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THE RAILROAD TRAINMAN



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home and placed therein? There is always a wonderful lot of excitement whenever a subject of this kind is broached which could be saved if the matter were thought-

fully analyzed. The down and outer is going to cost society for his keep; the question is, who shall handle the money, the man or the almshouse?

A Trip Up Mount Lowe.

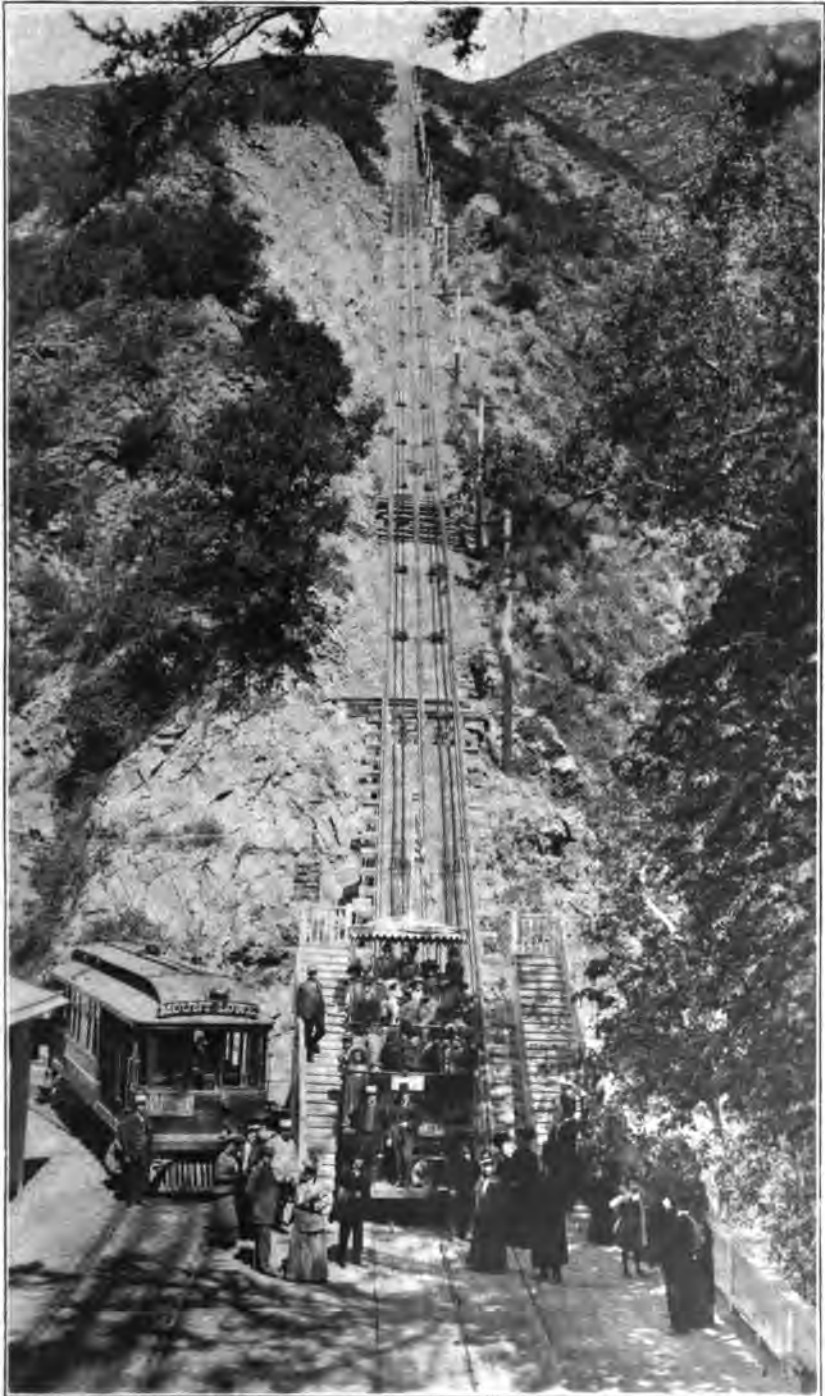


THE route to Mt. Lowe lies through the busy marts of the City of Angels—its wholesale and jobbing district; a portion of the manufacturing section; skirting Eastlake Park and Indian Village; and climbing in sweeping curves the divide between the "Crown City" (Pasadena) and Los Angeles, reaching the summit at Oneonta. Here "Wonderland" begins to present itself most forcibly. Toward the mountain lies Pasadena, crown gem of the Southern California cities; habitat of millionaires, near millionaires and others having much less money, but no less culture; a city of such rare beauty, it might be fitly named Paradise II.; while to the east stretches fertile, beautiful, romantic San Gabriel Valley, the Orangeland of the South, the treasure chest of Nature. A portion of this goes over what is known as the Oak Knoll line, passing the great Raymond Hotel on the left and the Huntington mansion with its treasures of art and flora on the right, skirting beautiful estates, into Pasadena and through a portion of the city, stopping a moment before Hotel Maryland, then on to the north to Altadena, where the real mountain climbing by trolley begins. Even thus far, the trip has paid a large dividend in pleasure on the small amount of investment.

As the car begins to climb the steeper gradients, it sweeps out into the open, where in springtime the poppy fields are like a cloth-of-gold and the air has the freshness of the high hills. The track begins to wind among the great shoulders of the mountains, laboriously skirting the precipitous sides of canyons, until of a sudden it plunges into the cool, green depths of Rubio (2200 feet above the sea), where it stops, and one steps out to look up the long incline. One dares not digress to tell of the beauties of Rubio Canyon.

You are bound for the summit and the way lies straight ahead—up the incline which reaches Echo Mountain, 3500 feet in altitude, an ascent of 1300 feet in a distance of 3000 traveled, on a grade of 62 per cent.

The cars of the incline, which seat about 28 people, are permanently attached to a cable of the finest steel, tested to 100 tons, never loaded to exceed 5 tons, and protected by devices which make accidents impossible. From Echo Mountain the view is superb. Here is located the observatory, the great world's fair searchlight, the electrical machinery for operating the incline, etc. And from Echo starts the electric road that winds to Alpine Tavern. It is a substantially built road, with grades rarely exceeding 7 per cent, for the height to be attained is only about 1500 feet. The diversity of views is the wondrous charm. One admires the skill and daring of its construction, but is awed by the sublimity of range which it affords from a hundred points of vantage. At one point, by looking up and down the mountain, nine different tracks can be seen. Its ties are laid upon a solid granite shelf. It skirts the vast depths of Millard's and Grand Canyon, passes through "Granite Gate" and as it climbs upward continually reveals changing pictures of great scope—now to the south, the west or north. At times it runs amid groves of gnarled and knotted oaks, again amid great pines whose rugged sides are green with moss and whose giant tops tower far a-sky. And at last Ye Alpine Tavern is reached, a rare bit of Swiss architecture, nestling in a glen of exceeding beauty, watched over by trees where innumerable squirrels and birds make their homes. Here one wants to linger, and many do, for weeks, to drink in the pure balsam of the air and restfulness of these calm heights.



INCLINE RAILROAD UP ECHO MOUNTAIN, EN ROUTE TO MT. LOWE.

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CIRCULAR BRIDGE TO MT. LOWE, CALIFORNIA.

The "trail" starts from here—that wonderful path three miles in length that winds to the summit 1100 feet above. The journey is made by horse and burro, and is perfectly safe; though one is thrilled by the sense of adventure and enthralled by the novelty of the ride and the glory of the winding landscape. There are many higher mountains in the world than Mt. Lowe, whose bold summit rises 6100 feet above the sea, and some of them are accessible to the tourist by rail lines of various routes. There are others whose altitudes are much less, which make specious claim to attention. But in all the world—and we are saying this in sincerity and with knowledge of the facts—there are none which have such charm; whose lofty peaks and shoulders offer so many wide landscapes, comprising range upon range of mountains, wide and fertile valleys, and blue far-reaching sea, fringed with white breakers, dotted by fair islands.



SANGRE DE CRISTO RANGE, COLORADO