

Written for this Paper.  
SUNSET TO SUNRISE.

Miles of freight and passenger cars leave the Southern Pacific Mole that jut into the bay opposite San Francisco every day. One long arm of steel railway extends to Ogden, another north to Portland, and a still longer stretch "away down south in Dixie," 2469 miles to New Orleans.

The engine on train No. 19 is snortingly with its baby pump working on the airbrakes; the engineer is carefully oiling the compound monster that pulls the long train, bound for Los Angeles, Yuma, Tucson, El Paso, San Antonio, Houston and the Gulf of Mexico—and on the tick of 5:30 p.m., we leave the gay city with its many attractions and allurements that excite the admiration of the traveler.

The first 200 miles passes down the great wheat region, the San Joaquin valley, where fruits and cereals of every kind are raised. The Sierras are on your left, the Coast range on the right. A magnificent plain with fields extending for miles without a fence—a continuous line of cities—break the monotony and offer suggestions as to the great future when all this land is cultivated and its manifold resources developed.

The next 200 miles carries us over the famous Tekachapi pass, with its noted railroad loop and many tunnels out on to the Mojave desert where the Santa Fe starts across the arid wastes of northern Arizona for Albuquerque, and the East. And on this same waste the curious growing yucca trees are seen, as well as other desert growths. But the enterprise of man has pierced the dust of centuries and brought artesian water to the surface so that towns and villages are starting up where a Jack rabbit could not make a living before.

Leaving the desert, we start down the Solidad canyon. The Sierra Madre mountains are on the south and the commencement of the third two hundred miles entered through the San Fernando tunnel, one and a quarter miles long, out into the paradise of lower California, the orange region.

There is no place on the earth where nature has done so much to make a beautiful resting place for man as the country where flourish the citrus growths. It is the one place in this broad land called North America where everything that a man needs for his enjoyment can be raised, where the extremes of climate do not exist, and floral fiestas are held while other places are covered up with a mantle of snow.

Along each side of the track from the end of the tunnel, through the city of Los Angeles and on past San Bernardino where the Mormon pioneers planted the first orange orchards, and nearly to a place called Indio, is a panorama of floral and horticultural beauty superior to any spot on earth that I have ever seen. Think of the fact that the orchardists expect to ship tens of thousands of carloads of oranges and lemons to the East from this region as well as other products; and then think that this country needs our coal (which is \$9.50 per ton in Los Angeles) potatoes, which and other cereals and that a few hundred miles of track would open up to Salt Lake

all the productions mother earth and give tons in a few hours tropical and semi-tropical fruits in addition to the production of the north which we already enjoy! I venture the assertion that once the Salt Lake and Los Angeles is finished, the market of our insular city would be the finest in the land.

Time will not permit me to dwell longer on this subject, but I hope to see the day when we can visit during the winter months this delightful region, within 24 hours from the time of starting.

Indio, on the Colorado desert, is 25 feet below sea level. The railroad company has transformed this sandy waste into a tropical oasis, where palms and other growths reach a majesty in size and scenic attraction almost beyond belief. At Salton, a little farther on, it is 263 feet below sea level.

We are now on the dreaded Colorado desert—a barren, sandy, gravelly, weary stretch of country of 150 miles from the commencement to the finish at Yuma. Water tanks are built for the use of stations and section houses. There is a total absence of verdure. The walking stick cactus and the mesquit, with a few prickly shrubs, are the only growths visible. To the east are the mountains bordering the Colorado river and on the west the Coast range; and when we reach the Colorado we say good bye to golden California, and as we enter Yuma we must put A. T., to the letter we write there.

This locality has the reputation of being the hottest in the Union. It is full of historical interest, and many funny stories of the effects of heat upon man and animals who have lived there are told. It is also said to be a grand place for consumption on account of its mild weather and dry atmosphere in winter. Near by the Gila river enters the Colorado. This is the only large river in Arizona. Our fifth 200 miles across the Gila desert and skirts this stream for a long distance. This is the region of the queer cactus that looks like a big-headed telegraph pole, called the *cereus gigantea*. Here grass is a curiosity, as it grows in the form of shrub, also the leafless tree, nail keg cactus and the kind known as the tree cactus.

Maricopa is the gateway to Phoenix and the Mormon settlements of Tempe and other places in Salt River valley. It is 896 miles from San Francisco, and in the very heart of what was once supposed to be an irreclaimable country, given over to desolation and sterility but which is slowly being resurrected by the energy of man into a marvellous land of fertility. It is in this region that the ancient land surveyors have left evidences of their skill in building irrigation ditches that cannot be beaten today. Casa Grande, a remarkable pile of buildings said to be three and a half centuries old, is also near the railroad. The general supposition is that this whole region was once thickly populated and highly cultivated. Certainly it is being reclaimed today and turned into a wonderland once more.

By the time we have reached Tucson we have passed the fifth lap of 200 miles—we have arrived at the oldest place on the line. Here within twelve miles can be found the wonderful old

mission of San Xavier built in the last century, and here also we are drawing close to Old Mexico and its swarthy people. Flat roomed houses of adobe prevail; groups of Mexicans are seen with their high-peaked hats, standing around the depot, for the arrival of the through trains is the event of the day at all the points along the line; and it is here that the motley groups, the section hands, the tie counters, the lads and lasses, assemble to see the greenhorns arrive from other lands. One evidence of the improved condition of society is the lesser number of tramps. You can take a walk along the platforms without having to listen to different tales of woe and want from half a dozen persuasive pleaders.

The Santa Cruz river runs through a part of the city. It is the only stream above ground between Benson and Yuma, and the creek plays all sorts of pranks—at one time running above ground and then disappearing from sight to appear again at a point some distance away. The verdureless Rincon mountains loom up towards the east of Tucson, the only trees that fringe their slopes being the subaurora or *cerenagigantea* and the mesquit, and leafless trees that abound everywhere and that seem to scrape out an existence without rainfall.

The general character of the scenery from Tucson eastward is arid and more mountainous than across the Gila desert, and between this city and Benson we say good bye to the cactus before detoured and enter upon the grassy slopes and plains of New Mexico. Stein's pass is pointed out where the dreaded Apache held high carnival and made life very uncertain for the traveler by wagon; but they are forever silenced. The swamps of Florida are their present abode and the only objects of dread are the train robbers who sometimes disturb the train hands by uncereemoniously stopping the great overlands.

Near Benson is a Mormon settlement, and here also you can take a train for Guaymas on the Gulf of California, and for the correctly named town of Tombstone—a mining locality famous for tough yarns and rough citizens. Along the road may be seen the dagger cactus whose leaves are similar to the snout of a sword-fish. This peculiar growth prevails for a thousand miles eastward, and is the only object of special attraction seen anywhere except the luxuriant grass. There are no streams or trees in sight, but artesian water is abundant, thanks for the plentiful summer rains that fall all over this country and away into Mexico southward.

Deming is the next point reached and is the commencement of the seventh lap of two hundred miles. It is the junction of the S. P. and the Santa Fe, and other, minor roads. It is a growing railroad town. Teams for the Mormon settlements in Mexico are outfitted here. Thousands of head of cattle are also shipped from this point. Clear skies, and broad open plains characterize the country southeast to El Paso, and nearing this ancient land mark we skirt the Rio Grande del Norte at this time of year a dirty muddy stream about the size of the Jordan river, but of course in high water time a raging torrent.