

Stories of the Pacific.

Queer Features of Coast Cities from Seattle to Los Angeles.

A Look at Portland, the Richest City of the West—San Francisco and Its Docks of Diamonds—Western Clubs and Club Life—The Big Western Newspapers and the Money They Make—The Los Angeles Times and Its Other Foundations—California's New Senator—A New Story of Marcus Daly—El Comodoro and His Billiard Playing—The Social, Jim Bridger, and Montana's Diamond Mountains—Fishing and Hunting in the Great Northwest.

Special Correspondence at the News.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., June 15, 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 write 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 grips, and have made what were once worthless sand hills so valuable as residence sites that they may be called mountains of gold.

WHERE ROLLS THE DEBON.

One of the best cities of the Pacific slope is Portland, Ore. It is full of wealth and business and 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 \$30,000,000 a year, while the whole sale and jobbing trade of the city looks 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 premises 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 (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 grip is such as to make it a power in the world. They are like the 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 order a bigger less than a nickel. Pennies won't buy anything but postage stamps and it costs you a quarter to get a shave. San Francisco stresses 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 western class with diamonds and seal-ring acquiesces 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 the wealth is over \$4,000 per head, or more than \$500 per family. San Francisco is said to have fifty millionaires.

in whom checks are good for a million or more any day, and the hundred-thousand-dollar men are no more infrequent than in New York or in London. Among the world men in these cities a bed room by their law suits about their mistresses or their wives. The general average of morality, however, is not low. This city has about 150,000 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 Baiter club, as you could wish for, and at Tacoma the leading men of the town have built a great frame mansion, which will cost about \$100,000. It is a beautiful building, and which is as comfortable as a bachelor's home as any I have seen in the east. It was built very cheaply, its first cost being only \$100,000 and its present members claiming \$100,000. It is a magnificent building, and which is as comfortable as a bachelor's home as any I have seen in the east. It was built very cheaply, its first cost being only \$100,000 and its present members claiming \$100,000.

THE SCENIC 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 Star have blocks each of which is worth more than half a million dollars, and the Star has for years been paying out income of more than \$100,000 annually. One of the finest buildings in Spokane is that of the Spokesman, which is such that it would do credit to Chicago, and the Denver business building in Portland is the finest business structure which the Oregonian has just finished. In San Francisco the tower of the Western Chronicle building reaches 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. Dr. Young of the Chronicle started about for years on his uppers. Rosewater, the proprietor of the Omaha Star, was a telegraph operator during the war, and Col. Olin of the Los Angeles Times was about fifteen years ago one of Uncle Sam's hired men in the patent office in Washington. His position and his salary were good. 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 ablest of the southern California, and he is now putting in a new \$500,000 press, and will

me linotype machines for the greater part of his composition.

A WONDERFUL PAPER.

Speaking of the Times press, it has the most remarkable foundation of any press in the country. Col. Olin has unmasked the country for riches and stoned to put into it, and it contains every variety of California stock, from the quartz of the Red River gold mine to the lava from the crater of Mt. Shasta. There are stories in it from every state of the Union, and among the correspondents from old Mexico are a rank from the great Aztec temple, a stone from the tomb of Cortes and a branch from the tree under which Cortes spent the night before he was expelled from the city by the Aztecs. There are pieces of all the great buildings of 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 jewel foundation a piece of marble from the palace of the Caesars and stones from the Appian Way. Pompeii, the buried city, has given a block or two from one of its poor's houses. The Alhambra in Spain furnishes a tile from the courtyard 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 towers of Nidaros to the Yohm 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 60,000, made up for the greater part of Colorado, Ohio and New England men. It has eleven railroads and is the shipping center of the southwest. It now requires 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 house-house, which could be built for \$2,000, 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 then in the Senate. Mrs. White is a North Californian who was educated in Philadelphia. She is an accomplished lady and will be a great addition to the senatorial circle.

MARCUS DALY AND THE SENATE.

Speaking of the millionaires of the west, the majority of them are full of common sense. They have no little or trifling about them and they are accessible to all. Marcus Daly, whom I met at Anacostia and who controls property worth from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, lives in rooms at his own hotel which he better furnished than they are for \$250 and I venture his personal expenses on clothes for a day amount to more than \$2,000 a year. Still he spends thousands upon thousands of months on extra expenses upon things which cannot possibly pay. He has, for instance, in one which I am told costs about \$250,000 a year, and he

probably gives more than twice that amount out of his own pocket to keep his headquarters going. His town of Anacostia is kept up by him, and he will spend anything of no anything to gain an end. Shortly before the recent senatorial election he was suspected of wanting to be a candidate himself, and one of his close friends said to him: "I believe, Mr. Daly, that you have got the senatorial bee in your hair."

"You were never more mistaken in your life," replied Daly, "and I can convince you in just ten minutes. Think of it! You know me, you know what my education is and you know something of the United States Senate. Now how do you think I would look alongside of John Sherman, John U. Carlisle and those other statesmen at Washington? Why, I would be a little thing in a crowd. Big people! Well, out here I'm a big head in a little puddle, and I can tell you, I'd a— might rather be a big road in a little puddle than a little head in a big puddle, and I'm going to stay in Montana."

SOME STORIES OF ST. CANNON.

One of the best western stories I have heard out here was told me by Mr. Jim Cannon of Great Falls. Mr. Cannon came west away back in the fifties, and he knew all the old customs of early days. Speaking of Kit Carson he said: "Kit Carson was anything but the typical scout of the stage. He was slightly stout, and was rather retiring than boasting in his manner. He was a good conversationalist, but never liked to talk about himself, and he was as modest as a girl about his adventures. He was, I remember, fond of playing pool at \$10 a ball, and the only time I have ever seen him angry were when the balls went against him. On making a bad shot he would sometimes throw down his cue and leave the room. He would come back in a few moments, take up the cue and resume the game as though nothing had happened."

"A different kind of a man," Mr. Cannon went on, "was Jim Bridger, another famous scout of early days. Bridger was always selling big stories, and he would come like a trumper, and get used if you pretended to doubt him. I remember one of his stories was about the great herd of bison which he once saw. He said it measured at least fifteen feet from wing to wing, and when he saw it flying off it had a live buffalo in its talons."

MONTANA'S DIAMOND MOUNTAIN.

"One of Jim Bridger's most wonderful stories," Mr. Cannon continued, "was about a diamond mountain which he said existed in Montana. I heard him tell it when we were coming with a party of miners from the gold fields of Colorado to those of Montana. We were moving along the trail when Jim said: 'I don't know whether we will take the upper or lower forks of the Wind river. If we take the upper trail we will strike the great diamond mountain.'"

"The diamond mountain," said one of the party, "why do you call it the diamond mountain?" "Because that's what it is," said Bridger. "It's a mountain made of one solid diamond. It's as big as any hill in

the Rockies and it is as clear as a drop of spring water."

"Have you ever seen it?" was asked. "Of course I have," replied Bridger. "I saw it when I last came this way, and I shall never forget how it looked. I was going along in an easy way like when I saw a deer browsing away about 200 feet from me. I tied my horse and got down on my knees and crept toward it. The ground was covered with low bushes, and I slipped along till I thought I was about 50 feet off. I then poked my head and the diamond deer was just as far off as ever. It did not seem to notice me and I crept nearer. When I thought I was within fifty feet of it I poked up my head, and there it stood eating as coolly as though there was no man in the world, and it was not so far away as ever. I then said to myself, 'I'll see if I can't scare you, anyway,' and I jumped up and ran only to find myself thrown flat on my back, with this great diamond mountain looking down upon me, and through it, on the other side of the mountain, I could see that blatted deer feeding away as peaceful as ever."

I had never heard of the mountain before, and it is a wonder. It is a mile or so high and it's one solid diamond. As Jim Bridger said this he looked around over the party as though he expected us to accept his story as gospel. He grew very angry when one of the men asked him if the mountain was really a diamond and he had not broken off enough to make him rich. "Here Bridger," continued Mr. Cannon, "I had never told my gun and my knife, and if you knew anything about diamonds you know that it takes a diamond to cut a diamond. But the mountain was there today and if we take the trail you'll see it and perhaps you'll draw off a piece or two with your finger nail."

"I did," replied Mr. Cannon. "When we came to the fork, Bridger, it seems, he was very good reason for taking the upper, and to this day I have never been able to see the great diamond mountain."

THE FAMOUS GROUND OF THE SOUTHWEST.

In traveling over the Northern Pacific railroad I passed through some of the greatest hunting and fishing grounds of this country. Nearly all the states of the northwest are full of game, and there is scarcely a station west of Salt Lake in which the hunter or the fisherman cannot find good sport. The mountains are filled with trout streams and it is so easy to catch trout in Montana as it is to hook catfish in the mud lake of Ohio. The higher up you get the better the trout seem to be, and Yellowstone Park is well filled with good trout streams. The Yellowstone river from Livingston to its source in the mountains of the park is said to be the finest trout stream on the American continent. Its waters are clear and cold, and its trout are large and gamey. Yellowstone Lake, which is the source of this river, is said to be a mile and a half above the sea, and it is a wonder with trout.

There are lots of fine trout in Oregon, and the Cascade mountains of Washington are filled with trout streams. Around about Butte and Helena there is good hunting and fishing, and you don't have to go far away from civilization to get the best of shooting. The game is in all sorts, from deer and mountain goat to ducks, geese, and prairie chickens, and it is a very poor hunter who can't keep his camp supplied. Thousands of sportsmen go to the northwest every year, and a large number of foresters are expected here this summer. The English and German know our hunting grounds quite as well as our own people, and the bodies of animals who will visit Yellowstone Park will include many sportsmen. The railroads are making great preparations for them, and I was told at Tacoma that they expected to have at least 10,000 visitors from the east this summer. Anting other arrangements a number of tourists' cars have been built which are loaded to special parties at \$1 a day, and which can be taken over the road and left wherever the parties wish to have a picnic. Each of these cars contains sleeping arrangements for twenty-four persons and each has a cooking range in it. The only extra charge in addition to this \$1 a day is the regular passenger fare, and any party, from fifteen up to twenty-four, can hire one. It is a very nice arrangement indeed and comparatively cheap. At nearly every hunting point you find cooks and packers and guides. You can get a very fair guide for any of the mountain regions for \$1 a day. You will do well to bring your coat with you from the east, but you can get one here for about \$1 a day and you can get all the pack animals you want for \$1 a day apiece.

THE PASSING OF PRINCE RUSSSEL.

I am told that the outlook for the Yellowstone Park this year is very promising. The arrangements for games and tours throughout the park have been changed within the past few months, and Russell Harrison has lost a great deal of money by having dropped his connection with it. In fact you hear very little about Russell Harrison in the west now. His paper at Helena closed its offices in the night of the day of the last presidential election, and if they are opened again it will not be with Prince Russell's name at the head.

FARMER G. CARPENTER.

THE HOTEL TEMPLETON.

The Hotel Templeton is opposite Temple Square, Telling Office, Eagle Gate, Denver News Building and all points of interest in Salt Lake City.

THE CLELLAN, R. A. Ewing, Proprietor, Half block from Post Office, 4 doors from Pullman ticket office, Main St. Rates \$1.00 per day. Special Local Rates.

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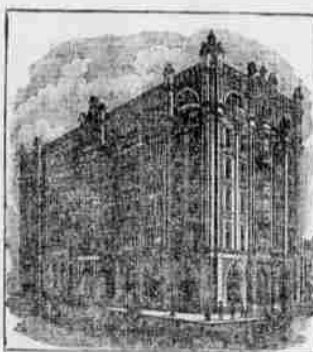
CASH CAPITAL, \$200,000.

SURPLUS, \$200,000.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENTS.

Deposits 1870, \$ 10,520.53	Deposits 1880, \$ 137,280.23
Deposits 1874, 11,670.73	Deposits 1884, 138,110.04
Deposits 1876, 18,110.70	Deposits 1886, 142,780.12
Deposits 1878, 19,148.02	Deposits 1888, 195,900.38
Deposits 1877, 21,058.84	Deposits 1887, 207,331.50
Deposits 1878, 26,612.71	Deposits 1888, 228,404.70
Deposits 1879, 42,703.56	Deposits 1889, 320,790.52
Deposits 1880, 60,071.01	Deposits 1890, 374,281.97
Deposits 1881, 90,457.39	Deposits 1891, 701,021.11
Deposits 1882, 110,078.06	Deposits 1892, 670,194.54

Deposits January 31st, 1893, \$1,208,260.42.



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