A NOMAD IN NORTH AMERICA

PEN PICTURES BY A SOJOURNER IN THE NEW WORLD

by

BEN ASSHER

With 32 pp. Illustrations

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Most "impressions" brought back by our lecturing litterateurs from across the Atlantic have confined themselves to analysis of character, chiefly of American character. But as the introduction of "Tourist Cabin" fares is opening up that great continent more and more to the average holiday traveller, the present volume of impressions, rather scenic than sociological, extending over a wide area from Alaska to Cuba and from New York to San Francisco, with copious illustrations, should appeal to that growing interest which North America is arousing; not as the seat of a mighty industrialism, but as the scene of superb natural phenomena.

OF
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A NOMAD IN NORTH AMERICA

OLD CLOISTERS AT NASSAU.

[Frontispiece.

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BY

"BEN ASSHER"

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FOREWORD

THE rising tide of popular enthusiasm for embarking upon cursory migrations from this country across the Atlantic, which appears to have swept over representatives of various walks of English life, and has resulted in so many cases in the immediate appearance of critical reviews on different aspects of American society, now sweeps yet another victim into the increasing flood.

Where others strive, however, to point a moral from their impressions, this last seeks with his own merely to adorn a tale, and the sketches that follow have no claim to a character comprehensive enough for serious study, being presented to others as varied pictures from the New World of the present day by one who sojourned recently in its capitals and sought out some of its farther confines. There may be, perhaps, a discreet and tolerant public to whom this light discourse on other lands, and the inconsequential wanderings of one whom the spirit alone moved, will prove of fleeting interest.

B. A.

LONDON.
July 1927.

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A NOMAD IN NORTH AMERICA

IMMIGRANTS

BITTERLY cold! For eight or nine days the vessel has been labouring through banks of fog disposed at varying intervals across the Atlantic, and now at last, far in arrears of her scheduled time, is standing not many miles off the coast of Newfoundland. Ahead lies an ice-field of seemingly endless extent, broken here and there at its edge by various narrow channels of ice-cold water, still as death. A few isolated sea-gulls are circling overhead, their raucous cries forming the only sound across this great wild waste of ice-capped ocean. The passengers are lining deck and rail, gazing in anxious doubt over the vast expanse of broken ice that stretches away to the horizon on either side, for it is apparent that the forward progress of the ship must lie in jeopardy. Within a short time of the vessel's entry, dead slow, into the ice-field, her captain, who is reputed not to have left the bridge for the past forty-eight hours, has realized the impracticability of the summer route and decided to retrace his passage through the floes, subsequently to alter course for more hospitable waters.

And so it happened that the vessel on which I sailed from Liverpool for Quebec towards the middle of April was compelled to divert her course to St. John, N.B., owing to the persistence of ice in the St. Lawrence, and that port, bound in dense fog and washed by a strong swell, was far from being an exhilarating introduction to our Lady of the Snows.

Amongst the drab and bloodless localities of this world that Atlantic haven must rank high, and many a more outspoken mind might well displace the latter epithet by its more popular antithesis. The atmosphere of a mining town combines with the appearance of a war-stricken village to dominate any other impression that may reach the traveller. Numbers of derelict houses are seen about the town, the streets are rough and unfinished, and, in fact, unfinished is a very euphemistic designation to apply to St. John. Some redeeming features to its credit there may be, but they escape the uninformed observer.

Owing to every passage having been booked direct to Montreal by the river route, which, as mentioned above, was still impassable, it became incumbent upon the C.P.R. to meet the situation by providing free rail transport to that city for all concerned. As a result of this, I was able to mingle with all manner of immigrants, to the eminent satisfaction and enjoyment of myself, and, I hope, with reciprocal feelings on the part of my fellow-travellers. Needless to say the train was packed—mostly with nursing mothers and their

young ones, and respectable but uncouth youths. The food on Canadian railway trains is always excellent, the parlous nourishment served up on our British systems not being comparable, unfortunately, with the meals provided across the Atlantic. It was evident that many of the passengers had never before experienced such a liberal and distinguished cuisine—obvious, indeed, from the various comments that were passed. Thus: "Didn't I jes' enjoy my brekfus'," accompanied by a half-sighed, half-belched exclamation of sufficiency—"fine!" On one occasion a happy mother frankly declared she had experienced a "Reglar fine blow-out."

Endowed by nature with an unsympathetic reaction to crowd and queue, I had not joined the mêlée which broke out on board ship towards the close of the sea journey, when passengers of varying sizes, shapes and sex, vied with one another for ascendancy in the choice of railway berths. I had, consequently, to be content with an upper bunk in the train, and was thus compelled to suffer, with others similarly placed, the unremitting natural law of gaseous diffusion. This, indeed, is liable to prove a law of rather more than usually trying incidence, should it be "changing time" in the case of a small infant which occupies, in company with its devoted and assiduous parent, the berth immediately beneath one's own.

We were an intimate crowd in our carriage. It fell to my lot to play the paternal rôle towards a puling infant, and I claim to have done so with

an efficiency bordering on the avuncular, for to judge from the creature's appreciative chortles, the success by which my efforts were rewarded could only be described as phenomenal. Likewise I was happy in assisting its mother, a young Scotch wife, bound for Oregon, to perform the primitive banqueting rite at dusk, when a cup of biscuity mess was duly administered to it.

There were high spirits amongst a party of young women in the division adjoining mine. One of them was showing off a pair of new knickers (or some similar article of indiscretion—hidden from view) when I chanced to turn round to elucidate the mystery of the commotion. Considerable rumpus ensued, during which the victim was warned by a companion, "Och, take keer, he's an adventurous specrit," an injunction giving rise to the most unseemly mirth and a hurried secretion of the offending garment.

The coon sleeper attendant was a genial and sophisticated soul. He first gained my fancy when, in reply to a bell summons, he appeared leisurely at the end of the compartment, and remarked in a casual and inquiring tone, "Who's ringin' dabell." Subsequently, in defence of his delay in making up a young thing's bunk, he was responsible for a communal roar from all within hearing when he drawled, "Wal, if I gets up on ya bed, ya shoots me." "I certainly should," replied the young thing, amidst blushes, while manifesting unmistakable signs of keen enjoyment at this subtle compliment to her attractions.

All the C.P.R. attendants were very chatty on this occasion. The waiter at my table, asking automatically for the "service" identification number, volunteered that in my case no ticket was necessary, the yellow gloves being a sufficient reminder to him.

Towards the end of the journey I found myself in conversation with a young Mormon, who was returning from around Manchester way to his home in Utah, presumably at the conclusion of missionary activities. On learning that I was interested, he gave me three tracts on Mormonism, and I had quite an entertaining debate with him. He was an uncouth lad, socialistically inclined, and being the child of Puritan fancies he seemed quite hurt when I firmly repudiated his suggestion that the young woman whose baby I was helping to entertain was, in fact, my wife.

Finally, as a climax to a series of democratic associations which were by its close beginning to pall somewhat, I was destined to suffer the feeling of repulsive humiliation which any self-respecting Englishman must experience on being proferred a unit of chewing-gum, for some five minutes ere our arrival in Montreal an exuberant cockney youth, failing to elicit any response to his public solicitation, offered me a portion in person, which I declined with the best grace at my command under the circumstances as not being in my particular line.

And so to Montreal.

MONTREAL

MOST of the country seen from the train along this part of the line from St. John to Montreal is flat and uninteresting; wooded for the most part, and what cultivated fields are seen appear to be covered with boulders and large stones, as, of course, all clearings are virgin soil. At this stage of the journey, envisaging the pictures of smiling fields and homesteads represented on the pamphlets of the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railways, one is inclined to assume the aspect of a smiling field oneself. But such cynicism soon fades before the convincing agricultural glories of Ontario and the impressive cultivations of the West.

Montreal is more like a large French provincial town than anything else. The main shopping thoroughfare is effective, and there are some smart shops. Likewise the business quarter is solid, pretentious and imposing, bearing, indeed, a certain semblance to some of the rebuilt portions of the City of London. But the suburban parts are not prepossessing, consisting largely of wooden, jerry-built houses (a common feature in a land rich in timber), while the Eastern or French district is still less so. In this region paper litters the streets

in vast quantities. An astonishing number of Hebrews are also in evidence, and Yiddish writings in certain quarters display a marked predominance. Car-driving in the city exhibits a degree of recklessness which must inevitably be reflected in the limbs and temper of all pedestrians. The rigours of the winter climate have clearly left their mark on the complexions of the women, and despite heavy coatings of Nildé and the like, they are unable to disguise the harshness of their skins. One is inclined to suggest, however, that the place should be accounted a veritable death-trap to any bachelor who does not limit very strictly the period of his sojourn in the neighbourhood.

From Mount Royal, a fine wooded eminence rising out of the city and overlooking vast sections of the Quebec plains, a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained, and an ascent of the hill is amply repaid both in this respect and in the more prosaic matter of local geographical study. On a fine, cloudless day, surveying from these heights the spacious panorama of city, river and plain, the embodied visions of our forefathers unfold before the eye, and we see that they builded well.

RAILWAYS

ONE of the pleasantest train journeys in the world, from the standpoint of comfort, must be the daylight run between Montreal and Toronto. Owing to an extensive and regular traffic on this section of the line, it is possible for greater attention to be paid to the state of the track than could economically be entertained along the prairie routes, with the result that the smoothness of travel becomes comparable with that on the main line of the Great Western in England. Ensconced in a "parlour" car, furnished with swivel arm-chairs, this nine-hour train journey transcends the average standard of expectation amongst railway travellers and becomes an unmitigated pleasure, to which an incomparable cuisine and faultless service contribute the crowning satisfaction.

During a period of nine months spent in roving over various parts of the Dominion, there came my way a not inconsiderable number of opportunities for comparing the two great competitive railway systems. In the main there is very little to choose between the two, but on the branch lines the C.P.R. undoubtedly appears to some advantage. In considering this, however, it has to be remembered that the great bugbear with which

the Canadian National has had to contend ever since the amalgamation of various interests has been the question of unprofitable branch lines, forming an integral part of the systems that have been taken over. For all that, both organizations must appear, even to the layman, as incomparable assets to the country. There remains, nevertheless, a strong inclination to differentiate between the two railways in the matter of service, for while both systems are far superior in this respect to the American railroads, in the Dominion sphere the private company stands noticeably in advance of its rival. It may well be that the standard of service on the C.P.R. throughout the country represents an attainment as near the ideal as in this imperfect world it is reasonable to expect. On the restaurant cars in particular, the C.P.R. waiter evinces a solicitude for the traveller's wants, and a manly courtesy so totally devoid of servility as to be, for one accustomed to older countries, an unusually significant revelation. This phenomenon is not without its counterpart on the National system, but does not appear to be present in such unstinted measure. There can be no illusions, I suggest, as to the reason, for although an undoubted loyalty is in evidence amongst both staffs, the discipline of the C.P.R. appears notably more rigid, although its incidence is probably not over-popular with the junior clerks—in support of which assertion I came across at least one concrete instance during the course of my travels in the Dominion.

Arriving one afternoon at Toronto with an open mind on the question of accommodation, and in an attitude influenced more by a thirst for knowledge than by any precautions for my personal comfort, my eye was struck by a businesslike booth bearing the legend "Travellers' Aid," which seemed at the moment so peculiarly adapted to my own case, acquainted in the city with neither palace nor pot-house, that I was automatically impelled towards a respectable-looking female body officiating therein—impelled, indeed, but not without feelings of some misgiving and alarm. My general inquiries were met with a written slip headed by the ominous words, "Women's Temperance Association," which caused such an immediate and dangerous reaction in one not superlatively temperate in either mood or habit, that it was necessary to summon a passing porter hurriedly and inquire frankly for the best hotel.

Hence, the spirit of adventure in eclipse, I made my way towards the "King Edward."

TORONTO

THE city of Toronto is essentially British, more aggressively British, indeed, than any locality in the British Isles, while the atmosphere of loyal Canadian nationalism that pervades it is a most stupendous tonic to any visiting Englishman, for whom the word "British" takes on a new and higher significance after he has made the acquaintance of that provincial metropolis with its population of over half a million souls.

One is unlikely to forget the occasion of first being present at a gathering of some Canadian business club, when the proceedings are opened with the singing of "God Save the King," followed immediately after by "O Canada," and of hearing several hundred citizens unite as one man to roar forth a volume of sound in token of such a loyalty as no politics or knavery could well withstand.

Although this capital city of Ontario, and the Dominion's second in importance, has been laid out along lines common to the greatest number of all townships in North America, it is fortunately free from that air of stuffy congestion which is so frequent a feature in the cities of the United States.

There is, of course, a heavy traffic in the streets, but happily the rivers of paper which form an integral feature of the streets in New York and San Francisco are not in evidence, and the whole city wears an aspect at once thoroughly kempt and well ordered. To this end the police contribute in considerable measure, and they give the impression of being a force much superior to similar organizations in the large cities across the border. The cosmopolitan atmosphere of Montreal is altogether lacking in Toronto, and it is difficult to discover the existence of any slum quarters, a state of affairs, unfortunately, which cannot be imputed to the former city.

It is unnecessary here to discourse upon the several amenities of the neighbourhood, which include all those commonly associated with large communities—suffice it to affirm that Toronto is a magnificent city. Its location and its people will give it a magnificent future.

NIAGARA

FREED from the demands of time and circumstance, a wayfarer in Canada cannot well surrender himself to the claims of the West without first having negotiated that light journey to the Niagara Falls. Passing through Hamilton, an important centre a few miles from Toronto, one soon finds oneself in the district known as the Niagara fruit-belt, an amazing stretch of level country laid out with long-established orchards. The time of blossom had passed when I travelled through, but even so it was an imposing sight, these seemingly endless lines of regular, well-shaped trees, radiating out on both sides of the line as far as the eye could reach. It is not long before the frontier of the United States is crossed, and here one is subjected to a purely formal Customs' examination. There is an amazing laxity in the inspection of those who come over as tourists, but that can only be accounted for their good, and I merely add that there was nothing in my own case to prevent my entering the country as an unauthorized immigrant, a point unworthy of remark were it not for the obstacles to admission which confront such a person at other points of access.

A somewhat heavy rain was falling outside as I made my way to a local Information Bureau in the station at Niagara. A posse of suspicious-looking gentry immediately converged upon me, vying with each other for first place in my attentions. "Take you round the Falls for five dollars," howled one. "American side only—two-fifty," roared another. But I was adamant, and guessed my Falls if I did not know them. "Say, you *must* hev an automobeel, it's raining—round the Falls for three-fifty." "You'll get soaked then—serve yer right." Disentangling myself from these importunate fellows, who showed no signs of neglecting every lesser form of cajolery and abuse that might occur to them, I passed beyond the station doors. Outside a happy shout of welcome greeted me, and eager voices bid for my patronage. Impressed by the looks of a young man who had approached me in a confidential manner, and who appeared to have no association with the gang of guide-touts by whom I had first been accosted inside the station, I delivered myself into his keeping and we drove away.

It requires some little time for a proper inspection of the Falls. Certain aspects are best viewed from the American side, but in order to enjoy the finest effects it is necessary to cross to the other bank. From certain points it is practically impossible to see anything, owing to the vast mass of spray sent up by the waters. A few hundred yards below the main Falls a cable bridge has been erected across a huge whirlpool, where

the raging torrent rushes round in swirls and eddies. A kind of cage is drawn by this means over the river, some hundreds of feet below, and the suspension in mid-air is responsible for an impression of aeroplane travel upon those who avail themselves of this spectacular mode of transport. The Falls themselves are a great sight for even the most sophisticated of travellers, but their effect would be still more imposing were it not for the signs of civilization on either bank. Factory, railway and hotel, by their mere proximity, detract each in their turn from that natural isolation so essential to an impression of untamed power upon the human mind.

WINNIPEG, perhaps, may be considered the best-planned city in the Dominion. Certainly the residential portion is a credit to its conceivers, and its garden-like suburbs have been built on very pleasing lines. From the standpoint of the casual observer the only criticism that may fairly be levelled against it from the æsthetic point of view is based on its misfortune to harbour too great a number of weird, foreign gentry, amongst whom the Russian type is conspicuous, and whose presence bodes no good to anyone, imparting to certain quarters of the city a cosmopolitan bias that is anything but attractive. Assuredly, some distinctly useful-looking ruffians are to be seen in Winnipeg, but there is little cause for worry, as the Scots element has dominated the entire city and extended its influence over countless miles of the surrounding prairies.

On the subject of the prairies one need only mention this, that having gazed at them over a measured mile, one has, to all intents and purposes, seen every prairie from Winnipeg to Calgary. Nevertheless, despite the monotony of their changeless panorama, unrelieved by any natural feature of even minor import, their very vastness serves

to impress upon the mind the greatness of their theme. . . .

I remember once, when halted at the town of Medicine Hat on my way to Calgary, being amongst the privileged spectators of a budding matrimonial alliance. There was, perhaps, not much to see—a joyous delegation on the platform, the ripple of girlish laughter and the co-partners in the customary mutual admiration society for the time being. But I shall ever hold the cherished memory of that infatuated couple, relegated by their fellow-passengers to a remote corner of the observation car, the native beau, embellished with a gargantuan button-hole, breathing chewing-gum into the face of his bashful and tremulously expectant bride, who, for her part, was sucking doggedly at a genus of fern which her devoted hands had plucked from the swain's breast.

It is in the neighbourhood of Calgary that the "Chink" element becomes noticeable (there are a few Japanese servants in hotels at Winnipeg), and the first intimation one is likely to receive of the proximity of such gentlemen is a suspicious-looking sign of the nature: Louie Hong—Rooms: but for what purpose, or under what conditions of cleanliness or otherwise is likely to be left to the imagination.

From Calgary to the coast ubiquity is the motto of the odd Chinaman, chiefly in the rôle of cook or onion-grower. As restaurant proprietor, a flourishing element in most Western towns, his insignia appears

as "Chop Suey and Noodles," and indicates a primitive or more comprehensive system of oriental banqueting according to the locality involved.

There is in Calgary a very strong and representative element of the old colonial type, and at the Ranchers' Club one might almost be in one of the Colonies. The town is a great centre for Englishmen of the public school class whom one meets in increasing numbers towards the coast.

As Calgary is approached from the East one catches a first glimpse of the mountain ranges, and a few miles beyond that centre one finds oneself amongst the foot-hills, where the prairies verge into the scenic grandeur of the Rockies. It is, indeed, a promised land that is entered on approaching Banff, the small town whose fame of stream and summit yearly extends its bounds. Here the Canadian Pacific hostelry must rank, for sheer beauty of location, amongst the wonders of the hotel world, and to have neglected the view from the hotel's terrace is to have refused oneself access to a memory which the passage of time cannot easily dim.

The Rocky Mountains are not incomparable, and may well be compared with the Swiss Alps and others, but in so doing these Continental ranges take on a merely secondary importance. It is probable that for sheer beauty the palm must be awarded to Switzerland, for it is from size and splendour that the Rockies make their overwhelming appeal. This suggestion of towering strength is accentuated for the railway traveller

by reason of the marvellous engineering feats which have been effected in the construction of the line. He faces a succeeding hegemony of massifs and precipitous canyons, while innumerable cascades, adorning crag and crevice alike, impart to foaming torrents the life that makes them rivers lower down. Let poets praise the glory of the Rockies: those only who have seen can claim to realize their call.

There is a road from Banff to Windermere which takes one by Lake Louise, a road of which the charm of scenery is, or was at the time I pursued the uneven tenor of its way, equalled only by the crudity of its surface. The comment of a genial American, with whom I motored along this thoroughfare, on my brief remarks as to its condition, though non-committal, was aptly sucsinct: "Yep," he said, "Taant noa boolevarrd."

But boulevard or no, it leads on to a lake, set in a circle of snowy peaks, the vision of which transcended any similar picture I had ever seen. The colour of the water on Lake Louise, combined with its magnificent setting, presents to unaccustomed eyes a spectacle of superb beauty. From a point of vantage on pine-clad slopes, looking across the water towards the glacier which abuts upon the southern end of the lake, here at last, suffering from the impressions of St. John under the most adverse conditions, or steeped in doubts which have battled across the Continent against a broadening judgment, one can no longer disclaim that this is a glorious land.

THE FRUIT DISTRICTS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE train steams into Revelstoke at half-past four in the afternoon. It is raining steadily, and the town is backed by masses of slowly eddying clouds which obliterate all but the peaks of the surrounding mountains. A few travellers, sorting themselves out from the crowd on the platform, mount a long flight of steps to gain the sanctuary of an inviting hostelry that overlooks the station. The eye alights on stretches of verdant green, and a clump of lilacs is in full bloom. A homely atmosphere permeates the town's leading hotel, for such it proves to be, and in due course I take my seat for the enjoyment of the evening meal. My companion at table, of whose nationality there seems little doubt and of which one suspects any Scot would be proud, exhibits a cheerful confidence in all and sundry matters connected with the country, and the Province in particular. I soon learn that, the son of a Scotch father who came to settle in Ontario in '86, he is now a traveller in "dry-goods" and has been all over the Continent. His enthusiastic optimism, excellent fellow, ere long leads to the revelation of incidents in a life to

which he doubtless attaches considerable importance, and I assume an attitude of deferential interest. At an adjacent table three hearty, collarless ruffians of pleasant mien, whose attention to all sources of nourishment within reach is assiduous, imbue one with a feeling that here, indeed, untrammelled by convention's rigours, one may freely woo the mistress of one's inclination. Geniality of welcome surrounds on all sides, even to the matter of advertisement. On a bookcase in the lounge are a score or so of printed placards of varying hue, and amongst these the roaming eye alights on one soliciting a visit to an hotel in a neighbouring town. No details of the accommodation are offered, nor are any other particular advantages accruing to a personal patronage of the establishment suggested, such as those to which we have been accustomed in less enlightened neighbourhoods. We read only this, but it is enough :

WHERE THE BOYS ALL STOP.

For, of course, we are of the boys.

Relegating to a more opportune occasion the satisfaction of this hearty invitation, we leave the beaten track of the transcontinental service and board the train for Arrowhead, a small settlement bearing to the Arrow Lakes, a position analogous to Ambleside and Windermere in our own Lake district. A journey of twelve hours by steamer lies ahead, but the weather is perfect, and between here and Robson, at the other end of the trip, there

is much to please the eye. The scenery passed throughout the day, though mountainous, is distinctly varied. The lake itself, which is merely the river widened out to a width varying from a half to three miles, has a length of a hundred and thirty, and its sides are for the most part precipitous and heavily timbered, except in a few spots suitable for agriculture, where alone a little mixed farming appears to be carried on. At one point the waterway narrows down to only a few yards, and we pass into the Lower Arrow Lake.

There are not many passengers on board, but we are joined by new travellers at various stopping-places. Towards the end of the day, I enter into conversation with a tough-looking customer, half-tramp, half-socialist orator, whose destination is unknown to me. We commence the passage of a locality where the railway skirts the lake and our intercourse is diverted to the subject of transport. I raise the question of roads, which, owing primarily to the scattered population of the interior of the Province, are of poor distribution, although much needed. I soon find that I have to contend in this matter with the solidarity of the proletariat, that universal negation of all ordered progress, and am subjected without further ado to an unhappy tirade against the country's motorists. I am addressed as one of the brotherhood, by inclusion in whose ranks I feel the gratification of deceptive sympathy. "Why should we pay for the rich man's pleasures?" he begins, and we are back once more listening to the gentry

in Hyde Park. Like the wind, it bloweth where it listeth, this amazing and ubiquitous solidarity.

The sun has long since set behind the timbered heights, and, as the twilight deepens, our boat is moored at the small wooden pier at Robson. Disembarking, we compose ourselves to pass as best may be the two hours that must elapse before the arrival of the train for Penticton. But in the still, cool atmosphere, as twilight merges into night, and as light sounds from shack and forest, echoed across the lake, enliven our curiosity as to their origin, the time passes quickly, and we are soon travelling through territory unseen. . . .

With the approach of the train to Penticton in the early morning, skirting, a thousand feet above the water's edge, the southern end of Okanagan Lake, some glorious vistas of the latter through the pines are opened up, and a memorable panorama confronts the eye. Before long it is the end of our journey and we traverse lightly the twenty yards that separate the station from the local hotel. Conveniently situated, and possessing, moreover, a very pleasing aspect on to the lake, the Hotel Incola is an attractive residence, bearing, indeed, though built entirely of timber, a distinct resemblance to many a country hotel in England.

It is Empire Day, and the place is comparatively crowded, there being an influx of many people from the surrounding areas, for the town is the centre of a large fruit-growing district, populated by

various types amongst which retired Indian Army officers play a not inconsiderable part. It is a delightful experience, on a warm, sunny day early in June, to stroll by the lake-side along the shaded boulevards of any settlement in the Okanagan Valley and of Penticton in particular. To enjoy a climate and temperature more usually associated with Northern Africa at its best, and yet to find oneself amongst one's own people, free of all the hygienic and other disabilities which do so much to detract from the amenities of those lands, is an experience no wayfarer in British Columbia should forgo.

It is dark as the lake steamer leaves the pier for the night journey to Kelowna, the next point of vantage, and another fruit-growing centre. But whereas the neighbourhood just left favours for the most part the cultivation of the more exotic trees, such as peach and nectarine, here apples and pears form the predominant crops.

Patronage of a local hotel is well enough rewarded, and the absence of carpets and hangings gives to the place a cleanly atmosphere, to which end the polished flooring assists not a little. One is struck, however, by an unhappy feeling of familiarity in the evidence of those idiosyncrasies so dear to many of our country inns at home, where the dirty roller-towel, and the soap-cake superimposed upon a dreary mass of gelatinous substance, tend to curb the optimism of the most hardened traveller, and to imperil the digestion of the epicure.

Kelowna is the personification of care-free prosperity. I am far from claiming for it a state of economic independence borne on the fortunes of its inhabitants, but that in its bronzed and happy-miened folk there lies the proof of a health and vigour unaffected by the fluctuations of their own markets, I have no shade of doubt. All around, the country-side is lovely. Beautiful, indeed, is the border of the lake, while inland the meadows and pastures are of a verdure incomparable. The grass everywhere has taken on a hue of milky-green, and the air is full of delicious scents.

One afternoon, on such a day as man can only be at peace with all the world, I crossed the lake by ferry and, having the good fortune to board a Ford van which was going past my destination, arrived at the residence of a family whose migration from the Old Country was of long standing. The two brothers had come out in 1913 and, after exercising themselves in various occupations and indulging in a martial interlude, had set up a homestead in this district. About forty acres of cleared land stood to their credit—mostly under fruit at varying stages of growth—and they were in a position to supply all their own vegetables. They had hewn for themselves an excellent home out of wood, with skill passing the comprehension of a townsman, and this, being at a height of some five hundred feet above the lake, and the ground in the vicinity having been cleared, commanded a superb view. They were in process of installing a modern sewerage system themselves, an opera-

tion, surely, reflecting upon men unaccustomed to manual labour a credit of unusual degree. By some happy and fortuitous circumstance they had contrived to commandeer the services of a "domestic help," lately out from England, and she had been with them two months. This weird bird, whose beauty of face and form could hardly be numbered amongst her charms, and who purported to follow the calling of a nurse (not trained, I'll swear), seemed ill-fitted for such a life, and her presence can only be attributed to the despairing efforts of an adventurous creature seeking those happy bonds of matrimony denied her in an overcrowded homeland. May Bacchus succour her, for his presence will indeed be needed at the feast!

Bent on catching further glimpses of the lives and fortunes of settlers in this scenic paradise, I take the steamer to the northern end of the lake, the sides of which wear a somewhat more barren aspect as we proceed, and at Okanagan landing, after due fortification of the inner man, settle down to cover the short railway journey to Vernon. This town, the centre of another fruit-growing district, is of somewhat older establishment, and has a fair number of well-to-do residents, chiefly retired British officers. There are some very fine orchards in the neighbourhood, and many attractive country homes. At that time the headquarters of the soldier settlement board in British Columbia was established here, and I took the opportunity of making a layman's inspection of some of the

activities in which it was involved. Having the good fortune to make the acquaintance of the head of the board, an old countryman, I was afforded a tour of the district with one of the local field supervisors. We visited all types of settlers, and many and varied were those types. One might say, however, to use a hackneyed phrase, that all belonged to Nordic stock. One can only express amazement at the courageous industry of the new farmers. In many cases they had built their own houses, with but little outside help, and the results were as much a credit to the wives who kept their *ménage* in such a state of cleanliness and cheer, as to the men who had hewn timber, erected girders and lain shingles in the first instance.

Amongst this crowd of stalwarts were several ex-officers of the British Army, full of hope and boundless energy, though reduced temporarily to a state of penurious peasantry, hoeing onions and sorting out potatoes in bags, the while their wives were undertaking the work of charwomen in their homes. One of these hearty fellows had so resolved to Canadianize himself and his family that practically every syllable he uttered was interspersed with the hackneyed epithet dear to the dweller in the open spaces, to wit, "Goddam," while he had assumed the correct accent and intonations of the native to a very comprehensive degree.

It is but a short cry to Sicamous, where we again join the main line of the C.P.R. This junction consists of a station, with an adjoining hotel, an

odd shack or two, and a boat-house, all overlooking a lake, having much in common, as regards at least shape and size, with the Lake of Lucerne. It is essentially a "stopping-off place," and to break a journey here and explore the beauties of Shuswap Lake and its various arms will well compensate for the short delay.

But a little way along the line towards Vancouver is Salmon Arm, another settlement of farmers and fruit-growers, where representatives of the Old Country have formed quite a sizeable community. I broke my journey here in order to spend a day or so with the son of a friend whom I had met in Calgary, he being the owner of a ten-acre plot, devoted almost entirely to the cultivation of deciduous fruits. After some little time spent in endeavouring to discover his whereabouts —no easy matter in a district where the human element was largely scattered, and connected by rural roads of no particular denomination—I encountered at the gate of his property a great husky, unshaved fellow, indistinguishable at first glance, to the untutored eye of a suspicious Englishman, from the genus hobo, or tramp, but possessed of that robust and friendly mien which is certainly amongst the finest attributes of the out-of-doors Canadian. He greeted me in generous and welcoming manner, and we entered the shack which served him as a home. Outside the door, scattered in disorderly profusion, lay an assortment of empty biscuit-tins, paper, and junk of divers descriptions. Within the portal an inde-

scribable mess came to view. Indescribable, that is, in any terms of housing conditions common to the average man. An old underground cellar in a war-stricken village in France might best meet the case. An array of unwashed plates, a pan half-full of lard, and a plethora of dirty towels set off by a unique collection of odd collar-studs, decorated the bench which passed for a dining-table. Further on one's stupefied gaze met a vista of old army blankets heaped upon a bunk of queer and irregular shape, and the filth of the whole place was incredible. The remains of a joint of cold beef were produced in honour of the occasion. It was found to be 'niffy' and became perforce the booty of the cat. For supper we had cold Bologna sausage and a strong brew of tea. Following a breakfast of fried bacon in the early morning, I had nothing to eat until the evening meal, which a kind providence enacted should be taken elsewhere. Frankly, I was "off me feed, dearie."

The smell of the house, a small wooden shack with a division or two, was like that of a Belgian farmhouse (I appeal to my late military compatriots), and the sanitary arrangements absolutely identical. The latrine was an open one, in an adjoining shed, the intention being "eventually," I was informed, to shovel the waste products of combustion, leavened with similar accumulations of horse manure, on to the land. The dung-heap was just outside the house—what the flies must have been like in the summer, Heaven only knows.

A cheery incident occurred the second evening when, to save myself a laborious journey, I made use of my host's basin of water, to be informed that he had just washed his teeth in it. However, by that time, I had been schooled.

We attended a local "hop" that evening, through the rain and slush, at which some dozen or so persons were present, in a hall belonging to the community. As a stranger, one became, of course, something of a centre of curiosity, but I was happy in meeting here an old schoolfellow of mine, of whose whereabouts I had not previously had the slightest idea. His was a stereotyped case—too much of the wine of life and youth in the Old Country, "so off you go to the Colonies, melad." A hearty fellow.

Next door to my host's shack, on an adjoining plot, was living one X—a typical example of the family known as "younger sons." A seemingly excellent but sleepy man, he said that, having realized at home his inability to keep up the appearance, or live in the style of his richer relations, he had decided to carve out a livelihood in British Columbia and so enjoy an existence along lines of independence impossible to him across the water. He was married to a Canadian girl who had been to school in England, and a very glorious example of womanhood she was. When I first met her she was disembowelling trout in her pantry, and I must confess to something of horror at seeing this lovely creature engaged on so primitive a task. But at supper that evening, enjoying

an excellent repast in congenial company amidst the pleasantest of surroundings, with that sweet being radiating charm and beauty around her, I forgot the fish and the innards and the horror, and quietly praised Heaven for the wonder of Eve.

It is doubtful whether, under similar conditions of adjacency and size, there exists even throughout the whole world a greater contrast in housing conditions as evidenced by the quarters of my host and his neighbour X. The home of the latter was tastefully furnished, everything was spick and span, and a comforting air of domesticity pervaded the entire house. Outside, the garden was well kept and the orchard was a model of neatness, while the general effect of the property was that of a well-managed estate. Granted a certain difference in financial resources it is impossible to attribute this amazing contrast to any save that of a woman's presence and a man's morale. Here the woman was a born home-maker, and the couple (they had three youngsters) belonged to the world-wide genus of "builders." My host was not a "beggar," but he had lost his morale, having gone back to peasantry, pure and simple. But he was, withal, a good fellow, and, while working hard if without much effect, cherished ambitions of a generous and manly nature. If he ever lights on this, I hope he will rise above any offence of my pen pictures, for I bear him a warmth of heart which he might well not suspect.

And so, in his turmoil and squalor, unshaved and unsung, crowned with a cow-puncher hat, I left him.

VANCOUVER

BOTH Canadian railway systems enter Vancouver by practically parallel routes along the lower Fraser Valley. Eastward from the city, for a distance of some seventy miles, is a very rich tract of farming land, covering a wide and fertile area drained by the Fraser. It carries a comparatively heavy, and certainly increasing, population. Vancouver itself has garden-like suburbs extending for so many miles up the river that one hardly notices the transition from country to town during approach to it.

Placed by nature in a perfect setting, possessing one of the finest harbours in the world, the radiating point for a vast future commerce with the Far East, and, through the Panama Canal, with the countries of Europe—a commerce fast developing—this fourth city of Canada bids fair to rival, as the years pass, the most important ports over the face of the globe. A certain unemployed politician, now a Cabinet Minister, was perhaps not far from the truth when, at a luncheon given in his honour by a large gathering of business men in the city, which I attended, he affirmed that he saw no reason why the day might not arrive when

it had become the centre, if not the capital, of the British Empire.

The climate of Vancouver is very much that of England, except that there is a greater winter rainfall, and the inhabitants will tell you that Jupiter Pluvius is not likely to be forgotten by anyone living on the North Pacific coast during the bleaker months. Be this as it may, I can only record that the summer I passed in and around that coast proved to be one of the most glorious memories of my life. Throughout its course, there was hardly a day when the sun was not shining in a cloudless heavens, and the harmony of mountain, sky and sea was supreme.

Happily for myself, one favourable result of the Great War at least had been to bring me into contact at different times with three Canadians, and with these I had formed more than a passing acquaintance. One of them, a veterinary surgeon, shared with me the fortunes of battle on the Somme, another, in the Flying Corps, a comparatively earth-free existence over Ypres at Easter 1915. The third, a padre, had made up a table of recuperating warriors who were passing leisured days on the Riviera in the early days of 1919. All these brave souls had gravitated to Vancouver in due course, and our respective reunions, at a distance so far removed from the course of our original encounters, assured for me a warmth of greeting and a fund of hospitality which I gratefully recall.

Those who are devotees of a club life will find little cause to complain of in this regard should

chance or fortune bring them to that part of the world. The Vancouver Club, which is favoured with a magnificent view across the harbour to the mountains beyond, combines the comforts of our old provincial clubs with the up-to-dateness of the more recent variety. To a clubman, it is a home from home, and favoured indeed the traveller who can accept the hospitality of its members.

I met here one of America's eleven thousand millionaires, and as he hailed from Chicago, city of super millions, it is perhaps not unreasonable to impute to him a position of some pre-eminence amongst his fellow-plutocrats. He appeared to have a consummate faith in the city's future, for he had bought up large blocks of land in various districts, and was taking a patient and fatherly interest in its development. A very decent fellow, he yet possessed that crude outlook on world affairs, often one-sided, which is so common a feature with the purely business American. The Locarno Pact was at that time unborn, and we were discussing the somewhat seeming impasse that reigned in European affairs. I think he must have had some German sympathies, but he had in any case no understanding of the French point of view, firmly believing that France was a menace to the peace of the world and, above all, to England. "You beat the Huns," he said with stupendous solemnity, "guess you'll have to turn round soon and lick the French." Attaboy!

A cousin of mine, since passed to his rest, during the course of a ubiquitous career, met in

South Africa a man whose wanderings over the face of the earth have taken him through periods and events now historic. He has prospected in Spain, fought in South Africa, joined in the Klondike rush, assisted at the Fenian rebellion, and engaged in occupations from the Pacific to the Indian oceans that in their variety are bewildering to the conception. This product of a well-known public school, after the uncertainties and vicissitudes attaching to the life of a rolling stone, eventually found himself in Vancouver, and there he has settled, to eke out a bare existence among his fellow-men.

To him one evening I wended my way through the meaner quarters of Vancouver, passing through Chinatown to a locality where the darkness of night was little alleviated by the presence of street lighting. After ferreting around a back alley, with the help of some young urchins whom parental neglect had enabled to evade the discipline of an appointed bedtime, I found myself facing a dilapidated old wooden shanty on the outskirts of the town, lighted outside, and to all appearances within also, by the impartial beams of the moon, which through the grace of providence was shining in all the splendour of its reflected glory. I went forward as one purporting a crime, and gave a succession of masterful raps upon the wooden barrier which served as a door, awaiting in some trepidation a concerted attack by "hold-up men" who had begun at that time to make their presence felt in certain quarters of the city, and who, in

this neighbourhood, would find a congenial terrain for their operations. After a little while I heard the whisperings of two persons in doubt, and a moment later the door was opened for a space of six inches or so, and a face, the features of which I was not able to discern in the darkness, appeared in the opening. Claiming my identity in a hearty voice, I advanced now with the bold assurance of one to whom purity of heart had given the strength of ten, and was received with a genuineness of welcome rare even amongst friends. I passed within the house, wherein an odd candle was in process of diffusing such glow as is associable with its light; and as further illumination was being procured, sat down to assimilate my surroundings. The interior was a replica of a miner's shack, the furniture consisting of a bed, some odd chairs and a wooden table. Some form of stove was in a corner and the inevitable frying-pan was, to be exact, "lying about." An aroma, which in this country one has become accustomed to associating with porters' breeks, pervaded the tenement, and an odour suggestive of the better-class stable gave one the impression that a certain Jennings, of popular renown, might have effected one of his excellent installations with advantage. The old chap, a man over seventy years of age, was a fine specimen of his type, being over six feet in height and still well set-up. Despite the state of penury to which he had been reduced, he still retained a moral bearing which belied his lack of riches. Unquestionably a gentleman, he had

adapted himself to surroundings which would have demoralized a man of lesser breed, and even at his advanced age radiated an energy which would have done credit to one twenty years his junior. His wife, who with him had shared the vicissitudes of life in many a foreign land, bore signs of an existence not spent upon a bed of roses. She has since passed on beyond the range of mortal cares: God rest her.

For over four hours I remained in animated conversation with this couple, and the strangeness of the atmosphere which surrounded me (not a sound entered the tenement from outside) evoked in me a feeling of eeriness I can still recall as I write. There was a wild air about the place, which, at that hour, might well have been in a locality miles removed from other habitation. This weird impression, which grew in intensity as the time passed, received encouragement from an extraordinary entourage of cats which rendered homage to their mistress. These strange creatures, ten in all, and each possessing a distinctive size, shape and colour, might well have stepped straight out of some fabulous witch's tale, with their hungry, fiendish eyes and subtle movements. My appearance had been the signal for a general feline panic, and throughout my protracted stay they evinced, in their varying ways, a terror such as might have been aroused by the Holy Grail amongst the Powers of Darkness. With these creatures crouching in dark corners, their fiery eyes watching my every movement, and springing

with the agility of leopards if I made the slightest advance towards them, there lacked but the cauldron of fable to complete a monster illusion.

It was nearly half-past one, in the early hours of the morning, when I commenced to retrace my steps towards my own habitat. The old chap accompanied me for some little way, until we had gained an area more liberally lighted, saying that in these parts one had to be careful owing to the increasing frequency of "hold-up" men. I laughed and bade him good night, carrying with me along the high road an eerie and memorable picture.

Subsequently, I paid other visits to this old-timer and his wife, and I found him a source of infinite interest and kindly counsel. There was no local subject upon which he could not advise me, or tell me where to seek it, and many were the reminiscences he related. He belonged, of course, to a different world, but he lived, nevertheless, in the present—a sure sign of a broad mind and liberal spirit. An interested observer of human nature, his studies inclined him more particularly to the contemplation of the rising generation of young women—doubtless as absorbing a theme, since the dawn of Eve, as any that have claimed the attention of man. He was for introducing me to one of his young acquaintances, and had already broached the subject to her, giving her as roseate a view of the prospects as a combination of fact and fancy could summon, when she eagerly inquired my age. On learning this was rising

thirty she exclaimed: "Gee! Too old for me. He'll do for Mommer." Dancing Mothers!

Let us turn now to English Bay, the most frequented of the city's bathing beaches, which on fine days attracts to itself a measure of popular support worthy of the Isle of Thanet. What is this stupendous conglomeration of seething humanity that meets the eye? Gross, pendulous-bosomed matrons, arrayed in Neo-Georgic bathing costumes, disporting themselves in the waters with an energy and abandon ludicrous to behold—podgy and corpulent masculine elements sprawling on the sand, surrounded by semi-robed urchins of various types—humanity at large callous of clothing. A fat Yankee plutocrat, wielding an enormous reflex-camera, poses a party of his own special nymphs, each garbed in a costume of striking hue. "Say, gurrls, hold it," he yells, and a heavy thumb "shoots" the dainty morsels.

A young woman, according to transatlantic standards, more properly designated, I imagine, as a "sales-lady," whose sales-gentleman escort appears to be lacking, leaves the water with a sublime consciousness of her appealing figure. Having dried those less exclusive portions of her person not covered by a one-piece garment, she proceeds with all the art of a consummate actress to draw on a pair of black silk stockings. But when with joyous gesture she crowns the work with red garters of extravagant design, I begin to wonder, from my point of vantage, whether the *tout ensemble* will culminate in black or red knickers,

moddom. However, an ardent male is left guessing, and soon in a grey cloak the maiden flits.

Further along the beach is gathered a crowd of the Great Unwashed, lounging on a rail, watching the turmoil and chewing gum. Each member of this gang would be the better for a lucky dip, nor would the other bathers suffer, for already a long trail of scum extends itself in an unbroken chain in close proximity to the shore.

But one cannot always watch this happy, carefree crowd. Another day, at a spot removed but a short distance from this last scene, I encounter a peculiarly startling spectacle. It is a funeral. A motor-hearse drives out into the street from a large building owned by a firm who style themselves "Funeral Directors." A private chapel is attached. In bold letters on the door of the hearse appears the inscription H—— L——, Ltd., and the general effect is most business-like. Sixteen motor-cars, following the hearse, arrange themselves in a procession, and a truly Dickensian element protrudes itself upon the senses, when the entire cortège proceeds down a wide road at a speed at some fifteen miles per hour. One pictures the managing-director, interviewed by a weeping widow whose "business" is in prospect, solemnly averring, in a professionally sympathetic attitude, that "we've never had a failure yet."

It takes many a long day to explore the surroundings of Vancouver; the city and suburbs cover such a huge area that various attractions and places of interest that claim allegiance to them

are miles removed from one another. I doubt if any urban district in the world has been developed upon such far-seeing lines. The room for expansion is enormous, but it has been mostly mapped out, and it is unlikely that any over-crowding will ever take place during the city's development. It is only necessary to study a large scale map to see that the situation of Vancouver, with its environs, is probably unique. Now that North Vancouver, across the harbour, has been connected by a railway bridge with the main city, there is nothing to prevent the growth of an enormous community stretching from beyond the northern shores of Burrard Inlet to the banks of the Fraser River. The day must come when sparsely scattered communities like South Vancouver and fair-sized towns like New Westminster will together form one vast centre of life, commerce and industry. Development of the north shore is restricted owing to the terrain soon rising, at an increasing gradient, to the mountains beyond. But in spite of this a considerable community now resides on the other side of the harbour, and this will undoubtedly increase, on account of the preference many city workers show for the higher elevation.

Farther westward the country becomes somewhat more precipitous and is heavily timbered. It will repay the visitor to take the electric railway to Capilano, a few miles from North Vancouver, and cross a somewhat unique suspension bridge which spans the canyon at that place. Some hundred yards from end to end, it consists of a

length of wooden planks with wire rails on each side, the foot-walk being about six feet wide and suspended on steel cables over a roaring torrent quite two hundred feet below. Some thirty persons were shepherded across this contraption when I was there, and the bridge not only swings from side to side but the foot-walk tilts sideways as one proceeds. The lateral protection consists of three cable strands. A reassuring notice greets one as one is about to "take off." "Any persons found wilfully oscillating the bridge will be prosecuted." Worse than that, one's personal feelings prompt one to add, though any fears on this score are soon allayed by the very gingerly progress effected by those who are walking the plank fore and aft.

Amongst the pleasantest memories of my sojourn in Vancouver were the week-end visits to one of the summer homes which dot the shore of isle and inlet for many miles around. There is an entire absence of formality about such visits, and one may enjoy the pleasures of a camp life without any of its disadvantages, for the hospitality of British Columbians to a visitor from the Old Country precludes that fortunate individual from being allowed to undertake any menial responsibility. A man of some substance in the city, and one of its leading citizens, having purchased an island a few miles up the coast, has established a farm thereon and built himself a house, together with others for certain of the members of his prolific family. About an hour's run by

motor-boat from the harbour entrance, it lies in a sheltered locality, not far from the shore, and possesses a landing-stage and anchorage, which is formed by a small bay protected by rocks and another island. This veritable haven of peace harbours during the summer months a population of youth, beauty and childhood, which reflects a pleasing credit upon its progenitor and is a convincing proof of the potentialities of his stock. I paid more than one visit to the place, and met a not inconsiderable variety of people there.

First, this redoubtable Father Abraham, a canny level-headed Scot, whose energy and pioneering spirit has not merely founded an industry but helped also to build a British community in the West. Though somewhat bigoted by nature, this indomitable man possesses those qualities that make for moral and material progress in a growing country, and as such can only be accounted an asset to his fellow-builders. His eldest son, a generous, open-hearted creature, as big in heart and outlook as in stature, was born for a seafaring life, and in so far as he is permitted by the call of an office stool, indulges his proclivities in that direction with a zeal equalled only by his nautical ability. His worldly cares are centred on his worldly possessions, and having amassed a wife, five children, a dog, two houses, a motor-car and a boat, to employ his own dictum, whilst seeking any honest outlet for the enlargement of his financial resources, feels a certain contented satisfaction at his achievements. I recall his habita-

tion on the summery isle as a frenzied assortment of wives, dogs, nursemaids, children, plates and blankets, not to mention an aristocratic Irish girl and an exiled Russian Colonel. The latter, poor chap, having escaped from his native land, had gravitated to Vancouver, and at the time of my visit was employed in digging a well for my host. Although formerly a big landowner, his was a very primitive type, and a study of his features was a matter of some interest. Should ever his unfortunate country be delivered once again into the hands of its proper owners, he declared impassively, Russia would see such a Jewish pogrom as the world had never known before.

There was another young Irish girl in this family circle, who had come out from home with her sister. Visualizing, I suppose, a hopeless prospect in England, from any feminine point of view, the two had alighted on the idea of exploring the possibilities of the Dominions by "working their passage" as domestic helps, and having reached Vancouver they were awaiting the time when accumulated financial resources should permit them to set sail for New Zealand. This young person was not without her charms, favouring as she did a very attenuated skirt and an extremely modified form of underclothing which it became on occasion quite impossible to ignore. I must confess, on the other hand, that I was not impressed by her domestic proficiency, clearly unmarked by that nicety of habit so necessary a feature in the guidance of the young, and despite a blameless

exterior she exhibited an amazing dexterity in replacing upon their plates such morsels of her charges' provender as their healthy exuberance and lack of skill deposited from time to time upon the floor.

Another barbarous individual, in the person of the youngest son of our propertied Abraham, was also enjoying the advantages of his parents' hospitality on this island. Here, arrayed in the care-free garb of a devotee of the great open spaces, he was able to satisfy the cravings of a primitive savagery by enticing his own offspring, a personality of some two summers, to take his stand upon a bucket covered by the waves, and then, with a roar of inhuman glee, which engendered grave doubts as to his sanity, capsizing the human structure for which he had been responsible; being soon compelled by the pressure of public opinion, however, to desist from such brutal activities, owing to the unwillingness of the spectators to suffer the series of piercing outcries which ensued.

On the occasion of my first visit, it chanced that the members of the Vancouver Yacht Club were being entertained by my host, who, as commodore of the squadron, was following the usual custom of reciprocal hospitality amongst its members. There was a preponderatingly strong Scotch element in this gathering, and some happy, riotous scenes, were to be witnessed on the evening of their arrival. As a small fleet of yachts, of various sizes, shapes and motive power, rode

lightly at anchor in the bay, a body of lusty Scots, having imbibed freely of their native brand, mustered in a congenial room of one of the several houses and commenced to apply themselves to the rendering of divers national ditties. In the meantime barefooted young women appeared upon the scene and endeavoured to derive some satisfaction from the increasing orgy by inducing the less hectic of this brotherhood to dance with them. However, as the proceedings gathered way and the situation began to look critical, they decided to make good their escape through an open window, while the going was good. Such scenes of bonhomie and good cheer were continued into the early hours, and it is pleasant to reflect that the return of these sportsmen was accompanied by no regrettable incidents as they went back across the water to their yachts.

Equally enjoyable occasions, though less boisterous ones, are to be witnessed on many evenings at the Vancouver Country Club, representative of the social life of the city. It is a thoroughly well organized and popular rendezvous, and members may put up visitors for temporary membership during their stay. The terrace looks out across English Bay to the mountains on the north shore of Burrard Inlet, distant five miles; and after sunset on a summer's evening the prospect of the purple-tinted heights shading into the steely blue of the placid waters is one calculated to stir the being of even the most prosaic. Indeed, dances under such romantic conditions may well be pro-

ductive of very fruitful results, and I have little doubt they have been responsible in the past for a fair quota of the very heartening increases in the population of the district, a condition of affairs likely to persist as long as the Native Sons of Canada.

One cannot leave this favoured city without a reference to the Canadian Pacific Hotel, a magnificent structure even in these days of palatial American guest-houses. Its exterior has about it the touch of a Chinese pagoda, and the soft-brown colouring of its stonework is quite an exceptional departure from the usual colourless tone of similar "million dollar" buildings. The grill-room is the most attractive of its kind I have seen anywhere, being ornamented in oriental style and having its walls covered with trophies of the chase. Even the traveller passing through should not fail to visit the hotel's roof-garden, which, as the highest point in the city, affords an unparalleled view of the harbour and surrounding heights. But it is not necessary to incur the expenses consistent with a stay in this luxurious hostelry during one's sojourn. There are many comfortable, modern hotels of less pretentious outlook and design, and at least one really first-class private hotel under the management of an individual who was formerly in similar employment with the C.P.R. I spent a short time here and have pleasing memories of Glencoe Lodge, my only grievance being the difficulty of obtaining a small table to myself, for I was told by the young woman in charge of the

catering arrangements that "we always put the lonely gentlemen at the big table in the centre."

This reminds me of a stroll I was taking in Stanley Park the first evening of my arrival in Vancouver. I was passed by a motor filled with boisterous content, amongst which was an adolescent maiden, who being herself fully and effectively cared for, was unable to restrain herself from commenting on my isolation, and, as if in vindication of her own joyous predicament, sung out at the top of her voice, "Goobyee maiee lonesome." Towards which remark I could only adopt an attitude of such dignified benevolence as it was possible, under the circumstances, to assume. Not that an address of this democratic nature was by any means exceptional in these parts. On the occasion of my first visit to a friend's house in the city I was greeted at the front door by a comic Chinaman whose exclamation, "Hullo boy!" on first seeing me, filled me with mingled feelings of astonishment, fraternity and joy. On subsequent visits this jovial creature, who proved to be the head cook, eliminated from his greeting any reference to my youth, and contented himself with the telephonic welcome that remained.

Another joyous memory of this locality comes to me as I see myself one quiet evening reclining in an easy-chair, to awake suddenly to the undoubted fact that, in the church immediately opposite, an organist is playing a continuous and varied selection of ragtime melodies, all of facile conception and popular interest, with an abandon that is at once ecstatic and care-free.

The city's shops advertise their wares with that energy and enterprise characteristic of a free race untrammelled by the limitations of smaller territories. In a bacon-curing establishment on the main street I was greeted by a window display of primitive-looking hog products, mostly cylindrical in form, the whole army being guarded on the flanks by a squadron of bilious, bulging sausages, and martialled by commanders in the form of blood-puddings of nutritious and prosperous aspect. Individual specimens bore reassuring little tabs, to which were assigned such legends as "Sure to please," "Can't be beat," and "You'll never regret this"—surely a somewhat superfluous remark in the case of a blood-pudding.

I lunched one day at the very pleasant restaurant of the Hudson's Bay store. My table companion was a typical representative of the American farmer class. He was an individual of ideals both high and lofty, though devoid of any appreciation of the conflicting passions of European politics. Endowed by nature with an active mind, which lost nothing of its vigour through the medium of a notable loquacity, he proved a very interesting exponent of the Munroe doctrine, and his general ignorance on matters extraneous to an agricultural existence was symbolic of the ideas harboured by a large untutored section of the Middle West. The inquisitiveness of the North American asserted itself in due course, and it was not long before the outstanding incidents in my past career had been elicited by queries so blunt as to have necessitated

a reply utterly untruthful if there was to be the slightest evasion. On learning that I had held the rank of major during the period of the war, he asked, "Major-General?" and on being told his supposition was some little distance removed from actuality, he remarked that he was compelled to admit to an abysmal ignorance on all matters military, demanding at the same time that I should thereupon supply him with detailed information regarding military rank. He appeared, however, to enjoy the new view-point on various matters with which I was able to provide him, and I rose finally with a hearty adieu which he reciprocated, asserting in a profound and cordial manner that he was "Vurra glad to have met you, mister."

Strolling down a side street one morning, I chanced at a certain corner upon a plate-glass window behind which there was being exhibited a certain novel farming device which attracted my attention. I became duly engrossed, but not so engrossed as to pay no heed to the cat-like movements of the eagle-eyed but pink-cheeked young salesman who was "holding the fort" behind the glass. After a short space of time, I noticed his stealthy approach towards the door, and felt rather than heard his exit and subsequent descent upon a prospective victim. Prefacing his remarks with a sauve greeting, light in tone and in manner inoffensive (suggestive of past courses in the high art of salesmanship), he proceeded with a query as to my interestedness, suggesting, indeed, that he

had already drawn such a positive inference. Without waiting for a reply he thereupon launched a campaign with such energy and assumed conviction that for a moment I became mesmerized. Here, at last, I mused, I am face to face with a "jazz salesman," and, as an item in a broad and general education, I suffered myself voluntarily to endure for twenty minutes the full onslaught of an accomplished spell-binder. Statistics, estimates, and jargon of a technical nature followed one another in rapid succession, and studiously moderated prospects of an invention which, already placed on the market, was destined in due course to revolutionize agricultural procedure were laid before me in a lucid and powerful manner. A company was in actual course of formation (one cent shares !), and a phenomenal future was predicted for it. Money would be doubled, trebled, quadrupled in the twinkling of an eye—now was the time to buy. To my feeble query as to whether a public prospectus was being issued I was met by a detailed elucidation of the great disadvantages associated with publicity in such a matter (*sic*). I was, however, offered a complete insight into every question connected with the company if only I would "step inside and peroosee the books in confidence." At this juncture I intimated the necessity for my departure, much to the chagrin of the orator who suggested an appointment on the morrow. His fervent declaration that, of course, investigation implied no obligation to purchase shares was happily without the desired

effect, and I departed to seek the recuperation of which I stood sorely in need.

But now let us leave for a space this golden city and its happy people. We shall return again in due course, and not once only, for here is an ideal centre for the start of many a long and roving journey, and we now count many new friends. Scarce four hours' steam out into the Pacific there is another England calling us. Come, let us profit by the advice of the posters, and follow the birds to Victoria.

VANCOUVER ISLAND

THE Canadian Pacific steamers which ply between Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle are not only extremely comfortable, they are also passing fast. It is said that years ago an American concern set up in competition against the company, and a fierce rate war was inaugurated. Fares dwindled and dwindled, to the benefit and amusement of the public, and scheduled times accompanied them in their downward course. The new Yankee steamers were at first somewhat faster than the older British-built vessels, but the latter were fortunate in their Scotch engineers to whom a free hand was given in the execution of their business. By dint of the illiberal use of coal and the proficiency of their engine-room staff the British vessels succeeded in reaching a speed which the inferior construction of the others were unable to withstand, and the American company, without the vast resources of her competitor, was compelled to go into liquidation. Since that time the C.P.R. has had a virtual monopoly of this much-used route, and it seems highly improbable that it will ever be otherwise.

On a fine summer's day the sheltered eighty-mile sea passage between the mainland and Victoria

offers the traveller a very pleasing experience. The vessel steams out of the harbour, passing on the left the giant trees of Stanley Park which stand a living monument to the pioneers who, amidst the vast timbered forests, laid the foundations of a great city. Across the inlet on his right the towering form of the mountain known as the "Sleeping Beauty" dominates the city of North Vancouver, which nestles with its docks and shipping at the water's edge. On through the restricted channel of the First Narrows into English Bay appear the several beaches of the city, extending in a generous sweep to Point Grey—the culminating headland of a comparatively undeveloped district, where the University of British Columbia lies situate. Away on the right again, as far as the eye can reach, there stretches out a line of rugged, mountainous coast, the erratic course of which finds a true counterpart in the jagged skyline of its massive peaks. In due time the mainland is left behind and the open straits lie ahead. But it is not for long. Soon there confronts the traveller an imposing barrier of many islands, which to his untutored eye must bar all effectual progress. He is borne past two precipitous-sided islets, heading, it strikes him, on to sheer rocks, but the boat turns suddenly at right angles and there comes into view a narrow channel, some thirty yards wide, which affords a passage through two adjacent islands. Thence onwards he is met on either hand by a ceaseless vista of sea-girt rocks and timbered islands, and these, as the vessel nears Victoria,

are covered with yellow broom. And so, gradually changing course from south to north, she sails past the ocean quays and steams quietly into the placid waters of the inner harbour.

There is a substantial basis of fact in the reputation of Victoria and its environments for possessing the atmosphere of the Old Country. The town itself is built on modern lines, but there is no doubt that a certain English atmosphere prevails. One sees it especially in the shops and in the quiet social life of the city and its surrounding communities. This is principally due to the very large, purely English, population which has settled in the neighbourhood, many retired naval and military officers finding that their incomes will permit of an appreciably greater enjoyment of ease and comfort in this part of the world than at home. The former naval establishment at Esquimault, a mile or two from the town, was certainly one of the prime factors in the original establishment of this English Colony.

Many efforts seem to have been made in the past to introduce industrial enterprises into this favoured corner of the globe, but without appreciable success, and it is questionable whether any future attempts will meet with more favourable results. The reason for this is to be found in the attitude of the large and wealthy resident population, who, having in many cases retired from prosperous business careers, now seek a refuge from the cares and surroundings of industrial life and desire only peace and scenery.

Victoria is very popular amongst American visitors from the states of Oregon and Washington, and they bring a considerable tourist trade during the summer months. In addition to this, an appreciable number of them have built summer residences near the town, and the increasing residential community of all shades of opinion is unlikely to support any endeavours to industrialize the neighbourhood.

As the provincial capital, the city displays the Government buildings, and a very fine collection they are, fronted by lawns which flank the harbour and lead down to the landing-stage. An extremely interesting museum of assorted Indian relics, found within the confines of British Columbia, is housed near the administrative offices and forms a collection possessing more than passing interest. Adjacent to these buildings stands the "Empress," owned by the C.P.R., and as attractive an hotel as is to be found throughout Canada. Luxuriously yet tastefully furnished, it bears a closer resemblance to the highest class English hotel than to its American counterpart, and as such is held in high esteem by American visitors, for whom its English atmosphere seems to possess a curious attraction.

Outside the city are residential estates in various degrees of development, and all are in highly attractive localities, more particularly those facing out to sea, which are for the most part well timbered, and have long since been appropriated on account of their ideal situation. Indeed the

view from the rising ground west of the city, looking down on Oak Bay across the Straits of Juan da Fuca to the snow-capped Olympic mountains beyond, is one of unforgettable loveliness, while the lay-out of the many country homes and their immediate surroundings is justly in consonance with that superb panorama.

Although the mind of the artist has combined with nature to create this beauty-spot in the Pacific, the wilder portions of the island can claim a charm of scenery which no mortal could enhance. But one need not wander far from Victoria in order to enjoy such prospects, for within an hour's journey by car or train the traveller may visit scenes of natural beauty where sea and sky, coast and mountain, combine to form a succession of pictures which must bear comparison with those of any island in the world. Foremost among these is the drive to the Malahat, an eminence overlooking the Straits of Juan. The highway leads through wooded hill-sides amongst which glimpses of distant islands, set in a sparkling sea, delight the eye, as the car climbs higher and higher above the level of the deep. And then, a fitting climax to a splendid progress, there opens out a glorious view of crowded islets nestling in tranquil waters, decked in golden sunshine, which reach out through the increasing haze towards the open straits. Beyond these rise the stately Olympics, whose highest peak, Mount Olympus, exalts his massive form into a cloudless sky.

It is an excursion that will bring the pilgrim

an ample reward if he takes the electric train to the famous Butchart's Gardens, some few miles out of the city. Not only will he cover much country that is typical of the neighbourhood, but he will be fully recompensed for his pains by the sight of the summer gardens, which possess a reputation almost international. Here an old and disused quarry has been converted at fabulous expense into a magnificent flower garden of exotic aspect, and its creation has been attended by a combination of such artistry and skill as to leave one dazed at the resulting harmony of tone and colour.

Another typically English community is to be found at Duncan, reached by road from Victoria in an easy return journey of some eighty odd miles. On this occasion I was the unhappy witness of what appealed to me as a distressing incident, not exceptional, I was told, in the social life of the community, when I saw an old retired major of the British Army, attired in corduroys and a "burglar-Bill" cap, shovelling gravel on to the road as a means of eking out the slender Army pension with which a grateful country had endowed him.

Wandering one day around the docks with an open mind and adventurous spirit, I chanced upon a seedy-looking individual whose truculent mien and revolutionary spirit (he was engaged in propagating the gospel of modified Bolshevism as I approached) aroused in my breast the possibilities of a debate of some fruitfulness. I drew him

apart eventually from his fellows, and our conversation soon took on a political aspect. He was, if anything, more interested in home politics than in those of the Dominion, the former apparently offering him greater opportunities in the matter of diatribes against "capital." He appeared to entertain no pronounced leanings towards any of the British Labour Party, but was contemptuous in his references to certain outstanding figures in other camps.

"Lord George" (*sic*), he said, "'e represents the bourjwarzee. Borldwin, 'e stands fer the vested interests." It being asked what he meant precisely by the latter expression, he mentioned iron and steel, and commenced a long prophecy on the course of evolution. Solidarity again, of course. Later I was able to stem the tide of his vociferous activities and to learn something of his origin. It appeared he had emigrated from appalling slums in Manchester at the age of twelve, after employment in a cotton-mill, and had ever since lived from hand to mouth in Canada, chiefly on the railways. The fortunes of the debate became from this juncture a little less one-sided, and in the end he appealed to me to know how any individual brought up under the conditions he had described could possibly be expected to maintain an affection for his native land, a suggestion which could not lightly be waved aside, and we finally parted the best of friends.

There is a line from Victoria to Courtenay, a settlement on the East Coast of the island, about

equidistant from its two extremities, and there is also a road which traverses much the same country. It is profitable to divide one's allegiance between both, and there is a great deal to be said for patronizing the railway for the first half of the journey, where the line passes through more settled districts, and completing the remainder by road, which intersects less frequented regions. The rail journey to Nanaimo, a small mining town and port, offers one a surfeit of rough coastal scenery, where at one moment one is looking through forest clearings which slope down towards the sea, and at others facing dense tracts of heavily timbered country impenetrable to the human eye, or gazing in rapt amazement upon an ever-changing panorama of woodland, glen and sea. The contrast to this Elysian scene, as one alights at Nanaimo, is somewhat depressingly striking. One enters a rather unkempt and dilapidated town which looks as if it had passed the zenith of its prosperity, as is, indeed, the case, for the coal industry in these parts has for the time being had its day. The one possible hotel in the town is obviously dependent upon the patronage of travelling salesmen, and its appointments reach the standard demanded by these gentry, without aspiring to attain to further excellence. However, it is unnecessary to make more than a temporary halt in the locality, for the motor-stage leaves the hotel door within an hour or so of the arrival of the train from Victoria. It was, perhaps, singular that my appearance in the town should coincide

with the initiation of a regular stage service between it and Courtenay, but at any rate I was evidently regarded as a fortuitous acquisition by the young fellow who was responsible for the enterprise, being the only patron of the venture on that opening day at the commencement of the journey. Imbued with the fervent ardour of a young adventurer, this owner-driver-manager proceeded to impel a specimen of the most primitive of transatlantic automobiles at demoniacal speed over a highway the surface of which effectually proved itself to be as primitive as the car, so that it may readily be imagined that the journey was not without its discomforts. In order the more effectually to advertise abroad the launching of an undertaking of such high import to the neighbourhood, the driver of this juggernaut maintained a continuous assault upon the electric horn in the vicinity of any habitation or moving vehicle. Thus we passed northward to the accompaniment of a fiendish din.

The road traverses a heavily timbered district, which becomes increasingly dense on the approach to Courtenay. A few logging-camps are passed, as also many isolated farms and shacks, surrounded by clearings of varying size. A few small settlements provide means for the distribution of local produce and support the usual trading stores. Except where these centres are met with, the country-side is a forest of huge trees, and until reaching Courtenay, the hub of a growing agricultural district, the road alone gives the

traveller more than a bare sense of his direction. At this point, however, one finds oneself in a green and fertile valley, and the surroundings of the town might well be reproduced in many a wooded corner of England. The greater area of this valley remains unsettled, but there is a steady influx of population and large numbers of ex-soldiers are being assisted by the Dominion Government to form a self-contained community within its bounds : this scheme appears to be well on the highroad to success. The town possesses an attractive atmosphere and is prettily situated on a small stream, the banks of which carry the fancy of the Englishman back to his native land. On beyond, the road winds eastwards along an open shore, and after a few miles enters another small settlement known as Comox. This last place is favoured with an hotel the popularity of which as a summer resort has reached as far south as Vancouver. It faces a wide, protected bay and is as fortunate in its outlook as in its bathing facilities. Managed by an Englishwoman whose taste is apparently equalled only by her efficiency, this happy hostelry provides the casual wayfarer with many an hour of peaceful joy. It seems that the long, wooden pier which abuts into the sea from a point in close proximity to the hotel possesses a magnetic attraction for all and sundry. Certainly the view from its head will repay a saunter on the open plank-way, and many diverse types may be seen engaged in various activities along its length at all hours of the day. One passes a merry throng of

bathers at midday. A local gallant is pursuing a favoured damsel through the waters, to the accompaniment of fierce outcries which cause her shrieks to rend the air with sickening potency. With a wild whoop the ruffian is upon her. "Don't scuttle me!" she screams, as with a glint of triumph the pursuer seeks to ensure a merciful conclusion to her terrors.

It is dusk now, and the sense of hushed serenity that has descended impartially upon the water and the land is strengthened by the deepening shadows. At the end of the jetty, gazing in silent meditation across the glassy sheet of purple-tinted waters stretched out before him, there stands the impassive figure of a tall, bearded man who looks for all the world as if he had just stepped off some Highland moor—a bonnie Hielan' shepherd. For some time he remains immersed in his own reflections, but perceiving the obvious interest which I take in his appearance, he approaches me with a casual greeting which I return. His cultured voice arouses my interest further, and ere long we are engaged in conversation. His tale is that he was an officer in a famous Highland regiment and fought in the South African War, suffering so severe a wound as to necessitate his retiring from the service. In due time he drifted out to British Columbia, where his limited pension had enabled him to lay the foundations of a prosperous farm, without fear of famine or disaster. It had been hard work, he says, but he was now a man of some property and a considerable measure of

independence, and as his family were approaching the period of adolescence, he looked forward to their taking the burden of the farm off his shoulders at no distant date. In a little while there comes upon the scene a capable-looking and obviously well-disciplined matron, surrounded by a brood of divers ages. Soon I am left alone, and as a united family turns back along the pier to seek the fellowship of a primitive vehicle, I am inclined to ask myself whether the achievement of an independence which leads back to peasantry is worth the gaining.

It is well to penetrate northwards a few miles to the neighbourhood of Campbell River, which is the southern limit of a district as yet practically unsettled. Here, indeed, is magnificent forest scenery, and such as where the vision is not restricted to a few yards. Beneath a dome of giant firs there is little growing but a few forest ferns and flowers, for the sun's rays can hardly penetrate this natural screen. It is good to walk upon the mossy carpet of the woods, to tarry awhile by many a rushing stream which seeks the sea beyond, and, as the spirit moves, to turn once more towards a transitory home.

COAST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA,
STANLEY PARK.

NEAR BANFF,
POWELL RIVER SETTLEMENT AND PAPER MILL.

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SEA AND CITY

THERE are numerous steamer routes connecting Vancouver Island with the mainland, and amongst these is a circular journey from Vancouver, which includes Comox and the opposite coast. From Comox the boat crosses the water to Powell River, a large settlement which has grown up round an important pulp and paper mills, and may be said, indeed, to have some points in common with our own Port Sunlight, although the surroundings are of a widely different nature and the area covered is restricted by the formation of the ground. The traveller who is fortunate enough to make this short two-hour trip on a still, fine day is unlikely to forget his experience. The sea is like glass, and on either side in the distance are seen the misty shapes of numerous low-lying islands. There is a wait of some six hours at Powell River while the steamer is loaded with a heavy cargo of paper for the printing-presses of Vancouver. This will allow of a visit to the mills, where one may see the great logs, straight from the neighbouring forests, sawn and sliced by automatic machinery, and follow the intricacies of a long series of operations which eventuate in the production of huge rolls of finished paper ready for the types. Newspapers published

in localities as far distant as Los Angeles obtain a proportion of their requirements from these mills, and ocean-going steamers call regularly at the quay. Further afield, the settlement extends for some distance, and occupies ground which the demands of the mills have long since cleared of timber. It is dark as the steamer leaves for the night journey to Vancouver, but on the occasion of my own passage the call of a moonlit night and balmy, sea-borne breezes effectually militated against slumber. Thus at midnight I was up on deck in pyjamas and a great-coat, enjoying to the full the fascination of isle and mountain scenery, where under a full moon the fairy outlines of a towering coast blended through the shadows with a silvery sea. Dressed in this guise, however, at such an hour, I appeared as an object of some suspicion to a few individuals as yet unclaimed by the obscurity of their berths, travellers whose preoccupation with the daily transactions of this world precluded a proper appreciation of the beauties of nature at this hour of the night. For a full half-hour I was watched by two obvious spies employed, as it seemed, by a steward to whom I had no hesitation in attributing doubts as to my sanity, and a fear of his liabilities should I suddenly become responsible for the cry of "Man overboard!" But peace came to him at last, and for me an end of my diversion, when, with a final survey of the glorious scene, I disappeared down the companion-way into the bowels of the ship, to arise in a few hours and find myself in harbour at Vancouver.

SUNSET ON THE INSIDE PASSAGE.

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THE INSIDE PASSAGE

COME now along the Inside Passage, that famous waterway of the Pacific Coast which stretches north from Vancouver for many a hundred miles to Skagway in Alaska. Here under the continuous protection of adjoining islands, cruising in tortuous channels which divide them from the coast, the traveller is secure from wind and wave save in the passing of two short stretches open to the Pacific swell. It is a glorious journey this, and there can be no finer of its kind. No need to fear the horrors of a stormy sea; there is scarce a ripple on a summer's day, and the wildest tempest can never vent its force upon the sheltered waters. First there is the passage of the Straits of Georgia—waters we sailed not long since—but a few miles north of Powell River, Vancouver Island and the mainland coast commence to converge upon each other rapidly and soon we are in a narrow strait, the mountainous walls of which it seems are but a stone's-throw from the boat. On either side, mile upon mile of wooded heights are passed in close review, and beyond these appear the distant pinnacles of towering peaks. Ever in the foreground glitter the sparkling waters of the inland strait—clear

and blue against the tinted green of serried firs massed on the mountain-sides. Farther on we make our first port of call. This is Alert Bay, an Indian settlement on a small island off the mainland. It is a quiet spot, is very picturesque, and possesses a quaint atmosphere. The natives are chiefly given to fishing and appear to live a very care-free life. A short walk from the landing-stage brings one to some extraordinary-looking Indian relics—totem poles, charms and the like—but there is little else of immediate interest. Not long after leaving this locality we enter Queen Charlotte Sound, and here for a brief spell must be endured the unbroken swell of the Pacific, for at this point we leave Vancouver Island behind us and face awhile the open sea. Within half an hour we are again in protected waters, and for two days pursue a winding northward course through channels now wide, now narrowing; at times past miles of steep timbered heights, at others skirting the rocks round low wooded islets, but facing always an ever-changing panorama of mountain, sky and sea. On deck we share this glorious scene with a vast company of gulls, who have learnt to appreciate the companionship of well-fed mortals. By night and day these happy creatures roost on rail and rigging, or man the sides of boat and launch with splendid confidence, circling the ship from time to time, but ever with a watchful eye on wake and stern. Thus in due course we enter broader waters, where the picture opens out and a wide expanse of island-studded

TYPICAL LANDING-STAGE ON COAST INLETS.

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sea greets the eye. And as we pass on through the calm waters of the open straits, we catch from afar a distant vision of a northern town, and ere long enter between guardian isles the harbour at Prince Rupert.

Like many ambitious western townships, this place covers a large area, but it will be a long time before the region is adequately filled. At the time of my visit it had the appearance of a deserted war town in France, with just a few buildings left standing. The main street, however, is comparatively solid. Elsewhere, odd structures are planted down without any reference to a definite planning system, but this will presumably right itself in time. Most of the roads round about the outskirts of the town are built of wooden planks, with sidewalks similarly constructed. There is quite a substantial quay-side, and the port is the base of a large fishing fleet. A proportion of the catches in this area and from the Alaskan waters north of the Portland Canal are shipped regularly by the Canadian National Railways, and a fine refrigerator service is run direct between centres such as Chicago and New York. There can be no doubt that Prince Rupert has a promising future, as it is several hundred miles nearer the Orient than any other Pacific port of importance, and in due course there appears every probability of the city securing an increasing share of Eastern trade. The district is associated with a very heavy rainfall, and is subject at certain seasons of the year to severe fogs. These drawbacks, how-

ever, ensure that the port is open to shipping the year round, for the climate is very mild. With the development of northern British Columbia, and especially the Peace River area, Prince Rupert will assume an importance west of the Rockies second only to Vancouver's.

Some half-dozen hours' sail northwards brings us to the Alaskan port of Ketchikan—the most southerly settlement of note within the territory. An air of bright fascination hangs over this quaint fishing village. At the quay-side a fleet of miniature fishing vessels of all shapes and sizes are clustered together at anchor, while the small harbour is dotted with every conceivable variety of minor craft. The town is very compact, built entirely of wood, and sections of the harbour wall are supported by wooden trestles. The main street is sufficiently unusual to be a subject of some attraction, and the local shops by the variety of their wares, many of purely Indian manufacture, are well worth at least a fleeting visit. Intense efforts are made by the traders to dispose of unlimited assortments of furs at prices far beyond those of retailers in large centres farther south, and command a phenomenal success.

Another similar town is Wrangel, the next point of call on the northward voyage. This place lacks the picturesqueness of its sister, but appears to possess a somewhat greater Indian population, and is in consequence somewhat less active in its aspect. Having a greater area of level ground, there is not that compactness associ-

TAKU GLACIER.

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able with Ketchikan, and the immediate surroundings are perhaps more scenic. A great many Indian curios are obtainable here also, and a saunter round the town is instructive enough.

The shifting panorama still retains its impressive nature as we proceed, but in due course the vessel turns up the Taku Inlet. The approach to the glacier at this point baffles description, and no pen can adequately describe the glory of the scene. First the pure opal of the glacier waters, stretching for miles towards the inlet's mouth; the frantic, rugged beauty of the encircling mountains, with their caps of snow; cascade and waterfall on every side decking the face of rock and crag with lines of foaming spray; the balmy fragrance of the myrtle-covered slopes; and then, to crown the gorgeous spectacle, the great glacier gleaming in the sun, casting blue shadows where his rays can find no way.

After some minutes passed in survey of this mass of ice from various angles, the vessel turns back upon its course and within a short time is in sight of Juneau, the capital city of South-East Alaska, and we enter the harbour through a narrow channel flowing between towering mountains and broken by a nest of small wooded islands. The town seems to have been hewn out of solid rock in many parts, for the mountain-sides are so steep as to preclude other forms of building. The roads are positively precipitous in places, sometimes fashioned entirely of planks, supported on a network of trestles. As in the case of other

Alaskan hamlets on this coast, there is an extraordinary mixture of quaintness and modernity about the town. Indeed, the veneer of modernism spread over an intermixture of Cornish and Swiss village—a description not entirely inapt—provides the place with an extraordinarily interesting atmosphere. The quay-side is rather more pretentious than that of Ketchikan or Wrangel. Moored in the harbour or at the landing-stage are two or three gunboats of the United States Navy, and one has the opportunity of a casual glance over the personnel. It is amusing to see various individuals slope up to the Commander and engage in informal conversation with him. One cannot vouch for the mode of address, but the general attitude is certainly one of "Say, bo'." The crew are a motley crowd—largely Japs, who appear to be on the best of terms with their fellows. The water-front is animated, and the arrival of a steamer from the south is the signal for a crowd of sightseers to repair to the dock. At the same time all prices are doubled and large parties of travellers from the boat commence a descent upon the town. The main street is at hand and a very delightful centre it proves. Practically every shop has something of a local nature to sell, and many of the "souvenirs" justify their possession by the payment of a price enhanced above the normal.

Peculiarly inviting are the numerous trinkets carved out of fossilized or "mammoth" ivory. This ivory is procured from the Arctic regions, and by reason of long burial has assumed beautifully

RAVINE BEHIND JUNEAU.

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soft tints and various shades of brown and grey. Some of the markings are exquisite. The general formation of the town is one of superimposed tiers, for the mountain slopes extend to the very water's edge, and a ramble through its streets entails a certain expenditure of energy. This, however, is amply repaid by the view from the higher portions, where one may look down upon the harbour and across to the mountains on the opposite side of the channel. Continuing farther on, past a famous gold-mine, one strikes a primitive road, composed entirely of huge sleepers, which winds its tortuous way above a deep canyon, to end finally in the neighbourhood of a power-station or mill. From this point a rough track leads up and on through wild country, eventually reaching the same level as the mountain torrent which fills the rocky bed of the canyon lower down. Farther on still it leads into a deserted mining village, where everything remains as it was in the days of its activity. Lines of wooden shacks, a local store and other associations of a self-contained enterprise, stand as they stood when work ceased, and though all life has flitted the outer shell still endures.

Back in Juneau life teems. Young women, whose carmined lips and doctored cheeks vie with their sisters' in New York, fill street and shop with many a startling fashion, many a brazen glance. Outside a local cinema the inevitable and lurid poster portrays a weeping ma with outstretched hands asking of all, through gaudy

legend, where is her wandering boy this night. A ceaseless stream of nondescript humanity passes within to seek the tragic answer, and as the shadows fall a tinselled brilliance illuminates the streets.

On beyond Juneau we enter the Lynn Canal, the sides of which are remarkable for the uniform appearance of the mountains by which they are formed. These rise sheer from the water's edge, are plashed at intervals with high waterfalls, and in places harbour miniature glaciers sloping down to the level of the sea. At the end of this passage lies Skagway, a town differing from others on the lower Alaskan coast by virtue of its even setting on the delta of the Skagway River. This delta extends some few miles back from the town and emerges finally in the narrowing valley of the river. As we approach, isolated banks of cloud are hanging over the mountains and patches of mist hover lower down over the background of the town. A very deserted atmosphere envelops the place itself, and while board walks serve for pavements, the actual streets are grass-ridden. That indomitable product of human progress, the American manufacturer, has not failed to extend his influence even to these distant regions. Every form of advertisement is rife, and is supported by a vigorous display of imported merchandise. A beckoning picture girl greets us as we peer listlessly into a shop window. "Yes! It's time to paint," she says, holding the cheap rouge-stick before her lips. But we pass on unmoved, feeling, perhaps, as in the case of a diversion of yet more

BEHIND JUNEAU.
LANDING-STAGE, ALASKAN COAST.

CORDOVA.
LANDING-STAGE, ALERT BAY.

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popular acceptance, that "any time's painting time." A certain number of tough-looking customers loaf around the streets of Skagway; they are probably very respectable citizens, but cow-puncher hats impart to their general air of detachment a touch of the romance with which the wild west is usually accredited. In another shop window, as if in jealous guardianship of a far-flung reputation for local brigandage, there are exhibited the relics of an erstwhile famous outlaw known as "Soapy Smith." A varied assortment of pistols and similar trinkets has been collected, and to add a touch of even greater reality to the scene there are two portraits (old style) of Mr. and Mrs. X, "murdered by the Indians in '97."

As hungry eyes gloat over the possibilities of this scene, I wander on to where a tumble-down old char-à-banc, parked at a street corner, is flying the Stars and Stripes, and bearing a notice which reads, "The President of the United States rode in this car, so why not you?" Close at hand is a sign which bears the inscription in huge letters—"U—AU—TO—NO THE TRAIL," and for some time I am completely baffled. At the local post office, although constituting the sole public for the time being, I meet with less than ordinary good fortune. Compelled to knock on a small wicket in order to attract the attention of any employee who may happen to be on duty, I fail at first to elicit any response, but a subsequent rapping results in the emission of an uncouth growl, from which it is just possible to gather that the indivi-

dual concerned either cannot or will not serve me, being otherwise preoccupied. The railway station shares with the quay whatever claim to activity the town may possess, and the limited occasions of the arrival or departure of a train are the signals for a concentration of humanity upon the spot. The platform, built of boards in the open street, presented on the occasion in which I was concerned a very gay and coloured scene. It would, however, be unprofitable to enumerate the sundry types of surging travellers who manned these boards in eager expectation of their onward progress. Most of them were American tourists, and their general mould was somewhat akin to that of a school treat. The usual injunction and threat promulgated in connection with "the objectionable habit of spitting" was supplemented on the platform by a spittoon of Herculean dimensions, shaped in the form of a huge sand-glass, which had been stacked in a conspicuous corner outside the booking office. Prosperous-looking officials, whose important bearing might have betokened responsibility for the welfare of a presidential train, intimated to each other and to all present by their gait and mien the obligations imposed upon them by the preparations for our departure, while as a fitting stimulation to the assembled adventurers, and to send them heartened on the way, there appeared upon the scene at the last moment a striking apparition of feminine precocity, in the person of a "bobbed-hair bandit" of some fifteen summers, clothed in a pair

of tweed knickerbockers and a bright vermilion sweater, open at the neck, and relieved by a black tie on a background of white shirt. And so, to the accompaniment of joyous blasts upon the whistles, and the brave flourish of "near-handkerchiefs," another incident in the life of this boreal town was brought to a fitting close.

THROUGH THE YUKON

COMPLETE enjoyment by the traveller of the full beauty of the White Horse Pass necessitates the co-operation of sun and sky. It was unfortunate that as the journey from Skagway proceeded, the train rose higher and higher into the mists which circled in eddies round the surrounding mountains. Still, even so, the panorama of cloud and canyon was grand enough, although vision was limited in most places to a few hundred yards. The engineering of the railway over the pass to Carcross is a fine monument to its builders; at many points the track runs on cement walls worked on to the sides of the rock, which falls sheer a thousand feet to the canyon below. Traces of former mining camps remain in spots not far from the line, and battered shacks at odd intervals mark the neighbourhood of the old-timer's trail. The Klondyke rush traversed these parts, long before the advent of the railway, and the trail itself is clearly visible near the top of the pass. The territory seen from the carriage windows is very wild and bare—rocks covered with tundra grass and moss, with stunted trees here and there—but the barrenness of the surroundings possesses a peculiar attraction, owing to

the uneven configuration of the ground. Once over the highest point of the pass, we left the mists behind, and on arrival at Carcross the visibility was quite good. Here is the junction for a branch line to Lake Atlin, reputed to be amongst the most beautiful in the world. Beyond, the line passes through a gently undulating country, with mountain ranges in the distance; practically no trees are to be seen, and there is hardly a sign of life.

In some four and a half hours, however, the train reaches Bennett, a small settlement named after the lake on which it lies, and a halt provides travellers with the opportunity of a meal, there being no dining-car service on the route. After presentation of their lunch-tickets, passengers are ushered through a wicket into a species of school dining-room, where at two long tables, crowded to the limit of elbow-room, they sit down side by side to a satisfying but primitive repast. The scene is a memorable one. Twenty-five minutes are allowed for the consumption of victuals, and as most present have not partaken of food since eight o'clock that morning, the repast develops into a Bacchanalian orgy, man, woman and child combining with one another in one glorious gobble "to beat the band." Opposite me a looming farmer, in his frantic efforts to obtain possession of further nourishment, excuses himself on the ground that "a boarding-house reach" is necessary here—a point which I readily allow, inwardly noting that such a reach is evidently associated

in his case with boarding-house mastication methods and dispatch.

Early in the evening the train reaches White Horse, a collection of shacks along a grassy main street, running parallel to the River Yukon, the rear of which is but a stone's-throw from it. A small collection of stern-wheel steamers lines this bank, which here possesses quite a busy, dock-like appearance. A gunsmith and fur dealer's store, prepared for the equipment of hunters, is the central point of interest, and a local hotel ranks a good second. The proprietors of a number of food-stores lay themselves out to reap as rich a harvest as they can from the travellers, and are assisted towards this end by an agreement with the river steamboat company, who serve no evening meal until after the scheduled sailing time. Hungry humanity is thus compelled to seek the assuagement of its pangs within the town, and is accordingly made to pay heavily for the local privilege. This state of affairs very seriously disturbed the equanimity of one American voyager, who passionately declared it to be a "reglar come-down." "I wouldn't patronize 'em," he roared, standing in the centre of an assenting throng. Later, however, he was constrained to modify this resolute attitude by restricting his patronage to the purchase of a pair of bananas, which he demolished with a very human avidity.

The journey down the Yukon River is a most pleasant and delightful one. The climate during the summer months is ideal, and the clearness of

the atmosphere ensures the full enjoyment of a splendid panorama. It may be added that the boats on both reaches of the river are extremely comfortable, and the cuisine, though unpretentious, is at once generous and varied. There is an air of informality and lack of convention about the life on these steamers which is particularly agreeable, and seems to tone in very well with the type of country through which the river flows. Entering the dining-saloon for supper on the first night, the first thing that greeted me was a large card secured by a nail and cord to one of the central beams. "Smile—that'll help you some," it read, as if to create at the outset an atmosphere favourable to the mutual acquaintance of passengers. But even so, there was some little diffidence as to who should break the ice in the face of a table groaning under the weight of an assorted variety of food-stuffs. At last one genial soul announced in a clear and emphatic tone that "Wal, he anyways was goin' to get in on that pie," a declaration which he supported by an immediate descent upon the delicacy in question. When later offered a second helping by an assiduous and suggestive menial, he affirmed in a voice trembling with passion: "My! I could die on that pie."

I soon made the acquaintance of a somewhat overdressed individual—an excellent, business-like fellow from Chicago—who carried his zeal in financial activities into the less exacting arena of an annual holiday. He had purchased a guide-

book in that city and had apparently been studying it carefully ever since the day of his departure. Throughout the voyage I was treated to the recitation of excerpts from certain passages that he had earmarked or underlined, and he appeared to derive the most immense satisfaction from the announcement of details concerning historical incidents connected with various places passed *en route*. At all costs to himself and his fellow-passengers, he was resolved to miss no point of interest whatever. On one occasion, gathering we were due to approach a certain feature of note in the landscape, and being unable to obtain corroborative evidence from the other passengers, he rushed off to one of the staff for information, returning to proclaim in a smart and authoritative manner that it was at no great distance and would be announced "in doo course."

My cabin was shared with a great "husky," good-natured soul, whose first remark to me was, "Say, boy, are you in here?" After hearing one of the stewards similarly addressed, my initial desire to administer a smart blow on the head subsided, and we subsequently struck up a promising acquaintance, in the course of which subjects like Pork Production and "Purdoo" University received some review.

Amongst those on board was a woman from Los Angeles—a shrill, strident female who persisted in making inquiries from all and sundry as to the whereabouts of her husband. On deck, one fine afternoon, at the conclusion of a particu-

larly strenuous campaign of this nature, she vouchsafed the triumphant belief that "he's with a woman, sure"—a state of affairs which proved on investigation to be correct, and which was a source of considerable mirth and satisfaction to her. The much lauded lion, run to earth by a party of investigators and marshalled on deck, became manifest as a faded specimen of low-type Frenchman, and in that guise held the social field against all comers throughout the remainder of the trip.

There was another bizarre—very bizarre—individual on the boat in the person of a Jewish gentleman from Malta. He had the beady eyes and circular mouth of a golliwog and the general physiognomy of Mr. Trotsky, if the latter's pictures bear any resemblance to the original. Stubbly whiskers, and a beard of uncertain growth, combined to give him an appearance that was hardly pleasing, and certainly not becoming, while the myopia to which he was an unhappy victim was so insistent as to necessitate his maintaining his nose, when feeding, at no greater distance than some three inches from his plate. One or two unfortunate habits which he had contracted were far from enhancing his general personality. As a professor in a University, he had a not altogether negligible idea of his scientific prowess, and lost no opportunity of establishing a reputation amongst his fellow-travellers. It was gathered he had a grievance. Apparently a short time back he had experienced some little difficulty in entering Canada

and was much incensed at this suspicion cast on a "British subject." I heard him declaiming on deck to a small and tolerably amused audience that Canada would never come to any good within the British Empire. Like so many of the educated fraternity of subject races, whose acquired book-lore does not enable them to apply broad principles to an understanding of the world, he was as jealous of his status as a "Britisher" as he was antagonistic to British rule.

The landscape between White Horse and Dawson City is attractive more by reason of its variety of colour than for any outstanding effects of scenery. The feature of the country as viewed from the River Yukon at this time of year lies in the tinted hues of the hills, on which a light-brown soil is covered with sap-green bush, and here and there with thinly wooded areas. For the most part the prospect is one of open land, with low hills in places, and the river banks are very often several feet high, while the river itself is an abnormally tortuous one. Taken as a whole the general pictorial effect is very soft, but towards Dawson the hills become more rugged and the water flows in places through rocky-sided channels. Such a locality is to be seen at the Five Finger rapids, where the river-bed is intersected by large rocks standing high out of the water, thus forming five very rapid, narrow streams, one of which it is possible to navigate. The situation of Dawson City, at the junction of the Rivers Klondyke and Yukon, surrounded by an inverted hemisphere of

PASSING THE FIVE FINGER RAPIDS, YUKON RIVER.
RIVER STEAMER AT WHITE HORSE.

ON THE YUKON RIVER, NEAR DAWSON.
ON THE YUKON RIVER, NEAR WHITE HORSE.

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hills, is one of great fascination. The town slopes away gradually from the river-side towards the rising ground behind, and covers an appreciable area, though at this date it is but the shell of the famous centre that bore its name during the Klondyke rush. Its streets have been planned after the usual manner of modern cities, but large numbers of houses bordering them have no occupants. There is, however, an appreciable resident population, together with a floating one having connection with the surrounding mines, at least two banks, and a sizeable river quay.

From the slopes above the town one obtains a very fine view of the surrounding hills, and the river junction is seen to great advantage. The summer tourist traffic is a considerable assistance to the trading community, and the arrival of a boat is the signal for the cheering of the inhabitants as lions roaring for their food. Prices are immediately doubled or trebled, and no attempt, it must be admitted, is made to disguise the fact. The prices of rooms in hotels, stabilized in the ordinary course at a dollar a night, soar to three dollars at a minimum, and as practically all accommodation is commandeered shortly after the advent of the steamer, and as no one is allowed to retain his cabin, it becomes a case of "heads I win, tails you lose," in the event of any argument arising. The charge of a dollar for the privilege of taking advantage of a public bathroom is considered a reasonable request, upon the presentation of the night's bill; on the other hand, it is one not

likely to be pressed—at least, this was the attitude taken up by one Rigoletto, who "managed" the inn of my choice under an assumed name of some such character. The high street of the town, which runs parallel to the water-front, presents quite a lively appearance after the arrival of a river boat. A certain number of the Canadian Mounted Police are posted at Dawson, and as they saunter up and down amongst the motley-garbed tourists, whose exploratory instincts are at first confined to the various restaurants which grace the high street, the effect is one of new life being infused into the town. Some very excellent little meals may be procured in these restaurants, and their whole atmosphere is one of genial welcome. But having viewed and taken part in this scene, and wandered round the town, and climbed up above it the following morning, it is unlikely that any further desire to participate in local activities will remain, for with the departure of the south-bound steamer the whole locality, one is assured, sinks into quiescence, to resume in fancy the memories of a more favoured past.

THE steamers of the Yukon Navigation Co., an American concern, do not connect with those serving the White Horse route, and one is favoured should it be possible to continue the journey without being compelled to spend some days in Dawson. These steamers ply between Dawson and Nenana, separated by roughly a thousand miles of waterway, and barring accidents, about seven days have to be allowed for the journey down-stream. Their primary purpose is to propel barges laden with ore mined during the winter, and they can only be employed on this work for a few months in the summer, as, of course, the Yukon is frozen up for the greater part of the year. At the same time passengers are catered for chiefly in the persons of those employed at mines in the Dawson district, but it cannot be said that the general outside public is encouraged, every effort being made to conceal the fact of the existence of such a service, and, if discovered, to dissuade one from making use of it. The boat on which I made the trip north sailed the day following my arrival in Dawson. Patronage of the saloon was not extensive, there being only four passengers at the outset. Amongst these I

mention the Jewish gentleman, to whom reference has previously been made, as perhaps the most prominent figure. The others were a young, "homely" and anæmic-looking missionary girl, a Christianized Indian attached to her, and myself. A short way down the river, we took on board a large troop of squaws, complete with jammy-mouthed young, and between them they proceeded to create pandemonium in the saloon. Fortunately this outrage was dumped down on the bank not a great distance ahead.

Other individuals joined us at different points *en route*. First among these was a young school-teacher from the Southern States who had been spending a winter with friends in a trapping settlement, as, it appeared, a form of personal education. She was accompanied by a soldier of the United States Army, engaged on wireless work, whose heart she seemed to have completely captured during the long winter months. At all events he was in a sorry plight, poor fellow. Later a mine-manager and his wife came aboard, together with the president of a large mining corporation, with offices in San Francisco, who was making a tour of inspection of certain properties. But the greatest acquisition to the saloon was an old Scotch boilermaker who had left his native land twenty-five years ago to settle in the States. He was the sort of man that a student of human nature would take to at once, for he had the complexion of a beet and the countenance of a good-natured pot-man. He had a dramatic tale to tell. Trained

in his early youth for "the ministry," he first took to the concert stage and then to "drink." How he was saved from this predicament he did not relate, but from being a confirmed drunkard he had reverted to the precepts of a religious upbringing and now eschewed all liquor with the fervour of one rescued from its grip. His interest in my literary compilations was immense, and on learning that these included correspondence destined for the domestic circle, inquired whether "Yer mither no gave ye a Bible" before my departure from England, registering surprise mingled with chagrin on the receipt of an intimation to the contrary. From a scenic point of view the landscape along the banks of the Yukon, though possessing items of interest, is liable to become monotonous before the conclusion of the week's journey, especially along certain reaches of the river. The rugged nature of the hills continues beyond Dawson for about a hundred and fifty miles, and then the Yukon flats are reached, a locality where the country opens out and the river flows in varying channels between sand-banks and islands covering a width of twenty miles from bank to bank. The flats extend for a distance of three hundred miles, and there are large areas of timbered lands to be seen. Indeed these areas constitute what is known as the fire belt, and during the summer, owing to the prevalence of forest fires, are usually enveloped in a pall of smoke which reaches out for hundreds of miles, even to the extent of impeding navigation. The poor visibility thus caused, together with a

plethora of continually shifting sand-banks, are the main causes of the seemingly long time required to undertake the journey. There are a few places of call along the river, chief among these being Fort Yukon, where the United States Government maintains a wireless station. The settlement consists besides of a hospital, a few log-built stores, a post office and an Indian village. It is quite interesting to land here for a while and investigate the immediate neighbourhood. Approach to the village is marked by a horde of snapping, treacherous-looking sleigh-dogs, tied up to stakes, and these animals setting up a series of fearful howls, a demoniacal din ensues. Although within the Arctic Circle at this point, the thermometer registers 90 degrees in the shade, and the flies are an unmitigated nuisance.

Tanana, at the junction of the Yukon and Tanana Rivers, is another point of call. It is somewhat more pretentious than the centre previously mentioned, and has quite a long water-front, with several stores and a post office.

At varying intervals along the banks of this interminable waterway, there live isolated Indian families who have come down from inland to engage in fishing during the summer. A large hole is dug under the water near the shore, and a species of wooden water-wheel, acting under the force of the current, carries a net which it sweeps through the hole, and thus performs, by reason of its continuous motion, the work of a net in the

hands of a human fisherman. All fish caught in this manner are cut into strips and sun-dried, and, given a favourable wind, the approach to such a locality may be predicted at some distance with a considerable degree of certainty. Another common sight is a canoe loaded with all manner of Indian kit being towed along the shore by four or five dogs, to the accompaniment of encouraging shouts from the rear by a ragged squaw, the while her lord and master rides at peace on the waters, propped up against the kit. No disruptive ideas on the subject of the so-called sex equality are countenanced for a moment in these parts. Ma pays the piper and Popper calls the tune. A very healthy attitude!

Lounging on deck one afternoon, I am the victim of a conversation carried on between two old-timers, one of whom is an old placer-miner who has been living in these parts for thirty years and has paid only two visits to the outside world during all that time; the other is my old Scotch boilermaker from Pennsylvania. The talk turns to matters primitive. "Gee," says one, "his breath was somethun' fierce. A couple o' whiffs an' it a'most knocked yer down." "Aye," replies the other (nodding his head in a knowing and emphatic manner), "foul stummick, sure." And both look as solemn as judges. The old placer-miner is much intrigued by my budget of letters, and asks if I am writing for a paper. Then he turns to take a seat and enlighten me on his past. It's only a trip he's taking: old-timers like him

"go west" quickly if they get away south for long. They can't get "akklimated."

After leaving Tanana the steamer turns up the Tanana River, which is tributary to the Yukon, and a three days' journey up-stream brings one to Nenana. This small settlement is the terminus of the river route and is situated on the railway, about sixty miles from Fairbanks, the capital of Alaska. After a saunter round the place, and an experience of local boiled pork and cabbage, followed by some "blue-berry pie" of doubtful origin and great antiquity, the prospect of spending the night in this primitive locality began to have a very disheartening effect upon the more enlightened of the travellers. It was fortunate that the local authority, wielded by the president of the mining corporation to whom allusion has been made previously, was able to be employed at this juncture with very happy results. In consequence of his representations a small party of three, which included the Jew and myself, were permitted to charter a "special" to take them on to Fairbanks. Thus, early in the afternoon of our arrival by boat, and sharp on the appointed time, there appeared a comedy on four wheels, something in the nature of a taxi-cab, and furnished with a two-cylinder petrol engine. "Speeder," it was called—hardly, as it turned out, a happy appellation, for it took six hours to cover the sixty-mile run. To be just to the spirited little contraption, however, it must be explained that it was detained on a siding for two hours and a half

INDIAN CHILDREN OUTSIDE NATIVE DWELLING, ALASKA, ON THE YUKON RIVER—SILVER ORE STACKED ON BARGES IN FRONT OF STEAMER.

THE "TOURIST SPECIAL," NENANA. ALASKAN GLACIER ON RAILWAY NEAR SEWARD.

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on account of a freight train from the opposite direction. True, the petrol once gave out, and one of the plugs failed, and occasional weird sounds necessitated sundry halts for purposes of rectification, but these little incidents were of a purely transient character.

There was a certain air of tension at the start of the journey, too, which delayed our departure. That professional Semite had so antagonized his fellow-passengers on board the boat by his presumptuousness and cynicism that our Mr. President decided to employ every endeavour to avoid his being of the trolley party. This so hurt the gentleman's pride that he went off in a huff, and on being interviewed later by me in the capacity of a mediator, roundly declared that "we shall see who is runnin' dees show, B—— or der Governmen'." However, some five minutes afterwards, he thought better of it, and on the verge of our departure, just as a crowd of bronco-busters, loafers and engine-men had collected to give the "tourist special" a good send-off, he appeared at speed and took up a precarious perch on the front of the conveyance. Here, armed with a walking-stick and an umbrella, and clad in a brown Homburg hat and black town coat, he presented a picture that was both anomalous and grotesque.

The country passed through was flat and uninteresting for the most part, and was covered with scrub and thin bush, with belts of thinly wooded country in places. Some of the localities and

settlements laid claim to rather questionable names, as, for example, "Happy" and "Livengood." Optimistic, perhaps, but of doubtful veracity.

The two and a half hours' halt just referred to was passed at a spot on the line where a maintenance gang was working. An uncouth-looking fellow of suave and hearty manner, and indistinguishable from a low-class solicitor, was passing up and down the line of men engaged on various tasks and obviously ingratiating himself with them to the best of his ability. "That," said my acquaintance with a shrug of his shoulders, "is a prospective candidate for the House of Representatives, and is just the sort of 'hick' from the back-blocks we get in our politics."

It was dark when we reached Fairbanks, and there was nothing else for it but to seek the nearest hotel. Greeted in the entrance hall by the usual collection of spittoons, smoke and loungers that are a common feature of the less pretentious hostelries of the North American Continent, and perceiving the total inadequacy of the ventilation arrangements, I decided to move elsewhere the following morning. However, the passing of one night in this rude resting-place was not altogether to be deplored, for the local colour provided by the discussions of the gentry in the lounge well merited the patronage involved. One orator in particular had an especial appeal to me. Apparently some connection with war-work had taken him to Mesopotamia and subsequently to Archangel, and he had spent a period in England on

his return. His eulogies were impressive and sincere, for he had not the remotest idea that an Englishman was amongst his audience. "England's quite a country," he assured us. "I shouldn't mind goin' back there again when I got a bit o' money." Paris, too, held him in thrall, and from his opinion of French women it was evident that his cash settlements on account of their favours had been passing heavy.

Hair-cutting in Fairbanks is not quite as inexpensive as it is over here. This fact was borne in upon me with conviction as a result of a visit to a local barber, when after tendering a dollar, I waited expectantly for the change, to be informed by the foreign-looking operator, "Det's orl räite." A somewhat biassed opinion, it occurred to me, as I departed.

The outstanding feature of the town is the "Model Café"—a restaurant which provides a remarkably good cuisine. Naturally one expects it to have democratic associations, and in this does not suffer disappointment. Sitting on a revolving stool at a long counter, one shares the amenities of a repast with all manner of hoboes, miners and rough-necks. Having served the requirements of customers, cook and waiter join in the festivities with the motley throng. An added touch of domesticity is lent to the scene by a printed slip standing on the counter: "Don't divorce your wife," it says. "Eat here, and keep her for a pet." "He-men, with hair on their chests," these Alaskans!

At a teashop run under the auspices of an excellent old matron, whose establishment I was able to patronize on more than one occasion, I became third party to an enlightening discussion which had been entered into by this body and a fat old "trout" with whom she was acquainted. Mrs. P.'s soliloquies on life were of a Utopian order. She was more than tolerably impressed by having a Londoner under her roof, and soliloquized at length thereon. Then she turned to suggest ideas for furthering the happiness of the common weal. In the course of further soliloquies she lighted upon the brilliant suggestion that each Government should arrange for the transport of impecunious persons to foreign lands, using its respective battleships. This, she added, would further the general happiness of the world and broaden the minds of the people by travel. And very nice too!

The hostelry to which I had transferred my ultimate patronage was certainly more in the social limelight than its neighbour. The square-jawed manageress had her admirers, too. Greeting a party of automobilists at the door shortly after my arrival, she announced to the assembled spittoon-fillers in the lounge, "See, boys, they've brought me a bo-kay," accompanying this pronouncement by holding up a few bedraggled buttercups. In sauntered an uncouth but virile crowd, some boasting a tie, but most innocent thereof. Bawling filled the air—followed calm.

Late one evening the bi-weekly train arrives

and the buzz of an odd motor or two is the signal for a cry of welcoming joy: "The tourists are coming!" together with an injunction to a young hopeful of some few summers to "do bell-boy to the tourists"—a suggestion to which he reacts with alacrity. In the doorway the manager, who throughout the day has carried on his duties in his shirt-sleeves, now dons his coat and prepares to greet his victims. Attaboy!

The farther north one travels, the more frequent is the use of the abbreviated genitive case. In these parts it is quite common to see such signs as "Bill's place" (saloon and billiards), "Bob Miller's Taxi," and the like. The old song about "Dan, Dan, the lavatory man," has been effectively employed in the cause of brevity at Fairbanks. Here on an old tumble-down shack, away from the buzz of the city's life, appears the cryptic but concise announcement "Dan." The intrigued and inquiring turn of mind is likely to receive a rude shock if its owner attempts to pursue investigations.

The optimism of most Alaskans is unbounded, though it is rather difficult to discover the grounds for such a state of affairs. I remember one enthusiastic individual holding forth on the vast possibilities of wheat, until someone came forward with his rabbit theory and effectually damped the ardour of the native spokesman. The animals are legion in these parts, and as one walks along the railway line they seem to jump up unconcernedly every five yards or so.

And now comes the time to leave this quaint capital and make the five hundred mile journey to the coast, a journey of varied scenes and changing panoramas. We must return through Nenana, but as we leave it behind the flat open country-side begins to give place to more rugged scenery. There are stretches of barren, rolling land, but the mountains predominate. These are no timbered slopes as we know them farther south, but hard, jagged monsters, the charm and effect of which lie in their glorious colouring. In the setting sun the Alaskan landscape is a magnificent riot of colour and form. Purples and browns, greens and blues unite in perfect harmony.

Travellers spend a night at Curry in a Government-operated hotel and the arrangements are admirable. The train proceeds the following morning and the coast is reached that evening. The final stage of the journey takes one through a portion of the coast mountains, and between Anchorage and Seward the scenery is, if possible, more magnificent still. Canyons, defiles and gorges are passed in quick succession, and at one point the line makes a figure of eight in its ascent of a pass, the scenic effect of which may be said to rival the best in the Rockies. Another memorable spectacle, viewed from the train, is a glacier, which the line passes at a distance of some two or three hundred yards. The port of Seward itself, where the railway terminates, has a very fine setting at the end of a sheltered inlet, with towering mountains on either side. The town is built on a slight

slope, and has not a great deal to distinguish it from other Alaskan towns, the attractions of which are not over evident and show up but poorly beside the country's splendid scenery. "When the midnight choo-choo leaves for Alabam," it is probable one will be right there. I certainly was, and as fortune willed, was flabbergasted to discover that my Jewish acquaintance was to share a cabin with me. However, his British connection had undoubtedly had this admirable effect upon him that he had learned to appreciate the beneficial results of open port-holes and cabin doors, and in consequence a greater degree of co-operation was possible between us than I should previously have imagined.

There is an American steamship line which maintains a service between Seward and Seattle, calling at the ports on the south coast of Alaska and connecting off Juneau with the Inside Passage. The stretch of open sea which has to be traversed is thus considerably reduced, and as the various ports of call lie for the most part between protecting headlands, any effects of the Pacific swell are reduced to a minimum.

SOUTHBOUND TO SEATTLE

IT is a beautiful sail along the Alaskan coast. The mountains are very wild and of great height, so that even a few miles from land they lose but little of their imposing effect. Some wonderful glaciers are passed. Of these, Columbia glacier, about a day's sail from Seward, is, without exception, the most magnificent spectacle I have ever witnessed. The view of this nature's wonder in the early morning light, a few hours before sunrise, is simply staggering to the conception. The boat approaches to within a few miles of the shore, and her engines at rest, swings gently in the calm waters of the bay. Not a sound reaches the ear and the silence is profound. Beyond the mountains, the first gleams of day paint in the softest background for a glorious scene. The purpled heights, changing their tints through blue to mauve even as the minutes pass, cast their deep shadows on the massive field of ice which slopes between them and the sea. On this great field, translucencies of amethyst and blue colour alternately the high lights and the shade, while in the utter stillness of the dawn the observer stands transfixed in silent awe. Not for his eye a sensuous blaze of many-shaded hues,

nor the warm beauty of a stirring frame, nought but the cool and mystic splendour of a tranquil soul.

There is a glorious panorama to be passed farther along the coast as the vessel sails level with the St. Elias mountains. These extend for hundreds of miles, and cover the horizon for many hours. The peaks are some distance removed from the coast-line, but their continuous range of snow-capped pinnacles presents a scene of admirable beauty. An enormous, low-lying glacier completely covers the foreshore for several miles. Of the few ports of call, Cordova is the most important, and lies on the mountain-side overlooking sheltered waters. Through this port copper produced from mines in the hinterland is shipped to Seattle. Yakutat is a small Indian settlement beyond the Elias range. Furs are shipped south from here, and small articles are manufactured by the natives from primitively cured skins, adorned in many cases by beads procured from traders. After leaving this port, the vessel sails direct for Juneau, making for the Inside Passage by way of Chicagof Island, which it skirts on the north side.

A short sketch of the happy little steamer which took me on this pleasant sail will not be out of place. At the outset it may be as well to admit that she could lay no claim to rank among the proudest vessels of the admirable line that owned her. An erstwhile freighter, employed in the West Indian banana trade, she had been reconditioned as a passenger boat, with the result that though

now habitable she retained all the peculiar properties of a common or garden tub. The air of the tramp steamer with which she had been so closely associated these many years was accentuated by small details of upkeep, or lack of it, which greeted one from every angle. The decks were rarely scrubbed—a striking contrast with the British attitude—fittings were of an essentially elementary order, and pieces of paper, cigarette-ends and orange-peel lay strewn about all over the place. A curious and repelling odour was associable with the pillows in the berths, and its origin defied all attempts at elucidation. There was, however, no difficulty in determining the negro origin of the slovenly crowd of stewards who slouched about the ship and formed an unpleasant band. Its diminutive "social hall" was packed for the greater part of the day with a gathering of old "trouts" and semi-attached "sales-ladies" presumably taking their "annual summer." This, at least, was my impression, though from subsequent experiences in the States it must be confessed that there is no particular reason why they may not have all been millionairesses. The hall resounded to the eternal reiterations "Say!" and "My!" and comments on "the boys" were legion. Of regular occurrence was the postprandial discussion of food amongst the fair sex, mostly in the form of the "first sittings" imparting information to the "seconds" as to what the menu held in store for them, and the approbation with which various star items were

recalled was equalled only by the anticipatory relish with which their enunciation was received.

On deck I became the target of a much-travelled Yankee who, from a position of advantage on my immediate left, used to discourse on every imaginable subject under the sun, from shoe-making to Tibet, introducing new themes with a vigour and an acumen that were positively amazing. It was my good fortune to be able to provide a small diversion for the benefit of the ship's company at a port of call named Latouche, when in talking to some acquaintance on the quay the preparations for the ship's departure escaped my notice. Awaking on a sudden to the necessity for prompt action, it was at once apparent that the gangway was being raised some thirty yards away and that a delighted crowd was now manning the boat rail in expectation of a cheap comedy. However, having gained a position of advantage without delay, a risky but effective leap finally released me from the elements of doubt which, despite a calm exterior, had arisen within, and I was thus able, under a storm of cheers, to gain my station and the plaudits of the crowd. "We nearly left you, young man!" crooned an old "trout," as I passed down the deck with as much dignity as the situation permitted, this well-timed assertion brooking neither repudiation nor comment.

The ship's officers might well have furnished some excellent material for the artistry of Mr. Harry Tate. First the captain, bespectacled and paternal, with whom an enchanted female pas-

senger shook hands ecstatically on the upper deck some time after leaving the Columbia glacier, with the words, "Say, Cap'n, I do jes' wanna thank yew for givin' us tha-at treat s'mornin'," much to the satisfaction of that accommodating sportsman who beamed approval of this tribute to his showmanship. Later, the hero was besieged by a young thing with a camera, who entreated him to "be a sport"; he'd allowed other "gurrls" to "shoot" him, was her plea. Well, one knows what sailors are, and, like Adam, he fell.

The pilot-house was graced by favoured damsels at all hours of the day—contrast this inviolate sanctum on a British vessel. Bright-eyed young women were to be seen lounging round the doors of officers' cabins in the afternoon, chattering gaily with the inmates, while on one occasion I chanced upon the ship's purser in the act of cuddling one of the more desirable passengers. A merry fellow!

All good things come to an end, however, and I left this extraordinary packet on arrival at Juneau, embarking for Seattle a day or so later on a brand-new vessel of another American line. Although crowded, this comfortable and up-to-date steamer afforded a pleasant comparison with the comic old tub which had just sailed down from Seward. There was a reasonable discipline on the ship, and the stentorian outcries of her captain upon the bridge as she was entering or leaving harbour were a credit to his lungs if not to the methods of his command.

The first night there was, perhaps, a somewhat unfortunate contretemps when, paying a visit to my cabin, I found it tenanted by three young persons whose sympathies towards one another and towards an array of many bottles, taken in conjunction with the sounds of revelry for which all were equally responsible, left some doubt in my mind as to the appropriateness of my entry, and I could only conclude, while beating a hasty retreat, that I had been the victim of an unhappy mistake. The purser, however, held a different opinion, and the riot was quickly subdued. Returning later to seek the sanctuary of a virgin couch, I was distressed to discover it in the possession of a young lady and gentleman whose mutual affinity was now in an advanced stage. I can only add that sleep was eventually permitted to me that night, and that, owing to a broad and generous outlook which I shared with an inconsequential and carefree purser, the morrow witnessed no regrettable recriminations of any kind.

It was amusing and enlightening to study the passengers on board this boat. There was a large contingent from Los Angeles, which included a number of young girls of immature age. Also there were parties from New York, and, in fact, from all localities in the United States. But by far the most striking feature of this assemblage was the amazing precocity of the young maidens from California. Though only fifteen or sixteen years of age, these children affected the airs, graces and charms of girls five or six years their

seniors, while their looks completely belied their tender years.

Though devoid of any scholastic leanings, I shared at meal-times the company of three school-marms, two of whom hailed from New York, and the other from Seattle. Those from New York were of Scotch extraction, and my association with one of these ladies proved of an enlightening and informative character. It was especially pleasing to hear her categorically condemning the disgusting and ubiquitous habit of expectoration which is such a universal feature in North America, and to learn that there was at least a body of valuable opinion alive to its dangers and its abomination.

Within three days of leaving Juneau we reached American waters and were soon in harbour at Seattle, a city beside very sheltered waters towards the southern end of Puget Sound. The city and port afford a striking view to one approaching them by sea. Over a fine water-front there towers a superimposed mass of huge buildings which reach their culmination in an enormous skyscraper claimed to be the tallest on the Pacific coast. The fact that Seattle has been built along the side of a steep hill gives it the appearance of a series of tiers rising from the water, and this is, indeed, no deception, for the streets running parallel to the water-front are laid in succession one above the other up to the crest of the hill, out of the sides of which they were originally hewn. The town itself is not a particularly pleasant one on

first acquaintance, but possesses every evidence of prosperity, while on the heights above the business section the suburbs have been well planned and look down upon the beautiful Lake Washington below, and across to Mount Rainier which, seventy miles away, raises a snow-capped peak from within the national park to which it gives its name.

It will be enough to say that the manners of the less favoured inhabitants of Seattle do not err on the side of courtesy. A stroll around the baser portions of the city, too, in proximity to the docks, will reveal some interesting types, amongst whom the international mariner species is well represented. The Salvation Army is very much in evidence, and appears to conduct a thriving business, in spite of the virulent opposition which it arouses in certain quarters. In this connection I remember standing on the outside of a small crowd listening to a nasty-looking individual in a small booth who was delivering a tirade against all things in general, and the Salvation Army in particular, endeavouring, in the intervals of his campaign, to sell his audience various guaranteed sovereign remedies for the elimination of certain contractual diseases of an unpleasant and primitive nature. After arguing that every cent paid to the Salvation Army was controlled from London, and dubbing its sponsors as originators of all "blue" laws in the country, he proceeded to inculcate the abiding virtue of "solidarity" into those who surrounded him. "Down with the capitalist system," he shouted in harsh,

nasal tones, "Yeah! and work for the brotherhood." Gasping for breath he now commenced to tout round his horrific wares, explaining *sotto voce* that they were an infallible cure. "O' course," he added, "I gotta live under the b—— system." Having effected a few paltry sales, he returned to the charge. "The Salvation Army," he roared, "they'd stop all yer little games if they could. Yeah! Give 'em ha-af a chance and they'd cut yer off. Yeah!" At this point it seemed desirable to dissociate oneself from an exhibition which threatened soon to degenerate into low comedy, if it had not done so already, and I left this Russian gentleman and his cosmopolitan entourage for a healthier and more Nordic atmosphere.

In a moment of weakness I was persuaded to take a tour of the heights and suburbs, and in consequence found myself with two other English people in a motor-car which paraded the nature of its employment in no uncertain manner. During the course of an interesting drive one passed an adequacy of effective scenery and a surfeit of unbridled democracy, which latter, in the neighbourhood of Lake Washington, was adorned, for the most part, with one-piece suits and ice-cream cones. On a road some distance from any bathing facilities, a trio of suspected virgins were engaging in immodest frolics on the foot-walk, and as our conveyance passed, these young ladies behaved in anything but a maidenly manner, when to the accompaniment of cacophonous outcries the most lighthearted amongst

them explained in a challenging tone of voice that they were "one of the sights," at the same time drawing back the folds of a light cloak and exhibiting beneath a trifling bathing garment the comprehensive outlines of a youthful and appealing figure.

This minor incident recalls to mind the paternal criticisms of a young married man in Vancouver upon the unconventional bathing customs of the young women in that city. "I suppose there's no particular objection to them dressing up in men's costumes," he said, "but walking about the streets with nothing on except one-piece suits—it's just Hell." Explaining the number of obvious candidates for that populous region!

HUNTING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

BROADLY speaking, the open season for big game in British Columbia covers the three months September to November, and the most suitable period for a hunting trip will depend on the locality chosen; the farther north is the proposed scene of action, the earlier can a start be made. There are certain principles to be borne in mind in any case, however, and the position can be summarized very easily. The most important point to remember is that the mountain-lands of Canada, below timber line, are as difficult and killing a terrain to hunt in as can probably be found in any part of the globe. Certainly the game country of Africa does not call for such strenuous exertion as is demanded by the fir forests of British Columbia. What with the limitations of vision and the roughness of the going caused by accumulations of dead undergrowth and fallen timber, the prospect of seeking his quarry in the forests should be faced by the hunter only as a last resort. Above the timber line, corresponding to an altitude of some six thousand feet, the going is generally splendid and the field of view extensive. The hunting of caribou over rolling, grassy uplands amongst the mountains

affords grand sport amidst fine panoramas, while moose, too, may be obtained in the same way, although their attraction towards a less open territory often leads to a herd feeding in open spaces surrounded by forest. As regards bear, the best time to hunt these is in the early spring, when the hill-sides are covered with young berries and the creatures have come out of their winter lairs. The animals' coats are then at their best, and berry patches are for the most part away from the heavy timber, thus affording the hunter an opportunity of spotting and stalking them from a distance. If hunting later in the year, however, the best period is in the autumn at the time when the salmon have commenced to enter the rivers to spawn. Along the lower banks of streams at such a season there is every prospect of meeting the quarry engaged on a fishing expedition, but his coat will not now be in such fine condition as in the springtime of the year. Deer invariably inhabit timbered country, but they are difficult to find, the best chance of meeting them being to watch clearings where they show signs of having fed, especially farm lands in remote districts. But the finest hunting of all is provided by mountain goat and sheep. These creatures frequent country free from timber and only descend when forced down by the snow which deprives them of food. Mountain sheep are comparatively scarce and the open season is a short one, precluding a hunt at low elevations, but goat being numerous are not so protected. In December and after, when snow

covers the mountain-sides of the coast inlets, and they are to be seen in numbers quite low down by the water's edge, these animals may be bagged with ease, but in such hunting there is a total lack of enjoyment or sport, which can only be obtained by stalking them at high elevations.

For those who are satisfied with nothing less than an expedition *en prince*, there are a limited number of individuals and firms who may be relied upon to make all the necessary arrangements for a satisfactory trip, but given time and energy the prospective hunter will derive a great deal more value for his money by not tying himself at the outset to any particular party, and certainly not in Vancouver. It is very much more satisfactory to select a certain number of centres and to start out from each under local guides, who may be obtained from among the settlers, loggers, or trappers in a vicinity; though in certain localities it may perhaps be preferable to organize for a long expedition under the auspices of a reliable professional man.

As an example of some of the gentry one is likely to meet in Vancouver and whose attentions should be repelled at all costs, I quote the case of an old countryman whom I approached in the first place solely with a view to gleaning some information on various districts in the province. As the result of an appointment previously made, I found myself one afternoon sitting in the hall opposite an evil-smelling fellow who, without waiting to ascertain the nature of my inquiries, started

off on a recount of his deeds of prowess in the mountains. Unable to stem the rising tide of his verbosity except by leaving him as he was, I learned how, at great danger and personal hardship to himself, wonderful trophies of the chase had been brought back, through his instrumentality, by hunters from all parts of the world. How a French count was at that very moment waiting in a lonely spot up the coast pending his return, with a gun borrowed from himself. How *he* could "guarantee" a grizzly if I placed myself in his hands (*he* knew where to go). And his charges, "Well, o' course some inferior 'unters charges less, but I ain't a-goin' to do it under twenty dollars a day. Them's my terms and I reckon it's worth it." Followed now a succession of balderdash and flapdoodle, calculated to impress a novice but hardly anyone else, ending in a tirade against some other rival "guide." It was this enlightening interview which finally decided me to start for the mountains by myself.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

THE pulp-mill settlement at Powell River, some eighty miles up the coast north of Vancouver, can boast a striking fleet of motor-boats and launches of various types, and, in addition, a not inconsiderable band of local sportsmen recruited almost entirely from among the employees at the mill. Amongst these was a certain Welsh miner, whose acquaintance I made through the good offices of the manager, and who consented to act as my pilot on his small launch during the few days occupied by an exploration of the Powell Lake country. There are few pleasanter ways of spending a holiday in these parts than by basing oneself upon a motor-boat which possesses a small cabin, and living, as it were, upon one of the many inlets or lakes with which the coast abounds. It is an ideal way to hunt goat, for one can scan the heights several thousand feet above from the water, and then land at a convenient spot after deciding upon the best line of approach. As these inlets and lakes extend for several miles inland, one is able to search long stretches of mountains on either side without climbing into the blue on chance of an encounter. In themselves they are a royal entertainment—

calm, pellucid waters, two to three miles wide, stretching back for twenty to sixty miles into the interior of the coast range, and lined on either side by mountains, rising four, five, and six thousand feet above them.

The scene is very wild and very impressive, while the absence of sound and human habitation, except in a few scattered localities, makes for great solitude and a feeling of complete isolation. On one will be found a cannery, on another a few logging-camps, but nearer Vancouver the sides of certain inlets are dotted with week-end cottages and summer homes. On Powell Lake, which is not navigable to the sea, there is a timber-mill not far from Powell River settlement, and a few lake-side houses have been built as week-end centres near by, while farther inland there is a logging-camp. Some fifteen miles from the settlement up the lake there is a log cabin, floating on a raft by the lake side, and it belongs to a queer old stick, known locally as "Old Tom." It has several rooms, a kitchen and other offices, enabling a comfortable night to be spent here at any time during the summer months, and making an ideal centre for hunting in the neighbourhood. Reaching this quaint spot towards evening, my guide and I made off at dusk along a track leading to Goat Lake, a sheet of water about five miles long and two broad, lying some three miles from Old Tom's cabin, and reached a shack belonging to that worthy just as it was getting dark. Here we spent the night. It was appreciably cold in such

a locality, and the effect of a roaring fire in a contraption that passed for a stove was decidedly welcome. Not less so was a primitive meal produced with a commendable alertness by the Welshman, within a very reasonable time of our arrival. During the early hours it became so cold as to necessitate re-lighting the fire, and in fact the advent of the dawn proved an unusually effective incentive to commence preparations for the coming day. Having cooked a species of meal upon the "near-stove," with the assistance of spluttering candles, we set off for the lake shore, not far distant, as the first red rays of the sun were streaming over the mountain-tops. Here we were able to avail ourselves of a rowing-boat belonging to the local pioneer, and were soon out upon the water. Half-way down the lake, perched on a projecting rock, there was a somewhat more pretentious wooden shack, and in this two Frenchmen from San Francisco had ensconced themselves. These bright sparks, who hailed us as we were passing below them, requested that we should break their solitude by a short visit to the quarters in which they had temporarily settled, and we were very glad of an opportunity for a friendly chat with men whose occupation coincided with our own. They were an entertaining pair. Both were engaged in the fur trade, and neither could speak a word of English. One was fat and excitable, the other thin and morose. They were each of them indefatigable hunters, though Diana had not blessed their efforts with over-much success. Having a pass-

"OLD TOM'S" CABIN.
FRENCH SPORTSMAN ON GOAT LAKE.

BURNT TIMBER NEAR "OLD TOM'S" CABIN.
"OLD TOM" OUTSIDE HIS CABIN.

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ing acquaintance with the language, I was treated to a graphic description in the French tongue of an amazing chase of an odd goat high up in the mountains, and of how at the end of a strenuous day they had been compelled to pass the night without shelter of any kind some three thousand feet above the shack, only to miss their quarry the following morning, due to the excitement of the thin confrère. Here the fat man raised his hands to heaven in witness, exclaiming, "Oh! j'étais râgé!" These Gilbertian sportsmen were very hospitable, and their cabin was filled with all manner of stores, kit and junk, while the supply of wines could only be described as sumptuous. Their opinion of the States as a place of residence was not high, but they admitted it was extremely good for business. It seemed that like all true Frenchmen they hankered after their beloved Paris, and the lesser bird produced a photo of his wife which he handed round for approval. "C'est un type tout à fait anglais," he said proudly. Time alone prevented us from listening to the recital of further domestic details with which, under the increasing influence of good wine and the comradeship of arms, we should doubtless have been regaled, and we left the rock in high fettle and exalted spirits.

Having rowed to the end of the lake, we wandered along the banks of a stream which flowed into it, and searched along a bed strewn with fallen timber and countless other obstacles for any bear-tracks that might be found. All without success, however, and we retraced our steps to the lake-side.

Another trek along a mountain-side brought no game but provided an admirable view which well merited the labours involved. In this connection a "slide" is a notable and advantageous proposition, both as regards range of vision and ease in climbing. These "slides" are rectangular lanes cut in the timber, twenty to thirty yards wide, and extending from the base of the hill right up to the farthest point at which timber has been cut. Along such a lane, trees are felled and rolled down to the base, thus carrying the lane continually farther up the mountain-side, while at the conclusion of logging activities the "slide" forms an open area which is favourable to the growth of berries; in the spring it is to such a locality that bear turn in search of food, when they may be comparatively easily spotted.

Returning in the evening to pass the night at Old Tom's cabin with my Welsh miner acquaintance, we met there a trio of young Americans who had come up from the States on a few days' goat-hunting—one a forest ranger, another a business man in Seattle, and the third an architect from Minneapolis, and all very good fellows. This company provided "Old Tom" with an audience much to his liking, and after supper was over he joined the throng and was soon regaling us with a host of indecent yarns of singularly lurid character, much to the approval of the old ruffian's wife, an Englishwoman of the superior domestic-servant class, who obviously considered her spouse to be very much of a social lion. On the following

morning we set out again in the launch for the far end of Powell Lake, where there is a shack belonging to some individual of rustic tastes. Having spent the day searching the mountain-sides for goat, and having landed at the shack and climbed up the hill behind it in order to search still more distant areas, but without result, we returned to Powell River in the deepening gloom, my Welshman to the bosom of his family and I to the local hotel.

There is another pulp-mill settlement about three hundred miles up the coast at Ocean Falls, and within a day's run by coast steamer from Powell River. The enterprise has been responsible for the erection of quite a little town at this spot, which, owing to the mountainous nature of the country, has much in common with some of the Alaskan coast towns like Juneau. The mill itself is very fine indeed, and appreciably larger than the one farther south, while it obtains its power from a large dam constructed at the mouth of a small river near at hand which, forming a cascade of water flowing direct into the sea-arm at that point, is responsible for the name assigned to the settlement. Shut in on all sides by massive mountains, except for the narrow channel forming the inlet, a visitor here is struck by a very marked feeling of oppression, further accentuated by the literally overhanging rock which looms above the outer portion of the town. There is a hostelry of a kind, inaugurated chiefly for the benefit of loggers, there being several camps at various points along

adjacent inlets, and although it is a possible habitation, the appointments are primitive. In fact, it is well suited for one dressed as a logger, as I was at the time of my visit. The saloon and billiard-room was just such a one as is pictured on the screen in connection with the usual "wild West" film drama—and further comment would be superfluous.

The morning following my arrival at this place I called on the mill manager and was able, through his kindness, to get a lift on a small tug right up Dean Channel to a logging camp situated at its extreme end some fifty miles away. There was only the engineer and another handy-man on board, as the tug was used solely for conveying mail and supplies between Ocean Falls and the logging-camp owned by the mill company. We had a pleasant and informal little trip, and I was glad enough to avail myself of the bunk which was offered me when we had tied up under shelter for the night. This we did after reaching a certain logging-camp some way up the inlet, when, having made fast to the raft on which a number of log cabins had been built, we joined the loggers in a hearty meal in the common feeding-room. As soon as it was light enough to see next morning, we resumed our journey. The breakfast arrangements in the cabin were necessarily of an elementary nature, but here again one was only too glad to assimilate the simple but excellent fare which was generously provided. Poached eggs, followed on the same plate by tinned peaches, is a menu appetizing enough under

DEAN INLET—EXTENSIVE OLD LOGGING CAMP.

SEEDING.

THE SLOPES ABOVE THE FRASER RIVER NEAR MOBRIDGE.

THE FRASER RIVER NEAR MOBRIDGE.

(To face p. 131).

conditions where hunger, smoke and the atmosphere of an engine-room vie with one another for the mastery of one's senses. On the other hand, the laving of plates and utensils under conditions imposed by restricted facilities is never a particularly agreeable proposition.

A short run brought us past the cannery at Kimsquit to the logging-camp some five miles beyond, and having handed to the foreman the letter of introduction which had been given me by the manager at the mills, I was soon fixed up with bed and blankets in the hut which he occupied. The camp was one of some size and had been laid out on rather ambitious lines. The huts were for the most part similar to the army type, and in fact the general scheme gave one a military impression. The whole place was well kept and thoroughly clean, and the catering arrangements were in the hands of the wife of one of the loggers. This dominant personality was of Swedish extraction and was prepared to stand no nonsense from anyone. She was a first-rate cook and a stern disciplinarian. It was no use coming in after a meal had been finished and expecting one's wants supplied. Returning once from a morning spent in the woods late in the day, I was admonished very severely on the kitchen doorstep and informed in a very decided manner that there was nothing doing as far as Little Willie was concerned, nor did an impassioned appeal on my behalf by the foreman produce any but negative results.

The loggers' messing was a revelation. The

food was sumptuous, and unlimited in quantity, and the men lived like fighting-cocks. A comment on this to the foreman brought forth the reply that unless well fed none of the men would stay a day in the place, and that the conditions were the same everywhere. The chief point, of course, was the provision of a good cook—this woman would have been a credit to a society hostess—and it is no exaggeration to say that the varied daily menu was considerably superior to anything of its kind I have ever encountered. Meals were served at a long table in one of the huts, and although the benches were hard and the habits of most of the inmates distinctly primitive, one could not fail to enjoy a hearty and highly satisfying repast on each occasion that one sat down for the purpose.

My rifles were a source of considerable interest to the men. In fact the cartridges of a large calibre double-barrelled express proved, I imagine, too great a temptation for someone, and a couple were surreptitiously removed at a general inspection. Later, although a spokesman said they could not be found, he offered to defray their cost on the spot. As for the loggers themselves, they were a very decent lot, and all possessed of the magnificent physique without which they would be of little use in their work. Curiously enough the greater number of them were Swedes, Finns and Russians, and there was hardly a Britisher in their midst. The foreman, on the contrary, was an Italian, and I found him an interesting com-

panion. After emigrating to Canada he had taken a succession of jobs, mostly of a supervisory nature, and was now well satisfied, it seemed, in his present capacity. His outlook on life was hampered to the usual degree by a restricted education, and although socialistically inclined in theory, he was no humble disciple of Lenin. He was very sceptical of those who held positions of responsibility, doubting the existence of true patriotism as the dominating principle in their lives, preferring to impute to them purely selfish motives, and I was quite unable to persuade him that our naval and military leaders in the late war possessed any patriotism at all, and that financial gain and personal prestige was not their chief objective. In spite of these warped ideas, however, he was a kindly human soul, and I enjoyed both his company and his solicitude for my well-being while I was in the camp.

There was an old Scotch settler who, by farming a small acreage of ground in the vicinity and trapping during the winter months, managed to eke out a form of existence which appeared to satisfy him. Once inside his shack it was only with considerable difficulty that he could be persuaded to permit a guest to proceed on his way, for his conversational powers were of no mean order, and his hospitality unbounded. This hardy old Scot accompanied me one day into the forest in search of bear, and formed an ideal companion for such an occasion. It is when camping out at night under a tree that the experience of a backwoods-

man is seen to such great advantage, and my companion very soon showed himself to be a past-master at his craft; and having profited by his instructions as to the best method of making a mattress of young fir branches, I was extremely grateful to avail myself of his uncanny trait, shared in common with all others of his kind, of rousing himself from slumber whenever the fire needed tending. The camp itself was situated near the mouth of a small river flowing into the inlet, and behind it a forest-covered valley rose at a steady incline for many a mile to unfrequented territory beyond. The valley sides were formed by a continuation of the mountains bordering the inlet and made a contrasting background for the sparkling river, whose clear, swift waters flowed between gravel banks over a bed of rocks and gleaming sand.

Leaving this happy scene and cheerful company one propitious morning, I reached Ocean Falls as it was getting dark, and after passing a few hours under the roof of the loggers' hotel, sailed on the morrow for Prince Rupert. Here the steamer connects with the National railways, and a few hours before sunset the coast is left behind. When night has fallen one is still travelling along the valley of the Skeena River, a fertile district as yet largely undeveloped, where fruits are successfully raised and where the line is dotted with a growing number of small settlements. Further on, the track enters an open country studded with lakes, and only sparsely covered with light woods,

and in this quarter mixed farming is progressing along satisfactory lines. It was towards the end of October that I passed through the neighbourhood, and there had been a light fall of snow in places, for quite apart from its northerly position the country is situated at a fairly high altitude. This open, rolling country extends as far as Prince George, a centre the importance of which is likely to receive recognition in the not too distant future. The town stands at the confluence of the Nechako and Fraser Rivers and is very pleasantly situated. After the completion of the Pacific and Great Eastern Railway from Vancouver, it will be an important road and rail junction, and is certain to figure largely in the development of northern British Columbia and of the Peace River district in particular. Some fifty miles beyond Prince George the Fraser River Valley becomes confined between the Rocky Mountains and the Cariboo range, and the line passes along this valley, now clearly defined, right up to the point, twenty miles ahead, where it commences the passage of the Rockies. The country here through which the Fraser flows is very suitable for settlement, but this has not yet reached more than an elementary stage, and such farm lands as have been taken up are clustered round points on the line and are still only partially cleared. Here especially the railway is the life-blood of the scattered communities who wrest a living from the soil, and it is easy to realize the fact, now forcibly brought home to one, that without extension of railway

development throughout Canada the settlement of new areas is absolutely impracticable.

The National railways have a divisional point and shops at McBride, situated in the centre of the valley to which allusion has been made, and it was at this point that I decided to break my journey. Alighting from the train about eight o'clock in the evening, to face a biting wind which whistled through the open station, I made my way to the local hotel and engaged a room. The old "trout" in charge, standing at the head of the stairs in a very formidable attitude, obviously desired prepayment for the accommodation, but appeared to be reassured subsequently on seeing my rifle and hand-bag. An examination of the sheets on my bed disclosed without any doubt the necessity for an immediate change, and this was effected in due course by the old "trout" above-mentioned, to the accompaniment of much bluster and many excuses. On the following day I repaired to the local guides to seek information and advice as to the possibilities of a short trip into the mountains. Finding their shack bolted and barred, I proceeded to raise Cain outside, and as a result the door was eventually opened in a gingerly manner, and an appalling apparition presented itself for inspection. Two round, watery eyes, sunk in a sea of purple dissipation, in which a bulbous nose was responsible for a lighthouse effect, is the truest description of its countenance that may briefly be given, while a mouldy blue jersey, superimposed upon a bedraggled pair of nonde-

script pants, culminating in white socks, formed the covering for a body having features in common with those of a jolly tar. Inside the shack a scene of orgy and debauch presented itself. On a floor strewn with empty beer bottles and an indescribable collection of junk, such as sardine and cigarette tins, there were three or four wooden beds and an assortment of wooden boxes and chairs. Upon these, assuming a variety of postures, a gathering of bleary-eyed gentry were snoring or grunting in opposition to one another, the majority embellished with light-blue socks and grey wool pants, to the exclusion of other covering. It was hurriedly explained to me, as soon as the purpose of my visit had begun to dawn upon the numbed conscience of my interlocutor, that all this was a sign of the festivities engaged in on the preceding night, in connection with the impending departure of two local trappers to the mountains, where they would be working for the next four months. Sorting out from this medley one Al Blimey, who brightened up smartly on scenting fresh quarry, I eventually succeeded in fixing up a short trip, taking five pack-horses and this festive sportsman as a guide. We set out early next morning, making for the crossing of the Fraser, where there is a ferry actuated by the current, and spent over three hours climbing to the top of the hill on the other side of the water—a precipitous and very arduous ascent. Nearing the top we merged into the snow-line, and crossing over a snow-capped divide, were met by chilly blasts over

the trackless, rolling mountain-tops. After a long trudge we dropped down into a valley, descending gradually below timber-level again and warming up under the comparative shelter which now surrounded us. The view at the conclusion of the ascent, looking down over the Fraser Valley to the Cariboo mountains beyond, was a magnificent one, and the valley extended on either hand as far as the eye could reach, giving the impression of a wide, never-ending chasm. During the descent on the farther side the vision was limited, but the passage from snowy waste to park land, and finally forest, was only typical of the glorious country to be found up in the Rockies. Towards the end of the afternoon we spotted a small herd of goat on a crag some three to four thousand feet above us, and passing on a little way, proceeded to settle down for the night by the side of a mountain stream. I can only recall to mind one occasion on which I suffered such intense cold as was the case that night. Even so, in the sequel, I was in a tin hut, but in this instance it was a matter of sleeping out in the open under trees, with a temperature some degrees below freezing. A few fitful dozes, and at the first glimpse of dawn in a starlit sky I was up and helping to gather wood for a life-giving fire. Then three or four strands of bacon hurriedly fried in a pan, some liquid that passed for coffee gulped down, and we were off up the mountain-side, having spotted the goat, which had descended during the night to about two thousand feet above us. An arduous

climb eventually brought us out some seven thousand feet above sea-level on a perfect day, with a short stretch of rolling grass-land to our immediate front. Having reached the edge of this, we spotted goat on the far side of a gully, occupying a position of considerable advantage, and practically unapproachable except under the observation of the billy, who was standing sentinel over his lady friends as they enjoyed a hearty repast on the slopes below him. At the conclusion of a five-hour stalk, owing partly to my dilatory progress and partly, I believe, to my guide losing patience and rolling a heavy boulder down the slope, and so creating panic amongst the females that they shot away up the gully like thunderbolts, the hoped-for quarry disappeared. Subsequently, on a less-precipitous slope, I had a glance of another animal, but he was off, up and away behind a crag impossible to humans before I had had time to balance myself for a shot. The afternoon was now far advanced, and following on a descent more precipitous than the upward climb, and one made possible only by the timber, we reached camp and decided to pitch a tent, having no desire to repeat the experience of the previous night. The installation of a small stove, too, helped matters considerably, though it proved cold enough in all conscience when the dying embers finally gave up the ghost. A hasty meal of bacon early on the morrow, and after saddling and packing the animals we were on our way to the next camp. The winding trail took us up

through thick forest country, over streams partly covered with ice and snow, and eventually out on to rolling grass-land above timber-level. There was a white carpet about six inches deep on the ground, and we decided to camp under a small clump of stunted trees which were at hand. We had reached this spot at a comparatively early hour, and proceeded at once to assemble a good thick layer of fir branches over which the tent was pitched, and our labours were fully rewarded that night by an immunity from the perishing cold of the two previous nights. The following day afforded a series of magnificent panoramas but no trace or sign of game, and as the weather looked threatening I decided to make a bid for home the next morning. In addition to this I had begun to harbour suspicions as to the effectiveness of my guide, while the enforced association with him at night in the confined space of a small tent was an experience I am unlikely to forget. The long, perfumed hours of darkness, following on his absorption of raw onion juice, and the virile belches of a contented inner man, were items in a nocturnal repertory of peculiar ghastliness; while in spite of the horror of the moment I was compelled to admire the unfailing accuracy of his periodical expectorations, when the only small unoccupied area under canvas was made to bear the brunt of a heavy and well-directed fire. The decision to return at this juncture was not an inauspicious one, for at the conclusion of a forced march back to the heights immediately above

CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS.
SCOTTISH-AMERICAN FARMER.
HUNTING COUNTRY NEAR GOAT LAKE.

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the Fraser Valley, the first flakes of snow were beginning to fall, and by the time we had reached McBride a heavy storm was in progress over the mountains.

There was an interesting character in this place who was in charge of the local post office, and at the same time carried on a grocer's business and general merchant's store. He was a Yorkshireman by birth, had come out to Canada many years ago, and appeared now to have settled finally in the neighbourhood and assumed a respected position as a local Justice of the Peace. In the course of conversation he explained that his circumstances were such as to require the use of considerable tact, for he could not afford to seriously offend persons in the locality owing to his being dependent on their custom, and he gave me some very enlightening information about Al Blimey, who was well known as a local ruffian and bootlegger.

I went shortly afterwards to spend an odd day or two with a local settler, a Scotch-American from the States, who owned a few acres of ground about two miles from the town. He was a typical Highland shepherd and was living by himself in a small shack which he had built in the centre of his property. The interior of this shack was an unusual credit to a bachelor, and the scrupulous care with which everything was kept in its appointed place, and the general air of cleanly tidiness which pervaded every nook and cranny in the dwelling, was most refreshing to contemplate.

Outside the domain this phenomenon of ordered disposal was repeated, and whether one's gaze fell on sawn logs, stacked poles or manure-dumps, the same regular arrangement was to be observed. Another quality which made an especial appeal to me was his undoubted culinary proficiency, and although the meals we enjoyed were quite simple, they were always highly appetizing. He was one of nature's gentlemen, and a fine fellow, possessed of considerably more than the average share of character. I see him now as I write, pottering about the shack, cleaning his guns and arranging his belongings; never still, and yet never giving one the slightest impression of fussiness—always working steadily on one of a host of different jobs. Although living in the quietest and simplest of circumstances, he gave one the impression of having an effective bank balance somewhere at his back, and it would indeed be difficult to account in any other manner for his having left the States, where I was given to understand he had previously owned a farm. I suspect that having built up this farm and sold it satisfactorily, he would go off to some new neighbourhood and repeat the operation. There was only one bed in the shack, and so I shared his slumbers—and his blankets—admittedly a state of affairs in which the principles of socialism were carried to an unusual conclusion; but the suggestion was my host's and the Hielan' shepherd in no wise resembled Al Blimey. We had a day together up in the mountains on the opposite side of the valley, and though coming

TYPICAL HUNTING COUNTRY IN THE ROCKIES.

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upon fresh caribou tracks in the snow, lost them as they reached an open patch of meadow-land. Lower down, too, we surprised a cow moose, but were unable to locate the bull. At the conclusion of my short sojourn this excellent fellow accompanied me to the nearest station halt, and having been bidden a generous farewell, I boarded the train for Rooney, another small settlement a few miles back along the line towards Prince George.

There is a small post office at Rooney, but besides this there are only three or four settlers' farms, and an incipient general store. The homestead to which I had directed my footsteps was perhaps a mile and a half from the station, and lay on the opposite side of the Fraser River. Its tenants were a Swedish couple who had emigrated direct to this neighbourhood and were building up a home that promised them a future independence. Within the home one was met with an appearance of general prosperity and comfort, and my host was fortunate in having as a wife a woman who had been in service in Sweden in the capacity of cook to a very well-to-do family. Certainly her cooking reflected the truth of her assertions, and after enjoying a series of palatial meals under her auspices, I began to wonder, as I recalled that other cook in the logging-camp, whether Sweden has hidden the light of her culinary prowess under a worldly bushel. The couple could speak English, while the two bonnie bairns that stood to their credit had been brought up to learn no other tongue.

The day following my arrival at this homestead was spent in a quiet roam over the surrounding district and an inspection of the estate. The original block of a hundred and sixty acres presented by the Government had been handed over in the guise of virgin forest, and after several years of strenuous labour the farm area now covered some forty acres of cultivated ground, while its owner made a point of extending the cleared land whenever opportunity permitted. Needless to say, such a task in life can only be undertaken by one born to the soil, and the work of the pioneer settler cannot be too richly rewarded.

On the morrow we set out on a laborious climb into the mountains skirting first the right bank of the Fraser, and then turning away up through the belt of heavy forest, treading now on moss, now on a rocky torrent bed, and rising finally into open grass-land above timber-level. Both moose and caribou appear along the trail, but they are not big heads. There is snow on the rolling ground beyond the forest, and it is possible to see for great distances in every direction. Standing here on a small knoll one scans great white-capped peaks on every side; behind, the range across the Fraser Valley many miles below, in front, a dish-shaped vale receding at our feet to meet the fringes of further forest, two thousand yards away. Running out from this cover, as though pursued by an unseen enemy, there rushes a solitary bull moose, halting and hesitating as if uncertain of its progress, only to turn upon its tracks once

more and be lost to sight. Down again amongst the timber, trudging wearily along the trail, my eyes alight of a sudden upon a great beast standing like a statue scarce fifty yards away. It is a gift, forsooth, and one unworthy of the chase. Nevertheless he falls, and falling brings a full reward for all the labours of the day. The Swede has a shack in the mountains and to this shelter we repair, reaching it as the sun is setting. Some tinned food and a roaring stove soon produce a hearty glow within and without, and in the meantime a stack of damp blankets is airing inside the wooden walls. Before long the sleep of the just is upon us, and with every nook and crevice sealed against the November night, two hunters rest to face the labours of another day.

Dawn comes, and with it the stir of frowsy socks and underclothing beneath two pyramids of blankets. The creak of a wooden bunk is shortly followed by the creak of a cloutish boot, and soon the dead embers of the stove are brought to life again. Encouraged by the gently increasing warmth, a second frowsy form emerges from its lair, and ere long the scent of sock and pant is lost in the overwhelming fragrance of the frying-pan. It is "sun-up" as two bearded pards emerge finally from the shack and wend their way down the long trail to Rooney. And so on towards the homestead, a bath-tub and a banquet.

At night-fall on the following day I take leave of my good hosts, am rowed across the river, and helped with my kit to the railway line, whence I

make my way to Rooney to catch the night-train to Mount Robson, a station halt lying at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

The night was pitch dark when the engine drew up at the small platform, and leaving my few belongings under cover I started off down a steep, winding path into the impenetrable gloom. A ten-minute walk brought me to the deserted outskirts of the encampment I was seeking, and after some little time spent wandering round a collection of huts in search of human beings, my eyes lighted upon the faint glimmer of a candle within an obscurely outlined structure. On a door being opened, I was greeted by a hearty individual and ushered into a partitioned cubicle, the sides of which were festooned with all manner of half-cured trophies of the chase, while an enormous goatskin was suspended across a rope fastened between two walls. Having explained that I came to seek a guide who would accompany me into the wilds for a few days, I was taken over to a well-built log-cabin sufficiently large to contain a good-sized living-room, three or four bedrooms and a kitchen, and as it was now very late I turned in for the night.

The hunting-camp at which I found myself is probably the finest of its kind west of the Rockies. During the summer it is the base for organized excursions into the mountains, and later, with the advent of the game season, is used in a similar capacity by sportsmen from all over the continent. The last of the hunters had departed prior to my

arrival, as the year was now far advanced, and thus I came to a camp tenanted only by its proprietors, a family party which was in fact all that this term implies. First, the father, an old public school boy whose career I did not learn, but who had a great deal of the squire's manner about him. He had three sons, all native born, and each a fine type of Canadian manhood. None of them had had more than a very elementary local education, but two of them at least possessed a good presence and bearing. One of them, a handsome fellow, was married to a capable and attractive young woman, and it was she who "kept house" for the combined home. The precincts of the camp were nothing if not pretentious, for the whole place had been laid out on comprehensive lines, with very excellent accommodation for a large number of people of both sexes. There was a store and a post office, and every accommodation for horses and saddlery. During the winter months all the horses were taken away to the Smoky River district beyond the Rockies, where they were left to roam in charge of the Indians who inhabit that neighbourhood, this being a very cheap and highly satisfactory method of feeding the animals between seasons. As a matter of fact, the married son was away on such an errand at the time of my arrival, and I met him a few days later as he was returning from the slopes of Mount Robson.

The lad who took me out along the trail was a good companion and a fine, stout-hearted fellow.

He had been over in France with the Canadians, and while possessed of decent habits, had certainly not neglected his vocabulary, which was of a forcible and reiterative order. The first portion of the trail lies through comparatively level country, covered with scrub and lightly wooded, and the going is good, provided one has suitable footwear. Three or four hours' travel brings one to a narrow belt of forest so thick that day is turned into dusk. The ground at this point commences to rise gradually and beyond we pass into low scrub; at this season of the year it is hereabouts that the snow is likely to be encountered. The trail now comes out into the open and leads along the shore of a small but very beautiful lake set in a circle of snowy peaks which tower above its emerald, glacier-fed waters. The lower slopes of Mount Robson rise precipitously on one's right, while on the far lake-side a number of massive pinnacles and mighty crags are seen in bold outline against the sky. A few hundred yards along the shore a cabin of some size has been erected, and in this appropriate abode my guide and I camped for the night in adequate comfort. The place had been stacked with a supply of provisions, and there is little reason to doubt that the small denizens of the woods were well *au fait* with this state of affairs, for we were visited throughout the evening by an army of small furred gentry, amongst whom grey squirrels were conspicuous.

The following morning, as we wended our way along the trail leading up the slopes of Mount

Robson, two goats were spotted on a rocky ledge on the far side of the gully below. Closer investigation revealed this pair to be competing billies, and for some little time we sat down to watch their battles. It was an interesting and instructive sight, and bore witness to a sense of strategy which was quite remarkable. It is probable that a family of females must have been beyond the ledge out of sight, but the issue of the combat was never in doubt as we saw it, for the most powerful of the two antagonists had placed himself in a position of vantage above his enemy, and never gave him a chance to attack except by an uphill rush; the smaller creature, obviously realizing that a sudden check under such conditions could only end in his falling backwards into the gully, was reduced eventually to a state of watchful resignation. At this juncture a descent into the gully from our side was clearly indicated, and under cover of bush and scrub I succeeded in reaching to within four hundred yards of the pair, unobserved under the circumstances prevailing, and with a happy shot dropped the victor, while the other raced away over crag and ledge from the unseen death, to claim his new-found kingdom and receive the plaudits of his dames.

A further trek up the mountain-side was productive of a magnificent view over the valley and snow-covered slopes, but in a short while a snowstorm had descended upon us, so after lighting a fire of hastily collected sticks we sat down to await its passing. When in due course the swirling

snow-clouds had moved to circle another peak, my guide decided to continue the journey to his winter trap-lines, and I turned back to make for camp.

There was a convivial party that evening in the well-furnished log cabin where all had gathered to greet the pair returned from the Smoky River district. These two had reached camp a few hours before me and were in high fettle. The young wife was insistent on her husband's shaving off the three weeks' beard that he had amassed, and ill-concealed her disapproval of my own incipient growth. After supper there was much hurry and bustle, and carrying to and fro, and having prepared a steaming bath for her returned hero, the joyous spouse entered the cubicle to assist at the impending ablutions, and, doubtless, to seek such matrimonial concessions as were in all probability only too readily proffered.

The guides had some bright tales to recount concerning some of their Yankee customers, who were for the most part prosperous business men whose great aim was to return to their native haunts with stories of their prowess as hunters. The coveted trophy was always a grizzly. Anyone who came back with the skin of one of these animals, however obtained, could rely on covering himself with the glory of an adventurer. There was even a "grizzly club" in existence, whose membership was confined to the braves who had accounted for at least one specimen. One of these gallant fellows, having made a somewhat deplorable exhibi-

tion of himself in the neighbourhood of a grizzly, which resulted in his guide having to take matters into his own hands and stop the onrush of the monster, recovered his composure on seeing the prostrate trophy and confided in joyous tones to his saviour: "Now, say boy! we knows up here it's Alf Bohun as done in that great bearr, but down Texas way, it'll be Henry P. Jenkins done it, you betcha life."

From Mount Robson the railway mounts gradually towards the Yellowstone Pass, through mountain scenery of an imposing nature, and at Lucerne, the junction for the National route to Vancouver, there is a fair-sized lake, on the far side of which rises the mountain known as the "Seven Sisters," so named after the seven jagged peaks which form its crest. The main line leaves the Grand Trunk route as soon as it is clear of the Rockies, and follows the valley of the North Thompson River right up to Kamloops. At Jackmann, a small halt where the railway company has installed a telegraph office and gangsters' centre, I passed the night in a shack with the local foreman, a somewhat churlish individual whose nationality was problematical, while the telegraph operator invited me to share his frugal repast of tea and bacon. On the morrow I combed the valley for deer, but met nothing except scenery and a country resembling certain parts of Hampshire—open, sandy heath and pine-trees. Towards midday I struck a homestead where a French-Canadian had recently settled, and was able to obtain a little primitive

nourishment, and inspect the early results of yet another human struggle against the fertility of nature. In this case the hardy pioneer lived on a few vegetables and the proceeds of his gun, while he continued to finance his property from the money brought in by the sale of poles and timber cleared therefrom.

The next day I paid a visit to the adjacent settlement at Canoe River, where there was a limited aggregation of settlers within a reasonable radius. It appeared that the majority of these were Scandinavians, although there was a fair sprinkling of British stock. The post office, situated in a small log house which served also as a general store, and was surrounded by a small area of cultivated ground, had been placed in charge of a very typical cockney who, with his wife, had emigrated from the Old Country some years ago. His aggressive patriotism, it seems, had resulted in an appreciable store of resentment being harboured against him by his Scandinavian neighbours, and he and his wife were apparently "keeping the old flag flying" under conditions of some social difficulty. But, like all true cockneys, he was probably a good match for any number of ruffians unprepared to resort to violence. The couple spared themselves no endeavour to bring up their children to be loyal subjects, and found that their home influence was stronger than that of the local school.

Undoubtedly there are areas in Canada where foreigners predominate, but these are generally in

the prairie provinces, and in most cases they form an exclusive community of self-sufficient persons. For instance, on an island off the coast of British Columbia, there has been segregated a weird sect of Finns who are devotees of free love, but being installed on that island, they do not interfere with the customs of a more civilized society. One of this care-free crowd was once cook to some friends of mine in Vancouver, before her activities became generally known, and to judge from her remarkably bright and gladsome countenance, one would have no difficulty in attributing to her a fair share of importunate and nefarious tendencies.

The journey to Kamloops brought me into contact with a burly, independent citizen, whose conversation proved both welcome and enlightening. He was on his way to canvass the logging-camps along the coast in the capacity of salesman to a wireless company. While wishing him every success in his venture, I suggested that from a personal point of view I considered that the money accumulated by the labours of such men might be employed to better advantage, as far as they themselves were concerned. The coffers of a bank, for instance. "Why!" he said, "and hand over the money to some capitalist to play with? No, sirree!" But he was no socialist, this ardent soul, as I discovered in further discussion with him, being simply bent on pushing the sales of his products; and he confided that he made the comfortable income of $5,000 a year out of it. Like so many across the water, he had engaged in

a variety of occupations, some of extraordinary divergence, and had been both engine-driver and bank-manager, though whether some little fracas with the "capitalists" had been the cause of his severing his connection with the bank, it would not be profitable to consider.

Kamloops is an extremely picturesquely situated town lying at the confluence of the North and South Thomson Rivers, in the stretch of flat, open country formed by the meeting of two valleys. There are hills all round and the view from a point a few hundred feet above the town is a very interesting one, as it is possible to look down both valleys for several miles. My own experiences during a short stay of twenty-four hours were fortunate, but confined to a comfortable hotel, an excellent Chinese restaurant, and a conversation with an employee in the ticket office at the Canadian Pacific Railway station, who for some reason was disgruntled with his lot. "Like some of those English officers, you know," he remarked, referring to the staff of that organization. A little trouble with the boss, one suspects.

And so Vancouver once more.

FURTHER SORTIES FROM VANCOUVER

THE autumn days are closing in now—it is well on into December—but there is a strong call from without the city which the charms of many fair creatures will not stay. I take boat once more to Powell River to meet my Celtic friend, and in company with an eager youth of decent appearance, we set off up the lake. The weather is glorious, but snow now lies some distance down upon the mountains, and several animals are to be seen in various inaccessible places. Realizing before long that my companions are intent on blood at all costs, and intend to allow no scruples of sportsmanship to stand in the way of their desires, I resign myself to the position of an inactive spectator.

After a few hours of leisured progress upon the water, we skirt round a small, rocky promontory, and of a sudden come upon the figures of two goats some fifty yards above us. In a state of frenzied emotion, Celt and eager youth each seize a magazine rifle and in a twinkling are opening up a rapid but ill-directed machine-gun fire from the launch upon the bewildered animals, which turn and bolt from sight. After the fury of the storm has abated somewhat, it is noticed that

my own rifle is still cold, and I am asked why I have not supported the attack. I can only point to the stack of empty cartridge-cases now lying on the deck. It is suspected, however, that one of the creatures has been wounded, and agreed that I shall tend the boat while they pursue the quarry. In due course a further outburst of rapid fire reaches my ears, and in a little while the two sportsmen return, proudly bearing between them the carcase of a small he-goat, which is laid with an air of bravely confident satisfaction upon the deck.

We press on towards the lake-end, and as a fresh cross-wind has begun to introduce elements of uncertainty into the navigation of our top-heavy craft, we make sheltered water near our destination. Here is a shack previously visited, and mighty welcome too, for a gale has sprung up and it is soon raining to some effect. We pass a comfortable evening amidst warm but elementary surroundings, consume large quantities of sardines and strongly brewed tea, wash up a great deal too many greasy utensils, and feed a flock of fowls which appear to have been left destitute. A wild-looking cat eyes us from a position of vantage, and eventually seeks food at our hands.

The dawn breaks drear, but the wind has ceased, and we set out on the lake to make a logging-camp not far distant. Tying up at the boom, a greeting of friendly welcome is extended to us, and we settle down to pass a day with the proprietor. An adventurous and hard-working soul,

of uncouth bearing, but most generous heart, this erstwhile logger has not long set up on his own account and become an employer of labour. His wife is an effective help-meet and acts as cook for the whole camp, while attending to her own domestic duties in addition. The proprietor's quarters consist of a large partitioned cabin, forming a kitchen and bedroom, while adjacent are several small cabins for the workers. This particular camp has been built on a network of booms and rafts, and is entirely a floating domicile. There is an effective store of illicitly procured goat's meat, obtained by various sportsmen sent out for the purpose, and its sampling proclaims it to be very tender and succulent.

We pass a few hours on the heights behind the camp, and, indeed, some two to three thousand feet up, the consummate beauty of the scene is grandly satisfying. The lake lies still and sombre at out feet, and around it stretch a rugged chain of mountains, half covered in snow, screening from view the farthest limits of the water, which winds behind them several miles away. At supper that evening there is an argument on some aspect of theology, in which I figure largely and become the butt of a debating society of outlook still more limited than my own, but we all retire peacefully to bed and part excellent friends on the morrow.

The following evening, after my two companions have scaled a cliff to shoot down a goat into an inaccessible chasm, and perforce to leave it there

according to my prediction, we reach a raft cabin by the side of a small rocky island. Here again we are actors in the customary drama of tin-opening and bottle-washing, and leave early the next morning for Powell River, where I take leave of my friends and return to Vancouver.

A few days pass and I am in Victoria once more. A motor-run takes me out to Sooke, perhaps twenty-five miles away, and I find myself in a small but attractive hotel, the proprietor of which is a New Zealander. The entrance lounge is decorated with a large number of deer heads and other trophies, and possesses a very snug and inviting air. On the steps outside, one looks through trees across the bay towards a rocky, moss-covered coast, and it is hard to imagine a more peaceful spot.

Misfortune attends my first exploration of this neighbourhood, for after walking for some hours I come to a cascade falling between two vertical-sided rocks, over which it is necessary to leap. Having removed my nailed boots, owing to the slippery nature of the "take-off," I inadvertently brush one of them into the swirling pool below, and it is washed down out of sight and reach. This means a tramp home of several miles on a socked foot, and the outlook, though certainly hilarious, is not too auspicious. However, I am discovered in my ignominious predicament by a small party of men with a trolley, working on a small-gauge railway not far away, and am eventually brought to within a short plod of my destina-

tion, amidst scenes of much popular enthusiasm and personal relief.

The next day I follow a devious, winding trail to the abode of a half-caste Indian, who has a local reputation for being conversant with every tree-stump in the district for miles around. In due course I alight upon a doubtful-looking shack outside which a row of deer have been strung up on a rope tied to two poles, so that the picture bears some resemblance to a butcher's shop. The proprietor is engaged in a trivial operation, and as he turns to proffer a salute, I see a weird-looking bird with a dishevelled appearance before me. He falls in with my suggestion for a forest ramble with alacrity, scenting further meat supplies, and we move off expectantly. The countryside is very thickly wooded and in many places the undergrowth makes very irksome going. It is very hilly and the ground is rocky, but there is generally a carpet of moss underfoot, except in a few barren localities. There are clearings in the woods now and again, but for the most part vision is strictly limited to a few yards, owing to the dense mass of bushes and brambles all around. We obtain fleeting glimpses of deer here and there, but it is practically impossible to approach to within a reasonable distance of the animals without their being the first to be apprised of the fact. However, we come suddenly upon a head and shoulders perhaps ten yards away from us in the scrub and I ensure the coloured gentleman his venison, much to his hoarse and ghoulish delight. By the

time we reach the shack again it has commenced to rain, and to my amazement this comic sportsman produces from some corner of his lair a very remarkable contraption on wheels—a species of discoloured "beetle," resembling in everything but colour some of the queer objects seen at times along the Brighton road in charge of young gentlemen from the suburbs. He offers to take me back by a circuitous road to the hotel, and being pleasantly weary I readily accept his invitation. He is, of course, an unbalanced speed-fiend—I might have known it—and during a turbulent progress over uneven earth roads we perform some quite notable evolutions, in the course of which any narrow escapes from destruction are the signal for devilish outbursts of satanic laughter on the part of the operator at the wheel. Belching smoke, and to the accompaniment of every conceivable form of mechanical rattle, we mount the short hill towards home, and a series of appalling "honks" announces our return to an acclaiming fraternity gathered under cover within the portals of the hotel.

And now back to Victoria, taking the boat thence to Saltspring Island, which is the largest of the archipelago between Vancouver Island and the mainland. It is a veritable paradise passing through this maze of rock-bound islets, separated by the limpid, sparkling waters, and bathed in the radiant sunshine of a perfect November day. There are many settlers' homesteads along the sea-board, and where the land has been cleared green meadows cover the foreshore to the water's

edge. Landing at Coldharbour, I am met by a relative settled in these parts, and conducted to what passes for the local hotel. The place is owned by a prolific family, some ten in number, and as they all live under one roof, the greater part of the "hotel" is occupied by them. The eldest son seems to run the attached farm and his father as well, while the second son spends most of his time gadding about in bright socks and a gaily coloured sweater. He is certainly a very dashing young fellow in his solicitude for the fair sex, and is quite a hand at social functions dependent on the family's motor-boat. As a matter of fact he has since fallen to the charms of a moneyed Americaine of thirty-five summers (sixteen years his senior), and the couple have gone to live in California—upon which situation it is needless to comment.

The inhabitants of Saltspring are practically an English colony, and the same may be said of the neighbouring islands. Retired naval and military officers are to be found in abundance, and every settlement is a happy little family. Living expenses are, of course, very low, as it is not necessary to keep up appearances, but the prospects for children cannot be said to be very bright, there being absolutely no outlet on the islands themselves. For a man of any ambition to succeed in the world, it is necessary for him to leave for the outside. On the other hand, as a place of quiet retirement, these islands offer to people of moderate means many advantages unobtainable elsewhere.

I visit the game warden of the island, a generous and hospitable fellow who manages to eke out an existence for his wife and family by taking on all manner of odd jobs, such as house-painting and the like, and cultivating a small area of ground attached to his house, while his game duties bring in additional grist to the family mill. He had led a nomadic life, having left his public school at an early age for a career in Australia, though he has been back to England in the meantime. His activities in the Antipodes appear to have been varied, and he was at one time in a racing stable in some capacity. This occupation, added to the fact that he is the son of a clergyman, has given him an appearance that is half jockey, half parson, and in more favourable circumstances he would fill the time-honoured rôle of sporting parson with singular effect. It is sad to me, as we sit chatting over incidents and places in the Old Country, to hear him sigh over old times and recall familiar names of universal significance amongst the English-speaking peoples, adding how dearly it would please him to see them once again before passing out of their reach for ever.

ALONG THE SEA-BOARD OF THE PACIFIC STATES

CHRISTMAS-TIME in Vancouver had been very pleasant—a goodly company and a generous board—but the weather had already commenced to sound a strong note of inclemency, and there was snow upon the ground as the train bore me away out of the Great Northern station along the line to Seattle. This railway is the sole American line having a terminus in Vancouver, and operates in the territory of the North-Western States. The first thing that strikes one on an introduction to the American railways is the employment of coloured waiters in the dining-car, for although reasonably efficient, the pleasant atmosphere of service met with amongst the white waiters on the Canadian systems is quite absent. The catering department of this line was evidently staffed by a progressive personnel to whom the advantages of advertisement were not a closed book. One of the reasons for preferential choice given in pamphlets issued by the Company was tersely summed up thus: "Travel Great Northern. Why? Chicken pie," but it is difficult to appreciate the mentality of individuals influenced by a digestive appeal of this nature or, in parallel

circumstances, to visualize the effect of similar suggestions upon the British public.

The international boundary is passed about twenty miles out of Vancouver and a customs' examination naturally takes place in the neighbourhood. I was hauled into the luggage van for an examination of my belongings, and was requested to show my rifles to the inspector, which I did. As I was packing them up again, a sloppy-looking individual having no connection at all with the customs, instructed me that I should hand him over one of the guns for his personal inspection. "Hand it over here," he said, in a tone of authority, but was met with an equally authoritative reply which may have slightly shaken his faith in the powers of self-assertive democracy, and certainly gave him to understand that the principle of *suaviter in modo* is often more profitable than that of *fortiter in re*.

The country between Vancouver and Seattle, as viewed from the train, is not particularly interesting. Several small shipyards and industrial towns situated by the water-side are passed, and the surrounding districts are evidently fairly well settled, being more advanced as a whole than the country across the border in British Columbia. The entire region fringing on the shores of Puget Sound is fertile and well developed, such towns as Tacoma and Olympia, the capital of Washington State, being highly prosperous.

Towards the boundary of the State of Oregon the scenery becomes more attractive, and the

neighbourhood of Portland has been endowed by nature with a profusion of varied loveliness. That large centre itself must rank amongst the few really inviting American cities, and my own experience showed it to be the most charming of any that I visited. Built, I suppose, on the modern lines that are universal in the States, it nevertheless possesses a distinctive atmosphere of its own, to which its well-mannered and kindly inhabitants contribute not a little. There is a strong Scotch element, not only in the city itself, but throughout the whole province of Oregon. Apart from this, however, Portland more nearly resembles an English town than any other of its American prototypes through which I passed. Prettily situated on a tributary of the Columbia River, the Willamette, which is navigable at this point for large ocean-going steamers, it occupies the lower portion of the valley for some distance on both banks, extending its suburbs up the hill-sides towards the heights between which its farthest limits are confined, and from which you look down upon a pleasing picture of human habitation. Broadway, the main street of the city, is a happy exception to the general rule of main streets in America, and combines, through its attractive shops, an air of up-to-date smartness with the scenes and manners more generally met with on this side of the Atlantic. Fine wide thoroughfares intersect each other throughout the large area to which they minister, and a plethora of splendid public buildings, worthy of a discerning people, are seen to

great advantage in both the business and the residential quarters.

I was only a short time in Portland, but I met with more courtesy and genuine kindliness during that period than I experienced throughout the remainder of the three months I spent south of the Canadian border. That is one of the extraordinary characteristics of the States—their remarkable parochialism. Communities living within a radius of a hundred miles may harbour dispositions and traits entirely at variance with one another. Where Portland is charming, Seattle is boorish; where 'Frisco is cosmopolitan and kindly, Los Angeles is provincial and churlish.

A great deal is heard of the number of Canadians who cross the border every year to try their fortunes over the other side, but very little is ever mentioned of the large numbers who return disappointed from their venture. I have myself met more than one of these Imperial renegades, and also others whose avowed object was to make money and then return to their allegiance.

I was sitting one afternoon in the lounge of a big hotel, and overheard a discussion between two Canadians, one temporarily engaged on business in the city and the other such a dupe as just mentioned. This latter, who had left his country some time ago, had met with serious disillusionment and was now anxious to return. He had some misgivings, however, as to the kind of reception he would be likely to receive from his compatriots, and was consulting with his acquain-

tance as to his probable fate; for he had decided to go back at all costs. "Say," he ventured, "d'ya think they'll quiz me?" "Sure," said the other, smiling, "they'll have the la-af on ya, but they'll treat ya kind." This seemed to instil greater confidence into the outlook of the agitated inquirer, and he proceeded to detail his past activities at some length.

Portland, apparently, shares with the remainder of the country the innate sentimentality which has been so rightly attributed to it, and the particular delight in all references and allusions to "mommas" in general. I attended a variety entertainment one day at a local theatre, the star turn being an exhibition given by two sisters whose fame and popularity were by no means confined to any special corner of the land. Some sketches of passing ability having been given, and the audience having borne testimony to the adequacy of their diversion, the elder of the two girls proceeded to address her admirers very much after the following lines: "Say, folks, you bin jes' fine to us, and we ha-ave to thank yew fer your wonderful reception. Now 'fore we goes we wan' t' introdooce yew to our lil' mommer—she sure is a cute lil' mommer." At this juncture there walked on to the stage a pensive-looking but obviously highly delighted old bird, dressed very much after the style of the young soldier's mother of Lyceum melodrama fame, and having bowed to the stalls and gallery with truly maternal dignity, she took the seat proffered to her by her

daughter. A deafening roar of approbation immediately rent the air, and when it had subsided, the young woman commenced to perpetrate a series of domestic eulogies concerning her parent. "We jes' love our lil' mommer, folks, eh Sadie?" (turning to her sister). "Yew bet, Gertrewd" (signs of approbation from the audience). "And when we was kids, lil' mommer looked after us, and now we looks after lil' mommer, eh?" (addressing Mommer, who nods assent, to the accompaniment of further cheers from the people). Roughly speaking, one-quarter of the turn was taken up in "telling 'the folks' about 'momma.'" But it went down well—very well.

It would be incongruous in the extreme to extol the attractions of Portland without some fitting reference to the magnificent scenery of the Columbia River eastward of the city. A fine highway has been built along the valley, commanding glorious views of the superb panorama which extends for a distance of about sixty miles to the neighbourhood of The Dalles. It is doubtful whether such another scenic river-side highway exists anywhere else in the world. The view from a special observation-point on the heights outside the city, overlooking the Columbia as it cuts its way through a huge gorge many miles in length, is quite indescribable. In fact, the greater part of the highway takes one along the sides of this enormous winding gorge, and only at some distance beyond the confluence of the Hood River does the valley begin to open out into comparatively level country. The Mult-

nomah Falls, passed a few miles out of the city, are a singularly striking work of nature, and appear to great advantage owing to their imposing height, and to the fact that we may approach to very near the base of the huge column of water of which they are composed. "The Rose City" is the designation that has been given to Portland, owing to the mild climate which allows roses to bloom at Christmas-time; and the appellation could hardly have been more apt, for not only is there truth in the implication, but verity also in the symbol.

In order to obtain a better idea of the country passed through, I decided to patronize the motor-stage for some portion of my south-bound progress. These stages are, of course, coming yearly more and more into prominence all over the world, but on the North American continent they are particularly suited to the needs of territories still comparatively sparsely populated. As a variant to railway travel they are to be recommended, though owing to the necessary limitations of space one is apt to feel somewhat cramped in the course of a long run, while baggage accommodation is naturally restricted. For all that they compare only too favourably with our own motor-coaches, having been developed along special all-weather lines, suitable for long-distance travelling, and not with a view to catering merely for pleasure trips under favourable conditions.

From Vancouver, British Columbia, for a distance of fifteen hundred miles down the coast to

the borders of Mexico, there runs a magnificent, uninterrupted thoroughfare, built for the most part of concrete, and designated "The Pacific Highway"; and, of course, Portland is one of the main centres on this important arterial motor-way. Between that city and Salem, the provincial capital of the State of Oregon, the country is mostly flat, but the smoothness of the route and the ordered cultivation seen on either side of it makes the stage a very pleasant one. Salem itself is a queer little place, in which the pretentious and well-designed Government buildings stand out in marked contrast to their somewhat undeveloped surroundings. There is a change of conveyance here, and the scene at the companies' booking office resembles that at a busy railway junction. The thoroughness that characterizes the American in all his projects is not absent from the attention he bestows upon the matter of public motor travel, a commercial enterprise as yet in its infancy; and on entering the premises from which various stage lines are directed one is confronted by a hall provided with all the usual amenities of a railway station, with boards showing the times of arrival and departure of the vehicles on every route connecting the town with the outside world.

The end of the next stage is Eugene, and here I spent the night. A commodious cloak-room for the temporary storage of trunks and baggage has been fitted up in the town, which, to judge from external appearances, has only recently commenced

to leave the "backwoods" class, and presents few, if any, features of attraction. A large number of collarless gentry are to be seen hanging about the precincts of the multifarious restaurants which dot the high street, and the general air of prosperity associated with the average American town seems lacking.

After leaving Eugene the road enters somewhat more varied and hilly country, where a marked change in landscape begins to take place. Roseberg is the next stage terminus, the name contrasting strangely with the Gilbertian river on the banks of which it lies. This limpid stream has been called the Umpqua, and doubtless the responsibility for such a designation must rest upon the Indian community that were the original tenants of its fertile valley. The town is not ordinarily one in which to pass any time beyond what is necessary, and as there was no stage south until the following day, I decided to complete the journey to San Francisco by train.

Leaving Roseberg, the railway commences the climb into the mountains of the Cascade range, and the scenery is sufficiently appealing to warrant the rejection of every other claim upon the attention. There was snow along the line as we passed, but this only added to the beauty of the landscape, which possesses a well-merited renown. Having crossed the Shasta mountains by night, one expected to awake the following morning and be greeted on either side by vistas of palms in a land flowing with milk and honey, despite the early season of

the year, for the reports that are universally fostered in connection with the State of California are such as to fire the imagination of the most prosaic soul. Contrast, then, this outlook with the reality of palmless, frosted furrows that met my eye as we passed along the northern section of the famous Sacramento Valley, towards San Francisco. It is true that with our southward progress and the merging of early morn into the fuller light of day, the frost left the ground, and an occasional palm was seen, while eucalyptus-trees began to cover the country-side in increasing numbers, but this only served to suggest that it is to the southern portion of the State that one must turn in January for the land of sun and palm.

Some few miles from its destination the train is ferried across a narrow strip of water extending back from San Pablo Bay, which is the northern complement of the vast anchorage known as San Francisco Harbour, and then moves on to Oakland. I remember here being very much struck by a vast fleet of what looked to me like derelict hulks, and on inquiry as to their nature being informed that they represented a small proportion of the United States war vessels of which the Government had been unable to dispose. The approach to Oakland, which lies on the opposite side of the bay to San Francisco, is singularly devoid of inspiration. Miles of deserted foreshore, and line upon line of rails and sidings, followed by seemingly endless shoals of water on one side

and tenements on the other. But an end to this tedious progress comes at last with the arrival in Oakland station, whence it is but a short walk to the ferry, which maintains a regular service across the bay.

There can be little doubt that this approach to San Francisco is calculated to display the imposing characteristics of that city to very great advantage. It is said that there is generally a haze over the neighbourhood, even in the finest weather, and that the pure, clear atmosphere of Southern California is rarely available to the dwellers on the shores of San Francisco Bay. I believe this to be a meteorological fact, and certainly during my stay there, although the weather was perfect, and the sun shining for the greater part of the hours of daylight, the distant portions of the bay were rarely outlined with that amazing clearness usual in a dry climate. Nor was there that depth of shadow associated with the full strength of the sun's rays, and it was only on motoring some miles out of the city that one realized, by virtue of the increased brightness of the country-side, how imperceptible was the haze to those unaccustomed to its influence. Nevertheless, the accentuation of this phenomenon, as on the morning of my arrival, when it was impossible to see across the bay owing to a heavy mist, certainly serves to intensify, for one crossing over from the opposite shore, the impressive nature of the city's characteristics; for out of the greyish pall of cloud, with the huge ferry ploughing its way through unruffled

waters, there loom suddenly the vague figures of towering buildings, all shapes and sizes, and the foreground, soon filled with the commanding structure of the ferry building, with its fine clock tower, rivets the observer's gaze upon its fast-sharpening outline. The water-front presents a striking scene with its innumerable piers, whilst the concentration of ferries, maintaining a regular and frequent service to different points on the bay, must constitute an almost, if not entirely, unique achievement in any part of the globe.

And the scene of activity that greets one on passing from the quay-side through the ferry building to the entrance that faces out upon the square! A strange motley of humanity this, that travels to and fro, and so intensely, so frankly cosmopolitan as to make one question for a moment whether here may not be the centre of some foreign community that has its being in the great city. But not for long can doubt hold sway, for an orgy of lurid headlines, coloured print, and yelling newsvendors, soon furnishes the proof supreme of urbanized America. Yet farther on the fine main street, lined with all that makes the life of a metropolis attractive to its inhabitants, but littered with such masses of paper as are the invariable accompaniment of a large community in the United States, proclaims the place a true epitome of the nation's life and energy.

Granted the premise of a comparison between the coast of southern California and the French Riviera, which places the two sea-boards on a

footing of similarity, then San Francisco becomes the counterpart of Nice; and few will be found with inclinations to dispute this claim, for there is no other town in the State which possesses such an admixture of nationals, or where the streets are filled with the sounds of so many divers tongues. This strong element of foreign peoples has not proved to be without its influence upon the city's life, nor upon the manners and customs of its inmates, for the civility of San Franciscans is markedly above that shown by the average American citizen, while the atmosphere of the best hotels is certainly at variance with those of a similar type throughout the country. Speaking personally, I can only say that my associations with San Francisco were peculiarly fortunate, and now, in retrospect, I look back upon its people, with their activities and spacious palaces, as being productive of the most attractive city atmosphere in the United States.

A thorough appreciation of this splendid place can only be obtained by living within its confines for many a day, for its riches, civic, scenic and material, demand a protracted and varied exploration. The sole blot upon the taste of the community that could with justice be laid to their charge is the amusement beach facing the Pacific, beyond the western extremity of Golden Gate Park, where the usual galaxy of candy-stalls, bottle-shies and other atrocious concepts of a vulgar mind are gathered together in profusion for the delectation of the masses.

Owing to its situation at the end of a peninsula, the city affords a magnificent view over land and sea from any of the heights within its limits, or those bordering on the outskirts. A winding road has been engineered along the slopes of Mount Sutro, and from its summit the observer looks down upon a panorama of city, sea and bay which should not be missed by anyone whose fortunes lead him to this quarter of the globe. The entire city is laid out below; but a few miles distant on the one hand is the Pacific Ocean, and on the other the bay of San Francisco, along the far shores of which the sister towns of Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda combine to form another huge community. In front the Golden Gate, that narrow entrance to one of the most famous harbours in the world, and behind, the land stretching away into the dim distance, covered with eucalyptus-trees, and a myriad scattered homes.

The three towns just mentioned are very different in appearance and atmosphere to the great city opposite, and, although highly prosperous, are typically suburban, despite their size and importance. There had just been a devastating fire in the residential district of Berkeley when I first visited it, and it was easy to realize that only by the grace of Providence had a still larger catastrophe been averted, for once the jerry-built houses of the nature found all over American suburbs are alight, it is extremely hard to prevent the fire spreading. The University of California,

situated in the same town, is a very fine piece of modern architecture, but I shall always remember it chiefly by reason of a correspondence relating to the question of "petting" which was being conducted by "Aunt Sadie" with University girls, through the medium of a local paper. Everyone seemed to be giving their views daily, or seeking official advice from this literary duenna, and one day a bright little lady naïvely admitted in print that she didn't mind being petted—that she allowed "lots of college boys" to indulge their whims in this manner, that they seemed to appreciate her favours, and that no harm came of it. And well, what about it? "Aunt Sadie" wrote back epigrammatically saying she knew very well that what she said wouldn't affect her young friend's views, but "say, child, why not choose one instead of a crowd?" One feels, though, that the views of the "crowd" probably triumphed over those of Aunt Sadie, or, in vulgar parlance, that the crowd "got away with it."

There was a tremendous campaign being carried on at the time in all the Franciscan papers over this same subject. Leading dignitaries of the Church were writing scathing articles to the papers on the disgraceful prevalence of motor-car petting parties—a gallant individual had even played sleuth one evening in order to obtain evidence sufficient to ensure police action—while numbers of respectable citizens joined in the hue and cry, voicing their views on the matter and demanding stricter police vigilance. Moralists pointed out how

easy is the descent to Avernus, and the newspapers, ever alive to the possibilities of a stunt press sensation, were appearing daily with amazing legends of sin and crime. What the outcome of this campaign was I do not know, as I left while it was still in full swing, but one suspects that after a period of quietude, the activities of the younger generation resumed their normal vigour.

The terrain within a wide radius of 'Frisco is somewhat disappointing—rather barren-looking ground studded with endless eucalyptus-trees and scrub of various kinds. The landscape, on the other hand, seen from any point of vantage, is attractive enough, and the views of the Santa Clara Valley from the hills at the southern extremity of the San Francisco peninsula are very beautiful, affording a panorama of highly-cultivated lands lying in a spacious depression extending for mile upon mile into the distance. The famous giant red-wood trees are also worth a visit, but one of the chief rewards of a journey into this district is to be found in the Government fish hatchery, which has been established within the forest near by.

Crossing the bay to Oakland, one may take the motor-stage into the San Joaquin Valley and travel along fine roads through a fertile land covered with vineyards and every form of fruit orchard known to man. Here is seen the real California—a country-side of vine and walnut, peach and orange grove—truly a land flowing

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK,
THE STATION AT EL PORTAL,
IN YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK.

IN THE CARRINO GORGE,
IN YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK.

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with milk and honey. The valley is studded with small self-contained settlements and larger towns, all built on model lines, with fine avenues and well-laid-out residences. The cleanliness of the streets in these valley towns of California is in remarkable contrast to the litter met with in the large cities of America, but is not to be wondered at as the majority of the people based on them are living outside in the country districts, and are not really city dwellers at all.

Some hundred miles along this valley is the small town of Merced, whence there is a light railway that connects with that scenic playground of the State—the Yosemite Valley. It is an interesting run on a fine day, leaving the level plain of the valley to climb by gradual stages into the fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada. The line takes one along a narrow gorge, passing vistas of tinted crags and rocky slopes, following always the bed of a swift torrent, and coming to an end at the entrance of the feature itself. From the station at El Portal there is a motor-road leading to a camp in the heart of the valley, which is an extraordinary phenomenon possessing a structure more akin to a canyon than any other natural configuration. This strange freak of nature, the floor of which varies in breadth from one to three miles, is lined by vertical walls of stone, some three thousand feet high, and harbours several outstanding sights such as cascade falls, "needle" rocks, and curiously shaped crags. At the time of my visit the snow which covered the floor of

the valley showed up in violent contrast with the dark shadows of the great mountain walls, and the impression was that of being at the bottom of a deep chasm, especially as the sun is seen therein for but a short period of the day. Patches of fir-trees are scattered about in various places, but the ground is mostly open, and fine views of the heights on either side are to be had at nearly all points of the valley. The camp forms a rendezvous for the youth of this part of California during the summer, and winter sports of a restricted nature are obtainable during certain of the winter months, but there were not many visitors to the locality early in January.

I met on this trip a prosperous English land-agent from Enfield, with his wife, and found great entertainment, amidst the beauties of our surroundings, in comparing with these typically respectable "bourgeois" the social customs of the two nations. We spent the night in the hotel which is built on the lines of a Swiss châlet, and I can remember finding it anything but warm in the usual annexe to which an unrepentant bachelor is generally relegated under similar circumstances of restricted accommodation.

And so back to Merced the following day, where I took the motor-stage on to Fresno, through further miles of vineyards and walnut-groves and almond-trees, to pass the night in such an hotel as seemingly Americans alone know how to plan and administer. Fresno is a prosperous little centre, the finest example of a modern Californian

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK.

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town that it was my fortune to chance upon, and the lay-out of the streets and residential avenues has been so effected as to allow for the expansion which ever confronts the handiwork of man in this favoured territory. Thence on through similar country, mile after mile, until reaching the oil-bearing lands of South California. We pass through Kern, with its huge black storage tanks clustered like low-lying gasometers not far from the road, and all such outward and visible signs of oil-wells as derricks, pipe-lines and the like. And in a little while the sandy-coloured outposts of the Sierra loom before us, and we begin to rise abruptly from the long valley to the mountains above, and are soon traversing a wild and barren country-side where endless sun-baked peaks and brownish, scrub-covered hill-sides are all that meet the eye for many a dusty mile. And so, in the deepening twilight, we drop down the far side of the mountains into Los Angeles.

An introduction to this far-famed city, should it be by night, is likely to leave memories not easily effaced. A bewildering array of coloured electric signs meets the eye at every turn, and the streets, which have rather narrow pavements, are literally massed with people. The number of cinemas to the square mile must equal, if it does not exceed, the corresponding figure for any other city in the world. Restaurants and caféterias are legion. Some of these bear weird names—"Pig'n Whistle," "Cat'n Fiddle," "Hob'n Nob," and the like. As a matter of fact the "Pig'n Whistle"

have a chain of restaurants along the length of the Pacific coast.

The much-vaunted shops of Los Angeles cannot compare with those in 'Frisco, but I suppose this is a matter of time, although the population of the former is about double that of the latter. Not having booked a room before my arrival, I found the most consummate difficulty in procuring one that night, and the managements were about as casual and rude as they well could be. I speak of hotels in the centre of the town—farther out one has a choice of magnificent and luxurious palaces. Not that this rudeness is by any means confined to the hotels. One meets it everywhere. The community is the most objectionable, as a whole, in the United States, for the people come from all kinds of places over the continent, and outside it as well. Everyone seems intent on "getting rich quick" at all costs, and the result is a city practically devoid of manners. Many of the negroes in the town are quite insufferable. Of course there are numbers of individuals to whom the above could not possibly apply, but it must be remembered that my references are to the masses in general, especially those that infest the hub of the city. Outside the centre of the town are miles and miles of suburbs and smaller townships; many have been very prettily planned and some are pretentious, but the majority of residential buildings in this mushroom locality are built of stucco and have but little solidity in their make-up. Perhaps the amazing area of

greater Los Angeles is the most remarkable characteristic of the place, while the variety of styles by which many of the districts have been distinguished gives to certain quarters quite a fairy-like appearance. Moorish, Persian, Indian, and European styles are strongly in evidence, nor are these confined to shape entirely, for every imaginable colour has been used to obtain the required effects.

I took a drive round the outer portions of the city one day, being driven by an up-to-date young "go-getter" who, when complimented on his careful driving, replied, "You betcha—life's too sweet," with which philosophy there was no possible disagreement. Having been given a free hand in the exposition of any items of local interest, he conceived it incumbent upon him to point out a vast number of houses belonging to oil and other millionaires, and those of the Hollywood stars.

This worship of cinema stars appears to have reached its world zenith in Los Angeles, and the attention paid to these individuals is amazing. There was a scandal afoot at the time of my visit—some young Hollywood person had appeared in a case where her chauffeur had shot one of the local millionaires. Every headline seemed to reflect a fresh feature of the miserable affair, and to crown all the young lady made so bold as to broadcast a statement in the papers, in which she declared that "the public is entitled to know the facts, and the public shall know them." You betcha!

On another occasion I remember passing some

cinema where a first performance was being given for the benefit of the film world in general and film actors in particular. A huge, gaping crowd was collected round the entrance to the theatre, and traffic was being effectively delayed. Attendant dudes in gorgeous "tuxedos" were to be seen bowing and scraping to the "celebrities" as they arrived, and excitement in the crowd was intense. The honoured guests took advantage of the occasion for a little self-advertisement, and the giggling antics that went on amongst them were the sole element in this breathless scene which belied the reception of royalty.

There are some superlatively luxurious hotels in the environs of the city—hotels that can compare favourably with the most renowned in Europe or in other parts of America. The clientèle, however, presents something of a study in human society. The dining-room staff are for the most part foreigners, but they are not foreign to the exaction of pecuniary compensation for their attentions. A feature of such hotels are the luncheons given by female societies to coteries of their own, and my experience as a witness of such functions, where the male element was entirely lacking, can only be described as depressing.

The various "beaches" contiguous to Los Angeles amply repay a visit, which is best effected by means of a round tour, if only to see revealed the appalling crudity of the Los Angelic mass-mind. These gatherings of sand, sea-gulls, merry-go-rounds and pseudo-Moorish palaces form spectacles

PUBLIC GARDENS IN THE CENTRE OF LOS ANGELES.
SPANISH MISSION INN, RIVERSIDE.

VENICE.
TYPICAL BOULEVARD SCENE, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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well-nigh indescribable. By comparison, Ramsgate is out-Margated. One locality alone deserves some special mention, that being the centre known as Venice, where an erstwhile marsh, drained and sub-divided by banked-up canals, has been transformed into a species of residential suburb. Concrete bridges have been built over the canals and to my mind the main effect, though only Venetian in a most elementary and general way, creates quite a pleasing impression. But Venice harbours another quarter, facing on to the ocean, which must vie with, if it does not surpass, the most grotesque corners of the world-famed Atlantic City. There is a long street leading out to sea, lined with a series of absolutely indescribable side-shows, of which merry-go-rounds, fat women, exposure of drug evil, shooting-galleries and crude tent-covered exhibitions represent a fraction. The most popular is a "shy" at rubber-clothed gentry poised in a cage above water-tanks. A female astrologer, occupying a point of prominence in the scene, looks extremely mediæval and cunning, and nothing like her usual British "dearie" prototype.

Behind Los Angeles lie the Beverley Hills, held in local esteem on account of their association with fhe homes of cinema stars, and on these hills has been built many a fine country residence, while outlying suburbs of the city are rapidly springing up along the foot of the range. It was here that I tracked to earth the wife of a distant relation of mine, whose two sons had emigrated

temporarily with her from Canada in order to amass a share of the other fortunes reputed to be picked up in California. The lady abominated the people and their manners, but revelled in the climate of the neighbourhood, as well she might. She seemed strangely out of place in one of these modern, servantless, jerry-built homes, but happy in the company of her boys. One son had obtained an appointment as photographer to a large film syndicate and had ambitions of his own. The other appeared to be selling real-estate in a generous and spectacular fashion, and I fear he has already been lost to the Dominion.

In such a quickly growing State as this, there is no doubt that selling plots of land affords a quick-witted individual many golden opportunities, and large numbers of such people, including women, have joined the vast army of "realtors." I was standing one day outside one of the myriad estate offices in Los Angeles, gazing in open-mouthed admiration at the seas of spectacular literature and inviting announcements displayed in the window, when a soft and dulcet voice exclaimed just behind me in a persuasive manner, "Can I interest you?" "You certainly do," I remarked, raising my hat to the delectable creature who had suddenly and silently appeared upon the scene. The reply apparently proving somewhat unexpected, the young woman evinced certain signs of trepidation, but hastened to explain her mission, which was no longer left in doubt. It is always easy, however, under circumstances of this kind, to divert the

conversation from real estate to matters of a pleasanter nature, and after a few moments of, shall I say, mutual admiration, we parted the best of friends.

I was destined to come across a still more distant relation of mine before I left the city. This old boy was a descendant of a man who came out to America four generations ago and who, as a hotel proprietor in one of the eastern States, had been implicated in some murder case. What his fate had been I did not learn, but his descendant regarded his career with some pride and no little approbation. "You bet the ——'s don't stop at murder; they all got good tempers," he declared. "You look you killed one or two in your day, you bet." The only particle of this sportsman's past history that I gleaned was that he had kept a store across the Mexican border at one time, and had taken unto himself an Indian wife. As a matter of fact I met this wife at his home outside the city; she was certainly at least a half-breed, and probably an excellent housekeeper. So passes the pride of a name.

Every visitor to Los Angeles should travel up to the summit of Mount Loewe, a prominent peak on the Sierra a few miles out of the city. It is reached by means of a funicular and an electric railway, and affords a fine bird's-eye view of the city and of the sea-coast for many miles.

Long Beach, perhaps twenty-five miles away to the south, is interesting as an oil depot, the district harbouring a mass of oil-tanks, oil-wells and

derricks, but otherwise being the abomination of desolation.

To the east of Los Angeles lies some magnificent rolling country, devoted to the culture of citrus fruits. The landscape is in places one huge forest of orange- and lemon-groves, and there are packing factories at various centres. Riverside and Redlands are superb beauty-spots, lying in an orange-covered valley between two ranges of hills, while the former boasts an old Spanish mission, now converted into an inn, which attracts visitors from far and near. This is the land of the "Sunkist" fruit, the land of "Kia-Ora," the land where the injunction "Eat more fruit" becomes a mere platitude. Buckets of oranges are sold on the road for three or four a penny and everywhere is citrus and sunshine.

The scenic pearl of Southern California, however, is to be found at Santa Barbara, some eighty miles north up the coast from Los Angeles. Here is the very essence of the French Riviera, with a peace and charm reminiscent of the Old World. Transatlantic vulgarity and crudeness is strangely in abeyance, and what with the climatic balm of the locality and the perfect scenery of the coast and mountains, one could not choose a more delightful spot in which to experience the restful enjoyment of nature. Just outside the town there is an old Spanish mission, founded in the year 1768 by three padres when the territory was in Spanish hands. The building is a gem, and the gardens possess an exotic loveliness which is

INTERIOR OF SPANISH MISSION INN AT RIVERSIDE.
CORNER OF OLD MISSION, SANTA BARBARA.

PORCH OF HOTEL SAMARRAND, SANTA BARBARA.
SANTA BARBARA MISSION, A CORNER OF THE GROUNDS.

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A CORNER OF THE OLD MISSION AT CAPISTRANO.
CORNER OF THE HOTEL SAMARKAND, SANTA BARBARA.

INTERIOR OF SPANISH MISSION, CAPISTRANO.
HOTEL SAMARKAND, SANTA BARBARA.

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enhanced by their setting. A variety of hotels are to be found in the town or on its outskirts, their styles ranging from the purely American to the pseudo-Persian. When I arrived in one of the former type it was to find the entire ground-floor devoted to a species of children's deportment class, the entertainment being conducted by a truly Dickensian master of ceremonies. Tea was being served by a charming little Spanish maid, attired in the national costume and looking extremely chic. Turning to the other kind, I have never seen anything like the Hotel Samarkand—situated on the hills above the town, with a superb outlook over a fabulous panorama of mauve and grey mountains and turquoise sea. The place had been built in Persian style both within and without, the furnishings being simple but luxurious to a degree, and the hotel stood in a magnificent ornamental garden. I believe this beauty-spot suffered heavily in the recent earthquake at Santa Barbara, the building being composed chiefly of stucco and plaster, but at least an equally fabulous creation will certainly have arisen on its ruins.

I travelled by stage from Los Angeles to Capistrano, a small village the existence of which is justified by another Spanish mission—a fascinating creation of the Old World adventurers, resembling its counterpart at Santa Barbara. There can be no doubt that such relics of a past civilization—and there are many of them—bestow upon Southern California a charm apart from the attractions of its climate and its orange-groves.

Farther south, near the borders of Mexico, lies the quiet town of San Diego. Quiet, that is, beside the ceaseless turmoil of Los Angeles, whence I had not long since come. A well-mannered community here, and a touch of ordered progress over the whole locality, contrasting effectively with the rudeness and uncontrolled growth of the other town. A pleasant and reasonable prosperity is evidenced by the fine shops and shaded boulevards, and no doubt the fact of an important naval base being established in the near vicinity has much to do with the prevailing well-being of the neighbourhood. A magnificent natural harbour is formed by a tiny spit of land which runs parallel to the coast, and at the northern extremity of this peninsula lies the "city" of Coronado Beach, where are found many residences and popular resort hotels. Connection with San Diego is by means of a direct ferry service, and also by electric train which travels the length of the peninsula. Away behind the town the suburbs extend to the heights from which there is a view looking down upon a deep winding vale, and across to a ridge running parallel with that on which one stands. It is beautifully green below, and the floor of the valley is covered with scattered palms and eucalyptus, and detached residences are to be seen nestling there among clumps of trees.

Twenty miles away lies the Mexican border with the small township of Tia Juana immediately beyond. This place has attained a notoriety that exceeds the purely local, and its fame extends well

up the Pacific coast. Farther north one hears of it by repute, but in San Diego the very positive exhortation to "see a bit of old Mexico" is prominently displayed on advertisements all over the town. From being a miserable little collection of native hovels, the site has been transformed, with the advent of prohibition, into a happy hunting-ground for a crowd of Yankee "sharks." The Pacific highway ends abruptly at the border, and one is faced with earth roads and a range of barren, sand-coloured hills. A collection of the usual customs' offices are clustered together on the frontier and a squad of prohibition agents are in evidence. Scarcely has one passed into Mexican territory when up looms a huge poster: "Before leaving old Mexico, visit the famous Monte Carlo and Sunset Inn." Soon this exclusive paradise is just ahead, and entry discloses a dirty-looking room filled with a fœtid, smoke-laden atmosphere, and peopled by a dismal throng of plebeian gamblers crowding around some twenty decrepit-looking tables, which are presided over by a host of the lowest and most villainous-featured gentry that ever graced a wild West saloon. Their sagging eyelids, high-boned cheeks and pallid faces give them the most sordid expression, and they are raking in the dollars with a studied nonchalance worthy of the practised artists of Monaco. I say dollars, but many are confining their plunges to half or a quarter of a dollar, and their features convey the impression that each imagines he is seeing life indeed, and adopting towards it an

attitude of bold and worldly fortitude. There is a racecourse near by, and later in the day, at the commencement of the races, the grandstand is full to overflowing. A fleet of cars of every description is massed in the rear, and above the babel of tongues drones the monotonous voice of the ubiquitous vendor: "Pea-nuts! Life-savers! Chewing-gum!" Democracy, in fact, at its brightest and best. A few hundred yards away from this gay scene is a street bordered by a couple of shacks and perhaps thirty saloons—cheap, nasty and thoroughly vulgar—all under exclusively American management—and obviously paying fortunes to their proprietors. Outside one of these stands a dreadful-looking damsel calling out to passers-by, "Come in, honey, and I'll fix you up fine." But whether with beer or skittles experience alone will show. Within the portals of yet another shabby structure an insidious-looking sportsman is suggesting to a pair of thrilled females that they should "come right in" and view the cock-fight which is shortly to be staged. They fall, their expression fully portraying the sense of luxurious guilt which covers them. All along the mushroom street "hicks," bumpkins and others are being retailed cheap beer at one-and-six a glass, and individuals from such places as Texas, Oklahama and Utah are obviously impressed with the idea that here "life" is spelt with a capital L. A perfect stranger confides to me in a pleased and confident undertone that "we 'aint got nothin' like this down Texas." Every possible attraction

is named after some emblem in the Old World. Thus the "Red Mill," where inside a fusty, evil-smelling bar, on a huge placard, appears the legend, in true Yankee style, "You are now inside the famous Red Mill." Every inmate feeling very bold and wicked, and ordering another glass at one-and-six on the strength of it. Visit "old Mexico"!

EASTWARD BOUND

BEFORE leaving San Diego I called at one of the local publicity offices to seek information and advice on certain aspects of the journey ahead. The young woman was rather chary of giving this without some evidence that it would be likely to prove effective and redound eventually to her personal and financial credit. Subjected to a barrage of tactful questions which ill-concealed their calculating purpose, I was compelled to admit to being a Londoner; but this did not satisfy her, for it was only when I had answered her query as to whether I hailed from the West End or not that she became effusive, insinuating that it was no use proffering advice to those associated with the more barbarous quarters of that city—a very practical and highly democratic point of view.

The station at San Diego is a pretentious affair of stucco in pseudo-Moorish style, and the approach thereto being lined with an imposing array of palms, the general effect of the surroundings is distinctly unusual, even for California, and must prove a source of pleasant admiration to every traveller. Shortly after leaving the city, the recently constructed line to Yuma, a centre some

TYPICAL CALIFORNIAN BOULEVARD,
ON MOUNT LOEWE, ABOVE LOS ANGELES.

EXHIBITION PARK GROUNDS, SAN DIEGO.
CENTRAL SQUARE, SAN DIEGO.

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hundred and twenty miles away on the Colorado River, commences the passage of the Carriso Gorge. This feature derives its beauty from no other source than the colour of its barren shale-covered sides, which in the sunshine reflect a light of cupric brilliancy. The height of the hill-crests above the bottom of the narrow gorge deludes one at times into the belief that the line is passing over some huge viaduct, and the manner in which the railway bed has been hewn out of the rocky sides often assists an impression of being poised over a rugged, barren precipice. The glare from this wild landscape is considerable, and even after the range has been left behind there is but a short respite, for after travelling through a sparsely populated valley lying between two barren lines of hills, with the track crossing into Mexican territory from place to place, the railway then enters the southern portion of the great Colorado desert, where a bare, cactus-covered plain, covered with rocks, affords an outlook comparable with the Northern Sudan.

The dust is Afric in its intensity and the illusion of travel on that continent is very interesting—it is hard to realize that this veritable desert lies but a few miles from the balmy Pacific coast. At Yuma the Colorado is crossed and one has a glimpse of another outpost of American civilization in the form of this severe rectilinear town lying on the fringes of a vast level plain which irrigation is gradually transforming into a fertile area. Across the border in Mexico—a barren desert. Then on through

further seemingly endless stretches of barren country, broken here and there by welcome areas of irrigated lands, a vast landscape of rocks and giant cacti, that forms the south-western corner of Arizona. And so to Maricopa, where the night must perforce be spent above the station in rooms provided for that purpose under railway auspices.

In the morning a train leaves north along the branch line to Phœnix, the capital city of the State. Although the season is late-January, it is 85 degrees in the shade—Heaven forbid a suggestion of the summer temperature! But the atmosphere is very dry and highly invigorating. The town is a typically provincial one, with a population of some eight thousand souls, and a very pleasant and kindly lot they are.

The neighbourhood is full of Mexican types, swarthy and southern-looking, and the town itself is placarded in places with notices offering rewards for the capture of various bandits and hold-up men. There is no superfluity of money here, and the manners of the population benefit accordingly. Phœnix is surrounded by a widely irrigated country, which will increase in area with the passing of the years; but the vast Colorado desert is met with on the fringes of that handiwork of man, appearing as an incentive to further conquests even as the fertile watered lands provide a monument to his past achievements.

There is a fine tropical public garden in the city, in close proximity to the Government buildings,

and a visit thereto reveals an amazing collection of giant cacti and other horticultural structures of unimaginable size and shape. It is from this centre that one makes north for the Grand Canyon, three hundred miles away, passing territory which gradually loses its desert aspect, and rising through hilly country towards the great Colorado plateau. The main line is joined at Ash Fork, and from Williams, a little way ahead, another short line traverses the final sixty miles to the canyon.

A light layer of snow is upon the ground in the early morning as the train approaches its destination, and this is an effective reminder of the change of altitude to which our journey has subjected us. Not three minutes' walk from the station is a large hotel, catering exclusively for the sight-seeing traffic which daily descends upon it, and another fifty yards brings us to the edge of the canyon. Standing here, looking down upon the cavernous depths which nature has created, and across the mighty rift towards the peaks beyond, the observer strives in vain to grasp the grandeur and the beauty of the scene. A maze of pinnacles, reaching many thousand feet above their bases, yet lie below the level of his gaze, and for miles and miles to right and left a mass of purple minarets and rocky domes stretches afar off into the distant bluey haze. No matter what the time of day, be it the early morning, flaming noon or fleeting dusk, the scene is ever shifting, the shadows varying, the colours changing. Pen cannot tell the glories of the view, nor words describe them.

Behold the sharply pointed pinnacles and mountain ledges marked with those level streaks of blue and white imposed upon the carmined strata of the massive forms below. And, as the sun is rising in the heavens, see how the sides of these are left in shadow and how the colours fade and soften, only to reappear again on some far section that before was hidden from his rays. Look for a space upon the farther canyon wall—its thirteen miles away appear as three, and over the entire scene an utter silence reigns. An immensity of depths and distances, a profundity of calm and power such as can have no parallel in all the world.

A never-ending sequence of precipices, gorges and ravines fill the lower portions of the canyon, and several trails lead down well-engineered inclines to various vantage-points. Amongst these is the Bright Angel Trail, which takes one down past numerous changing vistas to the bed of the Colorado River, several thousand feet below. It is difficult to conceive the vastness of the canyon from a path on the rim, and only a descent will enable a complete realization of its structure, or a real conception of its distances. The trail finds a marvellous way down the canyon wall, reaching, after a fall of several thousand feet, a rolling, scrub-covered plateau whence further sumptuous open views of now towering peaks confront the eye, the crimson strata on their sides blending the panorama in one gloriously painted scene. Two or three miles on, passing an ever-changing orgy of peak and crevice, ledge and precipice, the

IN THE GRAND CANYON.
ALONG THE APACHE TRAIL OF ARIZONA.

DOWN THE GRAND CANYON.
BELOW THE RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON.

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trail reaches the top of the Colorado Gorge at the foot of which flow the turbid waters of the great river. A descent between abrupt walls of overhanging rock brings one suddenly to the water's edge, and resting here in a confined corner of this immense chasm there loom above in full view some of those towering pinnacles which but a few hours since were lying in the distance at one's feet.

Back once more on the rim of the canyon, as the sun sets below a far away horizon and purple shadows fill the deep and distant fastnesses with gathering gloom, a happy little crowd has collected in eager anticipation to witness the promised dance exhibition of native Indian braves. There is an Indian reservation bordering on certain portions of the canyon, and families of this fast-dying race occupy the most remarkable homes on the sides of rock and cliff, unmolested by any save their own kind. From time to time a few will come in to this locality and earn whatever contributions may come their way, by engaging in a series of weird and snake-like movements to the accompaniment of tomtoms and strange human howls. This evening a representative element has arrived and is surrounded by a fascinated crowd of American citizens from all over the country, their wives joining in the gathering with an enthusiasm and curiosity worthy of their sex. The chief warrior having ascertained that all his troupe are in readiness, and satisfied himself that his audience has attained sufficiently profitable proportions, there

commences a succession of Red Indian dances in which warriors and squaws take part alternately or in unison. There is much paint and feathers, much shouting and glee, much expression and still greater activity, but mighty little dancing. The spectators are thrilled—for most of them it seems to hold the romance for which their routine city life has always yearned, and resounding cheers are sent up as the stage-manager intimates that the show is now over. Immediately a hearty, prosperous-looking citizen advances towards the chief and with an obvious and profuse gesture presents him with a dollar bill. This high standard of generosity may place a strain upon the inclinations of some of those present, but with such a lead each strives to emulate his brother and an effective sum is quickly raised for the entertainers.

The light is failing now and the concourse turns to seek the shelter of the hostelry. Within, a cheerful crowd meets together to discuss the common topics of the day and to await the evening meal with the relish born of hungry expectancy. In a corner of the lounge a devotee of the spittoon, in the person of an amorous-looking businessman, is to be seen dictating a letter to a comely looking stenographer, on whom he gazes with a leer at once languorous and debauched. That his admiration is not lost on the young lady is plainly evidenced by the enthusiasm writ clear on her features, nor is the assiduity with which she continually moistens her lips without due effect upon her admirer. In the meantime a near-by cuspidor

receives the periodic attentions of this latter, attentions the deadly accuracy of which are preceded always by a virile gurgle indicative of the storm to come.

By night I travelled back to Phœnix. We were scheduled to arrive about seven-thirty, but at least an hour before the train was due pasengers had been routed out of their berths by an imperious conductor. Several injunctions having been loudly addressed to the curtain behind which I lay, this persecutor followed up his admonition by a strident and vociferous suggestion to a passenger that it would fare ill with me in the future—"If he ain't out when we reaches Phœnix I'll pull him out o' the bunk." In the meantime my shoes had been kicked away under a seat and it was with some difficulty that they were eventually found by an attendant. When at the conclusion of the journey I went quietly to give this lout a piece of my mind, he met me at length with the raucous repartee: "Say, bo, cut it out"; but it is very questionable whether his attitude has ever since been repeated towards others.

From Phœnix a road has been built to Globe, a small mining town a hundred and twenty miles east of that place. This road is known as the "Apache Trail of Arizona" and offers a fine panorama of desert country of various types along its route. The landscape is varied and extremely interesting. There are some superb views over a rugged and arid country-side and also over level plains, and the entire area bristles with all sizes

and shapes of cacti. In some parts there are stretches miles long with these remarkable things covering hill-side, summit and plain, and in certain parts they form regular forests. Most prominent is the giant cactus, or clustered schuaro, which stands as high as forty-five feet at maturity, with branches like the human finger, attached to a cylindrical stem, and rising vertically to a point. Another remarkable specimen is the Barrel Cactus, resembling a huge hedgehog and fairly bristling with spikes. Certain of these cacti bloom in the spring, but it was too early for this at the time of my passing through the district, although everything seemed remarkably verdant. Weird shrubs, all thorns and prickles, were legion, and a greenish kind of moss mould covered the ground in many places. Small flora, too, were to be seen, with an appearance more suggestive of sub-aquæous growths than those on terra firma.

About half-way between Globe and Phœnix is the Roosevelt dam and reservoir, by means of which vast stretches of land have been brought under cultivation in the neighbourhood of the latter town. Advantage is taken of a natural lake to form the reservoir, and when the dam is in action a substantial volume of water is available for irrigation purposes. Near by is a rest-house where travellers may obtain meals or break the journey, and a few families of Apache Indians are found in the vicinity. These people appear to hold the camera in considerable mistrust, for an endeavour to obtain a picture of a mixed party of

TROPICAL GARDEN, PHŒNIX.

CORNER OF MARKET AT CIUDAD JUAREZ.

GROUP OF CHILDREN ON BORDERS OF MEXICO.

YOUNG MEXICO AT CIUDAD JUAREZ.

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squaws and young resulted in the hurling of stones and a small, foxy-looking dog being set at me, and while I was disposing of the dog the quarry made off at speed.

The journey ends in the mining town to which reference has already been made—an up-to-date development of the historic western mining-camp, of no interest or attraction to anyone, and the urge to be quit of such surroundings is insistent. A short train journey to Bowie leads back once more to the main line, and thence it is but a few hours travel to El Paso, a town on the Mexican border.

This is an extremely interesting place to visit, on account of the opportunity afforded for a direct comparison between American and Mexican civilizations. For here there are in reality two towns divided only by the frontier-line, El Paso being, in fact, contiguous to the town of Ciudad Juarez. The former, conforming in every respect to the standard of an American community, is prolific of business structures, good hotels and prosperous streets, and the normal activities of an active centre of population are well in evidence. A railway junction of some importance, as well as a frontier town, there exists an official element which a foreigner who spends any time within its precincts will be unlikely to avoid. Immigration officials are incessantly on the look-out for the entry of unauthorized persons into the country and seem to work with the efficiency of human sleuths. I had made no more than a few inquiries

at the station on the day after my arrival, when a pleasant enough individual asked me for the passport which I was not in the habit of carrying about, and after having been submitted to an effective examination upon my comings and goings, was advised in all solemnity always to have my passport handy. On leaving a few days later, I was accosted at the ticket-office by a similar individual who requested an identification from me, and having carefully examined my passport, asked me to accompany him to his bureau. Here I was kept for some fifteen minutes under a slow stream of fatuous questions which had obviously for their purpose not the verification of my credentials, concerning which there could be no possible doubt, but an endeavour to impress me with the importance of my officious interlocutor.

One may pass over the frontier by tram to Ciudad Juarez without interference of any kind, crossing *en route* the Rio Grande, which at this season of the year (early February) is practically dry. Once across the river, the transformation is remarkable. There is, of course, a Spanish touch immediately noticeable, but the most striking change apparent is the sudden deterioration in buildings and streets. Dilapidated old houses, paltry shops and unkempt streets offer an impressive contrast to the solidity and order of El Paso. On the other hand there is for the casual visitor some compensation in the form of several quaint bazaars and a produce market, where all sorts of dishevelled humanity are found in intercourse. A

foreigner is soon spotted and, after the custom of the unthrifty, considered fair game for the extraction of pecuniary assistance. In the market, a wretch engaged in sucking a grape-fruit endeavoured to prevent me from taking a picture of the busy scene by placing himself immediately in front of the camera and making a series of gesticulations, accompanied by a batch of sounds in which the expression *permizione* was preponderatingly audible. However, a feigned misunderstanding on my part, combined with some smart acrobatics, enabled me to elude the vigilance of my pursuer. On the other hand I found that the distribution of petty largesse in certain momentary areas of the locality was immediately effective in smoothing over any small difficulties that arose, and I spent some instructive hours in and around the town. The outskirts were perfectly filthy, and sanitation either negligible or of a peculiarly primitive order. The doorstep provided the most popular sanitary retreat in the lower residential quarter, and it appeared to be the custom to brush human excreta into the street for periodical removal. The operations in corners of a big, open, sand-covered square, round which isolated dwellings were situated, are best left undescribed.

In the course of my wanderings I arrived at the station and came there upon an interesting scene. One of Mexico's periodic revolutions was in progress at the time, and a large detachment of soldiery had been collected at Ciudad for transportation to the area of hostilities. The station and

track were literally swarming with troops, and never have I seen an army so worthy of Mr. Frederick Karno. An appalling crowd of awful-looking ruffians were mooching about aimlessly in troupes and herds; some were being shaved, while others were cooking food, but the majority were clustered around songsters and itinerant musicians who were being heartily applauded periodically, and urged to redouble their efforts. Here and there some dreadful-looking bandit, with a week's growth of beard to his credit, and attired in a battered "comic opera" uniform, would be executing a *pas seul* before an admiring and clapping crowd. Interspersed among this motley throng was an army of camp followers that baffles adequate description. A comical medley of fruit and provision vendors had installed themselves in various positions along the line, and represented about as bedraggled and primitive a section of humanity as I have ever witnessed. Large numbers of the soldiery had their wives and families with them, and it was evidently intended that they should accompany their spouses at least as far as the point of concentration. All kinds of mysterious culinary operations were in progress, and it seemed that the military commissariat was largely dependent upon the efforts of the domestic circle. Perhaps the leaders of this extraordinary military circus presented the most notable diversion, for the officers were variously garbed, some wearing French *képis* and others Russian, while their general turn-out was more akin to that of prosperous

CAMP FOLLOWERS OF THE MEXICAN ARMY AT CIUDAD JUAREZ.

CAMP FOLLOWERS OF THE MEXICAN ARMY, ON THE BORDER OF MEXICO, NEAR NUEVA VIZCAYA.

"BOOTLEGGING GOODS TO SCHOOL IN CIUDAD JUAREZ."

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banditti than of accredited commanders. Not one had troubled to shave himself for evidently many a day, but no doubt amongst such a rabble this passed for little to their detriment. The light-hearted *joie de vivre* of these gentry was not a whit behind that of their men, in whom they appeared to take merely an academic interest, and they were engaging in song and dance with an abandon quite worthy of their subordinates. Collected in small, detached groups, while one was executing a caper, another would be engaged in a fandango, to the accompaniment of much bonhomie and general merriment.

Amongst this care-free crowd I moved to and fro without impediment or comment until, as I was photographing a gang of sentries standing over piled arms, a nondescript youth, no doubt scenting pecuniary advantage, made a show of hands in front of me and gabbled a quick succession of words of a totally incomprehensible nature. I dealt with this individual in an affable and smiling manner, and as the result of our inability to discuss any topic upon a common basis, he eventually gave the matter up as a bad job and departed with a significant shrug.

On my return to El Paso I was accosted by the American customs' officer, who asked me, "Say, how in hell d'ya bring them photos back—didn't they stop ya?" To which I replied in a manner sufficiently jingoistic to rouse his sense of official importance, and he declared with emotion, "Ya'd better be careful—they'll shoot ya—it's war over

there," implying with relish that he wished they had, and feeling, doubtless, that the international dignity of officialdom had been grievously outraged by this perambulating Englishman.

Now let us leave these twin cities of national contrast and travel across the high plateau lands of New Mexico, where cattle roam in large numbers over the wide expanses of grassy prairie. On through Texas with its monotony of open landscape unrelieved by any features save here and there a gaunt township or a range of low hills. On still until we reach the Mississippi country, with its miles of straight railway line edged by a continuous forest of light timber, its endless acres of cotton plantations and its dusky population. And then New Orleans, that most famous of southern towns, built on the northern bank of the great river which with its tributary the Missouri constitutes the longest water-course throughout the world.

New Orleans stands out in distinct contrast to the modern American town and has about it much of the Old World atmosphere. In the substantial French quarter, where there is much squalor and a good deal of poverty, many relics of the old régime are to be found, and several buildings are reminiscent of provincial France at the present day. Even in the newer quarter there is a strong Latin element, and cobbled streets go far to strengthen the Gallic illusion. The negroes one sees about the city, and they are, of course, legion, have a very different bearing to those living in the north,

and whatever the limitations of the colour bar, it certainly makes of these southern darkies a notably civil and pleasant-mannered population. The modern section of the city is traversed by Canal Street—a fine, wide boulevard which is gradually being built over with structures of the sky-scraper variety. The community are not well supplied with hotels, and at this season of the year it is very difficult to obtain a room anywhere except by advance booking. A pleasant feature of the place is the number of shady squares disposed liberally all over it, and these have an undoubted French origin and French conception. The outskirts contain several sugar factories, and beyond are miles and miles of plantations through which a drive is both pleasant and instructive. An imposing mass of shipping is always to be seen in the river docks, and the great river ferries are perhaps the most remarkable institutions of their kind in the world, resembling a species of nautical travelling circus with "darkie" bands and spacious decks.

Sailing down the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico the ship passes a monotonous expanse of flat cotton-soil, protected by stalwart mud-banks from the inroads of the river. The muddy waters only add to the dreariness of the scene at this time of year, and one is glad to see the landscape terminating in the narrow strips of land that form the great delta at the river's mouth, a hundred and ten miles distant from New Orleans, and to pass the final lighthouse into the open sea.

There are some fair-sized boats in the service to Havana, but my own experience was confined to a voyage made in a regular old tub of ancient design, which in a heavy sea would have been tossed cork-like upon the briny ocean, but which under the singularly placid conditions ruling at the time provided an unexceptional crossing. However, the general conduct of this particular line compared very favourably with that of the Alaskan company. The negro stewards were civil enough, and the boat was fairly clean, but the passengers were for the most part of the gum-chewing and cuspidor-addicted type. With such an one I shared a cabin; a friendly and talkative individual, though of an abominably inquisitive turn of mind, and it was not long before he was busying himself with the financial aspect of my travels. He had a strict sense of propriety, and his comment on the companion of a burly-looking lout of a business man, to whom she was obviously only comparatively married, was highly judicial. "She's no class," he said, "an' me and the other passengers don't care fer 'er." And obviously the success of bright wanton eyes and auburn hair did not appeal to the local bourgeoisie.

OUTER WALL, CASTELLO DEL PRINCIPE, HAVANA.

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HAVANA

ON a sunlit sea, where shades of pure ultramarine fade one into the other, and the light from off a myriad rippling wavelets dazzles even the strongest vision, we sail into Havana Harbour under the auspices of a cloudless sky. Favoured by such conditions, notwithstanding even the traveller's previous visits, his entry into this jewel of a natural haven can never fail to be a sheer delight. On a rocky prominence to the left, dominating the harbour entrance, stands the old Morro Castle, a relic of the days of ancient Spain in all her power and worldly glory. Across the water lies the main town which, as we pass, seems but a stone's-throw from the deck. Ahead of us the sparkling waters, moulded by the encircling hills into a brilliant shape of uneven contour, stretch far away behind the town into an unseen corner. Rising and falling gently amidst a mass of masted schooners and yachts of varying tonnage, a medley of small, trim craft lends to the scene a warmth of colour which stands out in contrast to the glistening light of sea and sky, while to and fro across the harbour a host of motor-launches and rowing-boats pursue the active tenour of their ways. At the water-side the maze

of colour is dominated by the warm brown of yachts and rigging, and behind the quay a background of white buildings completes such a picture as artists pray for.

The ship is moored at her berth alongside the customs, and a small gathering of American friends has come to greet some of the voyagers. A lanky youth of well-favoured appearance, marred by a pair of prominent horn-rimmed spectacles, slopes along the quay-side, exchanging a succession of welcoming glances with such young women aboard as are prepared to favour his advances, and having eventually given my own person "the once-over" indulges in a benign grin in my direction. In the meantime a cross-fire of questions and answers is being volleyed backwards and forwards between boat and quay by the young ladies in company assembled, and such excitement and mirth is being evidenced as would render glad the heart of the most miserable and bitter-hearted misogynist.

The Customs Department at Havana is subject to the usual democratic influences, and though the staff is obliging and not over fussy, it is likely that anyone leaving the initial struggle round the offices in order to engage a room in an hotel, as I did, to return subsequently, after the departure of the masses, in order to pass his baggage through, will find that the officials regard this as an affront to their dignity, and that they will be none too well disposed towards the evader of the petty delays consequent on the full display of their temporary authority.

BEAU AND BELLE, HAVANA.
OLD BATTERY ON MORRO CASTLE.

SHIP'S MATE, HAVANA.
THE PRADO, HAVANA.

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Within the city, what a feast of coloured scenes and Spanish gaiety! It is the Old World again. The streets crowded by a bright and cheerful throng, refreshing courtesy at every turn, and all the sounds and smells associated with a cultured but unprogressive people. Charming vistas seen through narrow alleys redolent of old Spain, and lined in many places with pavements barely thirty inches wide, along which trams pass at imminent danger to a stream of jostling, care-free people. Many quaint buildings of orange-tinted stone under arched and vaulted by-ways, and the spacious, cheerful cafés where wine flows freely once again. Farther afield, under skies of azure blue and a glorious sun, trees, palms and flowers deck many a peaceful square with bold and brilliant colouring. Foremost amongst these is the central park, occupying the heart of a large rectangular "square," the sides of which are lined by architectural structures of signal picturesqueness and charm. Here are the national opera-house, several hotels, and some fine shops, while leading down to the sea-front from this open area is the Prado, the Bond Street of Havana, a fine, wide boulevard with parallel rows of trees along a central footwalk, and a fashionable display of commerce decking the sides of the two streets thus formed on either flank. The city is filled with statues; they are encountered at every turn, and the large cemetery on the outskirts of the town must be one of the most ornate and beautiful conceptions of its kind to be found anywhere. An old cathedral,

tucked away between little frequented streets in a secluded quarter, and overlooked by the upper stories of contiguous houses, presents its seeker with a picture of quiet architectural beauty. One feature only mars the fairness of the town—the ever-present token of American influence, which, by the cloud of its placards by day and the fire of its electric signs by night, proclaims the dominance of the northern money-power beyond the realms of doubt.

This influence is clearly seen in every direction, and is more especially evidenced by the general deference shown towards the large numbers of Americans who invade the island during the winter months. On the other hand, there must always be certain elements in what amounts to a subject nation who resent even the material advantages of a foreign clientèle. I remember witnessing with quiet amusement a little incident in one of the post offices in the city when a beautifully dressed Americaine, blessed with all the advantages that the heritage of youth and wealth can claim, was being supplied with her requirements over the counter by a sullen official, and how, having dealt with a series of politely formulated questions which she put to him in a sweetly unexceptional manner, a demoniacal scowl, worthy of the most envious type of ill-favoured under-dog, suffused his features, and he muttered below his breath an imprecation of seemingly poisonous virulence.

A frequent sight throughout Havana is a small collection of Cubans, more generally of the negro

DOCKERS, HAVANA.
MORE TYPES IN HAVANA.

GROUP OF CHILDREN IN HAVANA.
CORNER OF THE DOCKS, HAVANA.

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type, gathered round a minstrel who is singing a rambling melody to them. If one stands on the outskirts of such a crowd, it becomes apparent after a time that the performer is obliging with topical tunes suggested largely by his audience, and often, as soon as an undoubted foreigner is spotted, he will turn towards this patron and commence a song obviously addressed to him in person, in which the word "Americano" is easily and frequently detected.

The docks and harbour front always furnish scenes of ceaseless activity and local colour. The labourers employed there are of a cheerful and humorous turn of mind, and appear the sort of type that would have filled an effective niche in the old days of sea-piracy. A visit to one of the numerous tobacco factories proves a source of great interest and some education. Visitors may easily obtain access to most of these, and so follow the process of cigar manufacture from the dried leaf to the finished product. In the rooms allotted to operations of a "mass" nature, the workers, mostly girls, are seated at desks, and in the middle of the concourse there is a kind of elevated pulpit, whence a reader delights the ears of his listeners with the tale of romance or tragedy which has been selected to assist in dispelling the monotony of their work.

There is, of course, a large floating population of Americans during the winter months, who swarm in the better-class hotels and clubs, but apart from these the United States provide regular and periodic

quotas of tourist parties, the components of which are brought over *en masse* for a few days, rushed in chars-à-bancs round the town, and deported as an aggregate at the conclusion of a frenzied tour. The members of these units of mass-tourism are always clearly delineated by a coloured tag affixed to the lapel of coat or blouse, and upon this is boldly printed the name of the organizer of the particular visitation upon this sub-tropical community. When not in chars-à-bancs, they wander round the town in droves, showing to the world that the mass instinct of the human is not confined to production, but extends far into the realm of popular travel.

"Seeing gayest Havana by night"—so runs the thrilling legend on coach and poster, responsible for luring many a placid school marm from the precincts of her home town, to join with others as chief actors in the ludicrous comedy of incongruity provided by the spectacle of gaping citizens of the New World passing in an unwieldy, mammoth char-à-banc down the brilliant, lighted streets of the Old. These venturers seem to penetrate every nook and cranny of the neighbourhood. No spot is free from their visits, and of course they flock in their hundreds to the casino, a much favoured little building some twelve miles out from the centre of the town. This pleasant little retreat is the resort chiefly of the more favoured American, and consists of a large central lounge wherein dancing and drinking are indulged, with a small *salle* adjoining it, in which some dozen American

CASTELLO DEL PRINCIPE, HAVANA.
COURTYARD IN HAVANA.

CATHEDRAL PRECINCTS, HAVANA.

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croupiers officiate behind tables grouped round them in the centre of the room. A few Cubans attend the nightly function, but the majority of the clientèle is recruited from the various mingled strata of local American society.

At a table one evening the sole devotees, both in evening-dress, are a southern-type Yankee with his somewhat blasé daughter, who bemoans her ill-luck in a studied attempt at boredom. Behind them stand a throng of gaping persons vacillating as to whether they shall join the table or try their fortunes elsewhere. A trio of nondescript philistines in lounge suits are patronizing another gamble against obviously heavy odds that are, however, skilfully concealed. A *posse* of duennas and young are furnished by the native element, and transient entries of tourist troupes provide good material for a side-show in the eyes of a student of human nature. Amongst these is the little lady from the boat, with auburn hair, who deserts her protector in order to try her hand with the present commentator, but he, scenting trouble ahead, is, in vulgar parlance, "not having any."

Not far from the Casino are the Yacht and Golf Clubs, and these all lie in those attractive environs of Havana still covered with grass and tropical palms, and endowed with the semblance of a large open park, over which it is very pleasant to roam. There are many points of interest on the outskirts of the city, and amongst them may be mentioned the tropical gardens and the Castillo del Principe; but the most outstanding feature is

undoubtedly Morro Castle, an ancient Spanish fortification, now used as a training-ground and barracks. The area covered by this castle and its precincts, which include the Castillo de la Catana, is considerable, and from the walls a commanding view is obtained over the city lying on the other side of the harbour.

During a stroll in this locality one morning I came across three artillery cadets of the Cuban Army, one of whom could speak English, and was fortunate in being conducted over the grounds with a courtesy which I attribute, perhaps without cause, to my being an Englishman. In the course of an instructive conversation, in which the instruction came chiefly from my side, I was asked what was the feeling of this country as a whole regarding the Americans, the opinion of my interlocutors having proved mildly condemnatory, particular reference being made to their vulgarity and lack of manners. To this I was in turn mildly acquiescent, but I lost no opportunity to expatiate briefly on the general reasons for this phenomenon and to point out that it was a temporary phase that would in course of time surely disappear, and to explain that, without any qualification whatever, in all matters appertaining to the moral and material welfare of the world, the two peoples were entirely at one with each other. The young trio appeared somewhat surprised and impressed by this revelation, for which apparently they had not been prepared, while for myself, to have entered the field of endeavour, however restricted, in the

MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA.
HAVANA GOLF COURSE.

ENVIRONS OF HAVANA.
VIEW ACROSS THE RIVER AT MATANZAS.

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cause of Anglo-American unity, can never fail to be a source of the warmest satisfaction.

A train journey to Matanzas, which is a township lying on the shores of a small bay about sixty miles due east of Havana, takes one through a really beautiful country-side in which miles of diversified plantations are blended into the wilder features of a tropical landscape. Palms are as ubiquitous in this panorama as are trees in the average English view, and cultivations of sugar-cane, pine-apple, banana and sisal are passed in profusion along the route. The native houses in the rural areas are mostly of a primitive nature, being more like barns with thatched roofs than human habitations, but there are at least some few erections of a superior nature. Matanzas is a quaint little place, with houses and streets built after the style common to Southern Europe, and it is both picturesque and dusty. There is a hill above the town whence one may look down upon a wide, saucer-shaped piece of country, covered with myriads of scattered palms and a carpet of softly verdant herbiage unsullied by the handiwork of man.

A few miles out of the town there is a road leading to some remarkable stalactite caves, the surrounding neighbourhood being covered with plantations of sisal for as far as the eye can reach. The caves themselves are an appreciable distance below ground, and offer an extraordinary spectacle to one penetrating their recesses with the aid of a guide and the light supplied by an electric plant which has been installed for the purpose. Amongst

the cheerful crowd of sightseers who accompanied me on this little jaunt were a New York mamma and her engaging daughter, with whom I became inveigled into conversation in the course of the return journey to Matanzas, through a district of peculiar beauty. Light-hearted banter resulted eventually in my being asked whether I was attending the next dance at the Havana Country Club, to which I replied in the negative, asking at the same time if there was likely to be a large gathering there. "Oh, no!" she informed me feelingly, "it's most exclusive," and I suspect that in the admission my social barometer had at least temporarily dropped several points.

CUBAN LANDSCAPE.

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UP THE ATLANTIC COAST

THE Florida Keys extend southwards with a westerly sweep from the extremity of the mainland for a distance of roughly one hundred miles. Consisting of a series of small, low-lying islands separated by distances varying from a few hundred yards to a few miles, they lie in shallow water, in places not more than a few feet deep, and along their length runs a railway track, crossing on causeways and viaducts the intervals which separate the various units in this terrestrial chain. Key West, just under a hundred miles north of Havana, is reached by fast modern passenger steamships in about five hours, and is the terminus of this unique railway line—a small town of importance as a naval harbour and oil-storage depot. There are few stone buildings in Key West, most of the houses and shops being constructed of wood, and the place lacks solidity, though the amenities for visitors are favourable enough. The journey along the Keys provides a very unusual and pleasing spectacle. The small islands are covered with dense, sub-tropical scrub, with here and there the smaller variety of palm, and large numbers of scraggy-looking trees. The majority are uninhabited, but certain islands have

been formed into holiday resorts, where the wide expanses of glistening white sand afford superb bathing facilities to the many. In several spots small forests of coco-nut-trees have been planted and these extend to the seashore, where the sun's rays, filtering through the shroud of palm-leaves, form a checkered patchwork of light and shade on the sparkling sands. On a fine day the water between the succeeding Keys is as still as a pond, and in most places the bottom is clearly visible through the emerald-coloured sea, which borders the causeways on either side, stretching away to the horizon like a sheet of mirrored glass. On the mainland the scenery becomes monotonous. Mile after mile of flat, sub-tropical jungle, scrub and palm, creek and swamp, in endless succession. A few small settlements are passed—there are plantations of citrus, chiefly grape-fruit, here and there, but practically all the way to Miami is one continuous lesser swamp and jungle.

With the approach to this city the influence of America's amazing activities once again makes itself felt. Known to the vast majority of visitors and residents as "Myammer," this extraordinary locality, where a modern city stands on what was once an overgrown mangrove swamp, exists as a monument to the vision and tenacity of man. At the time of my arrival, the now quiescent boom in Florida land was in full swing. It was impossible to obtain a room anywhere unless previously booked. People, after wandering round the town, were sleeping all over the place, on the sands, in boats and

in garrets. I was offered a mattress in a bathroom at three dollars a night; prices of accommodation in the leading hotels had reached twenty dollars for a room alone. The town in itself presented no features of outstanding interest, being of obviously mushroom growth and following the usual lay-out of communities in the United States. Of course, prosperity was rife, and the number of real estate agencies absolutely overwhelming. Free rides to the districts were advertised by most of these, and char-à-banc parties were to be seen leaving the various offices at all hours of the day. Although no obligation to purchase lots was involved by an acceptance of this free transport to any particular neighbourhood—and many were five or ten miles away from the centre of the town—rumour had it that in the unlikely event of any client deciding against the purchase of any lot after arrival on the ground, he was told that the offer of a free ride out did not entail a similar proposal for the return journey, and so the unfortunate had to weigh the prospects of a purchase against a two or three-hour return tramp along dusty roads, for most of the estates had by this time reached a considerable distance out into the country. The majority of hotels, even the more fashionable kind, were built of wood, only a very small proportion having been constructed on skyscraper lines, but this fact rendered the large hotels none the less attractive, for they were decorated and furnished on palatial lines.

As might have been expected in a mecca of this

nature, all sorts and conditions of men had collected in the neighbourhood. Never have I seen any parallel to the scrimmage in the main post office, the small interior of which was totally inadequate for the surging masses whose ebb and flow was of a ceaseless insistence throughout the hours of business. A party of evangelists had taken advantage of the extraordinary concourse of humanity assembled together in Miami to inaugurate a campaign of fire and brimstone amongst the people. Thus one evening in a local park I came upon a ranting orator repeating to enormous crowds that favourite religious slogan which enjoys such popularity across the Atlantic, "Millions now living will never die," and declaring a doctrine very much akin to that of "British Israel," except that this was an American version.

Another evening, a short distance along the causeway that leads to the settlement of Miami Beach, a crowd of some magnitude had collected around an illustrious orator who was addressing them in stentorian tones on the subject of astrology. He proclaimed himself to have been a medical student, but finding the profession overcrowded, had decided to embark on salesmanship. His manner did not belie him, and I have never witnessed a more remarkable spell-binder anywhere. As an example of mass psychology under the domination of an hypnotic personality, the scene was an enlivening and instructive study. He declaimed briefly on the characteristics of persons born in given months, inviting any query from

his audience. At the end of an electric half-hour, during which the ever-widening circle of his clientèle became tumultuous in applause and hysterical in laughter, he disclosed a pile of books priced at a dollar, which he commenced to sell to people in his immediate vicinity, at the same time keeping up a fire of running comments and reiterating a terse and effective slogan. Soon the library was selling like hot cakes and dollar bills were being poured into his hand. "Careers for every month," he cried. "Find yours in the book." "You certainly found yours," exclaimed a beaming matron. And she was right.

The harbour was gay with all manner of craft, amongst which hydroplanes and luxurious yachts played a conspicuous part. Golf seemed to have become a social *culte de rigueur* amongst the prosperously idle, and white plus fours were very much in evidence. But as a holiday resort, the more popular portions of the town had much in common with the winkle-stall resorts of England, and to enjoy the undoubted advantages of a sojourn in these parts one would either have to possess distinctly plebeian tastes or means sufficient to purchase the *entrée* to the wealthier circles of the community. This, of course, is a phenomenon essentially American and stands effectively in contrast with the conditions prevailing a hundred and eighty miles across the water in the Bahamas.

Here is a paradise of palm-fringed isle and coral-tinted shore set in the limpid waters of an azure

sea, where reefs and strands, basking in the sunshine of a tropical day, are brushed by the gentle breezes from the ocean and washed continuously by the favouring waters of the Gulf Stream on its northward course.

Nassau, the capital, is situated on New Providence Island, one of the multifarious group which make up the scattered whole.

As the boat draws up alongside the quay, a cheerful crowd of chattering natives, for whom the bi-weekly service with the mainland no doubt constitutes in normal times the chief event in the activities of the island, furnish an informal guard of welcome to the newly arriving contingent of visitors. Amongst this crowd, conspicuous in their uniform, are the local native police, a picturesque embodiment of native discipline, under well-ordered British rule. A host of eager darkie porters is gathered on the water-front, and as the passengers descend the gangway their solicitations assume an aspect of competitive clamour. A little farther on, outside the immediate vicinity of the landing-stage, a number of quaintly ancient one-horse barouches are encountered and individual custom is sought by a *posse* of swarthy and cheerful drivers. In the town, attractive scenes of native activity greet one along the length of the high street, scenes of local colour from which the evident traces of British supervision in no way, and by no means, detract. Thus the town market, where fish, fruit and vegetables are collected under a single roof, is both clean and picturesque, pre-

GROUP OF NASSAU CHILDREN.
ROAD IN NASSAU.

STREET SCENE, NASSAU.
LANE IN NASSAU.

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senting to the eye a scene of animation and colour which the most inartistic of individuals could scarcely fail to enjoy. A proportion of the products of the local sponge industry are sold in the town, and some luxuriant specimens may be picked up here for a song. The tourist industry is responsible for all manner of coral beads and coloured mats, the latter manufactured principally from palm-leaves, and although such articles have only a specious value, their artistry is often of an attractive nature. One is struck by the appreciable number of obvious half-breeds in what may be termed the European quarter of the town. Many of the shop-keepers in the high street are of unmistakably mixed extraction, and this is especially noticeable in the case of such people as post-office employees.

A stroll round the native streets, which of course occupy the greater portion of the town area, opens up vistas of well-kept tropical gardens and quaint stone houses, around which swarms of piccaninnies are in an apparently continuous state of motion. These young wretches seem to have entered into a conspiracy with their parents to refuse to allow themselves to be photographed without the promise of a subsequent cash payment, for on the approach of anyone with a camera, "mammy" calls her young into the house as if some goblin threatened them, and in the same manner a party of mature female darkies will fade away as soon as this agent of pictorial reproduction has been discovered.

There is little doubt that the influx of American tourists has been responsible for such an attitude, and thus has been commercialized one of the most elementary privileges of the traveller in these territories.

On rising ground to the west of the town, overlooking the country lying behind it and affording uninterrupted views across the harbour to the outlying islands beyond, a very attractive golf-course has been laid out, and he must needs avow an abnormal disfavour towards the royal and ancient game who can abuse the creation of such an amenity amidst surroundings so beautiful in their natural appeal. At the western extremity of the course there is an old fort, constructed in the reign of George III, and this long-deserted armoury forms, with its complement on the eastern side of the town, the sole relic of the now defunct harbour defences of bygone days.

The harbour itself, having much in common with some natural lagoon, with its coral bed and submarine wonders, is formed by a narrow strip of land lying a few hundred yards off the main island. You may cross the water in a motor-launch to land at the end of a small path leading, through an avenue of coco-nut palms and other tropical vegetation, to the far side of the islet, where a fine bathing beach sweeps in an even crescent shape out to sea. The shore is fringed with palms, and a magnificent stretch of white sand slopes gently downward into the clear blue waters of this fairy bay, where a happy concourse of humanity

OLD BATTERY AT NASSAU.
THE GOLF COURSE AT NASSAU.

OUTSKIRTS OF NASSAU.
QUAY-SIDE, NASSAU.

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continually disports itself under the favoured ægis of a West Indian sun.

It is a matter for regret that this superb holiday resort receives the patronage of a clientèle amongst whom English folk form such a small number, for the amenities of life are easily obtainable on any scale, from the exotic luxury of the huge, Government-aided hotel, lying in its own richly cultivated grounds, to the quiet private hotels which provide excellent accommodation at prices commensurate with a modest purse.

Strolling one balmy evening along the water-front at the end of the gardens adjoining the spacious hotel alluded to above, I chanced into conversation with a young woman for whose presence in these surroundings I was somewhat at a loss to account. It appeared she was a trained nurse from Canada, and having been advised on medical grounds to spend the winter in a warm climate, had ensured suitable surroundings for herself by taking a situation as waitress in this hotel; for without some similar occupation she would have been unable to afford the change. It is difficult, of course, to enter very deeply into the subject of politics on such a night as this was, and she had but an elementary idea of the meaning of Imperial relations or the significance of the Imperial tie, but she told me with conviction that the Canadians as she knew them were quite content to remain "under British rule"; and with the generous rays of a full moon streaming down through gently swaying palms upon the grassy

sward beneath, I was in no mood to explore with her the intricacies of Empire policies or to expatiate upon the actualities of the Dominion status.

Back now once more across the water to Miami, and thence after an hour's journey the train reaches Palm Beach. This far-famed winter resort has much in common with its rival farther south, but is perhaps more fully developed. The railway actually passes through West Palm Beach, where the urban district proper is situated, this being connected by a causeway with the sea-beach and the neighbourhood immediately behind it, where the majority of the hotels and social amenities are to be found. In the land-locked harbour between the beach and the mainland there is to be seen such a wealth of pleasure-craft as might well bewilder the imagination, and the seal of luxury is set large upon everything that moves over the face of its waters. The vast palaces of timber that form the bulk of residential accommodation at Palm Beach lie in well-laid-out gardens, in which orgies of plants and flowers are set amidst tropical surroundings and variously assorted palms. Spacious shaded boulevards, and rambling walks under the spread of coco-nut-trees, encourage the casual stroller to wander aimlessly amidst these sylvan plantations.

Prompted thus, I arrived one morning at the edge of a small canal, and was gazing contentedly across the water when the father of a family party, encamped about fifty yards away by the side of a ramshackle automobile, and towards

PALM BEACH.
PALM BEACH CHAIRS.

AVENUE IN PALM BEACH.
A BEACH ON FLORIDA KEYS.

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which I had from time to time cast glances of interest, bawled out at the top of his voice: "Say, when you seed enough of us, move on, will ya?" Obviously my presence was distasteful, for they were devouring food in a thoroughly plebeian manner, and presented a crudely grotesque picture of humanity amidst the pleasant handiwork of man by which they were surrounded; but from interest in this exhibition of local vulgarity I regarded the gathering once more in sorrow rather than in anger, with amusement rather than with contempt. "Say, whatcha want?" paterfamilias roared. "I was wondering," I said, perhaps somewhat tactlessly, "where you got your manners from." "Oh, go-ta-Hell," was the erudite reply.

The promenade along the sea-front at Palm Beach would probably be something of a disappointment to many an English seaside mayor, for its extent is not very great, and it terminates each way in a mass of scrub and sand. Near one end is the casino and bathing pool, and the front at this point has perhaps some little in common with the promenade at Monte Carlo, though it is on a very much smaller scale. The bathing pool is quite a friendly and informal little affair—young couples, decked in the latest and most brilliant of costumes, "jazzing" on the marble floor built around it, and a gay band inciting them continuously from within the adjacent casino to live while the living is good.

The beach itself amply fulfils the expectations

which its world-wide renown has won for it. Such a riot of colour was surely never seen on any shore! A galaxy of wealth and leisure is in possession of these shining sands, and in the sun's fierce light a colourful array of human covering dazzles the eye with its endless diversity of shade and tone. Subdued and daring, tasteful and bizarre, the various-hued costumes of the bathers, sprawling contentedly on the golden foreshore, are responsible for a picture of human gaiety redolent of some Arabian tale, while under the shade of mammoth parasols, small parties of friendly intimates are forgathered in animated converse, and many the quip and jest that send forth across the gleaming sands the merry ripple of a young girl's laugh or the harsh cacophony of her virile escort. In the midst of this colourful army of pleasure-seekers, a wooden pier extends a short distance into the sea, and an enthusiastic party of fishermen angle against the vagaries of chance and fate, while some few hundreds of yards out a succession of racing hydroplanes cross before the pier-head in a mass of seething spray.

Away back amidst the shaded boulevards and palm-lined sidewalks, numbers of negro attendants, decked in spotless white, are wheeling around the aristocracy of America—a smart but undistinguished-looking crowd—in bath-chairs that in virtue of their pleasing turn-out have become one of the recognized features of this famous resort.

But despite the feast of sunshine and colour which dominates every other characteristic of the

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AT WASHINGTON.
A CONQUEST AT MIAMI.

CENTRAL STATION, WASHINGTON.
BOULEVARD IN MIAMI.

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place, one leaves Palm Beach with the impression that its life is one intensive American effort to be smart and fashionable, and to create a centre of social pre-eminence which may vie with the world. And in this it must surely fail, for despite its sumptuous winter climate and local amenities, the place lacks the *cachet* of the established centres of fashion, while it can boast no scenery whatsoever, having been transformed by the hand of man from a sub-tropical waste into a region of cemented paths and residential plots—order and line, grove and boulevard in endless vista and continuous prospect.

Leaving this sphere of palm and sunshine under all the portents of a perfect day, it is a rude awakening on the morrow to find oneself amidst the inclemencies of a northern winter, and then to pass through drab surroundings of wooded leaflessness and grey-toned domiciles, seen indistinctly through a sheet of falling rain, or bathed in densest mist, into a neighbourhood of yet bleaker aspect, where all the country-side lies hidden under snow.

In this way I came to Washington, and for a short space abode in that city.

Here is a magnificent embodiment of the modern metropolis, a place of fine, wide streets and stately avenues, adorned by public buildings of an imposing nature, with national monuments erected in a superb setting and visited by a daily stream of citizens from all corners of the land. The central station, facing on to a wide and spacious square, is

probably unique amongst architectural conceptions of such a nature, and is certainly an ornament to the city. Above all, Washington is permeated by an atmosphere of peace and dignity entirely foreign to any other American community, and this is due as much to the dispositions and activities of its inhabitants as to the stateliness of its buildings. There is little, if any, of that appalling rush and tumble which has become the bane of towns in the United States, and for this the concentration of Government within the District of Columbia is, of course, chiefly responsible. That small area, ten miles square, which is under the jurisdiction of no State, but is administered by the national Government, lies between Virginia and Maryland, and its existence is brought home to one with some reality on every occasion of egress from, or entry into, the district, owing to the laws of the southern States, whereby negroes are debarred from riding in the same compartment of a public vehicle as their white countrymen, and are compelled to travel in sections specially provided for their use. Such laws are not in existence in the north, and so could hardly be enforced on purely Government territory.

I overheard one evening a somewhat interesting conversation between two men in the lounge of the hotel where I was staying. The first had been holding forth on the prosperity of America as a whole and generally acclaiming his country's virtues with that assurance common to his kind. He questioned his acquaintance as to the state of

business in Washington. "Slow," was the reply. "They're all over in Europe for the winter now." And he declared further that an increasing number of Americans, as they became independent, were settling on the Continent, but retaining their business interests in the States. He referred to the growing colony of his countrymen in Paris. "Yep," he said, "they know how to live over there—we don't. The U.S.A.'s fine for the dollars, but it's blue." This, of course, is one view-point—but it comes from an American business man.

NEW YORK

AN American woman once said to me: "Of course, there's no place like Noo York." This was before I had seen the "place," and having seen it I suppose, generally speaking, that she was right. But it is very questionable whether she realized at the time that her statement embodied merely a half-truth, and one acceptable only on the surface of things. It is true that the cluster of monster sky-scrapers in the business district is unique, and it is true that there can be no finer shops anywhere in America; but there can be equally little doubt that in years to come, with the growth of industry and the spread of wealth, other cities will possess similarly fine shops and very likely as many sky-scrapers, while it is certain that even now the lay-out of New York streets is absolutely identical with that of the streets of other American centres, large or small. In fact, New York only differs from the towns and cities of the United States in the matter of degree, and it is a question of relativity pure and simple. On the other hand, strange though it may sound to some, certain of the older portions of the business quarter, notably around Wall Street, bear striking resemblances to parts of

the City of London, more especially round the district centred on the Stock Exchange. The streets are often surprisingly narrow, and here and there one or two quite old houses are met with, while the modern business structures are almost identical with our newer buildings. Admittedly the cavernous neighbourhood of the Woolworth and Cunard buildings have no parallel, and certainly impart to this section a grandeur lacking, probably, in any other metropolis of the world. But apart from the "down-town" quarter of New York, and certain restricted residential neighbourhoods, and the fine Fifth Avenue, the famous city has precious little to recommend it over its growing rivals.

It is interesting to visit the foreign communities, and even on Broadway—a street of no attractions, plastered with incongruous signs—the number of different dialects to be heard in the course of a short stroll is perfectly amazing.

Owing to the comparative paucity of motor-buses, the roar in the city's streets is not as great as that in the busier parts of London. This may appear a surprising statement, but is certainly true, and it must be remembered that the overhead railways travel only over certain defined and restricted areas. One of the most striking characteristics of New York is the slovenly condition of its streets, in which paper, cigarette-ends and various extraneities are allowed to collect to a degree which strikes a visitor as appalling, and imprints upon an ordered mind an impression of

filth redounding in no uncertain measure to the discredit of the municipal authorities.

One hears from time to time of "hold-ups" in the city, and certainly the banks at any rate seem prepared for such eventualities. I remember being somewhat irritated on going for the first time into a certain bank in the "down-town" quarter and being shadowed all the way to the cashier's desk by an enormous commissionaire, who appeared to be taking no chances whatever, and who remained within two or three feet of me all the time I was within the portals of the building. It is extremely objectionable to have people breathing into one's face while one is presenting credentials to a third party. As against this atmosphere of suspicion, however, it is but fair to mention a pleasing phenomenon of gentlemanly trust in a certain "quick-lunch" restaurant frequented by business men in the middle of the day, where one enters and takes whatever fancy dictates, without check, paying subsequently at a wicket on one's own computation. For all I know there may be others of this kind in existence, but I have not yet encountered them.

A visit should be made to the Woolworth building—at the top, on a windy day, you can feel it swaying gently, but perceptibly, in the breeze. The interior of the Cunard building is a splendid spectacle—the dome of the central booking-hall is decorated like a palace—and whatsoever the line that receives your patronage, you must not

fail to pay this temple of commerce at least a transitory call.

* * * * *

A yellow taxi-cab dashes furiously up to the dock gates and comes to a standstill with a suddenness and precision worthy of its Parisian counterpart. It is a bitter cold March day and the shelter of the quay-side offices is not unacceptable, nor is there present here the discomfort which long experience of crowds has led one to expect, when forced by circumstances to associate with them. A well-regulated stream of passengers passes in easy stages through the long, covered passages at the landing-stage, and so across the various gangways to the giant liner berthed in the dock. Soon she is moving slowly out into the river, accompanied by the cheers from serried ranks of spectators massed upon the quay. There is a dark mist over the water, and snow has commenced to fall. The famous prospect of skyscrapers appears in towering strength through a screen of grey, which deepens into gloom, and in a short while has obliterated the scene. In the meantime a furious-looking tug has raced up from a point of vantage on the water-front, and now appears upon the port side at no great distance from the ship. The former's deck is crowded by a press of eager humanity which lines the rails and occupies every available space on board commanding a view over the water. Of a sudden this impetuous throng, whose activities have up

to the present taken on something of a sinister aspect, bursts in unison into a vociferous and piercing clamour, sending across the small interval that divides them from the liner a yell of welcome peculiar to their kind. "Rah, Rah, Rah!" come the fierce cries, and "Rah, Rah, Rah!" yet again is wafted over the waves. Hands are flung wildly into the air and cheer after cheer resounds through the atmosphere of gloom in which both ship and tug are enveloped. The latter's siren is blowing furiously at intervals, a succession of popular and patriotic songs are sung, and with a final "Rah, Rah, Rah!" the impetuous tug is put back whence she came. There is an American cardinal on board, it appears, and his friends are giving him a hearty send-off on his voyage to Rome. It is perishingly cold on deck; there are only a few white crests to be seen upon the water, and all around the snowflakes are falling steadily. Here are the open seas and the beginning of travail—the dark hours before the dawn of England's morning.

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