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EDITED BY
ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN

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IV. MOUNT LOWE AND SANTA MONICA.

In lands of palm and Southern pine ;
 In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
 Of olive, aloe, maize, and vine !

Tennyson.



No inconsiderable portion of the State of California and the Pacific Ocean was within our vision. Exactly 3,000 feet, directly beneath us, the mesa which lay like a cushion at the base of the great Sierra Madre Mountains reflected in the morning sun a spot of dazzling gold. Old Cabrillo saw the same more than three hundred years

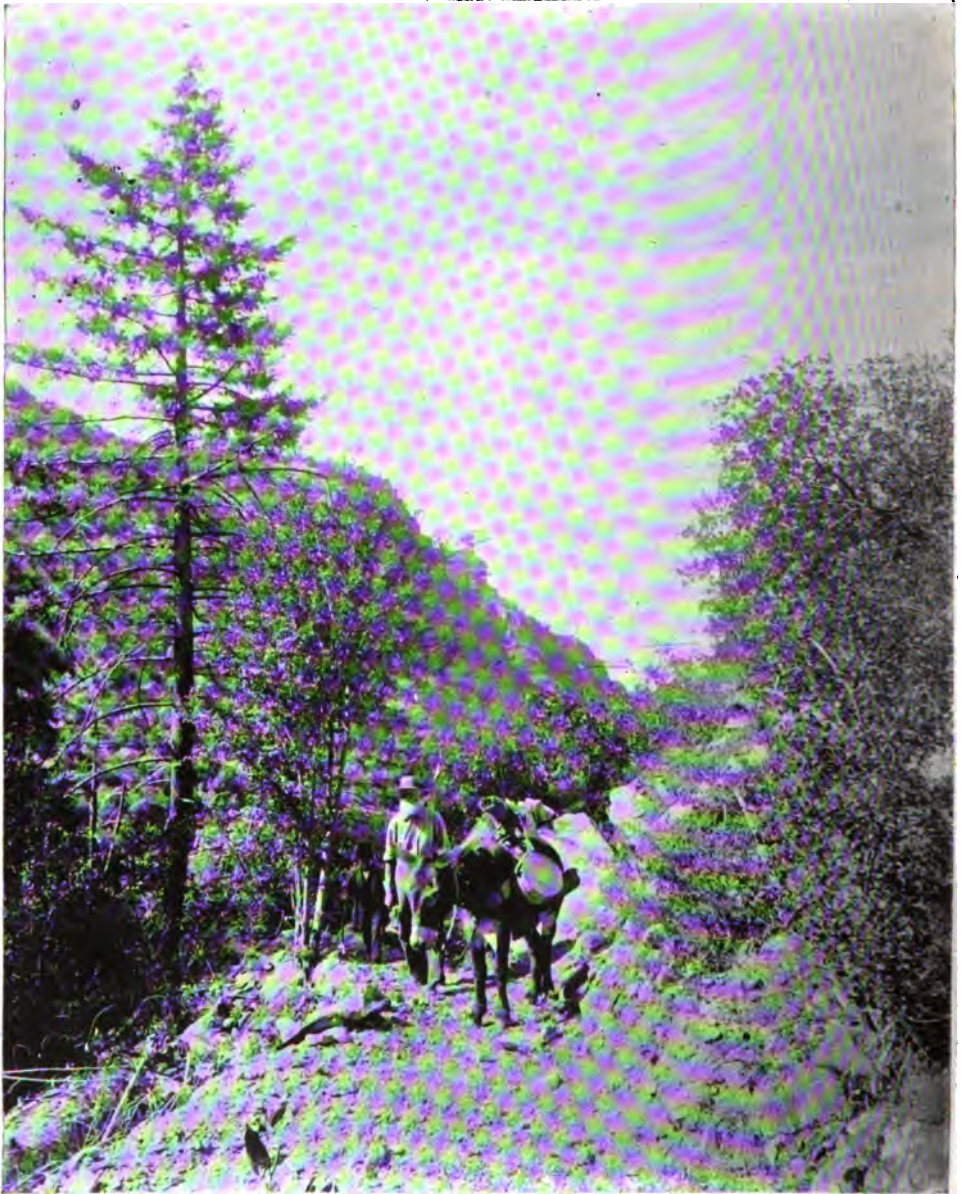
ago while lazily floating in his tiny caravels before a soft tropical breeze in the unknown sea, sixty miles away. He named the golden dot Cape Floral and its glorious flowers, the counterfeit presentment of the metal he had come so far to seek, *copas de oro*.

The poetic old Portuguese captain may have peopled the beautiful valley of the San Gabriel, may have seen it reveling in its orange, lemon, olive, and pomegranate groves, but unless he possessed the prophetic vision of the Evangel he



ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE, FROM OBSERVATORY.

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ON BRIDLE ROAD IN CASTLE CAÑON, ON THE "MOUNT LOWE EIGHT."

could not have imagined what science and skill would accomplish on the brow of this the highest peak of the "Mother Mountains."

"Yet more marvelous things have taken place on mountains," said my companion. "Do not forget Sinai, Transfiguration, and Calvary."

It was a wonderful thought, and there back of us, a few hundred feet above, was a dome from out of which hung the eye of a great telescope, forever searching the heavens for worlds to which ours is as insignificant as were Cabrillo's wildest dreams in comparison to what has taken place since his adventurous

eye first sought out that sun-kissed bed of molten poppies.

In natural scenery there is very little in the world that you cannot find duplicated and improved upon in this domain of California. A few days before we had been at Santa Barbara and had seen the "Riviera" under skies that rivaled Southern France; now, standing on the veranda of a modern hotel on the summit of Echo Mountain, beneath the beetling crags of Mount Lowe, we are among the

A breeze tears the mists away from the mountains behind. A chaos of wilderness and beauty starts into life,— the bare granite tops, the precipitous gorges, the somber matted forest, the moss-clad, rocky walls,— all mingled in bewildering confusion.

First the dark brow of Mount Lowe reveals itself. Then the valley of San Gabriel becomes distinct from end to end. On beyond lies Pasadena, Los Angeles, the Pacific, and Catalina Island.



THE WORLD'S FAIR SEARCH LIGHT, ECHO MOUNTAIN.

Apenines or on Mount Washington. The grandest works of God and man are before us. The silver sheen of the Pacific, fertile deep-fruited valleys, rugged cañons, barren arroyos, luxuriant forests, the spires and housetops of cities, park-like ranches, and most wonderful of all to us, the marvelous little railroad that connected our mountain eyrie with this world below.

A stream, thirty miles away, is but a palpitating white thread on the horizon. Irrigating reservoirs here and there glisten in the full blaze of the sun like silver shields. The Sierra Madres are purple, violet, pale blue, or green, as the light strikes them. An amethystine haze hangs about Mount Lowe, and olive-green shadows fill Rubio Cañon. A great white car is slowly creeping up the



LEONTINE FALLS, IN VIEW FROM ECHO MOUNTAIN.

mountain loaded with tourists. A gong sounds within and breakfast is ready.

Three miles from Pasadena is the little city of Altadena, where the mountain electric railway begins. This leads by easy grades up 2,200 feet above the level of the sea to the remarkable cable incline at Rubio Cañon. The scenery on this first section of two and one-half miles is striking. The road after entering the cañon crosses eleven bridges that

At the head of the cañon and at the foot of the great incline, which is three thousand feet in length and makes a direct ascent of thirteen hundred feet, is a hotel.

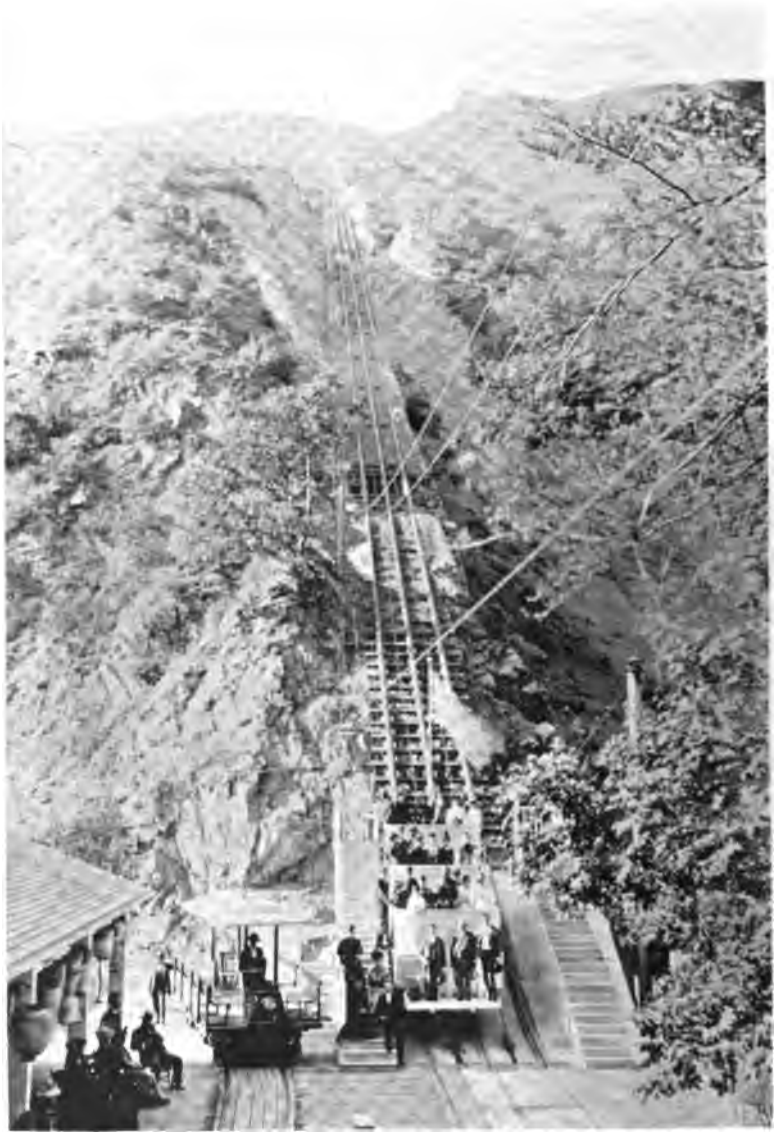
As you look straight up this grade it seems almost perpendicular, and brave is the tourist that does not feel his heart beat faster as he enters one of the "white chariots." The grade is really from 48 to 62 per cent.



THE LONG WHARF AT PORT LOS ANGELES.

span chasms. At one place we pass through solid granite, which was cut by workmen suspended in the air by ropes. The car glides along the edge of a precipice and into romantic defiles and around jutting crags. Mountain mahogany, lilac, bays, live oaks, ferns, trailing vines, and the stately "Spanish-bayonet," which the Mission Fathers called "Candlestick of our Lord," clothe the sides of the cañons.

The cars are permanently attached to an endless cable, and are so balanced that in ascending and descending they pass each other at an automatic turnout, exactly midway on the incline. Almost noiselessly the car glides upward. At one point it crosses a trestle two hundred feet in length which is one hundred feet higher at one end than at the other. The mountain scenery on the way is majestic.



THE CABLE INCLINE, ECHO MOUNTAIN.

Back of the splendid Echo Mountain House is the cañon, fifteen hundred feet deep, which gives the mountain its name. It is a veritable home of the echo. The notes of a bugle or the crack of a rifle goes on and on up the cañon, always returning softer and more indistinct, until lost in the savage fastnesses of the mountains.

At dusk we were gathered on the edge of the sheer precipice, the tops of the tallest pines were far below. The report of a four-pounder suddenly broke the expectant stillness; a thousand guns answered from the darkness of the crags. Then began what sounded like the fabled game of nine-pins of old Hendrik Hudson and his men in the Catskills, as discharg

after discharge went thundering away into the night.

A quarter of a mile above the hotel is the Lowe Observatory, in which the veteran astronomer, Doctor Lewis Swift, nightly scours the heavens for more comets and new nebulae. We spent a night in his company, and became better acquainted with Jupiter and Saturn and our friends of the Milky Way.

The mountains have been covered with a maze of foot-paths and bridle-

the "white chariot" for the last time and bid goodby to this enchanted region and its magician, Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, we were not satisfied to exchange the mountain solitude for the smiling plains until we were convinced that there was no Aladdin's lamp or genie's ring hidden somewhere among the crags.

I think one never really enjoys a picture-book or descriptive circular until after having seen the place described. I was look-



ILLUMINATING THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY FROM ECHO MOUNTAIN.

roads which reach up to the top of Mount Lowe, 6,600 feet, affording an area for mountain climbing and rambling unequalled by any resort on earth. The climate, unlike the zero weather on Mount Washington, is as soft and mild as a summer day in New England, or in the winter months, you can toboggan among Alpine heights in plain view of the orange groves and rose gardens of Pasadena and Los Angeles.

When our time came to enter the

ing over a little pamphlet extolling the wealth and wonders of California in general and Los Angeles County in particular one afternoon, as the train was speeding over the fertile stretch of country that lies between the capital of the county and the seashore. My eye ran carelessly down a list of things of which the State boasted. I must say "things," for out of the forty-five enumerated, there were oranges and gold, hogs and nectarines, perfumes and limes, wines



IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

and fertilizers, asphaltum and citrons, the grapes of Eschcol and so on and so on.

“What is there, natural or artificial, that California does not have and have in abundance?” I thought, and the thunder of the surf at Santa Monica

answered. California has not a protected sea harbor between San Francisco and San Diego. The beautiful little city of Santa Monica, with its avenues, plazas, and parks, its magnificent summer homes and charming cottages, its great hotel on the sea and its flowers and



THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT LOWE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

LOOKING WESTWARD FROM GRAND CAÑON SADDLE. MT. LOWE.





DR. LEWIS SWIFT, DIRECTOR OF LOWE OBSERVATORY.

palms, did not quite drive this fact from my mind. It would almost seem that the Creator had intended to isolate this wonderful State with all its richness of soil and magic of seasons from the passions and ambitions of the explorer, the adventurer, the trader, and the politician. For, for eight hundred miles on the one side He has given it a harbor-

less coast line, and on the other an oasis-less desert. California lies between the desert and the sea, and only the inventions of the century bind it to Washington and the fatherland on the Atlantic.

We ran out almost a mile into the sea on a great wharf that the railroad company had built to convince the nation that it was possible to construct a break-



PROF. T. S. C. LOWE.

by engineers and government officials that a Santa Monica was impossible. It was considered a foolhardy, worse than ridiculous undertaking, and yet it has been accomplished so easily and quietly that the government does not seem to know that it is a fact and is still debating and spending money on commissions to report on the best point on the California coast to construct a deep sea harbor.

As we reached the end of the wharf, where steamers were loading and unloading, trains were backing and switching, and the regular rhythmical toll of the great fog bell was keeping time to the waves, some of the problems that this work had solved came to our minds. Shoreward a light fog hung about the perpendicular sea walls of gray clay. Sea gulls circled and called about our heads,

water that would give this vast reach of country at least one deep sea harbor.

It is one of those remarkable works that two thousand years ago would have ranked as one of the wonders of the world. Not that it is so very remarkable as an engineering triumph at this day, but it proves over again what can be done when a company of men believes a thing can be done and makes up its mind to do it. The building of this great wharf, which is 4,720 feet long, 28 feet wide, and cost over a million dollars, is the story of the Suez Canal repeated. It had been said time and again



THE GRAPES OF ESHCOL



IN AN OLIVE ORCHARD.

with eyes alert for every crumb that fell from the cook's galley on the *Corona*.

When the government builds its four million dollar stone wall out into the sea, so as to make it possible for any and all ships to unload at this wharf in all kinds of weather, then will a city spring up at Santa Monica that will soon reach out to Los Angeles, which is only twelve miles away, and make it the great central distributing point for the entire country, including Nevada, Utah, and Arizona.

The Hawaiian Islands, China, Japan,

and Australia, will send all cargoes destined for the Gulf and Atlantic seaboard here, and thereby save the five hundred miles from San Francisco and the necessary surmounting of a summit of over 7,000 feet, and continuous grades of from one hundred to 116 feet per mile for a distance of nearly one hundred miles.

It is passing strange to a sightseer who stands on the pier-head in the midst of all this anthill of activity, out here a mile in the sea, why the government does



A TYPICAL SANTA MONICA GARDEN.

not do its share toward giving this Coast at least one storm-proof harbor in eight hundred miles. How long, one wonders, would the merchants and shippers of the Atlantic seaboard do without a harbor between Portland, Maine, and Newport News?

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company has certainly done its share toward the venture, and what is good for a railroad is always good for its tributary country.

But I may be overstepping the rights of a mere sightseer in even suggesting a

possible commercial improvement in this land of the orange and the winter tourist. Its history is so filled with romance and its surface so covered with the good things of all climes, that one surely ought to find enough to write about without touching on subjects that may wound the pride of these American dons of the ranchos of the Franciscans. Yet the time will come when the visitor on Mount Lowe will have to include in his inventory of things seen a forest of masts in the harbor of Santa Monica.

Rounsevelle Wildman.

