

# ROUND THE WORLD TRAVEL LETTERS

By CLARENCE POE

From Canada to California.\*

**S**AN FRANCISCO again! The last time I saw it was five years ago—nine months before the awful earthquake of 1906 when I looked down on it from the top of Mount Tamalpais—the splendid city at my feet on the south, the Sacramento River winding like a silver thread through the valley to the north, on the east the far-blue of the Sierras, and on the west a long line of fog clouds hanging low over the misty Pacific—one of the prettiest of memory's pictures. The view now is little changed, so completely has the wrecked and fire-swept city been re-built.

## The Isolation of Our Pacific Coast.

"The trouble with San Francisco is that it is too far from the United States," said one of my fellow-passengers last night, and he was about right. To get to it from the rich States of the West and Southwest you must travel across a sheer thousand miles of mountain and desert—more than a thousand miles if you come by the Union Pacific. And this morning in eastern California I was more than a mile and a quarter higher up than I am in San Francisco to-night. With such a rough and barren country between our Pacific Coast and the thickly settled West Central States, one is inclined to think a little more seriously of Homer Lea's prediction that Japan will ultimately seek to capture the Philippines, Hawaii, and California and thus win the complete mastery of the Pacific. Certainly I have gained a new idea of the enormous difficulty the United States would have in getting re-inforcements across to its Pacific frontier if the Japanese should succeed in capturing two or three of the more important railway lines.

## The Stirring "Days of '49."

This dry, desert-like mountain country with its few safe passes, also reminds me of the enormous death-toll in the rush to California in the gold-hunting days of '49. Only this morning we passed Lake Donner, so named because by its banks camped a great party of the early immigrants, the great majority of whom died of starvation before ever reaching their hoped-for El Dorado. And hundreds and thousands of others in smaller parties—just how many only the record books of Heaven will ever tell—left their bleaching bones to mark the trail for other travelers, only a few of them remembered even by one of those inexpressibly lonely headstones which I saw occasionally amid the sandy sage brush in the desert yesterday. I myself remembered hearing my father tell of emigrants from my old home who started out and were never heard of again.

## "Enduring Hardness Like Good Soldiers."

And yet those days have an unflinching appeal for all of us. They had their compensations in that their trials brought out the iron in men, and called forth the highest qualities of daring and of perseverance till death. Hosea Biglow echoed a universal feeling of the human heart when he said: "I du like a man thet ain't afeared." As we came through passes this morning hallowed by these epic memories of the early settlers, I could not but wonder if the young men of our time will be made of stuff as stern and worthy—wondered all the more as there stood beside me a lank, pale, bespectacled young descendant of these emigrants, who complained even of the military training in the University as "beastly," his exquisite ring on his right hand and his ruby-and-diamond ring on his left marking him unmistakably as a "sissy." No wonder William James begins to speculate as to what we shall do to develop qualities of hardness and manhood in our city youth—those who are so unfortunate as never to have served a farm apprenticeship in breaking steers and plowing new-grounds and mauling rails. I noticed in a magazine only this morning his remark that—

"To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing-fleets in December, to dish-washing and clothes-washing and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stoke-holes, to the frames of skyscrapers, would our gilded youth be drafted off to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back to society with

healthier sympathies and soberer ideas, treading the earth more proudly."

The women of those days were heroines, too; perhaps even to an even more striking degree than the men were heroic, and our twentieth century bejeweled and pampered daughters of fortune, interested only in society, card-playing, novel-reading, automobiles and gossip, doubtless stand in as sore need as the young men of some course in hard, practical, unpleasant, human toil, calculated to give them a genuine sympathy with labor, the knowledge of what a dollar is worth, and more practical views of life. Such a course should, of course, concern itself chiefly with housekeeping and home-making, yet I noticed not without interest in this morning's paper that the English princess, daughter of King George, is learning typewriting: something akin to the spirit which prompts the German Emperor to require that every prince of the blood-royal shall master a trade.

## The Panama Canal and Some Southern Opportunities.

San Francisco just now has its coat off and its sleeves rolled up in a bulldog-like endeavor to get Congressional endorsement as the place for the Panama Canal celebration in 1915. New Orleans wants it, too, and every Southerner should give New Orleans all the support possible, for whichever city and section gets it will naturally impress itself upon the popular imagination as of most importance in connection with our Oriental trade. Perhaps when our eyes are once turned south to Panama, we may also deign to look a little further and take notice of the brilliant commercial opportunities offered us by the development of South America. As it is now, a business man here who has traveled over practically the entire continent tells me that only seven per cent of South America's trade is with the United States, and to get a decent ship for our sister-continent you must first sail to Liverpool. And yet on the great highway of the seas, these countries are next-door neighbors of our Southern States and should buy largely of our cotton goods, farm implements, and other manufactures. One of my Southern friends is shipping a considerable quantity of seeds to Argentina—which is the United States of South America, with exports amounting to three-quarters of a billion a year; but we can never hope to get our share of all this golden traffic until we can send commercial explorers down there who can speak Spanish. More of our college students should learn the language, for King Alphonso's decadent little country represents only a small part of the Spanish-speaking world with which our generation has to do.

## Utah and the Mormons.

Yesterday we passed through Utah and I was interested in talking with an ex-newspaper man, long a resident of Salt Lake City, about the State and its people. Irrigation has made it quite a fertile Commonwealth, and it is claimed indeed that Brigham Young was the father of Western irrigation. He may also claim to have been the original advocate of "Ten Acres Enough," for this was the amount of land he allotted to each Mormon, and the careful, intensive and profitable cultivation given these smaller areas has justified his wisdom. Young was unmistakably a man of great versatility and ability. The cities he laid off would do credit to a landscape gardener; the great church structures he planned are marvels of architecture, the organization or machinery of the Mormon Church is said to be superior even to the Roman Catholic, and his business enterprises were so well managed that he died—after supporting unnumbered wives and more children than the fabled "Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe"—worth fully \$7,500,000, whereas the wealth of his entire party when they came to Utah was only \$2.85. Not impossibly he was foresighted enough to expect some such result when he instituted the plan of requiring revived the Old Testament plan of tithing, all good Mormons being required to give one-tenth of their gross income to the church.

Concerning Young as a man of piety and re-

(Continued on page 740.)

## "What's The News?"

**T**HE NATIONAL Farmers' Union in session last week at Charlotte, N. C., re-elected President Chas. S. Barrett under whose wise direction it has made such wonderful progress. Resolutions were adopted favoring a tariff for revenue only, opposing a central bank, favoring parcels post, favoring the prohibition of dealing in cotton futures, endorsing the policy of conservation, favoring physical valuation of railroads, telegraph lines, etc., by the Interstate Commerce Commission and urging larger appropriations for the teaching of agriculture and domestic science in the public schools.

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Governor Patterson, of Tennessee, surprised the country last week by announcing his withdrawal as a candidate for re-election. This action makes even more unsettled the already uncertain politics of that State. B. W. Hooper, the Republican candidate, has been endorsed by the "independent" Democrats in many counties, and whether or not the warring Democratic factions will be able to agree on a candidate is very uncertain. The independents think that Patterson, realizing that his defeat for the Governorship was certain, may, as a last desperate move, try to get control of the Legislature and go to the Senate. It is likely, however, that his political career is practically over. First elected as a reformer, he began at once the organization of the most perfect machine ever known in Tennessee. His flagrant abuse of the pardoning power, his attempt to coerce the Supreme Court, and his disregard of his pre-election promises proved him as unscrupulous as he was daring and ambitious.

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The four Democrats on the Ballinger investigating committee met with Congressman Madison and Senator Nelson and adopted a report declaring that Secretary Ballinger was unfitted for his post and asking him to resign. Mr. Madison joined in the report with the Democrats. The other Republican members refused to attend the meeting. Chairman Nelson will call them together and a report will likely be adopted exonerating Mr. Ballinger. The whole investigation has been a fierce partisan struggle, and the committee seems to have done almost everything except deliberate.

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The election in Maine last Tuesday was a general surprise. The Democrats had scarcely dared hope to carry the State, but their candidate for Governor, F. M. Plaisted, was elected by 3,000 to 5,000; they elected three of the four Congressmen and will possibly control the Legislature. It has been nearly 30 years since the State had a Democratic Governor.

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The sensational features of Mr. Roosevelt's trip last week were the refusal of Mayor Seidel, of Milwaukee, to welcome him to that city, and his refusal in turn to dine at the same banquet with Senator Lorimer. The day after this happened the jury acquitted Lee O'Neill Browne, charged with bribery in the Lorimer election.

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The long-standing Newfoundland fishing dispute between the United States and England has been settled by the Hague Tribunal. The verdict is a compromise, and Senator Root is reported as saying that the United States gets the small end of the bargain.

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Lloyd W. Bowers, Solicitor General of the United States, who was slated, it is generally believed, for appointment to the Supreme Court, died last Friday. He was 51 years old and a native of Massachusetts.

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Early returns from Arkansas indicate the election of the Democratic candidates by the usual majorities and the adoption of the initiative and referendum.

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Ten high officials of the Swift, Armour and Morris packing-house concerns are under indictment for conspiracy in restraint of trade.

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A great ovation was given Gifford Pinchot at the National Conservation Congress and his policies endorsed by the meeting.

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The International Eucharistic Congress, a great meeting of Catholic churchmen, closed last Sunday.

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Connecticut Democrats have nominated Judge Simeon E. Baldwin for Governor.

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