orange, which has won such popular favor.

A view of these magnificent orchards, bearing their wealth of golden fruits, and the beautiful and highly ornamental private grounds and residences, bedecked with almost every bloom and flower that the earth is capable of producing, is one that cannot easily be described.

Among the beautiful thoroughfares affording a most interesting drive is Magnolia avenue, which, without the aid of artificial improvements, ranks with the greatest in the world in magnificent proportions. It is 150 feet wide and 10 miles long, and is arched continuously with tall and graceful pepper, palm, date-palm, magnolia and other tropical trees.

It is all wonderfully beautiful! One gazes and stares, and tries to understand that it is real. To the visitor, the new world of beauty is stupefying, and the imagination seems encouraged by some exquisite dream. Not only was the continuous archway one of remarkable accuracy and symmetrical form, but the shrubbery and hedges that lined the sides of the drive for the full 10 miles were trimmed with pyramids, squares, spirals and all manner of fanciful shapes, with an accuracy that did not permit one leaf to vary from the desired design. Flowers grew in riotous profusion, but in such figure formation as the hand of man desired. In a word, the whole driveway was so fanciful, so exquisite, that it was difficult to believe that it was really nature.

Of striking beauty to the visitor is the continuous row of date-palm trees. They are of great height and bear no leaves elsewhere but upon the very top, where the palms spread out like a large open fan. Beneath is a long and heavy shaggy coat of fibrous vegetation, the same in color and appearance as a lion's mane. The trunk of the tree has an outward formation similar to the pineapple, with layers of bark that dovetail each other.

The road was perfectly dustless, made so by the liberal application of fuel oil, which is rolled into the earth and darkens the ground into almost a black. We passed scores of beautiful orange groves and found great interest in the irrigation scheme by which they receive nourishment. Riverside has 300 miles of irrigation canals, (concrete ditches) which are supplied by Santa Ana river and Warm creek, to which

has been added the flow of 100 artesian wells. This gives an aggregate of over 6,000 miner's inches of continuous flow, or a capacity of eighty million gallons a day. The orange grower has but to turn on the faucet and the water comes shooting down, overflowing the canals and runs into the orange grove, where the streamlets are trained with the hoe, to feed the long rows of trees.

A. S. White Park, which is one of the points of interest to the visitor, is devoted almost entirely to the culture of every specie of cactus. Over 400 varieties, in every imaginable shape, are on exhibition, and vary in size from veritable trees to mere atoms. On the outskirts of Riverside is the Sherman Indian School, conducted by the government. Spacious grounds surround the buildings, which are also in the prevailing quaint mission style of architecture. The Indians attending the school are of a high degree of intelligence, the tuition being entirely in the higher course.

On the return journey, we stopped to gather golden ripe oranges from the tree. What a revelation it afforded! How vastly and enchantingly different, in taste and flavor, from the commercial article purchased a thousand miles from the place of growth! The ground was strewn with oranges, which, instead of decaying, had become sunbaked; and when opened and eaten, afford an exceptionally sweet delicacy.

As we neared the hotel, the chimes that had greeted us at noon were again sending forth their welcoming peal. Arriving at the hostelry, and seating ourselves in the cozy dining room, one of our companions suggested to the proprietor that the chimes play "Onward Christian Soldiers" as a hymn appropriate to the occasion.

The proprietor not only acquiesced, but was delighted at the idea, and telephoning to the belfry, delivered such order. A moment later the solemn, majestic, tolling of the mission-like chimes began to strike out, in measured tread, the opening strains of that famous and beautiful hymn. During the entire time in which our meal was being served, the slow, measured peal of the bells kept at their task, ringing out the melody of that sterling hymn.

After dinner we had opportunity to stroll about the beautiful grounds. We engaged in walks and talks, while the mission bells relentlessly pealed forth "Onward Christian Soldiers" without abatement. Presently we received word that the time of our departure had arrived. We felt sincerely sorry that we could not linger longer in this land of fruit and plenty. The scenery and weather conditions were so alluring, and Nature dressed in her prettiest gown—it was difficult to turn away from these things without regret.

Boarding our "Special" the mission bells were still sending forth their music to "Onward Christian Soldiers." As the train pulled out, and we began to speed rapidly away, the tolling grew fainter and fainter;

and slowly and gradually began to fade out of hearing. Note by note was being lost, and yet enough was audible for a time, to carry along the melody. It was indeed impressive and appealed to our emotional feelings, as the solemn tolling in the distance bade us "Onward" —"Onward"—"Onward Christian Soldiers."

Leaving Riverside we turned our faces homeward for the first time, and were to reach The Needles, the eastern extremity of southern California, early in the morning. The ride during the evening and night carried us through orchards of olives, prunes, apricots, peaches, figs, almonds, oranges, lemons and other fruits which have brought fame to the land of the sunset. The railroad finds its course ever upward as it passes the San Bernardino Mountains, and during one stage of the route an ascent of 2,700 feet is made in 25 miles.

As the shades of night began to dim the visions of the interesting scenery, we sought consolation by gathering in the commissary car. While entertainment was at its height, everything was brought to a standstill by a series of detonations that resounded from the "stag" coach.

We entered the car to learn the trouble, and ran into it. Berths were lying in the middle of the aisle. Would-be sleepers were sprawling about. In some instances, the berths were left intact and only the occupant and bed-clothes were struggling together in the aisle. The victims were positive that their embarrassment was not due to an earthquake and would not listen to the theory that the train had been attacked by marauders. They had their own suspicions, and many a terrible revenge was planned.

Sir D. B. Watson, who is known as "doctor" because he sells drugs that "make human hearts beat again—brings the dead back to life—makes the blind see and the lame walk"—attended to the needs of the afflicted in the stag coach.

During the dethronement of the early sleepers, some unseen force succeeded in hurling the bed clothing out of the berth of Sir Beckert while he was dreaming of Allegheny and home. He awakened with a start and a chill. Naturally, his thought and hand turned to the push button, which summons the porter. For some known, or unknown reason, the wires were disconnected, and Sir Beckert pushed violently but in vain. Realizing his predicament, he dramatically cried: "Woodzie!"—"Woodzie!"—Woodzie!" The Pullman conductor responded in haste, and learning the sad dilemma of Sir Beckert, handed him sufficient clothing to relieve his embarrassment and his chill.

It was past midnight when we reached Barstow, Cal., on the main line of the Santa Fe railroad. East of Barstow, for many miles ahead lay the Mojave Desert, a wing of the Great American Desert, the bleak-

est waste in the country, with Death Valley only a score or more miles to the northward. The northern offshoot of the Great American Desert is known as Humboldt Desert, which spreads west from Ogden, Utah; while the southern arm is designated as the Mojave Desert.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ride to The Needles, though a barren, hopeless waste of sand and alkali, offered startling contrast to the land of flowers, fruit and sunshine we had just left.

Our breakfast in the commissary car was especially satisfying. Not that this was unusual, nor that meals were not always relished, but the unvarying, desolate desert without, was in contrast to the comfort we enjoyed. As a matter of fact, the larders of the commissary car were never permitted to go unreplenished. Sir Flechsig not only performed his duty, but more; and sought to be prepared to meet the onslaught of a hungry constituency at all times, and made continual personal efforts to secure such tempting morsels, as appealed to his "boarders."

We arrived at The Needles at 9 o'clock on the morning of Friday, September 16. Here, on the threshold of both California and Arizona, we met a group of Indians, the remnants of the once powerful and warlike Mojave tribe. They were not the tall, sinewy, heroic-looking red men that you read about in the romantic novel. The group was a rusty one; ragged and barefooted, uncombed and unclean; and by instinct, education and profession, beggars. They trooped after us while we tarried at the station, and it was impossible to get rid of them. They followed us just as the village boy follows the circus parade, or colored folks a negro band. They were attired in their native blankets, with little attempt toward neatness or cleanliness. Both men and women were lazy and slothful, and seemed to eke out an existence by loitering about the station offering beads, bows and arrows, and trinkets for sale to travelers.

As we left The Needles and were about to cross the Colorado River to enter Arizona, we were inspired to take a look of farewell upon the state we were about to leave. We would fain have remained a few days longer, for it seemed that we would never tire of its scenery, climate and sweet-scented air. We had been wonderfully favored by weather conditions, not having encountered a rainstorm since leaving

Yellowstone Park. Rain rarely falls in California between the first of May and the latter part of October. During this season the wonderous and fairy-like powers of irrigation are appealed to. In the Fall the rainy season begins—not that it is a season of continuous rain, but one in which rain may be expected, rather than wholly unexpected.

We were carrying away memories, which promise to remain ever verdant, of the bounteous fruits, flowers and vegetation, the exquisite homes and happy conditions. Surely it is a sumptuous banquet that Dame Nature has spread throughout California for those who will come and partake.

Four conditions have served to make California a land of fame and plenty. Mineral wealth, climate, irrigation and railroads. It is true that Nature wrought a wondrous work to bring such glory to an area 150 miles wide and 1,000 miles long, with less population than the city of Chicago. But it was man that encouraged Nature to do her best in California. Irrigation is the golden key that opened the door to success and plenty.

The methods of irrigation employed depend entirely upon the resources and peculiarities of the region to be supplied. Irrigation in its simplest form, is accomplished by sinking wells, a large number of which are artesian, and conducting water from them to the land to be irrigated. Usually, a pumping plant is necessary. Where flowing streams with sufficient fall abound, the large irrigation canal, with laterals, is the natural method. In some districts corporations have established irrigating plants, treasuring the water in natural water-sheds in the mountain sides, and releasing it at the demand of the fruit-grower, who pays a rental in proportion to the acreage he has under cultivation. Under irrigation the fruit-grower and grain-raiser becomes the director and controller of his crops and fortunes. He is not dependent upon the whims of the weather elements. No inopportune rain has he to fear, nor is he in dread of an extended dry season. For him the sun always shines. His irrigation canal with its many lateral fumes and furrows, enables him to supply moisture just when needed, and he can force or retard the growth of his trees and plants at will. Irrigation has not only reclaimed great areas of vast and parched desert lands in California and transformed them into the greatest orchards and gardens in America, but the same power is destined to work the same magic spell over untold acreage which still lies untouched by the hand of man. Within the lifetime of many who are still with us, a celebrated statesman, of world-wide reputation, arose in Congress and vigorously denounced the proposition to admit California to the Union, on the ground that it was a worthless and forbidding expanse of arid desert, which would never be of any use to the United States.

While in later years the mining industry of California has been over-

shadowed to a great extent by her progress in the development of the soil, mining still forms an important factor. Since the first discovery of gold in the state, California has furnished the world with a billion and one-half in precious metals, and the mining industry is still in its youth. Modern machinery had made productive claims that were thought to have been unprofitable. The skirmish line of intrepid prospectors is still moving over the California mountains, in greater number than ever before, seeking through canyon and valley for surface tracings which give promise of hidden wealth. California was built on a gold foundation. The discovery of precious metal gave her fame, prestige and position, and from this royal birth she has grown, and is ever growing, in regal style.

With all its natural wealth; with all the energy of its progressive and enterprising people; with all its beauty and health-giving atmosphere and climate, California today would be but a depopulated Eden were it not for its network of modernly constructed and highly efficient railroads.

Ordinarily the advantages of a railroad to a community and state, lies in the fact that it places the section through which it passes in communication with the outer world. Railroads have done that and more for California. They have placed the outer world in communication with that state, for it is the land of Canaan of modern times, and when the "iron horse" first puffed its way into this land of plenty, it opened it up to the world at large—it laid abundance at the door of all America and performed a greater service to the universe than it did to the state, for California had everything in her own right that was self-sustaining.

The railroad facilities of the state have ever been abreast of the times and are equal, if not superior, to that of any other state in comparison to population. The great Santa Fe system has furnished California with a trans-continental line, whose value to the state cannot be overestimated. It reaches tide water at San Francisco Bay as well as at Los Angeles and San Diego. It has many branch lines which open up the interior, and aside from its excellent passenger service, has established a fast fruit line service that has brought the grape of famous California vineyards to New England tables before it has had time to encourage a blemish. It carries the blushing pear and peach to the furthermost section of the land without sufficient lapse in time to mar its complexion, while it offers the means for transporting the world-renown orange in its full sweetness and maturity.

The Southern Pacific railroad affords another trans-continental outlet, with branches to both Ogden and New Orleans. A third trans-continental line, which is about completed, enters the southern portion of the state with a tidewater terminal at San Pedro. This is the Salt

Lake route which will stretch across California, Nevada and Utah to Salt Lake City, and thence eastward across the continent.

The California Northwestern railroad, which finds an ocean terminal in San Francisco Bay, passes through a highly productive country and bids fair to develop into another trans-continental line through Portland, Oregon. Further to the west, and following the trend of the Marin counties, lies the North Shore railway, which stretches from tide water through the redwood forests. Aside from these, there are innumerable electric lines which bring together all sections and communities in the state and which are as modern as they are efficient. These railroads and electric lines have brought the natural splendors of California to the world, have done more than anything else to encourage the marvelous growth of the state and will serve to increase this growth many fold in the near future.

An element which is nature's own, and which has played a prominent part in making California, is the climate of that happy land. From the fact that California's most southern city lies on a parallel with Charleston, N. C., and that its northern boundary is practically on the same parallel with Boston, one might infer that the sub-tropical climate of the south is adapted to orange culture, while the northern portion must necessarily be subject to the blustering winters found on equal parallels on the Atlantic Coast. This is erroneous, as there is practically no difference in horticultural possibilities in the two extremes of the state.

California may be divided into three zones: The coast, valley and sierra zones. Along her 1,200 miles of coast the climate is cool throughout the summer, while in winter frost is almost unknown, due in part to the fact that the broad, equable Japanese ocean-current flows near the shore.

The valley zone stretches over 600 miles parallel with the coast, and is bounded on the east by the high foothills of the mountains. This zone has high temperature in summer with little if any rain, while in winter its temperature is lower than that of the coast, with abundant rain.

In the sierra zone the climate varies according to the altitude. To a height of 3,000 feet it is warm and genial, both summer and winter, while in the upper ranges snow flies from 8 to 10 months in the year. In most of the valleys strawberries flourish 10 months in the year and roses bloom almost continuously. With these inspiring surroundings, one may look up to the mountain peaks, clad in mantles of snow, which rise out of beds of flowers and fruit.

The success of California cannot be attributed to any one single condition. It is the co-operation of several conditions, working in harmony, that has brought fame, wealth and happiness to that land. Without climate the orange, lemon, fig, almond, prune, olive, lime and fruit

and flowers of all kinds could not exist. Without the necessary soil they would never spring from the earth. Without scientific irrigation the soil would parch, and vegetation would die from thirst. Without railroads there would be no incentive to turn the state into one vast garden of flowers and orchard of fruit.

So vast is California that much land still lies in its natural state of barren waste, parched and dry, awaiting the rejuvenation which irrigation will surely bring forth. With these possibilities, and the constant onward trend of science, and the enterprise of railroads, make the future of California full of glorious promise. But there is another, and newer factor, which will work wonders in the development of that state. Our far eastern possessions and the great possibilities offered in the Orient, since the termination of the Japanese-Russian war, will tend to make the "Golden Gate" operate both ways, and the outpouring and inpouring of commerce between the two continents will of necessity be compelled to pass through the state, and leave a trail of gold in its wake.

Passing into Arizona many miles of desolate country lay before us; a land whose soil some day will become equally as rich as that of the orchards and vineyards of California, but the desert knows no vegetation but the cactus and sage brush. For miles and miles over this silent and mournful expanse we saw but six human beings. These were railroad laborers, clad only in long coarse shirts, such as were worn by the little pickaninnies on Southern plantations, in the days before the Civil war and a large Mexican hat. They were bare-footed and were working diligently with pick and shovel. The raiment of modern civilization is not adapted for wear between the torrid rays of the sun and the burning desert plains.

Further on we saw a handful of sheep and cattle roaming aimlessly about, doing what they honestly could to secure a living; but the chances seemed against them. What they could find to subsist on, aside from the unpalatable cactus, was a mystery we could not solve.

Here and there we observed a pile of stones heaped up along the track and recognized in them the custom of marking boundaries—an idea that dates back into ancient biblical history. There were no stone walls, fences or posts to indicate the termination of one man's possession and the beginning of another. These random piles of stones served that purpose.

This method of establishing territorial rights also serves to illustrate the rugged honesty of the far west. It is reasonable to presume if this crude method of establishing real estate possessions prevailed in the east, that many properties would attain remarkable growths merely by the outlay of manual labor performed at night. Such elastic boundary lines elsewhere might be the means of bringing to the attention of the public many alluring "plan of lots" inducements, which the promoter

"*Santa Fé all the Way.*" *Courtesy Mr. Frank S. Thayer.*

THE CAMERA IN THE SOUTHWEST.

1—Pima Indians Wickup. 2—A Study in Bronze. 3—The Border of the Desert—The San Jacinto Mountains Guarding Palm Valley. 4—Pueblo of Walpi. 5-11—Indian Pueblos Zuni, New Mexico. 6—Pueblo of Tesuque. 7—One of Two House Pyramids, Taos. 8—Pueblo Indians. 9—Zuni Drilling Turquoise and Indian Silversmith. 10—The Horse Trail, Acoma. 12—Mesa and Pueblo of Acoma. 13—Cactus. 14—The Indian of California and Saboba Indian basket-maker. 16—Pueblo of Laguna from Santa Fé Train. 17—Jeditoh Springs. 18—Walpi Foot Trail. 19—Isleta Women Offering Pottery to Santa Fé Train Passengers. 20—San Francisco Mountains. 21—The Walpi Lagon Altar. 22—A Hopi Maiden. 23—Hopi Man and Navaho Woman Weaving a Blanket. 24—The Hair Dresser Moqui Indians. 25—Moqui Basket Weaver. 26—Indian Pottery, etc.

could afford to offer at more liberal terms than the usual "dollar-down-and-dollar-a-week-the-rest-of-your-life" proposition.

Continuing over the apparently uninhabited dreary waste, we came upon the unpretentious town of Yucca, shortly before noon. As the train came to a stop we observed a pile of peculiar shaped rocks near the station, which appeared to have been scooped out, honey-combed with eye-holes.

These stones immediately offered possibilities to the souvenir collectors, who never lost an opportunity to carry away portions of the country we had visited. Sirs Reel, Jack, Watson and Biddle saw their duty and left the train with the purpose of seizing the rocks. They had already freighted the commissary car with junk from Salt Lake City, Pike's Peak, Yellowstone Park, San Francisco, Mt. Lowe and every other point and community visited. Wood, stone, iron and paper, in all shapes and forms, from young trees to rusty padlocks comprised the collection. Some had collected bones, which were laboriously carried to the car from great distances, only to be disappointed when Drs. Benkart and Pears passed careful examination upon them, and pronounced them relics of mules and cattle.

Sirs Reel, Jack and Watson soon returned with a sack full of the honey-combed rock, and were going after another when Sir Steinmiller suggested that they better desist, unless the idea was to erect a stone house in the commissary car. Already the quarters of the souvenir hunters were converted into museums of alleged "antiquity." Sir Reel had several ghastly-looking bones labeled "piece of the mummy of the great Indian chief Rain-in-the-Face, found in the caves of Yellowstone Park." These we identified as being ribs of some unfortunate steer that had died from thirst on the desert.

In his anxiety to complete his collection and have a souvenir from every point visited, Sir Reel broke a stone in two, labeling one portion "from Faithful geyser" and marking the other half, "from Del Monte." Sir Watson, who had purchased a box of shells at Catalina Island, labeled them as coming from 30 different celebrated points perhaps 1,000 miles apart, and many of which we had not, and would not visit on the tour. As a matter of fact, the proprietor of the lunch room on Pike's Peak told us that the summit of the peak was 10 feet lower than it was before we came, owing to the persistence with which the souvenir hunters of our party had gathered up sections of the peak.

One souvenir which met with misfortune was an ostrich egg that ..... (ain't goin' to tell) brought from Pasedena. He said he bought it. His intention was to take it home for use as a paper-weight. However, some member of the party wanted to find out if the egg would hatch, and how pretty a young ostrich would look, and placed the egg in .....'s berth before he retired. .....had been in bed only

a few moments, when he leaped out with a scream, looking like the "yellow peril." What was left of the egg had to be swept up.

Sir Staiger had secured a cuckoo clock in Los Angeles which at night lent hideousness to the desert by it distressing "hoo hoo! hoo hoo! hoo hoo!" For a nervous man it was distressing, but Sir William is a man of nerve and bought it as a present for a friend at home, with whom he promised to "get even" if the opportunity ever presented itself.

The clock was the loudest and one of the most obstreperous souvenirs we had to contend with, and a scheme was hatched one night to get rid of it. An indignation meeting over the clock was held in secret in the commissary car, and by ballot one was chosen to "murder" the clock and the cuckoo.

Entering the "stag" coach, the one assigned to the deed managed to secure the instrument of torture while the owner was peacefully sleeping. Carrying the clock to the door of the car, the avenger hurled it out into the stilly night. Whether due to fright, or because it was time to do so, cannot be said, but just as the clock sailed into the air, it screamed forth a piercing "hoo hoo! hoo hoo!" that was almost frantic.

Johnston, the colored commissary chef, whose ears were trained to chicken hunting, heard the cry in the darkness, and without considering his danger, was about to spring from the train and give professional attention to what he believed to be a chicken without friends. It was only by compulsion that he was detained, and no argument could explain away his impression that a chicken had really called for aid from out of the darkness.

Arriving at Kingman for luncheon we found the first of the Harvey restaurants, a string of eating houses, which the Santa Fe has made famous and which have aided materially in making the Santa Fe famous. The Harvey restaurant is a happy regulation in railroad government, because of the fact that ample time is allotted for a meal. No five minute rushing down of flabby rolls, muddy coffee, questionable eggs, gutta-percha beef, and pies whose conception is a dark secret to all but the pastry cook who created them.

We were permitted to sit down and enjoy a full table d'hote dinner, with ample time to bite everything we swallowed. After we had partaken liberally of a toothsome meal, we still had time to promenade on the station platform for a few moments before the train resumed its course. Not only was this experience pleasingly new, but the wonder of it all was that we found everything appetizing and complete, even though we were on the desolate desert.

That the Harvey restaurants "draw the color line" was made apparent by the fact that Burry was refused admittance to the dining room

when he appeared in his many-colored sweater. He was informed that the sweater would be out of place, because it was so loud that the waitresses might not be able to hear the orders. He was respectfully asked to don a coat, or cage the sweater in some graceful manner.

Mingling among us on the station platform were a number of Indians, persistently offering their wares for sale. Several squaws were carrying papooses and offered the babes for exhibition at five cents a peep.

As the route beyond Kingman offers many steep grades, two engines were attached to our "special." Sir Coombs announced the fact. Sirs Baumann and Burry understood him to say two Indians had attacked our train and immediately took to the war path. They hurriedly boarded the train and made a vigorous search for the supposed train robbers. It was only upon the positive assurance of "Woodzie" that they were mistaken that they decided to relax their efforts.

Meanwhile, those who were not enjoying themselves at the expense of the would-be rescuers, were being entertained by a number of supposed mine agents, who offered all sorts of alluring inducements to encourage the purchase of what purported to be valuable mining stock. Par value was no consideration, and $10,000 worth of mining stock was offered for sale from $4 down to anything the buyer wished to offer. However, no one was eager to pour cash into the pockets of the energetic agents, or invest in a mine unseen.

We left Kingman with fond remembrances of our brief stay and unique experiences. Our train set out at a fast pace, and this was noted with keen interest, because of the fact that fuel oil was being used instead of coal. It is said that this sort of fuel offers a more uniform heat than coal, is easier to carry, and that its liberal production in the west places it at the disposal of the railroads at a very nominal cost. Oil and water are carried over the desert in huge tank cars. "Kunnie" stood at the side door of the commissary car all day long (kodak under arm) studying human nature and "jollying" the chef. He smoked royal Havana cigars continually; we could inhale the aroma in the rear of the observation car. We were under the impression the engine was still using coal, but when we were informed that oil was being used, the odor of the smoke was attributed to "Kunnie's" Havanas. At night we occasionally saw a blaze of fire from his cigar—he was taking pictures by flash light.

While en route, a mock trial was suggested in the "stag" coach and the necessary officials were selected; though some difficulty was experienced in finding a sufficiently guilty prisoner. However, after a careful inquiry, it was discovered that Sir Burry had fallen asleep, and while this in itself was deemed a crime of the deepest dye, it was further

agreed to bring the charge against him of stealing the ice from the water-cooler.

It was unanimously decided that Sir Aeberli should serve as judge, and he was provided with clerks and a court crier. Sir Sample was the counsel representing the state and Sir Bader was the lawyer assigned to the difficult duty of defending the prisoner. A tipstaff, constables and sheriff were also appointed by common consent.

At last the case was ready for a hearing and Sheriff Heckel assisted by Constable Coombs went after the prisoner, each armed with bows and arrows procured from the Indians. The prisoner was awakened, and when apprised of the charge against him, made a vigorous denial. Of course, like all other suspects, he did not wish to serve as prisoner, but it was here the strong arms of the sheriff and constable exerted themselves. He was brought before the bar of injustice.

Judge Aeberli jerked a barrel up-side-down, placed a box on the top of this (as his seat of justice), put his fatigue cap on the back of his head, borrowed a chew of tobacco from the prisoner, and declared: "Now, boys, the court is open. The first fellow that says a word unless I speak to him will get paralyzed."

After much challenging a jury was impaneled. The porter was excused by both sides from serving on the jury, because he admitted that he never drank ice water. Sir Biddle was not permitted to serve on the jury for expressing the opinion that ice was never placed in railroad water-coolers. Sir Benkart was challenged by the defense, as he stated that he had known the prisoner for some time and noticed that he always took things coolly.

After the jury was in the box Attorney Bader for the defense, challenged several jurymen, when the prisoner announced: "Stop! They are all friends of mine! I want you to challenge the judge!"

"Your words shall be few," thundered the judge from the bench (or barrel.) "We want nothing but silence and but little of that! Paste that in your hat for future reference! Now tell your story!"

The first witness for the state was Schwerd. He testified that he had seen railroad employees place a large piece of ice in the cooler at Kingman, and that he had turned on the faucet of the cooler shortly after and that nothing but water came out. He was sharply cross examined but to no avail. The next witness, Sir Seiling, testified that he had heard the prisoner admit "taking cold" near Kingman, and that after the ice was missed the prisoner did not deny an accusation that he "took the cake." Other witnesses gave equally damaging evidence.

The defense called Sir Lowrie, who stated that he was present when the prisoner was searched, and that no trace of the ice was found on his person. However under cross-examination, he acknowledged that the prisoner had admitted, during a card game, that he had "cold

feet." Another witness for the defense, Sir Steinmiller, testified that he had sought a drink of water after the alleged disappearance of the ice, and that the tank still bore the inscription "water cooler." This point was used to demonstrate the fact that the water could not have been "cooler" if the ice was gone.

Eloquent pleas were then made before the jury by the counsel for both sides; the prosecution dwelling upon the enormity of the crime of stealing ice upon the desert, while the defense held that the charge of the theft of a piece of ice was a "cold conspiracy."

When Prosecutor Sample started to sum up his case, he was gentle, mild and quiet in manner; but gradually, carrying the jury with him, he became enthusiastic. He thundered, he roared, he whooped, he howled, he jarred the windows and doors, he sawed the air, he split the horizon with his clarion notes, he tipped over the barrel (or seat of justice) and shed a few suspender buttons while the prisoner shed tears. Of all the mighty masters of speech, and addresses to the jury, history has consecrated a place for him, for the manner in which he forged and launched his thunder.

Attorney Bader for the defense, was full of language and dispensed it with a liberal hand. Like the dictionary, one word led on to another. He maintained, among other things, that: "evil is connected with matter, and aside from matter we do not find evil existing (the ice melted). That is true. At least, such evil as we might find apart from matter, would be outside the jurisdiction of the court. Evil and matter are inseparable. So what's the matter?

The jury deliberated at length, and brought in the verdict of "robbery in the thirty-second degree." The loss being ice, the learned jurymen naturally settled upon the thirty-second degree because of its being the freezing point.

In passing sentence upon the prisoner, who persistently denied his guilt, the judge reviewed the seriousness of the offense, declaring that even diamonds and gold could be returned, but ice once stolen could never be wholly replaced. He then announced that he would be especially lenient, because of the previous good character of the prisoner, and sentenced him to the commissary car to serve—refreshments.

After the prisoner had faithfully worked out his sentence to the satisfaction of a large and enthusiastic audience, the gentlemen of the party were in receipt of a kind invitation extended by the ladies, to be their guests at an entertainment which the ladies promised to provide. Using the abutting platforms of two coaches as a stage, they presented a program of song and recitations, which proved to be one of the most pleasing entertainments that it was our privilege to witness.

Having previously passed the small settlements of Hackberry and Peach Springs, we arrived at Seligman, where the Pacific time changes

to Mountain time. The latter is an hour faster than the former, or two hours slower than Pittsburgh time. We interviewed our watches at this point, and made the necessary corrections, after which cards were suggested, this diversity was indulged in as we passed the town of Gleed and arrived at Ash Fork.

Ash Fork is an important railroad junction. Here the Santa Fe, Prescott & Phoenix railroad, which is a branch of the Santa Fe system, connects with the main line and traversing south and southeast, entering a rich mining region and communicates with several important points for a distance of 275 miles. Passing through a country which is as rich in scenery as it is in minerals, one reaches the important city of Phoenix within a half day. Nearby is the famous Vulture mine, which has produced $20,000,000 in ore. Near Prescott some engineering problems have been solved by rock-cuts, trestles, detours and loops. World-famous mineral developments lie about the vicinity of Prescott. Here are the Congress and Rich Hill gold mines. The great United Verde copper mine is at Jerome, reached by a crooked narrow gauge line which passes through a wild country.

As we left Ash Fork night was falling fast. The fading of sunlight and the approach of the deep eventide shadows cast a dreary desolation over the desert. A glance from the car window swayed one with a solitude that had the touch of romance. For one to venture upon that unfertile and forsaken waste at night, would be like renouncing the world, and casting oneself into utter oblivion. Eye and mind were both bewildered as we centered our gaze upon the interior of our brightly lighted, comfortable, and cheerful cars.

The hour was late when we arrived at Williams. It was here we were to take the new branch of the Santa Fe road, which brings the passenger to the very rim of the Grand Canyon. The route is 65 miles, and stands as a monument to triumphant engineering skill, and its accomplishment was only attained after the expenditure of several fortunes.

The road is built across a slightly rolling mesa; in places thickly wooded, in others open. By daylight the snow-capped San Francisco Peaks can be seen on the eastern horizon, while Kendricks, Sitgreaves and Williams mountains are also visible. Red Butte, thirty miles distant, is a prominent landmark, and before reaching the terminus, the train climbs a long, high ridge and enters the Coconino Forest, which resembles a natural park. The grade at times was so steep that three engines were used after we left Williams.

As we sped towards the Grand Canyon station every mind was trained in expectancy of what we were to behold on the morrow. The beauties and magnificence which the canyon affords are of such wide reputation that we were impatient to see and realize it. Every con-

versation turned to the one topic. Just before we reached the canyon our train came to a sudden stop, to await the passing of the "Special" of Pittsburgh Commandery, No. 1. This was a tremendously heavy train, and the largest passenger train which had ever crossed the continent. Our Fraters were returning from the canyon, and as we awaited their passing, a general order was issued to give them a rousing hurrah. In a moment, the proud majestic train came whizzing past, and we had scarcely time to give them a rousing cheer, when they passed by. All was quiet aboard, as it was past midnight, and if we succeeded in awakening them, they passed us before they realized what had happened.

It was in the early hours of the morning when we reached Grand Canyon Station. Strange, but true, all were asleep; probably because of the anticipation of an active day. The curtain of night was permitted to remain between us and the canyon, and we were satisfied to await the dawn.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE night was a silent one. Unbroken save by an unromantic snore emanating from the "stag" coach. It seemed as if the slightest sound, even if it were a hundred miles away, should be heard; so still and frosty was the air on an altitude averaging over 7,000 feet. Not a whisper or murmur interrupted the tranquility throughout the night.

At half past four, or possibly five o'clock, while we were still dreaming under our heavy coverings, our arms were violently pulled and a voice cried out: "Get up, boys, and see the sun rise."

It was Sir Gilchrist, the "Alarm Clock," his hearty and good-natured laugh, which not only forgave him his sin, but compelled the suffering to join him, was second only to the "Oscar" type. He shouted again and again, until all were astir: "B-u-o-y-s, here is the sun!"

With natural modesty, because of our negligee attire, window curtains were stealthily raised, but when we viewed the splendor without, they were boldly thrown aloft.

The world was ablaze! We seemed to be winging on a cloud high in the heavens, over a prodigious abyss of space, beyond which the eastern rim of all the world seemed to be on fire with flaming light. A belt of splendid rose and gold illuminated all the horizon,

darting long spears of glory into the dark sky overhead; gilding the tops of a thousand hills, scattering over the deep purple earth below and casting on the unbroken background of clouds beyond an enormous silhoutte.

The spectacle was one of unparalleled splendor. Moment by moment it grew more wonderful in beauty of color as the brilliant dawn gave birth to the morn, and "Light" came rushing on Creation at the word of God. The sun rolled into sight and flooded the world beneath with almost insufferable radiance.

Notwithstanding the sinfully early hour we had arisen, all were cheerful, eager, and impatient to see more of the glories offered by the majestic canyon. Hastening our dress, we proceeded up a winding road and found ourselves on the verge of a high precipice and standing upon the very rim of the Grand Canyon.

Here the universe seemed to have suddenly yawned asunder and a broad underworld that reached to the uttermost horizon rose up before us in a vastness that appeared as great as that of the world itself. One should pause and remember that this wonderful, incomprehensible canyon is 217 miles long, 13 to 18 miles wide, and a mile deep, (vertically). Think of it!

This great stretch of vale is studded with enormous rocks of many shapes and hues, which rise and fall with the uncertainties of an ocean wave. They glisten and sparkle as everlasting monuments to Nature's architecture, in every conceivable form. As one stands on the brink of this immense chasm and gazes down from an elevation of over 7,000 feet, the wondrous rock formations point upward in a million forms, a million sizes, and a million color combinations, which vary with the movement of the sun. Immense and lofty Towers, the relics of a prehistoric race, rise up with the presence and aspect of awful mysteries. Silent and sombre Castles with their fortified and obscure remains festooned with lace-like webs of talus. Stately and gorgeous Temples, fretted with ornamental devices, impressive in their solitude and emptiness. Sharp, violent and furious crags; yawning, deep chasms of gigantic proportions; myriads of overwhelming pinnacles; bold and bare escarpments; lofty and gigantic peaks, exquisitely storm-carved; ridges, winged-walls, and deep angles with frowning gashes of incredible depth—these are but a few variations of the great sea of impressive architecture in rock and sand, which Nature throws open between the outer rims of this tremendous expanse. Slopes and innumerable pyramidal mountains take their place like kingdoms of glory; noble ampitheaters, profound, silent, and depopulated. Wonderful gorges; picturesque-colored galleries; wide buttresses; projecting hedges hewn into vast shelves of granite; massive cairns in monumental heaps and a chain-like series of tremendous and deeply indented battlements and huge

military entrenchments, are strung out for miles and are lost in haze beyond the seeing distance of the eye. Sublime and impressive altars; huge and stately cathedral spires; balustrades and wide-spanning arches; domes and alcoves that would frown defiance at the tempest; groups of magnificent columns with lattice work and delicate carvings; immense fleets of volcanic cones, titanic cliffs, buttes, caves, terraces and minarets—a labyrinth of huge architectural forms—massive bulks hewn from the gaudiest rock strata that tower upward 1,000 to 6,000 feet, but none reaching the level of the rim upon which we stood. Some of these formations are a mile or more wide, and all combine to awaken the blended sensations of awe and admiration. As we viewed this prodigious sight, we were lost and hushed in astonishment.

In the presence of a sight so thrillingly magnificent, the thought of every mortal turns at once to communion with the Supreme Being. A cry of "Great Heaven" comes to the lips, and the soul realizes the outburst in its fullest sense, might, glory and majesty. The vibrating cloudlets in the canyon below, rolling to and fro, lightly touch the rising peaks, columns, temples, altars and pillars, like the harpist deftly picking his instrument; and as the fleecy waves sway gently back and forth, they seem to move in harmonious sympathy, in musical measure, to that ever impressive melody, "Near-er, Near-er to Thee."

We were stunned and unable to comprehend the vastness of the mighty scene. Its immensity was beyond actual realization and the surprises and revelations it offered, came as an inspiring climax. The rocky upheavels slowly and gradually shaped themselves into mimic battlements and castles, and out of rifted clouds came broad shafts of sunlight that painted all with bands of fire, and created belts of sombre shadows between.

Great, enormous flocks of fleecy clouds and cloudlets wandered hither and thither in the lower air, many hundred feet below, as though they were feeling, but knew not where to land. Swifter and swifter they swayed to seek escape—then the sun pursued them, smote and dissolved them. As the sun mounted, these fleeces of cloudlets arose, and were dissipated, leaving the canyon bare. Down in the far depths white puffs begin to appear, creating a scene of unrivalled beauty, as they rise and overflow the rim, and become entirely dissipated under the devouring glare of the sun. Again and again came the marshaling in the depths, the rise and total suffusion, until the warm walls had spent their saturation, and the sun prevailed in undisputed authority.

For the moment let us occupy ourselves with the superb view—an astonishing spectacle beyond all dreams—that unfolds beneath our eyes the most beautiful picture that human eyes can rest upon in the broad universe! What a silent, curious change creeps over all as the sun rises from out of the horizon! The sharp and undeniable light streams

through every opening. The eastern wall of the canyon burns with almost living flame, while to the west the shadows are cast so dark that it seems as if night had lingered there. The lower canyon is in solemn repose, though here and there shadows jump from nook and crevice and hide themselves from the pursuing sunlight. Gradually as the inner gorge emerges from its slumbers, the sunlight leaps about with sparkling vivacity, and the whole scene becomes a moving panorama of light and shadow mingled with celestial beauty.

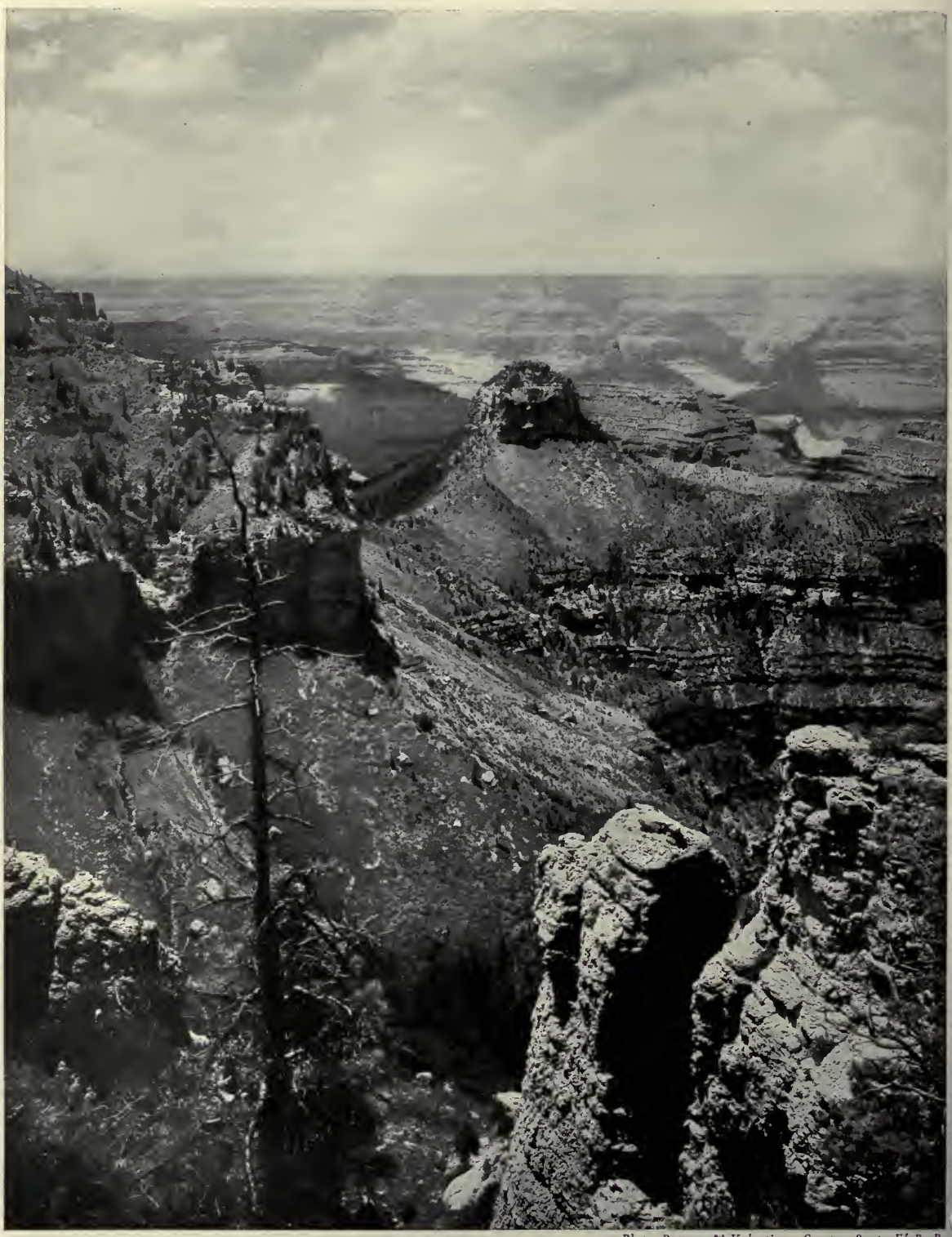
Across the canyon to the southwest, where the sun shines with all its brilliancy, hundreds of mighty structures of rock, miles in length, thousands of feet in height, are thrusting themselves out of the depths into forms of architecture so wild, so bold, so eccentric, and yet grouped so symmetrically! Color schemes and variated tints glisten and change. The rainbow in all its individuality of beauty pales in comparison to the blendings and interblendings of the thousands of tints and shades with which the Great Artist has painted His masterpiece. To see this work of the Master, under the first rays of His great calcium, is to feel one's weakness and inability in giving full expression—language fails, words lose the power of expression, description is impossible, only that which God himself gave—the soul—has the ability to appreciate.

The curtain of clouds has lifted—the sun has taken possession with the greetings of the morn—the temples, amphitheaters and many-formed giants of architectural beauty stand out in all their splendor under the light of day—yet peace and absolute quietude prevails. A solemn, sincere, and thrilling tranquility brings thoughts of eternal rest and everlasting happiness! Verily, the scene is stamped upon the heart as an image of beauty; to remain there until the pulse ceases. No impression of gloom or terror sways the mind, and all thought of daily strife and troubles recedes, and is lost in yesterday.

What voices spoke and cried out from the castles; what faces faded from the earth look out upon us from the gleaming depths; what Heavenly promise glistens from the mighty pyramids of rock, dressed in their mantles of many hues?

As we soliloquized in these thoughts, we were sharply brought back to the more material in life, by the announcement that breakfast awaited us in the log cabin nearby. We hastened hither, silent in the delight, glory, beauty and inspiration of it all. Reluctantly we directed our steps from the canyon brink and ate, because it was eating time, without any desire for the repast, but rather because it was a duty to perform. It is but needless to state that the meal was a hasty one and that impatience was general.

Following breakfast we drove about the rim of the canyon, stopping at the most advantageous viewpoints. The drive in itself was exhilarating—not only because of the high altitude, but because of the winding



Photo, Putnam & Valentine. Courtesy Santa Fé R. R.

A VIEW FROM THE NORTH WALL.

Photo, Putnam & Valentine. Courtesy Santa Fé R. R.

FROM KAIBAB PLATEAU, LOOKING SOUTH.

course which led at times to the very brink of the great, deep chasm, and then carried us away again.

Wherever we paused to look and wonder at this great and incomparable marvel, there was newness and variety. No part of the immense area of rock is duplicated. Its colors, though many and complex, vary with the moving sun, minute by minute; while passing clouds, and lights and shadow, are reflected in the almost constant change of color effect.

From viewpoint to viewpoint, the marvels multiplied. Details do not impress the beholder at first glance; he is swayed and overwhelmed by the stupendous ensemble. The river channel (that of the Colorado), appears as a slender, silvery thread, as it winds and twists itself around the tremendous foundations of the gigantic and massive architectural rocks, 7,000 feet below the level of the eye.

Inky shadows hover in the depths; pale gildings of the golden rays of the sun play upon the spire tips of the cliffs and peaks; titanic paintings, in variable hues of pink, red, lavender, vermillion, gray and yellow, blend and interblend. In the distance, white towers stand out in bold relief amidst a purple haze; and suffusion of rosy light, gleam in the reflection of a hundred tinted walls. Colors gladden the faces of these stony monarchs. The huge and mighty architectural forms would be none the less awesome and impressive were they but grim, gray stone. Perhaps such unity of color, or lack of color, would add solemnity; but Nature, with a paint with which the world is unacquainted, and with a brush that only Divinity can wield, has heightened their glory and its own, and has rounded out a rhapsody of enchantment.

As we leave one viewpoint to seek another, our minds are occupied in wonder if other glories and more astounding miracles are to be beheld. Greater and more stupendous visions seem impossible, and yet, when we again look out from the chasm's brink newer, if not greater splendors of Nature's achievement lie before us.

A solemn silence broods over all. No warning voice of danger comes up from the almost bottomless depths which yawn for prey. Cities could be tossed down and land like pebbles, and over the enormous expanse, not a murmur prevails—even the river has no outcry, as it glides smoothly and peacefully along its course.

As the mountain ranges, thousands of feet in height, looked up to us on the rim, they seemed to offer a silent but eloquent sermon. In this great gap in the heart of the earth, there are no worshippers, save a few who find inspiration to pay homage to Nature. The temples seem too sanctified for human priesthood, man is but the tiniest atom, as he stands in their presence. Nature itself is God's appointed celebrant. Her age and experience alone can fill this mighty pulpit. She prays silently, but convincingly; her communions know no comparison in impressive-

ness. In thunder she starts a revival that makes the mountains ring with echo; her songs of praise are carried forth by the birds; the winds are the solemn warnings of her symphonies. It is Nature's pulpit, and to use modern conceptions, her sermons are illustrated.

En route to the hotel we came to a point where we could see across a broad curve in the canyon, which forms an immense amphitheater of splendid towers and temples, cliffs and gorges. The opposite rim, 18 miles distant, is low enough to permit the vision to range out over the "Painted Desert" to the long, irregular battlements of Echo Cliffs, 50 miles distant, while Navajo Mountain looms up on the horizon over 100 miles away. This great expanse, which lies open to the vision of the human eye, is one of unbroken chaos. Probably no other equal area contains so many supreme marvels or so many masterpieces of Nature. The spectacle is so symmetrical, and so completely excludes the outside world and its accustomed standards, that it is with difficulty one can acquire any notion of its immensity.

What a great and priceless thing is a new interest! How it takes possession and clings to the one interested! We were in this category shortly after luncheon, when we decided to "go down trail." For the benefit of the uninitiated it might be well to explain that "going down the trail" at the Grand Canyon means the exciting vocation of riding or walking from the rim of the canyon to the river, a distance of seven miles, over winding, twisting and curving pathways. Little more than half way down the trail is a plateau, upon which a number of large tents are continually kept to supply refreshments, and provide places of shelter for any that might be overtaken by night on the trail.

Many of our party who decided to make the novel and interesting trip, agreed to ride. Horses and mules were provided at the log cabin hotel. Much to our surprise burros were not used to carry passengers. Sir Pears insisted upon having a burro, but there were none to hire. He feared to make the trip on horseback, and refused to mount a mule. He declared as a measure of safety, that he could straighten out his legs and stand up, in time of peril, if he had a burro, and let the animal walk from under him. He admitted, however, that even the burro has its disadvantages—their large ears interrupting the view.

Sir Baumann could not pilot his mule with any degree of certainty. Just as we were starting, the animal scampered and zigzagged across the road, bumping and pushing into the others. He scraped one side against a cart and the other against the log hotel, giving him a polishing first on one side and then on the other. Finally the mule sighted the house in which he lived, and made a dash for it. As he entered the doorway, which was low, he incidentally scraped Sir Baumann off his back. When the latter picked himself up, he appeared rather discouraged,

POINT DE LA OLLA.

LOOKING ACROSS FROM RIM TRAIL, GRAND VIEW.

but finally, in a spirit of determination, cried as Richard III had cried: "Give me a horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse"—or else I walk.

Sir Joseph J. became discouraged early. Someone held his hand as he looked over the brink. One glance was sufficient. Shrinking back, he shuddered and declared: "What? I should say not! No trail for me—seven miles down and a thousand miles back!"

It was an anxious, cautious and picturesque procession that started "down trail," and drew a crowded audience to the rim. The older folks watched us for hours, training field glasses upon us until we appeared like mere flies crawling down the side of the wall. Efforts were made to identify the various members of the party, and this afforded entertainment to the spectators.

The animals entered upon their perilous journey with measured, unfaltering step. As a matter of fact, the "down trail" tour is more perilous for animal than man, although there is enough anxiety for both to make it a thrilling and strikingly unusual one.

The noble and faithful animals jogged along, sometimes at a canter when the road permitted, but always with a degree of care. The bridle lines are not held by the rider. Instead, one hand is held on a pommel on the front of the saddle, and the other hand on the rear of the saddle. The greater portion of the time the animals carry their heads between their fore legs, swinging them up and down in harmony with carefully chosen steps.

The pathway itself was merely a narrow shelf cut into the face of the precipice. It averaged four feet wide for the seven miles, and naturally the descent had to be made in processional style. It was not an exhibition drill, but the command to remain "single file" was never violated. At times we could look over the edge of the narrow gallery and see a bottomless wall of rock, which was upholding us; occasionally we saw the bottom of the precipice upon which we were riding, several thousand feet below; in some places this could only be accomplished by dismounting carefully, and lying down and peering over the edge—though many did not care to do so for fear of soiling their clothes, and for other reasons more fearsome.

Portions of the path were so steep that flights of zigzag tree-stumps had been driven into it to afford the animals a sure footing, in carrying their human freight in safety. These stumps were inserted in step-like fashion, and the noble animals would carefully measure each step before making it. At times they would bring down a fore foot, and landing upon a smooth surface, would sprawl out, only to recover instantly and secure safer footing. At such times when the animal failed to secure a firm footing, earth and rock went clattering over the edge, and as it bounded and rebounded down the ravine, the echo struck a thrill into the heart, and touched a chord of uncertainty.

For the greater part of the way the trail was abrupt, though at times a stretch of almost level path lay before us, which instilled confidence and bravery, as we sat straight in the saddle and almost scoffed at the idea of danger. At best, however, it was a rough, narrow trail through a wilderness of billowy upheavals; of miniature mountains rent asunder; of gnarled and knotted, wrinkled and twisted masses of rock interlaced and mingled together. Over this twisting, turning, curving, far-stretching pathway there was ever present the thrilling suggestion of a life free of all care. With all its thrills, with all its possibilities of danger and utter destruction; the environments inculcated a feeling of carelessness, that in words might be expressed: "Where else is a better place to die—where lies a shorter road to heaven?" And yet, while the soul may be swayed by the spirit of "I-don't-care," the first law of nature—self-preservation—takes possession of the physique.

With the continued persistence of the animals to take the very outer edge of the path, you handle yourself carefully all the time, under the impression that your weight will start your carrier falling over the precipice. Unconsciously you do not bear heavily upon his back, but constantly lean over toward the inner side of the path. As a matter of fact, this is the wrong thing to do, for with your body bent toward the inside of the path, an angle is created with the animal at the saddle, and with your body in a vertical position there is an incentive to push the animal into the yawning abyss. But one doesn't figure out the geometrical position under such conditions.

For the first mile or two your flesh creeps, until you become fully acquainted with your animal—then you place all confidence in him, and if you ever loved a horse or mule, and respected his noble qualities, it is upon such occasion. The mind of the animal seems to act with yours in perfect harmony. He knows what to do—often better than you. Mental telegraphy seems established, and when you speak and give advice to your steed, he responds with almost human intelligence.

We were led by a guide on horseback, who now and again snatched twigs and limbs from overhanging trees, and offered them to us for whips. But none had use for them. The noble animals were plodding along with all necessary speed, ever anxious to finish the journey, but never so eager as to become careless. To use an instrument of punishment upon such noble and trusted servants would have been a rebuke against faithfulness and an insult to kindness.

At times our path became surrounded by hideous desolation. We stepped forward to sort of jumping-off places, and were confronted by a startling contrast. Four or five thousand feet below us was the river, walled in on all sides by gigantic precipices, and out of these rose the domes, the castles, the peaks and the hundreds of oddly shaped masses of architecture.

HOTEL EL TOVAR.

DESCENDING WALLAPAI TRAIL INTO CATARACT CANYON.

What an imposing picture was this single-file procession standing on the rim of a wall but four feet wide. Nothing between the edge and Eternity! No hand rail or guard of any kind to protect the pedestrian or horseman.

At each of the many turns along the trail, our noble steeds afforded a dramatic element to the journey which at first struck us with thrilling fear. Instead of taking these many turns with a curving sweep, the animals would turn at sharp right angles, continuing to the very outer edge of the path, and stand there, before turning about and following the trail. As they walked out and took a standing position at the very extreme of the path, they threw up their heads in proud, peacock-like position, and silently survey the majestic panorama that lay spread out far in the depths below. Now and again, they would swing their heads from left to right, and from right to left, as if pointing out some object of interest to the reinsman. Then, with a parting, haughty inspection of all that lay below, they turned about, and pursued the path with the same meek careful step that had brought them to the point of observation. Occasionally, when the trail was steep, but not treacherous, the animals would canter for a time, only to slacken their pace when danger lurked ahead. Then, with another turn in sight, the same desire and impulse to look over the brink seized them and they stood statue-like on the edge. A kind word—"be careful Johnney—Johnney—Johnney" with an affectionate patting, would bring a knowing response, and an endeavor on the part of the animal to secure a sure footing. Sometimes our positions seemed so perilous that we would gasp, but confidence in our carriers was never misplaced.

The width of the trail, except at occasional turns, would not permit the passing of two animals, and in order to signal parties coming up, to await us at the proper points, our guide called out a signal that re-echoed down the canyon with increasing volume as if a mighty chorus was answering in the depths below. So narrow was the major portion of the pathway, that tourists were compelled to crawl underneath the animals in order to pass.

When such a pass had to be made, we took the inside, flattening ourselves against the canyon wall. While this is but human nature, we had no choice in the matter, because the animals invariable chose the outside. This has become second nature with them, in fear of scratching and tearing their sides against the ragged rocks, and in a place of that kind a mule's preference is always to be respected.

When not engaged in carrying tourists the animals transport panniers of water and merchandise. These, hanging bulkily on their side, do not permit them to take the inside. When they are promoted from the freight to the passenger department, they cling to early-formed habits, and keep one of the passenger's legs dangling over the mighty depths of

the lower world, while the passenger's heart is in heaven, so to speak, and he assumes a look as if feeling somewhat unwell.

A touch of true western realism is added when the guide calls a halt, and crawls along the narrow pathway, offering the tourists a drink from his buck-skin canteen, which he carries strapped to his side.

As we approach "the tents" a stretch of almost level path is encountered. Here we assumed an air of bravado, sitting erect, arms folded, we became horsemen of fearless nature. Arriving at "the tents" which are located on a natural resting place of table land, we stopped and partook of light refreshments. It seemed surprising to find sustenance in such a place, and it was only by means of the freight department of the mule and horse railway that this oasis has been created.

After a brief rest, we continued our journey down to the river. This last stretch of the trail has been properly termed the "cork-screw," for it winds in such a succession of curves and bends that it can only be likened to the instrument whose name it bears.

The path was the most remarkable we had ever seen; curving down the face of the colossal precipice—a narrow way, with the solid rock wall at one elbow, and a mighty depth and perpendicular nothingness at the other. The steep and narrow course gave startling glimpses into the ravine below (for it is still about three miles to the river by the path) and disclosed the massive and magnificent aspect of an enormous abyss. Down and ever down goes the trail, one gorge opening below the other, until the verge of the final gorge is reached. Here the river runs, at a depth of a thousand feet further. Everything is desolate; the vegetation sparse, with a few stunted trees here and there. The river, which seemed as if but a silvery thread from the brink, is now expanded by the nearer view into large proportions.

A full realization of the enormity of the cliffs and the depths of the valleys and crevices of the Grand Canyon, cannot be conveyed to the mind until one has crawled down to the river bed, and glanced upward into the narrowed sky. In the vastness of the canyon and the hundreds of separating cliffs, one can gain but a meager conception of the labyrinth of gorges. Yet this revelation of the immensity of the canyon, small as it might be, offers a peep into a wonderland, which mortal man has never conceived.

In places, the river thunders with a perpetual roar, swelling into a rampant flood; then it fades away in slowly reducing murmurs, until it smoothly, silently and mysteriously vanishes between huge gates of granite. Rounding a bend stealthily and silently, it encounters rock ribbed beds impeding its way. Here it rises to the full madness of violent agitation, and roaring and plunging frantically, it meets and overcomes its obstruction with loud acclaim that re-echoes through the canyon; then, assuming its even temperament once more, it passes away as silently as

CAPE HORN, ON THE TRAIL.

"CORK SCREW," ON THE TRAIL.

AYER PEAK, GRAND VIEW.

it came. And yet, the Colorado is a lonely river as it wends its way through the Grand Canyon. It knows no voice but its own—the music and melodies heard in the gorges are but repetitions of its own sound. The lonely wayfarer, standing upon its brink, is but a mere atom to the haughty stream.

Dwarfed by prodigious mountain-like shores, which rise from the water's edge, it is difficult to correctly estimate the width and volume of the river. Its width, as we saw it, was between 250 and 300 feet; its velocity 15 miles an hour, while at times its volume and turmoil was equal to that of the Niagara. When in its angriest mood, it tosses a drift of huge tree trunks into the air as if they were shavings driven by the wind.

Even in the most dangerous parts of the canyon, between the most terrific rapids, are stretches of calm water. It is only when one stands on the bank and notes how fickle the waters really are—how violently treacherous, how alluringly passive—that he realizes what heroic exploits were those of the first navigators, who traced what had previously been a mysterious river course. It was only by exploring the Colorado River, and persistently following its course, that it became possible to explore the Grand Canyon, and locate such points where a trail to the rim could be established.

The civilized world first learned of the existence of the Grand Canyon in 1540, when Spanish explorers, moving northward from Mexico, went out in search of the "Seven Cities of Cibola." This expedition failed in every effort to descend the canyon, and only caught glimpses of the river from afar. Two other expeditions during the same year resulted only in exploring the river for a comparatively short distance above its mouth. In 1776 another Spaniard, traveling southward through Utah, struck off from the Virgin River to the southeast, and found a crossing at a point which now bears the name "Vado de los Padres."

For 80 years after no important exploration was made, until 1857, when the War Department dispatched an exploring party under direction of Lieutenant Ives of the engineer corps. With a little steamer known as the "Explorer," he managed to ascend the Colorado River as far as the mouth of the Rio Virgin, but was then compelled to fall back and join a pack train on shore. After a continued detour, he ascended the plateau through which the canyon is cut, and after an adventurous journey, returned with much valuable information.

Twelve years later, in 1869, Lieutenant Wheeler was ordered by the chief engineer of the army to explore the canyon from below. He succeeded in reaching the mouth of Diamond Creek, but was compelled to return, although he also brought back revelations.

In the same year Major J. W. Powell succeeded in making a peril-

ous tour along the river, from what is now known as Green River Station, through the whole course of canyons to the mouth of the Rio Virgin, a distance of more than 1,000 miles, and an expedition that proved of unestimable value to the world.

Major Powell's success was attained in the face of emphatic remonstrances from those best acquainted with the region, including the Indians, who declared the boats could not exist among the known rapids and water falls. It was also believed that the river sought a subterranean course for a greater portion of the way.

Encouraged by his remarkable success, Major Powell entered upon another expedition in the summer of 1871. After a year's effort, he descended the river and discovered paths down into the canyon from the northern rim. The next year he passed through the greater portion of the canyon in rowboats, and in subsequent years made astonishing discoveries through the surrounding country.

Others sought to follow Major Powell in riding the turbulent waters of the Colorado, but the great majority of these brave men found their graves along the banks of the wild stream. In 1889, Robert Brewster Stanton, together with a party of railroad engineers, started at the head of Marble Canyon and made their way down the river and secured an extended railroad survey along its course. Other adventurous travelers have since explored various sections of the region, but there still remain vast areas which have not yet known the footprint of man, and which at this time seem wholly inaccessible.

The Colorado River, upon whose demand creation was wrought asunder, and the Grand Canyon formed, in order to allow it progress, is a stream of no mean dimensions. Formed in southern Utah by the unison of the Green and Grand Rivers, it intersects northwestern Arizona, becomes a boundary line of Nevada and California, and ploughs its way through arid plains, dense forests, and formidable mountains. It drains a territory approximated at 300,000 square miles, and from the rise of its principal source, is 2,000 miles long.

At the courteous request of the guide to hasten, as the hour was growing late, we started on the upward journey, but not until the faithful animals had been watered and appreciatively caressed. Following the instructions of our guide we tread in his footsteps, as he led the way. On the whole, it was easier going up, than down the trail—we were more familiar and could distinguish the route and see such dangers that in going down, could only be felt.

Up, up the "cork screw" we climbed—the animals hastening diligently. We patted them affectionately, and this seemed to encourage continued effort. It appeared remarkable that an animal could make such a sharp ascent as the "cork screw" and retain such lasting qualities. They labored continually, hastening up and up the steep and narrow

Photo, G. L. Rose. Courtesy Santa Fé R. R.

A BRIEF REST, BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL.

Photo, W. W. Bass. Courtesy Santa Fé R. R.

A STRETCH OF CALM WATER, THE COLORADO RIVER.

Photo, W. H. Knap. Courtesy Santa Fé R. R.

COLORADO RIVER, FOOT OF BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL.

trail, with head constantly on the side of the animal in front, as though anxious to pass him. There seemed to be a general competition to be in the lead.

On the up trail it is not necessary to pause to view the magnificent panorama—it is ever before you. The glories that were revealed in the depths of the canyon, near the close of day, were beyond the imagination of poet or artist. Deep, inky shadows; veils of pale light were playing upon the lofty spires, while the many-colored columns and towers and domes blended and interblended as they became deserted by the sun. The beholder becomes unmindful of fatigue, while immersed in these beauties of nature.

Songs came to our lips—lullabys of cradledom, that had gone unsung for a score of years. It seemed as if nature had carried us back with one sweep to the simplest of our lives—babyhood—and brought forth the melodies of toyland as of old.

Arriving at "the tents" we found that the descent had afforded us a familiarity with the surroundings that was close to intimacy. The terrific depths of the castles and turrets were barely discernible, and were it not for the aid which memory afforded us, we could not have distinguished many of the known landmarks of the trail. But the panorama itself, is the overmastering charm. Always changing—never twice the same. As the angle of sunlight changes, an army of ghost-like, colossal forms, march out from the farther side, which had appeared as a solid wall of rock. The scene changes incessantly, flushing and fading and advancing—then dwindling into nothingness in the slumberous haze.

We were requested by the attendants to remain at "the tents" over night. "It will be dark before you reach the rim—would you venture to ascend so late?" was the question asked. We decided to go on.

As we continued, we came upon a stretch of almost level path, for a mile or so. We scampered through the foliage at a pacing gait. It required our fullest energies to remain in the saddle. The guide kept far in the lead, like a pacemaker encouraging his followers to greater speed. With shoulders bent over his horse's neck, he urged his animal to continued effort.

When we again struck the steep, winding, turning, and narrow pathway, the animals were permitted to progress more leisurely, and we again broke out in song. The animals kept time with heavy plodding, bringing down their hoofs with deliberation in picking their way up the steep path.

Arriving at one of the wide turns, a whistling signal from behind rent the air. Our guide turned about and requested us to corral in the bend. As we huddled together in as small a group as possible, a train of burrows carrying water, came hurrying up the trail. The

animals were in charge of a guide who followed in the rear, and signalled his "temperance outfit" by means of a peculiar whistle, which they thoroughly understood.

We followed in the footsteps of the water-carriers and continued the persistent climb; laughing, jesting and singing. While still immersed in this light vein some one cried out: "Look! Look! The Canyon is in sunset!" What a marvel faced us!

A rich carmine flush that suffused the western sky and cast a ruddy glow far over the great expanse of table-land, was penetrating the canyon. It was soft, sensuous, lovely, exquisite,—a gorgeous conflagration that flamed in the track of the sinking sun. As it cast its soft radiance into the canyon depths, it created an earthly paradise. Colors were intensified. The red sandstone burned like coal aflame, while the golden and rose-tinted walls shone with a brilliancy that blended into the blaze of a fire of ruby and garnet on the rim above. The sky was gorgeous with a soft but bright light, which sparkled and reflected upon the pinnacles of rock.

One never can tire of the charm and fascination that comes with the silent transformations, as the sun seeks its rest and casts its parting rays over the canyon. As the depths are slowly cloaked with mysterious purple shadows, and the loftiest spirals are tipped with gold, and stand in bold contrast against the leaden horizon, the scene is one of such brilliancy and indescribable beauty that its equal can nowhere else prevail.

Then darkness fell and night brimmed out of the deep. And as the moon broke forth from the far horizon, a thousand spectral forms projected from inscrutable gloom. They were the dreams of the mountains, as in their sleep they brood on things eternal.

We hastened upward; unmindful of the path, permitting the animals free rein to seek their way, for we were intent upon gazing into the sunset-painted canyon. As we looked, the canyon seemed lighted from within. It was an abyss of shadow and mystery, and the same sadness prevailed as in all great things of Nature, that removes it from human experience.

There is a subtle charm in climbing up and down the canyon that cannot be properly expressed. It seems to be inherent in every human being to scale every height and seek the bottom of every depth; and what abundant opportunity the canyon affords for the realization of such ambitions. The exhilaration, the charm, the inspirations, the fascination that attracts and sways one, is beyond the happiest realization of a soul's desire. We had never experienced it before. Once felt, leaves always behind it a restless longing to feel it again—a longing which is like homesickness; a grieving, haunting yearning; which will plead,

Photo, G. L. Rose. Courtesy Santa Fé R. R.

RUINS OF CLIFF DWELLINGS, WALNUT CANYON, ARIZONA.

Photo, Putnam & Valentine. Courtesy Santa Fé R.R.

LIMESTONE CAVES, GRAND VIEW TRAIL.

Copyright, 1899, by H. G. Peabody. Courtesy Santa Fé R. R.

ON GRAND VIEW POINT.

Copyright, 1899, by H. G. Peabody. Courtesy Santa Fé R. R.

BISSELL POINT AND COLORADO RIVER.

implore, and persecute till it has its will. Life seemed anew; we were in a new world, and saw with new eyes.

Dinner had been served several hours when we reached the log cabin hotel on the rim, but a special meal was provided for us. The guide informed us that we came up the trail at a later hour than any party for several years.

It was upon our return to the log cabin hotel that we met John Hance. The Grand Canyon and "Old John" Hance, as he is familiarly known, are inseparable. He came to the canyon about 15 years ago, as a prospector. It was a case of love at first sight (on the part of "Old John") and he has dwelt in the canyon, summer and winter, ever since. During the summer he occupies a cabin on the rim, and when the winds of winter begin to blow, he drives his cattle 7,000 feet below, to find a perpetual summer and pasture land, protected by the cliffs of the canyon. The stories of his explorations and exciting experiences are highly interesting, and his loyalty to his only love, the canyon, is ever respected.

As night covered the canyon with the fullness of its sombre robe, we walked toward the rim, thinking and soliloquizing, as we looked into the blackened depths. Here was a wonder of creation—the greatest wonder of them all! Men have walked the earth and found what they believed to be the "Seven Great Wonders." It is evident that these conclusions were made, and the "wonders" enumerated, before the Grand Canyon was explored. All of the "seven wonders" are in the old world —hence this deduction is made, for at the head of any list, as the wonder of wonders, should stand the Grand Canyon of Arizona—incomprehensible and unconquerable.

We are told by historians that the seven wonders of the world are: the Colossus of Rhodes; Diana's Temple at Ephesus; the Mausoleum of Artemisia; the Pyramids of Egypt; Pharos of Alexandria; Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon; and the Statue of the Olympian Jupiter.

The Colussus of Rhodes was a bronze statue of Apollo, or the sun-god, about 105 feet high, which was felled by an earthquake in 224 B. C. It is odious to compare this "first wonder" of the world, with the Grand Canyon.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus is worthy of mention as a wonder. It was a magnificent structure of marble 425 feet long and 225 feet wide, which required 220 years in building. The chief architect was Chersipron, but the building was burned by the invading Goths A. D. 256. The Grand Canyon, 217 miles long and 13 miles wide, was built by God during centuries, with Nature as the architect. It was never burned—never will, nor can be, and will stand as an everlasting monument to the supremacy of its builders.

The Mausoleum of Artemisia was the tomb of Mausolus, King of Caria, which was erected by his widow 353 B. C. It was so costly and magnificent that expensive tombs have since been known as "mausoleums." However, it crumbled into decay with the ages, until now the former site has even been forgotten. In all its rareness of beauty, the tomb of Mausolus could not have attained the splendor of the architectural forms, which rise out of the Grand Canyon as monuments to the brave men who died in its depths, and these tombs will live forever, never to crumble and be forgotten.

The Pyramids of Egypt could be tossed into the Grand Canyon and would never impede the flow of the Colorado River, or materially change its course. The Pharos of Alexandria was one of the celebrated towers of antiquity, and served as a lighthouse from the time of its erection, 300 B. C. until its destruction in the fourteenth century. There is evidence of the existence of a light-bearing tower as early as the Trojan war, and while the erection of the Pharos of Alexandria was a marvel for the people of its time, as a world-wonder, its insignificance in comparison to the Grand Canyon needs no explanation.

The Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon, built by Nebuchadnezzar 560 B. C., consisted of gardens erected upon a series of arches in viaduct style. In a word, it was the first roof garden the world ever knew, and a remarkable achievement in the days of its accomplishment; truly a wonder of the ancient world. But its equal and superior are being daily reproduced by the hand of man. The original, marvelous as it was, was conceived and constructed by a handful of men. The whole universe, working as a unit for centuries, could not conceive and construct a Grand Canyon, such as that in Arizona. The Statue of the Olympian Jupiter, was, like every one of the "Seven Wonders," conceived by the human mind and constructed by man—marvelous as a piece of ingenuity for its time, but capable, not only of reproduction at this time, but of greater improvement.

In comparison to the Grand Canyon these "Seven Wonders" pale into insignificance. It is the one great wonder of the world. Its scenery is incomparable in either hemisphere. The immensity of this great chasm is a revelation, and new experience to those who have trotted the globe over.

In the great and romantic Andes range of South America there reposes no abyss or chasm that could be considered with the titanic gash which the Colorado River has chiseled through the tableland of Arizona. The Grand Canyon of the Arkansas, in Colorado, is a wonderful slit in the mountain, but in comparison, is but a button-hole. The notches in the White Mountains of New Hampshire are beautiful; the Yellowstone and Yosemite Canyons receive the approbation of the world for their particular and individual splendors, but if all these were

GENERAL VIEW FROM BRIGHT ANGEL.

PLATE II.—SHOWING THE CONTRAST IN THE EROSION OF STRATIFIED AND UNSTRATIFIED ROCK.

inclosed in the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the observer on the rim could not distinguish them from the hundreds of canyons that rib the vertebrae of the mighty gorge, 6,000 to 7,000 feet deep, 13 to 18 miles wide, and 217 miles long.

If Niagara Falls were transplanted and dropped into the canyon, it would probably require another Major Powell to find it. If Mount Washington were hoisted and dropped into the canyon, it could not be distinguished because of its contrast to the brilliant, radiating and many-colored monuments that rise out of the canyon depths. This great yawning gap, wonderfully picturesque as it is, could swallow cities, aye, a nation. There is but one standard by which the enormity of the Grand Canyon can be measured, and that is by the Grand Canyon itself. Men rave over it; others weep; many become frenzied with enthusiasm; none expect it as they find it; every visitor is surprised beyond measure!

Scientifically, the canyon offers impressiveness from the fact that it is not an indentation in a mountain range. It is an unparalleled chasm, as unexpected and as geographically unarranged for, as a glacier in a southern city. And yet, what a monster is this cleft, and what a mighty sea of gigantic wonders nestle in its bosom! Throughout its great expanse, which can only be measured in miles, there rise hundreds of peaks taller than any mountain east of the Rockies; yet not one of them rise to the rim.

On May 6, 1903, during his memorable visit to the canyon, President Roosevelt in a speech, said: "It fills me with awe; it is beyond comparison, beyond description. Keep it for your children, your children's children, and all who come after you, as the one great sight which every American should see." Never were truer words spoken, but Nature herself is so proud of this, her masterwork, that she will ever protect it.

As we took our farewell look at the canyon, a pale, white moon was casting its searchlight into fathomless depths. A shimmering lake of silvery vapor rolled and tossed silently between the widely separated walls. Subordinate canyons and deep crevices were half-hidden by the flood of lunar radiance, while the tops of the mighty temples and architectural forms that rose so defiantly during the day, glimmered in the night like spectral forms. No voice of man, beast, or bird, resounded through those awful corridors of silence. We felt as if we were the sole survivors of the earth, and as we stood alone on the brink, the melancholy murmur of the winds played a doleful requiem for a vanished world. Nature slept—breathlessly, silent; perhaps she dreamt of the spirit world, as she lay in her undefinable beauty.

A night so pensive and soothing. A light wave of chilled air came stealing over us as we took a final look in silence. Impressions were crowded into seconds; thoughts of idealistic things occupied every mind;

in solitude we worshipped at the shrine of Nature and then, with a spirit that had enthralled us during our brief stay, our minds reverted to the words of Milton:—

> "A dark, illimitable vista, without bound,
> Without dimension; where length, breadth and heighth
> And time, and place are lost!"

We turned and walked away—the world, which to us, had stopped, began to move once more.

El Tovar is the name of a new modern 125-room hotel, which had just been completed at the time of our visit, and opened the following season. It is a rustic building, built of boulders and pine logs, on a magnificent scale. The new hotel is a Fred Harvey establishment, and is highly modern throughout.

As we reached our "Special" we were greeted with smiles and enthusiasm by our colored porters. Although setting forth grinning countenances, they were visibly ill. Then they told the tale. These same colored men who had endeavored to walk through Yellowstone Park, believing it to be similar to Allegheny Park, had also made an effort to walk down and up the canyon trail.

"Wall, jus luk o'dem shoos! I ain't got no futher use fo dem shoos!" exclaimed one, holding aloft a pair that had been worn out completely. The others stood about, resting one foot on the other, and with their lower limbs apparently anchored. As a matter of fact, they did not follow the established trail in attempting to walk the seven miles of the canyon. They endeavored to make their own trail anywhere, but came back wiser, but much worn men. Later we observed a most impressive tableau in the "smoker." Here were the same three porters, all asleep; one standing, with a shoe encased in one hand and brush in the other, (a shining light). The other two seated, side by side; one held his arm way up with whisk broom in his hand, and the other had his hand extended with the palm up, waiting for a dividend to be declared. It was not a closed corporation, for they all slept with their mouths open, so that we could read their innermost thoughts.

Fortunately all returned in good spirits and physique. As a matter of fact we had provided for any emergency. For fear that some member of the party might carelessly step off a precipice and drop into an abyss, in a foolish effort to save time, we insisted that Sir Aeberli (who is a funeral director) join the party. After inviting him, it occurred to Sir Shook what an awful predicament we would be in, if the funeral director should happen to lose his balance and strike the bottom. Then came a happy thought. We would take two funeral directors. And Sir Lowrie was invited. At first he was not anxious to go, but we told

LOOKING ACROSS THE GRAND CANYON FROM EL TOVAR HOTEL.

him "we were dying to have him come" and that competition was already on the ground.

We started on our return tour to Williams, and by midnight the tired pilgrims were all asleep.

The reader will pardon this letter on the Grand Canyon. Several times have I written it to the end; several times have I torn up the manuscript, fearing lest my friends should say that I had gone mad on a sudden. It might appear that I have exaggerated; should such be the case, my pen is not at fault. Seated here, my mind wanders and the spirit roams back to that gorgeous marvel of nature in far-off Arizona, and I see it as I saw it then. My eye kindles with the majestic beauty of those eternal battlements, and I tremble with awe and wonder; while my heart throbs and thrills in the midst of nature's eloquent, golden silence. Verily, I have never stood so close to my Creator, and every fibre of my body appreciated His might, His glory, His majesty. Hence I suppose I shall come to my disappointment as have my predecessors; all of whom have failed in their efforts to justly describe this indescribable wonder. All have failed — but go forth and let your eyes illustrate this miracle to you. It is worth while traveling the world over to view this mighty chasm, and once you have seen the Almighty's Great Creation, you will bless the day that you have taken advanced steps to a larger and more comprehensive idea of His work.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE music of a donkey awoke us in the morning (Sunday, Sept. 18). Our train had long been at a standstill at Williams station.

Sir Bovard had been so deeply impressed with the sunrise of the previous morning that he had lain careful plans to be awakened early. He engaged Sir Gilchrist, Nature's own "alarm clock," to awaken him sufficiently early to "see the sun rise" and offered him passes for two to the Chinese Theatre, (which he had failed to use while in San Francisco) as recompense. This was considered a brilliant idea on the part of Sir Bovard, while no service, whether serious or pleasant, was too much for "Joe." As a matter of fact the "Alarm Clock" had never been out of order, and our early awakenings had been very persistent.

However, for some unknown and unexplainable cause, and which remains a mystery to date, "Joe" himself did not arise until 9 o'clock that morning. All the rest of the "stag" coach constituents were "up and doing;" the only two berths not made up were "the upper ten and the lower five." Presently "Joe" jumped out, hastening his dress, and without awaiting breakfast, called a council of the diplomats. He tearfully told of his contract with Sir Bovard made the night previous, how he had neglected his duty, and that his employer was still sleeping in delightful innocence. Sir Pears suggested that everyone turn back their watches. Sir Benkart advised that "Bobbie be kept asleep until sunrise

the next day, and believed that he would never miss the day." Hanley thought it would be well to burn red fire outside the window of his berth while he was being awakened. Other equally commendable suggestions were made to save the reputation of the "Alarm Clock."

However, Hanley's suggestion was at once put into effect. "Now hurry boys and get off the car, but all look heavenward and pretend to view the sunrise while I hastily summon Sir Bovard," said "Joe."

Sir Robert, springing from his "shelf on the wall," did not waste time in an effort to dress, but merely threw a blanket over himself and trotted out like a follower of the Kneipp cure. As he gained the outside he was confronted with a solemn and silent audience gazing piously heavenward, and apparently enwrapped in viewing the sun.

Presently Sir Bovard turned about and exclaimed: "Why that's no sunrise! Its way up and ready to come down! In the meanwhile there began a system of complicated and extraordinary smiling, which had been withheld as long as possible. "Look here, the sun isn't the spectacle! It's me, out here in this idiotic fashion! These boys and girls are not caring a straw about the sunrise, they have been watching me rise. As long as they have a spectacle as ridiculous as this they need no further entertainment. Look at Oscar laughing a rib loose, and there's a girl that seems to be going all to pieces. 'Joe' I never met such a man as you!"

"What have I done?" asked "Joe."

"What have you done? You woke me at half past nine to see the sunrise, and then ask such a question."

"Joe" then explained that it really was sunrise. "You see," he said, "we are not much lower than we were at the Canyon rim, naturally we are further away, and the sun seems high in the sky. If we were on a mountain it would only be sunrise, and fortunately I have been carrying a mountain time." The strong men almost fainted at this point, and the incident closed.

Our "Special" was compelled to lay over a short time, in order not to conflict with other schedules, and we took the opportunity to make a short tour of inspection. Williams, which is 378 miles west of Albuquerque, has a population of 1,500. Bill Williams Mountain rises to a height of 9,000 feet near the town; on the summit is buried the pioneer scout after whom the mountain is named. "Chimney Rock" and its eagle nests is a notable landmark on the mountain.

Returning to the station we were confidentially informed that a bridal couple were within. It did not take much formality for our party to become acquainted with the happy pair. They were bound on a honeymoon trip to the World's Fair and as the groom was an employee of the Santa Fe railroad, we insisted that they accompany us. They con-

sented to do so. In a few moments we steamed away with Albuquerque as our destination and the "Santa Fe all the way."

Whirling across the alkali sand wastes of Arizona, we saw here and there vast herds of sheep and wondered how they secured sustenance. But the timid creatures looked sleek and fat as they huddled together under the charge of the dark-skinned Mexican shepherds.

Here the region abounds in ruins of dwellings of a prehistoric people, Cliff-dwellers. In Walnut Canyon which breaks the plateau for several miles, are recesses, floored and roofed and walled up on the front and sides with rock fragments, and cemented into compartments Nearly all have fallen into crumbling decay, though some are almost wholly intact. Fixed like swallows' nests upon the face of the precipice they are only approachable by arduous climbing, and appear to have been retreats rather than dwellings, That there was a time when warlike people trod the now peaceful plateau is generally admitted. These Cliff-dwellings, between the earth and sky, are taken to indicate that their inhabitants of centuries ago were a weak and small tribe, driven to unassailable retreats by descending hordes of superior members, energy and skill.

Then onward to Flagstaff, familiar to readers of old army stories of Apache days, and on to the vast forests of the San Francisco range. The new short-cut to the Grand Canyon, over the line recently built from Williams, has robbed Flagstaff of the distinction of being the gateway to The Greatest Wonder in the World. However, it affords access to delightful and remarkable ancient ruins, and to one of our great mountains. The magnificent San Francisco Peaks lie north of Flagstaff, and the three peaks form one mountain. Humphrey Peak, whose summit is 12,750 feet above sea level, is reached by a special roadway from Flagstaff. The town itself is surrounded by dense forests of pines, which lend beauty to the eye and invigorate one with their aroma.

San Francisco Peaks which rise 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, are but 6,000 feet above Flagstaff, as that town is in itself highly elevated. Humphrey's Peak, which is easier accessible than the others, offers the noblest of mountain views. It commands a recognizable territory of 75,000 square miles, with vague, shadowy contours beyond the circle of definite vision. To the north, the farther wall of the Grand Canyon at Bright Angel Amphitheatre, 50 miles away, can be seen; forty miles beyond the Buckskin Mountains rise against the horizon; to the right, the Navajo Mountains, near the Colorado state lines and 200 miles away, can readily be discerned. In the southeast the White Mountains, more than 200 miles away, are clearly seen, while within a full and equal radius, interesting and famous landmarks of all sorts are within the grasp of the eye.

Our next stop was Canyon Diablo, 32 miles east of Flagstaff, and a

station named after an interesting and important canyon. It is a gash in the plateau 225 feet deep, 550 feet wide, and many miles long, while a narrow stream wends its way along the bottom. Just before reaching the station, the train passed over the canyon on a spider-like bridge, 600 feet long. Several miles southeast is located Meteorite Mountain, where an immense sky-wanderer is said to have fallen. Large fragments of meteoric stone have been found nearby.

What numberless centuries of human history, of life and love, of hope and despair, of endeavor and achievement, are covered by one glance of the eye, from the sight of the light, airy frail-looking steel bridge, by which the Santa Fe railroad leaps the deep, dark chasm of the Canyon Diablo, to the rude ruins of the Cliff-dweller's castle (geographically nearby). The one fairly stands for the new civilization of the country, the other probably as fairly for a civilization whose history has vanished in the midst of centuries, never to be recovered, or recovered only in doubtful fragments painfully patched together by the preserving archeologist.

East and north of Canyon Diablo is the Moki Indian reservation, which has seven villages, or pueblos, known as Oraibi, Shungopavi, Shipaulovi, Mishonginovi, Wolpi, Sichomovi and Tewa. In this reservation, which is about 30 miles wide, are gathered the members of the Moki or Hopi tribe. Moki is a nickname and is said to signify "dead." On the other hand Hopi, the true name, indicates "good people" or "peaceful people."

The Hopi Indians do not restrict themselves closely within the confines of their reservation, and are seen and met all along the route in this vicinity, gathered at railroad stations, and engaged in various pursuits. They are cleanly and uncleanly, no compromise. It is either one extreme or the other. As a whole the tribe is industrious, thrifty, orderly and cheerful. A succession of ceremonies, each terminating in "dances," are in progress almost the entire year, and all these spectacles, which are of high interest to students of pagan life, are entirely free and public.

As almost the whole source of occupation is agriculture in an arid region of uncertain crops, they find considerable time for dance and song and elaborate ceremonials, which are grotesque in the masked dances, poetic in the flute dances and excitingly dramatic in the snake dances. In the latter ceremony which is grim and startling, reptiles are used as messengers to carry petition to the gods of the underworld, who are supposed to control the rain cloud. It seems impossible to the onlooker that venomous snakes can be handled so audaciously without inflicting deadly wounds, but the Hopi snake priests have a knowledge of reptile ways and avoid injury by their dexterity; they are also said to possess a secret antidote which they apply when bitten. There are very

"Santa Fé all the Way." *Courtesy Mr Frank S. Thayer.*

THE CAMERA IN THE SOUTHWEST.

1—The Canon Diablo. 2—Cliff Dwellings, Hieroglyphs on the rocks and Cliff Dwellers Skull. 3—Petrified Trees in Petrified Forests, Arizona. 4—Abode Mansion, Old Albuquerque, N. M. 5—Church of San Felipe, Old Albuquerque. 6—Maria. 7—Mexican Bull Fighters 8—Mexican Water Carriers. 9—Bernadillo County Court House, Albuquerque. 10—Acequia or Irrigation Ditch, Albuquerque. 11—Street Scene, Old Albuquerque. 12—City Hall. 13—Bull Fight. 14—"Deme un Centavo." 15—Aguador.

few and rare cases where serious consequences have followed the handling of snakes capable of inflicting deadly wounds, yet it is positively known that the snakes are in nowise deprived of their power to do so.

Hopi girls are shy and modest, and have distinct claims on beauty, although they are rather large featured. The favorite fad among Hopi maids, consists of dressing their lustrous dark hair into two great whorls, one on either side of the head. These are intended to be symbolic of the squash bloom—the emblem of the virgin. This fashion is abandoned after marriage. The women know none of the worries of changing styles, and abide by the texture and design of the garments worn by their ancestors. Hopi men and women excel in basketry and are excellent pottery-makers. Much weaving is also done, but agriculture remains the chief pursuit.

At Winslow we had opportunity to inspect and criticize the fearful and wonderful costumes of the Indians mingled among us on the station platform. As usual, they had trinkets and novelties for sale. We had been offered so many Indian novelties on our tour that novelties had ceased to be novelties.

The Painted Desert and Moki Buttes are north of Winslow, while the Mogollon Mountains lie south. In the early days the Continental stage route and the old Santa Fe Trail passed through Winslow, making it an important junction.

As Winslow is a "Harvey Eating House" point, we took the opportunity to secure a satisfying luncheon, which terminated in an ice cream debauch. The commodity which is so plentiful at home that it is not given consideration, is idolized on the desert, because of its scarcity, and we looked upon it with reverence and respect. As a result, we were easily lead into temptation and dissipation, and we consumed sufficient to test the full capacity of the freezing apparatus.

Thirty-three miles eastward we arrived at Holbrook, where a short stop was made. Fort Apache and several Indian Villages and Mormon settlements lie south of the town. Twenty miles further is Adamana, whose chief fame lies in the fact that it is the main gateway to the Petrified Forests, which lie to the south.

These marvels of geology (for the forests are three in number) are thought to have been made possible by the emersion of a forest by the sea; then its burial under sand; then its encasement under rock formation, and finally the removal of the incasement of rock and mountain, by the slow process of erosion.

Thousands of acres are thickly strewn with branches, trunks, and limbs, covered with chiplike fragments. Some of these fragments would adorn a collector's cabinet, or embellish the crown, if polished by the lapidary. Some of the petrified and prostrate trees are 200 feet in length, and seven or eight feet in diameter, though most of them are

broken into sections. The three separate tracts of fallen forest astonish the beholder with an inexhaustible store of gems, weighing thousands of tons. A profusion of hardened splinters, limbs and logs lie about in countless numbers: In one instance, a huge trunk spans a canyon 50 feet wide—a bridge of jasper and agate overhanging a tree-fringed pool.

The first forest, six miles from Adamana, is the most popularly visited, and contains the natural log bridge. The second forest which is three miles south of the first, is smaller, though it contains many rare specimens of petrified wood. The third tract lies 13 miles south of Adamana, and is the largest of the three. Its trees and tree trunks are of unusual size, though the chief characteristics are the same as those of the other two. These tracts of hardened vegetation inscribe the existence of time, as far back as the Bible records; the evidence that trees grew in Arizona thousands of years ago cannot be disputed; what they know of the events transpiring since their formation and growth will never be told.

As we hastened to the border line separating Arizona and New Mexico we were impressed with the gigantic mountain terraces, plateaus, canyons, arid plains, deserts and bleak mountain spires, which had marked our pathway across Arizona. There is a charm even in the desolation of Arizona. Its frequent wide stretches of rugged horizon offer a fascination equal to that of the mountain and the forest. The same air of mystery pervades the desert as the canyon—the same thrall seizes the onlooker.

The cliffs of Arizona are flung in broad, sinuous lines that shape themselves into caverns, corridors, pyramids, spires, and hundreds of other forms and shapes that stand as the unfinished work of some master architect, who planned more than he could execute. Ranging from an altitude between 5,000 to 7,000 feet in the eastern section, the high plateaus break toward the west until they attain an elevation of but 500 feet in the Colorado River Valley.

Mark of Nice, the discoverer of what is now New Mexico is also credited with the discovery of Arizona. The Apache Indian was the first monarch of this domain known to civilization. For years he fought the Spaniard with considerable success. It was acquired by the United States in 1853, and after being devastated in the early days of the Civil War, was reoccupied by California troops in 1862, and not until 1882 did the first railroad span its boundaries.

Today, the once blood-thirsty Apache has been corralled on the reservations and is being rapidly educated by that master instructor—Uncle Sam. But Arizona is destined to never lose its fascinating air of mystery and antiquity. Besides its monster chasms and cliffs, which stand unchanged by time, it contains within its borders ruins of once

populous cities maintained by irrigation systems, which our modern science can scarcely duplicate. These indisputable evidences bespeak of a people who lived and died unheralded and unsung; unhonored and unknown.

The rocks themselves bear the delicate but definite hieroglyphic writings that tell of some tragedy or romance of historical love—or perhaps of successful warfare or honorable defeat—but be it what it may, it tells in truth, for evermore, that another race had lived and learned where we today seek life and education.

Nor do these hieroglyphics indicate a low degree of culture—for the delicate but definite lines clearly show that they had been made a thousand times. Was the culture capable of inscribing ideas common to this lost race? Surely it must have been! For if only few could read, the time and energy would never have been spent to inscribe thought upon stone. The fragments of pottery and other evidences found among the ruined cities of Arizona indicate that the cliff-dwellers and the settlers of centuries ago, have been a race of skill as well as culture, which was noble in its refinement.

Spanish civilization never took healthy root in Arizona and New Mexico. It was earnest, but it failed. Evidence remains that it pursued a course of "benevolent assimilation" that offers no historical encouragement, and that degeneration was the only lesson it taught. However, this ancient but new southwestern sunland, is building high upon the ruins of the lost and unknown, and the twentieth century civilization is lifting it higher and higher.

Soon we were in New Mexico, the land of the adobe, desert, and dust; the land of the vast rancho, the Mexican, the Indian, and the Spaniard. All is quaint, peculiar and ancient to the dweller of the east. Great plains stretch out and are as level as a table, except where broken by a mountain range or canyon.

Telephone and telegraph wires strung across the dreary desert wastes tell of the accomplishment of industry and enterprise over nature. Here and there a green spot marks a tiny oasis, but the greater portion of the western section of New Mexico is still waste land. Scattered by the way are a few sleepy Mexican villages and Indian pueblos, and the peculiar atmosphere of old Spain prevails.

Gallup, a coal-mining town, lies on the border line between Arizona and New Mexico, though considered as being in the latter place. Crude oil, pottery and brick clay are found in liberal quantities in the immediate neighborhood. Gallup has a population of 3,000. Thirty Indian trading stores on the reservation in northwestern New Mexico secure supplies from Gallup merchants, or receive shipments through that point.

As evening came on the "stag" coach constituents decided to serenade the bridal couple who joined us at Williams. Headed by our own

band, whose instruments of torture would have driven the Indian warriors to blush, we marched to the commissary car escorting the bride and groom.

It was here that the musical (?) organization inflicted a serenade that filled the early hours of married life with torture and discouragement. Seated on the top of a trunk, the honored guests received the visitors. The serenaders took it upon themselves to sing after their tin pans and other instruments had been hushed. It was generally conceded that the newly wedded couple would be able to meet all misfortunes that might come with married life, because of their courage in enduring the ordeal furnished by the band.

At the conclusion of the bombardment by the musicians and vocalists, two addresses were delivered—one to the groom, the other to the bride. Sir Greenwalt, who gave advice and words of encouragement to the groom, said in part:

"The ace always did beat the deuce, and this was never truer than when two hearts are succeeded by one. There is no way in which man can show greater regard for woman than by agreeing to submit to her cooking for an unlimited period of time. You have gotten yourself into a position where you cannot do much but remain and take your medicine, and if you have a powerful constitution you may survive. Brave and strong men have been known to live for years, and heroically pose as the medium by which their wives mastered the art of cooking and meanwhile paid all expenses. So do not become discouraged at the outset—maybe a biscuit will come along and take the weight off your mind and place it on your stomach.

"Never emphasize a remark to your wife by using crockery as airships. Cups and saucers hurled through the air have been known to break the harmony of a home as well as the dishes. Let your married life be as quiet and peaceful as the brooklet, and always talk in whispers —the rising voice can be carried to extremes. You may have a wonderful command of barbarian vocabularies when irritable, but you must consider that this may be unintelligible to your wife.

"Don't cherish the belief that a man makes a mistake by marrying the woman of his choice—sometimes the woman errs in making her selection. Woman wields a powerful influence—and some times a flatiron or a broom. They have great strength of purpose, as well as being strong in the wrists.

"Do not frown on the costume worn by your wife and admire the same, or a worse creation, on another woman. This has been known to unloosen the bonds and ties of matrimony. One who has never deserted his wife, at her earnest request, cannot realize the full pain of anguish it costs. Never tell your wife about the things 'mother used to make.' Woman have great respect for style and she might tell you

in reply, that 'they are not wearing powdered sugar on apple dumplings this year.'

"Very few men have had the opportunity for observation in a matrimonial way, as Johnston—he gave me all these points. The average man judges all the wives in Christendom by his own, but Johnston has made matrimony a study. It has been a life-work with him He has studied all its phases, and has become an authority; so I say to you that woman, either by strategy and winning manner, or by main strength and perseverance, is absolutely sure to wield a powerful influence over poor, weak man; and as long as the grass grows, and the waters flow (ain't that so, Johnston?) you will find her presiding over man's destinies and his ducats. Still Uncle Sam is right when he declares "united we stand—divided we fall."

"Woman is like the glad landscape to the weary eye. Individually and collectively she is a great adjunct to civilization and progress. The electric light is a good thing—but how pale and feeble is its brilliancy in comparison to the eye of a good woman. The phonograph and telephone are marvels of invention—but the first needs winding, and the second prompting in order to talk. Not so with a woman. The phonograph and telephone are good things into which to talk and deposit profanity, but they cannot take up a conversation, continue it persistently and follow a man out of the front door with it. The phonograph has much to learn from woman."

The groom seemed deeply affected by the wise words offered by Sir Greenawalt, and after the band had disturbed the peace for a few moments Sir Watson arose to deliver "the charge" to the bride, and leave the case with the jury. He said in part:

"Remember that marriage does not always pay cash dividends—you have made a mistake if you have married as a financial venture. Do not marry for revenue only, but for protection. If your husband saves $5 a week, do not invest $4 of it in a pair of white slippers and the other dollar as a weekly installment on a raincoat. Sometimes two people do well in business by themselves, but when they form a partnership both become insolvent. Yet a team can always do better uphill work if they pull work. You must not be a dormant partner during the day, and go through your husband's pockets at night and declare a dividend on your own stock. Few women are silent partners—try the exception and see how it works. Novelties always take.

"You may have had more pocket money before you married than you will have hereafter. You may have worn better clothes when you were single, but remember how it affects your husband—perhaps he had more money and wore better clothes before he married. There are always two sides to a wedding. Don't hesitate to press your husband's clothes—remember he pressed his suit before he won you.

So this is your honeymoon—the first month of married life is always considered so. Those who have been married longer say the moon is made of green cheese. Learn to take the honey with cheese and the bitter with the sweet. You can get greater concessions from your husband while he is still temporarily knocked silly by the pomp and enthusiasm of the marriage ceremony. Do not aggravate him when he comes home late at night and is too tired to walk straight—greet him with a smile and help him upstairs. If you pay attention to the smile racket he may cut out the "smile" down street.

"Of course it is a serious responsibility to give advice in a case such as this, but, if I could change the social fabric, in some cases, I should ask woman to be more thoughtful of her husband. If possible be less severe and critical. I would say to woman: 'Be a man.' Instead of asking him for a careful account of every cent he spends, learn to trust him. Let him know you have as much confidence in his financial ability as you have in him to earn your support. Make him believe you have this confidence anyway, whether you have or not. Love and respect him, and if you find married life a failure join some women's club."

Wild enthusiasm followed the closing of these words of advice by the two speakers—in fact the enthusiasm was so pronounced that it woke the groom, who had fallen asleep while in serious meditation. The band then continued with its torture, in what they termed "two selections," after which refreshments were served, and very appropriately so, because everyone felt as if they wanted to be refreshed.

The Zuni Indian reservation is the first of the larger pueblos reached in New Mexico, coming from the west; lying as it does in the central western section, 35 miles south of Zuni station, on the Santa Fe railroad. The tribe numbers about 1,000 and has always been imperious. Their language differs entirely from that of the other Indian tribes in the southwest. Their history, prior to Spanish occupation, indicates that they were, at that time, the dominating pueblo, Their ceremonial dances are of world renown, and their pottery is considered artistic. As a tribe they do not worship cleanliness, though they run entirely to extremes in this matter—individually they are either scrupulously clean, or unscrupulously unclean.

In the northwestern corner of New Mexico, and extending into the northwestern corner of Arizona lies the famous Navajo Indian reservation. This community is easiest reached from the railroad by a trail which leads north from Wingate station. Immediately south of this station is Ft. Wingate, which is rich in frontier history.

The Navajos are progressive, intelligent and self-supporting people. They are the most interesting textile workers of the deserts and are the weavers of the world-famous Navajo blankets which find a ready market at home and abroad. The Navajos are also noted silversmiths, and

are a most enterprising people in comparison to other tribes. They are not strictly a pueblo people, but often lead nomadic lives, wandering from place to place and dwelling only in temporary habitation. Both men and women are fine physical types, though they are succumbing rapidly to consumption and pneumonia, by the introduction of the white man's unnatural way of living.

Following Wingate, the station of Thoreau is reached, which lies in a district rife with interesting canyons and Indian pueblos; notably Pueblo Bonito, whose ancient ruins cover seven acres, and which include one building containing 1,000 rooms.

Chaves is a station named after a noted Indian fighter of the early days, while at Bluewater is located an extinct volcano, Tintero, meaning inkstand, from whence the lava once freely flowed. From Grant station the Zuni Mountains can be seen rising in the southwest, while San Rafael, the next stop, is famed as being the point where the old and strange Penitentes rites are still performed. At McCarty's station are seen the end of the lava beds, which extend all the way from Bluewater, while to the northeast of the station is Acomita, an offshoot of the Acoma pueblo. Cubero is an old, quaint Mexican village, three miles from the station, where the ceremonies brought from Old Mexico still prevail. The San Mateo Mountains are on the north, stretching from Grant to Cubero.

A score or more of pueblos are scattered across New Mexico, the majority of which center about Santa Fe and Albuquerque. It is not generally known that the Pueblo Indians own 900,000 acres of land, and that since the Guadeloupe Hidalogo treaty in 1848 they have been full-fledged United States citizens, though they do not exercise the right of suffrage. However, they maintain their own form of government within their pueblos.

Three of the most important pueblos in New Mexico and in the country, are those of Acoma, Laguna and Isleta. Acoma pueblo lies 15 miles south of the railroad, and about 66 miles west of Albuquerque, while the other pueblos named, lie very near the Santa Fe main line.

The Indian women of Acoma make pottery that has attained a fine reputation for beauty and design throughout the southwest. This pottery is seen to best advantage when skillfully poised upon the heads of a long line of women as they pass to and fro, between the village and the reservoir, where the pueblo water supply is stored. Not only is the pottery graceful in outline and handsome in decoration, but the Acoma women have preserved the ancient art of firing the pottery; a knack which has been lost by many of the southwestern tribes. Day or night, these Indians, and those of all other tribes and pueblos, meet the trains with a liberal display of their wares and trinkets—in fact the tourists that pass through the southwest, contribute to the support of the red men

by their purchase of souvenirs, and it is rare that the Indians see a passenger train pull out with empty purses.

Near Laguna lies the famous Mesa Encantada, or the "Enchanted Table Land." This eminence rises precipitously 430 feet above the surface, and is only accessible by ladder or rope. The summit gives evidence of former aboriginal occupancy, and the tradition of the neighboring Acoma Indians is that their ancestors lived upon it, but were forced to abandon the village when a storm had destroyed the only trail and caused those remaining on the summit to perish.

The Indian men of Laguna have responded to the influence of civilization by adopting modern dress and renouncing war paint and old time regalia. The women of the pueblo, still cling to the dark blue, native-made dresses which have been worn by Indian women for hundreds of years.

Isleta, the pueblo located just east of Laguna, and which boasts of more than 1,000 inhabitants, is another community wherein the women do not change their fashions. Their strange head-dress and odd looking, bandage-like leggins, are objects of greater attraction than their pottery and home-made dolls, which they offer for sale.

Life among the Indians of the pueblos has materially changed since influenced by European contact. Many are housed today in the self-same structures in which their forefathers were discovered. The Indian is, and ever was, a true pagan, swathed in seemingly dense clouds of superstition, rich in fanciful legends, and profoundly ceremonious in religion. Although a pagan, the purity and well being of his communities will bear favorable comparison with those of the enlightened world. He is brave, honest and enterprising within the fixed limits of his little sphere; his wife is virtuous and his children docile. Pueblo architecture has none of the elaborate ornamentation found in the Aztec ruins of old Mexico. The houses are usually built of stone and covered with an adobe of cement. Commonly they are two or three stories high, and join neighboring houses in terrace form. The exterior is painfully plain. Entrance is made to the roof of the lowest story by ladder.

Acoma is probably the most interesting pueblo of New Mexico, built as it is on the summit of a table-rock 350 feet above the plain, and 7,000 feet above the sea. Formerly it was reached only by a hazardous stairway rock, up which the inhabitants carried upon their backs every particle of material used in constructing the pueblo. The graveyard of this pueblo required 40 years in building, because of the fact that all the earth was carried from the plains far below. Many generations were required in building the immense church, whose walls are 60 feet high and 10 feet thick.

According to tradition, the original Acoma pueblo stood upon the crest of Mesa Encantada, three miles from the present pueblo, and that

its only approach was cut off, centuries ago, by the falling of a cliff. The story goes that three sick women perished, the other occupants of the pueblo being at work in the fields below. Investigations have been made by scaling this crest by means of ropes and ladders, and a number of potsherds and fragments of implements and ornaments were found upon the summit.

Laguna, which means "the lake" was founded in 1699 by refugees from Acoma, Zuni and Cochiti, on a high rock near the San Jose River. Several great battles have been fought here with the Navajos and Apaches. The Laguna Indians also occupy adjacent villages, such as Paquate, Negra, Encinal and Casa Blanca.

Arriving at Albuquerque, the commercial metropolis of central New Mexico, we were introduced to the crowning glory of the Sante Fe system, the magnificent Hotel Alvarado. Fancifully garbed, stolid Indians, crouched along the platform and at the hotel entrance offering their wares for sale, added novel color and beauty to the picture. The hotel itself is a widespreading, low building, like a great Spanish mission, save for its newness. It has rough gray walls and a far-reaching procession of arches, while towers and roof are red tiled, giving the quaintness and oddness of the mission. Its interior is beautifully decorated and luxuriantly comfortable, while within its walls is one of the finest collection of Indian curios extant.

The Indians were more gorgeously attired than any we had heretofore met. They displayed a shrewdness that stamped them as successful tradesmen. Sir David who was versed in the early history of the invasion of the white man into the lands of the Indian, had equipped himself with beads and "near-gold" jewelry, which wasn't weighed by the carat, but as carrots are measured; namely—by the bushel. Sir David was in hope that he might encounter some Indian in his journey through the west who would gladly part with a gold mine or two, or several townships, for the privilege of wearing some of this magnificent jewelry, or trimming his frock with a string of the pure glass beads.

Sir David did not offer his treasures until Indians were met who displayed a richness of costume, which indicated their appreciation of royal gems or massive "near-gold" creations. Spying a warrior brave, whose costume bore nearly every color and shade known to man, Sir David believed his hour had come for executing a profitable trade, and drawing the Indian aside, he cautiously revealed to him a handul of his "all-that-glistens-is-not-gold."

The Sir Knight explained that he had become heir to so much of this jewelry of untold value, that he did not care to dispose of it by regular sale, in fear of creating suspicion that he was a pirate. He admitted that he was willing to exchange some of his possessions for gold mines, real estate or any other trifle in order that his holdings might be variated

—he was tired of having nothing but jewels. The Indian seemed much impressed. He studied the brass rings, brooches and stick-pins carefully and seriously, while Sir David could see a pueblo or two coming his way. Finally, with a last look, the Indian reached his hand far down into the recesses of his pocket, and as he brought up what the Sir Knight believed would be wealth of another kind, he drew out a handful of similar jewelry and proposed that his white brother join him in partnership, as he himself had been waiting several years to dispose of the same kind of wealth for something more novel and substantial. Sir David's surprise was as complete as it was sudden, and casting his supply of jewelry at the feet of the Indian, suggested that he take it all and thereby corner the market on a commodity that had lost its usefulness.

Meanwhile, Sir Kreps was having an equally disappointing experience with another Indian brave. He was attempting to interview one of the chiefs in the presence of Sir Steinmiller, and for the special edification of the latter. Sir Kreps had committed to memory several words he had heard uttered by Indians of other tribes. To these he added a few Spanish phrases, and with them attempted to open a conversation with the Indian just to show his brother Sir Knight what an amazing knowledge he had of the Indian tongue. However, after several efforts, Sir Kreps did not get a reply, and the Indian stood statue-like, evidently as much amazed as Sir Steinmiller. Sir Kreps then began to inject some badly damaged Spanish into his questions. Then he tried some sprained and dislocated German on the red man—but even this didn't seem "to take." After trying a dozen varieties of jargon, including some very rusty Italian, Sir Kreps lost all patience, and in genuine English demanded of the bronze warrior: "What can you understand—Can't you talk?" Instantly the Indian's face brightened up as he exclaimed: "Why didn't you say so before? I couldn't understand you. I am not one of the old hemlocks. I am not dead at the top. The forests are filled with the ghosts of my fathers, and I can hear them moan and sigh as the night winds blow through the pines—but I do not speak in the blank verse of a century ago. Give me two bits. You got heap money."

Sir Kreps bribed Sir Steinmiller with a cigar and offered to polish his shoes, comb his hair and button his shirt during the balance of the trip, if the latter would agree not to mention the incident to the "other boys."

The city of Albuquerque lies at an altitude of 4,935 feet above the sea level on the slope of a broad plain and is protected from storms by the neighboring mountain ranges. The ancient settlement dates back to the Spanish invasion, while the new city has a population of 10,000 and is modern in its appointments. Suburban communities adjacent to the city would bring the total population up to 15,000. The University of New Mexico is located in Albuquerque, while a government Indian

School, with 300 students, is also located within the city limits. The shops of the Santa Fe railroad are also located here and employ 700 men. One of the great commercial factors is the handling of wool from the many sheep ranges of the southwest. Of the 22,000,000 pounds of wool produced annually in New Mexico, Albuquerque merchants handle fully one-fifth. Good railway facilities offer a bright future to the community. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe gives access to all points north and south, while the Santa Fe Pacific gives direct communication with all the country between the Rio Grande and the Pacific coast. Eastern New Mexico has never been in close touch with the city, but first class facilities in that direction are promised by the new lines of the Santa Fe Central and Albuquerque Eastern.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LEAVING Albuquerque we pushed upward along the Rio Grande del Norte and Galisteo Rivers over the mountains. The quaint and interesting towns of Almeda, Bernalillo, Algodores and Elota were passed before we reached Thornton where a short stop was made.

Here we were especially attracted by Indians who represented the tribes that find their pueblos between Albuquerque and Thornton, in the country that lies on either side of the railroad. Here the Santo Domingo or Queres tribe finds its home in the bottom lands along the Rio Grande, about three miles south of Thornton.

Their pueblo is built out of reach of the tortuous river—this precaution having been learned by the costly experience which wiped out the old pueblo, built by the forefathers of the Queres. The new pueblo is said to be much like the old, differing only in whitewash ornamentations, which the red man has adopted from his pale face brethren.

It is in this region that the Indian women have also gained distinction in house-building. Additional credit must be given them, when one considers that house-building in a pueblo is no delicate task, for they are substantial structures of stone or burnt brick. Aside from this arduous undertaking, the women find time for routine household work (the servant girl problem is unknown in this land of simple life) and considerable time is devoted each day to basketmaking and the manufacture

of pottery as a means to gather the shekles from the traveling and visiting public. Embroidery and weaving are but side issues with the busy Queres.

The Queres are unlike other Indian tribes in the southwest in their treatment of women. In many other pueblos the squaw is little else than a beast of burden—a slave who is destined to toil without murmur. But here women's rights are recognized. Not only are the women house-builders, but house-owners as well, and are heads of the household from every standpoint.

Notwithstanding the many duties of the Queres Indian woman, the man now performs much of the work which was formerly alloted to the woman. They work in the fields, cut wood, traffic in pottery and basket work, secure and prepare the meals, and in many instances have proved themselves tender and careful nurses in caring for the puny little papoose with fatherly pride.

"Corn day" is the great festival occasion among the Queres and many other tribes. The services are partly religious and partly pagan. Mass is said during the early morning hours, after which the firing of a gun is the signal that the idol or image-bearing procession has left the church. The first group of native dancers then appear. They are selected braves—tall, well formed and stripped, with the exception of breech cloths. They are known as "delight men" and on their moccasins are branches of cedar, while their head dress is a "corn" design. Their bodies and faces are painted for the occasion with a white substance similar to a weak solution of whitewash, while on their arms, legs, bodies and faces are drawn fantastic black lines and circles.

Following the appearance of these men the estufas begin to pour forth other hordes of dancers, men and women—the latter in sombre black short skirts, with bodice loose and draping off on one shoulder and caught at the waist by a belt of red cord and perfectly straight. Green cedar branches are the decorations, and the women bear branches of this in their hands, which they wave in rhythmic, monotonous fashion.

The braves are painted much like the "delight men" and bear dance "rattles" in their hands, while on their legs are tied by ribbons the little tinkling bells that chime in with the tom-tom and jingle of the dance. Usually the dancers are in two relays—the first numbering 95 and the second 65, men and women.

Besides the dancers and the "delight men" are choirs (?) numbering 25 to 30 alleged singers each, who chant in tones of moaning, and gutteralings and staccatos, in an effort to present weird hymns and prayers. To the accompaniment of this choir, led by a banner bearer and a tom-tom beater, the dancers file out on the plaza in a long column, squaws behind the bucks, who begin at first a simple springing dance. The men dance, the women simply move their feet in time to the music, never

"Santa Fé all the Way." Courtesy Mr. Frank S. Thayer.

THE CAMERA IN THE SOUTHWEST.

1—The Sacred Grove, Los Pueblos De Taos, N. M. 2—Laguna during January Ceremony. 3—Zuni Katcina Dance. 4—Annual Ceremony at Cochiti. 5—Flute Priests at Spring, Oraibi Ceremony. 6—Ceremony of Flute Priests, Outside Village, Oraibi. 7—Women's Dance, Oraibi. 8—A Zuni Katcina Dance. 9—Lagon Priests. 10—Apache Ring and Javelin Game. 11—Maricopa Men. 12—A Snake Priest. 13—Old Ruins near Tucson, Arizona. 14—San Xavier Mission. 15-16—Giant Cacti. 17—Tucson, Arizona. 18—Interior San Xavier Mission. 19—Patio or Court Orndoeff Hotel, Tucson. 20—Katcina Dancers. 21—Flute Priests at Toreva Spring. 22—Plaza of Santo Domingo During Performance of Annual August Ceremony. 23—Flute, Antelope and Snake Ceremonies. 24—The Lagon Ceremony, Oraibi, Arizona. 25—A Clown, Santo Domingo Ceremony. 26—The Dance, Walpi. 27—Tablita Dance, Acoma. 28—Snake Priests Chanting before Kisi, Oraibi. 29—A Mexican Home. 30—Pueblo De Taos, N. M. 31—Trio of Dancers. 32—Snake Dance. 33—Indian Church, Laguna, N. M.

lifting them. Soon the cries deepen from the choir, the "delight men" hop and prance in frantic contortions of body and arms, the long column breaks into circles, semi-circles and swaying groups. The dancing grows fiercer, and the chanting rises and falls in monotonous rhythm.

One relay retires to the estufa and another is ready to take up the refrain and the gyrations. At intervals a sharp, piercing yell is heard from some choir leader, and the wave of religious fervor rolls upward and the painted bodies sway and quicken until the mass seems an unearthly thing of writhing, many-colored forms. This dancing and chanting is kept up on the sands of a hot open plaza for hours without a moment's intermission. It is a most wonderful and fantastic exhibition of savage fervor and endurance.

After seven hours of this dancing and gyrating the participants show signs of vast physical strain. There are no "break-downs," no need for an ambulance, but as the shadows lengthen across the plaza and the twilight begins to creep down from the adjoining canyons the worshipers by common consent or under the direction of the leaders fall away and with painted faces and blood-shot eyes there are ample signs of the terrible strain under which they have made this festival oblation to their god.

It is but a short ride from Thornton to Lamy, from which point, a spur of the railroad, running northwest, carries one to that quaint and antique town of Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, and with the exception of St. Augustine, Fla., the oldest city in the United States.

Centuries seem to have wrought but little change in the town of Santa Fe, which still dozes comfortably on a sunny plain, surrounded by a rim of mountains whose peaks tower from 10,000 to 13,000 feet.

In the very early days, long before the arrival of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Santa Fe was an Indian pueblo, and in 1605 the Spaniards came, conquered and reduced the Indians to slavery and worked them relentlessly in the gold and silver mines. Among the old archives is found a census taken at that time, 1605, which gives a population of 1,708 inhabitants. In 300 years time this population has increased to about 8,000.

In the older sections of the town, the streets are narrow and crooked, and many of the buildings exist as they did a hundred or more years ago, the majority of which are constructed of adobe, or sun-dried brick. The Governor's Palace, a long, one-story structure, which faces on the principal open space, known as the Plaza, was built during the early Spanish regime, and has been used constantly as the official residence of the chief executive under whatever title and authority he served. Eighteen American, and 76 Mexican and Spanish rulers have occupied the palace, and it was in this building that Gen. Lew Wallace, then territorial governor of New Mexico, wrote his famous book, "Ben Hur." The story of

the palace stretches back into real antiquity, to a time when the Inquisition had power, when zealous friars exhorted throngs of dimly comprehending heathens, and when the mailed warriors of Coronado told marvelous uncontradicted tales of ogres, that were believed to dwell in the surrounding wilderness.

Beneath its roof are garnered priceless treasures of that ancient time, which are in the custody of the New Mexican Historical Society, and which include paintings, idol offerings, stone gods, ancient domestic utensils, and implements of war and valuable historical data.

Seventy-five years after the capture of the Indian pueblo by the Spaniards, or in 1680, the Indians recaptured and pillaged the town and massacred such missionaries and explorers who failed to flee with the governor to El Paso during the night of the uprising. Twelve years later, in 1692, Diego de Vargas, marching up from the south, mounted a hill overlooking the town with a little army of 200 countrymen. He viewed the place from whence his people had been driven and where they had been slaughtered a dozen years before; and vowing vengeance, swooped down upon the Indians, and in concentrated attack opened battle which resulted in the restoration of Spanish rule. In 1821 the town passed into Mexican rule, and in 1846 United States troups under Gen. S. W. Kearney took possession of the town. The stirring scenes accompanying the destruction of the traffic of the Santa Fe Trail, the wild deeds of the desperados, and the fabulous hazards at cards, in the days before the advent of the railroad, afford material for an epic poem of the deepest interest.

So uniformly old and well preserved are the buildings of this ancient town that the palace and San Miguel church, which was first built in 1540, are still in use. The church, which is said to be the oldest in the United States, was destroyed by the Indians and rebuilt in 1710. So few changes have been made in the old quarter that if some sturdy figure in bright, clanking armor should obligingly pass by, an exact picture of the place would be reproduced, as it appeared 250 years ago. Nothing but such a figure has departed from the scene, and substantially nothing new has entered in.

In the newer section of the town wide streets have been introduced as well as some very modern buildings, and with this as a contrast, Santa Fe offers object lessons whereby the civilization of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries can be compared and contrasted to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

Within a radius of 50 miles, with Santa Fe as the center, lies the heart of New Mexico, with its richest gold, silver, copper, lead, iron and coal mines, and deposits of marble, clay and turquoise. In this circle there is also room for profitable irrigation enterprise. Here are located the famous cliff dwellings, the pyramids of America, 10 Indian pueblos,

"Santa Fé all the Way." Courtesy Mr. Frank S. Thayer.

THE CAMERA IN THE SOUTHWEST.

1—Indian Pottery, etc. 2—Gallinas Canon, Las Vegas, Hot Springs. 3—Montezuma Hotel, Las Vegas, Hot Springs. 4—A Hopi Mother with Baby in Basket-work Cradle. 5—Apache Girl. 6—Isleta Women. 7—Kiowa Woman and Child. 8—Navaho Baby in Cradle. 9—Navaho Mother with Child. 10—Hopi Girl and Baby. 11—A Woman of Sia. 12—Oraibi Girls Grinding Corn. 13—Making Bread (Piki). 14—San Juan Girl. 15—Tulare Woman Milling, Tule Reservation. 16—Papago Woman with Wood-carrying Basket. 17—Harvesting Manzanita Berries, Mono, Hookers Cove, Madera County. 18—Hotel Gardenas, at Trinidad. 19—A Pima Basket Maker. 20—Hopi Maiden Weaving a Plaque. 21—Oldest House in United States, Santa Fé. 22—Hotel Alvarado, Albuquerque, N. M. 24—Firing Pottery, Acoma. 25—Potters. 26—Burro Alley, Santa Fé. 27-29—Street Scene, Santa Fé. 28—The Plaza, Santa Fé. 31—A Hopi Pottery Maker. 23—Stock Yards, Kansas City, Mo. 30—Stock Exchange, Kansas City, Mo.

the oldest buildings in the United States and hundreds of other spots which awaken memories of romance more fascinating than fiction and which bridge the great stretch of time between the coming of the Conquistadores and the supplanting of the Santa Fe Trail by the railroad of that name..

Crossing the Glorieta range of the Rockies, through Glorieta Pass, whose altitude is 7,453 feet, and passing Starvation Peak, where legend says a band of Spaniards were surrounded and starved to death by Indians in 1800, one comes to the pretty little town of Las Vegas.

It is situated on both sides of the Gallinas River and has a population of about 10,000. While portions of the old town are quaint and picturesque, Las Vegas as a whole is modern and thrifty. Its history dates from 1835, when Mexico founded a colony there, and gave 500,000 acres to the community for colonization and agricultural purposes. In the romantic mountain glens, surrounding Las Vegas are located many noted and picturesque health resorts, among them being: Las Vegas Hot Springs, Harvey's, El Porvenir, Sandoval's, Mineral Hill, Romero Ranch, Blakes, Sparks, Sapello and Rociada.

Las Vegas is the headquarters for the New Mexico division of the Santa Fe railroad system, and railroad machine shops are located there. While we were in Las Vegas a monument to Pittsburgh was under construction, in the erection of a Carnegie Library. Throughout our pilgrimage we saw an almost continuous chain of these book repositories, and we felt that every time these buildings spelled the word "Carnegie" that the word "Pittsburgh" was unconsciously but ever present. Sir Benkart, in discussing the libraries, declared that he could not help admiring Mr. Carnegie, because of his diplomacy, for instead of "painting the town red" he had made it well-read, by more graceful means.

Las Vegas means "The Meadows" and the term is most appropriate, as the town has grown at the very verge of plain and mountain, where the meadows gradually broaden until they finally open into the broad New Mexican plain that sweeps away toward the southeast.

After we left Las Vegas for Raton, the first town of any import is Watrous. This place lies at the head of Mora Canyon near old Fort Union. Mora Canyon is 50 miles long, rather modest in comparison to the Apache Canyon and the great gorges of Arizona, but nevertheless impressive and rich in beauty. Wagon Mound is an oddly named town, which was formerly a Mexican frontier customhouse, and a picturesque point on the Santa Fe Trail. The community is rich in legend and has interesting landmarks. The town of Springer is the supply point for the Red River mines and Taos pueblo, while the town takes a special pride in its mineral water artesian wells.

Raton is almost on the northern boundry line of the territory of New Mexico and but a short distance from Colorado. It is one of the

most prosperous towns in the southwest and is known as the "Gate City" of New Mexico. It lies in the shadow of the Raton Mountains and is in the center of a rich coal mining region and promising oil field.

As our train climbed the winding mountain pass and rushed through a long tunnel out of New Mexico, we carried away impressions of the wonderful opportunities of this land in the sky.

Were all the hills and mountains of New Mexico leveled into its valleys, its entire area would be spread out upon a plain of 120,000 square miles that would stand higher above the sea than the highest peak in the Catskill or Adirondack Mountains. Its air is rarefied, its scenery rich in color. It has its forests, rich red soil and great rivers, as well as its prairies, mountains, rock walls, canyons and dead volcanoes and lava beds.

One never fully appreciates the rapid strides of American progress until he has traveled in a Pullman car over a waste that 25 years ago was a journey of wild adventure and hazard of life. The Valley of Death and Journey of the Dead are names still borne by waterless tracts, and justified by the bleached bones of cattle and mounds of scattered graves.

Rescued from centuries of horror, New Mexico is now a land of broad ranges, where thousands upon thousands of sheep and cattle browse upon nutritious grasses; where fields of grain wave in harmony with the breeze; where orchard trees bend under the weight of luscious fruits and where the rocks lay bare veins of ore and metal.

Large and profitable ranches are being established in great numbers as well as innumerable small farms. This is the paradox of a region whose softer scenes will often seem to be overborne by bleak mountains, desert and lava beds. Scattered by the wayside are sleepy Mexican villages, ancient Indian pueblos, and those older abandoned ruins which give the region its peculiar air of mystery.

The major portion of the resources of New Mexico are still latent; its wealth is undeveloped. There is an average of but two inhabitants to each square mile, and but one acre out of each 300 under cultivation. Mining is in its infancy and the natural water power and fuel which abounds, is almost untouched. The whole territory of New Mexico with its area of 122,469 square miles embraces a population not equal in numbers to that of the city of Pittsburgh.

Out of a total of 78,000,000 acres but 250,000 are in cultivation under irrigation ditches and there is a vast opening for enterprise in reclaiming broad areas of fertile land. Nor is there lack of water for reclaiming at least a portion of this vast arid domain. The flood waters which flow to waste annually, the ordinary flow of the rivers and streams that run unused, the cheapness of pumping water from unfailing wells in many sections, and the undoubted existence of large artesian belts, all

promise that eventually, a large portion of the territory will be under successful irrigation.

New Mexico can properly be divided into three distinct regions: the Eastern Plains, the Rio Grande Valley and the Western Plateau. The eastern portion is an extension of the high plains of Texas, broken by the waters of the Canadian and Pecos Rivers. This broad stretch of open grazing land continues to the uplands which form the southern extension of the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. Beyond this broken country is the Rio Grande Valley, and still further west are the elevated, arid table lands. In the Rio Grande section are a few very large irrigation canals and many small community ditches held by Indians and settlers alike. The development of the agricultural resources depends largely upon the control of the Rio Grande. The inflow from many streams maintain the river at good volume in the northern section. Large dams constructed at these points would render it possible to store great quantities of water for the irrigation of a number of open valleys along the course of the river. Irrigation on the eastern plain is of comparatively recent introduction.

New Mexico does not, however, depend entirely upon the water from flowing streams or stored flood waters. There are many artesian wells, developed to their greatest extent. Then there is a great underground flow in nearly every river valley, which is available by pumping.

The great American Desert, of which New Mexico was once a part, almost in entirety, is gradually disappearing, as flourishing orchards, and vineyards and gardens have sprung up to succeed the cactus, and hide the sandy waste. The greatest blow at this mythical desert—which is only a desert because of lack of water—was the passage of a National Irrigation bill, which will transform a large portion of this expanse into a section of dense and productive population.

As we emerged from Raton Pass tunnel, which stands at an elevation of 7,600 feet, we came in sight of the ruins of the old toll-house, where for many years the famous veteran, Dick Wooten, collected toll from those who used the wagon trail through the pass. Both ruin and trail are of interest as belonging to the ante-railroad period of thrilling adventure; for by that road and past the site of the now dilapidated toll-house journeyed every overland stage, every prairie schooner, every caravan, every emigrant, and every soldier cavalcade bound to the southwestern country in the early days. A little beyond and we faced a boundary post marked on one side "New Mexico" and whose other side bore the inscription "Colorado."

Trinidad, the first stop made in Colorado, is the Connellsville of the west, for its coke ovens and coke industry are unequalled beyond the Mississippi. Trinidad is also a center for coal, iron and woolen industries of no mean proportions. Lying at the base of Raton Pass, Trinidad

has an "uphill" fight for suburban growth, yet there are many handsome buildings in this city of manufacture. One of the most attractive is a modern Santa Fe-Harvey hotel, known as Hotel Cardenas, and named after the first white man who saw the Grand Canyon. The hotel is in the highly impressive mission style of architecture, and its appointments are up to the Santa Fe and Harvey standards.

It was here, at Trinidad, that Sir Beckert left the "happy family" for a few days hunt in the mountains. He said he was going to seek bear. We thought it a bare tale. Sir McFarland felt sure that Sir Beckert was only hunting trouble, while Sir Lee was convinced that he was going to hunt mushrooms or listen to the trees bark. Sir Watson was much discomforted when told that Sir Beckert had gone to hunt game, and announced that he need not have gone into the wilderness: We could give him any kind of a game he wanted, right here, and saved him money." Sir Bader explained that he wasn't hunting pinochle. At any rate, we left Sir Beckert behind with our best wishes.

As we whirled across the gray-brown plains of Colorado, at almost a mile-a-minute clip, we amused ourselves watching the antics and capers of the prairie dogs. Countless hundreds were at play, at work, sitting on their haunches, or scampering about.

A brief stop was made at La Junta where a branch line of the Santa Fe runs almost directly north to the city of Denver. La Junta's chief import lies in its position as a railroad center for the surrounding country. Las Animas, the next stop, is rich in the heritage of legends and frontier stories. It was in this vicinity that Kit Carson made Bent's his headquarters for a time when the Arapahoes, Kiowas and Cheyennes wintered at Big Timbers, and when Fort William (later known as Fort Lyon) afforded security for the frontiersmen in time of unusual danger. Pike's Peak is clearly distinguishable from Las Animas, although 100 miles distant, and the two Spanish Peaks hover upon the horizon.

It is here that Colorado presents itself as a plateau elevated 4,000 feet above the sea, railway and river continuing as close neighbors through the gently ascending plains.

The Arkansas Valley, all the way from La Junta to the Kansas state line and beyond, is in summer comparable to an endless green ribbon, stretched loosely across the wide gray prairie. Its alfalfa fields, melon patches, beet sugar acres and enterprising towns stand as undisputable evidence that irrigation pays.

La Junta, Las Animas, Rocky Ford, Lamar and Holly are the centers of this irrigated district whose pastoral prosperity are in marked contrast to the grim and forbidding mountains we had just left.

Four miles west of Holly, just before reaching the Kansas state line, is the little colony established by the Salvation Army, and known as Fort Amity. This community consists of 1,800 acres, upon which 250

colonists have been gathered out of the crowded cities. Agriculture is indulged in, along somewhat co-operative lines, and considerable success has marked the venture.

Passing Holly we entered the state of Kansas and greeted Syracuse as the first stop. Garden City, the next town, is the location of an important government agriculture experimental station. Dodge City of cowboy fame, where Mountain Time is succeeded by Central Time for the east-bound tourist, was our next stop. Dodge City is rapidly becoming a manufacturing point of much import, and its "wild and wooly" early history has been obliterated. As we passed the station of Larned we were reminded of the fact that on an island opposite, in the Arkansas River, a fierce battle was fought in 1870 between hostile Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Pawnee Rock, derives its name from a high rock north of the little station, where many fierce Indian battles were fought, and where Generals Hancock and Robert E. Lee and Kit Carson made noteworthy visits. Great Bend, which is a railroad junction, is just west of the ruins of old Fort Zarah.

The Santa Fe railroad, across this vast agricultural country, follows the old Santa Fe trail. In the days of prairie schooner trains the trail began at Westport (now Kansas City) and followed the Kaw River to Lawrence, thence over the hills to Burlingame and Council Grove; the Arkansas Valley being reached at Fort Zarah (now Great Bend). The trail crept up this valley to Bent's Fort which is now Las Animas, and climbed the mountain through Raton Pass.

It is but thirty years ago that the Comanches and Pawnees made almost every mile of the toilsome, slow passage through Kansas dangerous for the wagon trains that would slowly cross the plains laden with traffic for the southwest. Except those heavily guarded by military escorts, they were subject to frequent attacks by day and night. Memories of those fighting days reflect themselves upon the mind of the traveler as he, today, speeds over the same pathway in a luxuriant parlor car.

Kansas is as rich in Indian lore as are New Mexico and Arizona, although today the red man has given way almost entirely to his white brethren. Less than a half-century ago the broad plains of Kansas were peopled with many fierce, warlike Indian tribes, the survivors of which are now chiefly in Indian Territory. There, some of them are becoming rich, owing to their advancement in civilization and industrial pursuits, but chiefly by the oil booms that have visited that portion of the country.

Years ago Kansas was the roaming ground for the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Pawnees, Osages and other tribes, but one by one they were removed to Indian Territory where reservations were allotted them. Some consented to remain, but others, like the Kiowas, continually escaped and harassed neighboring Indians and white settlers.

Previous to the time when the Indians were colonized by the govern-

ment, the state of Kansas was divided, geographically, by the red men. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes domineered western Kansas; the Oto, Missouri and Kaw tribes held sway in northeastern Kansas; the Kiowa held southwestern Kansas; the Osage tribe roamed southeastern Kansas, and central Kansas was the battlefield where these tribes often met and fought their differences.

Evidences of former Indian life is still seen in Kansas, and here and there a few Indians may be encountered tilling the soil, owning farms, and living the life of good citizens.

Continuing across the state of Kansas, a series of vigorous young cities were seen at frequent intervals, including Hutchinson, which is famous for its salt industry; Burrton and Newton, in the vicinity of which is the colony of the Mennonites, a Russian sect that fled to America from the domain of the Czar to find relief from oppression. Florence, Strong City, Emporia and Osage City were passed in the order named.

Topeka, which is the state capital of Kansas was reached late in the evening. It is a well-groomed city, with broad avenues and innumerable shade trees, and is conceded to be one of the prettiest capitals in the west. Here are the general offices and principal shops of the Santa Fe railroad system and several imposing state buildings.

Sixty-seven miles from the Missouri and built on both sides of the Kansas River is the city of Topeka with a population of about 35,000. In this eastern portion of Kansas, prior to the Civil War, was fought, often with bloodshed, the protracted border contest between the Free-soil and Pro-slavery parties, for the possession of the State, that had so much to do with bringing on the greater conflict.

When Congress passed the bill in 1854 organizing Nebraska and Kansas into territories, an effort was made to establish slavery, and the Missourians, coming over the border, tried to control the situation. They founded Atchison and other places and sent in settlers. At the same time Aid Societies for anti-slavery emigrants began colonizing from New England, large numbers thus coming to pre-empt lands. During four years the contest went on, Lawrence and other towns being besieged and burnt. The first Free-State Constitution was framed at Topeka in 1855, which Congress would not approve, and the following year Pro-Slavery Constitution was enacted in Lecompton, which the people rejected. After the Civil War began, Kansas was admitted into the Union in 1861, with slavery prohibited. Among the Free-Soilers who went out to engage in these Kansas conflicts was "Old John Brown." Near the Missouri border, to the southward of Kansas River, is the little town of Osowatomie, in the early settlement of which Brown took part. Here he had his fights with the slavery invaders who came over from Missouri, finally burned the place, killing Brown's son—a tragedy said to have

inspired his subsequent crusade against Harper's Ferry, which practically opened the Civil War. A monument is erected to the memory of John Brown in Osowatomie.

The Civil War ended all these conflicts, and since its conclusion Kansas has been eminently peaceful. It has become the leading State in the corn belt which broadly crosses the middle of the United States. Its vast corn crops make the wealth of the people, and as the crops are from year to year—good or poor—so is Kansas—either in joy or despair. One year the farmers will be overwhelmed with debt; the next brings an ample crop, and all debts are paid leaving the growers in affluence. Thus throbs the pulse as the sunshine and rains may vary a corn crop in the State that sometimes exceeds 350,000,000 bushels, at which time there are usually not enough railroad cars available to carry away the product. We saw cornstalks growing to great height, some reaching 20 feet to the surmounting tassel, while it required a tall man on tip-toe to touch the ears. A two-pound ear is customary weight, while 30 to 35 ears will measure a bushel. Our train carried us through cornfields which spread out on both sides of the track as far as the eye could scan the horizon. Leaving Topeka en route to Lawrence, the train passed historic Lecompton, the early territorial capital of Kansas —once the strenuous pro-slavery stronghold, today a quiet country village.

It is interesting to note and study human nature at close range. Types differ in states. Despite modern artificialities, we remain strikingly the children of Mother Earth and easily and naturally follow her mothership in lineaments, spirit and general attitude toward the world around us. Where the earth loam is black and rich, and the fields smile back a prosperous answer to the plowshare, the human product shows a ready assurance, a self-reliance and courage, that is in ignorance almost a swagger, but under higher mental culture becomes the resonant answer of a nation's best and truest manhood and womanhood.

At the Kansas stations, that lay as railway sluices through which rich and generous crops are poured into the lap of the world, even the boys who peddled apples or sold newspapers had an air of satisfied American assurance in their dickerings. They had drawn their independence and sturdiness from that loam, and had drawn the scent of ripening and prosperous harvests through their nostrils into their blood, and so knew only courage and fearless consciousness. In the poor places and at the curb side in the big cities humanity shrivels perceptibly. In the dull gray of the surroundings of cropless lands and "razor back" hogs the children slink away from the stranger's glance, and their forbears look at you askance from under slouch hats. We saw little

of this in our spin across the country, but enough of it to beget a contrast that has lessons as old as our earthly humanity.

Lawrence, whose very name for years called to mind the horrors of the Quantrell raid and the massacre of its defenseless citizens, is now the most flourishing of peaceful towns and is the seat of the University of Kansas and of Haskell Institute, a noteworthy school for Indians.

The vast plains, whereon the Indian, antelope and buffalo roamed supreme are now the scenes of important cities and are now counted as the second most important agricultural area in the country. Not far from Lawrence, is St. Joseph, Mo., Atchison, Leavenworth and Kansas City. St. Joseph with its population of 60,000, is a most important railroad center, has important stock yards and many factories; Atchison, with 20,000 population, is the point where the Atchison railway system formerly had its initial point, though it now begins its western run from Chicago; Leavenworth is a city of 25,000 which has grown at the site of Fort Leavenworth, one of the most important military posts in the frontier days.

Night came on as we continued our ride to Kansas City. The earth was as the heart of a golden cup. The track clove the ripe wheat and corn as a lance piercing the glowing embers of the sunset. Other light there was none, for the September day was over; but in the golden wheat reflecting against the profound azure of the sky its warm memory lingered. Across the tranquil fields we swept, and as the heads of the golden stalks of grain drooped in their cradle of green we were gradually moved to sympathetic action and sought our berths.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TUESDAY morning, September 20, found us in Kansas City. We were greeted at the station by a committee of Sir Knights who gave us a rousing reception. Sir J. G. Rode, of Kansas City, one of the receiving delegation and one of the older members of that party, was exceptionally solicitous for our welfare.

After formally extending our thanks to the management of the Santa Fe railroad, whose terminal is in Kansas City, and expressing our gratitude to the employees of that system for their kindnesses, we were escorted to the Midland Hotel. Our appreciation of the courteous treatment accorded us by the officials and employees of the Santa Fe

was evidenced by the many expressions of regret that the delightful ride had terminated.

We had not felt so much at home for a long time as we did when we "raised the hill" and viewed the city for the first time. In some respects the city resembled Pittsburgh, although it did not have our skyscrapers. The stirring business look of the thoroughfares, the fast walkers and a driving and smothering cloud of smoke was so like a message from our own dear, native city, that we could hardly refrain from shedding a few grateful tears and execrations in the old time-honored, American way. We saw only Pittsburgh. Look up street or down, we saw nothing but Liberty Avenue and the Union Station of old.

Following luncheon, we made a tour of the city by means of the street cars. There is an institution in Kansas City which the Beef Trust did not originate. That is the street cars. They are on parade all day long and form a varied-colored light procession at night. We were informed that we could "go anywhere" in the Kansas City street cars and we tried it.

Previously we had been informed that at a certain point in the city there was a highly interesting collection of antiquities, heirlooms, relics and second-hand clothing—worn by distinguished pioneers. We learned that we could find fragments of homes that were broken up by Indian raids, and an old chair that had been the first "seat of justice." There were said to be scores of things which had made a great impression upon the minds of the early settlers, such as tomahawks, flint-lock guns and Indian war clubs. All these, as well as other ancient objects of interest, were in this collection which we started out to seek.

As we desired to see all the sights, we decided to board a "Seeing Kansas City Car," (no relation to the "Seeing Denver" poverty-stricken family.) Johnston went straight to the furthermost end of the car and sat down beside a young lady, whom he said filled the whole car with sunshine. Johnston was so happy that he gave the conductor 50 cents and told him to keep the change. Soon a colored woman of prodigious weight entered the car and sought the same location as occupied by Johnston and his handsome neighbor. She aimed to wedge herself between the two, "but ah," said Johnston to himself, "I will fool thee." So he moved closer to the pretty girl. Meanwhile the stout, colored party had backed up to the place of her selection, and where Johnston had hastily decided to place himself. As the corpulent woman had sighed a breath of relief and lowered herself, with the assistance of a sudden lurch on the part of the car, there was a tragic collision as she fell into Johnston's lap. She nestled in his bosom like a tired baby elephant. To say that he was crushed in spirit, body and mind and without breath to make an official statement, is putting the

case mildly. He admitted that she was the heaviest woman that he had ever held, and that he was "completely smitten" by her. She was a Laplander in the truest sense of the term.

Our tour around the city and through the suburbs was rife with interest. We found the city to be the focus of heavy cattle and general railroad traffic, with 17 different railroads converging in the city. With the exception of St. Louis, it is the largest city in Missouri, and few communities have grown great so rapidly. It was one of the first cities to adopt electric lights, cable and elevated roads. Its fire department had always been reputed as being among the very best in the country. It has an immense distributing trade throughout Kansas and the Southwest. Kansas City in Kansas, on the opposite side of the Kansas (or Kaw) River, is virtually a part of the same city as to business interests.

It is here that the Kansas River flows into the Missouri, cutting in two this twin city, whose growth has only been attained since the Civil War, with the aid of a prodigious development of the railways. Three fine bridges join the cities, both having a total population of about 225,000, the largest being Kansas City in Missouri on the southern river bank.

Next to Chicago, Kansas City has the largest stock yards and packing house plants in the country, and does an enormous trade in cattle, dressed meats and grain, many railroads radiating in all directions. The site was originally the home of the Wyandotte Indians, who came from Ohio in 1843, and whose name the town bore previous to the Civil War.

The Missouri River traverses the entire state of Missouri in a winding, turbid current from west to east. It passes Jefferson City, the state capital, which has a population of 8,000 and just below receives the Osage River coming up from the southwest. At Chillicothe to the northwest, is buried Nelson Kneiss, who composed the music for Thomas Dunn English's popular ballad, "Ben Bolt;" and in Florida to the northeast was born in November 1835, Samuel L. Clemens, the humorist, better known as "Mark Twain." Captain Sellers, who furnished river news to the New Orleans Picayune, had used this nom-de-plume, and, dying in 1863, Clemens adopted it. Twenty miles above St. Louis the Missouri flows into the Mississippi, contributing the greater volume of water to the joint stream. The clear Mississippi waters, pushed over to the eastern bank, refuse for a long distance below to mingle with the turbid flow of the Missouri.

The Kansas side of the river is being more and more famed for its rich oil fields, and this afforded special interest to Sir Knight Reel. Iola, Allen county, is the northeastern point of the Kansas oil and gas belt, and is south and slightly west of Kansas City. Allen and the

two adjoining counties, Woodson and Greenwood, constitute the general northern boundary of the oil and gas region which includes nine counties, or 4,500 square miles. The region is rivaling Northwestern Pennsylvania in the palmiest days of the great oil excitement, and the state is enjoying an era of remarkable prosperity.

Our tour of two hours about the streets of Kansas City had brought to our attention the fact that all the negroes in the world are not colonized on Wylie Avenue, Pittsburgh.

As we sauntered towards the hotel, we found a number of public entertainers located on prominent corners of the principal thoroughfares. Sirs Bader and Coombs, who liked the drama, became fascinated with a "Punch and Judy" show, whose greater interest lay in guessing which of the mutilated figures was "Judy" and which was "Punch"—both having been punched into unrecognizable shape. Sirs Coombs and Bader, however, were deeply impressed by the performance and when "Punch" had finally completed the massacre of "Judy" and her whole family, they were visibly touched—for a nickel each by the seedy manipualtor.

Further down the street, Sir Craig enticed Sirs Baumann, Bader and McFarland into a crowd that had gathered about a man widely gesticulating and chattering over a dry goods box, which was covered with a horse blanket. Frequently he would bend down and take hold of the blanket with the extreme tips of his fingers, as if to show that there was no deception—chattering away all the time—but just as they were expecting to witness a wonderful feat of prestidigitation, he would let go of the blanket and rise to further explain. Eventually he uncovered the box to get out a small can containing liquid, and held it out for public inspection as a further evidence of good faith and to assure the audience that he was taking no advantages. Meanwhile his chatter became more excited than ever. Sir Craig exclaimed: "Watch him do the fire act. He is going to set fire to it and swallow the liquid." Everyone became greatly wrought up and interested, and brought forth a penny, ready to compensate the performer, if he survived. But just as excitement was at its height, and as Sir Bader had borrowed a cent from Sir Craig, the performer (?) ended his intensely interesting entertainment by holding the liquid aloft and with a wild exultation, as if achieving miracles, began removing stains from an old coat. When the performance had taken this conclusion Sir Craig's invited guests turned upon him and gave voice to expressions which were anything but grateful for his invitation. Harmony was restored after Sir Craig had agreed to buy a glass of pink lemonade for each Sir Knight.

As a means of forgetfulness, someone suggested billiards and the sign of a billiard-room was sighted down a side street. It was a sub-

way affair, located in the cellar of a grocery store. As soon as the proprietor saw business coming in the front door he turned on both gas lights. Little time was consumed in selecting cues, as but three in the place had tips on them. Only one of these did not have a double warp in it, so it was decided to pass it from player to player. Fortunately it was a short cue, for had it been longer the curve in it would have brought both ends together.

The table might have been level enough if the brick, which was holding up one wobbling leg, had not been so thick as to make one corner of the table higher than the others. Sir Pears was appointed official scorer, and really had the easiest task. The court plaster, which had been used in patching the cloth, interfered somewhat with the destination of the balls, which in color and shape resembled Easter eggs. If the balls had been larger they might not have stuck under the cushions each time they struck one. As a matter of fact, it was disrespectful to garb the cushions in green. They should have worn deep mourning, for every cushion had long since been "dead." However, some of the most unexpected shots were executed. Sir Oscar tried an anchor shot and executed a brilliant carom on both gas lights. Sir Staiger showed to best advantage when he shot uphill on the table, while Sir Biddle broke one of the rules with the cue ball (this rule was painted on a glass globe.) About twenty minutes after the game started, the proprietor brought the announcement that the "hour is up." No one complained. The score showed that Sir Oscar had nearly made a point.

Meanwhile, some members of our party visited the stock exchange and became deeply interested in the open debate, which was going on between a hundred or more of the brokers. Sir Reel sauntered over to watch the maneuvers of a crowd of excited men, when some stranger asked him if he was looking for a "buy." Sir Reel inquired if the election returns were coming in and was informed that it was merely a discussion in the "wheat pit." He told the stranger he wouldn't mind taking home some wheat as a souvenir but did not want any with pits. At this point the stranger seemed to have forgotten something, and walked off with a pained look.

Approaching a group gathered about a sign reading "Corn," Sir Reel entered into conversation with a sympathetic looking individual who declared he had been "cornered." Sir Reel wanted to know how corn cornered, and asked his new acquaintance where he could get a bag or two of pop-corn as a souvenir. The stranger announced that he could let him have 100,000 bushels "of July" if he could get a friend on the exchange to make the deal. "I've taken all my July in dates," answered Sir Reel, "but if you can let me have about a dozen ears of good, tender corn, I think we could strike a deal on a cash basis."

This seemed to discourage the stranger from any further effort towards trading, and he also walked away. Sir Reel, discouraged because of the uncivil treatment received, left the exchange.

Following dinner, we slowly wended our way to the station. Here a memorable demonstration took place. Commanderies were coming and going, and scenes of joviality and good cheer prevailed. Allentown Commandery led in the singing of that melodious and impressive air: "Why in the world don't you work." We immediately "caught on," and have been singing it ever since. A parting handshake all around, a rapid-fire exchange of good-byes, and we boarded our "Special" for St. Louis and the World's Fair, over the Wabash railroad.

Shortly after leaving Kansas City it became evident that a council of war was in progress in the smoker of the "stag" coach. Some of the diplomats were seen moving in and out, and admission was restricted to but a few. Later developments proved that a conference was being held, and presentation speeches were being prepared in connection with gifts of appreciation, which were to be bestowed upon the members of the committee who had the transcontinental tour in charge.

Sirs William G. Lee, Edward Burry and William A. Aeberli, who had been appointed to make the presentation speeches, were active with pencil and paper. Finally, when they began to read their compositions to one another, it developed that each had selected the same sentiments upon which to base their outbursts of eloquence. An ineffectual effort was made to trade off a sentiment or two, in order that there might be little duplication, but finally, when a deadlock was certain, all the prepared speeches were destroyed, and extemporaneous efforts were decided upon. Then they drew lots to see who should speak first, because the first man would, of course, have all the advantage, and leave the other speakers to repeat.

The "stag" coach was then cleared for action. The berths, which had been lowered for the night, were ordered "put up" and everyone was invited into the "stag" coach. Sirs Harry W. Lowrie, chairman; Oscar Schulze and Herman Flechsig, were the members of the committee who had the tour in charge and to whom we sought to show our appreciation.

The speech makers, on behalf of the party, then bestowed upon each of the committeemen a magnificent token, the intrinsic value of which, however, did not measure up to the smallest conceivable fraction of our sincere appreciation of their arduous labors and thoughtfulness for the welfare of the party. In a few well-chosen words these gifts were presented, and were accepted with profuse thanks by the surprised recipients, Sir Oscar Schulze rising to eloquent heights in his speech of acceptance.

It can be said in all truth, that a souvenir of appreciation was never more worthily bestowed. From the time the train left Allegheny until it returned several weeks later, this committee was engaged continually in making provision for the comfort and welfare of every member of the large party. Commissary supplies, hotel arrangements and carriages, when necessary, transfer of baggage, distribution of mail, yea, hundreds of details were left safely in their hands. Sirs Lowrie, Schulze and Flechsig were in every way worthy and qualified to lead a body bearing the good name of Allegheny Commandery, No. 35.

Following the presentations, a march was made upon the commissary car where festivities were begun that lasted until night had faded into the small hours of morning. The towering flag of the Administration Building of the St. Louis Fair was seen at the break of morn when the Sir Knights bid each other "good night."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OUR "Special" came to a stop in St. Louis at the very gateway to the Fair grounds, arriving at the World's Fair terminal of the Wabash system. This terminal was made possible because the Wabash tracks pierce Forest Park, which was not developed until after the railroad had secured its right of way.

As our train entered the terminal we were given a "gentle reminder" that the magnificent palatial train of Pittsburgh Commandery, No. 1 was also riding the rails. They were backing into the station behind us, and struck our "Special" with a bump that upset a 10-gallon can of coffee in the commissary car, almost causing Johnston to float. How about it Fraters? Wouldn't it jar you to be bumped by a 14-car train? If you were racing to the Fair against us, it was unfair to try to pass us on the same track.

Arriving at St. Louis it was decided to make a change in the itinerary, which had previously been carried out to the letter. The original schedule provided for our "Special" to leave St. Louis that night, but through special concessions from the railroads, we were given permission to side-track our train at the Wabash terminal. Here it remained for four days or until Saturday night, September 24.

One of the most pleasing incidents of our tour occurred as we stepped from the train. There stood a delegation of members from our Commandery who had not seen us for weeks, ready to give us the hand of

true welcome. We were greeted by Sir William Sanders Brown with that dear, congenial and ever-present smile; Sir F. G. Freeman, also beaming with sunshine, hands in the air, about to explode with delight in an effort, as usual, to say a thousand things in a single sentence; Sir W. H. Oliver, with that merry twinkle in his eye, as big and whole-souled as he is, and every inch a gentleman. Sir John A. Shoemaker, that jovial, genial, affable and ever happy comrade, was also among those to greet us, as were many others who joined in the merry and unexpected welcome. All worthy citizens, honorable gentlemen, cherished by all that know them, and but a few of the shining lights of our bright constellation that wandered from their sphere and dropped in to greet us—bless your hearts—thank you!

Then for the big show: Call it the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, the Universal Exposition, the St. Louis Exposition or the World's Fair—it was known by all these names—but what's in a name, a fair with another name is just as fair.

It is not the writer's intention to attempt a description of what we saw, or to set forth the numerous incidents that transpired while in St. Louis. Volumes would be required to chronicle everything—even if restricted to things of interest. Only a brief synopsis of the "Big Show" will be attempted.

The exposition was well defined as "an encyclopedia of society" for it represented a complete classification of society's words and works, compact and indexed, and available for ready reference. Again, it was a parliament and federation of mankind, welded without political subtleties, but created by civilization's own advancement in the growing appreciation of the brotherhood of man. The Republics of the New World, the monarchies of the Far East, the sovereignties of sturdy Europe, the barbarous tribes of Africa, the happy children of Australia—all joined and met in fraternal fellowship to show the world the products of their brain and brawn. Each nation had something, at least, to reveal to the other. None shielded itself under the mantle of self-conceit to dream of sublime superiority.

It was meet that the United States, in whose veins flows the blood of all nations, should be the meeting ground for the wanderers from distant shores. It is here that the Irishman has found Home Rule; that the Frenchman has secured his ideal of liberty; that the Englishman has found a greater England; that the Teuton has sought repose in a new fatherland. Since the earliest Biblical times when the Lord drifted the peoples of the earth apart by putting strange language in their lips, have they traversed the earth, only to be called together again in this happy land under the sacred flag that is an emblem of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

As one studied the system employed in the arrangement of ex-

hibits from every clime, and learned of the established classification, its appropriateness left a marked impression. The exposition was divided into 16 departments, 144 groups and 807 classes. The materialization presented a sequential synopsis of man's development from age to age, with a final presentation of his achievements in the present day.

At the head of the classification was placed Education—through which man enters social life. Second, came Art—showing the condition of his culture and development. Liberal Arts and Applied Sciences were placed third, to indicate the result of education and culture, illustrating his tastes and demonstrating his inventive genius.

The raw material departments—Agriculture, Horticulture, Mining and Forestry—tended to show how man conserves the forces of nature to his own use. The department of Manufactures showed what he accomplished with the raw material; the department of Machinery exhibited the tools employed, while the department of Transportation showed how he overcame distances and secured success in all parts of the world. The department of Electricity indicated the forces he discovered and utilized to convey power and intelligence, and so on through the various departments until Anthropology was reached, where man studies man, and the department of Physical Culture in which man, his intelligence having reached a superior point is able to treat himself, realizing that intellectual and moral constitutions require a sound physical body to hold them properly. Education was the keynote and cornerstone of the exposition.

But who can describe the wonderful exhibits from all lands which were made under these classifications? It would be a task that would recognize no master. For pleasure, instruction and entertainment, one sauntered down the famous Pike, where a conglomeration of villages from all corners of the earth were transplanted along an avenue one mile long, and blended into a medley of national and international amusements. The tongues of countless nations and sects rippled forth from the general welcome and invitation. The Pike rang with gaiety, life and beauty. Its attractions were classified as geographical, historical, scientific and illusory, or scenic. To travel over this mile of quaint settlements was like making a tour of the world—stopping only at the most unusual and unconventional localities.

Forest Park, where the exhibition was held, embraced 1,250 acres, more than twice as many as Jackson Park, of Chicago Fair fame. There were 1,500 separate buildings erected, 50 foreign countries and 45 states and territories being represented. The cost of the exhibition exceeded $50,000,000. Each type of the earth's inhabitants was represented in native costume, and in most cases found shelter in structures of native architecture.

The main group of buildings, which were in the northeastern

portion of the grounds, included 12 great structures in such symmetrical arrangement as to represent an open fan—the avenues corresponding to the ribs in the fan. Eight of these palaces were upon a level 60 feet below the others, offering a beautiful picture as the visitor strolled the center avenue.

In the distance, a half-mile away, rose the beautiful Hall of Festivals, the central jewel of the beautiful architectural coronet. The sides of the coronet stretched in graceful curves from Festival Hall, resembling a colonade, except that square pylons alternated with pairs of columns forming 14 sections, in front of which, upon the terrace, were 14 great sculptured figures representing in allegory, the 14 states and territories carved from the Louisiana Purchase.

Three great cascades, the largest artificial creations made up to that time, poured down the slope from the center and the two sides, the slopes being gardens, richly adorned with flowers, shrubs and architectural and sculptural devices.

Festival Hall covered two acres, and from it and its terraces and pavilions, a commanding view of the principal buildings could be obtained. On the same plateau, beyond Festival Hall, were the three great palaces of Art. These buildings contained 136 galleries, the central building, a permanent structure, being the international hall of sculpture.

The Government building stood apart from the main group upon another plateau, east of the Art buildings. It covered an immense area, being twice the length of the great Treasury Building in Washington. The eye of the visitor was everywhere charmed by the magnificent landscape effects. Falls roared, triumphant cascades sang, and fountains spouted in this fairyland.

The exhibits were characterized by life, color, motion and variety, and articles were exhibited, not alone as they are, but in juxtaposition with illustrations of their evolution. Processes of manufacture were also vividly portrayed, and the keynote of the exposition—education—was ever foremost.

At night, when electricity bejeweled the scene, the effect was most bewildering. In the creation of the picture every builder's art had a share. The sculptor, the architect, the landscape gardener, the electrician who controlled a million bulbs—all played prominent parts in the presentation of the wonderful night scene. The mechanical and electrical bureau worked out a scheme of illumination that produced results never before realized in spectacular magnificence. While the buildings were outlined in fire for night view by means of the festive shimmer of countless filaments, the picture was accentuated by the piercing rays of arc lamps at salient points upon all the principal structures.

Every moment spent in St. Louis was judiciously applied. Every night took us to bed thoroughly tired, and it was rarely that the sun rose before us. The magnificent and well-equipped Pennsylvania State building had a special fascination for us, inasmuch that it represented home, and seemed more like it than any other building on the grounds.

It would have required weeks, yea months, in that monstrous enclosure to get an intelligent idea of the collection of assembled world's people, their products, apparel, art, architecture, modes, customs, music, agriculture and manufacture. The moving masses of people were in themselves interesting exhibits—coming as they did from all quarters of the globe. The four days spent at the Fair found no room for idleness, and as the final hours reached their termination we turned towards "home" (the "Special" on the siding) with the satisfaction that we had seen all that human eye could absorb in so brief a time.

Our departure from St. Louis on the evening of Saturday, September 24, was not without reluctance, for some dear members of our "big happy family" bade us farewell, because of their plans to spend more time at the Fair. However, with a hurried exchange of best wishes with those who were to stay behind, and with cheers, laughter and even a tear or two, we left St. Louis and the Fair, with our faces turned homeward on the last stretch of our pilgrimage. But there were some whom we had missed during the leave-taking—Sir Oscar Schultz, family and party.

We learned later, that he had rushed to the Wabash terminal after we had departed. Knowing that we were compelled to pass through the Union Station (five or six miles distant) before leaving the city, Sir Oscar hurriedly engaged an automobile, offered the chauffeur special inducement to reach the Union Station as quickly as possible. Every speed ordinance was broken as the automobile made its wild dash for the station. But, alas, it was to no avail. The last car on our train was rapidly passing out of sight when the chauffeur brought his passengers up to the station. The race had been run and the defeat had been an honorable one. Sadly disappointed, Sir Oscar wired a word of farewell and Godspeed to his comrades aboard the train, and told of his inability to catch up with the "Special."

Soon after leaving St. Louis the commissary car was pressed into service and here, with light and joyous hearts, we sang far into the night. The singing began and continued for a time, in rhythm, to the puff, puff, puff of the engine, which caused us to swell our voices to a mighty anthem of joy, as voice after voice broke forth in mighty chorus, realizing that with each revolution of the ponderous driving-wheels of the engine we were nearing the dear ones who were anxiously awaiting the pilgrims' return. Every member of the party was happy,

all were well, and notwithstanding the unalloyed enjoyment of the tour, all were anxious to again be under the benignant skies of our own dear city.

There was a cheering influence in the air and in our hearts that night. Rocked by the measured stroke of the engine driving wheels and lulled by the systematic puff, puff, puff, we soon passed tranquilly out of all consciousness of the pleasant experiences of the day.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WE were rapidly approaching the end. Human nature was beginning to assert itself as the tension and excitement incident to such an undertaking as the pilgrimage began to diminish. With no further worries attending the accomplishment of the many details of the tour, the pilgrims relaxed. So tired were they, that even the "Alarm Clock" failed to operate successfully. Everyone appeared late for breakfast, and sat long at dinner indulging at length in gossip, reviewing the pilgrimage.

Pleasant experiences of the past six weeks were dwelt upon—for even thus early did some of the episodes of the trip begin to rise in memory and appeal to us in their humorous light. When traveling, the daily incidents often become routine and uninteresting, but when placed six weeks and several thousand miles behind, the mind carefully sorts out the worthy from the unworthy and the experiences which are truly valued are magnified in the mind's eye to their full worth while others vanish from memory.

It was a merry gathering that occupied the four coaches. Laughter and chatter echoed and re-echoed from car to car. Back and forth, from coach to coach, members of the party visited one another to give some farewell instruction or offer a suggestion looking to the comfort of one another. The long tour had brought the pilgrims together in close companionship and welded inseparable friendships. The four coaches had become our dwelling on wheels, and we all abode together in harmony, peace and happiness. It was not only like a big gathering of friends in the drawing room of some host who was on equally good terms with all, and who made everyone feel that there was no restraint or conventionality to be reckoned with; but in truth it was one "Big Happy Family."

While merriment was at its height, the startling discovery was made that Sir D. B. Watson was missing. The news spread rapidly and

excitement ran high. Surely, he must be somewhere on board, for he had been seen on the train after leaving St. Louis. Could he have fallen off in passing from coach to coach? This was the question asked by many, although the train was vestibuled throughout.

An exploring party was formed and a systematic search of the train was begun, but many feared the worst. For a time no clue could be found leading to a solution of the mysterious disappearance. Hope had been abandoned by many as the party entered the fourth car. After carefully scrutinizing this coach the "man-hunters" were startled, when, upon reaching the very end of the coach they saw another coach trailing in the rear. At first they thought it a phantom but investigation proved it to be a substantial and truly material car. Entering it, they found as its sole occupant, our dear missing "Davie," traveling in state, in a private car. Explanations were in order and it was learned that by some mistake or for some unknown intent, the railroad company had added another coach to our "Special" in St. Louis, and Sir David, finding the car attached in the rear, occupied it in solitude to "day-dream" over his pleasant experiences of the past few weeks.

It did not require much encouragement to lead the stray sheep back into the fold, and the fifth coach was left uninhabited to follow in the wake of the quartet of cars to which we had ever been loyal, and which were ever ready to receive and comfort us. Each car had its function as a stage upon which we enacted our life on the rail. The first, or commissary car, was the circus ring in which conventionalities were somersaulted, fixed rules became acrobatic, and the jesters and performers of all kinds were given free rein, much to the delight and approbation of the onlookers.

The second, or "stag" coach, was the burlesque stage where life was made a pleasant comedy and serious thought was not permitted to prevail. It was here that good nature found no room for the burdens of life, and where pleasure ran riot.

The third coach was justly termed the "haven of opera." It was here that the musical voices of the ladies lent an ever present cheer, and their very presence sung a solace into our hearts that was comforting and inspiring.

The fourth coach, occupied chiefly by the older members of the party, was the stage of the "legitimate performers." It was here that the scene-shifting of nature found its fullest appreciation. Seasoned by the experiences of years, the audience was competent to enter into the full enjoyment of the comedies and was fully capable of appreciating the lessons offered by the more sedate experiences of the pilgrimage. It was in this coach that the "wheat" was more carefully separated from the "chaff," but each was given the fullest consideration, and received the approval it deserved.

Onward rushed the train, apparently as anxious to reach its destination as were its occupants. The sun was going down, a brilliant disc in crimson mists, radiating the sky with its dying beams like an aurora borealis, and diffusing a beautiful glow over the landscape.

We were going home. Those who do not believe that this knowledge makes a deep impression on the traveler, have never been far from the family fireside; have never looked ahead through the mists and lowering gray skies as we did, for the first sight of dear home. Our hearts throbbed with expectancy and our eyes were dim with glad moisture as we watched and watched with straining orbs and finally stood up and shouted in a spontaneous burst of gladness, when at last we crossed the state line, and were again in our dear, cherished, incomparable Pennsylvania.

Smiles, laughter, shouts of delight and the hum of conversation were much in evidence after the border line of the state had been crossed. Expressions of impatience to know how the dear ones were at home were general. Every thought turned inquiringly to ask who would be waiting at the station to offer greetings of welcome. Would mother be able to come down? Surely father would be there; while there were those who were wishing, with an inexpressible yearning, that someone else might think enough of them to "run down" to the station and lend cheer to the home-coming.

From the car windows and the side door of the commissary car beamed happy faces, with radiance of expression that challenged the brightness of "Old Sol" himself. Lips pouted at the seeming endless delay, which was magnified as thoughts focused themselves on the sight of those waiting to clasp the pilgrims in welcoming embrace.

Before Pittsburgh was reached and as the train was nearing the dear old town, goodbyes were exchanged over and over again, for everyone realized that once they reached Pittsburgh there would be so many they had not seen for six weeks, that their companions might become lost without a parting farewell. So everyone made doubly sure by repeating the aurevoirs for 50 miles into Pittsburgh.

Slowly but surely the yawning mouth of the Union Station train sheds drew nearer and nearer, until finally, with triumphant and resounding puffs the monster engine entered its portals. Before the train came to a stop the pilgrims crowded upon the platforms of the coaches, shouting, laughing and almost weeping for very joy—a rhapsody of the homing instinct which is common to all kind—and as soon as the porters opened the doors there was an outburst of: "Hello there John;" "Well, well, well, if there isn't Frank;" "how in the world have you been George;" "My, but you are looking fine;" "where is Oscar?" and scores of other expressions of welcome and delight were offered, almost in unison.

The trainmen were jostled by the surging crowd of friends that surrounded and took possession of the train, and the human freight it contained. In a moment there was a hubhub on the platform which could be heard a square away. Glad cries of welcome; loud resounding smacks of father, mother, brother or someone who hopes to become a relative some day; long and endearing hugs and kisses in showers from a contingent of the gentler sex; and then such a babble from hundreds of tongues, as has seldom astonished the staid and gloomy station.

Then came the sudden announcement that the "Special" would be continued to Allegheny—an unexpected provision. Instantly there was a rush to re-board the train and every seat and all available standing room, both within the cars and on the platforms became occupied by the tourists and those who had welcomed them.

When Allegheny was reached we were literally carried away by delegations of the good, old home folks, Sir Knights and friends. And, so, in chatter, happiness, gladness and merriment the pilgrims were hurried home, where, doubtless, they sat until time was forgotten, and told until early dawn, some word picture or anecdote of the wonderful trip. Willing ears listened eagerly as the tourists related adventures which befell them upon a pilgrimage of interesting experiences and an exhaustless store of sublime and lovely memories.

And so the dear, sweet faces melted away like the fresh and delicate snow flakes under the warm rays of the noon sun, with nature's best sentiment—home—the one word which is the beginning and the end.

CONCLUSION.

EFORE bringing this work to a conclusion, hastily as it may have been prepared, let us glance back over our party, the pilgrimage, and its success, and the admirable arrangements which were provided during our tour.

It is primarily important to say that any and all mention made in these pages of any member or members of the party, has been in the very kindliest spirit and humor, without a single exception. The writer holds no thought other than kindness and good feeling, and his intention has been far removed from any motive to jeer or wound; his every effort has been in the fullest intent of loving and kindly feeling.

Though the writer was with the party throughout the entire pilgrimage, it will be noted that he has evaded the personal pronoun throughout this account, for, as announced, he deemed it advisable to deviate from the usual custom of authors in "singing a song of himself." The pilgrimage was a "long engagement" and a "continuous performance," and every member of the cast should receive due credit and applause for the part played. It may be truthfully stated that there might have been incidents of unusual interest during that long tour, which escaped the eye of the writer, and if such oversight has wrought to the disadvantage of any, due and humble apology is hereby made.

If the writer has been guilty (in some instances) of exaggerating some of the incidents of the tour, it has been for the same reason that artificial cultivation often aids nature in rearing flowers and vegetation to their fullest and ripest bloom, and for the same reason that fruits attain larger size and more appetizing appearance under nursed conditions—that they may be more fully appreciated. Should any members of the party feel disposed to deny their guilt or participation in any of the incidents with which they are associated in this work, the writer stands ready to accept any such denial and will himself furnish an alibi by admitting his own guilt of anything of which the pilgrims might plead innocence.

As the writer sat in his home, night after night, far into that vast and mysterious void which men call sleep, preparing this work, scenes of the tour arose before him and brought back vivid memories. As he looked about him and again saw those same bright, wholesome, congenial

faces, how he longed to give proper expression to those feelings and to depict the pleasing scenes that arose before him. There was a great and impressive something that occupied his mind and stirred his very soul. His mind seemed to wander over that vast realm of space which the pilgrims had traversed, presenting a symposium of a thousand most happy incidents, scenes and events. He felt that he was on the tour again. He saw the prairie land blend into the picturesqueness of Yellowstone Park and emerge into the sea of desert waste. The verdant valley of the Sacramento then carried the writer into the gala conclave city of San Francisco, where the carnival of joy and festivity reigned supreme. He heard the ocean's roar and the beating of the waves upon Seal Rocks, but above it all—higher, louder and clearer than Nature's rhapsody, rose a babel of voices, which in one accord, to one another, beckoned: "Pilgrim, I greet thee." He felt, once more, the touch of the warm handshake of fraternal and brotherly hospitality, and while basking cheerfully in this delightful vision, the fairy of dreamland beckoned him come—how reluctantly he followed—and escorting him through rare and beautiful gardens to enjoy, for a moment, the sun-kissed breezes of Del Monte, ushered him into the City of Los Angeles to again mingle with the dear fraters who dwell therein. But what a brief visit it was—for just as the sea of friendly faces smiled forth their ever-ready welcome, the scene blended into a luxuriant valley of fruits and flowers, only to emerge again into the dreariness of the vast arid desert. But out of this wearisome vista, as if touched by some magic wand, sprang forth the majestic, gorgeous and inspiring spectacle of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, attired in its most enchanting mantle, under the light of the setting sun; and as night seemed to come, the writer saw the canyon fade into the distance—heard a chatter of foreign tongues as the imaginary train winged past the city of St. Louis, and as the vision of scores of dear ones offering a "Welcome home" arose in vivid reality, he reached forward to grasp the extended hand of welcome—only to find himself alone.

That the members of our party, both young and old, were as congenial and desirable companions as could be chosen, was so clearly demonstrated as to be beyond the slightest doubt—and what delightful and wholesome companions they are at home! What a privilege and pleasure it would be to have them on another tour, considering the personification of good cheer and fellowship that prevailed throughout the California pilgrimage. So it behooves the writer to declare with all the sincerity and emphasis at his command, nothing would afford him more delight than to be with them again, and once more enter into the full enjoyment of another such pilgrimage.

It would be well if such an excursion were made every year, and the system regularly inaugurated. Travel broadens the mind and encour-

ages wholesome, charitable views of men and things. How many people die annually who have never been 20 miles from their own homestead. What do they know of the world? Nothing, absolutely nothing, except what they read in history or learn by hearsay. It is the duty of all to rise from their slothfulness, shake off any nightmare, go forth and view the Almighty's great creation, and they will bless the day that they have taken steps to larger and more comprehensive ideas.

And there is no pleasanter mode of traveling than the one by which we made our pilgrimage. There was no changing of trains and companions almost constantly. Unlike ordinary travelers, we were not compelled to forsake comrades whose diverging routes cause a separation soon after an acquaintanceship and companionship is formed. Nor were we compelled to break the attachment one always has for a particular train and its crew. The unpleasant duties of directing baggage from point to point and from train to train were lost to our party. We packed our trunks but thrice in our tour of six weeks—when we left home, when we entered Yellowstone Park and when we emerged from the park. We estimated how long we would be gone and figured, with mathematical nicety, the amount of clothing we should need.

It never became necessary for us to seek companionship, for our "happy family" was a large and harmonious one. Often we sympathized with those who were compelled to travel alone and who yearned for the companionship of strangers. In desert or fertile valley, on the plains or on the prairie, in the city or in the open country, the cheerful "Allegheny Special" was ever ready to greet us with all the hospitality of a home, and offered an invitation of peace, comfort and satisfaction that never failed to appeal to us and which we were always eager to enjoy.

Only the most enthusiastic words of satisfaction and appreciation came from the tourists when commenting upon the pilgrimage. Not an incident marred it; not a jangle or discordant note was heard in the tune of good fellowship. It was indeed a "big, happy family," with the fullest confidence in all its members, all of them united in the common endeavor to extract from their journey all the pleasure, all the happiness and all the information and instruction possible. This was demonstrated not only by word of mouth, but by expression of faces—with the soul and mind satisfaction of an ambition fulfilled, a goal reached.

Too much appreciation cannot be expressed of the admirable arrangements under which we traveled and which relieved the minds of the tourists of all the many details ordinarily incident to traveling. The slightest fault could not be found with the manner in which our tour was conducted. Its program was faithfully carried out—yes, and more. Those who so loyally and royally served us as our committee—Sirs Harry W. Lowrie, Oscar Schulze and Herman Flechsig—are so well known that no words

can make them better acquainted. With hearts full of sympathy and good will, they were ever ready to make life pleasant for the pilgrims under their care. In them was the authority, and as a committee the responsibility justly placed. To them we are largely indebted for the complete and successful carrying out of the joyous pilgrimage.

The frequent mention of the gentlemen portion of the roster and the apparent oversight of the ladies might bring forth a charge of ungallantry, but the best cards are always played last. Too much tribute cannot be paid the nineteen ladies who accompanied us, and whose very presence lent cheerfulness at all times.

It seems almost incredible, but it is none the less true, that from the time we left Allegheny until we returned, moving as rapidly as we did, up in the morning early, making close connection here and there, not one single moment of detention was caused by the ladies. Never a word of complaint, even as to weariness or fatigue, was expressed by them during that entire tour, but from one and all there came a pleasant, smiling, cheerful "Good morning" with the opening of the day, while at the close came the wish for a "Good night" with equal cheerfulness. To each individual lady do we attribute much of the pleasure enjoyed by us during the trip. The sunshine of their faces, as well as their deeds, blazed our pathway across the continent and return. And their kindnesses were of the practical kind—ever ready with needle, thread and button to do us a much-needed service. With them near, we felt as though we were under the protecting wings of our own dear mothers, while any little headache or trifling ailment brought a corps of nurses that furnished hurried relief. A dozen mothers stood ready to give us parental attention at all times. As we passed through the train, rode the stage coaches through Yellowstone Park, dined with them at hotel tables or greeted them on the streets of a score of different cities, we were constantly reminded of home—expressions wreathed in smiles ever beamed from their countenances. From our hearts we earnestly wish that the very smallest portion of earth's sorrows allotted to poor humanity may be the share of their dear hearts, and that their lives shall always be bright, clear and sparkling as the rivulet which flows from its cool mountain home, and as the dew drop upon the leaf, glistening in the glad morning sun, which shall never dim nor fade away, is the heartfelt wish of their fellow pilgrims.

So here ends this recital of a memory that will remain long with the writer, and no doubt with every member of the party who participated in the pilgrimage. The grand tour has ended and taken its place among the things that were. Its varied scenes and manifold incidents will ever linger pleasantly in our memories. Always on the wing—flying as it were, merely pausing a moment here and there to catch fitful glimpses of the wonders of our country; we could not hope to receive or retain vivid impressions of it all. Yet our flight has not been in vain—for above the

confusion of vague recollections, certain of its prize pictures lift themselves to continue perfect in tint and outline after their surroundings have faded away.

More than a year has flown since our notable pilgrimage has ended. The writer has often thought—and as he sits here thinking—seeing the same good, sweet friends, he is moved to confess, that day by day, the mass of memories have grown more and more a pleasure. If another call for a like tour were issued, nothing would gratify the writer more than to be numbered among the party—with the same Sir Knights and companions—yes, and the same dear, good-natured sinners, of which he cheerfully confesses—he was one.

In Memoriam.

"In the midst of life we are in death." The evidence of this oft-repeated truth again becomes apparent with the sad duty of chronicling in these pages, the death of a worthy Sir Knight who was numbered with our party of happy tourists who made the pilgrimage to the Twenty-ninth Triennial Conclave—

SIR PHILIP STEINMILLER,

of McKees Rocks, Pa.

Reaped in his full harvest of kindness and loving attainments, Sir Steinmiller was called to the Asylum above, November 1, 1905; having ended his long pilgrimage among his fellowmen. We are all pilgrims moving in the same great procession to that unseen land from which none return. The final voyage to that harbor of everlasting life offers itself as a privilege to the most deserving. It is not appropriate that we go as unwilling captives bound to the chariot wheels of all-conquering death. There is no occasion for us to lift up our voices in wailing and terror when the message comes that calls us away. If we trust in Christ, who giveth victory, our departure will be a triumphal march and the close of life will be a coronation. Who would not wish to have the last stages of earthly journey adorned with the surpassing grace and glory of Christian hope? Who would not choose to pass away in light and joy, as the leaves put on their loveliest hues when about to die; as the morning star melts into the superior glory of the coming sun; as the rosy dawn brightens into the full day? Who would not wish, in dying, to go as Sir Steinmiller and others before him have gone, to prepare a place for those who must stay behind, and who will be ever ready to say to us, when we pass into our reward: "Pilgrim, I greet thee."

In Memoriam.

In His tillage, God cultivates many flowers, seemingly only for their exquisite beauty and fragrance. Some, when bathed in soft sunshine, burst into blossom, only to be gathered from earthly fields by the Divine Hand, and reposed in crystal vases in the mansions above. January 28, 1905, such act of Providence following shortly after the conclusion of our transcontinental tour, took from our midst one of the dear pilgrims of our "Big, Happy Family"—

MISS MAGGIE STEINMILLER,

of McKees Rocks, Pa.

While those who are dear and near to us pass beyond—some in the sweet bud; some in the fallen blossom—none are taken too early to make Heaven fairer and sweeter with their immortal bloom.

By her every endeavor to administer to all by kind word or sisterly act, Miss Steinmiller had endeared herself into the warm recesses of every heart—not only among those who shared the pilgrimage, but among all who had the good fortune to know her. Her ever-cheerful "Good morning" and kindly "Good night" on every day of the tour of six weeks, were pronounced with the true ring of sincerity, while her willingness at all times to lend her aid to benefit one or all, helped make our pathway smooth and pleasant.

She now speaks in the ear of memory and affection. Friends we have loved pass from sight—but they live in memory and in our hearts, while their voices come back, richer and more impressive than we appreciated when seeing their moving lips.

She passed away, gave little warning;
A last "Good Night;" and in some brighter clime
Awaits to bid us, "Good Morning."