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On the Trail.

ROUND THE WORLD IN STRANGE COMPANY

AMERICA, BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE WEST (SECTION)

BY NICHOLAS EVERITT, F.Z.S., AUTHOR OF “SHOTS FROM A LAWYER'S GUN,” “BROADLAND SPORT,” “TOLD AT TWILIGHT,” ETC. ETC.

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“Laugh and the world laughs with you”

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INTRODUCTION

In the very best-written book the world has ever seen one finds the words “Behold my desire is—that mine adversary had written a book.” Yet, were it not for one's friends few books would ever see the light of day. I have often wondered wherein lies the latent danger of such a venture?

Although under various names I have inflicted over a dozen volumes upon a confiding public and an ever-patient and lenient host of reviewers, I feel particularly grateful to reviewers as a whole because I have only once experienced unkind treatment at their hands; the one exception immediately afterwards volunteered profound regret.

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It is indeed a curious world we live in, and the romance of authorship is as great and varied as its fiction ever depicted.

Once I consigned in disgust to the insatiable maw of the W.P.B. a manuscript of some 60,000 words which fortunately was fished out again and perused with avidity by the boy who cleaned the boots and knives in the back premises of our domicile. I found him at it, and on second thoughts gave the despised MSS. another last chance. It was one of those quite unforeseen electric successes which jump to immediate popularity, and is still going strong.

Apparently an inherent sense of humour, a love of the raconteur, and an eager desire to make myself friendly in whatsoever company I happen to find myself, has been the means of attracting a large circle of acquaintances if not some friends in many lands; and every week I receive a private post that would alarm a more timid globe-trotter. xiv From one and all a universal request seemed to emanate. They seek details of one's wanderings; description of routes, cities and peoples; where to go, what to take, and how to do it; whilst the underlying note expressed or implied resolves itself into a request for another book or a series of magazine articles.

This was the water-shed of my labours. And I do not feel I need apologise for adding another volume to the already heavily laden shelves on round-the-world tours.

The book is not written with any idea of claims to literary merit; I have never aspired to such a summit, nor do we live in a time for purism of style; whilst style has little to do with the worth or unworth of a book. But this book is intended to interest and amuse. It attempts also to relate in plain, simple language the incidents and adventures which I experienced during this travel trip, every moment of which gave me intense enjoyment. It tries to avoid the hackneyed descriptions of the guide book, and to depict with fidelity the places I visited and peoples with whom I was daily brought in contact; from the hovel to the palace, from the pauper to the prince.

Owing to a disappointment at the last moment I started alone, yet with the exception of a couple of nights at Chicago I was never once without a boon companion. Friends and acquaintances are said to be the surest passports to fortune; the very wine of life. Truly I was rich indeed and my cup was full, even to overflowing.

I wandered afar in strange lands and in strange company, treading broad and narrow paths among the thorns and dangers of the world, yet everywhere I was greeted with smiles, whilst hospitality and kindnesses were showered upon me in a manner which no mere words of grateful appreciation can adequately describe.

If I have given prominence to any person, firm, or Company which cater for the public, it is because the notice is well merited. If I have criticised or condemned, it is because I considered the censure was deserved, and the only solace commendable to the wounded, is the old maxim that, “It's never too late to mend.”

xv

I have devoted considerable space to the voyage across the Atlantic because I have never yet been able to find an adequate or full description of any such travel which the uninitiated look forward to with dread and foreboding, whereas it is a dream of pleasure to those who can make themselves pleasant to others.

The chapter on Salt Lake City will, I anticipate, be a revelation to a great majority of Europeans.

I am under a debt of gratitude to Messrs Munn & Co. (*Scientific American*), New York; the Puck Publishing Co., New York; the *Sphere* and *Tatler* , London; H. H. Tammen & Co., Denver, Colo.; and the directors of Shredded Wheat, Niagara Falls, for permission to reproduce the illustrations which are separately acknowledged.

It is a comfort to feel that by the writing of books I have never made an enemy. It is a happiness to know that by my books, probably helped by the extreme kindness and

assistance of their reviewing critics, I have made a multitude of friends, some of them in remote corners of the earth where I should least have expected. As a thank-offering to their generous appreciation of my own poor attainments, to my reviewers, past and future, I dedicate my present work.

NICHOLAS EVERITT.

[Note. — *The Author had no opportunity of correcting the proofs of this book, as he was at the war while it was being printed.*]

1

ROUND THE WORLD IN STRANGE COMPANY

CHAPTER I FROM LONDON TO QUEENSTOWN

Settling the route—Cook's guidance—Travelling passes—Privileges of a “round-the-world” ticket—Luggage and its insurance—Boat trains—S.S. Mauretania, her crew, appointments, and capabilities—Delay at starting—A travelling companion—The ship's doctor—Table acquaintances—Queenstown Harbour-Irish peasant women and quick trading.

“ There is a Providence that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may.” Yet how many fortunes have been won and lost; how many great projects have been diverted to good or bad channels; and how many lives have been turned from a smooth and easy course into a sea of troubles; all through the simple process of spinning a coin.

It is such a simple process—devoid of deep thinking or physical exertion. It is so decisive. It has a fascination all its own; whilst, no matter how many times the operation is repeated, no matter how many heads or tails have turned up in succession, the odds are always even.

In the writer's life the tossing of a coin has invariably proved to be a lucky provedore.

For many years the far north of Europe, with its vast wildernesses, unfathomable forests, rugged mountain ranges, innumerable lakes, lagoons, and rapid rivers, and curious simple peoples, had offered irresistible attractions which were not to be denied; and again and again had the call of the wild drawn, never unwillingly, yet farther and farther from the haunts of men, whenever a period of A 2 freedom has presented itself. But circumstances arose in 1913 which almost necessitated a visit to the Island of Vancouver. It became a question of route; whether to cross direct to Montreal and proceed by the Saint Lawrence and the Canadian Pacific Railway; or whether to follow a more devious course through the United States of America.

Doubts arose, and many arguments in favour of each route were considered. When carefully weighed in the mental balance, the scales held evenly. A decision had to be arrived at and that quickly. There was but one way out of the difficulty.

Toss up.

Heads for the United States, tails for Canada.

On two previous occasions when an extended trip had been under consideration and contemplation the same precedent had been followed, and on each of those occasions had the falling of a coin decided against North America. This time the fickle Goddess of Speculation decided for the States, and from that moment her guidance became an accepted command.

New York was the objective, thence let circumstances and inclination direct.

The return journey was a matter which soon crossed the horizon of consideration. It at once became apparent that this could be almost as quickly made and equally as comfortably undertaken by the Pacific, across Japan and over the newly opened route on

the trans-Siberia Railway, as by travelling across Canada and the Atlantic Ocean home again Why not?

As one grows older in years one realises how much one has previously lost through a false sense of dignity, through ignorance and inexperience, through absurd and unjustifiable prejudices.

During my promiscuous foreign travelling extending over a period of five-and-twenty years, I had frequently seen parties of Cook's tourists doing the sights of great cities. I had been highly amused at the crowd; its method of frantic rush and haste; its heterogeneous collection of individuals of all classes of life; and I had, with a certain amount of concealed contempt, viewed them from a distance. 3 When I had wanted anything which I thought could be obtained better from Messrs T. Cook & Son than elsewhere (for example, a rail journey up Mount Vesuvius) I had not hesitated to go to their office to seek it in the ordinary way; but the idea of travelling with a Cook's ticket had always been held askance. There was a something about it which I had avoided for reasons I hardly knew, and should have hesitated to give; and whenever I did have tickets from them I carefully concealed the fact from fellow-travellers so long as it was possible so to do.

Now I determined to plunge. I wrote for an appointment and presented myself with a long list of carefully thought out inquiries, which I had culled from a perusal of Baedeker's invaluable guide to the United States.

After that interview all my bigoted and narrow-minded prejudices had been swept completely on one side, and it began to dawn upon me, that not only should I be saving a very considerable sum of money by booking one of their round-the-world tickets, but that such carried many advantages not otherwise available; that much trouble would be avoided; and that material comfort *en route* would thereby be gained.

Now that I am once more at home again after an adventurous trip in many lands, I know I did the right thing, and the only thing which a prudent individual could have done, who

wished to secure the maximum of comfort and advantage for whatever outlay there might be at disposal.

The route selected was first class throughout. It gave choice of any steamship and railway line in any part of the world. It included meals on steamers but not on the railways, nor hotel bills on land.

It was not a direct route, it zigzagged in places, as a perusal of the map will show, yet the price quoted was only £130, or thereabouts; and on my return I received allowances for variations and tickets unused.

A complete ticket was not given in the first instance, but a number of orders were drawn upon their agents in various parts of the world. These agents on presentation of the respective orders, would, at a few hours' notice, 4 obtain and make out their respective sections of the route, and present a book of tickets covering the ground intended to be travelled over, until the next order came into use. The first book of tickets carried me to New York. There I exchanged an order for a series of tickets to San Francisco. The second order took me to Yokohama. The third from Yokohama through Japan to Shanghai. The fourth through China, Manchuria, Siberia, Russia, Finland and Sweden to Copenhagen. The fifth from Denmark home.

Amongst other special privileges and advantages which the all-round ticket carried was an allowance of 350 lb. of personal luggage free—excepting on the trans-Siberia and Continental railways; practical exemption from the worries and troubles of all Customs, excise, immigration and health officials, in all countries visited; and extra marked attention and preference throughout the whole tour from one and all with whom I was brought in contact.

The weight, extent, and detail of one's personal luggage, although of some considerable interest to anyone who has a similar trip in contemplation, are not subjects of general interest to the ordinary reader. Yet it is necessary here to state that I travelled with one

cane and canvas trunk, one small leather suit-case, and a Willesden canvas lock-up sack-bag. They had been selected specially, having regard for weight, combined with strength; and a few pounds would cover the three unpacked. In the trunk I carried my clothes, underclothing, and instruments; in the suit-case my immediate necessities; and in the sack-bag, fishing-gear, boots, sporting paraphernalia, rug, overcoat, oileys, and such-like. At the suggestion of Messrs Cook I took out an insurance policy with their Lloyds Agency branch, covering everything against damage or loss, in whole or in part, at the very low premium of £1, 15s. 9d. per cent for a period of ninety days; with the option to renew at any time, at the same proportionate rate, by a simple notice in writing on a post card or by telegram.

Many and varied are the passenger steamers which voyage between the United Kingdom and the United States of America. All of them were open to me. I 5 selected the fastest known vessel afloat, the *Mauretania* of the Cunard Line.

At Euston Station in London I found three special boat trains, running a few minutes behind each other, which completed the journey to Liverpool in a few hours. Here I had proof of the first saving on the all-round ticket, as a fellow-passenger who had purchased a single third-class ticket at the booking-office had to pay 10s. more than my first class was scheduled at.

Our train ran alongside the quay and we walked straight aboard with no trouble from heavy luggage, whilst numerous under stewards and Cunard attendants scrambled to assist with hand baggage.

What a crowd there was to see the ship off. Although rain descended in torrents the people were massed together in thousands. One would have thought that there was someone of great importance expected to embark, had it not been explained that this was nothing unusual and that a great number of the onlookers were directly or indirectly

connected with the members of the crew of the ship, which totalled some eight or nine hundred hands.

The ship herself towered high above the floating pontoon embarkation piers, a mammoth amongst the leviathans of ocean liners as viewed from without; a dream of regal splendour and exquisite luxury within. It was difficult to conceive that one was aboard ship. The decorative and artistic features were more applicable to a palace, or to one of the world's finest hotels. Everything was pleasing and harmonious to the eye. Everywhere one wandered there was evidence that each minute detail had been carefully and admirably thought out, and executed regardless of cost, until one marvelled how one's patronage could be accepted at the reasonable figures quoted, for the accommodation given.

Owing to the rather exceptional state of the tide on the Mersey bar, we were informed we should not start until 9 p.m.; some four hours later than scheduled starting time. There was therefore plenty of leisure in which to consider and digest the points of the vessel.

Her length was seven hundred and ninety feet; breadth, eighty-eight feet; depth to boat deck, eighty feet; draught 6 fully loaded, thirty-seven feet six inches; displacement on load line, forty-five thousand tons; height to top of funnels, one hundred and fifty-five feet; height to mast heads, two hundred and sixteen feet. The hull below draught line was divided into one hundred and seventy-five water-tight compartments, alleged to be unsinkable. She was of course fitted with wireless telegraphy and also had installed the Mundy-Gray submarine signalling apparatus.

As the fastest known greyhound in the world her powers of propulsion were more than attractive. She had four screws rotated by turbine engines of sixty-eight thousand horse-power, capable of developing a sea speed of more than twenty-five knots per hour regardless of weather conditions; and consuming something like six thousand six hundred tons of coal on each trip across the herring pond. Think of it! To freight this little lot of coal from the pit's mouth alongside the ship to her bunkers, would require twenty-two trains,

made up of thirty trucks, each containing at least ten tons of coal; all that for only one of her five days' voyages across.

In these days of universal motoring one understands better the meaning of horse-power, but it is doubtful whether one passenger in a thousand upon one of these great ships even troubles him, or herself, to pencil out a comparison of their development. Sixty-eight thousand horse-power means that if this number of sturdy, healthy animals were harnessed, say in rows of twenty abreast, there would be no fewer than three thousand four hundred rows. If they were placed head to tail, in a single line, they would cover no less than ninety miles. Whilst all this combined power is brought to bear on the screws, every hour the ship is ploughing her way through the waves.

It is not the writer's intention to crowd these pages with statistics, nor to give details and dimensions generally, regarding the places of interest mentioned hereafter, but the present exception is considered justifiable and worthy of the slight diversion.

The total passenger accommodation was five hundred first class; five hundred second class; and one thousand three hundred third class. On this trip the ship was fairly full up, but there seemed berths for all without having 7 recourse to the sofas, which in the autumn service are often in use.

At Euston my friends who had insisted on seeing me off also insisted on visiting the bar. It seemed a bad omen, because now, when on the very threshold of old England, our soundings showed such a want of liquid on the bar that our departure had perforce to be delayed. Whereas, on the other hand, investigations at the bar on board the ship revealed a large crowd already well on their way, owing to too many and too frequent soundings of the liquid there obtainable.

The sharer of my state-room was a young American of the modern type. He was about twenty-six years of age, slim, smart, well dressed, with excellent carriage, appearance, manners and deportment. He was the European representative of some wholesale

chemical firm; he was not satisfied with his earnings of about a thousand pounds a year. Ambition was stamped on every line of his features. He was quite determined to reach the top; he was the sort who would, and he would get there whilst his confrères; were thinking about it.

On board the ship he took things quietly. There was no need to hustle. But on land, where anything was doing, he was right there every time. I first ascertained that telephones were provided not only in every bedroom of the principal hotels of America, but so fixed that one can lie in bed and conduct business all through the night, by being called up shortly after daybreak by this aforesaid young gentleman on the very first morning after my arrival. He wanted to know what was I doing—how was I fixed—and whether he could be of any service to me? I was gratified at the attention. I was pleased at his proffered kindness, and I admired his early rising; but, as I seemed to have only that moment sought my bed, the reply was short, sharp, and decisive. I consigned his immortal soul to Hades and disconnected the infernal instrument.

The first evening on board the *Mauretania* we unpacked our trunks, made all shipshape in our cabins, and wandered aimlessly around, viewing each other with a certain amount of surmise and suspicion.

8

My seat in the dining-saloon was located at the doctor's table. He was an Irishman; which is the equivalent for saying that he was not only excellent company, but that he kept things lively all the time. From the first meal before we crossed the Mersey bar, until our last, when passing the Statute of Liberty, he kept the whole table in a continuity of hilarious spirits. It is not suggested that from him alone all the humour flowed. There were others; but he was the pivot which turned commonplace sayings into witty channels, and he kept the ball a-rolling. On my left was an American from Connecticut, fat and good-natured. He was the hero and valiant cavalier of every spinster on board; he was “the doormat” to three-quarters of the ship. It would be difficult to find a kinder, more considerate, or

more good-natured man than was this darling of the crowd; “Sunny Jim,” as he was so affectionately called by one and all. His character may be aptly summed up in his own words, as expressed to me in a burst of confidence: “Waal! I only go this road once, and I want to squeeze as much happiness out of life for myself and for everybody around me as I possibly can.” Next to him was a sweetly pretty girl who looked about sixteen, but who subsequently turned out to be a grass-widow. On her left sat a lumber boss from Buffalo—clever, keen, taciturn and generously kind. He had not much to say, but nothing seemed to escape his notice, and when he did open his lips something worth hearing issued from them.

On my right was a middle-aged grass-widow who seemed to be seeking sympathy. She had travelled the wide world over, and she knew how many beans made five. Next to her sat a man from Mexico. He had left that country owing to its troubled state and he was now returning, not expecting much more trouble; although subsequent history showed that it was there all along. He had evidently met the lady beside him before, and he was soon busy paying her those little attentions which all women so much appreciate. This Mexican possessed a failing which many men suffer from, generally to their sorrow, and always to their heavy cost. He was so self-opinionated and he knew so much that it was apparently 9 an impossibility for him to learn anything more than he already knew on any given subject on earth from anybody. Next to him was an English journalist going over to New York to dispose of “copy” and to try and arrange some literary agreements for the benefit of Americans in general and for himself in particular. The doctor was my vis-à-vis. The other members of the table were of the ordinary type which can be found by the score at any table d'hôte in any hotel in Europe.

Our first meal passed in comparative quietness, listening to the doctor's tales and in general conversation with our neighbours. Such was more or less in the nature of interrogative communications built upon the origin, nativity, domicile, business, present and past intentions and objectives of each other. When we knew one another better, as the days passed, we let ourselves go more, whilst our hilarity proceeded on the

crescendo fortissimo scale, until other passengers all over the saloon were becoming keenly interested in our little coterie, and were openly envying its continuous merriment.

Next morning about 8 a.m. the ship lay to off Queenstown Harbour and the tender attempted to get alongside with the mails. There was a strong fresh breeze blowing which raised a nasty, choppy sea. On that gigantic liner it was not felt at all, but a few visitors who had come out for a blow in the tug-boat got more than they bargained for; an obvious fact, and only too painfully evident. There were also a number of Irish peasant women, who climbed our companion ladder and for an hour or more bargained with the passengers over Irish laces and small souvenirs made from bog-oak. If the Americans are really a cute race, these good ladies of the Emerald Isle proved more than a match for them. When the whistle sounded the shore-warning they retired with very satisfied, smiling faces, and pockets heavy with gold and loose silver. One in particular was well gifted in the art of repartee. She sold some pocket handkerchiefs with a heavy bordering of hand-made lace to a gentleman at a greater sum than she had just previously asked another inquirer of their price, who had beaten her down considerably and then left her to repeat the process with a neighbouring competitor. The 10 same good lady after originally demanding £2, 10s., palmed off, as real Irish manufacture, a cheap pink silk Japanese shoulder shawl at the moderate price of 30s., which I well knew could be bought in almost any town in England for 3s. 11½d., as I had purchased two exactly the same in every respect only a few days previously, marvelling at their cheapness. But as both parties to the deal and bargain seemed more than pleased and satisfied, why interfere?

An hour later the coast-line of the ever-discontented island melted from our vision, and then only did we realise the marvellous speed of which the vessel was capable.

11

CHAPTER II ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

Leaving Ireland—Daily routine aboard ship—An ocean newspaper—The Zoofoo Band —Pools on the run—Games—Meals—Entertainments—Table talk and repartee—The second class—How auction pools are worked.

Emerging from Cork Harbour our Captain stood well out to sea, and although we caught a glimpse of the Old Head of Kinsale in the distance, Seven Heads, Galley Head, Toe Head and even Cape Clear were all indiscernible. From that Sunday morning we saw no more signs of land, or even another ship of any kind, until late on the following Thursday afternoon, when a few American vessels betokened our approach to Sandy Hook. What mattered it to the passengers? Our temporary home was a seething hive of amusement, interest, and entertainment. All seemed so busy they appeared to have no spare time to devote to any proposed project. Is it not ever thus? The one who has really nothing of any importance to attend to has no time for anything; and the farseeing individual who requires anything to be done invariably selects the busiest man known to him to do it for him.

The daily routine on board naturally smacked of sameness, although this was not realised, and the time flew by all too quickly. At eight a steward would call one with morning tea, or whatever was preferred. Baths of many varieties prepared the way for a smart constitutional on deck before visiting the saloon for breakfast. At the Purser's office the *Cunard Daily Bulletin* was on sale at 2½d. per copy. It contained in all twelve pages. Five consisted of advertisements, some of which were coloured; the other pages, divided into four columns, were crowded with the 12 news of the day, short stories and illustrations. In the *Daily Bulletin* were inserted all items that were believed to be of any interest to the passengers, such as events of importance aboard ship or as received by wireless. The fluctuating prices of English and American railway shares, with principal stocks, were quoted in detail daily, and doubtless many a gambler had his little flutter just as easily on board as he could have done had he been on land—or may I suggest in bed if in America. In the news columns one found announced the numerous entertainments, concerts, dances, lectures, meetings, sports, services, and gatherings which were of daily

occurrence on board; full lists of all the passengers in each class; the state of the weather, extracts from the Log, and the day's run; which were matters of some importance to more than one of the frequenters of the smoke-room. Most of the passengers perused this daily paper with their breakfast, whereby they became wéll informed of the programme for the day as well of what was going on in the outer world. After breakfast the decks attracted one, whether wet or fine; the main deck round ran four laps to the mile, so exercise was easily calculated. Elderly people sought the seclusion of the library or the snug nooks and corners which were so inviting, because of their exquisite upholstery and delightful design. These cosy corners were arranged under windows shaped and curtained, often in view of the Old English open fireplaces which adorned most of the saloons—or in the mural irregularities of the rooms or lounges. They were in much request and almost always occupied.

In the centre of the ship were a couple of modern elevators which took passengers from deck to deck, avoiding the use of staircase or companion ladders. On the upper decks were verandas, winter gardens, shelters, and open spaces to provide for deck games and amusements to an unlimited extent. There was in fact much too much to occupy one's attention. So that a business man who had come on board with the express determination of doing a few days' work in his private state-room would find the greatest difficulty in tearing himself away from, or in keeping away from, these numerous attractions, or to sufficiently give the attention which he really desired for 13 his private affairs. Instances of this kind were daily met with.

About noon a large crowd would assemble in the smoke-room. It was the general meeting-place of the sporting element, some of whom were authorities upon the brewing of cocktails and the niceties of their multitudinous flavours. Pools on the ship's daily run were the main business, and a market was made after the first clear day's run of six hundred and twenty-two nautical miles had been announced. Of course there was an auction pool which carried everything before it. In addition, there were numerous little mushroom pools, from half-a-crown up to five pounds per subscriber, run by private individuals, or groups

of friends, who based their calculations only upon the first ten single figures for their draw. Bridge, both auction and ordinary, poker or freeze-out, banker, and other games of chance or skill were also in progress; sometimes from before breakfast until unobserved hours of lateness at night. On deck a series of the ordinary games of shove-board or deck-billiards, quoits, sandbags, darts, *inter alia* , were always going on; and opportunities to join were only too open and frequent to anyone desiring to play.

Children had a large nursery fitted with toys and games galore; athletes found a gymnasium; invalids could retire to small heated rooms in semi-privacy; whilst dogs of all sorts were accommodated on the hurricane deck.

If the breakfasts were formidable, the lunches were more so, and the dinners topped the other two. Yet there were grumblers—blasé individuals whose appetite could not be tempted by the startling variety of good things, both in and out of season, which the menus enumerated. Sir Henry Lucy, the Parliamentary writer, once said, “he wished the bill of fare on the steamers of the 'forties might be printed on the backs of the menus of the present day.” Personally, I don't think that such would have had much effect on some of the chronic disaffecteds on board, or whom one meets with in all places and at all times, where people are all too well off, or too well provided for. If these people ever go to Heaven they will probably complain of being brought up in a damp cloud; that their haloes do not fit; that their harps have not enough strings; that their 14 trumpets will not blow; that their wings are moulting; or there will be something they will kick at; otherwise they will not feel that they are really enjoying themselves.

Between meals, relays of food of various kinds were insinuatingly placed about in convenient quarters, every two hours, or proffered by polite and obliging stewards. During the afternoon, tournaments were arranged, lectures given, and gatherings brought about. Games of all kinds proceeded, and every soul on board was busy until the first bugle call rang out an hour before dinner. After dinner there were entertainments all over the ship, and the smoke-room was the scene of much speculation. The auction for the big

pool generally started about 10 p.m. and lasted an hour to an hour and a half, resulting in several hundred pounds being collected in accordance with the persuasive eloquence of the auctioneer and the amount of competition instigated amongst the rival factions, or syndicates formed to purchase certain numbers.

Daily at our table we were treated to a duel of repartee between the lumber boss and the opinionated journalist.

“Say, did you ever see the picture of a man-angel?”

“Of course. When I saw your photo in those snapshots you showed me yesterday I thought I was gazing on one.”

“Why? How's that?”

“Well, you see, you're clean-shaven. In Heaven all angels are clean-shaven, so you can't tell males from females. In fact, that's why they always shave corpses.”

“But where do I come in?”

“I don't know that you will come in, or ever even get in. Because no man ever was known to get into Heaven except by a close shave.”

“Young man, I guess you're too smart. You must have married your widow's sister.”1

1 This relationship requires some thinking out.—AUTHOR.

“Sir, you honour me. I assume you were born in Connecticut and that your fortune was made in the nut trade; wooden nutmegs for choice.”2

2 Connecticut is known in America as the nutmeg State, owing to its alleged extensive trading in that article of commerce. It was explained for my benefit that if and when supplies of the genuine article ran short, they were supplemented by the addition of

exact imitations made from wood, in size and colour calculated to deceive the eye of a purchaser.—AUTHOR.

15

If laughter is good for digestion, as doctors assure us is the case, we should have put on flesh and grown fat at an alarming rate, because these two tilted at each other almost at every meal. Even in the Custom House at New York they exchanged a few parting shots over the exposed contents of their respective trunks. But on the whole the honours were easily won by the American, who talked his British opponent to a standstill; not so much by his volubility as by his fatal broadsides of skilful and clever ready wit, which the Britisher many times found unanswerable.

Twice at our table someone ordered a special dinner menu; the object of one of them being to lure the journalist into a long story, or an explanation, whereby, with the steward's carefully prearranged assistance, he was apparently forgotten at each course until he fairly screamed to be served; and it was not until he had missed three or four courses that it began to dawn upon his intelligence that there was an organised plant against him. Yet everything that was said and done was accepted in good part, and the only regret of each seemed to be that the voyage was so soon over.

To one unaccustomed to American habits, it appeared extraordinary that so many people should be drinking water with their meals. Except at special dinner menus, when the person ordering the dinner provided free wine to the table as a matter of course, everyone drank water, with here and there an exceptional whisky-and-soda, or a bottle of beer. At any meal it was quite a difficult matter to find a bottle of wine upon any one of the many tables. This was not only so on board ship, but it became even more apparent after landing in the United States.

In the second class the accommodation was good and the fittings and service excellent value for the fare paid, but the cabins and saloon were quite aft, just over the four powerful

screws. Passengers located there obtained the full benefit of the vibration, which no one but a chronic sufferer from a sluggish liver could well be expected to put up with for any prolonged period. In one's matutinal walks when aft inspecting the Log, there was ample opportunity of realising this to its fullest advantage. But even when the sea was regarded and recorded as rough, 16 amidships nothing could be felt at all. There the ship felt as steady as a big motor-car on land. Yet aft there was a continually repeated jump of twenty to thirty feet on every sea. In the second class they ran their own pools, games, sports, concerts, and amusements, at which the first-class passengers who so desired were welcome guests; and they seemed to have quite a good time.

One afternoon a flutter of excitement permeated the ship. The celebrated “Zoofoo Band of Warmstream Stokers” announced a grand concert on the main deck. The attendance was so great it was impossible to struggle near enough to view the performers until the dress bugle for dinner somewhat thinned the crowd. All members of the band wore uniforms of the most extraordinary shape, make, colour, and trimmings. A patchwork quilt would have blushed with envy at some of them. It was difficult to distinguish whether they were white or coloured people, owing to heavy facial adornments collected in the following of their main calling in life; but there was a vim and a go in their clever musical efforts which not only won the admiration of every spectator, but also drew a veritable downpour of coins into the dilapidated wideawake, which lay in the centre of the ring at the conductor's feet.

A battered, square tin biscuit-box, played upon with metal spoons, did duty for kettle drum. Two bent pieces of brass, closely resembling saucepan lids, were used as cymbals. A home-made triangle and two mouth organs, composed of ordinary combs with paper in front, were much in evidence. An harmonica of old bottles, partly filled with water, added musical tone; whilst a mouth organ stood substitute for pianoforte. Every tune seemed to be well known to the troupe, and on special request for any particular number it was given without a moment's hesitation or delay for want of written band parts. Another peculiarity seemed to attach to this uncommon orchestra. When the conductor for the time being showed signs of tiring in his extraordinary activities, he would change duties with another

member of the company and handle his substitute's instrument with equal skill to the baton, which latter requisite looked suspiciously like the broken handle of an old coal shovel.

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The whole impromptu programme was enthusiastically received by the passengers, who expressed considerable regret that a repeat performance was never given.

Sentiment, flirtations, and romances abounded on board in spite of the shortness of the voyage; for material and opportunity were provided in plenty. The old, old story repeated itself and the old, old line sprang to memory, modernised to meet twentieth-century fashions.

“In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love—and in the summer—and in the autumn—and in the winter.”

The pools are worth a short explanation, if only for those who are unacquainted with their methods of working. For an ordinary pool a number of subscribers put down their names on a list and each pays an agreed sum at the time of entry. The names are written on separate slips of paper and put into a hat. A number of slips of paper, equal to the number of subscribers, are also prepared, on ten of which are written the figures 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, which are put into another hat; then the draw takes place. First a slip having a subscriber's name is drawn and read out. Then he, or the person appointed to draw, takes a slip out of the other hat. If a number appears on the second slip that number is entered on the list against the subscriber's name which has been called. This is repeated until all the names are drawn. Whatever the ship's daily recorded run figures out at, it must end with one of the ten figures mentioned, and the owner of that figure takes the pool, or it is divided into more than one prize according to the agreed wishes of the majority of the subscribers.

The auction pool is a more complicated affair. Twenty subscribers are invited to put down their names, each subscribing an agreed sum each day; from a dollar up to five or ten pounds as the case may be. When the auction is announced, the auctioneer produces the ship's records of previous runs, and with the assistance of the smoke-room stewards reads out a number of records made under somewhat similar atmospheric conditions as are then prevailing. After this he puts it to the subscribers to move and second two distances, or one middle distance of B 18 nautical mileage. No one but an original subscriber to the pool has the right to move a number. Our first clear day's run was six hundred and twenty-two miles, whilst there had been and there was blowing a smart full-sail breeze from the W.S.W.; with the wind one point off the ship's course. This was discussed, and the figures moved and seconded were six hundred and five to six hundred and twenty-four. An amendment suggested five hundred and ninety-five to six hundred and fourteen; and a further amendment five hundred and ninety to six hundred and nine. These proposals were put to the vote amongst the subscribers only, and the figures five hundred and ninety-five to six hundred and fourteen were carried and adopted. The tickets of this our first pool cost the original subscribers one pound each, and as soon as the numbers were settled they were drawn for amongst the subscribers in the same manner as described above in regard to an ordinary pool, excepting that in this pool there were no blanks.

As soon as the draw was over the auction commenced. Each number was offered and knocked down to the highest bidder, producing prices which ranged in value from 30s. to £5. Anyone was at liberty to bid for and buy any number offered, but the original owner of the number had a great advantage. He received half of whatever sum it was sold at. So if he bought his own number in at the auction, he only had to pay for his ticket in the first instance, plus half the sum at which he purchased it. For example if Mr Smith had drawn number six hundred and one which he bought in at £5, he, as original owner, would have to pay to the treasurer £I for the ticket and £2, 10s., being half the auction purchase price; whereas if it had been knocked down to Mr Jones's bid he (Mr Jones) would have had to pay the full£5 for it, and Mr Smith would have been credited with £2, 10s. Thus the pool

took £20, the original price of the tickets for the whole twenty numbers in the first instance; also half the money at which each ticket was knocked down at; and in addition the whole of the prices realised by the sale of the high and the low fields, as hereinafter explained.

As soon as all the numbers had been sold, the treasurer stated how much the pool contained. Then the auctioneer 19 made a short speech upon the uncertainties of the run before he offered for competition the choice between the high and low field; which meant that in so far as the high field was concerned, if the next full run, which was calculated from noon to noon, was recorded at a figure which exceeded six hundred and fourteen nautical miles, then its purchaser would take the whole pool: Whereas if the run was recorded below five hundred and ninety-five miles, then the purchaser of the low field would take the whole pool. Naturally a spirited competition ensued for this desirable purchase, and the choice was eventually disposed of to a syndicate, formed specially to acquire it. The price was run up to £23. The buyers selected the high field owing to the then favourable conditions for a big run, whilst doubtless they were influenced in their decision by the figure made on the previous day.

The low field was then offered, and although the auctioneer cheerfully reminded one and all that ship-wrecks and disasters were common; that icebergs were known to be all over the Atlantic; that gales and rough seas were hourly expected—by him at least—yet he was only able to draw the modest sum of £8 from another syndicate which had been disappointed in its attempts to purchase the more promising lot, and which perforce had to console itself with the last lot on offer.

The pool thus described netted in all £86.

It seemed a very simple process. It was also attractive, as there appeared to be money to be made in connection with it. I was tempted to subscribe as soon as it was suggested. I had no idea what I was going in for, nor what it meant, but I felt I was one of, if not the greatest “mug” on board the ship, and as I had understood that someone had to buy—why

not? In this pool my number was five hundred and ninety-five, which I bought in for £3, 10s.; receiving back £1, 15s. I was quite convinced, however, that five hundred and ninety-five was going to win. It looked all over a winner. A five in front and a five behind; what could be more lucky? I tried to convince others. I dilated upon its prospective chances until I absolutely believed my little number would romp up an easy winner. Then I suggested the sale of a 20 half-share in the venture at £10, or a quarter share at £5. I described it as "a dead snip of £21, 10s. for £5 in cash." Why, that number could fall overboard and win. But I found no takers. A good many speculators had numbers of their own and were willing to deal with their little stable fancies on even better terms than myself. So I stood alone, expectant and full of confidence.

When the winning number rolled home and the chief engineer declared "All right," it was five hundred and ninety-three which was hoisted, and I saw my hot favourite beaten on the Log by a nose and an eyelash, so to speak. Never mind. I had been a good runner-up and I had at least learnt something from my first Atlantic pool.

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CHAPTER III FROM MID-ATLANTIC TO NEW YORK HARBOUR

Gamblers and syndicates—The All British White Heather Company Unlimited—Buying up Vanderbilt—An eight hundred and fifty per cent dividend—Cheating time—The grand concert and a risky experiment—Fog—Tempting offers—The derned fool Britisher—American hospitality—A practical joke—First impressions of New York.

Most of the passengers were Americans. There were very few Britishers. The professional gamblers one reads so much about, and concerning whom the Cunard Company issue a good many warning notices which are prominently displayed, did not appear in evidence on the voyage. Five days was probably too short a trip for them to reap a harvest commensurate with the outlay required. This was a riddance one and all were grateful for. As amateur gamblers, if such we might collectively be classed or termed, we

had quite an active and exciting time. Syndicates abounded, formed for the purpose of acquiring a series of numbers, or the high and low fields in the auction pool. There was the “Wall Street,” the “Astorias,” the “Buffalo,” the “Canadian,” the “Elks,” and other small syndicates whose names or existence were not divulged. They paid and shared alike, and they all bid up vigorously, one against the other, much to their individual amusement and to the increase of the treasury of the pool. Fortune seemed to smile specially upon these successful speculative combinations, as one or other of them captured each pool organised.

To an onlooker it was provoking. Something had to be done, so I launched a company. The “All British White Heather Unlimited.” At the first meeting of shareholders I moved, seconded, and elected myself as president, secretary, treasurer and managing director, without salary—unless 22 an unlimited supply of cocktails pressed upon me by our few subsequent shareholders could be considered as such—and I proceeded to offer stock at £5 per share. The objects of the company were to participate in any game of skill or chance played for cash; to purchase such holdings in the auction pool only as might be decided upon by a majority of shareholders assembled and voting after the numbers had been decided upon; to keep sober. The memorandum and articles of association were founded upon the unwritten law; they were verbal, and precluded any other stock, debenture or preference share being issued without the company being first wound up and its assets distributed; no holdings could be transferred without the consent of the Board of Directors.

At first the fortunes of the “All British White Heather Unlimited” fell flat, and investors scoffed at the company and its president. But a lucky venture in a simple game called “banker” sent up the stock to a premium asked, although not bid. Bold purchases of likely numbers in the next pool, and the acquisition of the low field followed by a summer gale, caused several inquiries for treasury stock, and some takers; thus the little company became financially supported and afterwards made its weight felt in the smoke-room market. At the next auction “White Heathers” was declared the purchaser of the number

owned by Mr Vanderbilt for the modest sum of £2, 10s. The fall of the hammer raised cheers from the shareholders. No possible reasoning could have been adduced to convince an impartial observer that that particular number was a judiciously selected purchase; yet each stockholder of “White Heathers” felt as though he had acquired a substantial portion of the New York Central Railway by this symbol of possession. The *dénouement* was good. The managing director was complimented and a few new shareholders were lured into the company. What more could be desired? The company was thereby able to be represented by quite good players at auction bridge, pinochle, and at some of the more or less scientific deck games. Each representative was enabled to play with the company's capital to a stated specific amount; all winnings of course going into the treasury. The day before we reached 23 America “White Heathers” carried everything before it. The company landed three grand slams in five hands at bridge; equal luck at other games; and the whole pool on a single number (bought for £4, 10s.) without sinking any large sum in either of the outside fields. Thus cocktails were numerous when the company at its winding-up meeting declared a return of £42, 12s. 6d. for each £5 share invested. The conception of this venture was the outcome of a spontaneous freak thought, started more with the idea of frivolous amusement than the serious object of gain; yet its success was great. I had never seen nor heard of a single one of our shareholders before I went on board the *Mauretania* —now they are scattered far and wide throughout the world, and I often wonder whether I shall ever hear from or see any one of them again.

If the passengers on board were “going the pace” in their own respective ways, the ship was going much faster. The clocks were put back twice a day, at which rate one was cheating Father Time out of his just dues, and when New York was reached we expected to be able to describe ourselves as younger than when we had left England.

To enumerate all that transpired during that short five days' trip, and in detail, would fill an interesting volume. The dances were a dream, the deck sports an education, and other entertainments were as attractive as they were various. But mention must not be omitted of the grand concert held the night before we landed in aid of the funds of the

Liverpool Seamans Orphan Institution. Professional talent of the highest order we had on board, crossing to America, either from lucrative engagements in Europe, or to fulfil them there. Imagine then the surprise and consternation of a modest, retiring mortal like myself at seeing my name sandwiched in between distinguished artists as a narrator-to-be of nautical yarns. It was “Sunny Jim” who thus press-ganged my name without consent or even the asking, simply because he had been caused to smile at the table anecdote and after-dinner dribble at our gay and festive board. Being Chairman of the Concert Committee he had selected me as jester to his enterprise. When I saw the programme at the dinner-table 24 that night I at first flatly refused, but “Sunny Jim” is a man who accepts no denial, and he persuaded me it had to be; all that was required was the repetition of some of the anecdotes he reminded me of, and which so many passengers had, he assured me, requested him to endeavour to get repeated.

I blush to confess that in my fear and trepidation I jeopardised my various official positions as president, secretary, treasurer, etc., in “White Heathers,” by violating the memorandum and articles of association, in that I forgot that if our company was unlimited, our liquid refreshments were ordained to be the reverse. I drank everything that came my way, and I sent for a good deal more which would not otherwise have come. At 9 p.m. the saloon was packed with passengers, both first and second class. There was not standing space within yards of any doorway. When I saw the crowd my nerves became completely unstrung. I was compelled to fortify them a little more, so that when my turn arrived and I was collared by “Sunny Jim” and unwillingly pushed forward into the full glare of the electric lights, it was the toss up of a coin whether I laughed or cried.

The Chairman, a clergyman, made a sympathetic introduction, and my shareholders laughed at the meek and humble lamb he pictured me to be. That did it. I walked forward, grasped the edge of the table and beamed on the assembled multitude. I felt that I did not care if it snowed. A stump oration on incidents of the voyage, illustrated with anecdotes, based on fact but revelling in fiction, caused a ripple of merriment, which soon developed into hilarious laughter. This incited me to surpass myself, which, as I

was not myself, was by no means a difficult task. I let myself go and simply hurled what little ability I possessed at the heads of the audience. Did it really amuse them, or were they shrieking with laughter at the ridiculous fool I was making of myself? I cared not. Each guffaw only inspired me to increased effort. And when the audience fairly roared for an encore I discreetly bowed and fled to the smoke-room bar. “Sunny Jim” heading a deputation implored my return for a repetition. Not me, I was firm and adamant. It was only my proverbial luck which had 25 pulled me through, and I had no intention of straining Providence too far. I explained that “the most appreciated meal was the one which one left hungry and longing for more; that a sated feast only produced nausea and sickness.” Before the concert finished I had retired. I felt heartily ashamed of myself and sneaked away to my berth.

Next morning the decks were crowded and eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of Fire Island or Sandy Hook through a thick fog which then prevailed; but I kept well in the background until we dropped anchor at the quarantine station, opposite Staten Island, where the medical officer came aboard. What was my agreeable surprise to find myself surrounded by crowds of passengers who had never taken the slightest notice of me before! They bombarded me with questions about last night's turn. To escape was not possible. I had to blush and answer as best I could. But a still greater surprise was in store when a gentleman with long hair, heavy jaw and large gold-rimmed glasses, drew me confidentially upon one side and explained that he was interested in the theatrical and variety business, and that if I would consider a six weeks' contract under his guidance he was prepared to guarantee me a few hundred dollars.

Before I could explain to him that I was independent of that class of livelihood, another American gentleman, of even more pronounced professional type, bore down upon us. He plunged at once into business. “Say, boy—guess I'll give you two hundred dollars a week for a term; twelve hours on and twelve hours off. You to work theatres, movies, private houses, or dime shows, at my call—thousand dollar minimum—start when you like—Is it a deal?” I thanked these newly found aspirants for my welfare, and politely but firmly refused

to listen to their offers or cajoleries; but I had great difficulty in convincing either of them that I had no desire to accept any such engagement, even although one of them actually offered to raise the suggested terms of payment.

Mounting to the upper deck to escape my many newfound friends I ran into the arms of a contingent who had been the greatest opponents of “White Heathers” in the 26 smoke-room market, and whom the company had relieved of many dollars. Had they been Englishmen they would probably have shown some resentment at their loss, or some jealousy perhaps at our success. Not so the American. If he can beat you at *your* own game, or if he can win money from you, he looks down upon you with a certain amount of contempt, whilst he classes you as a “Derned fool Britisher, for whom he has no use whatever.” But if you can win money from him, at *any* game, he thinks you “smart”; if it is at *his own* game, then “mighty smart,” and he is all over you at once. These Americans bore no malice. They appeared rather to rejoice that they had found someone who had taken an encumbrance off their hands. They did not seem able to do enough for one who had won their money. Invitations to visit them at their hotels and at their private houses, to lunch, to dine, and to go out with them, showered in from all sides; so much so that I wondered at this seemingly boundless liberality, and whether any of it could be of Spanish origin. I could not believe one half of it was issued with any genuine hope of acceptance, until my room-mate impressed upon me the importance of giving plenty of warning of any contemplated advent.

Why men should press hospitality and show genuine delight because one had won their money, and plenty of it, was a problem too difficult to digest; yet such appeared to be the case. New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Washington and other strange cities were impressed upon me as charming localities, and at least one invitation from each of them to visit a private family was extended. I was flurried, gratified, and grateful. I began to view America through rose-tinted glasses and I marvelled that she had and has so many calumniators. Befittingly I returned thanks for these favours offered, and prayed to be allowed to confine my visits to a short call, should time permit of even that. They would

hear none of it. I must come. I must stay. I must stay long. They must show me this and that. I must see it. To leave America without doing such and such a thing, or viewing such and such an object or building, would not be seeing America at all. They would take no denial. Thus I had 27 to make many promises before I left the ship, which necessitated considerable letter-writing afterwards, following, I am afraid, the lines of the frank young medical student who replied to an invitation to dinner by telegraphing to his hostess:

“Sincerely sorry—important engagement prevents me accepting your most kind invitation —lie follows by post.”

Had I accepted half only of the more than kind invitations which I received, I might have lingered on the east coast of America many weeks; but I was pressed for time and wanted to journey west with as much speed as decency would permit, having some regard and respect for the attractive beauties of the eastern cities.

But where was America? More important still, where was New York? As before stated, a thick fog had prevailed since earliest dawn, and we had perforce to delay an entrance to New York Harbour until it had lifted sufficiently to permit of safe navigation. This gave an opportunity to get a rise out of some of my American acquaintances. With such purpose uppermost in my mind I selected a part of the ship's rail which was conspicuous but vacant, and I leaned over it gazing pensively at the blank wall of fog. Shading my eyes with my hand, as though I could see something, it was not long before I was accosted by an American who “guessed he wanted to know what it was that interested me so much. Or whether I was ill?”

“No, sir,” I replied, “I am merely profoundly impressed with the vastness of your magnificent city.” He looked puzzled. So I continued. “I wonder. I marvel. I am as one struck dumb with astonishment at the extraordinary dimensions of your waterways. I have read in books that your streets are miles wide, that your rivers are stupendous, and that New York is the greatest city on earth. My dear sir, I congratulate you. I can now

myself vouch for the truth of all those statements. They are, I candidly admit, beyond the wildest dreams of my most vividly imagined expectancy." He began to look alarmed. I was quite serious and spoke with deliberation 28 and impressiveness. "What on earth are you mouthing about?" he muttered. I proceeded. "Now, I believe from what I have been able to ascertain from the navigators of this vessel, that we are laid-to in the North or Hudson River. It may be we are in 'the Narrows.' Or can it be that we have turned into the East River and that the mighty span of that marvellous structure 'Brooklyn Bridge' is now towering some thousands of metres above our heads?"

My acquaintance shifted uneasily on his feet and made a dash to escape. He may have imagined I was crazy, or that I was suffering from a slight attack, not altogether unconnected with strong liquids. But I buttonholed him with my left hand and extending my right towards the fog curtain, proceeded:

"Scientists have proved that the distance one can see an object at sea is limited in accordance with the elevation of the eye above the water level. At an elevation of five feet for instance, an object, of say similar height, is only visible up to a distance of 2.96 miles. Now assuming the height in freeboard of this vessel to the deck where we are standing to be fifty feet, our vision then becomes extended to a distance on either hand of 9.35 miles; but if the height of the object we are looking for is, as is recorded of your highest skyscraper (the Woolworth Building, for instance), seven hundred and eighty-five feet, then that object should be visible to us standing here for a distance of something like thirty-two miles. Yes, sir, here we are, in the very heart of your famous, worldre-nowned city —the greatest, the noblest, and the most magnificent city on earth; and although we are only navigating what you Americans term a mere rill of a river—I see it is named on the map 'the Narrows'—yet I find it an impossibility to distinguish anything whatsoever of any object on either side of me. Now, sir, if your smaller waterways in New York city are more than sixty-four miles wide, what I want to know from you, sir, is—how wide your ordinary streets may be? How am I expected to cross them? And how on earth shall I ever be able

to see a millionth part of your stupendous and colossal city in the short space of time at my disposal?”

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I should have asked him a few more details as to the marvellous methods of American locomotion, only he uttered an oath of exasperation, broke away from me, and fled.

I played this wheeze in succession upon three good citizens and true of New York proper, before they suspected I was fooling around at their expense. The *dénouement* of course resolved itself into cocktails. But before we arrived at this stage, my first victim had returned with the ship's doctor. He came up and gravely informed me that it was only a fog I was gazing at.

“Fog!” I exclaimed. “How can that be? I've read most books that are published in England about the almighty U.S.A., and if there is one fact upon which all the writers are agreed, it is, ‘that there is no fog in America, and that fogs are only to be found in the city of London.’”

But the good doctor knew me too well. He had not sat for five days at the same table without learning something. He it was who checkmated any further foozlement. Together we adjourned to the bar, where we were detained upon business of importance until the heat of the rising sun dissolved the mists about us, and lifted the curtain which had so long concealed the impressive beauties of New York Bay. The mighty Statue of Liberty, the extraordinary mass of skyscrapers towering above the roofs of the city, the beautiful greenery of the islands and shores along which we steamed dead slow, the innumerable shipping of all nations which passed and repassed; all these must have impressed every soul aboard with the importance and the grandeur of that great and free country, the threshold of which we were at that moment crossing, for better or for worse, which time alone would show.

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CHAPTER IV NEW YORK CITY

English fallacies regarding America and Americans—Personal declarations and examinations on entering America—Exemplary arrangements—Passing the Custom officials—The crown of thorns—An inspector outwitted—Scottie—An expensive thirst—New York streets—The Flatiron—The elevated railroad—Breaking the by-laws and a conflict with officialism—Skyscrapers extraordinary—Amusement at the post office—Brooklyn Bridge—Coney Island—Scottie's departure.

New York, the city of superlatives. The paradise of the new world. The greatest town on earth. The one and only New York in existence. At last I had reached it, and I stepped ashore, past a crowd of pressmen, some of whom were manipulating photographic apparatus upon celebrities like Miss Edna May, with mingled feelings of foreboding and misgiving.

I had always been warned against visiting America, particularly the United States. It had been described to me again and again by men of education, wide travel, and experience, as an uncivilised region of comfortless towns; as a country overrun with robbers and freebooters. Its inhabitants had been depicted to me as uncouth, uneducated, brusque, uncivil, discourteous, boastful, and rude in the extreme. Furthermore, it had been alleged to be a country where everyone looked after one's own individual interests, regardless of the wants or misery of others; where the weak were ever trampled upon and stifled out of existence in all walks of life; where everything was dear and costly beyond reason; and where every hotel was overrun with vermin, particularly bugs. I had not believed these slanderous and wickedly exaggerated misstatements, but when a great quantity of mud is thrown, some of it is apt to leave its mark behind. I had read 31 “Martin Chuzzlewit” in the days of my youth. I re-read it when of mature age, and as a worshipper at the shrine of the author's great descriptive powers I must confess I did not like the American characters he depicted. I have read other books, which, in my humble opinion, have been both unfair and unjust to this great continent; even more so to its inhabitants. I have read works by

American writers showing heartless, sexless heroines; or sloppy, insipid, ungirlike girls, whom a man that is a man would not cross the street to meet, much less worship with the blind, infatuated adoration that some American writers describe in the most matter-of-fact way. I have met and travelled with many Americans in various parts of Europe and elsewhere, many of whom did not shine as worthy examples of the great nation which gave them birth; nor did they prove attractive enough for visitation, although in many instances I had been the recipient of invitations to come over the herring pond and stay for unlimited periods; the pressing and apparently enthusiastically warm-hearted genuineness of which I had never for the moment doubted. But I had been told by other more Americanised Americans, that America was a long way off, hence the reckless profusion of extended hospitality, which, they assured me, I should find very different indeed in the country itself. What wonder, therefore, that this poor, humble, and lonesome Britisher should approach this great and vast continent in fear and trepidation.

Before I left England I had been compelled to fill up a form of searching inquisition regarding my past and present life and future intentions, with personal, descriptive details which could not be equalled by a record officer of Scotland Yard, excepting perhaps the impression of my finger-tips. Now I had to present myself before a lynx-eyed officer of the Medical Board of Inspection and satisfy him that I was sound in wind and limb, and free from all the ills that flesh is heir to. Afterwards I was presented with a form on which I had to state the number of pieces of baggage I possessed, what each contained, and whether any articles were liable to duty, etc. The stub or check attached to this form had to be retained by the passenger 32 until all the luggage had been collected. “Ah!” thought I, “this is where the much-argued ‘protection’ comes in. Now if England really possessed Free Trade, I could walk ashore unmolested, without bother, fuss, or care; a happy, free man, in a Free Trade country.”

On the maxim of rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, I complied conscientiously with all regulations and requirements.

What a pleasant surprise awaited me!

A broad gangway led from the ship to the Custom House shed on the landing-pier. Although the passengers numbered about a thousand, there was ample accommodation and plenty of room for everyone. There was no bustle, noise, trouble, or inconvenience. All one's luggage was deposited in a space allocated under the initial letter of one's name by the servants of the Cunard Line, than whom no more civil and obliging men could the world produce. I believe a number of them were Americans. I was directed to a desk in the centre of the shed. I approached it expecting to get my head snapped off at my presumption in daring to request attention before being asked. Meekly I presented my check, and in accordance with my invariable rule in approaching Custom officials in whatever part of the world I happened to meet them, I raised my hat and asked the “officer,” “if it would be inconveniencing him to give me his attention.”

I admit that the commanding official I thus addressed looked at me keenly and with some little surprise. Then he saluted in military fashion and uttered the one word “check.” I handed it over, another official took it, ran through a docket of filled-in forms, selected one, which was the original I had filled in, and accompanied me to the stand under letter “E.” Seeing that my destination was “round the world” he said: “Well, sir, I shan't want to trouble you, but you had better, for form's sake, open your trunk and grip.” I did so. He looked in, and without disturbing a single thing, said, “Thank you, sir, all right,” and handed me a pass out. Compare this treatment with Free Trade England, where one's belongings are thrown about on the catch-as-catch-can principle and are sometimes turned upside down and every indignity 33 heaped upon the traveller in the search for some of the long list of dutiable articles which are so diligently sought. If England were truly a Free Trade country as we are given to understand she is, she would not require any Custom officials at all, and the enormous expense involved in their upkeep and management, with their attendant annoyances and arrogance, would be swept away. Truly the hypocrisy of the English politician surpasses all understanding.

The courteous official who passed my luggage asked me “if I had been to the States before,” and when I answered in the negative, he explained the system, pointing out that where any articles were liable to duty they had to be produced to the appraiser, who was located in a small office next the official desk in the centre of the shed. They were there valued, the duty paid, and the goods passed without delay. Next he drew my attention to the expressing agent and advised me to hand over my three pieces of baggage in exchange for a check, which I did, and with nothing but a light rainproof coat on my arm, I was free to plunge into the orderly laid-out labyrinth of streets of the city of New York.

Having completed my own business arrangements I wandered round the shed to see how others fared. There was a lady's iron-bound trunk which could not be opened because she had lost her keys. “Caarn't waaite for keys, but guess I'll fix 'em right here,” said the inspector. He made a sign and a powerful dock labourer appeared with a short crowbar, a hammer, and an enormous chopper. But he had to work till the perspiration poured off him before he could rive the locks and bolts asunder. Then what a collection of Parisienne frocks and hats tumbled out in a glittering heap. The appraiser, a lady, was sent for and a long haggle ensued relative to prices, values, and duties, which amused me immensely. “Caarn't waaite,” says the inspector. “Guess you pay right here.” But the owner of the finery could not muster enough ready cash and she tearfully continued to protest, but all in vain. “Guess you'd better raise a loan from the express agent and redeem later on, or the goods will be detained for six months. If not redeemed by then they'll be sold to cover C 34 duty and warehouse charges.” The owner argued no more, but in a flood of tears sought the express agent, who at once settled the bill.

Another traveller who was returning from a trip to the Holy Land had a spray of Palestine thorns in his trunk, wrapped in soft tissue paper. He had been rather too polite for an American to the Customs official examining his baggage and in consequence was being subjected to a more than usually rigorous search. Turning over some clothes the inspector saw the tissue paper and promptly pounced on the parcel as a prize worth the finding.

The thorns were long, hard, and very sharp; the paper offered no protection whatever. They pierced his fingers and hand in a shocking manner, and he jumped up with a yell of execration. Their owner was delighted. “Say, you'll remember now how Jesus Christ felt when they put the thorns on Him, eh, sonny?” But the injured inspector saw nothing educational nor humorous in the experience, whilst he sucked his fingers vigorously and bound them up carefully before he continued his researches.

Ladies there were whose hats were despoiled of aigrettes and plumes of the feathers of birds. Their wailing and lamentation was both deep and bitter, but one amongst them was as smart in intellect as she was in appearance. She was an English lady. The Customs inspector claimed to confiscate the entire tail of a cock pheasant which adorned her hat, politely explaining that the tariff expressly forbade the importation of the plumage of game birds. “That may be,” replied the lady, “but you see, in England a pheasant is a domestic fowl.” The puzzled inspector retired in confusion, presumably to improve his knowledge of ornithology, whilst the lady was permitted to proceed on her way triumphant and rejoicing.

Before leaving the *Mauretania* I had arranged to meet several of my shipboard acquaintances at the hotel “Waldorf Astoria,” and as I was departing from the Customs shed, one of them, a Scotch engineer of machinery used in the sugar industry, whom I knew by the name of “Scottie,” hailed me for companionship. He was an excellent fellow in every way, but very Scotch. I welcomed his company. Leaving the docks together we found ourselves 35 in dirty, uninviting streets. Scottie of course wanted a Scotch, and we entered the first bar we came to. The interior was ten times worse than the exterior, so we fled without tendering custom, and boarding a street car struck the main artery of Broadway, where we changed cars for Thirty-fourth Street. Its name sounded funny to us, but we were studying Baedeker and wanted to get to the hotel. Why, we neither of us knew. However, it seemed the natural thing to do, and, being both homeless, I suppose our natural instincts yearned for a claim under some roof or other, in substitution for the dear old homes we had left behind. At any rate we hied us to the “Waldorf Astoria” with all

speed, yet when we reached it we did not, for the life of us, know what to do, or where to go next. I gave these thoughts tongue to Scottie, who indignantly remonstrated with me:

“Och, mun! What nonsense ye talk. Dinna ye ken that when in dout as tae whither or whar ye should gang tae, tak the nearest bar an' seek inspiration frae a wee drappie.”

We acted on this sound advice and Scottie threw economy to the winds by ordering two whiskies-and-soda. On that hot, stifling day the bubbling, amber-coloured liquid looked more refreshing and alluring than ever before. Scottie's eyes fairly glistened with joyful expectancy; whilst he smacked his lips with unrestrained satisfaction and eagerness as he raised the delicious draught to his parched mouth. But when the waiter quietly whispered “Two dollars,” Scottie paused. A look of horror gradually overspread his features as the awful fact gradually, yet surely, dawned upon him that this one drink was about to cost him four shillings and twopence; more awful still, he remembered that he had ordered two of them at the same price; and that 8s. 4d. for two gulps was more than this bright offspring of the bonnie heather could endure.

“Twa dollars! Why, mun, it's the equivilent o' eight shillin' an' fourpence. I ca that drinkin' money an' nae mistake. Fou can that be?”

“Two Scotch whiskies at fifty cents and one large English soda at a dollar. Two dollars.”

“Hoots, mun! Are a' the drinks here that price? I see it the noo. That's why a' Americans drink iced watter.”

“Waal I guess if you had had a highball that would have only cost fifty cents.”

“Eight shillin' an' fourpence. And whit in the deil's name is a hichtball?”

“A highball is an ordinary American whisky with a splash from a syphon.”

Round the world in strange company; America, British Columbia and the west (section). http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbtn.16320

“Mun, I'll no forget tae ask for baws the neist time I'm in for a thirst. It's damned robbery, an' nae mistake. Eight shillin' an' fourpence. I'd drink it through a strae for economy if I wasnae sure it'd mak me drunk in the doin'.” And muttering to himself, “Eight shillin' an' fourpence,” between each sip, varied by “Think on it, ye domneetion fule, Jock—think on it,” he prolonged the drinking of the liquid he held in his hand with a secure grip till it was lunch-time, and I asked him if he intended lunching in the hotel or going out for it? “What! lunch here an' pey a dollar a crumb? Nae, nae, hoots, mun, nae me. Let's gang awa' afore they tak ma breeks as weel's ma bawbees.” So we left the comfortable lounge and entered the streets once more.

New York is without doubt a beautiful city. It is a very beautiful city. It is unlike any other city. Its towering skyscrapers, vast waterways, elegant buildings of colossal size, giant bridges, enormous factories, straight and parallel streets, ceaseless traffic, and general cleanliness throughout, are such that every observer must notice; nor can anyone fail to be struck by its impressiveness. The parks, cemeteries, and open spaces are alone worthy of close scrutiny. The hum and roar of the appalling volume of traffic, underground, on ground, and overhead, can only be described as awesome; whilst there is a sublimity in the lines of the architecture which no other city in the world can boast. The whole betokens gigantic latent energies, vitality and life, which must be seen and realised to be understood. Viewed after dark in all the glory of her countless illuminations, the city outrivals any rival. It appears like a realistic page taken from the fantasies of the Arabian Nights.

Palatial Shoe-Blacking Establishment.

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Scottie and myself wandered down Broadway with our eyes and mouths open in wonderment, like two country yokels at their first village fair. I was surprised that we were not spotted and made the victims of some one or other of the sharper fraternity which I had been led to believe abounded in swarms in every great American city; and which,

I had read, prospered and thrived amazingly under the approval of the authorities, who rather commended their astute tricks and swindles as examples of “Yankee smartness or cuteness” instead of making any attempt to place them under lock and key, as would be the case in the Old Country. But we met with nothing of this kind, nor were we molested by either man or woman. We star-gazed at will, whilst every inquiry we ventured was met with a civility and politeness that made me doubt I really could be on American soil.

A beautifully cool, clean, inviting-looking, quick luncheon bar attracted our attention. We glued our noses against the window and read from top to bottom the long list of prices of foodstuffs, more than half of which had names to them we had never heard before. Having been badly done at starting, which we neither of us liked, I was terribly suspicious of being caught again, whilst Scottie's mind evidently closely followed the trend of my own. He muttered, “A canna see nae mention o' four shillin' fuskey-an'-soda; sae perhaps we'll be safe tae gang in here.”

He was mirth-provoking and I could not help smiling, although Scottie never did and never could see anything approaching the humorous in connection with his first American purchase. The front of this restaurant was unpretentious, but it extended back a long way from the street. It contained hundreds of small marble-topped tables, was scrupulously clean, and employed an army of young waitresses, quick, civil, and obliging. We obtained an excellent three-course meal with a glass of good lager beer for under two shillings, and Scottie breathed freely again.

“Fan that damned waiter axed me eight shillin' an' fourpence for two wee drappies o' fuskey, I began to think I wadna stop in this swindlin' hole, but wad gan richt awa' 38 board ma steamer for Peru. But noo I begin to think I was the fule after a'.”

“Let's forget that little episode once and for all, my Bonnie Hieland Laddie,” I exclaimed.

“Nae, am nae likely ever tae forget it. Eight shillin' an' fourpence for twa wee drappies.” And he continued to mutter until we turned a corner of the street and beheld the

extraordinary eccentricities of “The Flatiron,” a building abutting on Maddison Square, which fairly took his breath away.

“Och, mun! Look at that deil's handiwork. Nae builder could erect sic a buildin' as that which could stan', apart frae the wind pressure. I'll be after asking someone aboot it.” Suiting the action to the word he buttonholed a policeman who happened to be near by.

“That is the Fuller Building, standing at the junction of Millionaire Street, or Fifth Avenue, and Broadway—the two most celebrated streets in the world, sir. The ground cost a million dollars, and the building three or four million dollars more. It's three hundred feet high, has twenty stories, and five hundred offices inside it.”

Scottie gazed upwards in silent astonishment. Then he expressed serious doubts whether its equal could be found in Glesgie, or even ill Edinburgh, and we inquired the way to the City Hall, in which neighbourhood we had been informed the most colossal buildings in New York were to be seen.

“Better get on an elevated railway car, or you'll be tired before you get there,” suggested our friendly policeman; and he directed us up Twenty-third Street. On entering Sixth Avenue Scottie pulled up dead in the centre of that busy thoroughfare. The roar of the traffic above and around him was too much for his nerves and he would have been knocked over by an automobile had not a policeman rushed to his assistance and fairly pitched him into the side-walk.

“Hoots, mun, if ye lay hauns on me agin I'll bash ye one,” he yelled at him above the din.

“Now young man, no nonsense. We don't stand that sort of thing here. Where do you want to go to? What! Elevated car. Up there,” and he pointed to a trellis-work 39 doorway in front of us leading to an ascending stairway, which we mounted.

“Damn that rouch brute. A wish a hid him alane on the tap o' Ben Nevis. I'd teach him tae pit his dirty hauns on a braw laddie.” And continuing in this strain Scottie pulled out a brier-root pipe of considerable dimensions and proceeded to soothe his ruffled nerves by lighting and sucking at it. He had just reached the pleasantest part of that operation when a porter approached him in a state of some excitement and peremptorily commanded him to put out the pipe instantly.

“Whit! can a nae draw ma pipe?” inquired Scottie.

“Certainly not. It's against the law, and if you don't stop smoking immediately—”

“Vera well, vera well, a'l wait till a get in the train,” and he carefully pressed out the fire so he could easily light up again later on. We had little time to wait, and were hustled into a crowded car, much to Scottie's annoyance, as he could not bear to be hurried. I secured a seat next the window and thoroughly enjoyed the ever-changing views obtained from this continuous viaduct which was supported on iron columns and ran along over the streets at a height about level with the first-floor windows of the houses on either side. The occupants of the cars, especially the loud and overdressed ladies of colour, were to me a further source of interest, and I was quite content to sit where I was for the next two hours. But Scottie soon got fidgety. After we had passed a few stations he said to me:

“Mun, a'm after thinkin' that this train is nae gaing the wey it should gang. It seems to me to be travellin' jist the opposite way tae far we wan tae gang. On reftectin', I hae reluctantly come to the conclusion that I think we're in the wrang train.”

“I'm not thinking at all about it,” I said. “I'm quite sure of it. What's more, I knew it all along.”

“Then why the deil dinna you say so,” he exclaimed.

“We've gang miles oot o' oor wey. We must get oot at once.”

I laughed outright at the consternation depicted on his features, and explained that as our object was to see New 40 York city, what did it matter which way we travelled? Why not sit where we were till the train came right round again, or until they turned us out? But he would listen to no such argument. He wanted to see the City Hall, the Woolworth Building, and other giant structures he had read about in the papers at home. So out we got at the next station, leisurely descended and ascended the necessary stairways to reach the down-town track, and boarded a train, which Scottie's many anxious inquiries had fixed as the one he wanted. In front was an empty car. We entered it, and finding a newspaper on the seat divided its multitudinous sheets between us.

“Noo a'm thinkin' I'll be after a continuance o' that interrupted smoke.”

Saying which Scottie seated himself very comfortably in the far corner of the compartment. He made a back cushion with his overcoat, and putting up both legs at full length on the seat opened out the newspaper, and was soon blowing dense clouds of smoke from behind it, contented with the world at large and quite happy. I followed suit in the opposite corner with one eye on the news sheets, the other open for any passing view of interest. Presently the sliding door next to me opened and a conductor entered who fairly gasped with astonishment. Not knowing its cause, I nodded pleasantly to him and remarked that business on his line seemed to be a bit slack. Whereupon he brightened up with lightning-like rapidity and fired off orders as from a Gatling-gun. “Put that pipe out. Take your feet off the seats. Behave yourself”; or the law and all its penalties was to be instantly put into force. I apologised profusely for having, in my ignorance, done anything that might be contrary to the regulations, whilst I hastened to explain that I was a mere Britisher who had but that moment landed in his all-powerful country; and perhaps he had not heard of the Spanish proverb—“ *Cuando a Roma fueres haz como vieres* (at Rome you do as you see).”

The conductor was much briefer in his reply. He did not want any Italiano, and if I gave him more back answers he would see me fired mighty quick.

In a meek, mild, and apologetic voice I continued to 41 impress upon him that I should not have thought of doing what I had done, had I not have believed it to have been quite in accordance with American manners and customs.

“How could you possibly have thought that?” he asked.

“Well,” I replied, “when I entered this car, which is my first experience of American travelling, I noticed one of your free and independent citizens enjoying himself in a precisely similar manner. As a stranger in a strange land, I naturally did as he did with the full conviction that I must be right.” I pointed to Scottie, who was much too deeply absorbed in a perusal of the latest scandals and horrors so vividly portrayed in his *New York Journal* , to be at all conscious of anything that was going on around him. I had thought from the first that he appeared to be too comfortable.

The conductor's business with me suddenly ceased. He jerked out an exclamation of impatience, which I would blush to repeat, and with three bounds he had reached the opposite end of the car. Striking downwards with his hand he rent the veil of paper from top to bottom, and with the same blow jammed the large pipe half-way down Scottie's throat. Following this up he slung his legs from the seat and twisted the unlucky Scotchman off his perch in a manner which gave me much hilarious happiness.

Scottie was furious. He made a dash at the conductor and would have assaulted him had it not been that a considerable quantity of nicotine refuse from his pipe nearly made him sick. It pulled him up, and livid with rage and nausea he started coughing and hawking dreadfully. He would certainly have expectorated on the floor of the car had not the conductor once more seized him by the arm and pointed to a notice prominently displayed

over the door, to the effect that, “If any person spits on the floor of this car he is liable to five hundred dollars' fine or imprisonment for one year or for both.”

With his mouth too full to speak he turned to the window, which he solemnly opened, and then, as he remarked, he indulged in two hundred pounds' worth of spitting in spite of the Statute of Liberty and the 42 domneetion, eediotic, fandangled laws of the star-spangled banner.

“What's the gude o' possessing a few bawbees in this country if a wee drappie costs four shillin', and one spit a hundred poonds with a year's jile. It just gives me the cauld shivers doon ma back tae think o' it. A'm thinkin', ye ken, it wadna go doon in auld Glesgie.”

This newly acquired knowledge that New York had at least made some attempts towards civilisation and decency seemed to sober Scottie up a bit, and I think he entertained more respect for America generally when he left the train than he had held before he entered it.

For the rest of the afternoon we wandered round the streets and saw the sights of New York in a fashion peculiarly our own. Everyone we spoke to was most civil and obliging, whilst they exhibited an education and general knowledge which gave us much to reflect upon. The performer known as “Datas” whom the public for years have paid heavily to see and listen to as a marvellous being of abnormal memory, and extraordinary learning upon dates, figures, and statistics, could here have found a rival in almost every office boy, shoe-black or street loafer he might meet. The minutest details of constructions, accommodation and use of every building of any importance seemed to be known to every one of them.

“That, sir I What, that house over there! Why, that's the Yankee Doodle Building. It is built on the old site of Clarke's Store. The land cost so many million dollars; the building so many more; so many million tons of material were used in its construction; so many bricks and so many miles of piping. It has so many stories, officess, inhabitants, etc., etc.” The fullest and most minute details would be rolled off the tongue without a moment's

hesitation, in a manner bewildering to hear but evidently to their pride and satisfaction. Although they appeared surprised that we should ask such questions as we did, yet when they saw that we were Britishers they seemed to convey an impression that the object-matter of the discourse was merely a casual example of what America had done and could produce; that there were far greater examples to be seen; and that we old-fashioned behind-the-times 43 Britishers would do well to learn what we could, and to profit by their example; there was nothing like it on this earth, and whether the next world could outrival their efforts was doubtful.

In a book of travel the reader does not look for full descriptions of the lions of any one particular place which are to be found arranged in all their boastful glory in numerous local and other guide-books. It is not therefore the writer's intention to enter into them, beyond such passing reference as may be believed to be of more than ordinary interest. But the highest price paid for building sites to date equals a rate of over £5,000,000 per acre. The greatest of the skyscrapers of New York is the newly erected Woolworth Building, which, standing on a plot of land only measuring one hundred and fifty-five feet by two hundred feet, rises seven hundred and fifty-six feet above the pavement of the street. This is getting on for three times the height of St Paul's Cathedral and is much higher than the ancient Pyramids. It required 20,000 tons of steel, 5,ooo,ooo rivets, and 17,000,000 bricks to complete its fifty-seven stories; it took three years to erect, and cost just on £2,500,000. Its floor space covers an area equal to twenty-seven acres and it houses a population of seven thousand souls. The passenger lifts, of which there are no less than thirty-four in number, are “local,” which stop at every floor, or “express,” which stop only at certain stories and are run at a speed of about six hundred feet per minute. The cellars and vaults contain a bewildering maze of furnaces, boilers, steam-engines, dynamos, pumps, pipes, and tanks; which control lighting, heating, and mechanically driven appliances. Whilst the employees include policemen, elevator conductors, engineers, firemen, watchers, sweepers, cleaners, and many others. From this a fair comparison may be calculated concerning other similar structures.

It is an amazing sight to watch the people pouring in and out one of these prodigious buildings, more particularly about lunch-time. In a quarter of an hour over one thousand may then be checked off, or an average of one a second. If the watch is kept up throughout the day it will be found that the numbers will pan out at about two 44 thousand per hour at least. All the rooms, which are mostly used for offices, are light, airy, and well-ventilated, but in those which face North and South' Streets little, if any, sunlight ever penetrates.

The steel-cage system has reduced the cost of construction from five dollars per cubic foot to below forty cents, and has also enabled architects to design buildings to any height desired. Naturally the foundations must be made as solid as bedrock itself, not only in order to carry the enormous weight of the building, but also to stand against the wind pressure; which, with the furniture and human beings added, is calculated to require an additional weightcarrying efficiency equal to at least fifty per cent. Skyscrapers run on concrete piers sunk down to the solid rock, sometimes as far down as one hundred feet or more below ground. These are known by the name of caissons and are really large, steel cylinders, which are filled with concrete solidified by enormous pressure from compressed air. If there is no rock below ground to build upon, the architect has to make a solid bed of concrete in place of it. The whole building is anchored or tied to the concrete piers by steel rods as an extra precaution against wind pressure, the lifting power of which some engineers have calculated to reach an overturning moment of force equal to one and a half times the total weight of the whole structure. Ten of the principal of these colossal buildings are said to house no less than seventy-three thousand people. The largest in this respect is the Metropolitan Life, which provides for about fifteen thousand, and has a floor space of one million one hundred thousand square feet.

Having wandered round these wonderful buildings until we were tired, Scottie must needs purchase picture post cards of them, which he took to the post office to dispatch. Whilst he was addressing his cards, I inquired the postage to the United Kingdom and was told two

cents, but my friend had been told it was only one cent to Scotland. I suggested he should inquire again. Cautiously he approached the wicket.

“Mun, you said it was one cent tae Scotland, noo am tauld it's twa cents tae England. Are ye sure it's but one

The Woolworth Building.

45 cent to Scotland; or is't the same as England? For I wad nae hae ma auld mither hae to pay double duty for a' the warld.”

“One cent,” snapped the man. “But are ye sure it's nae twa cents?” continued Scottie, whilst I goaded him on from behind by whispering to him to tell the man what had been stated at the other wicket.

“Say, you got nothing better to do than to keep this up? I don't care a damn if it's England, Scotland, Heaven or the other place. It's one cent, anyway and every time, so git!”

Miraculous as are the buildings of New York, its bridge of bridges seems to go one better. Only by going out upon the famous Brooklyn span can one gain any conception of its tremendous construction. It seemed like a live wire, crackling, snapping, pulsating and throbbing with life and energy in every inch of it. The roar and rattle of its stupendous traffic was past belief. It surpassed anything of its kind I had ever imagined, and I was too impressed to wish to seek the details of its being, until I had wandered around it for a good hour or more. Not so Scottie. He was tired and dropped into the first garden chair we came to on the side of its spacious footway promenade.

“Nae sae bad. But o' course it's only a footbridge compared with the Firth of Forth.” “I'm not so sure about that,” I said. “This little structure appears to stand one hundred and thirty-five feet above the East River. It took thirteen years to build and cost over £4,000,000. It's more than a mile long and the distance of the span between the piers is one thousand six hundred feet.”

“Every span o' the Forth is one thousand seven hundred feet, and twa trains can cross it together at full speed, travellin' in opposite directions,” he replied.

“Well, here you have perhaps ten thousand cars crossing daily, carrying about two hundred and fifty thousand people; whilst the bridge is claimed to be built strong enough to sustain the whole of that little lot at one time.”

“A, mun, but it's ugly and damned noisy. Nae that 46 I deny it has its uses. But it's a wee bit of a little thin' after the Forth.” And he continued to criticise it adversely all the way over, although he admitted that the view of the city from it was “verra grand.”

Mounting the elevated railway once more, and in peace, we journeyed to Coney Island, passing on the way numerous unattractive-looking building estates to which attention was drawn by forests of hideously ugly advertisement hoardings. No attempt had been made to plant the lots with shrubs or trees, and the few frame houses, scattered here and there, seemed lonely enough to dissuade the most venturesome; more particularly so when one remembers that Americans dearly love a crowd, and that whether at home or abroad they seem lost when they are not jostling elbows with fellow-creatures.

Coney Island, which adjoins Rockaway Beach, is divided into four parts: West End, West Brighton, Brighton Beach, and Manhattan Beach. The whole constitutes the happy seaside pleasure resort of New Yorkers and Brooklynites, and is visited by ten to twelve million of them each summer, from June to September. The whole district is alive with shows of every description—luna parks, dreamlands, observatories, cinemas, wax works, side shows, switchbacks, joy wheels, scenic railways, and every conceivable attraction and device for attracting and abstracting the nimble dime from the pockets of pleasure-seekers or confiding individuals whose curiosity gets the better of their judgment.

The beaches swarm with dense masses of holiday-makers in garbs which, if not *á la mode* , are at least scanty and not overdone in the quantity of material used. Every class and

nationality seems to be represented, and the scene absolutely beggars all description. We dined at an attractive restaurant pavilion but I was so punished by a swarm of pugnacious mosquitoes that I could not finish my meal, although its price was exorbitant, amounting, for the two of us, to many more dollars than I care to own up to. I had invited my friend, Scottie, to dine at my expense, as he had not yet forgotten the “twa wee drappies fusky,” and I thought it was up to me to make some recompense for the elevated street-car and post-office episodes. These 47 awful pests attacked him as persistently as they did me, but he held grimly on, saying: “I wadna sleep the nicht if them swindlin' Yanks had me again on my clavers as weel as my clatters and drink.”

It was awfully late when we eventually got back to the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street and retired to rest after a long and enjoyable day.

Next morning the sun was shining brilliantly and the city looked cheerful, bright, and attractive; but there were at least two mortals in it whose spirits were down far below zero. Breakfast was a miserable meal; we spoke but little. Our thoughts were occupied in thinking of the hour, now so near at hand, when we two would arrive at the parting of the ways. Scottie would turn towards the far-distant sugar plantations of Peru, whilst I would follow the setting sun, ever westwards, until I had overtaken the East.

Mozart wrote: “How bitter are the pangs of parting!” and although we had barely been together a week, yet I had become immensely attached to this honest, homely, good-natured and humorous Highlander. It felt to me like losing a near relative, and it was indeed a wrench when it came to the last good-bye.

At twelve o'clock we were compelled to order a taxi for the North River docks. Poor Scottie grieved so over his leaving that he had not sufficient gumption left even to dispute the heavy extra fares demanded on his luggage, by which fact I knew indeed that his great and generous heart was overflowing. Before he finally went aboard he grasped me with both hands and made me swear by all the “kirks in Auld Reekie” that I'd meet him in

Bonnie Scotland in a few years to come. Then, at the very last moment, he must needs come running back along the gangway, and leaning over its side whilst the dock labourers were actually heaving it to the quay, and the ship's officer in charge swore and threatened to leave him behind, he seized me by the hand, tearfully apostrophising from the immortal ballad of Bobbie Burns:

“And here's a hand, my trusty freen! And gie's a hand o' thine! Drink me a right gude—willie Waught, For auld lang syne.”

48

The ropes were cast off. The steamer slowly left the pier, and her vast bulk gradually faded away in the distance, leaving me alone in the crowd of sorrowful friends fluttering their handkerchiefs until she was almost out of sight: silent expressions of our deep, fervent hopes and prayers for a good voyage and safe return to all dear ones on board.

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CHAPTER V NEW YORK TO BOSTON

Greater New York—The harbour—Hotels—Trouble in telephoning—Americanisation—Alone in a great city—An English promise—Expressing luggage—An expensive taxicab—New York Central Station and the luxuries of American rail travel—Familiar names in New England—Arrival at Boston—An expensive site—A fine library—Boston, old and new—The historical tea party—The reservoir—American Universities—Students' educational fees and methods of raising them—Professorships—Unconventional intercourses—Harvard—The old racing yacht *America* and dreams of days gone by—The luck of number thirteen—The late Queen Victoria's interest in the yacht.

Greater New York, which comprises Brooklyn, Manhattan, The Bronx, Queen's, and Richmond, has a joint area of three hundred and twenty-five square miles and a population of four and a half millions, of whom about forty per cent are foreign born. The leading nationalities include three hundred and fifty thousand Irish, four hundred thousand

Germans, one hundred and twenty-five thousand English and Scotch, one hundred and eighty thousand Italians, two hundred thousand Russians, seventy-five thousand Negroes and ten thousand Chinese. There are seven thousand acres of parks and open spaces. The water consumption equals four hundred million gallons daily. The assessable value is £1,000,000,000, and its post office handles ten million pieces of mail matter every twenty-four hours.

Apart from its wonderful buildings it possesses one of the finest harbours in the world. The upper, land-locked bay is eight miles long and five miles wide, communicating with the lower bay by “the Narrows.” There is a bar running north from Sandy Hook towards Long Island which can be crossed by three channels, admitting vessels D 50 having a draught of forty feet. At the battery the harbour divides into two branches, the Hudson River and the East River, giving a water-front of thirty miles. These waterways are alive both night and day with boats and ships of every nationality, rig, and description. A general idea of the city and its environs can perhaps best be obtained by taking a trip on the ferry-boats which convey passengers from and to all parts at nominal fares.

The parks, stately houses of the wealthy, public buildings, museums, churches, monuments, universities and such-like places of interest to those who appreciate these things, are enough to occupy a visitor's attention for weeks.

The hotels cater for every class at any price. The cheaper ones seem storm centres of bustle, noise, and ostentation.

Americans do not seem to appreciate Old English comfort, simplicity, and refinement. When they have enough money and want to burn some, they patronise hotels accordingly, and they like to make a noise or to advertise the spending. The largest and most recently built hotels have royal suites at a rental of £100 per day, whilst occupations at £25 per day are quite common occurrences. A fairly good bedroom with bath attached averages from £1 to £5 per day, whilst the ordinary rate is about £1 to 30s. But the man of moderate

means can obtain as good a room as he can wish for at London prices if he will take the trouble to ask for it and refuse to pay more; whilst the appointments in America are far superior to English in comparison to the respective prices demanded. In America the most expensive rooms are on the top floors; in Europe the opposite is the case.

Scottie had gone, and for the time being I did not feel in the mood to seek the society of other acquaintances who were still staying in the “Waldorf.” I had been fêted at private houses, lunched at clubs and famed restaurants, and I felt I wanted a change.

The year previously I had been shooting in a remote mountain region of Norway. I had there been brought into close contact with one of Nature's noblemen, who occupied a shack-farm far back in the forest lands. His son had gone to America some years previously and the 51 simple old Norseman, on hearing I intended visiting America, had implored me to go and see his offspring and bring him news of his great doings in that wonderful land.

Now America is a vast country, but I had entertained no wish to depress the old man by damping his hopes, nor by refusing to humour his desires. I had, however, more recently heard that his son was in New York, so I tried to touch him on the telephone.

They are none too easy to use successfully in England; in America, I was given to understand, they were simplicity itself.

The operator on the Exchange instantly connected me with the number mentioned, and I retired to the cubicle but—, “I want to speak to Mr Larsen—What name?—He's a Norwegian employed at your house—Yes but what name?—What?—I'll get someone who can speak English—What—This is a habitation building—Well I knew I was not talking to an office at this time of night—But I'm in the office—I thought you said it was a habitation—Who do you want?—You don't seem to understand—No I don't—Well this is a big building—Yes I've seen some others fairly big hereabouts so you need not boast about your little show—I tell you there are a lot of rooms in this building—I can quite believe it but I don't

suppose it's worth going far to see—Look here!—If you don't say who you want I'll ring off —Great Snakes alive I've been explaining to you for the last ten minutes 'that I want to see Mr Larsen—Yes but that name has no number in this building—Well why didn't you say so at first?—But I know the gentleman is on your number—So he may be but there are scores of numbers here—Who is he with?—What name?—You hold the wire and I'll look at my letter again—Who are you?—A Britisher!—Just what I thought—no one but a stupid foreigner would have given me all this trouble—What name?—Goldenstein—Well of course—Why did you not tell me that at first?—Now really my dear girl—Don't you dear girl me X—X—X—"

After all, I thought, I begin to feel some sympathy with the old-fashioned British squires who so resolutely decline to have anything whatever to do with these new-fashioned, fandango talking machines.

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The young Scandinavian met me at the "Waldorf" and to my surprise exhibited not the slightest concern nor bashfulness at its glitter and costly show, which would have abashed any European youth of his standing to a state of complete abjection. Such was the effect of a short acquaintanceship with American life and customs. I took him round and entertained him royally, spending as much money in one night as would have sustained his whole family at home in their ordinary method of living for twelve months. He accepted it as a matter of course, although I believe he was grateful enough, but he had entirely altered and was now a different being altogether from his Norwegian prototype. The last time I had seen him he had been in rags, without even shoes to his feet; now he was an independent American citizen who could condescend, almost patronise those who employed or entertained him.

The previous night I had been the guest of one of the wealthiest men in the city at a banquet worthy of Cleopatra's extravagances. This night I had anticipated that I should have been carried back in conversation and atmosphere to dear old Norway in all her

simple, honest, blunt expressiveness. Far from it. The almighty and everlasting dollar reigned supreme with the millionaire as with his henchman. Neither of them could eliminate it from his thoughts, not even for one hour during the relaxation of entertaining or being entertained.

My acquaintances from the good ship *Mauretania* had by this time left, one by one, for their respective destinations in various parts of the States, or beyond. I found myself alone. I remembered the old proverb that: “There is no one so lonely as the one who is alone in a great city.” Then I knew it was time for me to migrate. So I determined to leave next day for Boston, the capital city of Massachusetts.

Many years previously to the date of writing this book I was passing through the Isle of Ely in Cambridgeshire, England, and found myself with several hours to wait for a connecting train. Never having seen the cathedral, which is perhaps more interesting owing to its connection with the romantic days of Hereward the Wake, I filled my time 53 by visiting that most ancient and still more beautiful Norman pile. Whilst drinking in to the full the glories of the interior of the building I was approached by an American. He was alone, and his soul seemed absorbed and transfigured by the glories and sanctity of his surroundings.

I had retained the services of a verger to explain to me the historical points of interest, and the aforesaid American solicited me to know whether his presence would be in any way objectionable. Emerging from the cathedral we visited together other buildings of interest, and then sat down under a shady tree, in a park-like enclosure, whence we could see the exterior of the cathedral to great advantage, whilst we discussed serious political and economic problems which were troubling both the United States of America as well as the British Isles. I had at once been taken with this gentleman owing to the way in which he appreciated the beauties of Nature, as well as the work of man's hands; by the extremely broadminded fairness with which he argued debatable points; and by the toleration of his religious views, which were somewhat antagonistic to my own. He was a type of American which I had never before met, and the more I saw of him the more I admired him. From

that day to the present time, covering a period of many years, we have corresponded at regular intervals. Repeatedly he has pressed me to visit the United States, whilst he has done much to pull down the barrier of false prejudice that was raised in my mind by the ignorant, careless, or wilfully wicked stigmatisers who reviled this land overflowing with milk and honey. I had promised him that if ever I set foot on American soil I would at least pay my respects to the city of his birth by calling upon him to personally thank him for our last meeting, however limited my time might be. Thus I felt it incumbent on me as a duty I owed to my friend and to his country to journey to the fair town of Boston, in order that I might grip this noble and worthy child of America by the hand and show him that an Englishman's word is perhaps better even than his bond.

I left the “Waldorf” early on a Sunday morning. I had “expressed” my heavy luggage to Buffalo from the hotel through the head porter, which saved all trouble and 54 bother. My rail ticket had to be produced an hour or so before the departure of the train, and, as before mentioned. having an “all round the world” ticket, I was allowed 350 lb. free baggage weight as against 150 lb. in the ordinary way. From the commencement to the end of my journey I had not to pay a penny-piece for the carriage of my personal belongings, which made a great difference in expenditure when compared with other ways of travelling. The hall porter returned my rail ticket with a check for the baggage, and the time occupied over the transaction did not in all exceed two minutes. Wishing to experience all methods of American locomotion I engaged a taxi-cab to the station, although it was not more than five minutes' walk. For this luxury I had to pay about 12s. 6d., an absurd and ridiculous price for an uncomfortable vehicle. In London the same fare would have been 8d. and the taxicab probably twice as well fitted up and furnished. Arriving at New York Central Station, I was at once struck with its external beauty. I thought my driver had made a mistake; that he had taken me to a museum, or a city hall, or some other public institution connected with the Government of the Municipality, or the State; but following his directions I was still more dumbfounded on entering an enormous waiting-hall decorated with the most beautiful marbles, stained-glass windows, palms and

accommodation for passengers in every desirable form. If such a station existed out of America, it could almost earn its upkeep by the fees which the public would pay by way of sightseeing alone. A loquacious nigger porter annexed my grip and piloted me to the train. He also bestowed on me a couple of Sunday papers and his paternal blessing when I gave him what I thought to be the regulation donation; in my ignorance I doubtless gave him considerably more than I should have done, but the experience was worth it.

The American special trains are rightly one of the prides of the nation. They consist of a number of Pullman cars including sleepers, dining-cars, drawing-room cars, tourists' cars, with an observation car behind. But they lack proper smoking-cars, in place of the tiny little cabins which have also to do duty for lavatory, dressing-room, and gentlemen's private retiring-room. The train I entered was about 55 on a par with the *European-de-luxe* which runs from Paris to Madrid, and for the next four or five hours I was passing in comfort and luxury through the States of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts to the city of Boston, which Bostonians say is the only city in all America. On the way I particularly noticed a large number of English names, Stamford, Brighton, Newhaven, New London, Norwich on the River Thames, Kingston, Bristol, Mansfield, Greenwich, Warwick, Worcester and others, which took my heart back to the Old Country; but the scenery was flat and uninteresting, the only object worthy of comment being the capital or State House of Providence—a huge Renaissance structure of Georgian marble and white granite, surmounted by a double dome of unusual size. It was built on a small hill, perhaps a mile away from the railway line, and the view as we rounded a curve in the early-morning sunlight was superb.

On arrival at Boston I received quite an ovation of welcome, and was taken immediately to the Athletic Association Club, where I was fêted royally. The building stands on what was a snipe marsh about twenty years ago, but the land has been filled in and reclaimed, and is now immensely valuable; so much so that semi-skyscrapers have been introduced, and on the upper floors of the building I was then in I found immense halls for athletic exercise, and even cycle and running tracks for training or racing. Over the way was an

hotel standing on one block, about two hundred and fifty feet square. It was fitted with the sumptuous luxury usual to the best American hotels, with prices about the same. What astonished me almost beyond belief was the price given for the bare land thus occupied. I was asked to guess it, and hazarded £25,000 as a maximum. My friend and his companions laughed at the lowness of the figure. I doubted it and refused to budge another inch. When I heard that the owners of the hotel had actually paid £360,000 for this piece of land, which one could cross in about thirty hops either way, I had to accept their assurance, although I would have doubted it from any other source. But the money seems to have been spent in a good purpose, as after the land had been reclaimed that particular site had been given for the purpose of a 56 public museum, the governors of which, on realisation of this fabulous price, were thereby enabled to build a far more suitable structure on a much cheaper site, within about a quarter of a mile; which has since been added to, and is now a worthy attraction to this beautiful city of gardens.

Another building which immediately arrested my attention was the public library, facing the same square as the hotel before mentioned. Its exterior is dignified, simple, and scholarly, in the style of Roman Renaissance; it cost about £500,000. The interior has accommodation for a million volumes. It is ornamented with marbles and inlaid brass, having a central court with turf, fountain, arcade, and open-air walks, to which the reader may resort in hot weather. The staircase hall contains some fine paintings by Puvis de Chavannes, whilst there are other mural decorations by Edwin. A. Abbey and John. S. Sargent, R.A. The building is well worth a visit if only for educational purposes.

It was a fine afternoon, so my friend obtained an open automobile and drove me round the interesting parts of the city. We crossed the fifty-acre park shaded by fine elms and other beautiful trees, and for hours followed lovely sylvan avenues decorated on both sides with a profusion of blossoms and colour; whilst I admired the views which were obtained from various small hills we ascended from time to time. My friend was most anxious for me to see everything, to miss nothing. The old town was cramped and irregular and its streets

narrow and crooked, but the new parts, particularly around Back Bay Fens, were laid out on a magnificent scale.

We seemed to have made a lightning tour of the city before we crossed the Harvard Bridge for the purpose of visiting that interesting seat of learning.

Boston, the capital of Massachusetts, is the chief town of New England. For a new country it is an old city, and perhaps the wealthiest proportionately in the United States, having a total valuation of about £300,000,000. With the surrounding suburbs the population probably exceeds a million. There are enough interesting sights to occupy the visitor for a long period, but no one should 57 miss seeing Paul Revere's House in North Square, dating back from 1770; nor the historical Tea Party Wharf where a tablet commemorates the narrow-minded folly of an English King by which the whole of America was lost to England.

It read as follows:

“Here formerly stood Griffin's Wharf at which lay moored on December 16th, 1773, three British ships with cargoes of tea. To defeat King George's trivial but tyrannical tax of three pence a pound about ninety citizens of Boston boarded the ships, threw the cargoes, three hundred and forty-two chests in all, into the sea, and made the world ring with the patriotic exploits of the Boston Tea Party.”

The old State House (A.D. 1657) must also be seen if only to revive in one's mind the stirring events of the Revolution of which at one time it was the main centre. In the granary burial-ground will be found many illustrious names, whilst the cemetery itself is peculiar and rather unique. But one could chronicle the attractions of Boston until the reader wearied of their perusal. Summarised shortly, it is a city that commands a visit, with repeated visits within short periods of years; as Boston grows so fast and changes its

aspect so rapidly that even a native-born resident might find difficulty in recognising it, or in knowing it again, were he to absent himself for a brief span.

The new reservoir is but one of the wonders of the town. It contains a sufficient supply of water for two years without rain, and I learnt with interest that on the compulsory introduction of meters the consumption had automatically fallen fifteen gallons per head of the population.

The Indian name for the peninsula on which Boston is built was *Shawmut* , meaning “Sweet Waters.” It seems a pity this name was even changed. It was so appropriate. The residential part of the city is a veritable garden of flowers; its commercial part a hive of industry; its inhabitants are intelligent, pushing, energetic, and enterprising in the extreme. Wastes, mud-flats 58 and swamps have been reclaimed and converted into solid land of fabulous value, whilst buildings of marvellously beautiful design and extraordinary accommodation have sprung into existence with a rapidity which rivals the fairy tales of Aladdin and his lamp.

I came, I saw, I was conquered. I could hardly believe the history that was narrated, nor realise the half of what was shown to me. It was all so incredible, so contrary to the cumbersome, dilatory, circumlocutionary efforts of dormouse-like Britishers, that I was bewildered beyond measure; and I hailed with intense satisfaction a distant sight of the roof-tops of the buildings of Harvard University peeping up amongst the trees before us which promised a change of subject.

“Now that Boston, your one and only city of the universe, is left behind for the moment, tell me something concerning this old and new Cambridge of America. I do not want to know those things which are to be found in Baedeker. I have read of the foundation of the College of Harvard in 1636, and of the legacy of £800 from a reverend gentleman of that name; of its gradual growth and prosperity; of its halls, libraries, laboratories, museums and chapels, etc. For are not all these details, with much else beside, to be found by any

person interested therein in that volume of inestimable worth which I have just mentioned. Thus you will readily understand that I want you to enlighten me upon such facts of interest as no guide-book touches upon. And you will find in me a ready, willing, and appreciative listener."

My companion turned round in some surprise. "I find you much changed. When we met in England, you were, if you will pardon my candour, somewhat inclined to be loquacious. It was I who had to accept the part of compulsory listener."

"Yes," I remarked, "you will remember that you were then the stranger, seeking knowledge in a strange land. Now our positions are reversed."

He smiled and nodded quietly to himself, as if in acknowledgment of the force of the argument. "Well, we Americans are a people of unsurpassed energies, of unparalleled ingenuity and skill in individual inventions and 59 pursuits. This probably arises from our ever-restless disposition from earliest infancy. We hustle our children before us, and we rejoice to see them hustle others, of whatever class of the animal kingdom they may happen to be. We are great believers in education, and many of our Napoleons of finance have distributed, in the past, and continue in the present to expend, their surplus wealth in its development and encouragement.

"The University is the pride of every citizen, and if anything it is felt more in the west than in the east, perhaps because westerners adore oratory and may often be heard proclaiming their particular University as the Athens of America, or the world-famed centre of culture and intellect. We have four principal Universities of America: Harvard, Yale, Princetown, and Columbia. Harvard, which we are now visiting, has between four and five thousand students, and one of its most interesting features is a Cosmopolitan Club which has for its object the bringing together foreign-born students and undergraduates who have spent at least two years abroad. Looking back amongst the names of the officials of this Club you will be able to find that a Chinaman has filled the honourable position of

president; a football song has been written by a German student; an Armenian has carried off the principal honours of debate; a champion billiard-player has been Japanese; and the University periodical has been edited by an Indian.

“The University is not above the reach of any American who wishes to take advantage of its benefits, but the average expenditure of a student, who can afford to do things in the same way as they do in your country, would probably be somewhere about £250 per annum; whilst of course there are wealthy students whose parents allow them abnormal means, and their expenditure may run to anything. But on the other hand there are a large number of students who are not above earning their own living, and you will meet with many of them out west, who act as waiters and hotel servants, or take positions in connection with tourist camps and other forms of menial labour, during the summer months, whereby they raise the means to pay for their living expenses at the Universities during 60 the winter. The actual fee for tuition in the ordinary way costs only about £30 per annum, and if a student can prove his inability to pay he is entitled to free tuition. There are many cases on record where American youths have toiled with their hands to scrape together the few dollars necessary for bare existence; and some of them have married a girl also earning her own living who attends college during the terms, living upon what they have been able to earn at other times; whilst in some cases the student or his wife have been known to earn money by catering for other students at odd times, or in other ways, whereby they have managed to make two ends meet and at the same time take the degrees which is the object of their ambition.

“Although some of the colleges are wealthy and often have money offered to them which they do not always accept, the professors and heads of the Universities are not paid so heavily in proportion as one might expect. Some professorships are as low as £250 a year, although there are many professorships which carry £1000.

“The red brick wall with iron palisading that you evidently noticed extending partially round the University buildings, has been put up in sections by the students themselves at various times, and it will probably be many years before it is completed.

“In some States as here in Massachusetts the college for young girls is located within easy distance of that for male students. We Americans believe in full, free, and unhampered intercourse of the sexes. I wonder what your Oxford and Cambridge professors would say if they met 'Varsity men, accompanied by Girton girls, at ten and eleven o'clock at night in the summer-time, just starting for a joy row on the river, by way of a breather before retiring for the night? Yet in this country it is not only permissible but thought nothing of whatever. *Honi soit* , my friend!”

“Were we in England, some crack-brained punster would assuredly chip in by suggesting, that your ‘Honey’ most probably would be ‘sour’ if those conditions are allowed,” I added:

“Well I am glad to say that that class of feeble-minded

The Three Candidates for the Defence of the America's Cup

Comparison Lines of American Cup Defenders for 1915.

61 wit is practically unknown to Americans,” he replied.

“But here we are in the heart of the University itself, so you must come round the quadrangles and see as much of the place as time will permit.”

I admit I was disappointed. The plain, barrack-like looking, red brick buildings had such a flavour of Government supervision or provision about them, that all my pent-up expectant admiration, respect, and interest evaporated. The halls were plain and terribly formal in appearance. There was nothing to suggest that quiet, peaceful seclusion, which, as a sanctuary, the student, the scholar and the lifelong scientist so dearly loves. There were shaded walks, it is true, but they were too public; the retiring, shy, or timid bookworm

would have died of fright in such powerful limelight as appeared to me to be for ever burning around these altars of science.

The whole atmosphere seemed to be so very, very different from the old-world Universities of Europe that I had difficulty in raising the forced enthusiasm I did, in order to show my friend that I at least appreciated his goodness in thus personally conducting me. However, I think that Harvard has yet something to learn outside its walls as well as inside, before it can rank with the first and foremost Universities of the world.

I admit that my visit was of the briefest duration, and that the opportunities for seeing things did not give a fair chance for sound judgment; yet I cannot help the impression that was formed on my mind, which a fairly close intimacy with American students has not in any way affected.

Did Americans but hold the same national reverence for sport that permeates the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Boston would have become a Mecca to yachtsmen the world over. Yet, praise and thankfulness to the deities of sport, Boston holds a man and a sportsman in the Honourable Butler Ames who cherishes ideals far beyond the pale of filthy lucre, and who scorns with indignation all vandalistic proposals to convert the old queen of the seas, whose glorious memories will never fade, into the 62 menial rig and service of a common fishing vessel or cargo carrier.

Neglected and practically forgotten, the grand old schooner of sixty-two years ago lay moored to Summer Street Bridge, near the South Station, weather-stained and unkempt as the near-by hulks which are rotting and rising and falling with each alternate tide. Her decks, once so spotless, and for ever sacred from the tread of the feet of some of the noblest the world has ever seen, are housed under a match-boarding cover; the golden eagle on her stem, emblem of the land of her origin, has faded to a dingy, miserable, much-bedraggled-looking bird; her masts are blackened with the smuts and dirt of years; whilst no halo of her bygone glorious victories seems to grip Bostonians.

The moon was high in the heavens and the clocks were chiming the hour of midnight when I stood upon the dock wall and gazed with enraptured eyes upon the shapely lines of the *America* of all Americas. The old yacht and myself were quite alone. We seemed to have a strong bond of sympathy between us. We seemed to be strangers in a strange yet fascinating land. Neither of us really knew why we were there. Like Sir Walter Scott's last minstrel our time had gone by, we were unwanted, unsung, and out of place. Yachts, yachting, and yachtsmen are things of criminal import to the modern-day socialistic politician. In what do they benefit the State? They are but the hobbies of the idle rich who are about to be pushed off the face of the earth. The *America* should have been used as firewood years ago, and the useless, maudlin, sloppy, idle, sport-worshipping scribbler, now lavishing his silly, sentimental gush over the floating mass of shoddy rottenness, ought to be put into a penitentiary or a lunatic asylum. But as I wandered along the quay heading in the silence of the night with my whole being concentrated upon the object of adoration, visions were conjured up in an imaginative brain. The housing over the deck melted away into the shadows, and the grand old warhorse became peopled with the shades of sportsmen of bygone days. There was Commodore John C. Stevens sitting by the main hatchway in consultation with his partners,

The Yacht “America.”

Lines Yacht “America.”

Sail Plan of Yacht “America.”

63 George L. Schuyler, Edwin A. Stevens, Col. James A. Hamilton, J. Beckman Finlay, and Hamilton Wilkes. By the wheel stood the builder, W. H. Brown, arguing details of the plans with the designer, George Steers from New York: whether the thirty thousand dollars was sufficient to cover the risk of the two Atlantic voyages, test races and English matches, or whether to accept the twenty thousand cash offered for the yacht on delivery?

Gazing beyond into the unruffled waters of the dock further reflections appeared in their inner depths. The gallant vessel, which some ignorant whipper-snapper English reporter had referred to as “a glorified pilot boat,” was battling with gigantic seas in mid-Atlantic; the first yacht ever attempting such a passage, which she accomplished in seventeen and a half days. Ringing in one's ears was the optimistic challenge of ten thousand guineas which no Britisher dared to take up. Then the picture changed to shadowy outlines of seventeen yachts, from forty-seven to two hundred and eighteen tons, of various rig, moored in double line—the pride and flower of the yachtsmen of the world. There was a cloud of smoke from the club-house of the Royal Yacht Squadron on West Cowes point. It was the ten o'clock starting-gun on that memorable Friday the 22nd August, 1851. It was the signal for cloud upon cloud of canvas to be filled by the breeze; for the yachts to break away like a field of race-horses; each a picture of perfection perfected. Such a picture the Adriatic, even in all the pride of Venice, never beheld. It was a sight which no other country in the world had or has ever equalled. The pinnacles of Osborne Castle, the distant houses of Ryde, the Nab Lightship, Ventnor, St Catherine's Point and the Needles all found shape in the kaleidoscope of that vision. Most prominent, however, throughout was the long, low-lying, rakish black hull of the *America* as she crept easily along under mainsail, with a small gaff-topsail of triangular shape braced up to the truck of her main top-mast, foresail, fore-stay-sail, and flying jib. At No Man's Land buoy she was within two minutes of the fourth leading yacht ahead. She carried away her jib-boom. It made no difference. She just sailed past all other competitors and finished 64 alone in the gloom of the evening. Then and not till then did the fleeting pictures of my mental aberrations fade away into the inky blackness of the motionless waters of that Boston dock.

To all sailors and to the superstitious it might be mentioned that when crossing the Atlantic the *America* carried a crew of thirteen hands. In her memorable race there were thirteen aboard. She arrived in English waters on a Friday. The cup was voted as a trophy for the race on a Friday, and was won on a Friday. Whilst on it are engraved the names of thirteen yachts defeated in the contest.

The late Queen Victoria who visited the America and was shown over her, evinced great interest in all connected with the race, which she personally followed in her private yacht the *Victoria and Albert.* When the competing vessels were believed to be round the Needles and in the Solent the Queen asked:

“Signal master, are the yachts in sight?”

“Yes, may it please Your Majesty.”

“Which is first?”

“The *America.* ”

“Which is second?”

“Oh, Your Majesty, there is no second.”

“America.”

CHAPTER VI MAINLY ABOUT AMERICAN PEOPLE

Longfellow's home—The Washington Elm—Harvard's buildings—An interesting discourse—An American mother's creed for her daughter—Over-indulgence of young women and its effect upon their after lives—Goethe's theories on Nature, and a comparison—American children—Americans as compared with Englishmen—Dollar hunting—The millionaire's duty to the State—English nobility and American heiresses—Marriage dower—Too much business—America as she is—An embarrassing eulogy and its effect.

Of course I had to see the house of Longfellow and the Washington Elm, commemorating the celebrated command on July 3rd, 1775. The latter stands on the common, whilst the former lies a little to the west of the Episcopal Theological School in Brattle Street, facing

Round the world in strange company; America, British Columbia and the west (section). http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbtn.16320

towards the Charles River. It is called Craigie House, was built in 1759 by Col. Vassall, and occupied by Washington in 1775. But this interest seems to be quite eclipsed by its historical relics and connection with Henry William Longfellow, who used it as his home from 1837 until his death in 1882.

We viewed the Campus Memorial Hall, and the Student's Grand Associated Dining Hall, wherein some thousands mess at the same time, paid fleeting visits to a few of the principal buildings of the 'Varsity, and then boarded the machine for the return journey. The boat-houses for students' use, and the stadium seating its forty thousand spectators, were duly pointed out and commented upon; whilst my friend, with the weakness I had previously observed in other thoroughbred Americans, rattled off minute details and statistics regarding everything we had seen and were seeing at an alarming rate, which was in itself bewildering. But I was far more anxious to hear E 66 his views upon American people, their manners and customs, than I was to listen to a discourse on feats of architecture and almighty figures, which had staggered me ever since I had landed on American soil.

I therefore manœeuvred the subject-matter of our conversation to this channel, impressing upon him that, in my humble opinion, the most interesting study on earth was surely the study of mankind. At last I got him fairly started on the desired topic, and as he progressed he became so absorbed in the theories he unfolded that his cigar was allowed to go out, his eyes sparkled, whilst I pushed him along by nods of acquiescence and appreciation at every perfunctory stoppage, of however short duration.

“I have recently read, and I commend to you, a most admirable book, entitled ‘Home Life in America,’ by Catherine G. Busbey. It deals exhaustively with most of the social problems of our country, and if it will not bore you to listen, I will quote a few extracts that I had prepared for your coming.

“The author may be considered a person of considerable authority, and remembering a most interesting argument I enjoyed many years since, when sitting under the shadow of Ely Cathedral in your dear old country, I fortified myself with addenda in case you again raised another controversy upon our American principles, or plied me with further questions in search of enlightenment regarding our people, their manners, and customs.”

This was welcome news indeed.

My companion, ever a deep student of nature, was invariably worth listening to. He was a broadminded man, not to be led away by suppositions or theories, nor turned by prejudices. I leant back in the luxurious motor and prepared to enjoy myself.

“Shall I take up the subject we debated at Ely when we joined issue, as you men of the law are so fond of saying, because we failed to agree on some of the fundamental principles adopted by American mothers in the upbringing of their children.”

“Excellent,” I exclaimed, “but since you seem to have collected reliable facts, whereas I am a mere ignoramus 67 travelling in a strange land, it would be the essence of presumption on my part were I to attempt to interrupt the thread of your discourse upon matters on which my knowledge is so admittedly lacking and deficient. I will, therefore, if you will permit me, enjoy a listener's part and take notes of those points which appear to be of most interest.”

“That, my friend, is not altogether in accordance with my expectations. When last me met you drove me repeatedly to a corner by fair argument, and I enjoyed the experience. Now you seem to wish me to adopt the rôle of professor to your pupilage.”

“That is so,” I replied. “You see I am here with an open mind. I want to learn all I can. I blush to confess that I landed on American soil a very much prejudiced being. Since I have been here my eyes have been opened, and I find things so entirely different to what

I anticipated, that day by day my humiliation is added to, and my debt of abject apology to your hospitable countrymen increased. I much prefer to listen."

My friend pondered for some time and we both pulled at our cigars in silence.

"I have thought a great deal over the opinions you expressed at Ely," he said at length; "and I am not at all sure that in the course of time I shall not come round to your opinion; only in this country women stand supreme as lord and master over all, and mere man has to take second place. Now that has always been engrained into my constitution since I emerged from the cradle, and it would be an exceedingly difficult matter to attempt rectification of this national weakness. It would mean swimming against a very strong stream. You see our womenfolk start wrong. Young girls never get a fair chance. It is not their fault. The poison lies in the system.

"Let me quote you an American mother's eulogy upon her own daughter, as it appears in 'Home Life in America.' It runs as follows:

"'She is adorable and I am devoted to her, body and soul. For her I shall sacrifice myself. She is the most important thing in my life. She rules it. I gladly stay 68 back in obscurity that she may shine. I give her my all, and she takes it lightly as a matter of course, but as long as I am proud of her, and see her happy, I have all I wish. I believe that nothing can spoil her. I permit her picture to be published, permit the Press to exploit her, permit her to hear and read adulatory notices of herself until she feels as I do, that she has no equal in the entire world of girls. I want her to associate with boys and men frankly on the basis of comradeship. Our men understand her, and such comradeship is innocent. I want her to be sophisticated theoretically, so that she may the better recognise and beware of any dangers threatening her. Yet, while knowing about life's ugliest and most sorrowful facts, I demand that she be treated as if she knew nothing, and that theatres and publishers cater exclusively to the myth of her rose-coloured ignorance and her really immature mind; however inane the result may be to my sturdier mental taste. For no restriction must be put

upon her reading or theatre-going, things must be arranged that she may go everywhere, read and see everything, her liberty supreme. The restrictions must be placed upon the makers of books and plays, and their liberty restricted for her sake.'

"From this quotation, which many American mothers would look upon as a beautiful creed, you may doubtless form an opinion that the young girl of America is given little less than idolatrous worship by her parents.

"I know it is wrong. It is not for the girl's ultimate good, nor does it add to her subsequent happiness; but, my friend, you can't alter a nation in a generation, nor yet in a century. Give the country time to emerge from its embryo state, and all will come right in the end."

I assented and begged him to proceed, assuring him that he was interesting me immensely. He did so.

"Thus she leads the household and her mother is too often her worshipful slave. Now if the American girl's parents made obedience and not indulgence the keynote of her training, she might appear less like a youth dressed as a woman of the world, and suggest more a woman at the happy beginning of life. But these reforms can only 69 come when the kneeling, self-effacing American mother gets upon her feet and asserts herself as her daughter's leader and friend, instead of her blind worshipper.

"American girls of to-day appear as walking editions of a declaration of independence. That prettiest brother hero-worship amongst the British sisters has no counterpart in America, where the brothers have to fetch and carry, and often have to curtail practical education, that the sister may have accomplishments.

"One of the results of this is, as has been said, 'The American girl seldom loses her heart and never her head.'

“It may be considered good business by some people, but it grates on the ear of the listener to hear such an expression as: ‘It is nice to have a sweetheart, he pays for carriages and candy, gives you flowers and presents; he saves you so many petty expenses.’

“American parents should take into their consideration the corroding harm of another sort: how their girls lose the exquisite self-reserve that Nature meant them to have, the very kernel of their womanhood, for when a young girl is permitted to dance and bathe, and loll about with only an apology for skirts, in company with a possible or positive suitor, with as little sensibility as if he were another girl, they are flouting the fundamental reasons for their existence. To watch this can only be saddening to the one who thinks. Questions arise in the mind as to whether girlishness and simplicity have departed? and whether indifference and sex, unconsciously, actually continue? Into what sort of abnormality will they blanch temperamentally, if this pure-minded sexlessness increases? It is this over-indulgence of freedom which brings about a hybrid condition? Thus it comes, that being a forced plant socially, with none of the graces of education developed in counteraction, girlhood in America is prominent for a certain light frivolity, which, encouraged by parents, unfortunately manifests itself in loud and fast manners; when the girl in reality is as innocent as a daisy, and probably capable of passing a stiff examination in mathematics, history, or English composition.

“On the other hand housekeeping duties in America are looked upon as menial, and the American girl sees 70 no reason why she should, against her inclinations, cultivate a knowledge over the practical demonstration of which she has always seen her mother shrink and grumble.

“Can it therefore be wondered at, that, in America, a squeamish artificiality overwhelms a young girl's mind and causes her to enter into the bonds of holy matrimony with a feeling

that maternity must be avoided as hysterically in fact as it was omitted from her mother's confidence before. Now De Tocqueville has written:

"'I am aware that the education of young women in America is not without its dangers. I am sensible that it tends to invigorate the judgment at the expense of the imagination, and to make cold and virtuous women instead of affectionate wives and agreeable companions for men. Society may be more tranquil and better-regulated, but domestic life has little charm.'

"This, however, may be meant to provide for higher interests.

"The American woman has been taught realities at the expense of earnestness and sweetness; and, never at a loss for her reply, her retorts are as crushing as they are merciless. As the young woman she is piquant and attractive.

"The American woman looks upon marriage as a field of selfish pleasure and not the business of life. The American husband good-naturedly accepts her point of view. He gives her his banking accounts as his part of the contract, and, as his means permit, he frees her from the burden of work, so that she may have more time to amuse herself, or instruct her mind as she chooses. But indulged women, like indulged children, are not necessarily the best-treated ones.

"The American woman is quite happy until she becomes over-tired, which is one of her greatest curses in life. Doubtless she brings it on herself—the impossible combination of activities, mistaken or otherwise, and the nervous, tired result. As an example of this there is a saying in the Southern States: 'The Southern woman dies twice; the day she quits life, and the day she is tired.'"

Round the world in strange company; America, British Columbia and the west (section). http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbtn.16320

He paused a while, and then added: “Thus, my friend, I give you a true and faithful rendering of the young American woman of the present day. My only marvel is that so many of them turn out as well as they do.”

I thanked him profusely for his candour and the trouble he had taken to interest me, but never before had I even dreamed that such things could be in any country in the world, much less in one which boasts particularly of its education and progressive enlightenment. It was not natural, and I maintained a long silence as I cogitated over the mass of reflective food with which he had provided me.

“A nickel for your thoughts,” he remarked.

“I was thinking,” I replied, “of Goethe, and his sayings in regard to Nature. He was a writer who believed in Nature as the Divine instigator of all things. Practical experience has again and again proved to me that Goethe was right.

“He wrote: ‘Nature is always right, and most profoundly so just there where we least comprehend her.’ Again, ‘Nature is the living, visible garment of God. The only book that teems with meaning on every page.’ And further, ‘Nature understands no jesting; she is always true, always serious, always severe; she is always right, and the errors and faults are always those of man. Him who is incapable of appreciating her she despises, and only to the apt, the pure, and the true does she resign herself and reveal her secrets.”

“Do you mean to suggest, my friend, that American people, and more particularly American mothers, should study the lower order of animals for an example in procreation and the tuition of their offspring?”

“I do not know whether my thoughts had flown quite so far as that,” I replied; “but of this much I am quite convinced: that to marry without having as its primary object the begetting of children is a sin against the laws of natural, moral, religious, and human instincts; whilst no animal can be found in Nature which permits the female to domineer

over the male, except in the entomological class, where scorpions and spiders are known to do so; with the result that as soon as the female has obtained her 72 desires she proceeds to devour her mate without apparent compunction. As scorpions are accustomed to devour their vanquished foes, it can be assumed that when their mates give way to them to such a degree that they are permitted to become virtual masters, the female so despises this weakness in the male that she devours him as being too contemptible for further existence. I have also observed that few homes are happy ones where the woman domineers over the man. But you have given me much to think about. I must have time to digest it. Now tell me something of your American children and your American husbands."

"American children? We have really very few of them. Some people say we have none at all. Of course there are exceptions, and mothers who have some sense and know within a little what children ought to be, or those mothers who have read much concerning children, or who have had experience of Europe, particularly Scandinavia, Holland, and Germany, bring up their children nicely enough to a certain age, and then—" Here my friend threw up his hands as if words failed him.

"But I don't understand you," I said. "I came over on the ship with some American children and I observed nothing unusual."

"No, perhaps not. They were not at home, but you wait and you'll see."

"My dear sir," I went on, "I assure you that there was one little girl on board, about twelve years of age, the sweetest, most well-behaved and perfect little lady I have ever met."

"That's just where you put your finger on the spot and don't seem to know it," he replied. "It's quite true, we have our little women—ladies if you like—and our big women, our little men and our big men, but we don't possess children in the same sense that you would apply the word in Europe. Our children, so called, are taught or permitted to become smart business-like manikins, who ape their elders and dictate to them. Some are clever with it, some are even attractive, but the majority of them are an infernal nuisance, and make

themselves so objectionable to all with whom they are brought in contact, 73 that many hotels abroad won't take in American children at any price. They refuse much good custom rather than put up with the annoyance; they say it pays them to do so."

I was horrified at these expressions of opinion, although I concealed the fact, so I turned the drift of the conversation again; because I adore children from four years of age and upwards, provided they have not been spoilt, in which case it is advisable to give them as wide a berth as possible.

"But your men-folk, what of them?" I exclaimed.

"You will find this difference between Americans and Englishmen, In the Old Country loafers are as common as sparrows in every town you enter. Here they don't exist. If you hang round an hotel or a club and hope to fall in with an idler, like yourself, for example, so you can both loaf around in company, you will be sadly disappointed."

I thanked him for his complimentary candour and suggested that he might proceed without minding me in the least. To which he added pleasantly:

"Guess I don't. American schools don't cultivate courtesy. They teach one to hustle; that time is money, and it's a waste of both to fool round on your so-called sports. In America fortunes are made, not saved, and it's much easier to make money than it is to save it. We don't cotton to your British ideas of making a little money and spending a little less; we make money and spend more than we make in the certainty that more will come. Americans can only go on making money and satisfy themselves with the pleasure derived from winning the money game played. 'It's their sole existence'—as one of your British bards expresses it."

"That quotation refers to love," I corrected.

“Waal, an American can love his dollars equal to anything else, I guess. You'll find he loves making them right along to the finish; because if he gives up business he's like a fish out of water. He has to settle down to an aimless, monotonous existence which soon kills. Now if he had the Englishman's passionate, innate love of Nature, the American business man who had 74 made a decent pile could become a State boss, and breed horses, or prize cattle, or potter about in a glorious garden. But no, that kind of life has no call for us. It is the city we love. We are gregarious, and are lost unless we can rub elbows with one another. It's a crowd we want and must have, the crowd the Englishman hates.

“I admit it is rather degrading that we men-folk are led by the nose by our women. We are mere vassals under feudal petticoat lords; but you see, apart from dollar hunting, our tastes are simple and domestic. We are devoted to our wives and children. We build the best houses we can afford, and we buy anything and everything, more to please them than for our own edification.

“Now in England an idle man has scope for his idleness which does not exist here. There is always Society open to him. And if he gives up business and retires to live on his income, he can eat his heart out for the rest of his natural life in striving to reach social positions higher than he can ever hope to hold. Why, your Society is a business in itself to those narrow-minded fools who never see, nor realise, the hollowness of the drum they are mighty anxious to be for ever so aimlessly tattooing. Then again, an English business man who begins life with nothing and makes a fortune, can angle for a title by entering the arena of politics. Your House of Commons soon wears off the rough corners, and, influenced by his surroundings, he can rise if he has the will so to do. But here it is quite different. Few people think of entering politics late in life. The average successful business man of fifty years of age feels himself unfitted to start to legislate, whilst the life itself holds few inducements.

“You Europeans so often accuse us of worshipping the almighty dollar. It's true, in the sense that we are apt to measure a man's ability by the height of the pile he has built

up for himself; whilst he is respected accordingly; just as in England you honour your merchant princes who have waded to a peerage through soap, or cocoa, or newspapers.

“There is just another peculiarity we have in this great 75 and ever-growing country which I would like to mention to you.”

“The greatest country in the world,” I added, smiling.

“The ownership of millions entails a duty to Society generally. Any charitable scheme supported here by very wealthy men is looked at askance, and their heavy subscriptions are regarded in the light of restitution, rather than as generous donations. There is little public gratitude for anything of this kind, as the people do not accept the offering in the light of a gift; they consider that the giver is merely fulfilling his bounden duty to the public and to the State.”

“My friend, your views and the information you impart are most interesting. I really am deeply obliged to you. So tell me, further, what do you Americans think of the English nobility who capture and carry away your heiresses?”

“That, my dear sir, is merely history repeating itself. Since the world began, women have been bought and sold on some parts of the earth, and so they will be to the end. What you refer to is merely an instance of empty, gratified folly, weighed against easily gotten dollars, and ending almost invariably in legal and moral sin. It's not worth a second thought. A much more interesting social problem is the daughter's dower, or dot; which, extraordinary to relate, American fathers do not, in my opinion, favour so much as they should do.

“Now an American young girl, who in nine cases out of ten has been humoured and spoilt out of her natural self, wants to marry a man who has money enough to gratify most of her frivolous whims. She wants motorcars, horses, jewellery, dresses, hats, and expensive knick-knacks galore; whilst she also wants to play tennis, golf, hunt and have what the

poor innocents believe to be a ripping good time. But she has not been accustomed to ancestors who never worked for their living, and there is no strain whatever in her blood to even suggest the idea that her husband should become either her father's or his father's pensioner. Therefore, we get it strong in the wife-to-be from the start, and, as an American young girl is the typification of our national characteristic ‘independence,’ 76 she is often against any such provision or assistance being made, preferring in her selfish gratification of a false pride to see her husband struggle along, heavily encumbered, and little knowing how his load might be lightened at the very time he most wanted it in life.

“In nearly every other country in the world, except where the wives are openly bought and sold, the daughter's dower is the father's first and foremost care. I have no patience at all with my own countrymen, who can afford to make ample and substantial allowances, for not following your English custom of marriage settlements. I suppose, however, that De Tocqueville was right when he said:

“‘Moreover as all the large fortunes which are to be met with in a democratic community are of a commercial growth, many generations must succeed each other before their possessors can have entirely laid aside their habits of business.’

“The word ‘business’ seems to be the keynote of everything. I begin to think we really have too much business in America, and that our race would be more worthy of its place in the sun, if we divided our attention a little more with other affairs.”

We had taken a long, circuitous route home, and were now recrossing the Charles River. My friend turned to me and drew my attention to the magnificent handiwork of his fellow-townsmen, who had shown such praiseworthy enterprise in land reclamation, whereby they added about one thousand and fifty acres to the seven hundred and eighty acres of the peninsula which comprised the municipal limits, whilst he also commented upon the manner of its subsequent development.

I cordially agreed. One could not do otherwise. Then he added: “I feel I cannot conclude our friendly interchange of ideas without once more quoting from that very excellent book of Miss Busbey's. It is a passage you will find very near the end of the work, and it admirably sums up what we have been talking about this afternoon. I will read it to you:

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“In Europe there is a great tendency to create an imaginary America, attributing to it vices and virtues which it has not, exaggerating everything to fantastic and untrue proportion: its materialism, its haste, its luxury, its spirit and innovation, its inclination to the gigantic, it's energy. A foreigner who comes here without prejudices has little trouble in reducing these things to more human proportions, and in convincing himself that America is neither the inferno described by its European enemies, nor the paradise described by its admirers; but just a very interesting bit of the earth where, in spite of mistakes and imperfections, great things are being, and will continue to be, accomplished, and where the miseries and all the precious things of modern civilisation may be found.’”

On revisiting the free library to search in its peaceful and secluded halls for some reference which had been raised in our discourses, and upon which we wished to refresh our memory, I observed, seated in the reading-room, a white-haired savant who was also an American of the old type.

My friend introduced me.

“Ah! Your name, sir, is an honoured name in Boston. I welcome you to our city.”

“I am afraid,” I meekly ventured, “I cannot claim such honour. My name is spelt with an ‘i’ not an ‘e’.”

“Is that so? Well we only know of one of that name here in Boston. He, sir, is a very learned man in your country. A most distinguished Professor of Zoology. An F.Z.S.,

sir!" and he rolled off the letters With a zest and relish, as though there was something wonderful and marvellous attached to their import.

I smiled as I was muchly amused.

"About twenty years ago, sir, he wrote the standard work upon a most interesting variety of the genus Mustela. Your London *Times* , the first and foremost newspaper in the world, sir, devoted a column and a half of favourable criticism to it as one of the most important books of the day, sir! And our committee, acting upon my recommendation, secured a copy for our library. It is one of our most valued books."

At this point I all but laughed outright.

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"I see nothing humorous in my remarks, sir," he exclaimed with some warmth. "The distinguished Naturalist to whom I allude is the greatest living authority in the world, sir, on the *Mustela Furo.* "

"What did you say—Mustard Puro?" I innocently inquired.

"No, sir. Certainly not. I am referring to natural history; to that most interesting little animal which is known to scientists as one of the vertebrata, mammalia, carnivora, *Fissipedia Arctoidea.* Family *Mustelida* ; genus *Putorius* ; and species *Furo.* But perhaps, sir, this is Chinese to you? So to reduce the meaning to the level of popular parlance, or to put it in plain Anglo-Saxon, I must explain that he, sir, is the author of the world's leading text-book on ferrets."

Again I had the greatest difficulty to suppress my rapidly rising mirth.

"You seem to forget, sir, that he is an F.Z.S., although that honour I believe was conferred at a more recent date."

That did it. I could restrain myself no longer, and I fairly roared with laughter.

The old gentleman was furious. I made no attempt to pacify him, but simply handed him my card.

“What! Same name. Then you, sir, are the son of that worthy and illustrious man?”

“No,” I explained, “I am the individual himself.”

“But, sir, that is impossible. You are not sixty years of age? You are not a professor?”

“Far from it,” I replied. “The book you mention has no merit, and was written when I was about eighteen years of age. Why *The Times* referred to it as they did has always been a puzzle. Furthermore, those mystic letters do not carry the distinction nor the importance you seem to attach to them. You remind me of Cowper's lines:

“‘Yet gnats have had, and frogs and mice, long since, Their eulogy.’”

He took my card, gazed at it with seeming incredulous astonishment, and rushed off to compare it with the index. Finding the names agreed, he returned with his head tilted backwards, his face beaming, and both hands extended.

“My dear sir, you are mistaken I You are too modest. I am honoured to meet you. Your visit is an honour to our town. Now to-morrow I will call upon you. You must meet the President of our museum, you must see our Game and Fishery Commissioners. You must place yourself in my hands for several days.”

This stopped the joke and put a sudden damper on my amusement, because I realised that my hours in Boston were numbered. Letters of regret and apology were written and

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posted that same evening, and with a bit of hustle I just caught the midnight express for Buffalo.

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CHAPTER VII HUSTLE IN BUFFALO

American sleeping-cars—An embarrassing episode—Arrival at Buffalo—Holding up a tram-car—An enthusiastic welcome—Hustle—The ball game viewed through English spectacles—The crafty “Nipper” and his lucky hit—A lightning tour of the town—The Country Club—Polo—A beautiful private home—Complimentary dinner—Impromptu speeches—Late return.

The railway journey from Boston to Albany, and onwards through Utica, Syracuse, and Rochester to Buffalo, was most refreshing. I slept, rocked in a soft lullaby by the gentle motion of the Pullman. It was my first experience of American sleeping-cars, and naturally I put my foot in it. The berths are double, which means that there is not enough room for two people and more than enough for one. An old traveller invariably hires a double berth or a half section. The lower half is preferred, and costs more than the upper, which, however, is much the better of the two when once you are settled on it. People of wealth and luxury hire a whole section, equalling four berths, in order to prevent the upper half being used or pulled down, which gives more air space and accommodation.

Not bespeaking my ticket until the last moment, I had to be content with an upper half section. It was late when I boarded the car, and the drawn curtains before each berth, which narrowed the passage between to about two feet, gave a rather sombre effect. Seeing some ladies making their preliminary nocturnal toilet arrangements, I hastily retired, somewhat to the amusement of the coloured boy acting as car porter.

“Dat's orl right, sah,” he grinned. “Your number am O.2.”

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“But that's the ladies' car you have shown me into,” I remonstrated.

“No, no, sah! You orl go same. You top. Dar's a lady below. Dat's orl right. I help you up,” and he pushed me back again into the curtained car and hurried away, returning almost immediately with some portable steps. I took my shoes off, climbed into my berth, buttoned up the curtains and proceeded to undress. I had undressed, and thinking that the curtains of the lower berth were headed below mine, I stretched my legs out into the passage-way, covered of course by the curtains, laid back on the middle of the berth, and raised my hips with a jerky movement in order to pull on my pyjama trousers. Unfortunately, some traveller, or perhaps it was the coon attendant, passed down the passage-way, and, being impeded by the protrusion thus made, gave it a shove of just sufficient momentum to overbalance me. Like an avalanche I slid below and appeared, clad in but scant attire, at the bedside of a lady of middle age who was sitting up twisting her hair round bits of wire before a small hand-glass, balanced on her knees. It is needless to say that she was as furious as I was abashed.

“Sir, how dare you!”

“Madam, I can but apologise and express my most profound regret.”

“Sir, you can do much more. You can get back where you came from.”

I did not wait for more, but dived out under the curtains and, like Joseph of old, fled leaving my apparel behind me. I ran straight into the arms of the grinning nigger, who was standing just outside the gentleman's toilet a few feet distant at the end of the car. He asked no questions, but looked the more astonished, and refetched the steps for me with an old-fashioned look on his face which spoke volumes, whilst I dared not bespeak my abandoned apparel.

Saving this episode, the journey was lacking in interest.

After the palatial architecture of the New York terminal stations Buffalo was a disappointment. At first when I descended from the comfortable Pullman with my grip in F 82 my hand I thought the conductor had made a mistake and pulled up in the goods yard, or, as the Americans would say, in the freight department; but if I had entertained any doubts they were soon dispelled by the crowd of hotel porters and touts which fought to obtain possession of my hand-bag or grip, with such persistency that I determined to keep possession of it myself, and to carry it to the Iroquois Hotel, whither I was bound.

Before I reached the hotel I was destined to encounter an experience which tickled my fancy, but whether others saw it in the same light is a matter which does not concern. On walking up the somewhat dismal street leading from the railway station to the main thoroughfare of the town, the most beautiful and gorgeous tramway car I have ever seen passed me with great rapidity. Its woodwork looked like polished cedar, there was a considerable quantity of bright brass and other metal conspicuous in its framework, whilst the whole car was closed in with glass windows, and there appeared no visible means of ingress or egress.

I gazed after it with some curiosity. Before I had proceeded one hundred yards up the street another similar car passed me and I determined that if a third came I would get on to it no matter whither it might be bound, and take a short ride in order to satisfy my curiosity as to its working arrangements. Having made this determination I naturally kept a good look-out and soon afterwards observed a third car, exactly similar to the two cars which had already passed me, coming along the metals at a high rate of speed. The only way to arrest attention appeared to be to get on the rails in front of the car and to hold it up by the simple expedient of raising one's right hand. This I did, and the car slowed down immediately, coming to a dead stop within a few feet of where I stood, and with such a jerk that I was compelled to jump backwards from my somewhat dangerous position to avoid being run over. Not seeing any door I walked round the car and made a fairly good external inspection of it. I then observed two officials in uniform inside who seemed to be

in a considerable state of excitement. They were gesticulating in the front part of the car. A glass-panelled door was slid 83 backwards, and one of them inquired, with a very serious and long face:

“What's the matter?”

Seeing my opportunity I climbed up into the car, stating the while that I wanted to come in. Whereupon both the aforesaid officials turned upon me with some heat, and roundly rated me for having held up the car in the manner I had done, whilst they went on to explain that it was contrary to the regulations, as they had fixed stopping-places at one of which I should have presented myself. When I could get in a word edgeways, I asked them whether they ran their cars for joy-rides or for business, explaining, as politely as I was permitted to do, that I was a customer and that my money should certainly be acceptable to their employers or shareholders as the case might be; and that as they would undoubtedly be able to collect a fare off me I failed to see what they had got to complain about. In spite of this explanation they still seemed to hold a grievance, so in order to make myself as agreeable as circumstances would permit, I inquired from the gentleman who appeared to be the conductor, how I could get out of the car, as there seemed no way of so doing. He at once reminded me that I had failed to put my nickel into an elaborate glass receptacle which was placed in a prominent part of the car for that purpose, and then snapped out a short sardonic sentence:

“Same way as you came in, sure.”

I asked: “Why is there no door at the back of the car?”

He replied: “'Cause there ain't no back.”

“Right-o,” said I, “now you can stop the car.”

“What for?” said he.

“I want to get off,” said I.

“Then what the hell did you get on for?” said he.

“To see how you get out.”

“Well then you won't get out; you'll just have to wait here till we have gone down two blocks and then you can please yourself whether you get off or stop on.”

“Why not put me down here?” I suggested.

“Guess if you think we're going to stop every two yards for someone to get up and the next two yards for someone to get down, you've struck the wrong shop”

“Well, it's all business, and I have paid my five cents, so what more would you have?”

“Oh, to hell with you and your five cents!” which remark terminated further social intercourse between us, and I left the car at its next stopping-place, necessitating a walk of some little distance back to the Iroquois Hotel.

No sooner had I crossed the threshold of this establishment than my raincoat was seized by one bell boy, my grip by another, and before my eyes had become accustomed to the sudden, subdued light, which was intensified by the glare of the brilliant sunshine without, my hand was seized and nearly wrung off in an enthusiastic welcome by one of my American friends whom I had met on board the *Mauretania.* Not giving me time even to distinguish the outline of his features he ran me across the hall to a group of several others, and before I was able to exchange a word with any of them, I was whisked through to another room and fairly pushed down into a chair at a well-filled table in the restaurant of the hotel. Here I found more friends from the *Mauretania* lunching together, all of whom

seemed very anxious to place eatables and drinkables before me in such variety and quantity that I was bewildered beyond measure.

They did not give me opportunity to recognise individuals, nor to consider a selection of present requirements from the gastronomic point of view. I seemed to be caught in a whirlwind, so I did what any phlegmatic Britisher would have done under similar circumstances, I gasped out that I was not interested in anything to eat, but I would not refuse a whisky-and-soda. This had evidently been anticipated, because two whiskies-and-sodas, with a glass of beer and several cocktails, had already arrived, with which a health was drunk to the auspices of our happy reunion.

“Well, if you don't want lunch that's fortunate. I have just finished mine, so come along; meet you boys later,” and once more I was rushed from the room, across the hall and out into the busy street. Dodging an endless stream of rapid vehicles of all descriptions, and pushed through a mass of hurrying people, I was piloted into a capacious lift of elevator, and before I had time to ask a question, I 85 seemed to be shot up, like a bullet from a rifle, to the top of a Buffalo skyscraper, and I found myself ushered into the office of the friend who had taken me in tow.

He provided me with a comfortable saddle-bag armchair and an excellent cigar of gigantic proportions, and before I had taken the second whiff bombarded me with a series of questions as to my proposed movements, intentions, and the local objects of interest which I might desire to see.

“Niagara, do that to-morrow—Arrangements, make them now.”

Before I could voice the shortest opinion he had the telephone to his ear and was speaking to friends at Niagara Falls, which is situate about twenty miles away from the city of Buffalo.

“Guess I've fixed that up for to-morrow morning, first thing. Now about this afternoon. Let me see, first you must see our friends here. Like to see a ball game? Good. Next, park, statues, Delaware Avenue, Country Club and dinner I'll let the boys know and fix that now.”

He was at the telephone again, whilst I marvelled and wondered.

“Now, sir, you will excuse me one moment and I will be with you in a brace of shakes,“ and I was alone.

I smoked in silence and had ample leisure to survey my surroundings. I was in a private office at the top of a lofty building. Large windows opened out on two sides, one enabling a survey of the street below, where the traffic and pedestrians looked much like the sight one sees when gazing down on to a busy ant heap; other windows gave magnificent views of Lake Erie, upon the shores of which Buffalo is built. The compartment was lofty, airy, light, and handsomely yet simply furnished. It was fitted with all modern requirements. There were spring maps in cases on the wall which could be studied at a moment's notice in the easiest way without the slightest confusion or trouble to replace them. The desk was covered with a glass slab, having a map underneath, and the dimensions of the room were many times greater than is usual with any offices in European cities. But I was not given much breathing-space. Before I really had time to take in the 86 surroundings my friend was back again apologising for having so long delayed me. He was quite ready to start at once. Entering the elevator we made a clean drop to the bottom of the building, bringing the pit of one's stomach into one's mouth, and before the ring of the closing gate had died away it was open again and we found ourselves in the street.

We had walked about thirty yards when my companion hailed a friend in a huge automobile which I was directed to mount before it had stopped; no sooner had we climbed on board than the accelerator was tickled and we flew down the street at a pace far exceeding the speed limit of sleepy England. In due course we took other passengers on board, and before I could realise that I was seeing Buffalo we had driven up to the

door of a private house, were inside it, and imbibing cocktails. Out again, on the car, down the street, up another, round corners, another stop and more cocktails; which interesting occupation of intermittent flights, stoppages, and refreshments was continued for the next hour. During our progress we collected two or three other cars which followed closely behind us, increased our importance, and materially enlivened the very boisterous welcomes which I was receiving wherever we stopped long enough to give one sufficient breathing-space to exchange greetings with my old and new acquaintances.

I began to wonder how long I should be able to sustain a sober frame of mind on an empty stomach if this rate of progression was continued, and I began to regret that I had not eaten a beef-steak, or something equally substantial, whereby I could have resisted these attacks of good-fellowship with impunity, when I found myself whirled round a sharp corner into a capacious yard which was full to overflowing with automobiles of every make, shape, and description. Being told to dismount and follow my friends I did so, and in a few seconds was being pushed, jostled, and bumped about in the middle of a struggling crowd of eager individuals who were forcing their way towards a huge building, wherein pandemonium seemed to reign. Not knowing what the building was, or where we were going, or what was the cause of all this excitement, I endeavoured to acquaint myself with facts by star-gazing 87 around. But this apparently one must never do in the United States of America. The crowd increased in volume, and the pressure from behind was too great to be resisted by the sudden stopping of one individual. I was instantly carried off my feet and knocked down, much to the amusement of those who were with me.

“Say, boy, you are too slow for this country.”

“Guess that won't do; you just keep moving and buck up these steps straight away.”

I required no second warning, as I had hurt my knee and hand rather badly, although I kept that information to myself. Not wishing, however, for any repetition of an American crowd squeeze, I negotiated the stairs in question in record time, and seeing an open

door in front of me, skipped through it and found myself in a box of an amphitheatre which reminded me of a Spanish bull ring. But the scene was such that it arrested my immediate attention, and entertaining no fear of further danger in front or behind I pulled up short and proceeded to gaze round at leisure; yet even this was not to be. “Look out,” said someone, and before I could understand what was meant a hand was placed on my neck which gave me the most violent jerk downwards I had received for many years, whilst so sudden and unexpected was the movement that I nearly bashed my nose in on the backs of some seats in front of me. I could not believe this was intended for a joke or for any other purpose, and not knowing the gentleman in question I turned round prepared to land him one on the point of the jaw for having taken an unwarrantable liberty, which, even in an equanimous frame of mind, mellowed by numerous soothing cocktails, I could not overlook nor forgive, when something like a cannon ball crashed into the back of the box, and my well-meaning protector was in time to drag me on one side and congratulate me on my lucky escape.

“It's all damned fine,” I snapped out. “Escape from what?” and I glared around to ascertain who was the individual who had cricked the back of my neck.

“Why,” exclaimed a gentleman possessing a smile which lit his whole features, “if you hadn't ducked when you did, that ball might have killed you, or given you a 88 blow that you would not have forgotten for the rest of your life.”

“What ball?” I asked. “Which? Where? When.?” He stooped down and picked up a ball about the size of an English cricket ball, but apparently much harder and more formidable.

I was examining this with some curiosity when I saw a gentleman evidently attempting to attract my attention from the field below. He was a long, lean, emaciated individual, in garments of queer rig, with a peaked jockey cap on his head, reminding one of the broken-down stablelads who are invariably met with on obscure Continental race-courses. He seemed to want the ball back again, so I threw it to him, and he appeared to be satisfied.

A seat was pointed out to me, and I was presented with a large bag of pea-nuts, which I was seriously informed were the correct things to eat on such an event as this. Remembering the numerous cocktails that had been forced upon me, I gratefully accepted the offering and sat and ate pea-nuts until I had acquired a thirst worth many dollars.

But the ball game, the great national game of America, was in full swing, and I was there to view it for the first time, in the private box of the President of the Club, surrounded by friends of all ages who were as enthusiastic as children at their first school treat. They did not seem able to sit still a minute. They cheered and shouted themselves hoarse at every turn of the game. They punched me on the back to emphasise a clever hit or throw, unfortunately almost invariably when I was about to swallow an extra large portion of pea-nut; whilst they watched me intently to see what effect this pastime, or sport, made upon me.

On either hand, to the right and to the left, stretched grand-stands of vast proportions, filled to overflowing with a crowd of people drawn from every imaginable class; beyond, in the distance, every point of vantage that afforded a possible view of the ground seemed to be taken up. Boys on trees might be noticed looking like sparrows at bed-time. The back windows of houses abutting upon the base-ball ground were full of peering faces; whilst even the roof-tops held their quota.

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It is not for me, in a book of this description, to give details of the game of base-ball, nor to describe how it is played, nor to enlarge upon its niceties and the scientific points which can be found in any volume relating to American sports, or book of reference; suffice it to say that the game is practically the same as the Old English game of rounders, with the exception that, instead of hitting the man with the ball whilst he is running from one base to the other, the ball must be caught by the player of an active base.

So far as the players were concerned they seemed men trained to the hour, and the programme gave a short history of each, setting out in detail individual prowess and achievements during the season. As every point made by each player was recorded by the scorer, and the rate of payment commanded is undoubtedly affected by records, one can easily imagine that every effort would be strained to achieve a successful issue.

The game which it was my privilege to behold was being played between the city of Buffalo and the Providence team. The home team struck me as heavier and more muscular than the visitors, who were a lighter-built body of men altogether. The mainstay of each team seemed to my inexperienced notions to be the pitcher, or the man who threw the ball at the batter. The pitcher of the home team was a tall, all-powerful man who whirled his right arm round like a mill sail, and pitched the ball with such velocity that the eye could hardly follow it. But the pitcher of the visiting team was a small, lithe individual, as active as a cat, and who seemed to have eyes all round his head. He would pick up the ball and fondle it in his hands as though it was a juicy orange which he contemplated devouring; then he would curl it round the back of his head, with one knee bent and one foot nonchalantly scraping the ground like a bantam cock on a dunghill about to crow; which I was given to understand were the peculiar tactics he favoured in order to induce the occupants of the various bases to venture forth in endeavours to steal a base. But woe betide them if they left their base a yard too far. The “Nipper,” as I christened this pitcher, much to the amusement of my 90 American friends, although he was apparently gazing in the opposite direction, undoubtedly observed everything that was going on, not only in front, but also on all sides and at the back of him. How he did it it was impossible to conceive, but the fact remained. Suddenly, much to the astonishment of myself if not to the other onlookers, the ball would be swung round with lightning-like rapidity and almost mechanical accuracy, and hurtled to the base which had been left. The player guarding it would be almost knocked off his legs by the impact of the ball with his gloved hand, and the man who had left the base would make an almighty effort to slide back to safety in a cloud of dust. At each of these spasmodic exhibitions of marvellous skill and adaptability

to the game the spectators on all sides of the arena would half rise from their seats and yell at the top of their voices, half of them shouting encouragement to the pitcher, the other half execrations at the runner; whilst the “Nipper” could be seen with his peaked cap on one side appealing to the umpire, and pandemonium would reign for a brief period. After the umpire's decision, which was generally against the pitcher, the game would proceed with regularity. But each of these sallies would excite the crowd to fever-heat. Pea-nuts would be forgotten, papers, umbrellas, hats and pocket-handkerchiefs would be waved, or thrown into the air by enthusiastic supporters of one side or the other, and in the excitement of the moment one was guilty of foolish acts which would otherwise not for a moment be tolerated.

All this was interesting to me as an onlooker. But I must not forget the corner-man of the players, who was another gentleman whose evidence was so conspicuously apparent that it was impossible not to individualise him. He stood to the right or the left of the bases in a reserved portion of the ground, which appeared to be about three feet square. It may only be my ignorance, but I am describing what I saw. He was rigged up with peculiar garments and wore a cap and variegated coat. He was a gentleman with a very large mouth and a voice like the bull of Bashan. Occasionally he would put his hands to his mouth in order to bellow forth the louder, and from his contortions and evolutionary antics I began to think

The Ball-Game as Foreigners imagine it.

The Ball-Game as it really is.

91 that he was a lunatic at large, or a gentleman who had staked his all on the game and had escaped from the ordinary seats of the spectators, and who had approached as near to the game as he could get without danger of being hurt by the players; and who had gone mad in his excitement at the pending issue. However, as against this, I noticed that when the Buffaloes were put out, and Providence went into play, this excitable individual retired to a bench and sat down to rest himself, whilst another gentleman took his place on the other side of the ground and endeavoured to the best of his ability to

outrival his predecessor in office, both in noise and extraordinary buffoonery. On inquiry I was informed that these were the professional coaches of the players, and they were merely giving vent to a little encouragement to their respective teams.

We had not been watching the game long before I was told to stand up. “What for?” said I. “Never mind that,” said my friend. “You must stand up.” Then I remembered my entrance, how I had been jerked downwards by the neck, and nearly had my head knocked off by a ball, so I turned to my friend and said, “I don't want any more practical jokes, so I guess I'll sit still where I am because, if I stand up I may be pushed down again, or have another ball thrown at me, or something of that kind.”

“Oh no,” he said, laughing at my suspicions. “We are all going to stand up.” “Well,” I said, “I will wait till I see you get up.” But whilst we were arguing the point I noticed the majority of the people present in the stands stood up in parties, and then solemnly sat down again. I was told that that was done at certain points of the game just for the purpose of encouraging the players of their respective sides.

By this time, with the assistance of a considerable amount of inquiry, I began to appreciate the points scored by their respective players, and I was quite prepared to put my money on the “Nipper,” as I felt convinced his cunning and skill would lead his side to victory. My friends, however, seemed to be against allowing me to bet on a game I did not understand, whilst I further noticed 92 that during my short stay with them they discouraged any form of speculation, on the ground that, I being their guest, they had no desire to win any money from me; a delicacy I should certainly not have given American people credit for had I not seen this example of it.

With varying success on both sides the game proceeded, and towards the finish the excitement rose to fever-heat. When the allotted number of games had been played, both sides had scored an equal number of points, and play had to be continued until deciding points could be obtained. It was very impolite of me to place my sympathies on

the side of the Providence team, but before I had been sitting watching for half an hour, the “Nipper” had so completely captured my entire admiration for the skilful cunning of his play and the brilliancy he exhibited, that to the surprise of everybody, and much more to myself, I repeatedly found myself actually standing on the seat in the box waving a large newspaper and shouting myself hoarse every time he delivered the ball to a base and nearly murdered one of the players who had congregated there in their endeavours to put a man out. It was the “Nipper” I was cheering, and in my reckless enthusiasm I forgot for the moment where I was, the circumstances under which I was present, and every other consideration, except a consuming desire to witness success crown his individual efforts.

This highly amused my friends, and I think they enjoyed the game all the more by reason of the fact that I had let myself go, and shown them that a phlegmatic Britisher who they might perhaps have thought was much too full of insular prejudices could enter with enthusiasm and appreciation into the spirit of their national game. When the decisive battle had been fought and it was the “Nipper” himself who, although reputed to be a notoriously bad hitter and quite unable to run, made the most brilliant hit of the day and whacked the ball to the farthest boundary and then waddled round all the four bases to the home base, pushing his companions from their other bases in front of him, my enthusiasm knew no bounds. I was not content with standing on the seat and shouting, but I must needs attempt to bonnet those in my immediate 93 vicinity whilst I pummelled into them and burst the blown-out empty pea-nut bag, as a final explosion of triumphant joy.

To me it had been a great game. I shall for ever look back in a reverie of pleasurable memory to that day which gave me my first insight into the great national ball game of the United States of America. And although I have seen many ball-games since, by players of far greater reputation than these, their brilliant achievements were not comparable in my estimation to the prowess of the “Nipper” and his team.

As soon as the game was over the thousands of spectators made a dash for the exit and poured out in a stream, with such anxiety and rush that one might have thought there had

been an alarm of fire, or that some serious accident had happened to move them. I was fairly carried along in the throng and lifted off my feet in the pressure of the crowd. In the motorcar yard all was bustle and excitement; the cars were loading up in all directions and shouting and hustling to get out of the gateway as quickly as possible. It was more like the back of a grandstand after a race day in England, with the exception that the American crowd was devoid of the bad language and cantankerousness which, unfortunately, is so often the feature of an English crowd of this description when making a move.

Without opportunity to say au revoir to half my acquaintances, I was pushed into the back of a big automobile and jerked into the seat with a bump, as it whisked out of the yard into the broad avenue beyond the ball-ground. Following a former precedent we made more calls at private houses, imbibed more cocktails, viewed glimpses of more beautiful public buildings, statues, parks, and improvement works, and then we drove up a broad pathway to a long, low, white-pillared building which reminded me forcibly of many a private home in old England, as it stood in its young yet beautiful park. This proved to be the Country Club, where I was told we should meet a number of the nicest people in Buffalo.

Both externally and internally the building was designed with taste arid sufficient luxury for its requirements. It 94 seemed to possess about one thousand acres of land laid out for polo grounds, golf courses, tennis courts, with other provision made for the sports and pastimes which the name of the club would cover. For an hour we watched polo practice and games of interest. Then we strolled across to the private house of the friend who had so kindly arranged my Niagara trip. His grounds were not in any way fenced from the club grounds, nor apparently from the roadway which passed, although at some distance. This want of fencing was one of the peculiarities of America which impressed me more than a little. In the towns I visited in eastern America, excepting New York, it was an exception to find a fence or palisading of any kind to protect the garden in front of the houses from tresspass by person or quadruped. Beautiful lawns, flowerbeds and shrubberies were quite open to the roadway, avenue, or street; yet no one seemed to take the slightest advantage of their want of protection—whilst the added beauty was such that the avenues

of these towns appeared many many times more beautiful than those where the practice was unknown or unfollowed.

The house we now visited was of a different type to the others, although its main planning was on somewhat similar lines. The entrance hall opened directly on to the common room, which in turn led to the dining-hall, upon which the other downstair rooms seemed to open. All the rooms were lofty, having plenty of window space; they were well ventilated and evenly heated, and in this instance I noticed the added attraction, to me at least, of the open, Old English fireplace. But the house seemed to possess no doors. My friend showed me with some little pride his study, or retiring den, which was being panelled with English oak, which seems to be much appreciated for this purpose by Americans of taste.

After admiring the beauties of the conservatories and other objects of art and virtu, which were scattered around in profusion, we were introduced to a new cocktail, specially made for us by our hostess herself. Then we repaired once more to the Country Club to partake of dinner, which had been arranged in an oak-panelled room having a large, round table.

I have no desire to whet the appetite of the reader by details of the excellent menu that was provided, but the greatest delicacies in and out of season that one could wish for were placed before us, and as I was called upon to name the vintage, what more could any mortal desire? The dinner was a merry one, and we did not leave the table until the early hours of dawn, because about eleven o'clock we were joined by a party of gentlemen who had just arrived from Canada, and, naturally, wishing to show my appreciation of the extreme kindness and liberal hospitality which was overwhelming me, I acted as pacemaker by making a speech of thanks to the friends who had so right royally entertained me. This was followed by toasts and other speeches, all the more interesting because it provided an opportunity to listen to a series of impromptu after-dinner speeches, delivered by Americans at home in their own country, and I was able to compare American humour, from the American standpoint, with our own. Would that I

Round the world in strange company; America, British Columbia and the west (section). http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbtn.16320

could have taken notes of those speeches, as I am sure that a reproduction of the salient points that were made, and the bursts of bright, sparkling humour that punctuated almost every other sentence, would have been of far greater interest to the reader than my poor reference to the entertainment itself.

It has been said somewhere that when an Englishman fails to understand an American joke it is because he has no sense of humour; when an American cannot understand an English one it is because the joke is not funny. In my opinion, based upon some experience, this is indeed true. No one seemed to be tired, and everyone present seemed to have some anecdote or story of interest on the tip of his tongue to amuse the appreciative company, whilst time flew so rapidly that when I looked at my watch and saw that the hour was between 2 and 3 a.m. I could hardly believe its accuracy. Shortly afterwards we broke up the party, and lighting fresh cigars mounted the motorcars in waiting for the return journey to the city. But here again I was placed in a quandary by the good-natured generosity of those around me, three of whom wanted to provide for my sleeping accommodation at the same time. Feeling that they had already extended far more hospitality than 96 I deserved, I cut the Gordian knot by informing them I must go back to the hotel where I had left my grip and paraphernalia. Then all three' wanted to drive me there, but as I had already taken a seat in one of the cars we started without further delay.

On arrival at the hotel I went to the desk in the ordinary manner and asked for a room. I found the manager much perturbed over my absence. My grip and coat had been brought in by the bell boys and deposited without a claimant, and as they had neither seen nor heard of me since the morning they feared that some misfortune must have happened, and they were considering if they had not better inform the police of the mystery. But all's well that ends well, and a few minutes later I was installed in a bright, cheerful, comfortable bedroom, which in appointments far outrivalled anything that could be obtained outside

America, except possibly at a few of the most modern hotels that have been erected in recent years.

CHAPTER VIII NIAGARA FALLS AND THE GREATEST ADVERTISEMENT ON EARTH

The town of Buffalo—Niagara Falls—Their discoverer—Power stations—Indian traditions—Solicitude of the State—Side shows—The call of the Falls—Suicides—The hermit—American cuteness—Exploitation of the Britisher—A great idea and its development—Mythical smoke rings—A million visitors—A charming spot—Industrial and social development as applied to business and altruism—Ideal conditions—Pampered employees—A wonderful factory—Business preferred to matrimony.

I was up betimes in the morning, awakened by brilliant sunshine which streamed into the room, and after a cold bath felt as fit as anyone can wish to feel. There was not the suspicion of a headache or tiredness that one might expect after such a strenuous day; or after the large number of gigantic cigars which had been consumed, not to mention cocktails of every variety and mixture, and other alcoholic liquids which had been pressed upon my somewhat unwilling acceptance, and which politeness had compelled me to partake of. It spoke volumes for the quality of the articles in question.

Punctually I presented myself, in accordance with preconcerted arrangements, at the office of my friend who had fixed up the Niagara trip on my behalf. He handed me a couple of envelopes addressed to residents at Niagara Falls, with a slip of paper containing a short time-table to regulate my movements. A few minutes later I was in the train.

The journey between Buffalo and Niagara Falls is uninteresting. The country is flat and the scenery somewhat marred by manufactories of various kinds which line river, the shafts of which belch forth volumes of dense 97 G 98 smoke which neither improve the surrounding country, nor add to its attractiveness. I therefore employed the time studying the guidebook, and in reflection upon the fascinating town of Buffalo.

By digging into detail I learnt, amongst other interesting facts, that Buffalo, which in Europe is hardly known and only believed to be a small Shack-village of a few hundred inhabitants, is a wealthy city of magnificent proportions, having a population of about four hundred thousand inhabitants. Its situation on the great lakes makes it an emporium for much of the traffic with the North Western States, and the commerce runs to hundreds of millions of dollars per annum. The shipping tonnage clearing through the lake harbour would not be less than fifteen millions annually, whilst the grain elevators, warehouses, and manufactories were a revelation to an Easterner.

The residential quarter is superb in the beauty of its open gardens, shady avenues of trees, and tastefully designed houses. The gaudy ostentation of Fifth Avenue palaces in New York finds no imitators here. There is, instead, a refinement and a taste which augurs well for occupants, and which a closer acquaintanceship with them does not belie. The finest street of all in this respect is Delaware Avenue which runs to the west of, and parallel with, the main street of the town. The land is absolutely flat, which makes its beautification in the laying-out a matter of no little difficulty; but seen in the full burst of spring it has a refreshing attractiveness which is not easily forgotten.

Niagara Falls, which are situated on the river of that name twenty-two miles from Lake Erie, and fourteen from Lake Ontario, are undoubtedly talked about and boasted of more by Americans than any other of the wonders of that wonderful land. It is a great and impressive sight, worth travelling many thousands of miles to see; but to one who has visited other wonders of the world, it is not so impressive as Americans would have one believe. The thought which enters almost every mind when gazing at Niagara for the first time is aptly summed up in the words of poor old Blakeley, the actor, who in reply to the usual 99 question: “What do you think of Niagara?” said “What a lot of water.”

By way of short description, the Niagara Fall is one thousand feet wide and one hundred and seventy-six feet high. The Canadian or Horseshoe Fall, two thousand two hundred and fifty in contour and one hundred and fifty-eight feet high. The volume of water equals

twelve million cubic feet per minute, or about a cubic mile per week, nine-tenths of which go over the Canadian Fall. The falls descend into a basin one hundred feet deep beneath, the fall and two hundred feet deep a little away from it. The gorge at this point is one thousand two hundred and fifty feet wide, whilst two miles farther down the river it is barely eight hundred feet wide, and at the whirlpool rapids the space is compressed into three hundred feet. The descent of the rapids varies from fifty feet at the commencement to one hundred feet some miles lower down. The first white man known to have seen Niagara Falls was Father Hennepin, a member of La Salle's party in 1657, and quoting his words, he described them as:

“A vast and prodigious cadence of water which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner insomuch that the universe does not afford its parallel. The waters which fall from this horrible precipice do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise more terrible than that of thunder; for when the wind blows from out of the south their dismal roaring may be heard more than fifteen leagues off.”

Within the past few years several enormous power stations have been erected on both sides of the river, from which about one million horsepower will be drawn; but in spite of croakers who have prejudices against this alleged vandalism, the general appearance of the falls has been little marred by these operations. The water is diverted from above passes through tunnels bored in the solid rock and enters the river again at various points on the sides of the basin below. It is said that the largest steam flume in the world, eighteen feet in diameter, runs below the American national park, carrying enough water to develop 100 sixty thousand horse-power. But in America one is so accustomed to hearing everything described as “the largest in the world” that one would be disappointed were this familiar simile not given. The power thus harnessed and conveyed for the use of man is transmitted to various parts of the State, to a radius of about two hundred miles; and controls manufactories, railways, trams, lighting, and the ordinary uses to which electricity can be put. The visitor should certainly enter one of these power stations, where he will

receive an impression of weird force, equally wonderful perhaps to that obtained from the falls themselves. The intake canal, the wheel pits, huge penstocks, or vertical inlet pipes, turbines, and generators, etc., are marvellous to behold and interesting to all, giving proof of the skill and ingenuity of man to convert to his own uses what Nature has placed at hand, and causing an after reflection to the observer of what the future may bring forth.

A tradition is handed down from the Indians that the falls demand a human sacrifice each year, and an artist, named James Francis Brown, has painted some well-known pictures illustrating these legends of the falls, showing the spirit of the cataract and the ancient annual Indian sacrifice of a maiden, sent over the falls in a canoe laden with the fruits of the earth and the chase, as a tribute from the tribe in the belief that such an offering would influence the spirit of the waters in their favour during peace and war.

It would be presumptuous on the part of the writer were he to express any opinion when to visit this marvellous American attraction; or were he to attempt to suggest at what period of the year, or at what time during night or day their beauties appear most attractive. The only advice that can be given with any truth is, not to visit America without seeing the falls, to visit them as often as possible, to view them under all conditions, climatic or otherwise, in order that one's own conclusions may be drawn from personal observation. Because they naturally appear entirely different when seen during the four different seasons of the year, also by sunlight, moonlight, at dawn, or at dewy eve.

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The rocks consist for the main part of limestone and sandstone, with vast quantities of shale lying below the falls. It is said that the water eats through the limestone precipice at the rate of one foot per annum. About a million tourists visit Niagara Falls every year, which is the chief source of prosperity to the inhabitants of the town of about thirty thousand inhabitants built around them; whilst naturally the recent harnessing of the waters is adding an industrial population.

The State has long since been alive to the importance of the falls as a national asset, and has acquired Goat Island—a stretch of land running for half a mile below the rapids, which it has converted into a park of surpassing beauty, embellished with horticultural richness representing the highest achievement of the landscape artist. On the Canadian side is another park laid out above and around the power stations, whilst gardens have been added on both sides of the falls in which everything seems to be maintained regardless of cost to make this spot one of the most beautiful and attractive in all America.

Such a noble work of nature cannot adequately be described in a few lines, nor could it be depicted on canvas with any degree approaching accuracy. Art cannot capture the fleeting sentiments of the ever-changing beauties of such a sublime spectacle. Each passing cloud, each ray of sunshine alters the scene. From each coign of vantage a different aspect appears as a beautiful picture, as a wild, ethereal vision, or as an awful revelation of the terrific force and power of nature, against which the efforts of man would seem to be so puny and insignificant that any attempt to resist or control it must mean immediate extinction.

A week would be a short time in which to thoroughly view, grasp, and realise a part only of its possibilities. All points of vantage should be visited from above, below, and on all sides. The upper river and the gorges below the cataract with their ever-restless waters; the whirlpool, where still waters run deep but contain a latent danger to one and all who are rash enough to venture within its reach; the cave of the winds below the mighty fall itself; the view from the bridge; from the electric cars 102 which do the round trip and from the heights above; all these must be seen and viewed with time at disposal. A lightning, cursory visitation, that is so favoured by the majority of sightseers, seems an insult rather than a pilgrimage of this sublime spectacle, so representative as it is of the omnipotent power and handiwork of the Almighty Creator.

“Gazing at the water, eh, stranger? Don't gaze too long or the spirit of the falls may claim you as her own.” I felt a slight tap on the shoulder and turning round encountered a

swarthy, sharp-featured American of probable Spanish extraction who had thus broken in upon a reverie.

“Excuse my intrusion, sir. But although this spot is the most beautiful on earth, it has its tragic side.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Waal, I guess there's a kind of a mesmeric power 'bout this spot that some folks can't resist. You see they gaze, and gaze, and gaze into the mists, and the rainbows, and the ever-tumbling rush of waters, until a kind of feeling comes over them that they must plunge in and git along with the stream. It's a sort of an irresistible call that they can't deny, and dare not disobey. It's wonderful how it grips 'em. And it's mighty sad to see the poor folks that the spirit of the cataract has lured on to jump to their doom. Guess there's nigh one suicide a week, if you can call it such. It's really the fatal attraction of the waters which the poor things can't resist. It's known 'bout these parts as ‘the call of the falls.’ I've felt it myself often and often, but then I never stay too long, or, one day, I may go the way of the rest of 'em. Quién sabe?”

For a while we were both silent. Then he continued: “I've been watching you stand here a long time and I began to fear the maid of the waters was a-beckoning ye. But now I've seen your face and I've warned yer, I guess you'll be all right.”

I thanked my self-appointed guardian and questioned him further. I had heard of a similar fatal attraction as a danger to high-mountain climbing, and I had felt it that way myself more than once when I had been hunting wild

 creatures in mountain fastnesses and in places where I dare not look down. I also knew by experience in other lands that most waterfalls of any note carried legends of

Round the world in strange company; America, British Columbia and the west (section). http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbtn.16320

sagas concerning mythical inhabitants, and that they were frequently favoured by suicides; but I had not before heard of this particularly luring fascination, “the call of the falls.”

“If they jump in on the American side their bodies are never found, 'cause they gits jammed in the rocks below. But if they goes in on the Canadian side they generally shows up again in the whirlpool. But maybe they'll twist about there for weeks. Years ago there used to be a French hermit who lived in a small cave up yonder. He never spoke to a soul. He loved the cataract, and, as you know, those chaps aren't 'lowed to marry. But the maid of the falls was for ever calling and luring him on, till in the end he was like the rest of 'em, he could stand it no longer. He jumped in, and his body was never found.

“Ah, well! Niagara is a mighty fine place, but it's been an unfathomable grave to thousands. One never knows who is likely to be called next. P'raps it'll be me. *Ouien sabe?* ”

In business the American is cute, far cuter than we poor old-fashioned, slow-to-move, heavy-thinking Britishers. America spells progress. She has no patience with obsolete methods. If a full-working plant is installed at a cost of a million dollars or more, and within a few months an inventor comes along with new machinery which will turn out the same product at a considerable saving of cost, the Britisher would send him away satisfied with what he had. Not so the American. He would, without a moment's hesitation, scrap the whole of his new machinery and put in the latest invented type, utterly regardless of former capital outlay, with the sole thought before him that the latest machinery made a saving on the former, which from a business point of view must in the long run pay. Again and again I met instances where Americans had scrapped plant after plant in favour of latest improvements; whether the object-matter was large or small seemed to make no 104 difference. Absolutely up-to-datism is their one and only motto; whilst it remains an undisputable fact that where an American meets a Britisher the American scores every time.

It is but a few short years ago that some Americans exploited London. They studied the Britisher at home and his business methods and were not slow to grasp the position of affairs. A number of them took advantage to work the obvious placer claims, and to pick up the nuggets which they could kick about with their feet. Not satisfied with this, where they possessed large business enterprises in their own country, the plant of which they knew to be old and obsolete, they persuaded gentlemen with empty titles to lend their names by way of ornamental figure-heads to proposed companies, which they floated on the confiding British public, supported by facts and figures which were accurate enough in themselves, and sufficient for the purpose. But as soon as the shares had been taken up, and the astute American owners had been able to unload their individual holdings, they utilised the cash so obtained to build up other businesses equipped with the very latest plant to work in rivalry to their old businesses and turn out the same products at such an enormous saving in expenses that the unfortunate Britishers saw their stock dwindle away to obscurity, whilst that of their newly created rivals soared to the skies. Such examples as these merely go to prove the old saying that, in business at least, “the weak must go to the wall”; and the scriptural quotation: “The Lord favours those who help themselves.”

In advertising the American far outdistances every other nation, not only in efficiency and attractiveness but also in results for money so laid out. The far-sightedness of an American business man to grasp a possibility which hardly anyone else would ever dream of has repeatedly brought him into prominence in a thousand little ways. It should be sufficient to select one example only by way of quotation; the cleverness of which has been proved by the gigantic success of its outcome.

Niagara Falls, ever since its discovery in 1657, has been boosted, not only throughout America but all over the universe, as the greatest and most wonderful marvel 105 the world has ever seen. It is almost impossible to speak to an American for five minutes without his asking you: “What do you think of Niagara?” or words to that effect. This fact evidently dawned upon an American business man who shall be nameless, but who at

once decided that herein lay an advertisement which of itself was sufficient to make any business which could be founded upon universal advertising a success from its inception.

What did he do? Put oneself for a moment in his place and the answer is simple. The history of his contemplation, thoughts, and the subsequent initiation and completion of his ideas unroll themselves like a diorama to anyone who reconstructs the scheme in the rings of smoke ascending from a cigar.

Influenced by the magnitude, force, and power of America's most vaunted marvel he probably muttered: “I must select an article which can be used all the world over. It must be an article in universal demand. It must appeal to the senses of mankind, if possible to his palate; for much of the weakness of human nature lies in the stomach. What article of commerce best answers these requirements?

“Wheat! Bread!! The staff of life!!!

“But bread is an article which must be made where required. It is not an article which will keep. Now biscuits are hard tack and can be sent anywhere; but they are not in such universal use. If I could only invent a new kind of biscuit which would take the place of bread, surely therein would lie my Eureka.”

The idea germinated. From a single grain of wheat he built up a business, the extension and possibilities of which may be but in their infancy. Scientific study and research, the very roots of all successful enterprises, proved that the most nutritious and healthful article of food which the human race can consume is provided in a product which contains the whole of the wheat kernel without any one of its ingredients being extracted. Cooked in simple fashion the dish is unattractive, but dressed up in a more appetising form who can resist it? The inventor did the rest, which capital and labour exploited.

Let us blow more smoke rings and peer into their 106 inmost depths. “A million visitors annually to the Falls of Niagara! That stream of sightseers must be captured, diverted,

and harnessed in the same way as the mighty power of the falls can be handled for the purpose of turning the wheels which bring life and activity to machinery. A factory in which such patent food is to be produced must be a model to the world. It must be such a factory that every person who enters its portals will go away and talk about. Then the business will run of its own accord and automatically bring about sales of its products without that extravagant and unlimited strain of newspaper and other advertising which so weighs down modern businesses and absorbs so much of their earnings."

The rings are breaking up and the smoke is dissolving away into the surrounding atmosphere.

Imagining, almost to a degree of certainty, that thoughts such as these entered and remained rooted in the mind of the originator of the great business in question, it is but an easy step further to conceive how he selected for his site the most beautiful and attractive spot to be found in the whole district. If any doubt existed as to this reasoning, there is a booklet on the wonders of Niagara, which can be purchased anywhere for ten cents. It states: "Right here is the secret of the drawing-power of a wonderful establishment. There are factories and factories. But the shredded wheat factory is unequalled. There is nothing like it in this, or in any other country. It is the dream of a dreamer, fully carried out. The dreamer who invented shredded wheat dreamed he would build the cleanest, finest, most hygienic factory in the world, in which to make the purest cereal food possible for the human race. He has succeeded in making good his dreams. In this plant are realised the most advanced twentieth-century factory ideals. This is what draws the pilgrims from all lands. The factory has been visited by men and women of every race, every clime, and every station of life; from men distinguished in letters and politics to members of royal families."

But put shortly, the whole project may be summed up in four words, "essence of successful advertising."

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My guide took me along a beautiful avenue bordered by dainty, well-kept gardens, containing flowers of every hue, in the midst of which, at periodical intervals, nestled inviting little bungalows covered with flowering creepers and having French windows opening on to green lawns; whilst overhead huge trees extended their branches, giving cool and refreshing shade from the brilliant sun which was quite unable to penetrate that heavy roof of verdant foliage. Innumerable fountains sprayed from snake-like hose in all directions, conveying refreshing force and vigour to all the plant life around, and preventing the possibility of dust nuisance. Glimmering through the tree trunks and spaces between the houses on the right could be seen the dancing waves of the Niagara River, with the blue distance of the horizon line beyond. Robins and other birds whistled their contented songs from innumerable leafy bowers, and I wandered on enraptured and enchanted with this veritable garden of Eden. My guide led me across a lawn of more than usual beauty to a magnificent flight of steps, the entrance to a marbled hall with tesselated floor, ornamented with beautiful rugs, sumptuous furniture, and decorated with palms and hot-house plants. From its ceiling hung pendants and crystal balls containing electric lights; and being aweary I sunk deep down into a luxuriant couch to await the coming of a man mightier than he who had hitherto conducted me.

What was the building I had entered? It seemed furnished better than some of the palaces of the minor kingdoms of Europe. Its cleanliness savoured of godliness. No club that I had ever entered possessed such an entrance hall. No home I had ever seen had been fashioned in similar style. I gazed around me with wonder and conjecture.

“Ah! Good morning, sir. So you have arrived at last. We have been expecting you for hours, and although this is a half day with our employees, we have kept the factory going in order that you might see it at work.”

“Factory,”, I exclaimed. “I do not understand.”

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“If you are ready I will show you. If you prefer to rest, by all means take your time. We do not claim perfection, but here you will see an institution which 108 employs some six hundred hands, the sexes being about equally divided. Our power is electrical, the current being naturally obtained from the greatest waterfall on earth, which you have no doubt seen. Our building cost some millions of dollars, and we use our best endeavours to combine science with business principles, which embrace the care and well-being of our employees in a manner which should be satisfactory to all concerned, even in these times of socialistic tendencies and unrest. Our methods of management ensure confidence. Thus you will see for yourself what little effort is required for a practical philosophy to guide in unison the heart and mind. It may strike you, a stranger from an old-fashioned country, that such a system is too expensive to be conducive to business success. I refer you to our stockholders who at present seem satisfied with their returns; anyhow they are not kicking. Before entering the factory proper I wish to prepare you with a slight outline of our general principles. We make it our business to supply the deficiencies in natural conditions whereby the operators are usually deprived of mental, industrial, and social development. The management of our company has established a welfare department. This club is unlimited as to the progressive desires of its operatives, combining business and altruism, which is the basis of industrial success.

“Our employees are not treated as a cog in the wheel of industry, but as ladies or gentlemen whose honest labour is a part of a valuable asset necessary to the success of our enterprise. Our minimum wage for lady employees is 30s. a week, eight hours a day. Each year of service is rewarded by a weekly wage increase of one dollar, through which method of automatic advancement the less fortunate of the employees is encouraged for faithfulness if not for ability. We have no business or administrative secrets. The office boy or the sales manager may at any time, for the simple asking, become acquainted with every detail of the business and every policy of the company. Our manager has the fullest confidence in every one of his employees, whereby he gains theirs. We have no individualistic privileges. No class distinction. All

Entrance Hall to a Modern American Factory.

109 participants in the firm are socially equal. Our strength and our authority lies, not in favour, but in confidences. If our employees are desirous of learning a trade or an art, no matter of what nature or character, the opportunity will be at once given if six or more join in a request; whereupon the company will furnish instructors and every facility of advancement along the chosen line without charge of any kind. Moral persuasion, the privilege of every free-born man, is all that is permitted to influence operatives in joining classes, or entering social or industrial classes for their own benefits. Of course we have a system of medical examination, which is voluntary, and if any case of sickness develops the company provides every requirement to tackle and overcome the temporary trouble. No one is permitted to work with a headache, indigestion, or the slightest physical ailment; whilst our lady employees become the guests of the company each day for dinner, a meal which is given free and is not considered as part of wages, but as a mark of friendly social interest. To the male employees we make a trifling nominal charge. Adjoining the dining-rooms the company provides elegant rest-rooms which are as comfortably furnished as the offices of the president of the company. We provide a free circulating library, a relief association to which we add a sum equal to any voluntary sum subscribed by our employees. For amusements we have built a skating rink, tennis court, bowl green, and we also organise a base-ball club, balls, receptions, a choral society, dancing classes, and annual outings. Saturday afternoon is allowed off, with full pay, and the halls and free theatre of our company are open to the use of our employees for private social festivities at any time. Our choral society numbers over one hundred and is trained at the expense of the company, whilst the time given to rehearsals is paid for by the company as if the ladies were working in the factory. We also give free instruction in deportment, etiquette, and languages.

“Later on I shall have the pleasure of showing you not only the private rooms, which are maintained for the exclusive use of our employees, but also the marble lavatories and bath-rooms with private lockers in the 110 dressing-rooms, shower-baths, needle-

baths, and every facility for encouraging and maintaining the highest standard of personal cleanliness, all supplied gratuitous and free to our employees; the erection of which alone have cost our company at least one hundred thousand dollars."

I shut my eyes and leant back on the comfortable couch dreaming, not of what was before me, but of the days depicted in the pages of a book called "Looking Backward" which I had read years ago, whilst I imagined for the moment that I was living in the year A.D. 5000, when socialistic fantasies had proved themselves the true ideal existence.

"I am afraid, sir, that either my description is wearying you or you doubt its veracity; but if you will follow me you can see for yourself."

We entered one of the numerous elevators, which are located throughout the building in such a way that no employee need go up or downstairs, and were taken with lightning speed to the roof, where a beautiful panorama of the scenery of the surrounding country lay spread before us. The Niagara River, the Rapids, Goat Island, Three Sisters Island, and other scenic beauties. But little time was permitted either for viewing or to drink in the pure invigorating air so far removed from the dust and smoke of old-fashioned towns, factories, or railroads. We were re-taken into the top of the factory where wheat was being passed through cleaning machines which removed every minute particle of dust, dirt, or foreign material as well as broken or defective grain. Descending with it, so to speak, we observed other machines which cleansed the kernels or berries as thoroughly as if they had been scrubbed with a brush; whereupon they automatically entered cooking cylinders in which they were agitated by revolving steel paddles for about thirty minutes in order to break up the starch granules in the centre of the wheat kernels to render them soluble and digestible. Passing into a hopper the cooked grain drops to the floor below into drying machines which removes the excess of moisture; after which it is fed into more hoppers, the mouthpiece of the shredding machine. Here the wheat kernels are caught between 111 rollers and turned into fine porous shreds which are dropped upon an endless chain, laying layer upon layer, until they form the thickness required. The long band of white

filaments is dropped to a cutting device, which separates them into cakes and drops them on to oblong pans. These pans pass to the ovens where the biscuits are baked, then pass through other ovens which dry the interior of the biscuit and completes the baking process. Pan-racks convey the finished article to the packing tables where they are placed in cartons, which in turn are placed on an endless belt carrying them to the sealing machines, which latter seem almost human in their operations. They automatically open the flaps of the cartons, cover them with a vegetable glue, fold them together and paste a strip of paper over each side in such a way as to join the edges of the flaps and make a package which is practically moisture-proof and air-tight. The packages are then carried along by means of a belt between cylinders of steam to dry them for packing in wooden cases prior to dispatch to all parts of the world.

I wandered round this marvellous building with more amazement than I had viewed the falls which gave it power; whilst the employees, the ladies and the gentlemen before referred to, went on with their work, which consisted in superintending the artificial labour of the complicated machinery in various parts of the building, regardless of my presence. I observed they were well dressed and to all outward appearances a contented, healthful, happy family. In a luxurious dining-room I sampled the products to see whether there was any difference in the taste of the article fresh from the machines from that which I was accustomed to in other places. I conversed with several of the employees who were engaged in a similar occupation to myself.

“You seem to have a happy home here,” I suggested by way of introduction.

“Indeed we do, and we have no desire to leave it.”

“But surely, amongst such a quantity of attractive-looking young ladies, do not the thoughts of any of you ever turn to matrimony?”

“Well, I guess some of us think that way sometimes, 112 but the majority of us are far better off here, where we have certain happiness, health, and prosperity, to the

uncertainties of that unknown, troublesome stream. For my part," said the speaker, "I have been here many years and I intend to stay as long as the management will let me."

"Wise and lucky girl," I remarked, at which she laughed in happy agreement.

But my time was shortening. I had reluctantly to make my adieux. The genial manager insisted on accompanying me to view other local sights and attractions from his comfortable automobile, and eventually he deposited me at the station with expressions of regret at not being able to do more for me. I steamed away from Niagara Falls in a bewildered state of mind, filled with memories, and nursing the hope that I might return to that attractive neighbourhood at a not far distant date.

CHAPTER IX CHICAGO

Leaving Buffalo—Aladdin towns—How Pierpont Morgan out-pointed Carnegie—The biggest bankrupt in the world—American views on Suffragettes—Chicago—Auto Street—The mightiest smell on earth—The wheat pit—A night adventure and a narrow escape.

Leaving Buffalo with sincere regrets, my western road skirted the shores of Lake Erie, passed the towns of Erie, Cleveland, and other minor cities, crossed the States of Ohio and Indiana to Lake Michigan, where Chicago, situate on its south-western shore, was reached; the next stopping-place in my itinerary. This journey was devoid of interest; so I passed the leisure hours in the small department allocated for lavatory and smoking accommodation combined, in company with a few bagmen *en route* for the city of smells and dollars.

"Never seen Chicago, sir! Finest city in the world. No place like it. See that village we're passing now? That's Calgary. It's no good looking in your guidebook, sir. Our towns hereabouts outpace all guide-books. You won't find it even mentioned. Three years ago

not a brick of that vast city you are now staring at existed. But a man came along. I said a man, sir."

"Ah, yes," I replied, "I'm listening. I distinctly heard you mention it was a man and not a Suffragette."

"Yes, sir. That man brought an army of workmen with him carrying material. Waal, he stopped right here and spat on his hands. It was a signal to begin work, and if you believe me, sir, five hundred miles of rail track were laid before nightfall. His next spit planted the town; and his third spit ran up the factories which you see on all sides of you. We do our contract jobs right away here, sir, for sure," H

I agreed, keeping my thoughts to myself.

As we passed Mr J. D. Rockefeller's oil-refining plant, which could be smelt for miles, I remembered that I had been one of the flock of investing sheep who had lost a bit in the alleged oil boom, and as the train flew by these straggling cities of mushroom growth, I vaguely wondered which part of the labyrinth of houses, factories and workshops I had helped to erect—or was it steel rails which had absorbed my little pile? My head buzzed so with the roar and rattle, dust and smoke, that I could not remember, although I had a hazy impression that I had been dazzled with, and had stumbled over, both. Then my friend, the loquacious drummer, chipped in again.

"When Pierpont Morgan travelled over to Europe with Carnegie who had just received three hundred and twenty million dollars for his share in the Steel Combine, Carnegie remarked to him, 'Well, I tuned you up to three hundred and twenty anyway.' 'Sure,' said Morgan, 'but we made a profit of one hundred and eighty million out of you.' 'How's that?' inquired Mr Carnegie! 'Guess we had figured it up, and agreed to give you five hundred millions; only you let us off for three hundred and twenty.'

Round the world in strange company; America, British Columbia and the west (section). http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbtn.16320

“Talking of money deals, the best chance on earth, sir, was refused by one of the early settlers in my native city, Chicago. He was offered the whole of the land and building sites on the lake front, extending back best part of a mile, for only a pair of boots to be handed over then and there.”

“But why did he refuse?” I innocently asked.

“Well, sir. To tell the truth,” he added with a bit of a twinkle in his eye, “at that time he did not happen to possess an extra pair.

“You might observe, sir, that in the neighbourhood of Chicago we talk big money, but I once met an old nigger who actually owed over ten million dollars and yet he had not been made a bankrupt. He was still living on unembarrassed” by his creditors.”

I presumed I had to buy this as well, so I expressed polite surprise.

“You see, sir, his town incurred the debt for improvements, and when the rates and taxes grew uncomfortably 115 large the other inhabitants quitted one by one until the coloured man found himself left quite alone to face the liability, which he has done quite cheerfully ever since.”

When we had finished laughing at these humorous anecdotes the conversation drifted to England and the Suffragette question, perhaps by reason of my previous allusion, or because that subject appeared to be the only topic of European politics which Americans took any interest in. Every little flare-up by the militants in England found a space in their newspapers; other foreign news was conspicuous by its absence. It seemed, however, quite beyond American powers of comprehension that any nation should let these women out of prison so soon after they had been sentenced for arson and other proved or admitted crimes. When another British traveller explained that the Liberal Government were so nervous of losing their self-voted salaried positions if a Suffragette died in prison, that they let them loose again wholesale, these disgraceful English politics were likened

to Tammany Hall and all its alleged iniquities; in which comparison England certainly did not appear a nation to be proud of. The company assembled had expressed a unanimous opinion that the then present English Government was about the worst and the most dishonourable the country had ever known, when the outskirts of Chicago were entered, and everyone concentrated his or her interests upon their own personal belongings. A few moments later the express was brought to a standstill at Van Buren Station and I was groping my way up narrow, dark streets dividing lofty skyscrapers under the guidance of the friendly drummer.

The population of Chicago is about three millions, made up of almost every race of the peoples of the world. Its newspapers and church services are conducted in quite a score of different languages, whilst forty varieties of tongue are spoken in the streets. The name is taken from the Indian *checagua* , meaning “wild onion” or “polecat,”, and when one catches hold of the otto of the stockyards, whether on an off day, or in all its glorious fullness of fertiliser backing, one must agree that the nomenclature *is apt and appropriate.*

With its five hundred millions sterling of trade per annum the writer had no sympathy. He was a pleasure-seeker, therefore Chicago had no use for him. He was disconsolate and alone—a round peg which could find no place in a square hole. Two days' aimless meandering sufficed to heartily sicken him of what to business men is undoubtedly a marvellous and a wonderful city. The colossal buildings, the majestic skyscrapers, and the beautiful water front command admiration, but after New York they do not hit home as wonderful; although to give the city its due it was the pioneer and not the copyist in this respect.

The keynote which resounds throughout the whole district like the ring of the anvil in a blacksmith's shop, is dollars, dollars, dollars. Thus it is hardly to be wondered at that, giddy and bewildered with the ceaseless roar of the traffic; the multitudes of pushing, sweltering, reeking humanity; the throbbing, pulsating hum of the innumerable overhead

wires; and the general rush and hustle of everyone and everything; I was glad to retire to the cool, gloomy entrance hall of the La Salle Hotel, there to sit alone after each few hours of sightseeing just merely to think and to commune quietly with myself upon the magnitude and the meaning of this gigantic hub of the business universe of the Central States. It reminded me of a gateway to a mighty desert, where all the arriving or departing caravans of the world had collected. It seemed a city of sleepless activity, containing an unlimited field of boundless possibilities. Pleasures and amusements appeared to be held as of such secondary importance that what few facilities in this respect existed were allowed to be passed under the thumb of kill-joys and fanatically minded, Puritanical humbugs, who imagined evil in every innocent pastime. One could not but wonder what the lunacy rate must be in such a town, where the almighty dollar seemed to mesmerise its entire community.

In leaving Chicago I bore away memories which can never be effaced.

One was of the Michigan Boulevard, a well-paved, beautifully laid-out and perfectly straight street dissecting the town for a distance of about six miles, wheron a ceaseless

Fire-Escapes to Skyscarpers.

A Skycraper in building.

117 less procession of tens of thousands of motor-cars disported themselves.

Another was the smell of the stockyards. I obtained my first whiff when driving to Jackson Park. It hit me squarely between the eyes. It penetrated through handkerchiefs, gloves, or deodoriser. No rival perfume availed against its strength and quality. It entered one's nostrils, mouth, and throat and settled on one's chest. There was no escaping it. It seemed to enfold one's whole being, to cling to one's clothes and paralyse one's senses with a pertinacity that it was impossible to shake off. It was a strong, pungent, rancid, unforgettable conglomeration of beastliness, that was absolutely indescribable in words, because the Anglo-Saxon language does not contain any words-swear words or other

words—that are capable of adequately doing it justice. I unhesitatingly agree with any or every American who wishes me to, that it is without doubt the greatest and the most almighty stink in the whole wide world.

A third memory was the wheat pit in the Board of Trade Building at the end of La Salle Street, where the din and confusion of sounds rose and fell, as the prices swayed and fluctuated, like Atlantic storm waves on the rockbound shores of Western Kerry. The compact mass of wildly gesticulating men, roaring themselves hoarse, may well be compared with an essence of Bedlam's worst, refined down to concentration point, and turned loose in a small circular enclosure little bigger than an Old English, or a modern Spanish, cock-pit. The sign language used by the corn brokers is as necessary as it is simple, for pandemonium reigns incessantly. In Watt Street the stock, grain, and provision brokers' offices are worth an inspection. Some of them are built in Grecian style, with fine marbles, beautifully carved pillars, and classic decorations. They are elaborately equipped, having tape machines and gigantic blackboards giving market quotations from all the Bourses of the world on which are recording every minute fluctuations of prices. I noticed in one of them, carved over the price-board, the significant quotation: “He who looks back in this game dies of remorse.” A lonely Swede was my fidus Achates. He had been thirty 118 years a resident in Chicago and had long since wearied of the life. We met in the gallery of the wheat pit, and I followed him to the smaller pit across the street, where I was initiated into the mysteries of marginal contracts and option shorts; but as I understood the patois of the inner Baltic provinces which my guide and an eager broker interchanged, I learnt more than my would-be instructors had intended. To this day they are probably wondering why, after all their trouble, patience, and perseverance, that dam-fool-Britisher merely remarked: “Guess there's nuffin dooin' this trip.”

The fourth memory is probably the most lasting, because it was the most forcibly impressed upon me. It happened thus wise. Satiated with the sickening sights of the stock-yards and packing houses in full swing, which daily relegated the historical blood baths of A.D. 1520 at Stockholm, and 1793 at Paris, into insignificance; disappointed at the embryo

art galleries and amateur museums which the guide-books so over-extolled; and bored to distraction with the tameness of the amusement houses which I had visited; I sought advice and consolation from one of the rosy, round-faced, chubby policemen on duty outside the renowned shop-front of Messrs Marshall Field & Co's gigantic store. He was an Irishman from County Down, where the mountains of Mourne roll down to the sea, and he hailed me with joy when he heard the brogue of his dearly beloved Emerald Isle.

“Sure an it's a sore thrial we're after a-goin through wid entoirely. I'm onaisy, yer honour, in the prisint religious sanctity o' the city. But faith if it's foightin' ye be after seein' mebbe yer honour will cross the waater after midnight, an' yer honour 'll see drunkards, an' murtherers, an' woife baters, an' foights, till the blood draps from yer veins intoirely.”

Wondering what a tough city was really like at night, and whether there was any truth in the vivid and blood-curdling narratives which the English magazines oft-times present to their patrons, I returned to the hotel, and after a few hours' rest sallied forth about one o'clock in the morning with nothing but a dollar and a half in one pocket and a loaded revolver in the other, in order to seek these 119 plague-spots and to view their dangers with my own eyes. It was a long way to the river, farther still to the dangerous district mentioned; and like other realities of life, no sooner was it materialised than an overwhelming sense of disappointment shrivelled up the satisfaction of having attained it. The policeman had not overdrawn the picture. There were fights, and quarrels, and rows, and all the squalid, morbid, sensational miseries which over-crowding, poverty, and drink foster and generate in the slums and places that are the haunts of criminals and beings who shrink from the light in every great city. But I saw little else here than can be witnessed in the worst places round London, Paris, Hamburg, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, Rome, or New York.

In an hour I had had more than enough of it, but I had walked a long way, and the night was warm. I had acquired a thirst which necessitated quenching, so I made my way to the most brilliantly illuminated part of the district and entered a bar on the corner of what

looked like a main street. Thoughtless and careless fool that I am, I paid for it with the one and only dollar-bill in my possession, and lighting a cigarette I pushed open the swinging half-doors emerging on the street.

Crack! Smash! I felt a violent concussion at the back of my head as though a ton of masonry had fallen upon it. Then all the stars of the heavens seem to dance before my eyes at once, and I pitched forward into the gutter as in a nightmare dream. The blow, however, was not such that it deprived me of my senses, and as I fell I clutched the gun from my side pocket, determined to put up a front, the blow having made me angry. So when three or four “gentlemen” of the neighbourhood appeared very solicitous for my welfare and over-eager to assist me to my feet, they encountered the muzzle of a five-shooter and listened to a few home truths from the occupant of the gutter, which seemed quite unexpected.

“Guess I'll look after myself. And whichever way you're going, I'm going in the opposite direction,” I remarked, meaning every word of it. Needless to add they let me alone, and as I sought my way back to the hotel, the foolish, irresponsible, bad part of my being 120 remonstrated with, rebuked, and reviled the more sensible, reasonable, and better part, for having ever thought of visiting such sinks of iniquity merely to gratify a chance whim of curiosity; or was it only idle, morbid capriciousness?

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CHAPTER X AMONGST THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Leaving Chicago—American ladies and needlework—American railway travelling—Prairie scenery—A lonely graveyard—The Mississippi—A pharmaceutical alarm—Colorado Springs—“Jimmie” from the Old Country—The foothills of the Rocky Mountain—The Mesa—Glen Eyrie—The Garden of the Gods—Manitou and its waters—Indians—Cliff dwellings—Pike's Peak—Sunset in the Rockies—My friend “Jimmie”—Cripple Creek—

Rocky Mountain trains and travelling—The goldfields—Train speeds extraordinary—A lively wedding.

I was glad to leave Chicago. I had seen quite enough of that Mecca of the almighty dollar seekers, who cease not to grub for them from the cradle to the grave, and however large a pile they build up never seem to realise that there is a far happier time in the distribution of wealth, having the happiness of others less fortunate in view, than ever lies in its accumulation.

Owing to the over-attentiveness of a nigger porter on the Pullman I burst a seam in the back of my rainproof coat, so I fished out my “complete housewife” and, threading a needle and cotton, proceeded to mend it. On the sofa *vis-à-vis* was a becoming American lady about twenty-five to thirty years of age. She was absorbed in the perusal of a novel; yet out of the corner of her eye she watched my movements. It had never dawned upon me to seek her aid, as I have been brought up in the school which teaches one to fend for oneself.

Presently the conductor arrived—a well-groomed gentleman whose appearance was more in keeping with a Lord Admiral of a fleet than a guard of a train. “Hallo!” he shouted. “What's this? It looks to me as if the occupations should be reversed.” Whereupon we both blushed to the roots of our hair but said nothing. Boniface made 122 a few more cheerful observations, then probably assuming that we were closely related and that I was merely one of those insignificant, down-trodden, henpecked, wife's dollar-providers, he passed on his way humming rag-time. His observations had made me very uncomfortable. I had started such work under such circumstances that it appeared almost as an appeal for the lady's assistance. But my mind was relieved shortly afterwards when I was informed, in all seriousness, that few American women know how to sew properly. Thus it is that clothing is almost invariably bought ready-made and thrown away when partly worn out, as mending is hardly ever attempted. I assume she was one of this unfortunate class, as I had freely given her peaches, grapes, and other fruits, and lent her books, prior to the

above episode, although I had not attempted any particular conversation. So far as the repair was concerned, I should have refused assistance in any event, on the old adage, that “if you want anything done well do it yourself.”

Travelling by train in the United States is luxurious, but it does not reach that high ideal of comfort that our American cousins would have us believe. Their *trains-de-luxe* can travel some—of that there is no doubt whatever—but unless you expend a considerable amount of money in the hire of an exclusive suite or state-room, you can obtain no privacy, nor even semi-privacy, as is provided on the other side of the herring pond. It is true all through trains are provided with beautiful observation cars, both open and closed, free libraries, newspapers, typewriters with stenographers (who charge about four times European rates), barbers' shops, bath-rooms, telephones, restaurants, and other commendable adjuncts; but they permit inconveniences and discomforts which elsewhere would not be tolerated.

The smoking accommodation is as a rule very bad. The lavatory arrangements are pinched. Men and women are herded together without regard to their respective requirements, more particularly in the sleeping-cars. The conductors patronise the travellers, and often argue or altercate with arriving or departing passengers to the disturbance of light sleepers, whilst the engineers start and stop 123 their trains with violent jerks which bump one's very soul. In addition to other miseries, there is an ever-clanging bell and a multitude of noises which grate on one's nerves and make sleep—peaceful, soothing, balmy sleep—impossible. Personally, I am too old a traveller to be inconvenienced by these trifles. I have slept far too often out in the open air with the star-bedecked heavens for a canopy and mother earth for my bed, to grumble at such comfortable berths as I found on the trains. But in order to be fashionable and sociable, and to follow the lead of my fellow-voyagers, I likewise commented, with some truth, upon the stifling atmosphere and the want of accommodation for one's temporarily discarded clothes; the lowness of the windows; the nasal music of the night choral party; the dust,

the heat, and other little minor complaints, which it would not be human nature not to kick against when enjoying life in the midst of too much comfort, ease, and luxury.

The restaurant cars were certainly good, very good. The cooking was superb and the food first-rate; but few meals were served table d'hote. The menu was *à la carte* . Few dishes were under 2s., and all substantial courses 4s. or more. If lunch or dinner were ordered, such as one would partake of in the ordinary way, the amount of food brought would amply suffice for three or four covers, and the bill would be from 15s. to 30s. or thereabouts. It was not allowable to order one dish for more than one person, and half portions were refused. Thus an impecunious individual, by force of circumstances or choice, was compelled to make a meal on one dish only, which seemed to me to be bad in principle and lacking in business foresight.

The scenery from the trains in eastern America is not such that anyone can rave about. For hours or days, as the case may be, one travels over reclaimed prairie lands, vast, undulating expanses of rich agricultural country, having little to relieve the monotony except here and there solitary ranch buildings and small clumps of cotton-wood trees surrounding some muddy water-hole or skirting the banks of an equally muddy stream. Occasionally a small cemetery may be observed. It is a painful object for reflection. Bleak, solitary, lonely little shrines with 124 nothing to attract or endear the heart but personal memories of the departed who sleep beneath the sod!

Some ranches have a few trees growing round their buildings. They act as a barometer of the intentions of their planters. No trees-time of occupation very doubtful. Many trees—a permanency is probable. A newcomer may build a shack, plough the prairie and dig a well, yet quit the following spring. The ripening of grain is but the matter of a summer. The planting of trees, which live far longer than the threescore years and ten allotted to man, are considered the seal of permanency to every prairie ranchman.

There was one sight, however, that my eyes were watering to see. In the days of my youth I had read and re-read Mark Twain's immortal book, “Life on the Mississippi.” I had dreamed of the gigantic, high-storied, paddle-driven river-steamers; of huge rafts with real houses erected on them to shelter their crew; of the vast expanses of that noble stream; and I longed with an insatiable yearning to gaze with my own eyes upon its dancing wavelets of blue water.

According to our scheduled time-table we were due at Rock Island at 4.30 a.m. Could the nigger porter be trusted to wake me? Would the bait of a promised dollar ensure such a service with certainty? I was undecided and perplexed. To solve the problem I sought consolation from a cigar. To get it I had to dive into the hidden recesses of my suit-case. Whilst thus employed I noticed that a small tube of liver pills, which an old friend, oversolicitous for my well-being, had forced upon me at starting, had broken, and its contents were disporting themselves in all directions throughout the case. I hesitated. I remembered his parting injunction, “If ever you feel at all seedy take one, two, or even more. They will do you no harm and they are guaranteed to act punctually twelve hours after swallowing. I looked at my watch. It was exactly 4.30 p.m. We were due to cross the mighty river at 4.30 a.m. Here was a guaranteed alarm clock awaiting my bidding. Why not? They could do me no harm. In fact they were there for my personal benefit. I waited no longer. The next little white globule that 125 ran across my vision was chased, annexed, and swallowed. Another followed. To make quite sure I partook of a third, and after the cigar had been found I was even tempted by a fourth.

What a fool an old bachelor can be when he has no one to look after him!

Immersed in the joys of a good book and a fragrant Havana I forgot everything around me except the delights of my occupation. When darkness crept over the prairie and the electric lights blazed in the Pullman I welcomed the night, whilst the train rolled on over the vast expanse of the great continent before it, with its living freight, a pulsating, throbbing, mighty organism of latent power and human invention. How long I had been asleep I did

not know, but I was awakened by an awful pain inside. Its intensiveness alarmed me and I groaned aloud. The train had stopped and men with lanterns were flitting without, shouting directions to one another. It gradually dawned on me that we had met with an accident and I was one of the badly injured. Lie still, I thought, the doctor will be round soon, then all will be well. Oh, what agony I felt! It was almost unbearable. I rolled over and over. Suddenly I remembered those little liver pills, the Mississippi River, and all the rest of it. What a fool I was! I wriggled out of the berth as best I could and made a dash for the toilet, practically falling into the arms of the nigger porter who was coming away jingling a bunch of keys.

No, sah! I lock up ebberyting when de train am stand at stashun. 'Cording to orders."

"If you don't open them again," I groaned, "I'll break your black jaw."

"Den, sah, you go 'fore judge and he make you pay pile o' dollars."

I was not in a mood to argue so I just "went for" that darkie without further parley. But the glorious Mississippi River! It interested me no more. Neither did I gaze in wonderment at the three-deckers which were clustered around like a fleet of battleships in home waters. For the next hour I communed alone, in the full agony of a lost and harassed soul whose punishment has been meted 126 out on earth until his cup of misery is full even to the overflowing.

Being desirous of visiting the celebrated mining camp at Cripple Creek I descended from the train at Colorado Springs which had been advised as the best centre to stay at for a few days, having such an excursion in view. There was but one hotel at Colorado Springs, according to Americans. It is named "The Antlers." But the springs are looked upon as a watering-place, and from a previous knowledge of these fashionable resorts I determined to survey the neighbourhood before making up my mind whether to take up quarters at this hotel, or to patronise a less pretentious one. About 8 a.m. I entered the portico of "The Antlers" and wandered round the spacious, well-lighted entrance hall before approaching the hotel clerk to book a room. Having done this, and deposited the check for

my baggage in order that it could be fetched from the station, I proceeded to make myself comfortable with a newspaper and a pipe. Then suddenly a small man, of about fifty years of age, rushed across the hall, seized my hand in a most effusive welcome and launched a hundred and one questions regarding a number of people, residents of the old city of Norwich, in England, without giving me time or opportunity to answer one of them. He seemed utterly astonished that I had failed to recognise him, or that I had not telegraphed announcing my coming. When a word could be inserted edgeways, with polite inquiries as to whom he might be, it was met with the unanswerable argument that the speaker was “James,” “Jimmy.” Of course I knew Jimmy? It was quite ridiculous to inquire further! As soon as he had ascertained that the “Garden of the Gods” and “Cripple Creek” were my objectives, he volunteered to accompany me forthwith. He had merely to change his clothes and he would be back in an hour, when I must be ready without fail. Then he was gone, leaving me like a scarecrow in a field that has been visited by a sudden whirlwind. Well, thought I, there are strange people in the United States and this is one of them. It is merely an experience which every traveller meets with. Evidently this unfortunate 127 individual has a screw loose somewhere, and probably seeing my name and domicile in the register, he, having at some time or other of his existence visited the city mentioned, has had a small outbreak which can be dismissed without further consideration, and I settled again to my pipe and paper. At nine o'clock a victoria with a smart pair of horses drew up in front of the hotel, and the individual rejoicing in the one name of “Jimmy,” resplendent in a new costume, white neck-tie, and puffing an enormous cigar, once more raced across the hall and dragged me out of the chair, overflowing with good-humour; and before I realised exactly what was taking place I found myself reclining in the victoria and being smartly driven through the streets of Colorado Springs. It was a fine city, beautifully situated on the open plain at the base of Pike's Peak, a lonely mountain of immense size lying on the outskirts of the Saguache Mountains or the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, which are apparently foothills from the vast prairie lands on the east to the mighty ranges of the Rocky Mountains. The climate resembled that of Davos in Switzerland, although for wind, dust, sunshine, and dryness it excelled that European health resort. I was told

that from April to September rain was unknown, and the average temperature during the winter did not exceed thirty degrees. After a lightning tour of the town we left its broad, tree-bedecked streets, and crossing some prairie land and part of a high-lying plateau, known as the Mesa, we entered the gates of Glen Eyrie, a private estate belonging to a retired railway millionaire, which contained some extraordinary fantastic rocky scenery. This small shut-in valley was a veritable Garden of Eden so far as flowers and fruits were concerned. Perched in a cleft of the rock in the face of a high, precipitous cliff was an eagle's nest, whilst there were many other smaller objects pertaining to natural history for which one would have liked to have lingered, but time was short and “James” was impatient, so we drove on to the gateway of the Garden of the Gods, consisting of two enormous masses of bright red rock, three hundred and thirty feet high and separated just enough for the roadway to pass between. The Garden of the Gods is 128 a tract of land about five hundred acres in extent, strewn with grotesque rocks of red and white sandstone which are all named; for example Cathedral Spire, Balanced Rock, Tower of Pisa, etc. One rock resembles a huge kneeling camel, others a dolphin, a lion, a griffin, a bear, a seal, and kissing camels; but the most wonderful attraction is the brilliancy of the vari-coloured sandstone which stands out in such remarkable contrast to the deep green verdure of the foreground, the delicate greys and the deep blues of the middle distance, the glorious carmine tints of the hills surmounted by the pure white snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains beyond. No artist's fantasy of extravagant colouring could truly depict the extraordinarily beautiful effects which this unique combination of natural colouring combined.

A mile or so farther on we reached Manitou, with its natural deep springs of health-giving waters, nestling in a small valley at the foot of Pike's Peak, where a cog road ascends to the summit of that lofty mountain. In the spring and during the summer of the year few more beautiful spots than this could be found in the whole of the United States of America, and as may well be believed the little village is filled to overflowing with visitors seeking pleasure, or health renovation from the waters; which belong to the group of weak

compound carbonated soda, resembling those of Ems, which are alleged to be beneficial in dyspepsia, diseases of the kidneys, and consumption. The chief springs have Indian names, Navajo, Manitou, Shoshone, Little Chief, and Iron, and are quite palatable and used for drinking and bathing.

At the back of the town there is a deep valley leading into the foothills which is well worthy of a visit because the rocks are fantastic in the extreme, whilst so little earth seems to have collected in the cracks and crevices that the trees are all of stunted growth, and the effect produced is almost identical to that of a large rock garden in Japan planted throughout with miniature trees, characteristic of that fascinating country. Wandering up this valley the visitor will probably find both tents and houses occupied by Indians, not the Mark Twain variety, but the genuine article, although contact with modern civilisation has worn

The Garden of the Gods.

129 off most of their rough corners. In the face of a big cliff beyond will be found an almost perfect imitation of some prehistoric houses or cliff dwellings, similar to those in the Mancos Canyon; but these are more for the student of the native races of America than for the rambling traveller, who will probably not devote more than a quarter of an hour to their inspection.

From Manitou the summit of Pike's Peak, which is fourteen thousand one hundred and eight feet above the level of the sea, can easily be reached in a very short space of time by a cog-wheeled railway, encompassing grades of twenty-five per cent and unfolding most beautiful views, not only of the surrounding mountain scenery, but also the Mesa and prairie lands below which stretch away beyond the limit of the human vision. The railway begins in Englemans Canyon. Its length is about nine miles with an average ascent of eight hundred and fifty feet per mile. The cars are open and closed, well-furnished and heated. The return fare is cheap at five dollars. The summit is occupied by a small inn containing the usual restaurant, telescope, and commemoration tablet, etc.; but the view is

superb, embracing thousands of square miles of mountain and plain. The Spanish Peaks and the Grand Sangre de Cristo Range, including Blanca Peak, are seen to the south; Loqg's Peak to the north; whilst other peaks visible include Mount Lincoln, Gray Peak, Mount Bross, Mount Rosa, and scores of others of less importance.

Both ascending and descending we were treated to many stops owing to the engine not being powerful enough to cope with the load on the gradients, but they merely added to the pleasure of the trip, as opportunities were given to descend from the cars and snowball each other in playful youthfulness. Before descending from the mountain we witnessed the sun set in the Rockies, which the guide described as “awful, mighty, weird, and supernatural; an impression we should never forget.” Whilst of course he added, “It was the greatest and most marvellous sight in the world,” at which I am ashamed to say certain Britishers in the party laughed. Personally, I should have felt a keen sense of disappointment if the guide, I 130 who was distinctly American, had omitted this usual formula.

From Manitou to Colorado Springs, a distance of seven miles, there is an excellent tramway service which runs through Colorado city and travels at the rate of twenty to thirty miles an hour with few stops, and the distance is negotiated quite as quickly as any train could be expected to do it.

Several days I lingered in the neighbourhood of Colorado Springs, and during that period my friend “James” could not do enough for me. He objected to my small bedroom and I was removed down to a palatial apartment. The choicest cigars only were worthy of consumption by me. If I produced others he would snort with indignation at the sight, throw them away, and at once produce a handful of superfine tobacco such as I would have doubted obtainable. The attendants at the hotel were impressed with the importance of their guest, but I was under a strong impression that they felt and showed disdainful resentment as soon as the shadow of the generous, anxious “James” had melted from the wall. Not content with all this attention he insisted on entertaining me at his private

house where he gave me a dinner fit for the President of the U.S.A.; whilst his display of European cut glass and dainty silver would have been the envy of many a connoisseur. Considering that we had never before met, and that he merely knew of me as a native of his native birthplace in old England, his generosity, thoughtfulness, amiability, and profuse hospitality were the more appreciated and esteemed. I subsequently ascertained that although the genial “Jimmie” occupied quite a humble position in the hotel yet his genuine British thoroughness, and open-hearted unselfishness and solicitude for the comfort of all with whom he came in contact, had become household words in America, and rewards were continually forced upon him in accordance with his well-merited deserts.

One morning I rose early and took the train for the great mining camp of Cripple Creek, which has changed since 1891 from a small cattle ranch into one of the 131 chief gold-mining towns in the country. To-day it holds over ten thousand inhabitants and has numerous substantial buildings. It produces annually about £5,000,000, and is nine thousand five hundred feet above sea level. The mining camps are best seen by circular tours on the high line and the low line electric tramways, whilst the views on the railway, which connects the camps with the prairie towns below the mountain ranges, are truly superb.

An attractive little guide-book issued by the Rock Island Line entitled “Under the Turquoise Sky,” aptly eulogises these local wonders. It describes the steady, irresistible climb of the sturdy Rocky Mountain locomotives up an average grade of eight hundred and forty-six feet in the mile to the top of Pike's Peak, which is nearly three miles above the level of the sea. It depicts the everlasting snows which so many residents in the Southern States have never seen in their lives; the views of the plains, stretching away beyond the reach of the human eye like an ocean; the innumerable peaks of the adjacent mountains; the cations rocks, clefts and precipices; the great rough seams in the mountain-sides looking like the work of vulcans, wherein fire and water might have been used for countless ages to waste and overturn the beauties of nature; dreary wastes of red, brown, and grey rocks; masses of growing, dying, and decaying timber; the greenery of the valleys; little water-courses,

lakes and waterfalls; Nature everywhere; beauty, sublimity, thrills, wonder, admiration, geological phenomena, and the most marvellous colouring and atmospheric effects which the world can produce. All these and wonders still more interesting and wonderful are unfolded before the eye of the traveller as the train follows its winding, curveting course along one of the most extraordinary tracks that the modern skill, ingenuity, and indefatigable persistence of railway engineers has attacked and conquered.

The simple appliances of the old-time miner have long since passed away The gold lies buried deep down in the bowels of earth, and the treasure of these rugged mountains only yields itself to the onslaught of heavy 132 drills driven by electricity. Enormous power and a vast amount of capital is necessary to work these mines. Everything is big, on an American scale of bigness. Every hillock and hill is scrabbed, burrowed, and honeycombed. The clusters of shacks dotted on almost every slope, and the larger settlements of the rugged miners abound with interest; whilst away on the far horizon stretches a view of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, a glorious panorama which is alone worthy of the visit.

We were travelling irregularly. One section of the line would be accomplished at a snail's pace, the next at lightning speed. As an American traveller remarked, one could only gauge speed by observation of surrounding objects. For example, where a road was marked with milestones one could not consider the accelerator was acting properly until these milestones gave the appearance of a graveyard. Or on a railway where one knew the telegraph poles were placed exactly a quarter of a mile apart, the train could hardly be reckoned an express until these poles resembled the teeth of a small comb to the occupants looking out of the cars. Whereupon a white-haired old gentleman sitting in a corner of our car spat vigorously on the floor to show his contempt of such funeral-wagon speeds. “Say, I come from New York; but I guess our accommodation or way-trains beat that. Why, one day a local was about to start, and a young man next to me leant out of the car window to kiss his best girl good-bye. But if you believe me, before he could kiss her, that train started”; and the old gentleman leant back in his seat with a triumphant smile

illuminating his genial features. “But what of that?” asked one of the company present. “What of that!” he indignantly roared. “Waal, I guess he kissed a cow's snout five hundred miles up the line instead. Yes. New York locals travel some,” he mused almost to himself, as he relapsed into silence.

At one section of the line a cowboy in full rig, with lariat, chaps, and sombrero, dashed up to the mail-van, snatched a leathern mail-bag, which was tossed to him by the conductor, and galloped away again before we could even snapshot him with a Kodak. But the event of the

Cinema in a Mining Camp.

133 day was a miner's wedding. The jubilant party boarded and overran the whole train. They were about the liveliest crowd one could imagine on or off a theatrical stage. They held up the engine and stopped the train so that the bridal party could board it. They fired off revolvers and pump guns till a cloud of blue powder-smoke obliterated the view. They showered rice and confetti upon one and all without discrimination. They labelled the cars, inside and out, with texts, mottoes, and advice notes to the world in general and to the bride and bridegroom in particular; whilst about a score of them accompanied the newly wedded pair many leagues on the way downwards before their superabundant wit, chaff, and good-humour had spent itself sufficiently to allow them to stop the train for final leave-takings, and to make a start on their return journey on foot. On the bride's back was pinned a notice: “We are just married.” On the back of her seat: “We must not be disturbed.” On the bridegroom's back: “We are on our honeymoon.” On the roof of their compartment was placed a large pictorial poster illustrating the possibilities of the future labelled: “Two years later,” in which the husband was delineated pushing a perambulator holding twins, with the dutiful wife struggling along behind with other twins in each arm. On each side of the compartment were texts and quotations somewhat similarly worded or illustrated. “May your only troubles be confined to this,” the pronoun being illustrated by a crowd of beaming babies' faces. At parting a few pounds of rice were poured down the necks of both bride and bridegroom, and after another fusillade of revolver shots the cars were allowed to

proceed, whilst the happy couple retired to rid themselves of such evidences of their newly won happiness as best they could. Yet, however, so long as they remained on the train, they were subjected to a running fire of good-natured chaff at every stopping-place, as the train officials and travellers in the cars were loath to let slip such an opportunity for merriment.

By way of example, amongst the innumerable greetings and salutations fired at them were: “Say, Rosie, looks like a good time coming.” “Don't forget to say your 134 prayers,” etc. etc. Whilst at the terminus the conductor came up in all seriousness and asked if it was their wish to have the rice swept up and collected and handed over?—because they might want it ground up shortly.

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CHAPTER XI THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES

The route—Deducing a Scotchman—A rash undertaking—American bank directors on an outing—A conductor sportman—Ranches extraordinary—A generous cattle king—Amusing anecdotes—Impressive scenery—Rocky Mountain sheep—Rich mining—Tall talk—Mount Holy Cross—Eagle River Cañon—An ancient fort, historic in Indian warfare—Grand River Cañon—Hell Gate—Glenwood Springs—A burning mountain—The Mormon entrance to the Promised Land—Crossing the River Jordan—Zion, the sacred city of the latter-day saints.

Leaving Colorado Springs my route took me to Pueblo on the Arkansas River, whence I penetrated the Rocky Mountain Range, following the Mormon trail to Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah. Canyon City, Salida, Silverton, and Tennessee Pass (a point of the line ten thousand two hundred feet above sea-level), Hell Gate and Grand Junction are all points of note, whilst the road is cut through the heart of the Wahsatch Mountains. Such grand scenery all the way was a relief after the monotonous similarity of the seemingly endless

prairie lands which for days and days had been previously reviewed. But in travelling much it is the people who interest one more than the places or the faces of Nature.

Our train was overflowing with human attractions. It was a Royal Gorge Special of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and it freighted many notables in its luxurious Pullmans and private cars. In an armchair opposite me was a Britisher. I deduced that much from his boots. Travelling abroad, footwear is one of the surest and safest signs of nationality to bet upon. But for some hours we travelled without interchanging a syllable. We had not been introduced! We both respected the absurdly frigid, suspicious standoffishness of British mannerism, 136 which dictated the unwritten law of our insular prejudices, so we had to read or stare out of the window and ignore each other's existence. Every few moments a train attendant would pester both of us with solicitations to inspect picture post cards, view-books, guide-books, candies, cigars, cigarettes or tobacco, and other rubbish which we had no desire to acquire. That my *vis-à-vis* was an inexperienced traveller was deducible from the way he expressed uneasiness at each of these assaults, and the polite interest he showed in the wares forced upon him, until he had accumulated an objectionable stock which it was obvious he purchased because he had not the courage to firmly refuse, or to declare his true convictions. That he was Scotch was deduced from his pocket handkerchief and his necktie. That he was of good family was evident from the character of the travelling requisites, or believed-to-be necessities, which he made use of from time to time. That he was a ‘Varsity man was obvious from the cut of his vest. That he was travelling for pleasure was plainly writ all over his luggage. No Sherlock Holmes was needed in this instance.

After the third elaborately coloured pictorial album had been thrust into his hands and a dollar and a half demanded for it, my pity overwhelmed my sense of mistaken British pride. I explained to him that the same goods could be purchased at any book or fancy store for fifty cents, and as he appeared to be interested in this particular class of souvenir perhaps

he would appreciate a perusal of a few I had selected elsewhere. The ice of reserve was thereby cracked, although it was of course far from being broken.

We travelled in company for several days before it melted sufficiently to expose the good-hearted fellow he proved to be. He was a very young laird from the Highlands of the land of cakes and heather, and he was shortening his visit to the States because his income was not sufficient to stand the strain of the £7 sterling per diem or thereabouts which it was costing him to see the country.

A vista of new opportunities opened before me. Why not pose as friend, philosopher, and guide to this shorn lamb, and guard him from the Philistines? It was a luring 137 prospect. I had been recklessly extravagant in some places; parsimoniously economic in others. I began to know what could be done and how to do it. I hesitated but momentarily before tackling the proposition straight away and plunging into stern realities. Then I thus addressed him:

“America is a land which offers hospitality to all. To the rich and to the poorest of the poor. You can dispose of wealth with the greatest of ease, gaining nothing to show for it. You can live well without any money at all if you foot the country and rely upon the open-hearted charity of its natives to support you. Or you can take a middle course and live in the best hotels, enjoying the fatness of the land at an approximate cost of 10s. a day.”

The laird opened his eyes in evident incredulity. “Ten shillings a day! Why my bedroom costs me £3, a simple lunch £1 to 30s., and as for dinner——”

“Well, sir,” I added, glowing with ardent enthusiasm, which increased proportionately as the details unfolded themselves in realistic and attractive colouring in the self-imposed task which I had practically undertaken, “if you will place yourself unreservedly in my hands for a few days I will not only prove the truth of my words but I will guarantee to meet your total costs of living for quite a modest sum,” whilst in my rash optimism I undertook to secure for him equal accommodation and provision in quality and in substance to that

which he had heretofore experienced, having regard only to the capabilities of the *locus in quo.* Of course he was amazed. So was I myself when I afterwards reflected in the seclusion of an upper train berth upon the rash and seemingly impossible task which my foolish impetuosity had so suddenly prompted. But as he had, although with considerable reluctance and doubt, accepted the proposal, its accomplishment was up to me. Of which more anon.

In a private car or cars was a party of bank directors. To get to the observation cars, closed and open, on the tail of the train, one had to pass through these private cars. This little crowd seemed to be in a state of glorious hilarity from dewy morn to dewy eve. Earliness must be omitted 138 from the quotation, but the dew was apparent, all the day and most part of the night. In fact its superabundance was such that bottles of champagne was pressed upon me and on other travellers, yet none of us lingered in this danger-zone. They were enjoying what they called a “good time.” They evidently wanted to burn money and had lighted up at both ends. Let us hope it was their own and that no shareholders were saddled with the expenses of this tour of inspection, viewed through the bottoms of champagne glasses having extraordinary magnifying capacity.

It was said that their objective was some irrigation works on a big scale. If so, each director seemed anxious to prove to the world his individual qualifications for the position he occupied, and that, where the dealing and handling of liquid matter was concerned, by his simple, natural instincts he was a pastmaster at the art of directing courses, from the most insignificant trickle to the mightiest of volumes.

There were other passengers aboard both male and female who were attractive personalities. The conductor of the train owned a two hundred acre lot just outside the Yellowstone Park which he had acquired solely for its sporting advantages. He obtained three months' holiday per annum and filled in his time chasing bear, deer, and trout. There is no shadow of doubt but that that man enjoyed his life far more than any Chicago millionaire. Good luck to him, for real sportsmen are mighty few in America. An

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Englishman may be amused because an American railway conductor looks upon a tip as an insult, but he is never adverse to a good cigar, which he accepts as a compliment if offered in jovial *camaraderie.* As likely as not he will sit down on the seat opposite to you and converse upon the scenery, the weather, or topics of the day. Whilst he will readily enter into the general conversation with an attitude of absolute equality.

My silk waterproof garments and combination aneroid-compass-thermometer were sources of never-failing interest and delight to conductors generally.

Cattle ranchers were there who owned land by the tens 139 of thousands of acres—small principalities in themselves with their farms, villages, and, in some instances, whole towns. One man said it was fifty miles from his veranda to his front gate; another had a railroad track between eighty and ninety miles long running through his pastures; whilst mention was made of a Californian whose fields ran to one thousand acres each and his artificial lake to over thirty thousand acres. I remembered these figures later when crossing the plains of the Sacramento Valley in California, and I observed harvesting operations with leading machines propelled by steam power and also drawn by some thirty to forty horses, which cut, bound, and threshed the grain as they moved along.

During the journey one of these cattle kings showed great kindness. Not only did he overload me with obligations and insisted on entertaining me most hospitably, but he pressed me very hard indeed to get off the train and stay a month or more with him in order that I might get a full insight into ranching and enjoy some sport at the same time. Time alone prevented my acceptance of his most generous offer.

Two rather good stories of the many I heard on this journey still cling to my memory. One concerned a new chum, a young Englishman who had been sent to round up some sheep into a corral. When the boss arrived the tenderfoot was almost exhausted. He explained that he found the sheep easy to handle but he had had a hell of a time with the lambs.

Investigation revealed the fact that he had rounded up seventeen Jack rabbits into the corral with the sheep.

The other story concerned a motorist whose automobile broke down on the prairies. He walked many weary miles to the only house appearing on the horizon and asked its occupants for the loan of a monkey wrench. The ranch owner was of mid-Europe origin and understood but little of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. He replied: “No, dis no be monkey ranch. Mine bruder him 'ab a sheep ranch. Neighbour Hans him 'ab cattle ranch, but nebber in mi life 'eard ob monkey ranches in dese parts. Me tink it too cold 'bout here for monkeys do well.”

Now a word upon the scenery, which the local guide-books 140 of course describe as “the most magnificent in the world.” The orchards and gardens of the Arkansas Valley were attractive-looking, but the oil derricks and the cyanide plants of Florence lent a funereal aspect to the landscape, until the gateway of the Grand Cañon was reached, which was impressive in the extreme. The conformation of the rocks struck one as being somewhat similar in aspect to the Nankow Pass leading to the gateway of the Obi Desert in North Eastern China.

Much dry American humour was expended upon the State penitentiary, built contiguous to the line, but this grey granite, melancholy building was forgotten when the train plunged into a mighty cleft between red granite and gneiss walls of rock towering aloft on either hand some thousands of feet. The blue strip of the canopied heavens above appeared as a thread, and was almost obliterated by the jagged ramparts. The outline of a new moon and stars also could actually be seen although it was midday. Mica sparkled in the face of the rocks, reminding one forcibly that all is not gold that glitters. Clinging close to every twist and turn of its tortuous narrow track the train crept along like a gigantic snake seeking its hidden den in the bowels of the earth. There seemed scarcely room betwixt the wall and the river for even a single line of metals, which is literally true, as at one point, the hanging bridge, the permanent way had had to be built out over the water under which the

foaming torrent boils madly along. The sturdy engines, for there are two of them, swayed to the right and to the left; at one moment the entire train was visible, and those on the observation cars at the rear could see into the windows of the foremost compartments, at the next the vista ahead was blocked and rapidly disappearing into a tunnel or round masses of ruddy rocky boulders, the vivid colouring of which stood out in striking contrast against the emerald greens of the cataract and the turquoise blue of the overhead sky.

Of animal life there was practically no sign, so that when we eventually did observe a couple of Rocky Mountain sheep far up on a lofty pinnacle of the cliffs we sighed in happy contentment; for had not a judicious and thoughtful Government intervened, these sporting rarities of the

Open Observation Cars on the Royal Gorge Special.

141 Rockies would undoubtedly have ere now become extinct.

At Cotopaxi the open observation car was disconnected and the mountain ranges seemed to recede from the track until we entered the Eagle River Cañon.

At Buena Vista the three peaks of Harvard fourteen thousand three hundred and seventy-five feet, Princeton fourteen thousand one hundred and ninety-six feet, and Yale fourteen thousand one hundred and eighty-seven feet, attracted attention; then Leadville, one of the most celebrated mining camps of the west, was reached. Although its population is only seven thousand, the district produces £3,500,000 worth of precious metals per annum and about £60,000,000 has been won since 1877. Still ascending, with an added engine pushing us up behind, we crawled to an elevation of some ten thousand two hundred feet, to the top of the Tennessee Pass, the great divide between the Pacific and the Atlantic seaboards.

When crossing the divide a number of American fellow-travellers crowded around me, all anxious to know what I thought of this tarnation high mountain, so it was up to me to get a rise in first, as I knew from former experience I should be the laughing-stock of

the party if I didn't. “Say,” said one of them, winking at his friends, “guess if we could shift this little hillock on to the top of England it would sink the island right there anyway.” Everyone laughed. They naturally would under such circumstances, and I wondered what was coming next. “Say you, Britisher. You ain't got nothing so bulky as this your way? How would you like to sit straddle-legs across the top?” and he skilfully squirted an expectoration far over the rail of the observation car. That did it. It gave me the wanted idea. “If you put me there now,” I said, “I dare not spit like you do now. It looks so high I should be afraid to.” “How's that?” inquired the knowing one. “Well you see, if I chose the west side I might cause tidal waves all over the Pacific, and if I chose the east side I might upset the Atlantic and cause trouble at home. You see I'm learning some, as you say, in your free and enlightened country.” Then the laugh was with me, and we adjourned to the place of calls.

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On this part of the line the scenery was grand, inspiring, and sublime, whilst a view of the far-distant Mount Holy Cross, so called from the cruciform appearance presented just below its summit by two snow-filled ravines which cross each other at right angles, added a touch of the Divine, reminding one and all of the occidental wayfarers that after all no work of man's hands can ever hope to attempt to rival or even approach in beauty, majesty, and might, the work of the Great Architect of the universe.

Plunging downwards past Red Cliff and the glowing maroon of its rock formations we entered another narrow defile known as the Eagle River Cañon. The face of the almost perpendicular two thousand feet cliffs on either side of the way seemed criss-crossed with gigantic spiders' webs. In reality the ocular deception was obtained from innumerable wire ropes used by the miners for haulage, cables, tramways, and other uses. Their cabins were perched like eagles' eyries on every ledge, projecting shelf, or small plateau, whilst the miners themselves were dotted here, there and everywhere, as busy as ants on a disturbed anthill. Deep down in the narrowest defile of the pass, on a pile of rocks which seemed to block the foaming torrent of the stream, stood the remnants of a fort which will

ever hold memories in American history, for many a sanguinary battle was waged with the Indians around its walls.

Passing through the cañon of the Grand River, for about fifteen miles the eye is bewildered by the variety of the changing views. The cañon opens, closes, and opens again. Now the hill-sides are wooded, now bare, now ruddy, now dark red, now grey or dull brown, then quite black. The immense, enclosing walls, towering nearly three thousand feet above, are tilted, striated, and cut in fantastic figurations. Some of the travellers were of opinion that this trip surpassed in grandeur and fascination the Royal Gorge which has been hereinbefore described.

Hell Gate is another spectacular part of the road which makes one dizzy to think about.

Glenwood Springs is too well known as a pleasure-resort

Hell Gate.

143 to need comment. At Newcastle there is a smoking mountain, but it is not volcanic. An underground bed of coal has been on fire there for over twenty years and the inhabitants of the neighbourhood have been too busy over other things to find time as yet to put it out.

Hence onwards little of interest strikes the traveller until the Mormon entrance to the Promised Land is reached at Castle Gate. The maroon and apricot-coloured sandstone jutted abruptly upwards on either side of the way into an azure blue sky. For ten miles the train winds beside the Prices River, crossing and recrossing and twisting round great chunks of sandstone of kaleidoscopic hues and curious and fascinating formations, often deceiving the eye in their likeness to jagged battlements, forts, statues, or faces; couchant figures and poor and grand mansions. It must have presented itself indeed as a promise of better things to come, to the weary, travel-stained, wandering Mormons after their long months and years in the wilderness.

After this the country opens out, and a vast plateau is reached stretching away as far as the eye can see, although sage brush flourished and the soil gave no indication of superabundance, or of any overflow of milk and honey which the inspired prophets of many wives and more concubines were so fond of prophesying.

At Springville we were upon the brink of the Utah Valley, where peace and prosperity seemed to flourish, and the blue waters of Utali Lake could be seen shimmering in the far distance with the Oquirrh Mountains beyond. At Lehi the track crosses and recrosses the Jordan River, an opaquish, crooked stream which connects Utah Lake with the Great Salt Lake just as the real Jordan connects the Sea of Galilee and the Red Sea. Here a large sugar-beet factory, employing much Japanese and Mexican labour, stands out prominently, as though proud of its pioneership to the west. At Riverton the landscape is chequered with poplar-defined farms, and the whole valley looks rich, fruitful, and exceeding fat; but, lo and behold there, right ahead of us, some ten or fifteen miles distant, nestling in a bower of leafy foliage and sheltered around 144 by high, protecting mountains, sparkling and glistening in the rays of the sun, are the spires, the minarets, and the golden roof of the temples of Zion, the sacred city of the latter-day saints—a goal, a Mecca of our pilgrimage.

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CHAPTER XII AMONG THE MORMONS

Prejudicial misconceptions—Revelations—Living on ten shillings a day—A caférina—Expensive cleanliness—Sacred square of the Mormons—The tabernacle and its giant organ—Nearly converted—Friendly elders—Heavenly music—Contrition—Temple and the assembly hall—The lion house and beehive—Monogamistic tendencies—Great Salt Lake—Saltair—Largest dance hall in the world—Salt Lake City, its enterprise and gaiety.

Utah! Salt Lake City!! Mormonism!!! What tempests of abuse, lying, slander, libel, hatred, and shudderings these three short phrases have stirred up and created in the world since

a gallant little band of pioneers fought their way foot by foot to the shores of the Great Salt Lake of America under the leadership of Brigham Young in 1847.

It would be perfectly safe to hazard that not a dozen Europeans could be found, who have not visited the States, who have any real conception of what this city is, or what it is like. English people are believed to be highly educated, but their ignorance of the Mormon capital is abnormal. I confess quite candidly I expected to find a walled city. I anticipated that I should have to undergo an inquisitorial interrogation before being allowed to pass its gates, and I fully believed that any female, old or young, who was foolishly venturesome enough to do so would be abducted unless very safely guarded both night and day; whilst she would certainly never be permitted exit from the precincts of the city without enormous trouble and possible annoyance. I was sure I should find a local gendarmerie jealous to extremes in the Mormon interest, and that residents who were not members of the church could be numbered on one's fingers. Judge my astonishment when the train ran through orchards, green meadows, and rose gardens, past elegant houses and suburbs of K 146 enchanting beauty to a fine magnificent station, where we landed from the train without interference or hindrance, and we emerged upon wide, well-paved streets with no sign of city walls, or officials to interrogate or to spy upon one's coming or one's going. Modern, up-to-date tramcars, omnibuses, and taxis were in waiting. Hotel attendants solicited our patronage. Ladies, young and old, pretty and wizened, flitted around. The farther we penetrated into the heart of the town the more impressed we became with its excellent conformity, cleanliness, freedom and attractiveness; which impression increased the longer we stayed.

But to descend from the sublime to the practical, I had undertaken to see the laird through, all found, for two and a half dollars a day. It behoved me to start fair. So I seized him by the collar with one hand and the corner of his grip with my other just in time to save an expenditure to that amount going slap bang into a taxi-cab.

“Hoots, mun!” I exclaimed. “What o' the bawbees if ye b'gin yer auld tricks the noo?”

He laughed good-humouredly and we modestly rode to the town for five cents each in a street car.

“You said the best hotels, I remember. So I hold you to that.”

“Of course,” I said in an airily nonconsequential kind of a manner. “Which hotel does Baedeker mention is the best?”

“‘The Utah,’” he replied.

“Right, then ‘The Utah’ it is we will stop at,” and I requested the conductor of the car to inform us when we arrived there and if he thought it a fairly decent place to put up at.

He gazed at me in pitying scorn.

“Guess it cost two million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to erect without the furniture and trimmings anyway. Even if you're related to Rockefeller or Vanderbilt it ought to be able to accommodate the likes of you, for sure.”

The laird grinned, but personally I saw no point in the reference.

On entering the marble entrance hall of this stately 147 edifice I made straight for the desk and demanded two single rooms at a dollar each. Five was promptly demanded. But I was adamant. One dollar was my price, and for five minutes we argued round that limit, but seeing it would not come to a deal a compromise became a necessity. This resulted in our acquiring a double room with two beds for three dollars, which, the laird facetiously whispered, meant the loss of his lunch. But when he viewed the room his enthusiasm at its appointments and his astonishment at its price more than compensated for the sting of his disparaging doubts upon the possibility of holding to my guaranteed financial outlay. We carried our own grips up in the lift, or elevator as the Americans call it, but all the same I tipped the bell boy in a lordly manner his looked-for ten cents; explaining to the laird

that nothing further in that line was necessary unless he sought assistance from other attendants, which he could just as well do without.

The weather was very hot, so the laird proposed a bath. I explained to him he could get this just across the passage, or alternatively he could sit on the large marble basin in the washing-room attached to our double and use a towel as a bath sponge with equally satisfactory results.

Meek as a lamb he complied and admitted that on comparison with former accounts he reckoned he had so far saved about ten dollars on the day's liabilities. But horror of horrors. The laird was simply shedding money wholesale. He had already discarded three collars because they did not seem glossy enough, or they had too much or too little starch in them; and he was actually putting on another clean shirt although noon was as yet far off. “Land, sakes alive! Do you know what you are doing? Why that's over 3s. wasted in two minutes.” And I handed him the laundry list of the hotel which I saw hanging on the wall. When he read shirts 2s., and almost everything else 1s. each, he slowly turned his head and looked at me. Then he proceeded to convert the contents of his dirty linen bag to his portmanteau in order that he could give each article another chance, if not two chances, before going to the wash.

Leaving the hotel we wandered round the principal 148 streets looking for the most attractive restaurant which would provide a lunch for under a dollar. The laird had had no experience in this respect, so I selected a caférina and we entered. It was an elegantly fitted establishment with flowers and tall palms in profusion, but there was a turnstile and a chain which confined one's passage to a narrow way. The laird was about to jump this to get to the eating tables when a large black japanned tray was thrust into his hands and he was pushed forward by a customer from behind.

“What the deil's this for?” he asked “To play music upon of course,” I replied. Before he could inquire further he found himself carried along to the food department where a

hundred dishes were simmering in front of him and he was invited to hurry up and make his selection. Fish, meat, vegetables, bread, sweets, cheese and salad were piled on his tray before he realised what he had asked for, whilst nolens volens he was carried along with the stream of hungry patrons to the forest of small marble-topped tables where they partook of the comestibles thus collected.

He grumbled a good deal at having to accept all his dishes at once, and as he had neglected to take covers, of course heat soon chipped off. One smart American cook was stirring up spaghetti with a long spoon, and when the laird facetiously remarked that he seemed to have permitted a good many worms to get into his soup the irate attendant threatened to dab him one in the eye with his stirabout, which checked further comment until we were seated at a table. There he figured up the “muckle cost” at about five dollars. Seventy cents, however, footed the double bill, whilst there were no attendants, hence no tips; and the laird marvelled at a meal which had cost him considerably less than his usual morning shave and shoe cleaning.

Dinner was a repetition of the lunch, only we visited a different establishment where music was provided, and we made positive gluttons of ourselves for a trifle under the dollar. This left a margin of thirty cents, or a little over a shilling change on the £1 per day for the two of us.

The laird was honest. He admitted that the food provided was quite equal to what he had previously paid exorbitant prices for, the only difference he could find being 149 the lack of waiters and tablecloths. To the former he had been in the habit of tipping a dollar because he had been afraid they would be uncivil to him if he had not done so. His washing he now calculated had cost him a minimum of 10s. a day, but as that had been included in the hotel bills he had never noticed it in detail. He suggested it would be far cheaper to throw his linen away than have it washed, but he changed his mind on this point after visiting a dry goods store; and he began to calculate that one should be a bank director in a land where auditors were unknown before one could afford to keep properly clean in

that country if the weather were at all warm. His figured tablets showed provision for two baths at a dollar each, shave, twenty-five cents, hair pointed, fifty cents, singed, twenty-five cents, shampoo, fifty cents, two shines, fifty cents, manicure, seventy-five cents, tips contingent on each, ninety cents, fresh linen, two dollars, or in English money a trifle over 30s. a day for the man who had the inclination, time, and leisure to keep cool and comfortable.

One day about lunch-time the laird discovered a most attractive-looking restaurant which had live trout displayed in a tank in the window with an inviting invitation to step inside and select your lunch fresh from the water. We were tempted, although we expected expense. The laird was in great fettle and quite forgot to ask the price beforehand. “Heck, mun! we'll disburse a bawbee the noo. I'll hae the big fush, fresh from the burrn.” Result one dollar, and collapse of the laird, who swore terribly. “It's an awfu' swundle. We mun gang awa' back to the trays.”

But enough of filthy lucre. We had eaten and were satisfied. The sights of the city lured us and we straightway made tracks for Temple Block, the sacred square of the Mormons. It is ten acres in area, lies in the heart of the city, is surrounded by a high adobe wall and contains the tabernacle, the temple, the assembly hall and the bureau of information. The tabernacle, built in 1864–7, is the most unique and attractive building to the visitor, of whom, by the way, over two hundred thousand annually visit the city. It looks like the back view of an enormous turtle, and in shape is elliptical, being two hundred and fifty feet long, 150 one hundred and fifty feet wide, and eighty feet high. The self-supporting roof rests on forty-four sandstone pillars which stand twelve feet apart. No nails are used in the construction of this extraordinary roof of ten feet thick wooden arches. Its exterior is coated with copper or some such metallic covering which shines like burnished gold when touched by the setting sun. The tremendous vaulted ceiling, the vastness of the place, the brilliantly illuminated star of welcome over the organ, and the dim, pale, opalescent light of iridescent tints inspired mingled feelings of solemnity, awe, and admiration,

However much one may differ in opinion from the creed and beliefs of the Mormon faith, they are at least sincere. They manage their own affairs with exemplary success and prosperity, and their places of religious worship are free from all idolatrous symbols, pomp, show, and vanity. They believe in simple, wholehearted worship, and the main lines of the Bible, undoubtedly the best book ever written in every respect, is the backbone of their faith. Their tabernacle is indeed a most remarkable and wonderful building, more particularly to those who know the difficulties and almost impossible circumstances under which it was erected. The giant organ, built entirely on the spot from what materials came to hand, is almost more remarkable still. It is now blown by a ten horse-power electric motor, and two gangs of feeders furnish five thousand cubic feet of air per minute. It is forty-eight feet high. It has over one hundred and ten stops and accessories, and contains over five thousand wooden pipes, ranging in length from one-fourth inch to thirty-two feet. It comprises five complete organs, solo, swell, great, choir, and pedal, and four keyboards in addition to the pedals. It is capable of thousands upon thousands of tonal varieties. The different musical strains embodied in this noble instrument represent the instruments of an orchestra, military band, and choir, as well as the deep and sonorous stops for which it is world-famous.

Those of the Mormon elders with whom we came in contact were good to us. We struck their sacred precincts on an off day when no services were on, and at a time when the building happened to be closed. But we were permitted 151 to wander around the delightful walks and cool lawns, and to sit under the shade of delicious trees. I inquired for and purchased a Mormon Bible with other literature issued by them but rarely sought by the casual visitor. I raised points and started a religious argument. I disagreed with the chief elder present. Then I expressed an opinion that there was reason in his contentions. Finally, I agreed with him entirely. He was delighted, and evidently thought he had won an easy convert. So I dilated upon the marvels of their architecture as seen from the outside, and stated what a pity it was that we should not see the greater wonders within, nor be

able to bear away with us in everlasting memory the almost human voice and tone of the one and only organ of the world.

That did it. The chief elder was captured. It was a case of the player being played out. He conferred with other elders and keys were sent for, and every place, except the sanctum sanctorum, was opened for our inspection. We were sincere in our admiration and expressed our boundless gratitude. Then the organist was sent for and we listened to sacred music, to martial music, and (sweetest of all music) to homely music. “The Swannee River” with the vox *humana* stirred our very souls, but when “Home Sweet Home,” my favourite tune, was whispered to us across the vast emptiness of the auditorium I was not ashamed of the tears that filled my eyes, tears of joy and sadness which chased each other down each cheek.

In the Old Country I had more than once helped to persecute and to drive away Mormon missionaries from the circles of their labours, but this insight into their modern methods put a very different opinion of them into my heart. As an observant wanderer over a great part of the globe I can truly attest that Mormonism, as it was then conducted at Salt Lake City, can claim front rank in the many and various sure pathways to happiness and prosperity on earth in the present, and to Heaven above in the future.

I journeyed thither by idle curiosity. I anticipated disdain, disgust, and contempt at that mode of life. I realised respect and admiration which increased the longer I remained. I left with feelings of regret that I could not linger longer and dip more deeply into their broadminded, 152 tolerant views of life, and study their apparent true Christianity; although, let it be clearly understood that I still look upon the alleged golden-tablet story as simply a dream, or an hallucination of an overstrung, or diseased, imaginative brain.

To the east of the tabernacle is the temple, a handsome, granite building costing £1,000,000 to erect, wherein the administration of ordinances, including marriages for this world, and the next, or for eternity, baptisms for the dead, prayer, theological lectures,

preaching, teaching, and ordinations are conducted. The assembly hall lies to the south and accommodates three thousand people. To the north stands the University, whilst monuments to the pioneers, who from all accounts were very much married men, abound everywhere.

I asked one Mormon of some importance, “why it was that married men lived longer than single ones.” He professed he did not know. So I informed him “that they didn't really, only it seemed longer,” and he appreciated the joke.

Outside the walls of the sacred square was the lion house—a two-storied, many-gabled villa which was one of the alleged many residences of the famous Brigham Young, where he was said by common rumour to have kept a separate wife under each gable. What a time he must have had of it! Next to it is the beehive, wherein he is said to have encouraged a few more wives, but which is now used as offices for the president of the Mormon Church.

There are other houses and buildings which carry histories of the early days, but it is not legal nor fashionable at the present time to possess a multiplicity of wives. Present-day Mormons state that they confine themselves to one each, although what would happen if they were tempted to temporarily overstep the bonds of holy matrimony I was unable to ascertain. It was a subject no Mormon seemed keen on discussing.

The Great Salt Lake or the Dead Sea of America is situated twelve miles from the city boundary. It is eighty miles long, and thirty miles wide. Several small rivers run into it, but it has no outlet to the sea, and gets rid of its superfluous water by evaporation. It contains twenty-five

In the heart of Salt Lake City.

153 per cent of pure salt, which is one per cent more than the Dead Sea of the Holy Land and over twenty per cent more than the ocean. It contains numerous islands, some of which are large. The sunsets are a feature and the tints of the water remarkably beautiful.

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Saltair is the great pleasure-resort of the neighbourhood. A pier has been built out a mile or more into the lake with a crowd of symmetrically grouped pleasure buildings erected after the Moorish style of architecture on piles at the end of it—theatres, music halls, restaurants, circus, every kind of side-show, and bathing facilities of all descriptions. The accommodation is enormous, and on the upper floor is, without doubt, the largest dance hall in the world. Over a thousand couple can waltz together without crowding and without a pillar or obstruction of any kind in the two hundred and fifty by one hundred and forty feet of clear floor space. It has capacious band balconies at each end of it. Both latter-day saints and present-day sinners most thoroughly enjoy themselves at Saltair, which fact I can also truly attest and confirm.

On our return to the city we crossed part of the virgin desert which was white with salt crystals or alkali; looking as though snow had fallen on that sage-brush bedecked wilderness. There were thousands of the Asiatic flat-tailed sheep in charge of uncouth shepherds and hairy dogs, grazing aimlessly about, whilst a plague of black flies pursued us for several miles. Yet even here the land was apparently planned out and staked for building plots. Such is the progressive forethought of the modern American Mormon.

The population of Salt Lake City is perhaps over one hundred and fifty thousand; half of whom are Mormons, the other half Americans. The whole place is exceedingly rich and prosperous. The expenditure on education runs to millions of dollars, and the Mormons are great believers in the higher education. Their farming, mining, and manufacturing operations are all unqualified successes. They were the pioneers of the sugar-beet industry in the west. Their mines have produced minerals worth over £100,000,000, and their labour conditions are ideal. The inhabitants of this garden city are free, hospitable, 154 and healthy in appearance, and exceeding fair to look upon. Amusements abound without hindrance or farcical crusades against them from the kill-joys and hypocritical fanatics of the Stiggins-Chadband type who rule far too many of the cities of the eastern States.

At night the centre of the town was brilliantly illuminated. Theatres, cinemas (or “movies” as the Americans call them), and dime shows abounded. The restaurants had concerts and attractions of varying parts, and the artists would often walk around the hall singing their turn as they glided between the tables of the patrons. After a song they would; if invited, sit at one's table and share in refreshment. The songs were at times suggestive, although rag-time was then more in favour than sentiment. Whether taken by night or day it was as sunshine to shadow compared with gloomy Chicago.

In short this gay and happy capital of Utah State is one of the nicest and most attractive cities in the U.S.A. President Roosevelt addressing its peoples in 1903 very aptly said: “You took a territory which at the outset was called after the desert and you literally made the wilderness blossom as the rose.”

CHAPTER XIII FROM SALT LAKE CITY TO PORTLAND

Ogden—Wahsatch Mountains and Snake River—American Falls—Grande Ronde—Chewing—An objectionable nigger—A too cute traveller and train speeds—Prairie Indians—Huge freight trains—Lumber—Cleverness of beavers—Leaded hands and a cure—Quick taming of wild deer—Outwitted by a Chinaman—A patent speculation extraordinary—Dalles and the Lower Columbia River—Portland.

Crossing a corner of Salt Lake, Ogden was reached—a prosperous industrial Mormon city of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, situated on a lofty plateau surrounded by mountains. It is the terminus of the Rio Grande Western Railway.

Leaving the Wahsatch Mountains and Wyoming on the right we followed the Snake or Shoshone River through Idaho until a little beyond Pocatello the road traversed the Great Snake River lava fields which were overgrown with sage-brush and greasewood, and American Falls was reached. This waterfall has a breadth of about one thousand feet, a

Round the world in strange company; America, British Columbia and the west (section). http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbtn.16320

drop of over two hundred feet, and is thought much of by the American tourist. The river was in flood at the time from excessive rain, and the waters were chocolate-coloured and unattractive. The district around is weird to look upon, and the want of trees and high mountains in immediate proximity robs the falls of a beauty which, were they otherwise surrounded, might attract hundreds of thousands of visitors annually.

Crossing a considerable amount of bleak prairie lands, with only here and there a lonely shack rising above the vast expanses of sage-brush, we at last reached the foothills of the Blue Mountains, and passing through the Seven 156 Devils Gateway ascended between snow-sheds and tunnels to the divide. On the other side the beautiful, rich, and fertile valley of the Grande Ronde stretches far away, most pleasing to the eye. Near Castle Rock the noble Columbia River comes into view, and its left bank is followed all the way onwards to Portland city in Washington. At this point it was about half a mile in width and an imposing array of barricades is noticeable to prevent the fine loose sand bordering the river from accumulating on the tracks, by which trains have been derailed.

On this trip entertainment was not wanting. Everyone chewed. Jaws worked incessantly, morning, noon, and night. I could not tackle the favoured and said to be flavoured American gum, so, as I wished to be sociable, I bought some candy. But the first bite on that disgustingly hard and sticky substance broke off a tooth which I had recently had crowned at an expense of some twenty-five dollars. This was not encouraging. However, in nursing my injured jaw I soon found a ready sympathiser in the person of an old fat negro train attendant whom I had before noticed and classified as a member of the Busy Bee Club, or one of those who, according to their own ideas, was always so awfully busily occupied doing nothing at all that they never could spare a moment's time to do anything. His main business occupation seemed to be chewing at excessive speed, whilst when spoken to he would endeavour to give an answer without any slowing down of the chewing process. He was also a confirmed stammerer. The combination of these two

accomplishments was somewhat amusing, if at times rather objectionable to anyone who was at all fastidious, or who had a strong prejudice against human spraying machines.

“D-d-d-d-at gum y-y-yo got n-n-no g-good. D-d-dat gum t-t-t-too h-h-h-h-ard. Y-yah. Yo j-j-j-jess s-s-sit d-d-dere er-er-er I get y-y-yoo s-s-s-s-soft gu-gu-gu-gum. Y-y-yah, s-s-s-s-ah. Yu-yu-yu-yoo w-wu-wu-waite ter-ter-till I cu-cu-cu-come b-b-back, sah!”

I didn't do any such thing. I could not stand his circular-sawing-hissing-everlasting-motion-like jaws, nor 157 his spluttering, splashing speech. I sought the back car observation platform and heaved the offending candy bag far out into the sage-brush.

I had not been seated in a garden chair above ten minutes before an effusive commercial traveller, whom any want of introduction did not trouble, observed very inquiringly: “I wonder how fast this train is travelling?” No one apparently cared whether he wondered or not, so he offered to bet dollars round he could guess the mileage per hour nearer than anyone else could. The silence of his fellow-travellers continued. “Let's have a pool on it,” he suggested with enthusiastic warmth. But there was no response. Then he touched me on the arm. “I can see, sir, you are a traveller. I'll just put up fifty dollars against your fifty that I fix the speed rate of this old rocking bus nearer that you can.”

“Maybe,” I drawled in reply; “but how can you prove it?”

“That shall be left to any gentleman who will act as umpire on the bet.”

It sounded a fair proposition on the face of it, but I had not been in the States some time without learning a little bit. I did not like to say that possibilities crossed my mind that should a stranger kindly and disinterestedly volunteer to act as umpire he might possibly have had some previous acquaintanceship with the now anxious drummer. I hardly liked to suggest that “cut ups,” if not of American origin, might have been introduced into America by undesirables from our side of the herring pond. But I knew one safe maxim to cling to; it had been acquired in a tough school, and its guidance was a golden rule.

So I turned slowly round to the pressing commercial and looking him squarely in the eyes said: “I'm much obliged to you, sir, for the invitation and the chance to lift fifty dollars, but you American gentlemen have taught me ‘never to play a man at his own game.’” There was a bit of a snigger at this, which the proposer of the guessing competition took in good part. Apparently he realised that his “dead snip” was not going to come off; further, that a certain amount of suspicion had arisen in the minds of all of us as to the *bona fides* of his suggestions, which he met 158 by volunteering to explain how he had intended calculating the unknown figures.

“You notice the bumps on the train. They are more apparent here than in the central cars. Well, the bump arises every time we go over the fish-plate which connects a length of rail. You probably all know that each rail-length is thirty feet or ten yards long. If you count the number of bumps per minute you get the number of yards covered, from which the mileage per hour is easily arrived at by multiplying the number of yards by sixty (the minutes in the hour), and dividing the result by one thousand seven hundred and sixty, that being the number of yards in the mile.

At one point of the journey we slowed down in a reservation of the old prairie Indians, where we ran alongside a camp of some hundreds of them with their tepees erected, their camp-fires glowing, and hundreds of horses, cattle, women, and children playing around. It was a picture of vivid colouring, and took one back to the adventurous books of our youthful days.

On the northern shore of the Columbia River we noticed freight trains of enormous length. One apparently had no less than eighty cars attached. These taken at fifty feet each with their couplings and the engines and break vans added, would give a total length of over four thousand feet or about three-quarters of a mile. We were told that in the west some freight trains were run which were a mile long. Such is progress!

A lumberman held forth on his own particular trade, pointing out how any proposition to float logs down that river from Canada was bound to fail, and why. He had laid it down that a forest must carry at least fifteen thousand feet per acre to pay on a big scale. And he quoted a “jewel shop” on the Jordan River in Vancouver Island where four hundred thousand feet was cut from one acre, whilst a lot more land around produced two hundred thousand feet on an average. He said that some trees cut up into three forty feet logs each without a knot, also that forty thousand feet from a single tree was not unusual. An American from Stockton chipped in with a reference to the Redwoods at the Mariposa Grove, and how it was 159 estimated that the largest tree there was capable of producing over one million feet. Those of us who were unacquainted with those parts and things began to look at one another in curious fashions, yet, as the reader will see, it was not exaggeration.

An interesting traveller explained how beavers had cut down all trees within fifty yards of certain lakes they frequented in Oregon in order to sink the green boughs to preserve them for food in a way which no mortal man had ever been able to ascertain or to imitate. Another gentleman, whose interests obviously lay in mining matters, discoursed on leaded hands and how this terrible scourge could be cured in about fourteen days by using fresh milk and raw eggs, after purging with croton or castor-oil. Whilst a hunter from Wyoming disclosed a secret of his craft by explaining that if a deer calf was caught in the woods and its head smothered in a coat, being held for a time and afterwards petted and fed, it would attach itself to its captor for life, and its affections would probably become a nuisance.

Then the conversation turned to speculation and company promotions which proved more entertaining than anything. One narrator made us all laugh by a description of a terribly heated and prolonged haggle he had had with a Chinaman for a ten per cent discount upon a hundred-dollar deal.

When he was leaving the shop in triumph at his success in getting the concession, John Chinaman had quietly pointed to a notice hanging in bold characters on the wall as follows:

“Ten per cent discount allowed on all purchases over ten dollars.”

The Magneto Mono Railway Company Limited was described to us as a good instance of the never-flagging enthusiasm of an inventor over the outcome of his fertile brain, whether it had a market quotation or had been committed by others to utter oblivion. It was alleged in this case that the patentee turned out a perfect model, and that eventually he had induced a few moneyed Magnates 160 to so far finance his proposition as to enable him to build a short section of rail tracks up the side of a steep forest hill, on which he could place a full-sized replica of the mould for practical demonstration purposes. The eventful day arrived when the proud inventor conducted his faithful, fat, credulous, prosperous, middle-aged patrons to view his marvellous train, which he had emphatically assured them was calculated to revolutionise the whole of the railway system of the world. Of course the party lunched freely and well prior to the actual demonstration, and champagne, cigars, and liqueurs were in super-abundance.

It was claimed that the lines were magnetised as well as certain points of contact on the cars, and that the motion was generated from a set of magnetos which would work in conjunction with a magnetising system controlled at the power-house or in the engineers' cab in front of the cars. The weather was lovely, and the portly, well-groomed, and well-fed city gentlemen took their places beaming with smiles and good-humour in the beautifully upholstered, soft-seated, luxuriously fitted compartments of the two special carriages provided for them. The order was given to start. But alas, the train refused to budge; and the engineers, superintended by the excitable inventor, hammered and tinkered away for hours until the patience and the temper of everyone connected with the venture was quite exhausted. Then, lo and behold, just at the moment when the intending financiers had risen from their seats to get out, and they were abusing each other in general, and the inventor in particular, the unexpected happened. The mechanism suddenly acted.

With an awful jerk the two cars flew up the hill-side like greased lightning, throwing all their occupants in a confused heap at the back ends of each. When the artificial curve was reached, which according to gold-printed prospectuses, would be taken in a slow and gentle manner so that no travellers would feel either oscillation or even the slight leaning sensations that are usual, the momentum had increased to such a degree that the train jumped the metals, throwing one and all helter-skelter into the thick, thorny forest scrub. Some hit the track, some hit hard tree-trunks, some flew yards into 161 the bush. All were shaken, and bruised, and scared to death.

Then a funny thing happened. Anyone who had anything metal about them lost it, as the magnetism of the rail was so great that it attracted and attached firmly to itself all tools used in attempted repairs as well as crowbars, hammers, levers, spectacles, rimmed eyeglasses, knives, and everything of the kind, which flew to the magnetised steel rails and tenaciously stuck there. All watches were stopped, and their works put out of going order. And, American-like, he must needs add, “I believe some said that the magnetism was so terrific that it actually drew cash money from the pockets of the travellers (!) who were unable to detach a single piece until the current had been switched off at the power station. Of course this *faux pas* utterly blighted and damned the inventor's financial chances with that little crowd of contemplating investors. The teller of the story went on to assure us that he met his friend some five years later on the Barbary coast in San Francisco, when he assured him that he was prospering very well indeed. “How?” he was asked. “More inventions?” “Oh no! I've given them up long ago. But I'm still selling stock in ‘Magneto Mono Rails,’ the greatest theoretical and practical invention the world has ever known.”

Dalles stands at the head of the finest scenery of the Lower Columbia, which pierces the Cascade Mountains a little farther down. It is advisable to perform the remainder of the journey to Portland by one of the well-equipped river-steamers, as the hundred miles of magnificent views is best seen from a deck-chair afloat. At places the panorama is grand, including, as it does, fine, broad, well-wooded river-reaches, sharp rocks and gnarled and

twisted crags, pleasant green straths, noble trees, romantic waterfalls, lofty mountains, and most interesting fish-wheels and salmon traps of varying device. Nor is the Island of Memaloose, the ancient burial-place of the Chinook Indians, likely to be overlooked. Other objects of note include the Multnomah, Horsetail, Oneonta, Bridal Veil, and Latourelle Falls; the towering crags of Castle Rock, the Pillars of Hercules and Rooster Rock; and crowning L 162 view of all Mounts Hood and St Helens on the south, and Mounts Adams and Rainer on the north. Then the city of Portland, the rose garden of the west, burst into view with its ships and shipping which ply its trade to all the corners of the earth.

CHAPTER XIV AN ISLAND WORLD

Portland to Seattle—Motor polo—Seattle to Victoria—The dearest city on earth—Beavers *v.* Engineers—The Gulf of Georgia—Spoofing the natives—Fishermen in Puget Sound—Sea eagles—Salt Springs Island and Ganges Harbour—An aristocratic policeman—The sport obtainable—Real estate values—Work or slavery.

Portland in Oregon is a charmingly attractive city, and I was loath indeed to leave it. The Mazamas, an Alpine club, have their headquarters here, and they have done much to popularise the mountain scenery of the Pacific North West. The streets are broad and well laid out. The suburbs, particularly Portland Heights, are beautiful in the extreme, and amusements of all kinds found favour everywhere. Among other pastimes practised at the time of my visit was motor polo, which seemed more profitable to the engineering shops and the doctors than to the players; but it was up-to-date sport and not likely to be ousted until flying races came in.

From Portland I worked my way, via Tacoma, to Seattle, the much advertised base of the great rush to the Klondyke gold fields. The main features of the journey were the magnificent views of the great white cone of Mount Rainer fourteen thousand five hundred and twenty-nine feet; the greenery of the undulating ranges of the Cascade Mountains; Mountains; Mount St Helens, nine thousand seven hundred and fifty feet; Mount Hood,

eleven thousand two hundred and twenty-five feet; and Mount Jefferson, ten thousand five hundred and sixty-seven feet. But I did not stop in Seattle because I knew I should revisit it on my return journey.

Leaving Seattle by one of the Canadian Pacific boats we steamed across the Gulf of Georgia in a few hours to 164 Victoria, the capital of Vancouver Island. On a calm day in the summer-time this is a fine trip. The bright green verdure of the islands and the snow-capped mountains visible along the whole of the horizon of the mainland gives a panorama which is beautiful in the extreme, but why the early residents should have named the town Victoria and its sister rival, on the mainland at the terminal of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Vancouver, is difficult to understand. The nomenclature should have been reversed. Naturally one would expect to find Vancouver the capital of Vancouver Island, and when letters are addressed to people in the neighbourhood if the word Vancouver is added vexatious postal delays will probably ensue; it is therefore always better to simply write British Columbia.

On the journey across I consulted the purser and stewards as to the whereabouts of Salt Spring Island, which was my destination for the time being. But although this island is one of the largest between Victoria and Vancouver cities, and is fed by a service of Canadian Pacific Railway boats, I had the greatest difficulty in locating it. The time-tables issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway were such that not one man in ten could accurately define the figures given, nor dare one man in twenty back his opinion thereon to the extent of a dollar. Considering the marvellous efficiency of the Canadian Pacific Railway in its organisation, this hint, to make their time-tables a little clearer, may not be altogether lost.

Victoria is a beautiful town, beautifully situated, and enjoying a beautiful climate. But it is the dearest town on earth so far as value for money is concerned.

Immediately opposite the landing-stage of the Canadian Pacific Railway rises the Empress Hotel, probably the finest building of its kind that can be found in Canada, British

Columbia, or Western America. To the right are Government buildings, beautiful structures of grey granite. Behind these are residential quarters, whilst to the left stretches the town proper. Leaving my luggage at the quay, I wandered into the city with lunch upper-most in my thoughts. It was almost like being in England. The people, their speech and manners were 165 the same, whilst the service of all things proceeded at about a third the pace one was accustomed to on the American side. Before I had proceeded a quarter of a mile I was hailed by three or four acquaintances whom I had last seen in the Old Country. In the afternoon I amused myself by visiting building sites and inquiring into the progress and development of real estate. Inter alia, I fell in love with a small corner plot near the harbour and in about the best situation, so far as I was able to judge, of the whole town. There had recently been a considerable quantity of rain, and the land was water-logged. Within dilapidated wooden railings, making its boundary, rested an equally dilapidated wooden frame building, whilst a few poplar trees reared their scraggy branches skywards. I mentally valued the site at £1200, and on my way to the estate office for the purpose of inquiring further, I resolved to become its purchaser even if I had to spring to £1500, or a possible limit of £1800. Imagine my astonishment when I learnt that it had recently changed hands, with a part or parts of the surrounding morass, at the altogether exorbitant figure of £27,000. This fact at once killed all my ambition to become an owner of property in the neighbourhood of Victoria. I realised that its property was then valued at prices about ten years ahead of the times.

There is a small but prettily laid out park on the southern side of the town, whilst the golf links are quite worthy of a visit. Rather an amusing experience happened to the good citizens of Victoria at their park. It was thought that a few beavers would lend an added interest if kept in the lake, and they were accordingly obtained and enclosed. But it was found that they cut down trees and dammed up the lake so that it overflowed. The city engineer was sent for, who at once assured the authorities he could overcome the difficulty by putting in a culvert, which he did; but the beavers dammed up the culvert as fast as it was cleared, so they had to go.

At the hotel I again found friends. In fact the longer I stayed in Victoria the more astonished I became at the quantity of people I met whom I knew and who resided there.

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Next morning I boarded an early steamer bound for Vancouver city, and calling at numerous islands *en route.* It was a glorious day and the trip was an enchanting one, dodging in and out little islands, touching at rough wooden piers, discharging and taking in cargoes. The passengers, with the exception of myself, were all settlers or colonists dressed in strong, serviceable clothes, and free-and-easy in their manners, whereby no introduction was necessary for the purpose of conversing with them.

I rather astonished one young lady who was anxious to know “how I liked Vancouver.” With a twinkle in my eye I replied: “I am terribly disappointed,” and when.she inquired the reason, I pointed out to her that the steamer had touched two or three landing-places and I had not as yet seen any dead salmon floating on the water.

“Did you expect to?” she asked.

“Well,” I replied, “I have a brother out in these parts, and he has sent home accounts of the fishing and shooting obtainable round these islands, from which I gathered, that whenever a steamboat stopped at a landing-pier some hundreds of salmon and sea trout were invariably killed by the revolving screws or paddle blades. In fact I quite expected to see the water red with blood for twenty or thirty yards around. Then my brother wrote and told us the wild ducks were here in such quantities that when disturbed by a steamer's whistle they darkened the air like a cloud. In fact they were often a nuisance, as they blocked out the sunshine.”

“Did you believe it?” she asked.

“Of course I did,” I said; “and that's why I am so disappointed. But,” I hastened to add, “my disappointment may have found a solacing comfort in the magnetic charms of the lady inhabitants of these parts.” The compliment either missed fire or was wasted.

About midday the little steamer passed through Puget Sound, where we met a flood of slate-coloured water coming through the narrow inlet like an ice-floe in northern seas. I was told it was fresh water from the mouth of the Fraser River, coming through with the turn of the tide. Puget Sound is well known as a favourite spot for fishing, We saw quite a flotilla of boats, canoes, and dug-outs 167 sneaking along the shore in order to cheat the tide; whilst many of them were so busy in their avocations that they paid no attention to the passing steamer. From the rugged cliffs, which towered upwards on the one hand, and from the lofty pines on the other, sea eagles were flitting to and fro, ever and anon stooping to the waters of the fast-running stream to catch some unfortunate fish that had ventured too near its surface. In the space of five minutes I counted thirty-seven of these birds.

Half an hour later we entered the bay or bight leading to the landing-pier at Ganges Harbour, which is the hub of the universe so far as Salt Springs Island is concerned. Here for the time being I had reached my second home. My brother was on the pier to meet me, but in his colonial clothes I confess I did not recognise him. Tied to some railings were twenty or thirty vehicles of a nondescript description. Smartness was the last consideration of their owners, wheels apparently the first; whilst the nags or mules which drew the conveyances were as rough as Welsh ponies at a horse fair. The advent of the steamer was apparently an event in the life of the islanders. There was quite a crowd gathered on the quay, and great interest was taken in the cargo landed, which was in part claimed by farmers and settlers, the owners of the waiting cars. As one stood on the upper deck of the s.s. Joan, the extreme beauty of the situation, its possibilities and its attractions were apparent. Surely this was a natural playground for the west.

The climate of the island is the best in all British Columbia. In no part of Canada can its equal be found. For nine months in the year the most perfect climatic conditions prevail. During the remaining three months the weather is a little cold and showery, but not more so than in England during an ordinary season. The rainfall only averages about twenty-six inches, whilst at Vancouver city, a few hours away, it has amounted to over one hundred inches, and its average is sixty inches. On the south of Vancouver Island the rainfall is about thirty inches, whilst the farther one goes north the greater it becomes. Ganges Harbour faces south-east and is so sheltered that winds are practically unknown; although, of 168 course, as in every other part of the world, an occasional storm sweeps over the locality. The hills rising from the harbour have been cleared of timber and are rapidly being covered with bungalow residences, mostly occupied by settlers from the Old Country, who have small incomes of their own, or by people from the big cities who visit this charming spot during the worst of the year elsewhere. The price of land is rapidly increasing in consequence and doubling and redoubling in value. There are several stores, two hotels, and a bank, all of which were erected within a few months of each other, and if it should be the writer's fortune to visit the place again, say two or three years hence, he will expect to see quite a populous garden city, because such an enchanting spot as this cannot remain long concealed from the workers of Western Canada who have to put up with such awful climatic severities more than half the year. At the time in question few if any of the resident islanders kept a servant, although there was a great demand for casual labour outside the houses if not inside. All seemed to have more work than they could do from daylight till dark. The only individual of the whole island whose time hung heavily on his hand was the solitary policeman. In his way, this gentleman was a bit of an aristocrat. He sported a faded, battered and beaten, but decidedly English, straw hat. His trousers were turned up at the bottom showing the remnants of a frontal crease. He could be found for most part of the day discussing topics of the hour on the veranda of the hotel adjoining the principal store. He was the man of the district. Thinking that he might be a welcome companion in sporting and exploratory excursions I made overtures to him with this end in view. It was, however, at once made obvious that although he appeared to have no business, he was,

according to his own ideas, the hardest-worked man in all British Columbia. “For my part, sir, I should be only too delighted to join you, but I have no time. I'm so busy. I hardly know which way to turn. In fact it is with the greatest of difficulty that I snatch a few minutes for my meals.” Having delivered this standard formula he would bustle off round the nearest corner to stop with the first individual be met for further

A Landing Quay on Salt Springs Island.

A Cleared (I) Plot with Bungalow cheap at $750.

169 discussion. Inquiry showed that he once did have to search for a person who was wanted for having committed some minor offence, the importance of which seemed to be so impressed on his memory that he had determined to spend the rest of his life, like the immortal Wilkins Micawber, “waiting for something to turn up.” But the inhabitants of Salt Springs Island are a quiet, law-abiding race. They are thrifty and industrious, and are accumulating wealth collectively and individually in a manner which is likely to become apparent at an early date. They have no use nor business for either policemen or lawyers.

For sport and amusement, to those who can find the time, there are several lakes dotted about the woods which are full of trout of various species. In size the fish do not run large but they bite fairly freely, and a basket can be relied upon of good, edible fish at almost any season of the year. The harbour is not a good fishing-ground, it seems to be overrun with dog fish; but if a boat is taken, or better still one of the small motor launches hired from a Japanese fisherman, and a day's excursion taken to Puget Sound, or Cowichan Bay, or to any of the straits between the island where the tide-race is felt, good sport can be obtained with the fish in season. The woods in the immediate neighbourhood of Ganges are overrun with pheasants, grouse and quail; whilst deer are frequently found and often shot.

There is an agricultural society having its private grounds, in which is built a large assembly room, capable of seating some hundreds of people. This is situated on the best

building site overlooking the harbour, about one hundred yards from the quay, and is the scene of all exhibitions or gatherings of importance originated by the islanders. There are several churches at convenient distances; a couple of doctors; and a hospital was in the course of erection; and although I met with a universal complaint in America, Canada, and British Columbia that there was for the time being a decided slump in real estate, such was by no means the case at Ganges Harbour, where progress seemed to be the order of the day.

On the opposite side of the island, at a place called Vesuvius, speculators were gathered like vultures round a 170 carcass, anticipation of a boom in land owing to a contemplated link of connection with the mainland of Vancouver Island by means of a ferry, or a line of motor boats to connect up the railway with Victoria. I visited the place to see the fatness of the land for myself. It was undoubtedly beautiful and capable of great things, but owing to the haphazard manner in which the land had been divided and subdivided, the impossibility of any organised attempt to straighten these matters out, and the ridiculous prices which owners placed upon their holding, the future prosperity of the place must thereby be kept in abeyance until some small Napoleon amongst prospectors is permitted to take the lead of affairs and lay out the land with some idea of order, adaptation and convenience. Then, and not till then, will the holders get their chance of obtaining something like the returns they now so fondly dream of and imagine. It must also be remembered that these sites are open to the north, and are far more exposed than is Ganges, whilst the water difficulty seems to be more acute than elsewhere on the island.

Those who did not make money with their brains or by bold and hazardous speculation had to make it with their hands. The “Song of the Shirt” applied to this colony in all its vivid earnestness. Every man, woman, and child on the island had his or her allotted task, which began at daylight and never ended until darkness called a halt. I was the exception which proved the rule; and during my stay I was subject-matter for much conjecture. The most extraordinary rumours floated around surmising my supposed business. Perhaps it was brought upon myself through being too often seen in company with the policeman;

but his individuality interested me. I found endless entertainment in drawing him out, particularly in quiet cross-examination upon his latent, mythical, and invariable excuse, that “he was so busy he never had time to do what might be suggested.”

Most of the work was piecework, and any doddering old labourer would demand a minimum of I5s a day. I watched one long, thin, lanky Yank putting up lathwork. He crammed his mouth with nails from a small bag by his side, jerked up a bundle of laths with the end of his axe-hammer, 171 split the tying cords with two blows as it fell, and at the same time caught several of the loose laths on the end of his axe, threw them at the wall, and apparently spat the nails at them as they travelled in mid-air, following each with three blows of lightning-like rapidity, and the wall became covered whilst one waited and watched. He put up twenty-seven laths with three nails in each and chopped off evenly at the ends, whilst I was loading a pipe bowl with tobacco preparatory to a contemplated smoke. A newly arrived Britisher, who was leaning against a post beside me, apparently thinking about commencing work, wanted to know where “Rule Britannia” and the final line of that celebrated stanza originated? He looked again, then sorrowfully shaking his head and muttering: “This ain't no place for human beings. I'll get a passage back to old England and apply for a job which insures against unemployment,” shuffled away in a cloud of dust, which was raised because the energy of lifting his feet high enough to avoid it was too great even for his recently acquired colonial ambitions.

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CHAPTER XV MAINLY ABOUT POLITICS

An interrupted political argument—A Canadian ranchman's opinion of the British Government—A sporting invitation—A slow and argumentative journey—Joseph Chamberlain and Winston Churchill—An example of graft—Lloyd George and Marconis —Wrecking England—Immigration of England's best to protected countries—the road —“Bobby”—A backwoodsman as cook—Disappointing fishing—Snakes and leeches— Bobolinks and their ways—Humming-birds—An unexpected explosion—Departure.

One morning, having nothing better to do, I strolled across to the store to look in at the Postal Department to see whether there were any letters from home. Finding none I wandered on to the Real Estate Department in order to chip the manager about million-dollar lots; which had neither access, nor water, nor little more than bare rock on which to raise the kitchen-garden produce. On the way I saw the boss of the store sitting on the corner of his private desk being heckled by a ranchman.

The boss was a phlegmatic individual who loved peace and quietness, a man of few words, and one who made it his business to agree with everybody; as popularity is a great asset in a back-country store. He was also a man who studied the papers from home, and had conceived the mistaken idea that the Socialistic legislation put forward by Mr Lloyd George was producing benefits to the Old Country; and that some of the promised "rare and refreshing fruit" was in the process of ripening. His opponent in argument was a Canadian who had made his money by tailoring in a large American city, and who had retired to the island to enjoy the proceeds of his early labours and further profits from open-air chicken ranching. He was a short, sturdy type of man, with a rosy, 173 good-natured face, and built of the stuff which must succeed in whatever sphere of life it finds itself. I guessed him at fifty years of age, whilst his conversation proved him to be possessed of considerable intellect and one who had profited by the long, solitary evenings of the backwoods by reading literature of a highly intellectual order. Furthermore, he was not only observant, but he retained the greater part of what he read. He was dressed in the roughest of garments—colonial bull-dog overall trousers held in place by a heavy leathern belt, a flannel shirt with a dark blue scarf loosely tied about his neck, a fustian jacket and a broad-brimmed Stetson hat surmounting all. My attention was instantly called to this pair by the loud-voiced knock-me-down arguments which the ranchman indignantly fired off at the somewhat staggered store-keeper, who seemed quite unable to find answers suitable to the occasion.

“If you were a Britisher how would you like to see the throne insulted, the Constitution of over one thousand years scattered to the wind, the Empire broken up and the flag of your country trampled on in disgrace? What? You call Radicals men of religion and champions of the downtrodden and the poor? How about the Old Age Pension which they only gave to those who had a vote, and refused an amendment in the House of Commons which would have given the pension first to the poorest of the poor, and those who wanted it most? If that Bill had been genuinely meant to benefit the poor they would have looked after the poorest of the poor first; not shouted so much over the benefits they were giving to the majority who wanted it least. Why, I have read of many instances where men having £800 and £1000 or more in the Savings Bank got the pension, whilst anyone who had received parish relief was barred from obtaining it.

“What is that you say? I can't find any fault with the Insurance Act? Why, they did exactly the same thing in regard to that Bill. The poorest of the poor who most want looking after are pushed into the Post Office because none of the best of the clubs will take them, and they can only get back again less than two-thirds what has been paid in! Not two full weeks' payment of 10s. a week in 174 any one year. Yet they yap so much about the beneficent benefits they are showering around, and if an old woman is given a day's work for half a dollar, twenty-five per cent of her earnings are forcibly taken from her, for which she gets no guaranteed benefit at all. If you don't believe what I say, I'll bring down some English newspaper and prove it to you.”

The storekeeper seeing me standing listening to this discourse, and knowing that I was an Englishman fresh from the Old Country, beckoned me up and asked me whether there was any truth in what the ranchman was saying. At which that somewhat heated gentleman turned fiercely round and added, “I don't care whether it's Lloyd George himself or even the Prime Minister, either of them would have to admit the truth of my assertions; and until these iniquitous omissions are rectified no man can say that these Acts can be of benefit to the poorer classes, who should be looked after first of all, else what does all this

one-sided legislation amount to beyond vote-catching and bombast paraded from political platforms for the sole purpose of retaining their seats and their salaries?”

At this point both of them appealed to me at the same time, and I was reluctantly forced to admit, as I had been compelled to do so often before in coming through the States, that what the ranchman said was perfectly true, and to hear such statements made so far from home made one feel ashamed to admit that one was an Englishman, ruled by a Government, the actions of which were dictated and controlled by foreigners who admitted openly they had not the real interests of the country at heart and were merely playing a hand for their own subsequent ends. At which admission the ranchman slapped me on the back with a heartiness that choked me, whilst he expressed an overwhelming desire to do anything that lay in his power which might be acceptable to me, as I had spoken out like a sportsman; whereas the opinions expressed by that miserable, knock-kneed son-of-a-gun, the storekeeper, were too contemptible for words.

His use of the words “sportsman” put me at once on the qui vive. It was a little unusual to hear it mentioned often in the west, and as sport was precisely what I was 175 looking for, I informed him I was keen on fishing, and if he could inform me where I could obtain any worth the seeking, within a reasonable distance, he would oblige me in a manner I should much appreciate.

“Fishing! You come home with me to Saint Mary's Lake. There are plenty of trout there if you can only catch them. They run up to 15 lb. or more. I've got a boat and you can fish all day long and stay with me as long as you like, whilst the longer you stop the more delighted I shall be.”

“It's really very good of you,” I replied; “but are you sure I shall not put you to any inconvenience?”

“Inconvenience! The obligation will be entirely on my side. We don't see many visitors up there, and you will not only get a hearty welcome, but during your stay, which I hope will be a long one, the best we have is at your absolute disposal.”

“How far is it, and when do you think of returning?” I asked.

“Only a few miles, and I am starting in a quarter of an hour. I am only waiting for Old Bess to get through her feed.”

I thanked him profusely and dashed off to pack up my fishing kit and a few necessary belongings. In ten minutes I was back again and found him still hammering away at the unfortunate storekeeper, who looked immensely relieved at my arrival, and together we emerged from the store to seek Old Bess.

The horse in question was a great, raw-boned animal of the Suffolk cart-horse strain. She was attached to a four-wheeled wagon which was packed high with sacks of corn, farming implements, doors and window-frames, pails, kettles and a miscellaneous collection of domestic and rural appliances, which made remote the prospect of finding a seat anywhere on the vehicle.

“Up you get,” he exclaimed; “you will have to perch somewhere on the top.” So I clambered up, made my fishing rods secure, and wondered how long I should be before either myself or part of the load tumbled off. My friend sat on the shaft, and with a cheery word to Old Bess we ambled away into the forest behind the quay, at a rate 176 of progression which I estimated at not exceeding three miles an hour. It was neither a trot, nor a gallop, nor a canter, nor a walk; it was a gait belonging to the animal itself, the equal of which it would be difficult to find. Half-way up the short hill which we had to negotiate before leaving the view of the harbour behind us, we passed two ladies carrying a heavy box.

Mr Tipp, for by that name he had introduced himself to me, instantly pulled up.

“Guess that's a heavy load for a young woman to stagger under! You'd better pitch it on here and I will leave it for you at the post office.”

The offer was gratefully accepted, and once more Old Bess broke into her peculiar swing, but half a mile up the hill she pulled up dead, and Mr Tipp seated himself on a fallen tree and proceeded to give me another political discourse on the antecedents, life, and present activities of Mr Winston Churchill, whom he described as a half-bred American, fond of gallery play and theatre show, and puffed out to bursting-point with hot air.

I was much amused and did not encourage him to stop.

“You take it from me,” he exclaimed, “that youth has got ‘hustle’ germinating in his blood. He's like the rest of 'em. If he'd been a true man he would never have deserted good old Joe Chamberlain and changed his coat. He just crossed the floor of the House to gratify his ambition, because he possessed sufficient Yankee cuteness in his pedigree to jump to the fact that the Radicals were going into power, and that if he made himself a sufficient nuisance they would give him a job. You see he had got the *Daily Mail* to boost him up, and he was never known to miss an opportunity for self-advertisement. Why, look at the Whitechapel fireworks, and the way he afterwards attacked Joe Chamberlain in the House, because his American blood tickled his veins and made him realise that to bring on the limelight you must fly your kite at big game. You mark my words, the ambition of that young gentleman has no limits.

I marvelled at the extent of his undoubted knowledge of English politics, and he would have gone on enlightening 177 me for the rest of the day if I had not called his attention to the fact that we had already been an hour and a half on the road, whilst we had not proceeded a mile and a half during that time. So he once more got on the shaft and we proceeded on our way.

I was interested in the country and was anxious to draw his opinions with regard to the values, sales, management, and estimated profits obtained directly and indirectly from the land, and its capabilities; but my difficulty was that his mind seemed to run for the time being on politicians and politics only.

Every half-mile he wanted to stop and rest and to argue, or give me his views on England, America, or British Columbian legislation; and when I inform the reader that it took us seven hours to complete the seven miles or less which made up our journey, some idea of the loquaciousness of my newly formed acquaintance will be conveyed, and also the length of the frequent stops before our destination was reached.

Amongst other interesting information which he conveyed to me was a statement that the Quebec Bridge, said to have cost five million dollars, in reality only actually cost one and a half million dollars for its construction, the other three and a half million having been split up in various ways for graft. “No wonder,” he added, “the whole show collapsed shortly after it was opened.” I had to admit I did not even know where it was. “That doesn't matter,” he added. “I merely quoted it to show you to what extent graft can be carried. You of course have got the same thing in your country, only they do it in a different way. Why, I have recently read in the papers how your brilliant Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Lloyd George, made I don't know how many hundred thousand dollars on the Stock Exchange in a few days by gambling on differences in Marconi Shares. I believe the papers stated that the person who gave him the tip was either another Cabinet Minister or the brother of one, whilst there was something else about a contract with the British Government; but you can read this for yourself when we get home. If, therefore, you Britishers allow your Chancellors of the Exchequer to gamble on the Stock Exchange, M 178 how can you point the finger at Americans and their Tammany Hall scandals. If that isn't the pot calling the kettle black I don't know what is. But, my friend, you can take it from me, Lloyd George is the best friend America and British Columbia ever had, because his present policy is

undoubtedly wrecking England by sapping the very vitals of the country, whilst we are getting the best of its goodness."

I did not want to continue this argument, as I wished particularly to talk about other things, but my curiosity prompted me to ask him for further information.

"Why, you must be a fool," he said, "if you don't realise that all the biggest of your capitalists are frightened at his wild-cat schemes, and are draining England of the grease which makes the wheel go round, or in other words the capital which employs the labour; they are sending it out here for us to play with. At the same time all the best of your artisan classes are flocking over the Atlantic, in the prime of their youth, rather than stop in the Old Country, where their labour, their food, and their houses are being taxed out of existence. If the present rate continues, in a few years you will have nothing but old men in England whom the State will have to support. The best of your blood and money will have been driven out to us, and you can take it from me that if the Radical Party in England wants money to keep them in power, Germany and America will be only too delighted to find it, as for the past few years they have waxed exceedingly prosperous at your expense. If it had not been for Lloyd George we should have had to wait many years indeed for our present prosperity."

At the post office we had another long wait whilst my loquacious friend visited the few houses which are clustered round the four crossways. An hour later we jogged down the road, passing through some magnificent forest scenery, where the trees shot up to a height of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet; azaleas, tiger lilies, and other flowers peeped forth from a mass of gigantic fern and added a touch of beauty more than pleasing to the eye. The farther we proceeded the worse the road became, whilst in several places we had to stop the conveyance to enable us to make good weak places, or clear obstacles from the path, which 179

A Settler's Home.

Library of Congress

Settlers Digging a Well.

was nothing more nor less than a wheel track through the forest.

The going was so uneven and bumpy that our load frequently became displaced, and on two or three occasions the doors, window-frames, and general toppings would slide off in a mass , and it required an acrobatic agility to prevent oneself sliding off with them.

Mr Tipp seemed to have forgotten the necessary ropes for securing the load; but that could be easily understood when one remembered how his mind was concentrated on politics, and the happy-go-lucky nature with which he piled up the cart with anything and everything that could be stacked upon it, leaving it to chance whether the half of them ever reached their destination. With each avalanche he merely laughed and assured me that he never lost anything, and if he did it was sure to turn up again, sooner or later, as on that island every man's goods were known, and if left to themselves they were sure to come home with the assistance of the next traveller on the same road.

Eventually we emerged upon a clearing under a big bluff, where the trees had been slashed and partly cleared, whilst many blackened stumps bore witness to the inroads of the settlers. Picking our way across this we mounted a small rise, when a beautiful panorama of the lake stretched before us, with the house of my host situated just above its margin.

We received a boisterous welcome from his partner and the live stock of the establishment, who all seemed to take an interest in our arrival, more particular a large dog of somewhat doubtful breed, whose objection to strangers was soon overcome on a closer acquaintanceship. The house contained a main room with two small rooms opening from it, one of which was used as a bedroom and the other was divided off, partly for a kitchen and partly for larder. A veranda in American style fronted the lake, and the small

paddock at the back was bounded by wood-sheds, chicken houses, stables, and barn, all of which had apparently been run up by the occupants.

It was a sweltering hot day and the heat fairly simmered from the reeds bordering the lake, the surface of which was mirror-like in its stillness, but that did not prevent me putting together my rods and preparing my tackle for the 180 evening rise upon which I pinned my faith. When the reels began to whir from the process of threading the lines through the rings, I was astonished to hear similar noises proceeding from the tule-bed which was not more than thirty yards away. In vain I looked for other fishermen, whilst the noise was repeated at periodical intervals, more particularly when I re-started it myself. At first I thought it was an echo, but this theory was soon dispelled, and I was curious enough to ask my newly found friends for an explanation. Mr Tipp was busy in the stable but promised to investigate the matter in due course. Mr Pipp, his partner, was busy in the kitchen preparing the chief meal of the day, but he left his culinary duties to oblige me. Saucepan in hand he stood upon the veranda beside me with his mouth half open in expectancy, as he did not quite understand what it was that was troubling me. I gave a sharp pull on the reel, and immediately afterwards the noise was repeated with marvellous accuracy from the tule-bed, whereupon the good-natured features of Mr Pipp expanded in a broad grin, and turning to me he said: “Why, that's ‘Bobby,’ the jester of our establishment; he will soon make your acquaintance if you don't his, as for the last four years he has been the life and soul of this ranch.”

“Who is ‘Bobby’?” I inquired.

“‘Bobby’! Why, he's a bobolink and the cock of the walk round this neighbourhood; he bosses all our poultry, the cat and the dog as well; he is a great favourite, and we should miss him more than anything else about us should misfortune happen to him,” with which remark he retired again to the kitchen, whilst I continued to complete my fishing arrangements so that I could start at a moment's notice.

Mr Pipp was an American from the Rocky Mountains, who had passed an arduous life mining, hunting, fruit farming, and in various other occupations, from which he had amassed a decent pile before he struck his partner and they agreed to retire together to the seclusion of St Mary's Lake. He was one of those good-natured men who could not refuse a friend, and was never so happy as when he was sharing everything that he possessed with those around him. Had it not been for the more business-like methods 181 of his partner he would probably long since have been deprived of his possessions and reduced to the work of his hands, coupled with his personal energies, to secure his daily maintenance. But Mr Tipp worshipped Mr Pipp equally as much as the former did the latter, and when alone with either of them they could only sing the praises of the other; with the exception that Mr Tipp's hobby was politics and Mr Pipp's hobby was hunting. Lure them on to either of these topics, the easiest process in the world, and their respective eyes would glisten like burning coals, they would each instantly work themselves into a state of violent excitement, and when fairly started it was difficult to get in a word until all their pent-up steam had been exhausted.

As soon as Mr Tipp had completed his duties towards the live stock in his keeping we sat down to a substantial repast. It was the most excellent meal I had eaten since the complimentary banquet at Buffalo, although its probable cost would not equal in the quantity of cents what I had many times paid in dollars. It was the superb cooking of Mr Pipp, who was a *chef par excellence* , and whose equal at certain and particular dishes it would be difficult to find outside the largest of cities. We started with an American appetiser, followed by beef-steak, roast chicken, fancy pudding, *hors d'œuvre* , with a dessert of bananas, apples, and pears of excellent quality. After a smoke I went down to the lake, and for a couple of hours tried flies and artificial baits until my arms wearied in the process, but although the trout were jumping around me they would look at nothing I put before them, and I was compelled to return empty-handed to the house.

When bed-time came our first dispute arose. Both my hosts insisted on offering me their respective beds, which I was equally persistent in refusing, but when they objected to my sleeping on the floor and I threatened to go to the hay barn, it was suggested that I could occupy the shelf in the pantry, on which a mattress had been spread, and which both of them had entertained thoughts of occupying. This bed was as comfortable as one could wish for, but the window and door having both been removed, permitted animal, insect, or reptile to pass through unimpeded, 182 and before. morning I had several visitors from each genus.

Breakfast was a further revelation of Mr Pipp's abilities, and my expressed appreciation seemed to more than repay him for the effort, whilst the praise of his partner pleased Mr Tipp more than anything else I could have said or done. After the meal my friends betook themselves to their ranch work, whilst I revisited the lake determined on blood. The weather still continued warm, and the slight breeze which from time to time sprang up was not sufficient for the purpose. Again I tried every lure and art that was known to me, but all in vain. The fish were evidently deep down in the cooler pools and were not to be tempted, and although I fished assiduously for several days I never once touched a fish during my stay in those most hospitable quarters. But I learned, about a fortnight after my departure, that the weather had suddenly changed to a cold snap and a number of large and heavy fish were brought to net by the anglers who turned out knowing that the change of weather would probably affect their appetite.

Here, as in other parts of the island, the garter snake seemed to abound. They could be found in all colours round the shores of the lake, and could often be noticed swimming across the bays. The reeds and tule were alive with leeches, and woe betide the unfortunate person who attempted to wade through them, or who was careless in their particular neighbourhood. The bird life on and around the lake at that precise period of the year was certainly not great in quantity. There were a few wild-fowl and coots, with an occasional loon generally to be seen, whilst in the evening the night hawks would circle

high in the air above the forest and bluffs, attracting attention by the peculiar noises they made. In the immediate neighbourhood of the ranch were several families of bobolinks, all of which appeared to be closely looked after and severely ruled and kept in order by “Bobby,” the cock of the walk before mentioned.

This bird was a perfect specimen; his feathers were as black as night and the ring around his neck a beautiful deep orange hue; without it he would have closely resembled a fine specimen of the old English cock blackbird. He 183 appeared to be as much at home in the house as he was out of it, and when not busily employed in the reeds and tulebeds, he would visit the ranch to see what was going on, or to tease any animal or bird that tickled his fancy for the time being. The pet cat of the establishment was undoubtedly frightened of him. One day “Bobby” chased this cat into a small wood-shed and kept it there for many hours. The cat had been lying in the sun outside the kitchen door when “Bobby” put in an appearance and got in a vicious peck on its back before it was aware of his attendance, whereupon the cat ran across the paddock, making for a barn, thus enabling “Bobby” to get in several more pecks. This caused the cat to roll on its back with its claws in the air, hoping to catch the bird, but “Bobby” remained at a respectable distance, infuriating the unfortunate feline with a variety of noises and feinted attacks. By degrees the cat got nearer and nearer to the outhouse, which was between itself and the barn, and when it took shelter in the building “Bobby” mounted guard on the half-open doorway and kept it there until rescued by one of its owners. Almost every time I appeared on the veranda “Bobby” would leave the reeds and perch on an ornamental arbutus tree that grew close to the house, from which coign of vantage he would watch every movement I made, and imitate any sound I uttered; reminding me very much of a tame raven we had kept at home for many years. He was so bold that he would come into the house and take things from the table, although this was not encouraged.

Other birds which were interesting and very pretty to watch were the humming-birds which visited the arbutus tree and a few other bushes growing in proximity to the ranch. They were not so large as Japanese butterflies, but when the sun shone on the burnished gold

of their feather tips they looked like fireflies flitting in and out the green foliage. Much as I desired to take some specimens away with me, I had not the heart to kill such magnificent and attractive little jewels of nature.

Although the three of us passed strenuous days in our various occupations, we were accustomed to sit up till the early hours of the morning discussing hunting trips in various parts of the world, with all the exciting anecdotes 184 and adventures attendant upon such expeditions, and experienced by every real sportsman who has passed years at the game. Mr Pipp's chief quarry seemed to have been grizzly bears and silver-tips, of which he had killed a considerable quantity; he was most enthusiastic in arranging the preliminaries of a possible trip in my company at a future date.

Apart from the fishing, which appeared to be only obtainable at periodical intervals when the weather favoured, there were a considerable quantity of grouse, pheasants, quails and deer in the neighbourhood of the ranch, but my friends were far keener on their preservation than on their hunting; explaining that they much preferred to see the animals and birds around them than to keep their larder supplied, although during the fall they did make occasional expeditions.

About three or four days after my arrival I was alone in the main room one morning about eleven o'clock, and noticing a hammerless, twelve-bore shotgun standing behind the door which I had not previously seen, I took it up and tried the lay of the stock, which handled and fitted me to perfection. Opening the breech I noticed a couple of shells in the chambers. Thinking they were kept there in order to relieve the spring by snapping down the hammers, as one is wont to do who considers these things, and knowing that I had cocked both barrels in the opening, on closing the gun I pulled the trigger, when to my astonishment the weapon went off and blew out the whole of the front window, whilst the concussion opened all the doors of the house. The report brought in Messrs Tipp and Pipp and the dog, all in a great state of excitement. They wanted to know if I had killed it—thinking I had seen a hawk after the chickens, for which use the gun had been left loaded

in the place I found it. When I apologised and cursed my thoughtless carelessness for not having more closely examined the shells, they simply made a laugh of the matter and said that I had saved them much trouble, as they would have had to have taken down the window-frames for the purpose of inserting the fly-proof gauzes which had given us so much trouble in the bringing from the quay; whereas now they could insert them without the trouble of 185 taking out the glass. This was but a small proof of their extreme courtesy and kindness, because I felt sure they would have to send to Vancouver or Victoria before they could renew the glass panes, and it was extremely nice of them to try and convince me that this accident was really beneficial, when it must have been very much the reverse.

At the end of the week I felt that I had trespassed more than enough upon their generous hospitality, and I made ready to depart. Mr Tipp insisted on driving me back again, although I tried hard to persuade him to permit me to walk. Not only was he very much against this, but he insisted on making a day of it. Old Bess was hitched to the rig, and after many farewell handshakes from Mr Pipp we jogged off once more along the forest track, bound to the western shores of the island.

Before leaving these two warm-hearted children of Nature in their Eden of outdoor happiness, I promised to send an occasional line of remembrance. When in the tropical fairyland bowers of the southern islands of the Pacific my thoughts flew back to St Mary's Lake and the windowless yet ever welcoming home nestling upon its forest-bound shore. My greeting ran:—

“From far away across the seas, I send a friendly shout; I pray thee don't forget thy pard, Who blew the window out!”

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CHAPTER XVI SPORT AT CAMPBELL RIVER

Vancouver city—Travelling northwards—Rough company—Charlie's hotel—Delayed by weather—Unreliable boatmen—Trouting—Early rising—Seeking my gaffer—Local

tackle—Drawbacks—At the mouth of the Campbell River—Salmon fishing—Midday rest—A natural aquarium—Fish warehouses—Trading the catch—Siwash Indians and their methods of salmon fishing—Comparisons—A tyro's Valhalla.

I had heard and read so much about the marvellous salmon fishing to be obtained at the Campbell River that I determined to go and stop there for a day or so on my way along the coast, and with that object in view I took the Canadian Pacific boat from Ganges Harbour to Vancouver City. The voyage occupied several hours and was picturesque and interesting, the steamer stopping at so many small stations and various islands before taking a straight run past the entrance to the Fraser River, which was at the time dotted by an innumerable fleet of small boats, mostly manned by a couple of Japanese fishermen busy catching the early salmon for the canneries, the lofty chimneys of which could be seen standing like Marconi masts on the mainland.

Vancouver City is charming, except when it rains; which it has a nasty habit of doing for too many days in the year. Like Bergen in Norway this is a city in which both the mackintosh and the umbrella is an absolute necessity. If, however, the rainfall does average sixty inches a year, exemption from the extremes of heat and cold in some measure compensates for this. Now that the Panama Canal is *fait accompli* Vancouver becomes the most important harbour in British dominions, and only San Francisco can hope to attempt a rivalry for the world's championship. All the great railways running to the 187 north-west choose this harbour as their Pacific terminal, thus determining the port as the outlet of the continental Hinterland, whilst it faces the ocean which washes the shores of the lands of two-thirds of the peoples of the earth, and which hold three-fourths of her natural resources. No wonder that the uprising of this city of miraculous growth has exceeded the wildest dreams of her oldest inhabitants. Thirty years ago the site was hardly known, and £10 per acre would have purchased the pick of the plots which to-day in some instances command £1500 per foot frontage, with a further realisable double depth of considerable value abutting upon another street; a possible profit of perhaps £500,000 on a £10 outlay. In the past ten years the population has sprung from thirty thousand to a

hundred and thirty thousand, and fabulous fortunes have been netted in periods of months by bold speculators, who foresaw possibilities and did not neglect opportunities. Of course the small suburbs around are included as being part and parcel of the city, although they still foolishly cling to such respective names as North, South and West Vancouver, Point Grey, Burnaby, False Creek and Burrard, etc. The interior of the town is neither pretty, attractive, nor interesting, except from a business point of view; therein it reigns supreme. The banks are magnificent structures of marble and stone; the warehouses colossal, capacious, and excellent; the hotels are villainously bad, dismal, and unattractive; some of the shops are good, but the majority of the buildings want an earthquake or a fire to wipe them off the face of the earth; then new buildings might be erected which would be a credit to perhaps the most progressive, go-ahead, cosmopolitan city the world has ever seen, excepting only San Francisco.

One morning I boarded a little Alaskan-bound steamer which was to take me northwards. It started at a very early hour, and as I was travelling light I shouldered my belongings and carried them through the almost deserted streets to the quay, where a party of rough loggers and miners were standing about in groups, who seemed of opinion that we should be lucky indeed if the boat got away within four or five hours of her scheduled time of departure. She was a tiny little craft, built for weathering 188 heavy seas, whilst her accommodation was rough in the extreme. By paying a trifle extra a kind of rabbit-hutch on deck was securable, although it was so stuffy that sleeping inside was out of the question when the temperature was warm. In the adjoining hutch to me was a Government engineer bound for the north of Vancouver Island, where he was engaged surveying the boundaries of the national park. The remaining cubicle was occupied by a fat lady whose weight might be guessed at about 360 lb., yet despite her thirty-five years she seemed to have many admirers, as there was almost a fight amongst them as to who should kiss her last. The passenger capacity of our boat was limited, but the people who crowded on board seemed to be unlimited. Without a hutch to retire to it would have been impossible to have found sitting room anywhere else. For some days we pounded

northwards, stopping at small stations, dodging in and out of islands and navigating the coast-line, which could well be compared with the Gulf of Finland or the approaches to Stockholm in Sweden. In due course I left the vessel at one of the small stations far up north, whence I worked my way to various places recommended by one person or another for the sport they offered, or for interesting details of Colonial life: the reclamation of virgin ground; factories converting the raw material into finished products; Indian reservations; villages and fishing centres and other objectives, which although attractive to me might not be of interest to an ordinary traveller. In short, for a period I was lost in the wilds, and, after so much indulgence in the luxuries of the highest form of civilisation, I threw myself into the arms of rugged Nature with a zest and a gladness which only those know and can understand who have experienced the wild, and who are unable to resist her periodical calls. With the exception of a short account of the fishing to be obtained from Campbell River Settlement, a Mecca to salmon fishermen, and a short reference to the paper mills of Powell River, I covered footsteps, as it might be that some of the temporary acquaintances I met, or travelled with, or lingered with, might strongly disapprove of their identity being disclosed. And taking other things into consideration it seems to me far better that the wanderings 189 of this pilgrimage should remain as a lost trail, rather than be blazed on the map.

At midday we reached the substantial pier that has been run out from the Campbell River Settlement. I was quite alone. I shouldered my clothes sack containing all my worldly possessions and hiked for the hotel, located in a pretty clearing of the dense forest which backed it. Round the bar on the south side were the usual group of resting loggers and hangers-on, who never seem to be able to get far away from such attractive centres. They hailed a newcomer with delight, and were anxious to escort me to the shrine they worshipped. But I was hungry and sought the main entrance intent on dinner. Had one not remembered that during the summer season this spot was visited by an army of anglers one might have expressed considerable astonishment at the palatial structure of the hotel buildings. They were better than those in the city of Vancouver with its hundreds

and thousands of inhabitants, where the principal hotel is so shut in, and dark, and gloomy within, that perhaps comparisons are unfair. In the office I encountered Charlie, the proprietor. He is a Swede and seems to own everything worth possessing in the settlement. He could not do enough for a fisherman. He was all over me at once, but he deplored the earliness of my arrival, so far as my prospects of success were concerned. From him I ascertained that in August one's catch of salmon was only limited by the physical endurance of the angler, and that ladies, or quite inexperienced fishermen, could make a certainty of taking a score or more of fish in a day, if they were sufficiently energetic enough to catch both tide turns. The fish ran from a few pounds to over 60 lb. in weight, and would freely take almost any bait which was offered to them at the height of the season; but, as early as it then was, he doubted whether I should obtain a fair idea of the capabilities of his happy hunting-ground, because the fish were probably disporting themselves in the dangerous races of Seymour Narrows rather than in the peaceful bay at the entrance to Campbell River. Furthermore, when the season was in full swing and the hotel was full to overflowing there was an army of boatmen to pick 190 from, whereas now there were only Indians and professional fishermen, and he lamented that he was unable to guarantee the efficiency of the men who would row me.

Subsequent events proved that Charlie was right in so far as his forecasts of inefficiency were concerned, but he had carefully omitted to enlighten me of the fact that this inefficiency originated from a superfluity of whisky, which, unfortunately, was much too accessible. However, the details of an appointment for the morrow at daybreak were discussed with all seriousness with a bleary-eyed boatman to whom I was introduced, and who welcomed any stranger with effusion as a long-lost brother. Operations had, however, to be deferred for about forty-eight hours owing to tempestuous winds and stormy weather, which no boatman would face. For a couple of days I had to content myself with trout fishing in the lower waters of the Campbell River, which, despite the earliness of the season, was excellent, unless one fished in the middle of the day, when nothing seemed to tempt the trout to rise. It was impossible to fish with any degree of comfort from the

lower banks of this stream owing to trees, bushes, swamps, and other obstacles, which make the casting of the fly an impossibility; whilst the clearings that are to be found are not in the places which one desires. However, at the timber boom a boat can be obtained and the offer of a dollar will generally find someone or other willing to row for the morning or evening rise, which is really the only time worthy of consideration. But it is strenuous work, as the boats are leaky and have to be baled continuously, whilst the stream runs strong. The trout were mostly cutthroats, although there were a few dolly vardens and steel backs. They ignored the fly but bit well on artificial minnow and spoon, and were activity itself when hooked. The best fish was a little over 4 lb.

Although weary with the exertions of preceding days and short hours of sleep, I awoke instantly at the first gentle tap on my door, and with a cheery “all right” groped for my watch to endeavour to see what hour it was. It was much too dark to see the time except by striking a match; however, having some idea of the

Cut-throat Trout.

The dreaded “Devil's-Club” Undergrowth.

191 character of the fisherman with whom I had arranged, I rubbed myself down with a rough towel after a good sluice in icy-cold water, tumbled into the thickest flannel clothes as quickly as possible, and grabbing my fishing gear, which had been prepared over-night with the basket containing the provender for the day, I stumbled down the stairs and out into the early morning air.

As suspected, there was no sign whatever of the erring henchman, so I started forthwith along the beach to that portion of the scrub in which his tent was said to be located.

The first glimmer of dawn was beginning to show in the east and a few birds twittered in the woods, whilst on the sound I could see the tide still running strongly; which meant that

our pull to the mouth of the Campbell River could not be made for some time except by dint of much labour and exertion.

For about half a mile there was a fairly good road to go upon, but I had to leave this and plunge into the thickets which grow just above high-water mark, because I was not certain within a quarter of a mile where his tent was located; and I had no desire to waste an hour overshooting my mark and perhaps miss my attendant if he did happen to wake and start to look for me—although I confess I hardly thought such was likely to be the case. After going some distance I came upon a water hole which contained beautiful clear water bubbling from a spring in the ground; I was certain that the tent would be within hail of this. I therefore followed various trails which led to rough shanties and other habitations of loggers engaged in woods close by until I found one inhabited, where I elicited the fact that the tent I was seeking had been pitched at the end of a trail to the left. I followed this for about sixty yards and found my boatman very soundly asleep, and lying, fully dressed, half in and half out of his tent, with three empty whisky bottles within a yard of him, which told their own tale much too eloquently. After the third kick in the ribs I woke him up, and a long drink from the spring aforesaid sufficiently revived him so that he remembered the object of my quest. Within half an hour I got him down to the shore, where his boat was lying ready for sea.

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She was rough but strong, clinker built from thick boards, about fourteen feet long, considerably cut away fore and aft, with plenty of sheer.

We wasted no time in pushing her out into the sound and made headway against the strongly running tide to best advantage.

By hugging the shore we took advantage of every little promontory and bay, otherwise it would have been impossible to have reached the entrance to the Campbell River in time for the all-important turn of the tide.

In the distance we could see about half a score of boats, canoes, and dug-outs, each containing one or two men; most of them were Indians and fishing with one or two hand lines.

My companion was a nondescript half-breed. It would be difficult to say from what races he had really sprung, or whence he came from, or his final destination; but Joe was keen on sport of any kind, and whilst he strained at the oars I prepared my tackle in the orthodox fashion. I was using a short salmon rod with heavy joints, fifty yards of strongest prepared silk line supported by a backing of one hundred yards of undressed silk. The trace was peculiar to Vancouver. I had purchased it from Messrs Fox of Victoria, the Farlows of British Columbia. In appearance it resembled a piece of very fine blind cord and I was assured that it would hold a tarpon. Every two feet was divided by a substantial swivel, and the lead would weigh from one quarter to half a pound. The bait consisted of a large spoon with a single hook of enormous proportions. I confess that I was ashamed of it, but as I was fishing very early in the season and there was little if any chance of catching fish by other methods, I had been argued into adopting local fashions, whilst I was also out for blood. When we reached the outflow of the river, Joe swung our boat into the full force of the stream and I paid out the whole of my heavy line. Within a few minutes I was into a fish, which fought quite equal to any Scotch or Norwegian salmon, but against the heavy tackle it had little chance; within ten minutes I was ready for another one. My first fish proved to be a blue back about 7 lb. in weight and very clean and beautiful to look at. Within a quarter of an hour 193 I had hooked a spring salmon which jumped in all directions. It gave me twenty-five minutes' excellent pastime. It was not a big fish and did not exceed 18 lb. in weight. Almost at the same moment that I struck this fish the jigger on Joe's line became violently agitated, and he abandoned the oars for his hand line, landing another blue back in a few minutes.

After this we were troubled somewhat with drifting weed and kelp, which seem to abound in this district. For upwards of an hour and a half all the boats rowed round and round the

entrance to the river, covering a distance of a mile or more and going quite out into the middle of the sound. Some criss-crossed, others zigzagged, whilst some rowed round in complete circles. It made little difference, the fish were everywhere and would often spring several feet into the air quite close to the boats; their silvery sides gleaming in the early morning sun and adding to the exciting expectancy which burned in every breast. The goddess of sport smiled precariously upon the assembled company. Some boats seemed to have fish every ten minutes, whilst others would go for three-quarters of an hour before any luck attended them. All seemed to fish with the same class of tackle, hand lines and large spoons, either of the common, oblong type, or the Stewart, which was in much favour. No sooner was a fish felt than the fisherman would seize his hand line and proceed to haul it up, hand over hand, as quickly as possible, never giving the fish the slightest play unless the fish was so great that in fear of breaking the line he would reluctantly play out a few yards on the rushes.

Spring salmon invariably jump several times unless they are very heavy fish indeed, and then they generally endeavour to sulk at the bottom, but the Indians give little encouragement to these tactics, and haul them in by brute force to the side of their canoe. As soon as the fish is within reaching distance of the canoe, they strike it with a curved spike on the end of a short pole and flip it on board instantly. Standing over the fish it is clubbed on the back of the head and thrown into a receptacle at the other end of the boat built for the purpose.

For two hours we rode about with the others, who left one N 194 by one as the stream slackened up by reason of the increased volume of water coming from Seymour Shallows which held up the water pouring down from the river and caused the fish to fall off their feed. We were the last boat, so we turned our bow northward and skirted the coast-line for a point leading into a big bay. On the way I hooked and landed a rock cod, which although ugly in appearance are excellent eating. I also had a fight with a salmon lasting forty minutes, the weight of which we estimated at about 40 lb. He sulked on the bottom, from which it was difficult to dislodge him. When landed it did not come up to half our

expectations. Shortly after this I lost my spoon, trace, and some twenty or thirty yards of line, by a sudden snap. Either the line kinked round one of the eyes of the rod, or my fish took advantage of some rocky projection which cut the line; but in the neighbourhood of the Campbell River this is a common experience, and no one should attempt to fish there unless they have plenty of spare tackle of all descriptions.

The bay was a most enchanting spot. Little rocky islands were dotted here and there, crowned with pine trees, their rugged shores festooned with bright yellow kelp and various other coloured seaweed; whilst beyond, on the mainland of the island, was a thick, dense forest, and peeping over it snow-capped mountains, the dazzling whiteness of which, contrasted with the azure blue sky, made a picture that one is not likely to forget. But all these beauties of nature were at that moment unauspicious to successful fishing, so we rowed the boat to the most beautiful landing-place we could select, and pulling her up on to the rocks whiled away a couple of hours at our leisure, and at the same time partook of a well-earned breakfast. Joe was not one of those who are keen on hot tea or coffee, in fact the only liquid which seemed to have a real attraction for him was raw whisky, and that of the strongest and most fiery nature that could be obtained. Knowing my man, I was careful not to dole out to him more than half a pint at one time, for had I given him free and unlimited access to the canteen I should have had the undoubted pleasure of pulling back the boat without aid, and with the added weight of his recumbent figure in the stern.

A Good Day's Catch for one Rod.

The Pick of the Basket.

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Before leaving the island in question I wandered round the rocks and peeped down into the deep pools which abounded everywhere. It was like looking into an aquarium. One could see the bottom quite clearly some thirty or forty feet below and observe all the beauties of submarine vegetation growing in its natural state. On the one hand there

would be a forest of kelp and beauteous seaweed, of varieties unknown to me; on the other a clear, sandy bottom, then a pile of rock coming almost to the surface. Everywhere fish were swimming, many of which I had never seen before, but rock cod were there in swarms, and one pool so excited me that I went back to the boat, put up another rod, and for an hour or more tried, with the various artificial bait at my disposal, to add to our basket. For some reason or other nothing seemed to tempt them, although I tried spoons, fly, artificial worm, and a variety of other tempting morsels which I had hitherto believed infallible. I followed these with bits of meat, fat, and raw fish cut from those already caught, but my patience was not rewarded, and I did not obtain a single bite nor a single fish. As each new bait was introduced one or more of the fish would rush to investigate it, nose it, and then turn tail. I can only assume that it was owing to their either having seen me, or to the atmospheric conditions, which were such that they were dead off their feed.

Leaving the island we thoroughly fished the bay, although we were troubled the whole time with floating and growing weed. The nearer we got to Seymour Narrows the better sport we obtained, although the force of the tide was so great that we had much difficulty in navigation, and I lost two more spoons owing to eddies and cross-currents whereby I caught the bottom with the result mentioned.

In due course we worked our way back again to the mouth of the Campbell River and once more joined the Indians who had pushed out to reap the expectant harvest which invariably came with each change of the tide. Our fishing was identical with that of the early morning, and our success about the same. We did not return to the pier until late in the afternoon where we found a small flotilla of craft of all descriptions landing their catches in baskets which were pulled up into the ice rooms above.

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Each pier which has been built along this northern coast of British Columbia, where salmon habitually frequent, seems to hold an agent for some cannery or other. They build compact stores, with weighing-room, sorting-room and cold storage combined, and they

purchase all the fish which are brought to them, in accordance with their requirements. It is the custom for amateur fishermen to pay their boatman four dollars a day, and to give him in addition all the fish that are caught; which of course they sell to these cannery agents. Hence it was that we were brought into close contact with all the rival fishermen we had seen during the day and many others who had come from a distance.

The price paid at that time was 2½d. a piece for blue backs, no matter what their size or weight, and about 3½d. per pound for spring salmon. The fish had to be opened and cleaned before taken to be weighed, and the money was handed over in cash on delivery.

The fishermen congregated at the pier were about the roughest, most uncouth-looking lot of men one could possibly imagine, nearly all of whom were Indians, dressed in extraordinary garb which they seemed to have picked up anywhere and anyhow. Some of the boats were decked-in with a tiny cabin amidships, from which peeped forth squaws and young children, showing that the owner of the boat had his whole family with him. Some of the larger of these boats were fitted with an oil engine which was undoubtedly of enormous advantage to them, because it made them independent of the tide and they could take advantage of every moment available for the best of the fishing; whilst they could penetrate to places where no rowing boat dare venture, and, judging by the catches which were landed from these boats, the fruits of their labour panned out at a very large percentage over boats propelled by any other means. I noticed, in particular, a craft about twenty feet long, owned by a dried-up old Siwash Indian who came to the pier regularly every two days. It was manned by the aforesaid Indian and his wife, who might be anything from fifty to ninety years of age, his son, a lad of about fifteen, a daughter of about eleven, and other younger members of the family. Apparently they all used hand lines, because when the

Fifty and Sixty-pound Spring Salmon from the Campbell River.

197 money was handed over the boy and girl claimed distinctive shares, and during the time that I was located in this district I noticed that they rarely brought less than two

hundred fish. On that day in question he had three hundred and twenty salmon for the two days' catch, all of which he informed us he had taken in Seymour Narrows; and considering the dangerous reputation of this spot he must have risked the lives of all on board with impunity. But he was coining money, which consideration would weigh with him above all others.

So far as the actual sport of fishing in this district is concerned, it must remain a matter of individual opinion. Personally, it did not appeal to me, because the fish were much too easy to catch; one's tackle had to be selected strong and heavy to combat the flow of the tide; and heavy leads had to be used to sink the bait sufficiently low in the water to ensure success; whilst the surroundings, although most beautiful in every respect, do not possess that strange, grand, weird fascination which the shut-in crags and cliffs towering above the rushing pools and torrents of the northern European salmon rivers possess, and add to the sport they provide. To catch a salmon on the fly in salmon pools, under ordinary circumstances, is undoubtedly the highest form of angling. It is at all times extremely difficult. It is undoubtedly a science which requires an apprenticeship of long standing, and is an art which can only be learned by patient application and persistent study for many years; whilst the sport has a spice of danger which is greater, and less easy to be avoided, than this boat fishing in the open sea.

Then again, when the fish is hooked, the tackle used in European salmon fishing is as gossamer compared with the tackle used in British Columbia. In the latter case it is a question of brute strength and physical endurance as to the number of fish, and the weight of the basket; but in the former less strength is required, and far greater skill, courage, resource, and cunning is necessary to bring the fish to land. In proof of which may be recalled the numerous instances of the success of ladies and children of tender years who have hooked, played, and landed heavy fish, of 40 or 50 lb. in weight, in so many instances; whilst 198 good fishermen have been known to land salmon of over 30 lb. in weight on a nine-ounce fly rod, with the very finest tackle; although of course the time taken and the patience necessary to bring to bear upon such captures must in each

case be great. Yet to one who has started fishing late in life and to whom the art of fly fishing may be unknown, the western shores of British Columbia offer a veritable Valhalla. Anyone who goes there during the run of the fishing can take salmon with the greatest of ease, and up to 50, 60, and 70 lb. in weight, and in such quantities as the heart may desire. Ladies have been known to catch nearly a score in an hour, although they probably had assistance to get them into the boat quickly, or such a feat would be an impossibility. The fish practically hook themselves, and the length of time occupied in landing them depends entirely upon the strength of the tackle used. Netting is not allowed and all fish must be taken by line, although upon the Fraser River and elsewhere inland a different law prevails.

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CHAPTER XVII A SECRET DEN OF INIQUITY

Fishing Indians—Quaint funerals—Totem poles—Deforming babies—Loose morals—A red-light Siwash hotel—An old bear hunter—On the trail—A secret debauchery bower—Caves and signal stations—Women at prohibited areas—The curse of Western British Columbia—Slavery—A whited sepulchre—Held up.

Along the coast north of Vancouver the voyager continually meets with Indian settlements, and although the Indians encountered at the present day do not carry the feather and war paint of former generations they are yet not lacking in interest, if only for the quaint customs and curious habits which this dying race still clings to. The majority of these are fishing Indians who are only found on the coast. They dare not penetrate any distance inland because they fear the evil spirit of the forest and the mountains. Nearly all the tribes seem to come under the nomenclature of Siwash, and at the present day they favour wooden shacks, built on civilised lines, and wear ordinary clothing. But the inroads of civilisation have worked great havoc in their midst, mainly through disease and alcohol. At periodical distances Indian reservations are met with, and it is a somewhat serious offence for anyone but an Indian to be found inside the boundaries of an Indian reservation

within one hour of sunrise, or sunset; or to give to, or to procure for, any Indian alcoholic refreshment. Many of these Indians still observe funeral obsequies by placing their dead in trees, or on rude funeral pyres to which the torch is not applied. Curious carved totem poles can be seen erected in almost any of their villages or before their houses, which are held in considerable reverence; a great fuss was made a few years ago, which almost led to a general Indian uprising, because 200 one of the most celebrated of these totem poles was stolen and erected in the principal square of the town of Seattle. It was never returned, and can be seen there at the present day.

As a race they are short in stature, broad in build, and, for the most part, extremely ugly. They are copper-coloured, have high cheekbones and straight dark hair; whilst it is the custom in some places to deform the heads of their children in infancy by pressure in their carrying-boxes made from bark pads. But here and there a young squaw may be found having some pretension to good looks. The morals of the women-folk are loose indeed, and a Chief would sell his squaw, either temporarily or permanently, in exchange for a small quantity of the kill-me-quick whisky which permeates to the outskirts of most logging camps.

Once when fishing with a ne'er-do-well camp-follower he let out, in the course of conversation, that he had recently come from a week's debauch at a celebrated red-light Siwash hotel. Knowing that there was no building of the kind anywhere along the coast my curiosity was naturally aroused. I determined to unearth this obnoxious retreat if it could be found, solely for educational purposes. But although I had been fishing up and down the coast, and upon all the inland lakes and streams covering a radius of ten or fifteen miles, for many days, I had seen no signs whatever of anything out of the usual. A night or so later there entered our camp an old hunter from the Kootenay district. He was a renowned slayer of grizzlies and silver tips and we knocked up a rather close acquaintance, discussing hunting trips in various parts of the world. Happening to make casual mention of this Siwash retreat, the old hunter arranged that we should go on the trail to locate it. The following day we walked far and long over much rough and rugged

country before any sign was obtainable; then suddenly we fell on it quite by accident. I came across an old biscuit tin which had evidently been used for boiling clams. Within a short distance of this the hunter struck a concealed trail leading up from the shore, seemingly into the heart of an impenetrable tangle of undergrowth, which covered the shale 201 at the foot of some steep cliffs rising almost abruptly from the salt-water shore. By lifting a bough and stooping low a well-beaten pathway was revealed. It led through a short maze of solid greenery to a grove of alder trees, the branches of which had been overlaced with other vegetation to form a natural roof to a vast, open-air hall, capable of giving accommodation to several hundred people. Logs had been cut and fashioned into rough seats and benches, while the place was rudely furnished and provided with all requirements for high revels. Signs of recent occupation there were in plenty—stacks of empty bottles, piles of clams and egg-shells, much paper, and many empty tins; kettles and open fireplaces at various points, three or four of which were actually smouldering at the time of our visit. But although we noticed several garments hanging on the boughs in the more secluded bowers, not a human being was to be seen. Extending our researches we found more pathways leading to the rocks above; and for an hour or so we explored every one of them. Some led by easy stages, yet with many a twist and turn upwards. Others consisted of rough steps made from shale boulders that had been collected for the purpose, for easier and more direct access to the cliffs; but they all concentrated upon a series of caves which ran into the face of the cliff, and which much resembled ancient cave dwellings that I had seen in parts of America, Southern Spain, Africa, and elsewhere. Two of these caves looked out from the face of the cliff some distance above the roof of the leafy hall below and were undoubtedly used as signal stations. Such could be seen for many miles across the straits, although no passerby in the woods behind the cliff, or any resident on the same shore, could see them, as the face of the cliff was completely hidden by the bluff and the dense forest which surrounded it. We found much evidence of habitation in the shape of clothing, food, empty bottles, cooking utensils and rough bedding. Here also fires were still smouldering, and we came to the conclusion that if any of the frequenters or habitues of this retreat had been in residence at the time we

wandered along the shore, they must have observed our discovery and entrance, and moved away at our 202 approach. It did not require the astuteness of a Sherlock Holmes to deduce the fact that a mighty orgy had taken place within a period of hours of our arrival.

Within a distance of ten miles of this spot were located some half-dozen logging camps, holding many hundreds of rough loggers. This evidently was their Elysium. Probably Saturday night was their time of meeting. They would have all Sunday afternoon to get over their excesses, whilst, if they required to invite others from a distance across the waters, a simple arrangement of signals would easily effect such a purpose. Any person, male or female, who desired to escape detection from any sudden visitor, or who preferred seclusion, could escape or hide their identity at a moment's notice and with the greatest of ease in the labyrinth of paths and maze of passages which were so ingeniously arranged in the thick undergrowth, and so marvellously concealed by the profusion of natural verdure.

It was without doubt the secret cesspit of debauchery for the lumber camps and their hangers-on. How long it had been maintained in secret it is impossible to say, as although I questioned several roués regarding its antecedents and entertainments not one of them would admit its existence, or that they had ever heard of it; although the suddenness with which they changed the conversation, and their reticence to answer any inquiry, or to discuss the matter in any way, showed that in reality they knew all about it.

At the majority of the great lumber mills there are laws or regulations which control the presence of women-folk. Yet it is no uncommon occurrence to see bum-boats hovering a short distance from the shore containing many ladies of “no importance.” Scows also are sometimes towed by a small launch from one part of the coast to another, luxuriously fitted up for the purpose of trading in sin; for it is well known that a logger and his money. are soon parted.

Waste and drink seem to be the two great curses in Western British Columbia. Where a clean, attractive, inviting-looking, wooden hotel is erected, with capacious veranda, airy, well-lighted rooms and charming service, 203 the visitor might be led to believe that he had struck a haven of peace and rest and goodwill towards men. That is the front of the picture. But let the visitor go round to the back, more particularly after nightfall, and he will be struck with horror at the terrible scenes which alas! seem a daily occurrence. The majority of loggers are slaves to the drink curse. The moment they obtain a few coins they dash off to the bar and burn them, and their bodies as well. A great deal has been written about the slavery of natives engaged in the cocoa plantation. This may or may not be true. But the majority of loggers seem to be slaves of their own making. They come to the owner of the logging camp, who perhaps has an interest in a neighbouring licensing business as well. They obtain advances from him which are immediately spent over the bar. After a few days' riotous intoxication, finding their credit is stopped, they go to work at about four dollars a day with their food. On Saturday they receive their pay. By twelve o'clock on Sunday morning it has not only gone down their throats, but in all probability they will have wallowed even still deeper into debt, if the proprietor of the bar thinks it will answer his purpose to give the extended credit.

Should such an unfortunate slave wish to shift ground he cannot move as the debt is hanging over his head, and as this amounts to more than he can earn in any one week, and he is not sufficiently strong-minded to attempt to pay it off, he remains tied down for an indefinite period. The end of which can only be reached by some fatal accident, or a general break-up of his physical system by reason of his indulgent excesses.

In some logging camps will be found a clean, wholesome, respectable class of men, who look with horror and loathing on their wild companions, but who never show the contempt they feel, and who are ever ready to help their fallen mates in every way that lies in their power.

A considerable portion of these are 'Varsity men, sons of English clergymen and younger sons of county families from the Old Country. They look forward with much eagerness to their Sunday rest. They can be found participating in the church service, which is always held in 204 the front part of the hotel; whilst they avoid, with a wholesome horror, the inferno of the hell behind it.

On a quiet, peaceful Sunday morning I have sat and participated in a fully attended service, where beautiful hymns were sung by the congregation, and no one would have believed that vice could have reared its ugly head anywhere within such a seemingly quiet, religious neighbourhood. Yet but one door separated the innocents from a vile and swinish heap of some forty or fifty loathsome bodies, lying in an unconscious, spirit-soaked condition, sleeping off the fumes of their overnight potations. They had parted with-everything they possessed in the world except the greasy remnants of clothes that hung on them, in exchange for the deadly poison which had brought them to their then loathsome and revolting condition.

The legislators of British Columbia could learn much to the advantage of their glorious country by study and research of the laws and systems at present prevailing in Norway, where lumber mills and big manufactories are located.

One of the most alluring occupations of camp life in the backwoods is the short rest before make-up for the night. The day of strenuous toil is over. A meal has been eaten which, for lusciousness and appreciation, cannot be equalled, although the fare may have been of the coarsest and of the most indigestible nature. The flicker of the firelight casts reflections upon the stately forest trees, and the impenetrable blackness beyond seems to bring them nearer and to give an appearance of mighty walls to a hall of some mediaeval castle; whilst the glow, the warmth, and the genial companionship of one's comrades adds a richness to the setting of the picture which a lover of nature and of the wild appreciates with such an irresistible yearning that, however lucky he may strike, its subsequent call

cannot possibly be disregarded, and he ventures back to it again and again, until his rugged, travel-worn body is called for the last time across the Great Divide.

Two or three miles from our then present camp was a small lake whereon some trapper or Indian had left an ancient dug-out canoe not worthy of removal. The lake was renowned for its fishing, although sizes, were small.

A British Columbian Hotel.

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This lake seemed to have an attraction of its own which, after a first visit, was somewhat difficult to get away from. Whether it lay in its rugged wildness, or the gigantic timber by which it was surrounded, or its smooth, silent mirror-like surface, it was difficult to say, but the fact remained that again and again I was drawn to its precincts and always lingered thereabouts until darkness alone prevented further sport. The surrounding country was rough in the extreme, and mining and logging camps were numerous. After one or two late arrivals home some friendly advice was impressed upon me that “the pitcher which went too often to the well ran risks of getting broken.” “You numskull idiot, can't you understand that it's not safe to travel too far from camp after dark, let alone to be continually following the same road home, night after night, at about the same hour.”

“But I'm not frightened of bears, lynxes, wolves, or such-like; especially at this time of year.”

“Guess it's the two-legged wolves that's the trouble.”

“What do you mean?”

“Why, you derned fool, Britishers are too thick for this world. That's why so many of you get a free quick pass to the next.”

“If it's a hold-up you are referring to, my friend, where is the danger? I never carry more than about a dollar on me, apart from which there's little of value to satisfy the gentleman of the road.”

“That's just it. Sometimes you get a helping ounce of lead from sheer disappointment at empty pockets, or as a warning to people to be more thoughtful in future in the interests of others.”

My admonitioner was grave and serious, but I laughed at his fear and dismissed the matter without further thought. The second day after this conversation sport at the lake had been bad indeed. In spite of persistent efforts not a single trout had found its way into the basket, whilst I had rested a good hour or more after nightfall in order to let the moon rise well before striking the home trail. About half-way there was a small clearing in the forest where the path opened out and many fallen logs littered the ground. The moon had become obscured by 206 fleecy clouds and a sleet squall did not add to the comforts of travelling. At a point where the path was in absolute darkness, owing to overhanging foliage, a husky voice peremptorily ordered “Halt! Hands up!”

“It's all right, sonny,” I replied, “I haven't got any.”

“Got any what?”

“Fish, of course. I've had an unlucky day, so I can't oblige.”

“We don't want no fish. It's money we're after.”

“If that's so,” I said, “I think I'd better stop and help you to look for it. I've been a trier all my life, but it's mighty little I've ever touched yet.”

“Stow that fooling and say what you've got; and hands up higher still.”

Remembering that every native with whom I had discussed this business had exhibited an almighty respect for these words, I hastened to obey orders, dropping my fishing gear the while, which clattered down behind me.

“If you don't believe me, mister, you'd better come and see for yourself,” I hastened to add, as the gentleman seemed to be getting impatient.

Whereupon another ruffian of the woods, whose presence I had not previously suspected, rose from his seat on a log and tickled me all over at once. He thought he had made a fine haul when he pulled out a very fat flybook, and the expressions of disgust used by the pair of them would have been really amusing had I not had cause to believe that any signs of hilarity on my part might bring about immediate mischief.

“See here. How do you live?”

It is better to confess at once that this was one of those rare occasions which proves the exception to the rule that “all men should speak the truth.” Surely a lie was justifiable under the circumstances!

“I'm a remittance man and my brother keeps me.”

“Where's your brother?”

“In Victoria.”

“How much do you get?”

“Twenty dollars a month.”

“Poor blighter! What's your reckit?”

Round the world in strange company; America, British Columbia and the west (section). http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbtn.16320

I didn't answer, but I meekly requested to be allowed to sit down.

“Certainly not,” shouted the fiercest of the two. “You stand still and if I see your hands go down—”

The other gentleman who had effected the search had thrown down my fly-book in disgust and retired to his log, whence I could hear gurgling from a bottle, which attracted his mate's attention. Having each had a drink they plied me with more questions of a personal nature, as to my doings and movements.

Satisfying them as best I could with further jeopardy to future purgatory I ventured to sit down myself, keeping my hands, however, still raised about the level of the head. Feeling about with one foot I located the fly-book, then boldly stooped down and recovered it. This encouraged me, and when next the bottle came into evidence I suggested that as no harm had been done, and no malice was borne, why should they drink alone? A volley of curses at the impudence of remittance skunks was the introduction to a grudging invitation, which I accepted; although the liquid was more villainous in its taste and strength than the possessors of it. Having ascertained beyond all doubt that both of these forest gentlemen were inebriated, and having assured them that I had throughout been convinced that the whole business was merely an attempt to “jolly a raw tenderfoot Britisher,” I determined to get away at first opportunity. When, therefore, robber number one quarrelled with robber number two for having drunk more than his fair share from the bottle, this babe took to his heels and fled up the pathway in the darkness as best he could, nor did he cease running until the smothered curses of the two wicked uncles left behind had faded away to silence in the intervening distance.

CHAPTER XVIII OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

Round the world in strange company; America, British Columbia and the west (section). http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbtn.16320

Wanderings along untrodden paths—A chance acquaintance and an alfresco breakfast —A queer partnership—Good fishing—Trouble with Indians—Trouble from loggers—A dollar and a half hold-up-Court-martialled—Not proven—Friendly advice—Exploring—An adventure in a logging camp—Lonely fishing in unknown waters—A pack train—Caught on a bronco buster.

Turning out one morning just before daybreak I made for the bank of the river which ran a very short distance from my then temporary quarters. It was a quick-running stream with few pools that were fishable owing to the dense mass of forest vegetation which had never been cleared, and where the timber had been slashed the bushes had grown up to a height of some ten to fifteen feet. It was almost impossible to push one's way through them, whilst they extended not only to the edge of the river-bank but in most cases clothed the bank itself; unless therefore one ventured on to the roots of an old tree-stump, or balanced oneself as best as one could on the trunk of a fallen giant of the forest, it was next to impossible to cast a fly with any chance of success. When I wanted to move farther up stream I often had to take my rod in pieces, as it was quite impossible attempting to carry it through the forest. The bank of the river had been washed away on the one side, so that no path was accessible, whilst on the other side were impossible bogs and swamps with deep holes and gulleyways at short distances apart, barring any hope of progress. Had I had access to a canoe or boat matters would have been different, but on these practically unknown rivers such are not to be found where one most wants them.

I made my way up stream, following the river as best I 209 could and taking advantage of every available spot that gave half a chance, but the weather was so cold that the trout were not tempted by the dainty and gaudy morsels I placed over them. Patience, however, is generally rewarded, and in due course I landed a fine “cut-throat” of about 3 lb. in weight, with another half that size. Having had no breakfast I was naturally hungry and inclined to return to the logging camp in order to make a meal, but my success goaded me on, and I wandered farther up the stream in the hope of an increase to the basket.

I had negotiated about the densest thicket I had as yet come across, with some damage to my gear and my clothing, when I emerged upon a beautiful but small clearing. On the left were two little paddocks partly railed in, where grew luxuriant grass that when cut would make quite a respectable hay-stack. A little beyond on the right was low scrub easy to walk through, and I turned again to the river-bank hoping to find a fishable place. In this I was not disappointed, but my attention was arrested by the poorest apology for a tent I have ever seen. It consisted of a few light poles carelessly entwined to a height of about three feet, decked with remnants of odd bits of canvas, which if they were all collected and sewn together would not make up more than three or four square feet. I should probably have passed this rag heap, thinking it cast-away refuse, had I not observed a pair of heavily nailed boots sticking out at one end of it, and as I noticed a frying-pan lying under a bush, with a few cast-away tins and other rubbish, I walked up and kicked the soles of the aforesaid boots. Whereupon a ragged, unkempt individual crawled out, whose appearance was on a par with the domicile he occupied.

“What are you doing here?” I asked.

“What the devil business is that of yours?” he replied.

“This much. I want to borrow that frying-pan.”

“Well, you're welcome, but you need not have disturbed me to ask that.”

Thinking that he also might be hungry, I produced my fish and suggested his joining me for breakfast. He did not move, but apparently weighed up the fish in his mind and grunted out a number of questions as to where I got O 210 them, what coloured fly I used, who I was, where I came from, and what business I had in view?

Feeling instinctively that a little reticence on my part might be judicious, I merely informed him I was a Britisher marooned for the time being in that particular neighbourhood, and

that I was working my way up stream with a view to visiting some of the upper lakes where I intended joining a survey party under Government.

“How many dollars a day do they give you beside your keep?” he inquired.

“Guess I'll know that when I get there, because I haven't made any bargain yet.”

“More damn fool you I But why waste time talking? You had better get some firewood and start a blaze,” saying which he seated himself very comfortably with his back up against a log and proceeded to clean the fish with his shut-knife, whilst I skirmished round for sticks and wood to make the fire.

“You'd better scour that frying-pan if you're a tenderfoot, 'cause I know you gentlemen from the Old Country are too blarsted fastidious for words. You'll find some clean sand by the river, and plenty of grass. When you come back, look in the tub in the hollow tree-trunk on the right of you and cut off a rasher or two of bacon; then I'll be ready with the fish.”

I cleaned the pan and found the bacon mixed up with all sorts of odds and ends and nothing to cover it from the dirt around. I sawed off several slices with my pocket-knife and it was soon frizzling over a good blaze. The owner of the tent was occupied cleaning his pipe with the same knife that he was cleaning the fish with, and at my appearance requested the loan of tobacco. Filling his pipe he pointed to the fish, and when I had filled the frying-pan he informed me there should have been half a loaf of bread somewhere in the bacon tub; so I had to go back to fish it out. My new-found acquaintance made no attempt to move until the fish was ready, the bread cut, and he could lay aside his pipe in order that he might proceed with his breakfast. For some time neither of us spoke, because our jaws were otherwise occupied. When he could eat no more tie informed me that he was the finest and cleverest fisherman 211 in the world, by which I immediately knew him to be an American. The number of record fish that had been taken in his company would have startled the editor of any sporting newspaper even accustomed to big things, whilst he seemed to be on terms of intimate friendship with every celebrity who

had ever visited the Pacific Coast, including a large number of European noblemen, and the past two or three Presidents of the United States. According to his own statement he was also one of the most generous men the world had ever produced. He had no use for money, therefore, whenever he had a windfall, he invariably shared it with his companions for the time being; he preferred the wild life of the woods, and he was never happy unless he could wander at will where he liked, and enjoy life in his own peculiar way, in fact in the way in which I had then found him.

I listened in silence to his wonderful anecdotes and stories of trout and salmon fishing whilst we both made inroads on the slender stock of tobacco which my pouch contained. Then I suggested that as he was such an expert, and as he seemed to have a certain amount of free time at his disposal, perhaps he would have no objection to showing me where and how I could obtain some more fish from the river which flowed past at our feet.

“No good now,” he said. “You must watch the evening and morning rise, from sunset to dark, and an hour before sun rises, that's your only chance; it's useless fishing in the middle of the day; if you come back here then I shall be only too pleased to accompany you for five dollars a day, my keep, all the fish caught, and whatever else you like to present me with.”

“Snakes alive!” I said. “I only possess two dollars in the world. I want to earn money, not burn it.”

“How the hell do you think you can earn money fiddling about with a fishing pole?” he snapped at me.

“Well, can't a man have a day's recreation if he wants it? Must a man work work for ever and never have any play? I suppose if you had a day off you would go down to the saloon and get drunk; whereas my pleasure consists of fiddling about with a fishing pole, as you term it.”

“Guess if you want to fish you had better stop here,” 212 he added more quietly and after some little silence, “this is the best place for trout fishing in the whole of British Columbia, and as my partner left *rather suddenly* this morning, you can, if you like, take his place and share my tent.”

“That's very kind of you,” I remarked. “If what you say is true about the fishing I don't suppose I can do better.” Thus I became located in new and airy quarters.

“If you're going to be my pard, the first thing you've got to do is to collect enough firewood to last us a day or so; then you can go and catch a supply of fish. Meanwhile I'll just finish that rest you interrupted,” saying which he crawled under the miserable shanty and settled himself down for a further nap.

As directed, I skirmished round and collected a fairly large pile of fallen and broken timber, which I placed handy on one side of the clearing before returning to the river, where I fished with more or less success until the evening.

When I returned late to camp my friend was reclining against the same old log sucking his empty pipe, which at his request I replenished. I then reminded him that the evening rise was about due, but it took more than ordinary persuasion before I could get him on his feet. Having accomplished that somewhat difficult task, he led me into the woods in search of a man who was supposed to be the owner of a boat of sorts that was padlocked to a tree-stump some distance down stream. With difficulty we found the boat owner who proved to be a Dane recently come to Vancouver.

Being conversant with his language and fairly well posted in Danish affairs, it was easy to secure his friendship, with the result that the key of the boat was handed over and its use granted to me for an unlimited period. By the time we had baled it out and launched it on the bosom of the stream it was almost dark, then for half an hour I enjoyed excellent sport and brought back a sufficient quantity of trout, ranging from 4 lb. downwards, to supply

our requirements for several days. This was excellent from the point of view of my newly found partner, but from my point of view it was bad in the extreme, because, having filled his larder, it became an absolute impossibility to move him to

The Outlaws' Camp.

213 further effort whilst the supply lasted; and as it was a matter of great difficulty to fish the fast-running stream rowing the boat alone, I regretted that I 1 had landed as many as I had. However, the boat was an acquisition of vast importance, because with its aid I was able to visit pools and backwaters which were otherwise inaccessible; so I lingered for several days in these quarters of unknown origin.

I was wont to retire when it was too dark to fish, rising an hour or so before daylight in order to be on the water with the first glimmer of dawn and rest during the middle of the day when the fishing was not worthy of consideration. My friend seemed to sleep the whole time. He objected to any manual labour, particularly to the exertion of rowing, so long as there was a sufficient quantity of fish to eat; sport was a matter of absolute indifference to him, whilst he only looked on the fish from a commercial, or rather, in this instance, from a necessitous point of view. They were good to eat and he liked them, his only regret being that there was not an equal quantity of alcohol available.

The morning following our meeting I was busily engaged broiling trout over the fire, about two hours after sunrise, when an Indian peered through the bushes in a manner that would have been alarming to anyone who was frightened of this particular species of humanity. I invited him to come nearer to warm himself, when he poured out a stream of most vituperative abuse of me in particular and all mankind in general.

“What's your trouble?” I inquired.

“You burn me stake,” he said.

“Don't know what you're talking about,” I replied.

“You burn me stake,” he repeated again and again, until I was tired of its reiteration.

“Oh, all right. If it pleases you say it again, if it doesn't go away somewhere else and play,” I remarked.

“You burn me stake, I put you light out,” he continued to hiss so persistently that I was compelled to resort to my human telephone, by kicking at the soles of my partner's boots, which seemed to be for ever sticking out at the end of our tent. After about the third kick that worthy, 214 hearing he was wanted, crawled out to interview the irate Indian.

“Oh go to hell!” he said as soon as he saw him. “You git!”

“You burn me stake; me makee you sweat.”

“Now look here, I don't want any trouble from you. I never touched your damned stake. The man who did that took to the bush yesterday.”

“You damn lie,” said the Indian, pulling a large piece of freshly cut timber from the fire, which certainly had the semblance of an allotment stake. “See here proof what you want. I pay lumber company many dollars my stake. You burn all. 'Sides your tent on Indian reservation. I make 'plaint. You much trouble. You see.”

Whereupon my partner dived into the tent and emerged with a revolver of considerable proportions, which he presented at the Indian and emphatically informed him to git, which that individual proceeded to do with considerable celerity.

With some disgust he turned to the fire, and laying hold of the offending stake cast it burning into the river, which act startled two other Indians who were apparently in hiding and who had been witnesses of the recent argument; and whose presence we had no suspicion of until that moment.

“Say, boy,” my partner said, turning to me, “I don't altogether like the look of things. I lost my butcher's knife the day before yesterday, then an axe the morning you came, whilst my late pard had to take to the woods rather suddenly owing to circumstances over which I had no control. Now those blarsted Indians have killed quite half a dozen people around here in the last few weeks; at least the people have disappeared, and if the Indians did not kill them, who did? I'm inclined to think the best thing we can do is to quit.”

Knowing that I could foot it at any minute back to the coast, I agreed with his proposal, but the practical side of me dictated that it was advisable to complete the cooking and consumption of our breakfast before considering any other proposition; so we fell to on the excellent trout which were by this time in readiness. Having finished our meal we made ourselves comfortable against the tree-stump, the 215 favourite position of my partner, and pulling out our pipes proceeded to enjoy half an hour's peaceful rest, whilst we both agreed that unless the Indians visited us again it was hardly worth bothering to move. But we had barely settled ourselves when the bushes bordering on our clearing parted and three hefty loggers from a neighbouring camp came towards us, showing pretty clearly that they carried six-shooters and were ready to use them if required.

“Say here, right now, which of you held up Mike James for a dollar and a haaef?” said the leader of the triumvirate as he stopped before us, whilst his two companions glared in the most suspicious manner at both of us.

“Guess I know nothing about that,” said my partner. “I have not moved from this camp for the last ten days, and my friend here is a Britisher who probably doesn't know what you mean.”

“Don't want no nonsense. We've come to inquire about that dollar and a haaef, and we're going to get to the bottom before we leave. If it wasn't you, how about your pard here?” and he turned abruptly on me in a most unpleasant manner which I did not at all appreciate.

“I have no idea to what you refer,” I replied.

“Waal, the fact remains that Mike James got a drop of snake juice and was held up just off the camp for a dollar and a haaef, and it's one of you that's at the bottom of it, so you'd better own up without further nonsense.”

“My dear sir,” I exclaimed, “you don't think I would hold up a man for a dollar and a half. I am a Britisher out here for a little fishing, and if you doubt my word will you kindly look at my gear, which will prove my assertion.”

“Don't want to see your b—fishing pole. How about that dollar and a haaef?”

Seeing that argument appeared to be useless with this obstinate gentleman and his companions, I turned to the uncouth-looking owner of the camp and asked him to explain matters in a manner which would satisfy the gentlemen who had visited us.

“Waal,” he said, “it may be that my late partner was guilty. In fact, between you and me, as man to man, I'm 216 inclined to think he probably was. You see he'd been on the bust for a week, and when he came home the night before last it took him some time to sleep it off. When he came to 'bout four o'clock yesterday morning, he told me he had to git pretty smart, and he took straight to the bush, leaving some belongings behind. I ain't seen him since and don't expect to no more. Now if his kit is any good to you you are welcome to have it 'cause I don't want it. But as for holding up a man for a dollar and a haaef, you know I wouldn't do no such thing, even if I had it in me.”

But the loggers did not appear to be satisfied. Their leader sat down on to the tree-stump; whilst the others to all intents and purposes kept us covered, and an impromptu court-martial was held. My partner reiterated the story and called me as witness to bear out the facts, which I did in so far as my knowledge extended. For my part I produced my fishing gear, with some papers which proved my identity, and after about an hour's harangue they left us, their leader still vowing vengeance on somebody. Just before their departure the

quietest and kindest-looking man of the three beckoned me on one side and whispered: “Say, boy, have you got a few dollars on you?” “Not that I care to admit to,” I replied. “Waal,” he said, “you just git straight away.” “Why?” I asked. “'Cause if you stop here much longer,” and he jerked his thumb towards my new partner, “you mayn't be able to go just as easy as you want to.” And he shook his head very seriously, looking the while pityingly at me. “He's a downright black-hearted blighter that skunk is. And you've got to git afore it's too late,” saying which he turned on his heel and joined his companions.

Finding that this retreat in the wilds, although quite in accordance with the most modern, up-to-date, open-air treatment for health-giving benefits, was somewhat too warm for my liking, I suggested to my partner that a dissolution might be advisable, and that it was about time I footed it for the lumber camp up north. As he also seemed to be quite convinced that unless he shifted camp he was in for a hot time himself, either from the untrustworthy Indians, or from the exasperated loggers, he concurred; but before deserting him I assisted in the removal of his few 217 belongings to another site, some considerable distance higher up the bank of the river, which removal we easily accomplished by two journeys each.

The forest was practically a virgin one and the difficulty of getting through any part, except where a trail or cattle track could be found, was almost impossible. My map showed several useful streams which I was anxious to fish, whilst there were lakes beyond, although far away, that if reached were sure to provide good sport. Thanks to an engineering friend on board the small coasting steamer I knew that there were prospecting parties in the woods at various points I had duly noted; whilst accommodation for a night or so could always be found in some lumber camp or fire-warden's shacks, the situations of which had been dotted off for me. Thus I worked my way through the forest alone, contented with my surroundings and happy in the attractive fascination of the wild. Owing to recent rain the streams were swollen and carrying down a considerable amount of dead wood and washed-away debris, which impeded my sport, besides making it extremely difficult. With little result I wandered on, deeper and deeper into the forest, until I made up

my mind to strike across country upon a useful-looking trail I had come upon, and which I had every reason to believe would lead me to the shores of one of the before-mentioned lakes, where I had been informed a camp had been made by a survey party interested in the construction of road work. The way seemed to have no end, and for hours I followed it until I began to think I should have to pass the night as best I could under the forest trees.

When I had all but given up hope I noticed a faint glimmer of light stealing upwards from the depth of a deep valley, the lip of which I was skirting; so keeping this guiding star well in view I followed the trail, searching the while for a trackway to it, and in due course I arrived at a camp having perhaps half a dozen tents and occupied by a nondescript party of woodsmen. They were a jovial, hospitable crowd, but they expressed some disappointment at the fact that I had no whisky to offer 218 them. They found my fish eatable, and we sat round the camp fire for some little time discussing interesting topics until retirement was suggested. I had located a snug corner in a pile of hay which was protected from the weather by the remnants of a tarpaulin, but when I expressed my intentions, a tent was offered me, although at the time it was not definitely stated which tent it was to be. The firmer I became in my refusal the more insistent was the proffered tent forced upon me, until I became suspicious that all might not be well. Not that I had the slightest fear of robbery or violence, because I had nothing on me beyond my fishing gear, a metal watch, and a revolver; but I had an idea, at the back of my brain, that these sons of the woods might be contemplating a practical joke at my expense. Therefore, when they conducted me to the tent, situated nearly one hundred yards away from the other tents, and informed me that I was to occupy it alone, I thought it advisable not only to secure and fasten its entrance but also to run a piece of thread therefrom, which I tied to my wrist just before going to sleep. Previous to this I had inspected all the pegs and arranged a bolt hole on the opposite side, so that I could crawl out underneath the canvas if occasion should require. It was a beastly night and the rain came down in torrents, but with the first glimmer of dawn I felt the thread on my wrist tightening and I woke in a moment. Listening intently I could hear hard breathing outside the tent flap. I had taken nothing

off but my boots, so I disconnected my thread and slipped out from my bolt hole into the forest; creeping round at a distance of ten or fifteen yards, and keeping meanwhile well behind the tree-trunks and intervening bushes, I crawled up behind a large cedar, which was within thirty feet of the main entrance to the tent, and peeping round its trunk I saw a couple of tough-looking customers busily engaged in opening the flap. Covering them with my gun I quietly said, “Hands up!”

The look of astonishment on their faces was comical indeed.

“What game are you playing at?” I asked.

“We were only going to jolly you,” they said.

“Well, put your hands up a bit higher or I may jolly, 219 you with an ounce of cold lead,” I replied. Remembering a former experience of my own, when the positions were reversed, I instructed them to put their hands up a little higher, and then still higher, until the reach looked painful; finally adding: “I don't understand American jokes nor jollifications, but if you don't clear off mighty quick I'll teach you the turkey trot in a way you'll not appreciate. So git.”

And they gitted.

After I had seen them disappear through the trees I re-entered the tent as I had left it, and slept soundly until six o'clock, knowing that I was perfectly safe from any further disturbance.

When sharing breakfast with the others I made no reference to the event of the dawn. I waited to hear what they would say on the matter, but although I casually strolled all through the camp and tried to locate the two gentlemen who had called upon me, they were nowhere to be seen. What was the real object of their visit is still unknown to me, as I never troubled myself to inquire nor to consider it further.

Finding an old dug-out canoe sunk in a small lake not far from the camp, I used it with considerable success. It was a cranky, leaky craft, but it floated, and it was not difficult to shape a paddle from the lumber around. I enjoyed some splendid fishing, although the trout were small and none of my catch exceeded 2 lb. in weight. Late in the evening I landed in a secluded bay where I found a small hut which did not seem to have been occupied for a considerable period, but the shelf which did place for a bed was dry, and there was plenty of firing, whilst I was able to boil some of my fish and make a good, square meal. I hung round this hut for a couple of days and fished assiduously, although I never had the luck to strike a big one. The lake and the streams running into it seemed full of small fish which could be taken almost as desired up to 1 lb. in weight. They were not by any means keen to rise to the fly, and most of my catch was taken on artificial baits, amongst which the “Stewart spoon” was most killing. It was quite extraordinary what small fish could be taken on the Stewart. In fact 220 I often took a fish which was not longer than the spoon itself. I only used it fishing deep in the hopes of catching a big one, and when I had captured several small fish I tried with them on a spinner, but as I found it made no difference I reverted back to flies, as I much prefer that method of fishing to any other.

The weather still holding cold and rainy, and tiring of fishing alone, I shouldered my gear and made my way back again, as best I could, to a logging camp where I thought my captures would be appreciated, if not my presence.

The morning after my arrival the camp was all astir before daylight. A pack train was expected to arrive with the week's provisions, and every man speculated upon what new delicacy he was likely to obtain at dinner-time. I hailed the advent with considerable satisfaction as it gave me an opportunity of proceeding a stage in the saddle, rather than by means of an arduous tramp. The leader of the train was a typical American cowpuncher rejoicing in the sobriquet of Bill, and I subsequently ascertained that for five years he had been employed as one of the rough riders in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

I found him an excellent man in every respect, honest and true to the core, but he was a rough diamond, and until tested and cut his true worth did not become apparent. His first words to me were: “Have you any hooch?” When I informed him I had not, he cursed me, yet I learned afterwards that he barred it coming into camp, and he was one of the first to fire out drummers who introduced it in order to assist the sale of their ready-made clothes at forty or fifty dollars a suit. Perhaps he meant to fire me, although we soon became fast friends. During the fall he was wont to follow hunting as a lucrative employment, failing this for the sport of the chase only. When I suggested to him that I was desirous of proceeding inland he at once placed one of his pack-horses at my disposal, in fact he gave me the choice of any animal in his train, and it was arranged that we should proceed next morning as soon as light and circumstances would permit. But Bill was a born joker. He could not resist

A Pack Train.

The Author.

Preparing to Load a Broncho Bucker.

221 playing practical tricks on his best and dearest friends. It was little likely that he would make an exception in my case.

When the morning dawned and the pack train had been prepared ready to start, Bill shouted to his assistants to bring up “Wall-eyed Susan,” an old piebald screw he had selected for me as my riding horse. I was ordered to mount. This steed reminded me of some of the dilapidated wrecks one sees in the bull rings of Seville in Andalusia. She was gaunt and bony, her knees showed signs of many a fall, and there were scars which savoured of another history. Her face had a look which anyone would distrust. One eye seemed blind and the other had a twinkle which conveyed more than words could suggest. I hesitated to obey orders, and expressed my doubts as to the quietness of the quadruped selected, but Bill was indignant at the suggestion. He informed the assembled gathering

of grinning spectators that he was unable to delay his departure another moment, and if I were coming I must make up my mind at once. Whereupon he called to his assistants to help “the gentleman from the Old Country” to get into the saddle; thus I was compelled to oblige him or to become the laughing-stock of the whole camp.

Bill, with a concealed wink to his more intimate associates, threw his coat over the animal's head, remarking the while that tenderfeet from England evidently required the utmost protection to ensure a firm seat before a docile cow could be allowed to walk. No sooner were my legs across the Mexican pigskin than the coat was removed and “Wall-eyed Susan” flung her hind and fore quarters in all directions, to the amusement of everybody excepting only my unfortunate self. I clung with all tenacity to the high pommel with my right hand, and attempted the better to secure myself by grasping the back with my left; but those violent upheavals and spasms of the excited quadruped had a momentum behind them which would have shifted a limpet from a rock. After the third or fourth outburst I knew that all was over. I knew that I had to go. So I released my hold of the saddle and pulled far dear life on the one rein nearest to the pack animals, 222 which turned my excitable steed in their direction; whilst I shot off into the air like a bolt from the blue, and the subsequent proceedings interested me no more.

In due course the world came back again. I found my head pillowed on the knee of the sympathetic William. My shirt was opened at the front and wet from aqueous applications, whilst Bill fanned my face with his Stetsin and murmured soothing condolences. In a little while I remembered what had happened, and in a somewhat feeble voice whispered: “Did the others stampede?”

“Yes, blarst you, they did.”

“Have you rounded them up yet?”

“No, dern yer damnation eyes, no, and we shan't do for some hours to come, blarst yer.”

“Thank God for that,” I added.

“Why?” he inquired.

“Because I reckon I've got a little of my own back,” I said, and I closed my eyes in happy gratification.

“Dern his damnation soul,” said Bill, rising from the ground and letting my head go back with a whack on the bare soil. Then he added: “Here, shake, boy! Shake! You ain't such a damn bad Britisher after all.”

From that moment a friendship was cemented with Bill which was certain to last a lifetime.

It was late in the afternoon before the whole pack train was collected, marshalled, and in order, and we left camp, bound for a long-distance station in the beyond.

CHAPTER XIX FROM TREE TO PAPER

Coasting southwards—Stock juggling—A freeze-out—Log-rolling—The paper mills at Powell River—From tree to paper—Shacktown—The falls—Ruinous prices.

Two days late, yet the cranky old apology for a freight and passenger steamer crawled along the coast as though time was no object. Rounding one of the well-wooded islands off the mainland her course was altered across a wide bay to a point on the opposite shore where a building of vast proportions could be seen nestling on the side of the hill and belching forth great quantities of black smoke, which betoken an industry of some considerable extent.

Round the world in strange company; America, British Columbia and the west (section). http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhbtn.16320

“Are we going to make another stop here?” someone asked, and was promptly told that we not only had cargo to discharge but also cargo to take in, and that we were certain to be there for several hours; whilst it would surprise no one if we stopped for one or two days.

Long before we reached the substantial quay heading which jutted some distance out from the shore, we ascertained that the post or hamlet which we were visiting was named Powell River, and that the building which we had seen so many miles off was a lumber mill run by the water power from the falls above the town.

The freight which we had to discharge consisted of a large portion of the stores and portable rolling plant of another lumber mill, a few miles higher up the coast, which had been sold up by the creditors, or the court, or by someone. No one seemed to know by whom, and no one seemed to care. They were not stockholders, so why worry?

It is not a matter for surprise out here when a company 224 fails, or when a liquidator appears who sells off everything portable in order to raise a little ready money with which to pay his own fees and those of his colleagues, who feed on the rotting carcasses of decaying business enterprise.

In the Old Country no Colonial raiser of capital will ever admit the possibility of a venture in our Colonies not being an immediate or a lasting success. They mostly go so far as to personally guarantee (for what this may be worth) a certain sure profit of not less than twenty to fifty per cent of the capital invested and the return of half the amount subscribed within a few months.

Alas, in this Old Country of ours, there are still to be found many many “mugs” foolish and confiding enough to swallow “the tale,” when nicely told. They part with their cheques in haste, and learn the truth at their leisure.

A big-falls lumber company is floated under most promising conditions. It starts off with a fine plant, the best of machinery, everything new and up-to-date. It employs seven

hundred and fifty or one thousand hands, and all looks well. Then the financiers of towns come along and take an interest in the stock. They play battledore and shuttlecock with it, until a process is introduced known as the “squeeze out” or the “freeze out.” A rose by any other name is said to smell as sweet; therefore the name of this swindling procedure matters not; but the result of the manipulations is that every small shareholder is “frozen out” of his holding, and when this has been successfully accomplished, then, and not till then, do the old hands, who have controlled the stock all along, come out into the open to re-start the company on a new basis, which is not generally to their ultimate disadvantage. The stock soon after soars high in the sky of *azured* success, unless the mill pays too well to permit public attention to be drawn to it. And these men have the audacity to call this “playing the game.”

With some little difficulty we scrambled up the quay heading and followed the pier for a hundred yards or so to the shore, landing at a point just above the big boom which collected the logs of lumber to feed the mill. For a time we watched the lumbermen at work log 225 rolling and sorting out the lumber that was sent rapidly along to endless chains which carried it up a shoot to the very top of the mill, maybe one hundred to two hundred feet high.

The cleverness of these men who work on the boom must be seen to be believed. They wear a special boot, the soles of which are full of spikes, and they jump from log to log with the same ease and precision that a water vole might do in a stream where its surface was covered with chips and sticks and floating debris. If the log rolls over, it has no terror for them, they keep pace with the rolling log. They can ride on one or more half-submerged logs in quite a choppy sea; in fact, so long as the log is able to float their weight they seem just as much at home walking, standing, or jumping about on it, as any ordinary person would do in a commodious boat or on land.

They work with long poles having spikes and hooks at the end, and they capture and drive the logs in any required direction in the same manner as a shepherd would herd

his flock. So clever, in fact, are these men that some years ago a party of them came to England and gave exhibitions of log rolling on the water in various parts of the country, to the astonishment and delight of all who saw them.

I informed my quondam friend of this fact, at which he smiled quietly to himself. “Yes,” he said, “I have heard that that was so. I have also much more recently heard that there is no need for any such exhibitions in England at the present day, as anyone can observe log rolling *ad nauseam* by the Ministers of your country's Government with the Welsh and the Irish; whilst these graceful practices are costing Englishmen far more dearly than they are all aware of.” I preserved a discreet and painful silence. I had had to do so often before when I had been reminded, by foreigners to my country, of the many disgraceful and wicked acts of the 1908 to 1913 Government of England, which not only brought an instant blush of shame to one's cheeks, but which sometimes made one reticent to disclose, or even to acknowledge one's native land.

The work of these men on the boom was of special P 226 interest to me as one of my companions, who saw I was more than particularly interested in their work, informed me that for several years he had been engaged in a similar way himself. He explained to me, with practical demonstration, exactly how the work was done and all its hidden dangers, which I could well imagine; and when I looked at him and compared his then present appearance, manner and deportment, with the rough, uncouth specimens of manhood who were engaged on the logs, I marvelled once more at the adaptability of our Colonial kith and kin.

As there was a narrow footway beside the endless chains which carried the logs to the top floor of the mill we climbed a rickety ladder to reach it, then we followed up a gigantic log right into the mill itself.

Outside was burning hot sunshine. The air was still, and beyond the distant hum of machinery there was comparative peace and quietude; but when we left the footway

beside the shoot and entered the mill there was an uproar indescribable. It was impossible to speak so that another could hear, unless one held one's hands to catch the sound and shouted into the ear, a few inches off. The men in the mill who were everywhere, like bees in a hive, did not attempt to communicate verbally with each other, they seemed to have a language of signs and fingers which conveyed all that they required.

Standing as we did on the small platform at the top, we could see floor after floor stretching away below us. It looked like a framework building incomplete, in which the inside walls had been forgotten, and only part of the floor laid; whilst every floor seemed to be carpeted with writhing machinery. No sooner was a log shot on to the upper floor than it was picked up by cross chains, dogs or levers, which carried it to a table. There it was caught in the arms of large iron dogs which threw it on to a carrier, where it was instantly nipped tight automatically, or piloted into any position that the men attending to this part of the work directed; without a moment's rest the carrier would then take it forward to the saws, which would slice it through like cutting melted butter. Emerging on the other side of these saws the lumber fell on to another floor having cross chains or rollers always running 227 over it, and it was taken and sawn into pieces, only to fall on to further moving floors which carried the pieces away to further parts of the building, where they were caught in hoppers or shoots and taken to another floor. But on the way they would pass men, who stood equal distances apart and graded the wood according to its size, form, shape, or quality.

The grading was done whilst the wood was following its course from floor to floor, or table to table, and in the shoots which it passed along. All the unsuitable or irregular material would be picked out and dropped into conveniently situated hoppers and carried away by shoots, or on endless running stairways, to different parts of the building, where it was handled in accordance with what it was and could be utilised for.

On the top floor of the lumber mill saws of all sizes and descriptions screamed their chorus together. After one had got a little more accustomed to the deafening noise, the song

of the saws, which drowned the clatter of the clank of the chains and other machinery, was not unpleasant to listen to. It seemed to have a tune of its own. It seemed to blend in harmony of high-toned notes which swelled or decreased in their volume in accordance with the lumber that was being sawn, or the amount that was passing through. Belts driving the shafting were everywhere, and it required a certain amount of consideration and observation before one dared attempt to move along the floors, in order to view the closer the various processes through which the lumber was passing.

It was certainly marvellous to see the way in which the enormous logs were handled, and to trace their descent through the several floors, and view them in each process from the time the teeth of the first saw had bitten into them until passing quietly along in uniform blocks of clean, attractive-looking wood to the dissection and pulping rooms.

All the sawdust seemed to be collected and carried away in a channel of its own. The rough outside pieces of wood were cut up and taken to separate saws, which quickly and methodically cut them into uniform length and sent them on their way to another part of the mill, where they were 228 separately dealt with. Where shavings were taken off or small pieces got out, this wastage was also automatically caught up and taken away by itself by means of hoppers and shoots to one of the lowest floors, where it was again caught on an endless stairway and taken to the top of another building to be used there by a different process. Thus everything seemed to be saved and converted to a useful purpose. As in the packing-houses at Chicago, nothing was wasted except the squeal—from the saws.

Passing downwards through the maze of floors we entered the pulping department, where the pieces of wood were being torn to small fragments by machinery and pulped up under stamps, and washed and treated in large tanks, until the pulp floated on the surface like yeast in a brewery. This was collected and put into other tanks, chemically treated, and passed from room to room, until it emerged in the form of paper of various qualities; which was taken from the machines by being rolled on to large drums, packed with rough

canvas, and loaded on the tramway cars which ran from the centre of the mill to the end of the quay for shipment away.

The actual buildings covered an area of several acres, and to one who was keenly interested in the business it would take many days to thoroughly view and minutely inspect all its attractions. We found that a couple of hours satisfied us, and we left for the purpose of viewing the falls which supply the motor power.

When we once more emerged into the sunshine after the comparative coolness of the factory we had left, we felt the power of the sun to the full, but in spite of its excessive heat we climbed the distance to the lip of the falls through the shack town which was occupied by the mill hands. These shacks were of all sizes and make, clinging on to the side of the hill and covering almost as much ground as the mill itself. They were made of the odds and ends of lumber from the mill, without the slightest thought of appearance or uniformity, and were all undoubtedly owned by the proprietors of the mill. Lumber at the mill would cost little (if anything), and the rents, which could be deducted from wages, were pretty certain of collection, so the property should prove a good paying 229 one. On the right of shack town was a rough street leading up to the top of the hill, on which were two or three recently erected good and substantially built brick stores, and two large restaurants which catered for the inhabitants of the place. One was apparently reserved exclusively for Americans and people of English-speaking origin; the other for the cosmopolitan collection extracted from remote European countries, such as Indians and Orientals, who find employment in various ways, and whom the others have no desire to rub shoulders with.

Climbing a little higher we passed through a lumber yard, and walking over the stacks of lumber came upon the head of the fall.

Before the waters of the Powell River had been captured and harnessed as they then were, the waterfall must have been a beautiful picture. There was a direct leap of perhaps

sixty or eighty feet over the rocks to the short stretch of river below, which ran direct into the sea; but more than three-quarters of the fall seemed to have been taken away to feed the enormous power required to drive the mill below. A serious of sluice gates regulated the flow of the stream, and the greater part of the river was directed into the culverts leading to the power station. It was a very small part indeed of the stream which was allowed to escape without any use being made of its power. Behind the boom, which protected the head of the sluices of the tumbling bay, was a mass of drifting logs which had been sent down the river from the upper reaches.

Now it was very uncertain when our steamer would depart so we whiled away half an hour watching the trout, which could be seen far deep down in the clear water, and then quietly strolled back towards the quay.

Passing the stores we entered one or two in order to acquire a few picture post cards and other trifles, but finding the prices at least six times greater than we had been paying anywhere else that we could remember, and after being “had” for one or two dollars, we decided to curtail our limited trading still more.

By way of an example I might quote that the measuring plate of my hand camera was fixed to the framework by two halves of an ordinary pin, and I thought it would be 230 more satisfactory if these were taken out and two small watchmaker's screws inserted. The man in the watchmaking department of a semi-chemical and soft drink store was only too willing to do this, and as we had made several purchases in his establishment, mostly by way of liquid refreshments, I had reason to believe that no charge would be made for such a trifling service, but when I suggested this he insisted on a payment of two shillings.

A little lower down the street a barber was willing to shave you and clean your boots and cut your hair for the modest (?) remuneration of four shillings; whilst a whisky-and-soda of ordinary syphon water was two shillings. Gladly we left Powell River with its greedy crowd of traders who seemed so infatuated with the get-rich-quick rule without regard to

any fair proportion of a just equivalent; and slowly we once more steamed south, bound for Vancouver and sunny skies beyond.

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CHAPTER XX VARIED EXPERIENCES

Seattle by night—The dead-line quarter—Over-persuasion—A queer restaurant—Dancing halls—Barricading—Midnight visitations—The “Shasta Limited”—Card-sharpers—A paternal conductor—Pruning their claws—Absurd liquor laws—A foolish American youth—Portland, the Rose City—Crater Lake—Britishers on the run—San Francisco from the the bay by night—Checkmating hotel touts.

From Victoria I took passage on a large, commodious and luxuriously fitted Canadian Pacific boat, which makes the journey to Seattle in a few hours. The vessel was crowded and did not arrive at her destination until about ten o'clock in the evening. All the passengers were collected in a large reception hall, which is provided at the end of the landing-pier, where they were caged in with substantial iron bars, and only let out after the luggage of each had been examined by the Customs officials and passed.

Having some difficulty in finding my trunk, and thinking that by waiting I should be less troubled in the examination, I was the last to leave the sheds. It was quite dark, and as I knew the railway station was but a short walk I took my grip and proceeded to cross the roadway in front of the quay. It was not a pleasant evening, the neighbourhood was very badly lighted, and the distance between the sheds and the first decently lighted street of the town was covered by a number of empty freight wagons and all kinds of lumber and debris, collected in heaps, where old shacks and obsolete ware-houses had recently been pulled down in preparation for more modern, up-to-date buildings. The quay seemed quite deserted, and I was about to strike across it when I observed a couple of men dodging behind a freight wagon, 232 so I went back to the sheds, extracted a revolver from my grip, and, placing it in my right-hand pocket handy for use, struck straight across to the

main street—the lights of which were quite obliterated by the houses in between, and which were situate a considerable distance away. The two loafers in question could, if they had so desired, have seen me take the revolver out, as I had effected the transfer on a stairway just under a lamp-post quite conspicuously enough, On the principle that it is much better to avoid trouble than to seek it.

I reached the street at a quarter which is known locally as being below the dead-line and which is looked upon as the toughest quarter in that very rough city, Seattle, which has long been notorious as the base for operations in the Klondyke.

Not until the following day, when I was comfortably, reclining in the observation car of the express train for San Francisco known as the “Shasta Limited,” had I any idea that Seattle was anything like so bad as it really is. A commercial traveller, who was bound for Portland, informed me that during the last two years he had lived in Seattle, and that it was the commonest thing for men to be held up there and robbed, and often shot with little cause, in the open street; and that just opposite a certain hotel two policemen had been shot dead for interference, within a very short period of one another; their murderers escaped in the crowded street with the greatest of ease.

Secure in my ignorance I strolled along towards the railway station, but in passing the hotel before referred to I was attracted by some sporting trophies which I had a strong wish to examine at close quarters. So making the excuse that I wanted to see the time-table regarding the trains, I entered the main entrance and approached the head porter in charge. He at once pointed out to me that I should gain nothing by travelling that night, as if I waited till the morning and took the “Shasta Limited” I should reach my destination at precisely the same time as if I had started overnight, and that in any event I should have to wait for that train at Portland, where a change would be necessary, unless I waited as he suggested. Convinced by this argument I asked the price of a room, 233 and was instantly accommodated with apparently one of the best rooms in the hotel at the very reasonable

price of one dollar for the night. I therefore decided to stop and see a little more of the town itself.

Remembering that in eastern America I had been told that the only place where the revolver and the bowie knife could be found in use was out West, and still believing, although slightly, that there must be some fire with all the smoke I had seen in print regarding the lawlessness of the States, I thought it wise to deposit my valuables in the hotel safe; and with only a few dollars and the revolver in my pocket I sallied forth into the town.

The principal streets were brilliantly illuminated, and I had not far to go before there was evidence of revelling and gaiety let loose.

I looked into a bar, but did not stop as the company assembled were not attractive. I noticed, however, that gambling in various forms was being openly carried on. A little farther I went down a staircase to a restaurant, where I ordered a chop and some lager beer. It was a big, underground hall fitted up in the German beer-garden style. The walls were decorated with frescoes, the ceilings ornamented with artificial floral streamers, and there was a stage upon which performers gave variety entertainments for the edification of the customers; and most of the tables were occupied by a mixed assembly of many nationalities. Both the lady and gentleman artists followed American custom by frequently leaving the stage and wandering round in various parts of the hall, singing the while, whether singly or in company; and one of the most appreciated features seemed to be an echo song which was given by eight performers who repeated the refrain, in imitation of distance. But the singers all sang with a strong nasal twang which jarred somewhat on European ears.

I was permitted to finish my meal undisturbed, but when I lit a cigar the attention of several undesirable people caused me to leave the hall sooner than I possibly might have done.

Following the streets I observed that almost all the 234 shop windows were brilliantly illuminated, evidently for advertisement purposes, but the sky signs and general illuminations were not to be compared with those of many other American cities I had visited.

Having been informed that the dancing halls were a feature of the town I visited the two largest. I had some distance to walk and it was raining hard, but my silk overalls guarded me well against any inconvenience; whilst by turning them inside out after taking them off I could put them into a side pocket without any unpleasant result.

A description of one hall answers for both. The building was spacious and lofty, and the central part of the floor, which appeared to be what is known as a spring roller floor of high polish, was railed off with turnstiles at intervals of every few yards. Each turnstile was guarded by an attendant, and outside the railing was ample space for sitting-out accommodation; whilst refreshments were obtainable in profusion.

In a balcony was an excellent band of thirty or forty performers who discoursed dancing music at regular intervals. So far as I observed, a dance would not last more than a few minutes, and the interval between each occupied about the same length of time. The whole hall was decorated in a gorgeous and glaring manner with banners, flags, and artificial flowers and garlands, The assembled company was large and seemed highly respectable, and mainly composed of shop girls and the young people employed in factories, warehouses, and emporiums. The entrance fee was twenty-five cents which also included one or two tickets for dancing. The system was excellent from a money-making point of view, as no one was permitted to dance without producing a ticket for each dance, and as this cost five cents, I calculated that the management were coining not far short of two hundred dollars per hour from the persistent and energetic dancers. Finding that the patrons of these establishments were taking their pleasures seriously, and purely from a terpsichorean point of view, I did not stay long, but sought other parts of the town. As, however, the rain increased and I had no companion to help to while away

the time, I wandered 235 back again to the hotel and amused myself with a newspaper in the hall, and watching other persons around. It then began to dawn upon me that I should have been wiser had I consulted Baedeker and selected one or other of its starred hotels. I admit that I did not at all like several of the individuals sitting near by. It was not their dress that one could find fault with, but the cast of their features, whilst there was a certain general flashiness that did not augur well for their honesty of purpose; and as several of them seemed anxious for a closer acquaintanceship I obtained the key and sought my bedroom a little after midnight.

Being suspicious, I made a careful examination of the room and all its contents. It had two doors, one near the bed, the other exactly opposite. I saw that each was securely fastened by key and bolt, which I augmented by wedging, and although I had little coin of the realm in my possession to lose, yet I placed the revolver handy in case of accident. I also gave a certain amount of attention to the window, and then prepared to go to sleep. How long I had been dozing it is impossible to say, but I was awakened by a scratching at the door. I sat up in bed and listened. It was obvious that someone was attempting to enter the room.

I got out of bed and tiptoed across to the door which I thought was being tampered with and gently murmured in the American language: “Guess if you don't move on some I shoot through the pan-nel,” after which all was still.

I was almost asleep again when I heard similar noises from the other door, and I was compelled to repeat the warning to show that whoever it might be I was as much awake as they were. After this I slept till morning without further disturbance, and annexing my valuables from the safe I took my grip and obtained breakfast at a white dairyland restaurant and boarded the train with numerous purchases of fruit and other comestibles and tobacco, which I had purchased on my road to the station.

The “Shasta Limited” is one of the best trains of America. It runs from Seattle to San Francisco in seventeen hours, quicker time than any other train on that route.

The Pullman Cars are fitted with the same lavish luxury as are to be found in the other great express trains; whilst the scenery on the line is beautiful throughout most of the journey.

We had not left Seattle more than half an hour, and I had settled myself comfortably down to a perusal of my books and papers, when a quiet, unassuming, grey-haired gentleman came to know if I would make up a four at a mild game of bridge. I politely informed him that I was not at all desirous of so doing, but, on pressure, I agreed to oblige him if he was unable to find anyone else. In a few minutes he returned, profuse with apologies, and pressed me as a particular favour to join the the small party of three, to which I very reluctantly assented. The fourth gentleman not putting in an appearance, several alternative games wherein chance prevailed over skill were suggested, but as I professed an ignorance of these pastimes, and informed them that simple bridge was the only game that had any attraction for me, it was decided to play three handed. The third gentleman of the party professed to have no knowledge of this game, so I at once suggested that we played for love only and without any pecuniary consideration. After a few hands had been dealt the conductor of the train, accompanied by two of his assistants, paid us a visit and impressed upon us the fact that he would not permit any money to change hands. As he was somewhat officious and dictatorial I looked at him with some surprise, as this was the first instance I had seen on American trains of the slightest suggestion of overbearing manners on the part of the officials. As I also noticed that several other passengers had come into the car who seemed to be interested in the proceedings, my suspicions were aroused that all was not well.

The game proceeded, and when the self-styled novice thought he had grasped a sufficient idea of the game to dare to venture a pecuniary consideration he suggested that two bits a point was, he believed, the usual unit most favoured by the votaries of bridge in the West.

“That may be,” said I, “but as we are only playing to pass the time away, and with no desire to take an undue advantage of one another, surely it would be best to continue 237 the game we are playing until you become more thoroughly conversant and proficient with its intricacies.”

“Very nicely expressed, sir,” said he; “perhaps it would be as well for me to learn a little more,” and the comedy continued. In a short time the conductor was back again.

“Look here, you people,” he snapped, “I am not going to have any money pass on my train. It's not the first time I have heard a loser squeal over a few dollars, and I won't have it.”

“But we are not playing for money,” said the meek and mild gentleman who had first approached me.

“I've no doubt. You're a likely boy to play for nothing. You're the one I'm particularly referring to,” he sarcastically remarked, looking the while very hard and searchingly at the individual in question. “So mind, you had better take note of what I say.” Then turning to me he added: “If you get eased of your dollars don't you come squealing to me about it. I've warned you and you know the consequences,” and he left.

After a few more hands the third player seemed to be losing patience. “Why not play freeze-out?” said he.

“Never heard of it,” I innocently remarked.

“Well, no game interests me unless there is a trifle depending on it,” he replied.

“But you heard what the conductor said. Is it worth while getting into trouble for the sake of a few nickels?”

“We could pass the money under the table,” he suggested.

“Well, so far as I am concerned I have not the slightest desire to receive any of your money, whilst I am equally certain that, even if you won mine, you would hardly like to take it from a stranger; and as this game seems so interesting why change it?”

He continued to play in sulky silence, and for a good quarter of an hour longer I kept up a cheerful conversation, wondering all the time how long we should proceed without a flare-up; as I was now fully convinced that my opponents were nothing more nor less than a couple of confederate expert card-sharpers.

One observing gentleman in particular had moved up 238 to a seat where he could see everything that was going on. I would have given a great deal to have been able to have tipped him a sly wink, but I had not the slightest desire to break off the extreme pleasure I was deriving from the evident chagrin of my two opponents, which became more and more apparent as the time slipped by, and very much more so when all their lures and efforts proved unable to persuade me to venture a single cent in any shape or form. The more they pressed me and the worse they played, the more innocent sentiments I expressed; whilst my patience, in explaining the proper leads and the mistakes that each continued to make, was worthy of a vicar at a mother's meeting.

But all good things come to an end, and at last the third player jumped up with an oath and hurled the whole pack on to the floor of the car, exclaiming in language which I will not repeat, but the purport of his words conveyed an intimation that it seemed utterly useless continuing further, and so far as he was concerned he had had enough of it.

Imitating as best I could the meek and mild voice of the gentleman who had first invited me to join their little party, I remonstrated by reminding him that I had only been asked to help to pass the time away pleasantly, and I could not for the life of me understand what he meant, or to what he referred.

His reply was by no means complimentary. So still professing extreme innocence, I apologised profusely and left them for the observation car in the rear of the train, where I was shortly afterwards followed by the onlookers of the game and where I met the conductor and his assistants.

“How much?” shortly inquired that worthy official. “Just enough to cover the price of drinks all round,” I replied, and I thanked him sincerely and heartily for having given me the hint in the first instance.

The conductor was as cute an individual as I had met in America. He at once began to interrogate me as to where I had been; where I had come from; and particularly where I had stayed in Seattle. Upon my inquiring the reason for this desire for knowledge, he explained to me that he knew directly I boarded the train that I had been 239 marked down and followed. When I told him where I had been on the previous night, he expressed the greatest astonishment that I had ever got away without injury, or leaving a substantial part of my belongings behind me.

For some time we enjoyed with considerable merriment the discomfiture of the two gentlemen who had expended a fairly substantial sum over their rail fares in their abortive attempt to annex wealth, but we were quite unable to do so in the manner that we all desired, owing to the ridiculous liquor laws prevailing in the States out in the West. When we summoned the attendant of the bar he had to consult his map and the time-table before he could inform us the approximate hours and places where and when it was likely we would be able to obtain the much-desired highball. This was a new experience to me, and it seemed the height of absurdity that on a through train of this description the traveller was only permitted to obtain certain refreshments in certain places, and at uncertain hours. However, we obtained some excellent cigars and cooling lemon squashes, and during their consumption the conductor told us an anecdote how a year previously the same professional gentlemen who had so recently attempted to victimise me had travelled on his train and eased a confiding American youth of several hundred dollars, which he had

paid over, and which the conductor had got back again for him. But even after this rescue the American youth had been fool enough to allow the bills to be snatched away from his possession, and the sharpers had jumped from the train and escaped with their booty under his very eyes. Whereupon the aforesaid youth had wept copiously at his loss. He was the squealer to whom he had referred.

Portland, in the State of Oregon, aptly calls itself the “Rose City.” It is indeed one of the most charming and attractive cities in western America. Its rainfall is under fifty inches. Its population over one hundred thousand. It is in direct sea communication by means of the mighty Columbia River with all parts of the world. Its business quarter is thriving, prosperous, and increasing by leaps and bounds, whilst its residential quarters are situated on 240 lofty, well-wooded heights, commanding superb views and studded with floral and arboricultural adornments fascinating and pleasing to the beholders. Twice I took advantage of my stop-over ticket privileges, and on each occasion left this charming town behind filled with regrets at so early a departure. Amongst the most attractive excursions in Oregon will be found the more or less active volcano of Mount St Helens, Multnomah Falls, Crater Lake, and Yaquima. Crater Lake attracts the most. It lies on the summit of the Cascade Mountains, occupying an abyss formed by the subsidence of an extinct volcano, having a diameter of five miles. Its perpendicular walls of igneous rock rise from five hundred to two thousand feet from its surface, whilst there is no visible affluent or outflow. Yet the waters are sweet and of a phenomenally clear ultramarine hue. It is said to be well stocked with trout, but they would not rise or show any sign of their existence. Farther south there are numerous lakes, in some of which good fishing is obtainable, but the accommodation is roughest where the sport is best. As soon as California is reached the celebrated beauties of the virgin snows of Mount Shasta dominate the horizon.

I encountered one rather amusing experience in my wanderings on sport intent when in this neighbourhood. For want of better accommodation I had put up at a small western hotel, where the gentlemen guests were wont to sit on a rough, half-finished veranda after the evening meal, tilting themselves backwards in their chairs and planting their

feet on the rail, the walls, or any other obstruction which assisted their ease and comfort; whilst they picked or cleaned their teeth with the points of large knives, which reminded me forcibly of American characters depicted by Mark Twain. These rough and uncouth gentlemen of the West would probably have gained much entertainment at the expense of the poor tenderfoot, which was me, had I not already “had some,” to use a colloquial phrase, and had I not taken some pains to reach the better side of their rugged natures by “calling for poison” long before any hint on the subject from them could initiate such public benefaction.

The lonely glen in which this shack hotel shanty was

Mount Shasta.

241 located was reached by a ramshackle weekly diligence which created so much noise and dust that its arrival and departure could not possibly be unobserved. One evening I had made up my mind to express some luggage down to the rail head, but I had forgotten to inform mine host thereof until very shortly before the scheduled time of departure. When I did approach him on the subject he was in that happy state which hovers between the quarrelsome and the affectionate stages of inebriation. “Guess yar derned old rattletraps 'll have to wait.” This remark annoyed me somewhat, the more so when the gathering on the veranda expressed their hilarious appreciation at the squashing of a mere Britisher. So I replied: “I'm not guessing myself in this act, because I *know* my things are going.”

“Blarst yar derned impudence,” he yelled. “Are you bossing this show or am I? Why couldn't you have fixed this job before in the proper manner. You tarnation Britishers are so slow you'd get run over by a hearse. Guess no blarsted Britisher ever could move, let alone run.” Roars of laughter and applause from the hotel guests greeted this sally, which, as the Americans say, “got my nanny out.” So I made an heroic attempt to address him in his own language, regardless of consequences. “Look here, Mister B—y Yank, I'll have you to understand that there's no need for Britishers to hustle when your countrymen do

that for us. But as for running, I've been told we did muster up a run once in our lives which you ought to know all about."

I'll not repeat his reply. It was simply sultry, but the meaning of his words conveyed a desire for further enlightenment.

"Well; it was some time back, to be sure—about the year 1775, when some of you damned Yanks snatched up a gun or two, and it's said way back East that we Britishers ran like cotton tails."

When I had referred to the boss host in such withering, if vulgar, language the gentlemen guests had at once taken a lively interest in the controversy, scenting trouble for the "derned fool tenderfoot." I was quite prepared for something volcanic, but I was not prepared for what followed.

He stared at me for a few seconds in startled astonishment. Q 242 Then he rushed forward and before I could skip out of his way he slapped me on the back with a whack which nearly dislocated my teeth. Seizing my hand in a grip which brought tears of agony to my eyes, he exclaimed: "Dern your old soul. You're the first Britisher I ever heard on sport enough to admit that. Yar blarsted grip shall go, *but* you shan't. Guess you'll stop here some and order what you like. Say, boys, what's the call? It's up to me." And *nolens volens* I was dragged off to the bar, where escape became impossible. Not only was the departure of the stage coach delayed a considerable period by this little fracas, but I had some difficulty in persuading mine host to accept the few dollars owing for the hotel bill; whilst there was even a greater difficulty in eventually arranging a departure from what transpired to be one of the most generous and hospitable roofs that sheltered me throughout my wanderings in that land of the star-spangled banner.

It was late at night and raining hard as the express train negotiated the last few miles along the shores of the Sacramento River to the huge ferry which takes the greater part of the train across the river before the journey can be continued into Oakland. Here one

fondly believes that the journey's end is reached, and the steam ferry-boat, which plies across the bay to San Francisco proper, comes as rather a surprise. When abreast of Yerba-Buena Island the scenery was remarkable and impressive. Lights twinkled around, whilst the hills, upon which the town of San Francisco is built, seemed to be picked out with a million stars, and the Union Ferry Depot was outlined by its thousands of lights. It was all so confusing that for once in my life I felt a strong disinclination to use my tongue for inquiry.

Before one could realise anything of one's surroundings the huge ferry-boat jammed itself into a wedge between two pier heads, where it was instantly linked up so that it formed a part of the quay itself, and the passengers streamed off with their grips in the bustle and hustle peculiar to railway travellers the world over. I was carried along in the stream, and passing the sumptuous entrance

A Ferry-Boat. San Francisco to Oakland.

243 halls of the depot, found myself outside the station in the midst of a howling crowd of hotel touts, cabmen, automobile proprietors and agents of every species, who crowded around about ten deep, all shouting at once, and struggling their hardest to deprive me of the only piece of hand luggage I possessed. For a few minutes there was a desperate struggle for the possession of my suit-case, and when it had been rescued from the many hands so eager to take it from me I put it on the ground and sat on it, knowing that there it was at least in safety. Then I felt for my cigarette-case and selected a cigarette with slowness and deliberation. Having put the case back again in my pocket, I very carefully knocked out the loose tobacco dust from the end of the cigarette on the back of my hand, put it in my mouth, and whilst feeling in my pockets leant back and gazed earnestly into the solid phalanx of eager faces by which I was surrounded. These tactics were evidently new to the Franciscans. They apparently had seen nothing like it before; they ceased shouting and regarded me with curiosity. It was about time something was said:

“Has anyone got a match?” I asked

No match was forthcoming, but two-thirds of the crowd melted away in disgust.

“Well, then, I'll ha' to use one o' my ain,” I added with a broad Scotch accent.

The few touts and vehicle drivers who remained, hearing this, left me to seek custom elsewhere, so I approached the quietest-looking man near and asked him if he could direct me to the Saint Francis Hotel omnibus.

I had no sooner spoken than two men seemed to spring from nowhere. They made another mad dive at my grip and snatched it out of my hand before I knew what they were after; and I doubt whether I should have got it back again had not a porter in a long blue driving coat, much over-decorated with gold braid, and bearing the insignia of the hotel I sought on his cap, put in an appearance and rescued it for me.

If the motor-cars in eastern America are given to quick driving in the streets, they are easily outdistanced by their rivals in San Francisco. No sooner had I got inside the big motor omnibus attached to the hotel than we were 244 off at lightning speed up the main street of the town named Market Street, which is a small rival of Broadway. No heed seemed to be taken to the pedestrians, and woe betide the unfortunate individual who attempted to cross the street without looking out for his skin. 'Twas a case of every man looking out for himself and God for us all. Corners were taken almost on one wheel, and possibilities of a skid were altogether too remote for consideration. Almost in no time we drew up in the palm-bedecked *plaza* known as Union Square, which the gigantic hotel, with its seven hundred beds, overshadows; and I was glad indeed of the warmth, peace, and quietness of its interior after the rough and tumble I had recently experienced in the rugged wilds of the far West.

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CHAPTER XXI THROUGH THE SEIRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS

The plain of Stockton—San Joaquin Valley and the Merced River-Placer workings-El Portal-Yosemite Valley—Shoshonian Indians—Rattlers-Poison oak and ivy—Mountains and waterfalls—Pleasure camps: their regulations and attractions—Fruit and flowers—The snow plant—University student servants—weather— *A Dios.*

If eastern America boasts of Niagara and gigantic skyscrapers the west certainly tries to shout it down in acclamation regarding their rocky mountains, marvellous parks and valleys, and, crowning wonder of all, their big trees of California.

Since I had first heard of America I had always entertained a burning ambition to gaze upon those big trees, and to see for myself whether there was any truth in the extraordinary figures which had been sent to us across the herring pond. Inquiries pointed to the fact that the largest trees of all are to be found in the Mariposa Grove, which is best reached from Wawona, I made arrangements accordingly. Taking the boat and train, via Oakland, Stockton, Merced and El Portal, I found myself in company with other travellers having the same object in view. Western Americans seem to think the Yosemite Valley the first thing on earth so far as scenery is concerned. They will tell you that, “the big trees may be worth viewing if one is in the neighbourhood, but they are not to be mentioned in the same breath as the Valley of Waterfalls,” as the Yosemite is often called.

The trip from San Francisco is interesting. The train passes through a beautiful wine country, with hills and dales, reminding one almost of England, rich in pasture, well-watered and fertile in the extreme. Then the road 246 turns inland over a parched-looking tableland upon which the town of Stockton is located. In the old days the journey was accomplished by stage coach, via Big Oakflat, Crockers, and Jamestown. From Stockton the line runs over absolutely flat country to Merced, where a transfer is made to the Yosemite Valley Railroad, which traverses the San Joaquin Valley, following the bank of the Merced River, notorious in the gold-digging days for the abundance of dust lifted from its creeks and tributaries. One peculiarity strikes the traveller in connection with this journey. The flat plains, to the commencement of the foothills of the mountains beyond,

look absolutely parched, and it is said that no rain falls there at all during the whole summer. A few miles away in the hills it seems to be raining all day and every day with periodical bursts of hot sunshine. By perseverence and ingenuity a system of irrigation has been arranged whereby this parched and baked crust of the earth has been converted into fertile, fruitful soil of considerable value.

From the Merced Falls to El Portal, a distance of about fifty miles, the scenery is pretty, but the hill-sides have been rooted up in all directions by the eager gold seekers of early days. There are few mines at present working at a profit. El Portal is a beautiful spot. It has a commodious hotel erected in the heart of the woods commanding beautiful views of the surrounding country, and precipitous cliffs rise to a height of some thousand feet in various directions around it. The drive hence to the national park is short and most attractive. The river is followed all the way up, and beautiful rock scenery, with leaping waterfalls and cascades, come into view at almost every turn; but the Yosemite Valley proper is not entered until one has been an hour or so on the road. The meaning of the word in English is “full-grown grizzly bear,” and probably before the coming of the white man it was a favourite haunt of these animals.

The valley is really a gorge or canon on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, traversed throughout by the Merced River. The floor of the valley is about eight miles long, and a half to two miles wide. It is four thousand feet above sea-level and enclosed by precipitous 247 cliffs rising almost vertically from the valley to a height of from three thousand to four thousand feet.

It was discovered in the year 1851 by a small party of soldiers who were in pursuit of Indians, but it did not become a tourists' resort until 1864, when by an act of congress the territory was handed over to the State of California for the purposes of a public park. The Yosemite National Park was created in 1890, and embraces the watershed of the rivers of the valley, covering an area of about half a million acres. A few of the Shoshonian Indians still cling to the district as their birthright; they are the lowest type of red men, supporting

themselves on roots, acorns, and by fishing. Amongst other sporting attractions the valley harbours some excellent specimens of the rattlesnake, although it is at the present time so overrun by tourists that they are not often met with, except in out-of-the-way corners and along unfrequented paths. There is a law in force which fines any person £5 passing a rattlesnake and failing to kill it. This veritable garden of flowers, beautiful shrubs and trees contains also two other latent dangers, Poison Oak and Poison Ivy. The latter is exactly like its English contemporary in appearance, and is not likely to be touched by anyone, after they have been specially warned against it. But the Poison Oak grows in profusion almost all the way from El Portal to the valley proper. It is a small shrub two or three feet high, with leaves closely resembling small English oak leaves. It throws off a pollen which is a very strong irritant to anyone whose skin is susceptible; and cases are on record where people who have been poisoned by being brought into contact with this plant, have passed many weeks of agony in hospitals, and have even been compelled to take long sea voyages before they could expunge the poison from their system.

The roadway climbs up by easy gradients from El Portal, two thousand feet, to the floor of the valley where the driver of the stage points out objects of interest like the cataracts, Bridal Veil Falls, with a sheer drop of nine hundred and forty feet; the Ribbon Falls which are sometimes called “Old Maids' Tears,” because they are so far removed from the Bridal Veil; El Capitan, a grand rock on the left rearing its head some three thousand three hundred feet upwards, 248 the colouring of which is marvellous at all times and at all seasons; the Three Brothers, Cathedral Rocks, two thousand six hundred feet, Cathedral Spires and Eagle Peak, three thousand nine hundred feet; the three Graces, which the Indians liken to squatting frogs; Sentinel Rock, three thousand feet; and the finest sight of them all, the Yosemite Falls, declared to be two thousand six hundred feet high, or in other words having a drop of half a mile. The actual stream is only about thirty-five to forty feet wide, but its roar when in flood dominates the whole valley, and the shock of its descent shakes any window-frame within a mile, hence perhaps the reason why so many prefer camp life in this valley! The highest rock in the region appears to be the great South or

Half Dome, which is eight thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven feet above sealevel, and at least five thousand feet above the floor of the valley. Near it the storm-worn summit of Sentinel Dome towers over four thousand feet, whilst around one everywhere revels Nature unadorned by the hand of man in all her glory and pristine loveliness. As one leaflet guide to the camps invitingly expressed it: “Just run away to this bit of paradise—take the tonic that Nature put for you into the view—the sunshine—the sky—the smell of earth—the spices of the pines—you will learn of a peaceful world that has been yours for years—just waiting for you to take your proper place in it.”

I smiled when I first read this eulogy in the train, but after a few days of camp life in the valley I agreed that the writer had just about hit the right nail on the head, and that his remarks were profoundly true. The Yosemite Valley is a national park, and the public most thoroughly enjoy and appreciate their own property. It seems to be always full to overflowing with camps occupied by healthy, happy visitors. There are a number of houses, small and prettily erected, but they are mostly used for business purposes. There is an hotel, but it is cramped up between the river and the roadway, and is a cold, cheerless, damp kind of an establishment. The heart and soul of the valley lay concentrated in the canvas camps, large and small, which are dotted everywhere.

The big camps are run up by enterprising owners for

The Yosemite Valley.

249 profit as well as for the comfort and enjoyment of the patrons. There were then three of them, named “Ahwahnee,” “Lost Arrow,” and “Camp Curry.” The rates were about two and a half dollars a day all found, or fifteen dollars for a full week. The system was excellent. At 6 a.m. the captain of the camp would call the reveillé, and a stampede would shortly follow for the early breakfast. At ten o'clock a bugle would sound for all lights to be extinguished, and the camp would sink to calm, peaceful, and undisturbed slumber, although possibly five hundred souls were canvased in its confines. It was certainly an education to Europeans to see and realise the systematic, well-ordered, well-behaved,

and excellently managed conduct of this camp life in the Yosemite. One could, without fear or hesitation, entrust a party of young girls to spend a week or longer at any one of these camps without a chaperon, and without the least trepidation on account of those dangers from hidden sources which in a similar venture in Europe would make it impossible to even think about.

During the day innumerable excursions are arranged to the hundred and one points of interest. At night a big camp fire collects a crowd of all ages. Periodically there is dancing from 8 to 10 p.m. without extensions. Games are provided, but they attract no adherents. The so advertised excellent fishing exists only in the imagination. I took up a lot of gear and meant business, but there was none on offer.

Wild fruit and flowers were to be gathered in profusion. Strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, blackberries, and others in season; violets, white and blue; purple cyclamens; lilies, white, red, and tiger lilies; mountain lilac (ceanothus) in azure and white; azaleas, whose leaf buds wait for the flower buds to join them in breaking into leaf, and blossom together, whilst their exotic perfume is rich over all; roses in heaps; purple godestia; columbine; blue and lavender-coloured lupins; mariposa tulips; hazels; dwarf ceanothus with their delicate blossoms of sapphire blue; manzanita; epilobium; chamoebatia, and crowds of others strange to me but inspiringly beautiful.

In the woods above the valley we found the rare snow plant (*sarcodes sanguinea*) which is said to blossom forth as 250 soon as the snow melts. It has the form of a bright, blood-red column of glaring depth of colour some three to twelve inches high, and it grows on the edge of snowdrifts, or on ground recently covered with snow.

Much to the astonishment of my fellow-campers I declined their pressing invitations to rush off daily, either before or immediately after breakfast, on lightning tours to the dizzy heights above, or to attempt the establishment of new records for local climbs. I had travelled far and I was a-weary. My soul sighed for “the peaceful world, the tonic of Nature, the smell of

the earth, and the spices of the pines," which the leaflet had pictured. I just wanted to rest and draw in deep breaths and realise the reality of the goodness of things; which was not in accord with the harum-scarum, rip and dash, of young America out for an outing.

The attendance at the camp was so excellent, quiet, unassuming, and effective that I inquired about it, knowing that in ordinary American life the servant question is such that it would be a bold man who dared to casually drop in to an American home uninvited. I ascertained that practically every one of the waiters, tent cleaners and attendants were young 'Varsity students, who engaged in this menial occupation during the summer months in order that they might earn enough dollars to keep them and to help through the winter education at their respective State Universities. It was about on a par with the fagging which young England has to go through with at our big public schools, although in America sound, substantial, unaffected common sense is the foundation; whereas with us the parent pays £200 to £300 per annum to have his delicately nurtured offspring thrashed into a drudge and a slave to the bigger boys above him in years and learning.

The weather at Yosemite was not all that one could desire even in June. Some days the sunshine and heat was unbearable, then rain set in which we were informed was a record for the thirty-five previous years; higher up the mountain it meant snow, eventually it drowned us out, driving away a great number, including myself. But I had a very good time at Curry's Camp in spite of the weather and stringent, sanatoria-like regulations, which perhaps

A Motor Camp in California.

Curreys Camp in Yosemite.

251 accounted for the undoubted success of the enterprise and the great popularity of its chief and organiser.

Besides snakes and small fishes there are numbers of tame squirrels, bear, deer, and innumerable birds to interest the visitor, whilst the mapped-out excursions that could

be taken would fill a bulky volume to describe. It is not therefore to be wondered at that enchanted, enraptured, and enthusiastic as I had grown concerning this happy valley and all its awe-inspiring wonders, I left it, like Dr Le Comte, with tears of regret; the long plaintive wailing " *Á Dios* " of David Curry ringing in my ears, then and for many days, weeks, and months thereafter.

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CHAPTER XXII THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE WORLD

Coaching to Wawona—Artists and inspiration points—A loquacious companion—Fine timber—Mistletoe and history repeating itself—Marvellous driving—The Wawona country—Galen Clarke—First view effects of the great trees—The grizzly giant—Free measurements—A peculiarity to the *Sequoia Gigantea* , and theories thereon—The greatest wonder of the world.

Every day there are one or more coaches running from the Yosemite Valley to Wawona, the best centre from which to reach the Mariposa Grove of the big trees of California. There is but one practical route, which follows a steep path up the southernmost side of the valley from the foot of that beautiful waterfall known as the Bridal Veil, and long before the ridge of the mountain is reached many halts are made to give the passengers an opportunity of viewing the magnificent scenery from such places as Artists' View, Inspiration Point, and other similar clearings which are notorious the world over.

There was a merry party on board the coach, at least half of whom had passed through the horrors of the 1906 earthquake and fires at San Francisco, which fact became apparent when the conversation turned on to forest fires, their terrors and devastation. On the seat next to me was an accountant who was taking his first holiday in ten years. He seemed to prefer dollar-making to dollar-spending, but that he and his better half were thoroughly enjoying their too well-earned leisure was obvious.

“When did you leave San Francisco?” he asked me. “I left London, Sunday—I mean San Francisco, on Sunday morning.” “Thank you, sir, for the compliment,” he replied, smiling at the slip of the tongue.“I, 253 sir, am a native of that wonderful city—the most wonderful city in the world, sir. It has the most perfect climate of any place on earth. It is the most marvellous, progressive, colossal”—and he proceeded to reel off a speech of quite twenty minutes' duration, which included all the superlatives known to English grammar; but summed up in one sentence it conveyed to his hearers that San Francisco was the only heaven accessible for living mortals.

For some days I had the honour of travelling with this American gentleman. He was a thoroughgoing Yankee from the crown of his head to the tip of his toes. He was pleasant, well-read, well-informed and eager for his country, more particularly the city of his birth, to be thoroughly revealed, exploited, and appreciated. But he was the most loquacious and long-winded person in airing his knowledge that it has ever been my fortune to meet. The simplest question would invoke a discourse which would continue without cessation until firmly and forcibly interrupted with a request for a direct, simplified answer, confined to the actual subject-matter required. For days I listened in patience to discourses of unlimited duration, upon the coloured question, upon American secret societies, friendly societies, foreign and home politics, education, and other topics, which rolled from his tongue with a click and a gusto that seemed to afford him the greatest personal satisfaction and gratification imaginable.

All the way over the mountain road the most magnificent timber was in evidence, enormous trees, the boles of which passed comprehension, whilst their branches soared upwards to inestimable heights above which hurt the back of one's neck to continually view. The sugar pine was exceedingly interesting, not only for the beauty of its symmetry and verdure, but also for the gigantic cones, some two or three feet in length, which were scattered in profusion around them, and which the tourists collected as souvenirs of their memorable journeyings. Azaleas, tiger lilies, flowering laurels and shrubs appeared from

time to time in glorious masses; whilst high up on the mountain, and deeper, in the cool recesses of the forest, many specimens of the bright red snow plant were also met with. Hiding in the thickets were deer and other wild animals, which only 254 the trained eye of an old hunter could pick out unless they were disturbed by the rattle of the passing coach.

Most of the oak trees were laden with mistletoe, identical with the variety so favoured in Europe at the gay and festive season of the year. On the left-hand side of me sat a demure young American lady, and when I commented how lucky one must be to live in California where mistletoe flowered in such profusion, she professed absolute ignorance of any significance being attached to the small, propeller-like leaf-blades with their attendant silver berries. It was incumbent on me to explain. And when she volunteered a wish that the good Old English custom prevailed in America I had perforce to jeopardise the overturn of the coach by a practical demonstration of the English Yuletide salutation which had been handed down to us since the days of the Druids.

The coach road seemed barely wide enough to find space for one vehicle. It wound in and out the forest and round corners which often edged a precipice where an accident would plunge the vehicle, its struggling horses, and human freight many hundreds of feet below. There were no rails or stone guards as may be observed on most of the dangerous roads in Europe, and whilst I was trembling at the thought of meeting a similar conveyance and wondering how they could possibly manage to pass one another, the anticipated danger became a reality. At the most awkward-looking part of the road, on a corner, the coach from Wawona to Curry's Camp in the Yosemite suddenly loomed into being. Both drivers instinctively slowed down. They were veritable marvels at their trade. Most of them are Spaniards or of Spanish extraction and had handled horses from their youth upwards. The horses used on this stage route seemed as clever as their drivers, for without apparent guidance the leaders ran quite up on to the bank, the wheelers of course following suit, whereby the coach was brought to a standstill across the road; its right-hand back corner standing at an angle of about forty-five degrees across the road, with barely sufficient space for man or beast to pass between it and the side of the incline which reached far

away below. The meeting coach then drew up towards ours, its leaders squeezing round the small allotted

A Stage Changing Horses.

A United States Forest Warden.

255 space before mentioned, and halting at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the outside edge of the road; the wheelers squeezing themselves as near as they possibly could to the back part of the vehicle. Then their coach was turned as near as it could go to the edge of the incline. As soon as the two coaches were brought to a standstill parallel to each other, at the angle before mentioned, across the road, our horses were whipped up and our coach completed a double curve to the S, and we emerged from the entanglement with a clear road before us. It was as fine a piece of driving as one could wish to see, and each time it was repeated on these narrow roads I marvelled the more, and wondered what would have happened in any other country where such skill and experience were unknown. To sit on the box-seat of one of these coaches was in itself an education to anyone interested in horsemanship. No obstacle seemed to stop the driver. Bad places were rushed. Corners were taken with a wide sweep by the leaders and a short cut by the wheelers, which always allowed a good foot or more of space from the extreme edge of the road. Oblique undulations of a broken or temporarily blocked part of the roadway would be taken in a manner that brought one's heart into one's mouth; until a feeling of absolute confidence in the driver had been instilled into one by former experiences. After a time this was proved so conclusively that the driver, the horses, and the coach were all concentrated into one thought and one mind. It could be seen and realised that they acted in unison, with a nicety of detail, having regard to the circumstances before them, and one's fears became allayed; whilst any danger, however threatening, seemed minimised to a bagatelle.

Dropping from the mountain range into a beautifully wooded valley we crossed the south fork of the Merced River and drove through a park-like approach to the prettily situated Wawona Hotel.

Next morning a number of coaches left for the Mariposa Grove of big trees at 6 and 10 a.m., as at that time of the year the hotel was full to overflowing, and the number of visitors to this world-renowned park required considerable accommodation. The road wound through a dense forest, 256 passing on the way lumber camps and the ancient workings of old-time placers, but although we were seeking the big trees there seemed to be little evidence of anything beyond the largest specimens we had seen in our previous rambles through the Californian forests. I was, for one, beginning to doubt the existence of anything approaching the picture on the Burgundy bottle which is so well known. These doubts grew as we neared the mystic spot where the giants of the forest are located, and when I gave them utterance my companions expressed considerable amusement. Apparently other visitors had thought the same thing. Even when Mr Galen Clarke, the discoverer of the grove in 1857, came back to civilisation from the Sierra Nevadas and narrated what he had found and seen he was stigmatised as a lunatic. The nearer we approached the denser and darker the forest became, but an excellent roadway had been cut out, and when we had dipped somewhat into a kind of depression or valley we were brought face to face with four *sequoia gigantea* known as “the Sentinels,” two of which stood on each side of the road having a height of two hundred and forty-seven to two hundred and sixty-three feet, with a circumference ranging from fifty to ninety feet. Everybody on the coach was at the time laughing and chatting away without regard to surrounding circumstances, but the sight of these four giants of the forest burst upon us so suddenly and caused such astonishment that dead silence instantly prevailed. It reminded one of a crowd of tourists entering the portals of a magnificent cathedral, like St Peter's at Rome, or some of the magnificent churches in southern Spain, where astonishment, reverence, and wonder are more forcibly expressed by sudden, subdued silence than any words that lips can utter, or the pen can transcribe. Our driver alone was indifferent. He merely called our

attention to the trees with his whip, naming them as “the Sentinels,” whilst he turned his chewing gum into his other cheek and whipped up his horses as though eager to reach the wonders beyond. The road branched into three sections, at the forks of which stood a smaller tree named the “Sergeant of the Guard,” whilst other trees burst into view, one after the other, none of which seemed under two hundred and 257 fifty feet in height or with circumferences of less than sixty feet. All this time we were slightly dropping in elevation, whilst the forest was dark and gloomy, but soon we traced a curve in the road and commenced to ascend, and there in the clearing, time-worn, ragged and rugged in appearance, stood the largest *sequoia* in the lower grove, aptly named the “Grizzly Giant.” Since we had passed “the Sentinels” I had not uttered a word. My astonishment knew no bounds. I felt annoyed with the other passengers on the coach. I wanted to be alone, and with an instinct which I could not resist, I sprang from the vehicle, although it was progressing at a rate of six or seven miles an hour. The “Grizzly Giant” was at least two hundred yards away, but I approached it slowly and alone, with a feeling of awe and reverence, as though I were walking upon holy ground. From earliest childhood I had heard of the seven wonders of the world. I had seen them in my dreams, and I had built them up in my imagination as I believed them to be; but the whole seven rolled into one were to me as nothing compared with this incomparable marvel. Seen as it appeared in the clearing of the forest, with a ray of sunlight brightening its uppermost branches, it was a tree which I hesitate to describe. I could not believe in its reality. I pinched myself to see whether I was awake or dreaming. I looked with contempt on my camera and wondered whether it could do any justice to such a masterpiece of nature. Then I sat down on a fallen log, lit my pipe, and communed alone; nor did I come to my proper self until two of my fellow-voyagers on the coach kindly came back again to bring me to them, explaining that the whole party had been kept waiting a long time for my presence. For some hours we drove round the various roads of this extraordinary park, during which we inspected hundreds of these trees, singly and in groups, and in some instances massed together in such a manner that one would have thought the immortal Gulliver had been gardening in the district, and that we were Lilliputians who had unwittingly wandered therein. In the

lower grove there were about two hundred and forty specimens of the *sequoia gigantea.* In the upper grove there were three hundred and sixty. The Calavera Grove has R 258 fewer trees although they are taller, the highest running to three hundred and sixty-six feet; whilst the prostrate father of the forest runs to one hundred and twelve feet in circumference. But the trees in the Mariposa Grove have the greatest circumference. Many of these veritable giants have a tunnel about ten feet high cut directly through their centres, so that the coaches drive through the trees as depicted in the advertisement labels on the Californian wines before referred to. For the edification of American tourists all the trees are named, and it somewhat jars the nerves of lovers of nature to hear the trippers cheer when they recognise the name of their State emblazoned on the name-board of a tree which they are passing. Some of the trees are hollow. A few of them have fallen, and picture post cards may be purchased showing two or three coaches, with their horses and passengers, drawn up on a recumbent tree; or a regiment of cavalry or infantry, or a party of tourists numbering some hundreds, grouped in various attitudes but yet not covering the million feet of lumber which perhaps the fallen tree contains.

All day we wandered on foot or drove round this park, gazing spellbound at sights it offered, but to my mind none of them compare with the “Grizzly Giant,” although its height was one hundred feet less than some of its neighbours. The lowest limb on this tree was one hundred feet from the ground, where it measured over twenty feet in circumference. Any one of its upper limbs would make a tree of itself, astonishing in size; and in spite of the fact that at its top, some two hundred and twenty-four feet above the level of the ground, the main trunk is still very thick, it seemed to suddenly cease growth as though it had been topped or nipped off many years ago. At its base the circumference is officially given at one hundred and four feet. The altitude of this park above sea-level is about six thousand feet, and the age of these big trees is estimated from three to eight thousand years; whilst the bark, which is of a pale red tint in colour, is little short of a yard in depth. Next to their astonishing size the most astonishing fact that strikes the observer is the way

in which all the trees seem to stop their growth at their topmost branches. Many theories are put forward to account for this.

One of the 627 Redwoods in the Mariposa Groove.

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The principal of these when analysed seem to be as follows:

1. That during their thousands of years of growth they must at some time or other have been struck by lightning which has cut off the taper usual to all other straight-trunked trees.

2. That having no long tap root they are unable to suck up a sufficient quantity of moisture from the ground to feed the topmost branches, which consequently die and wither away.

3. That the sap fails to rise more than three hundred and fifty feet, hence the tops cease to grow, and the stunted appearance is brought about.

No one seems able to account for this somewhat extraordinary feature in a reasonable manner, or one that would carry conviction, but every tree showed signs of firing, which extended for fifty to one hundred feet up their bark, and the theory put forward for this seemed more logical. It was that, periodically, forest fires had swept the district and burnt out the undergrowth and smaller trees, but that these giants defied all such fires and remained the only survivors in consequence of their great size, which alone prevented the fires from burning them; whilst their upper branches were too high to be reached by any conflagration from below.

When Mr Clarke discovered these trees he was cute enough to see possibilities of business with the stream of travellers which he thought would be certain to be attracted by his discoveries; and he built for himself a small log cabin in the centre of the upper grove, which has been occupied by himself and his descendants ever since. Here we found an excellent lunch set out under the trees, after which we visited the cabin to purchase

photographs and souvenirs of this wonderful region. Red wood, as *sequoia gigantea* is commonly called, is easily worked, durable, and susceptible of a high polish. There were many small articles to be purchased at a reasonable price, but one of the most unique was a walking-stick giving the thickness of the bark and made from that material.

In the evening we drove back to the Wawona Hotel, but so far as the writer is concerned his merriment and conversational 260 powers of the morning had departed from him. His whole mind was absorbed by the wonders that had been seen, and from that day until the present moment, these trees stand prominent above all other wonders of the earth. In spite of the undoubtedly marvellous strides of science, he will for ever doubt whether the mind or hands of man can ever produce anything to equal, or to rival, or to be compared in the same breath with this most wonderful work of the Almighty Creator.

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CHAPTER XXIII SAN FRANCISCO

Rising from its ashes—Increasing population—Climate—Attractiveness—Situation—Living—Wine culture—Harbour—Fall of Spanish—Mexican regime—The gold rush—Earthquake—Rubber-necks—Sightseeing extraordinary—Curious drinks and expensive thirsts—An acquaintance from Montana—Grit in a man—Lady rattlesnake hunters—Spurious coinage as legal tender—A night on the Barbary Coast and Redlight quarters—An elegy in a dismantled graveyard—The call of the East and the mysteries of the far beyond.

In due course I left the mountain ranges and wandered back again to San Francisco, the capital of California and the largest city on the Pacific Coast. In 1906 the greater part of the town was destroyed by earthquake and fire, and although it is almost impossible to walk for a few hundred yards in any one direction without seeing evidence of that terrible disaster, yet the energetic and never-to-be-beaten inhabitants are so enterprising that they have rebuilt all the important part of the town in a far more substantial and in a far better manner than it had ever formerly been. The population at the time of writing amounts to

well over half a million. In 1848 it was five hundred, and each subsequent decade has shown extraordinary increases. For example, about 1850 its number had increased to twenty-five thousand; in 1860, fifty-six thousand; in 1870, one hundred and fifty thousand; in 1880, two hundred and thirty thousand; in 1890, two hundred and ninety thousand; in 1900, three hundred and fifty thousand; whilst everywhere on the outskirts of the city are signs of extensions and further increases.

The climate is wonderfully equal. The mean annual temperature is about fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit. In September the highest average is about fifty-nine degrees, with a very few hot days during midsummer. The lowest 262 temperature is reached in January and is about forty-nine degrees, but the visitor should always carry a warm wrapper, especially in the afternoon of early summer; because, although the mornings are calm, fine, and warm, by noon a cool, fresh, invigorating breeze comes in from the sea, increasing in strength as the day wears on, and in the middle of the afternoon it is quite cold wherever the wind can penetrate. The annual rainfall is only twenty-five inches.

San Francisco is a far more attractive and go-ahead town from the stranger's point of view than New York, or in fact than almost any other town in America. There seems to be a more free-and-easy method of life. The inhabitants seem to enjoy life, and to spend part of their time at least in amusements, which are freely offered on every side. There is not that keen, everlasting, domineering search for the almighty dollar that is so apparent in towns like Chicago and elsewhere in the east. In California everybody seems to be pleased to meet everybody else. Hospitality is unbounded, and natives cannot do enough for the stranger who has entered their golden lands.

The situation of the city is magnificent. High hills rise from all points of the peninsula from which magnificent views can be obtained across the bay, and of other peninsulas, and of the fastland. There are trees and plants of semi-tropical nature dotted about all over the town. There are many open spaces and beautiful parks which have been reclaimed from sandy wastes, to the everlasting credit of those responsible for such marvels. The

buildings are beautiful in their main design, although, of course, for height and vastness cannot be compared for one moment with similar structures in New York. The excursions capable of being made in the neighbourhood of San Francisco are as numerous as they are attractive, and one can spend many weeks and yet leave behind much unseen. It is not an expensive town, as the best of everything can be procured at reasonable rates by anyone seeking value for their money. There are hotels and restaurants of every nationality which cater for every variety of person, and I found that one could live equally as well on 10s. a day as by spending £10. The only difference in the two fares

View from Mount Tamalpais.

Earthquake Aftermath in San Francisco.

263 would be that choice wines would take the place of the plebeian beer. However, in one respect I felt remarkably sore against Californians, and to this day a distinct grievance still rankles against that sunny, golden State. I am by no means the only grumbler.

In 1775 cuttings of European grape vines were taken to California by the Franciscan Fathers, who migrated thither from Mexico in 1769. They planted these vines round their mission and made wines for their own use. In 1860 wine making began on a commercial scale, and a viticultural commission was appointed by the State. The result of this was that two hundred thousand cuttings and rooted vines of every obtainable variety to be found in Europe, Asia Minor, Persia and Egypt were brought to California and systematically planted in districts adaptable to each. Thus the wine of Medoc, Burgundy, Sauterne, Rhine and Moselle types were successfully produced, with counterparts of practically every French, Italian and German brand. To-day one finds vineyards all over the State, notably at Napa, Sonoma, Alameda, San Joaquin, Sacramento, Yolo and round Los Angeles. In the latter place the sweet type of wines produced in Spain, Portugal, and Madeira are mostly found. In all, Californians have about one hundred and twenty-five of the best European winegrape stocks cultivated in localities best suited to them. The area under vines is about two hundred and fifty thousand acres, and the total investment in the grape-

growing industry is equal to twenty million pounds. Yet I had the greatest difficulty to obtain a glass of the pure home-grown article in the capital town, or to find a restaurant which supplied Californian wines with the meals they sold. I spent hours wandering from one street to another trying to fill my requirements, and although I occasionally found a restaurant which supplied Californian wines the prices they charged in no single instance was ever less than three times the amount which I could purchase the same wine for in England. Considering the eagerness of the American for business and his world-wide repute for astuteness in advertising, I could not understand, nor can I now, why their own products should find no apparent market whatsoever at the very seat of their industry; nor can I possibly comprehend 264 their short-sighted wisdom by discouraging the consumption of such a wholesome article at home in the way they do; nor how they could reconcile the prices charged in San Francisco with the prices charged in England, having regard to the fact of the distance the goods had to travel, their freight, and duty.

According to San Franciscans the richest and largest land-locked harbour in the world, which has an area of four hundred and fifty square miles and is capable of accommodating the combined navies of the world, was originally discovered by one Don Gaspar de Portola on the 2nd of November, 1769. A little later the old Mission of Dolores was established by Juan Baptista which to-day still stands in a fair state of preservation in the bustling centre of the teeming metropolis. But the peaceful and romantic atmosphere of the early Spanish period departed when the American flag was raised on Portsmouth Square, 9th July, 1846, by Commander Montgomery, which abolished the Presidio and marked the end of the Spanish-Mexican regime. The name of the settlement was altered from Yerba Buena to San Francisco.

Three years later the discovery of gold by Marshall, and the subsequent rush of diggers from all parts, caused the new name to ring throughout the world; whilst the population of the city jumped from five hundred to fifty thousand. From that date to the present time San Francisco had progressed by leaps and bounds, despite the terrible disaster on the 18th of April, 1906, when earthquake followed by fire laid waste two thousand five hundred acres

in the heart of the city's business district, with a loss of something like £50,000,000. But this set-back seemed merely to stimulate the citizens to fresh effort, as over £60,000,000 have been spent in rebuilding, and to-day one finds over one hundred different schools, half a score of first-class theatres, fifty high class banks, and three hundred miles of street railways.

When the Panama Canal is opened and properly working San Francisco is likely to become a port and a town of supreme importance.

The most entertaining method of viewing an American city is to take tickets for rubber-neck routes, so called, it is 265 presumed, because patronisers require gutta-percha cervical vertebræ if a tenth of the sights described by the manipulator of the megaphone are to be fully viewed by the tourists aboard the cars. In ordinary language a rubber-neck is a motor or a horse-drawn char-à-banc in charge of a driver and a conductor which patrols the city on stated days at stated hours, covering from five to fifteen miles of a well-advertised route of interest for the popular fare of a dollar for each grown-up passenger. In big cities they are run by limited liability companies and some of the witty conductors are world-famous for the humour they introduce. Everyone smiles when a rubber-neck labours into view; as it passes their mirth increases; if it stops so that they can hear the vivid, embracive descriptions and see the effect they have upon the cosmopolitan crowd of curiously mixed passengers, they laugh outright.

So far I had been on the side of the scoffers; now I determined to experience the other side of the show. Being rather deaf from much travel, roar and rattle, I bargained for a front seat as near to the megaphone as possible, but as soon as the vehicle started and the conductor began to bellow forth the name, history, and particulars of every building and place of any importance passed, I was compelled to gradually shift seat by seat, and tier to tier, until I could get no farther away, from him owing to the back-board of the car. Even there his strident, powerful vocal abilities were overwhelming.

Nothing escaped his observation No one was exempt from his personal remarks, quips, and jibes. He was a merry, irresponsible soul, and he thoroughly earned the few dollars that were won by way of gratuitous acknowledgment of his entertainment. Had it been in England or any other country than America the party would have been assaulted or shot at with peas for the impudent and annoying way in which the rattling, lumbersome, noisy old vehicle was driven into semi-private grounds and pulled up close to the ornamental flower borders which alone protected the windows of the front sitting-rooms from the roadway, so that the crowd of sightseers could strain their eyes staring inside; while the megaphone conveyed to the whole neighbourhood far and near minute particulars of their 266 birth, private, and public history, marriages, business, wealth, and criticisms of the individual personal character of each and every occupant.

At Cliff House we saw the extensive beach and boulevard, the extraordinary large Sutro Baths, the Seal Rocks, and we sampled the Golden Gate's drinks of funny nomenclature including: “George Washingtons,” “Jenny Linds,” “Sally O'Flynns,” “Jemimas,” “Suchechos,” “Siwash,” “Swashbucks,” “Timany o' Tiddlers,” etc. Nor was it necessary to visit a “Blind Pig” establishment as everyone seemed to possess a licence. In addition to which everyone also seemed to possess a ten-dollar thirst. The estimated thirst value is arrived at by totting up the cost of assuaging same.

California is itself a thirsty land. It is well that New York prices do not rule in the State. Poor old Scottie might then have had something to write “hame to Glesgie aboot” after tramping a few miles along the dusty streets, whereby he would have attained a thirst that would on landing rates have cost him about fifteen dollars ninety-five cents to clear. And history might have repeated itself in a certain matutinal call when I had inquired to know whether he was up from his bed one morning and the answer resolved itself all unwittingly into rhyme:

“'He has been, sir,' said the maid with a grin, 'But he's drank his bath and gone back agin.'”

On that round trip we heard marvellous accounts of the rallying year, the promise year, the golden year of 1849; of the rise and fall of city notables; of lucky Baldwin; of dozens of others whose names are not of particular importance except for local reference; of hold-ups; of fights and murders; of wonderful enterprises in quick building, architecture and bodily removals of colossal buildings; of the earthquake when the surface of the streets opened and gaped or waved like a carpet with the wind under it; how the houses fell in all directions; how they were blown up in blocks, streets, and sections with dynamite to stop the spread of the devastating fires, and how cinders showered down around and even at a distance of a mile from the burning; of crowds of refugees in stampede like the

Steep Street-Car Incline in San Francisco.

Market Street, San Francisco.

267 frightened denizens of a town before a victorious army bent on rapine and pillage; of hairbreadth escapes and miraculous savings; of scenes of debauchery, robbery, and violence, and the effects of martial law; of heroic, resolute, and indomitable men who treated ruin as a bagatelle, and who made merry over their misfortunes for easement and example to others not having stamina enough to bear the chafe of the collar. Yea, verily, my readers, a ride on a San Francisco rubber-neck with a well-informed conductor will be remembered for the rest of one's life by anyone interested in the history of places and of peoples.

After parting with the laird at Salt Lake City I had chummed on with a young American from Montana who had been running a motor stage from one part of the State to another. He had sold his interest in this and was working his way to 'Frisco1 as he irreverently termed it. He was about twenty-six years of age, quiet, well-mannered, well-educated, broadminded, and well-informed. He had given me his address at the Y.M.C.A. so I went to look him up, as I had promised him I would do on arrival. This friend was delighted to see me again. He was brimming over with the details of the good time he had had, although he was actually reduced in total worldly possessions to a few cents. I trusted

entirely to natural, instinctive judgment of character to believe that this statement was merely a hard, bare fact and not a ruse to draw upon my resources. When I firmly declined to permit him to pay a cent for anything whatever during the time we were together we nearly got to blows, and a compromise was only reached by acknowledgment on my part that the outlay should be considered as a loan repayable on demand.

Over an after-dinner cigar I learnt that he held an LL.B. degree from one of America's best Universities, and when I left him in Utah on my journey north he had at once started from Salt Lake City full of confidence in reaching San Francisco on foot, although it was *only* a thousand miles away, with the Rocky Mountains in between. As he

1 It is looked at as approaching an insult to refer to the golden capital of the West by this short nickname. Nothing except the full title is acceptable to any native citizen or to the majority of Californians.

268 expressed it: “I had very little money so I ‘bummed it’ to save the train fares. At the first rail siding I hung about and secreted myself as a stowaway on a freight train in a cattle truck filled with wheat. This sweated and was nice and warm, but my trouble was want of water, and when at last necessity compelled me to come out for it I was caught and pushed off in the middle of the great salt desert. However, as luck would have it, another train slowed down which I promptly boarded and covered two hundred and sixty-two miles before getting my second push. It took me in all ten days to get across, but I saved quite thirty dollars by ‘bumming it’ and I thoroughly enjoyed the experience.”

He had been about a fortnight in San Francisco when I found him, during which time he had experienced lightning changes of work. He had been reporter on a newspaper, hall porter in an hotel, sandwich-board man, chauffeur, private attendant on a chronic drunkard, and lastly he had just accepted a position in the secret police service which he intended holding for a time until he fixed up something really suitable. Because, as he explained to me quite seriously, “I am engaged to be married to a nice, quiet, sensible girl about eighteen years old in the fall; my mother is finding the furniture; and I would not

disappoint the two best friends I have in the world for life itself. Yes, in two or three months I shall have fixed up so we shall be in a position to marry and keep the home going. That's sure." By the tone and ring of his voice I knew he meant it and that he would do it.

It's men like this one who always do well and when they peg out they generally leave a big pile behind them. They are the strength and backbone of modern America. They are the natural outcrop from a broad reef of generous, tolerant, sound, and sensible education. They are typical examples of greatness in the rough; of human jewels of priceless worth which are only to be found in great countries.

San Francisco exercised a peculiar fascination for me and I lingered there quite a while. Amongst other acquaintances I was honoured with the attentions of two somewhat masculine elderly American ladies whose hobby 269 in life seemed to be rattlesnake hunting. They had just returned from a successful six days' excursion in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, following trails that I myself had so recently trod. Their bag included thirteen full-grown rattlers, three of which had been drawn from out one den; the oldest had seven rattles, by which its age is easily foretold. A male friend of theirs had done better, having secured twenty-seven in a month; he hunted them for their skins. Another gentleman had bagged seven in seven days.

At the St Francis Hotel I fell in with an Irishman who was crazy, as the Americans put it. In our language we should say he was in a towering rage. It appeared that he was a commercial traveller who for some time had been on the road in company with a Scotchman. The latter had proved himself to be so awfully mean in the giving of small gratuities that the Irishman found he was becoming a regular tax upon his own somewhat limited resources, and they had had a serious quarrel about it. Subsequently they mutually agreed that in future all tipping should be shared equally.

At first the Irishman attended to this part of the business, but shortly afterwards the Scotchman insisted on taking his turn. Whereupon he ran absolutely amuck on the

generous side. Daily he showered dollars right and left where a few dimes would have sufficed, and the Irishman, who was brought into account for his half share, naturally objected. But the Scotchman reminded him of all his hard words and recriminations concerning his former “diabolical habits,” whilst he continued to repeat “Mean, am I? I'll teach you if I'm mean or not,” and he dispensed the more liberally his dollars in reckless extravagance, until at last he one evening let the cat out of the bag to another traveller when he was unfortunately much affected by the mellow influences of too many highballs. His confidant found the story too entertaining to keep to himself.

It appeared that the parsimonious Scotchman had struck a vein of unexpected luck. He had tumbled across a cunning Chinaman from whom he had purchased a large stock of bad and spurious coinage for a mere trifling amount 270 of the real genuine article paid down. Hence the more dollars he could pay out from his false stock the greater his profit became, as he calculated he received a profit of at least forty cents on each dollar from the Irishman, whilst the grand saving clause appeared to be that as they were all given away he ran no risks of infringing the law. What would have happened when the two met with true facts laid bare can only be conjectured, as on awaking from his debauch somehow or other instinct must have told the Scotchman that his Hibernian companion of the road had become acquainted with the cunning ruse which the weakness of his race had caused him to reveal; and as they had squared up accounts only the night before, much to the advantage of the canny Scot, he discreetly settled his bill, and left the town in search of other scenes and Muggins new.

In the Old Country we read such hair-raising accounts of the cities of the Far West that I wished to see all sides of the picture in full, vivid reality. Thus, in spite of the gentle reminder not to poke my nose where it might be better kept at home, which the free and independent Apaches of Chicago City had bestowed upon me with right generous goodwill, I determined to visit the Barbary Coast on a Saturday night, as well as the red-light quarter of the town. About midnight we sallied forth, a small party of five. It would have been courting disaster to have gone alone. The panorama of that early-morning

adventure was something to remember. It was impressed the more forcibly by reason of the strange and extraordinary variety of the unbelievable sights and diabolical suggestions that greeted one at every turn. It was well that our party was conducted by a man of courage whose face was known in every haunt and alley. He led us for hours through the mazes of a conglomeration of innocent amusements and fiendish vice so closely intermingled that it was difficult to distinguish the one from the other. The sideshows of an international exhibition, with all the dens of infamy which Paris, Hamburg, Aden, Cairo, Shanghai and other known cities could add, were fully and faithfully represented. And remembering the stir made by the late Mr W. T. Stead, who lost his valuable life in the *Titanic* 271 disaster, through the production of his book “If Christ came to Chicago?” I wondered to myself how even he could ever have found words or language to convey any idea of this, the greatest sink of iniquity that the most vivid imagination in the world could possibly conjure up.

Eastern writers have described the Yoshiwara of Tokio as a seething hell, a human sink where children and girls in their teens are marketed in cages like shambled cattle. They make no allowances for Far Eastern ways and customs and want of education. But in the odoriferous, vermin-infested dens near the purlieus of Commercial Alley, Cooper Alley, and Washington Alley, immorality and vice wallow in a filth indescribable which lowers sex to a level that no animals in nature would tolerate amongst their own or any other species.

The following afternoon I sat alone in a dismantled, or perhaps it could be more correctly described as an abandoned, graveyard on a hill which commanded glorious views of the Golden Gate and the Marin Peninsula beyond. The vast Pacific stretched away on the left, covering the whole west horizon. Views of the inner harbour on the right were broken by the woods and heights of the Presidio Reservation. I was too far from the waters to hear their murmuring, but now and again a white patch would break the surface of South Bay, only to melt rapidly away again, showing that the tide was out and that the terrible sunken reef upon which so many a noble vessel has met its doom, was still there, mocking the

puny efforts of mortals who should long ere this have attempted to remove that terrible, latent danger.

Immediately around me all was desolation and decay. The tentacles of the ever-growing city were spreading far afield. Even the sacred sanctuary of the dead was wanted, and had been coveted by the greed of the speculative builder. Tombs and sepulchres had been opened. The monuments and statues of angels that had adorned many of them lay broken in the pathways or partly hidden by an overgrowth of bramble, grass, and rank herbage. It was a scene of desolation and despair. Yet it held me with a weird, attractive force which I could not fathom. Nothing broke the stillness except the moan of the wind in the 272 cyprus trees and an occasional shriek from some stray sea-mew that flitted inland from the main. On one dismantled and open grave in which the remnants of a shroud still remained was written the old Japanese proverb: “To-day we live, to-morrow we die,” and I pondered long in my solitude upon the reasons for my having strayed thither from the other side of the earth; upon the uncertainties of life, the mysteries of the future, the struggle for existence, and upon my future destiny, plans, and guidance.

Two days before I had ascended the heights of Mount Tamalpais to the topmost pinnacle of the picturesque pile of rocks that commands such unrivalled views of the Pacific Ocean, the Coast Ranges, the Sierra Nevada, the Santa Cruz Mountains, the Contra Costa Hills overtopped by Mount Diablo, the Mount of Hamilton, the city of San Francisco, Yerba Buena, Angel Isle, Oakland, the bay, and the vast panorama of rich, fertile valleys around. I had thought that here surely must Satan have stood and tempted the Son of Man in the centuries of the Holy Writ. My whole being had been swayed and moved by religious thoughts and feelings until I had descended to earth again at the modern tavern which was crowded with a noisy host of trippers from the city, making merry as is their wont when youth and sunshine meet.

Two nights before I had dined at Tait's in a veritable bouquet of flowers and palms in hilarious company with the fairest of western women, whose thoughts were worldly, and

whose talk savoured only of the conquest of man, the newest millinery creations, and the latest scandal. The limit of their intellectual discourse and intercourse had about equalled the effervescence of the wine of France which they consumed.

Two hours before I had watched the work of the brain and muscle of western engineers, cultivated and matured by modern science, removing with ease a massive, eleven-storied, stone-built building weighing some seventy-five thousand tons down a street to another site situated a quarter of a mile away; whilst the inhabitants and occupants of the building came in and out and carried on their business within as though nothing unusual were occurring.

Now I sat here musing alone, in a deserted, one-time

A 75,000-ton Building being moved a quarter of a mile by a Donkey Engine.

The small Steel Rollers used and their Bed.

273 resting-place of those that were dead and gone, just like a bird of passage waiting and resting before its long, migratory flight across unknown seas to unknown lands beyond; which an inborn, natural instinct says in some mysterious, yet absolutely certain manner, is there, and that it is a haven of rest, a land overflowing with milk and honey and human kindness.

Yes. I thought it. I felt it. I knew it. I must be up and going. I must follow that glowing, ruddy orb, sinking now to rest beyond the far western horizon in its crimson-tinted bed of golden, gorgeous splendour, which no mortal pen could even hope to adequately depict. I must set my course west, due west, and I must travel on, ever onwards, ever westwards, until I met the East and I saw, realised, and participated in its veiled and hidden mysteries and enchantments.

Such an irresistible determination now dominated my very soul. I must go. I recognised the call of the East—a mesmeric call which nothing could overcome or stay its implicit obedience.

What awaited me there in the far Eastern beyond—how Eastern examples and teachings would affect my present—how Eastern influences would mould my future—what curtains hiding the secrets of the secretive and mysterious lands which lie in Eastern seas would be lifted to my prying, remained as yet to be seen. All that is another story. Verily, my reader, “Truth is stranger than fiction and travel reveals both.”

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