

## STORIES OF THE PACIFIC.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., June 13, 1893 — Within the past three weeks I have traveled almost the whole length of our Pacific slope. I visited Tacoma and Seattle, the future great seaports of the northwest, a month ago, and now, amid the orange groves nearly 1,500 miles southward, I wrote from the metropolis of the Southern Pacific, the booming town of Los Angeles. You people of the rest of the United States cannot understand how these cities of the west spring into being. You imagine them crude, and you look upon their people as semi-barbarians. The truth is, the center of real culture today is in the west, and the best element of true Americanism is west of the Alleghenies. The old method of chopping out a town with the ax and the hand saw has long since passed away. The new cities which are growing up here today carry with them the best of sanitary regulations and modern street improvements. Tacoma is hardly six years old, but it has asphalt streets which are as good as those of Washington, and some of its restaurants actually cook their beef-steak by electricity. Seattle has cable cars and electricity cars which run faster and better than any I have ever seen in Boston, and the San Francisco cables are the wonder of the world. They cut mountains down to mole hills with their iron grip, and have made what were once worthless sand hills so valuable as residence sites that they may be called mounds of gold.

## WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON.

One of the best cities of the Pacific slope is Portland, Ore. It is full of wealth and business and it is growing like a green bay tree. It is a center of great intellectual culture as well as of business grit, and it boasts, I am told, of more millionaires in proportion to its population than any other town in the country. It is spreading out on both sides of the Willamette river and it already has a population of about 75,000. Its banks are noted for their stability and they represent a business of \$20,000,000 a year, while the wholesale and jobbing trade of the city foots up more than one hundred millions. Portland looks more like an eastern than a western city. Its houses are older. Its streets are wide and well paved and its business men have the substantial fronts on their persons as well as their houses which are indications of prosperity. The state of Oregon, as you will see from its World's Fair exhibit at Chicago, has become one of the great farming states of the Union, and Portland claims the whole state as her meat. She has water lines and railway lines which reach to every corner of it, and traveling over Oregon is like travel in Massachusetts—to reach any place in the one you have to find Boston and in the other you have to go to Portland to start.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND ITS DIAMONDS.

San Francisco, which other parts of the country state is bound to suffer by the growth of the cities on the Pacific slope above and below it, has as yet not changed its place. There is more life in it today than in any other city of the Union except New York or Chicago and its people rush as rapidly along as ever. They are like no people in the United States and they are among the

most cosmopolitan people in the world. The greed of gold still sticks to them, but they do their business in a royal way. They don't like greenbacks, and gold is the common currency of the Pacific. You get little service of any kind for less than a quarter and you can't offer a beggar less than a nickle. Pennies won't buy anything but postage stamps and it costs you a quarter to get a shave. San Francisco dresses more gaily than any other town in the Union. Every young business man has creases in his pantaloons and almost all wear diamond studs. The women blaze with diamonds and sealskin sagues are more common here than gingham aprons in New England. The climate is such that furs can be worn all the year round and the ladies take advantage of it. The stores of San Francisco show the wealth of the people. The art shops are fine. The jewelry stores are better by far than those of Washington and the costliest of goods command ready sale. The average of wealth is over \$1,000 per head, or more than \$5,000 per family. San Francisco is said to have fifty men in it whose checks are good for a million or more any day, and the hundred-thousand-dollar men are no more noticed in it than in New York or in London. Among the worst men in it are its rich men who are always giving the city a bad name by their law suits about their mistresses or their wives. The general average of morality, however, is not low. The city has about 130 odd churches, and it has a score of academies and places of art. It has, like all of these western cities, a number of fine clubs, and its Press Club will compare favorably with any in the Union.

## CLUB LIFE ON THE PACIFIC.

Speaking of club life in the west, I have told you something of the magnificent club houses of Minneapolis and of Helena and Butte City. I found at Seattle as good a club house, owned by the Rainier club, as you could wish for, and at Tacoma the leading men of the town have built a great frame mansion which overlooks Puget sound for miles either way, and which is as comfortable a bachelor's home as any I have seen in the east. It was built very cheaply, its first cost being only \$25,000 and its 250 members clipping in \$100 apiece. Portland has also a magnificent club artistically furnished, and some of the smaller of these western towns have social organizations with houses of their own. Club life is fast growing in the United States and there is more real brotherly love today among the workers of the world than ever before.

## BIG NEWSPAPER OF THE WEST.

Among the most profitable properties of the west and the Pacific slope are its newspapers. In many of the cities the best buildings are owned by daily journals, and the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* and the Omaha *Bee* have blocks each of which is worth more than half a million dollars, and the *Bee* has for years been paying a net income of more than \$50,000 annually. One of the finest buildings in Spokane is that of the *Review*, which is such that it would do credit to Chicago, and the finest business building in Portland is the immense stone structure which the *Oregonian* has just finished. In San Francisco the tower of the ungainly *Chronicle* building overtops everything else, and here at Los

Angeles the *Times* has a granite building of its own, and it promises to prove an inexhaustible gold mine. Nearly all the rich newspaper men of the west started life poor. The *Oregonian* built itself slowly into wealth. DeYoung of the *Chronicle* trotted about for years on his uppers. Rosewater, the proprietor of the Omaha *Bee*, was a telegraph operator during the war, and Col. Otis of the Los Angeles *Times* was about fifteen years ago one of Uncle Sam's hired men in the patent office in Washington. He resigned his position and came west. When he landed in California he had only fifty dollars in his pocket. He got an interest in the *Times* on credit, working at first on a salary of fifteen dollars a week. Now he owns a majority of the stock, and his income is twice that of the chief justice of the United States. His paper is the Bible of southern California, and he is now putting in a new \$25,000 press, and will use linotype machines for the greater part of his composition.

## A WONDERFUL FOUNDATION.

Speaking of the *Times'* press, it has the most remarkable foundation of any press in the country. Col. Otis has ransacked the world for relics and stones to put into it, and it contains every variety of California rock, from the quartz of the Red river gold mine to glass lava from the crater of Mt. Shasta. There are stones in it from every state of the Union, and among the curiosities from old Mexico are a rock from the great Aztec temple, a stone from the house of Cortez and a branch from the tree under which Cortez spent the night before he was expelled from the city by the Aztecs. There are pieces of all the great buildings at Washington, bits from the World's Fair, a chip from Plymouth Rock and a great museum of curios from the old world. Rome has contributed to this press foundation pieces of marble from the palaces of the Cæsars and stones from the Appian Way. Pompeii, the buried city, has given a block or two from one of its poet's houses. The Alhambra in Spain furnishes a tile from the doorstep of one of its most famous towers, and the great pyramid of Egypt has given a stone from the queen's chamber. There are relics from everywhere, from the borders of Nubia to the Yukon river in Alaska, and the whole world has, in short, paid tribute to this Los Angeles newspaper.

## CALIFORNIA'S NEW SENATOR.

Los Angeles itself is one of the best towns of the west. It is growing steadily, and is now a substantial city of 65,000, made up for the greatest part of Colorado, Ohio and New England men. It has eleven railroads and is the shipping center of the southwest. It now rejoices in being the home of California's new Senator, Mr. White, the only Senator California has had for years who has not been a millionaire at the time of his election. Mr. White is well to do, but not rich. He lives here in a frame house which could be built for \$4,000, and he is said to make \$25,000 a year at the law. He is a man of sterling ability, and I find that the Californians all over the state expect him to create a name for himself and them in the Senate. Mrs. White is a North Carolinian who was educated in Philadelphia. She is an accomplished lady and will be a great addition to the senatorial circle.