

great deal of money from his private fortune upon it and thus increasing its value every year. Just below here is a ranch of 20,000 acres more, which is also given to the university, and his Palo Alto ranch, where the college is located, contains 8,000 acres of valuable land.

#### AN ARMY OF WORKMEN.

It takes an army of men to manage an estate like this, and on this Vina ranch alone the employes range from 250 to 1,500 in number. It cost last month more than \$1,000 to board the hands upon it, and the board bill of the workmen often runs up to \$4,000 a month.

It is interesting to know how such a farm is handled. Everything is systematic and business-like. The ranch is divided up into departments, each of which has its head, and these heads take care of the men under them and report daily to Capt. McIntyre. The hands are parceled out just like the soldiers of an army, and the forces are put where they will do the most good. There are about 150 farm horses and a like number of mules almost constantly at work, and the irrigation departments alone require the riding of its foreman a distance of nearly twenty-five miles every day. There are more than 300 miles of irrigating canals on the place and there are fifty miles of such canals through the vineyards alone. In addition to this number of work horses and mules are the saddle horses of the foremen and the men, the carriage horses and the high-bred horses which are brought here in hundreds from Palo Alto. There is a horse department here which has an establishment almost as large as that of the Palo Alto ranch. It has its training school and its kindergarten for the colts, and it takes a number of grooms and of skilled horsemen to manage them. During my visit to it today I saw some of the most famous of the Senator's horses, and took pictures of two which are to be shipped to the Czar of Russia in exchange for some Orloff stallions which the Czar is going to send to Senator Stanford. In the horse department, as in every other, the work goes on by the clock and according to rule. The horses are fed at 4 o'clock in the morning and the young colts are worked every day. Six quarts of oats a day is considered enough for a horse, though the feed is graduated according to their work and strength. The colts are put into the kindergarten for fast training at six months. They are never sworn at nor whipped, and they are as friendly as dogs and as gentle as kittens.

#### BOARDING IN CAMPS.

Nearly all the employes on this estate are bachelors. They are divided up into camps, cover about two acres and can accommodate five hundred men. The vineyard camp contains a colony of about seventy Frenchmen who manage their own board and who receive so much wages and an allowance for eating. They do their own cooking and like wine with their meals. They use about 600 gallons a month, and prefer red wine, which they mix with water. Here and there scattered over the estate are other camps, the most of which are furnished with Chinese cooks by the manager, and where they live and board at the expense of the farm. They have comfortable rooms and good food and their wages run from a dollar a day and

board upward. The foremen receive from thirty-five to forty dollars a month. The superintendents get seventy-five dollars a month, and some of the skilled men much larger salaries. The pay roll of this ranch runs from ten to twenty thousand dollars a month, and the rules are industry, obedience and temperance. A few Chinamen are employed upon the place, but the majority of the hands are Americans.

#### MILLIONS IN BRANDY.

I spent some time in going through the winery and the brandy vaults. Everything is managed in the most economical and most scientific way, and the senator is trying to prove that California will produce the best brandy in the world. He has opened a warehouse in the east and he ships his wines and brandies away by the car loads. During the month prior to my visit he sent away 120,000 gallons of brandy, and he believes that this part of California is better adapted to the making of brandy than of wine. Capt. McIntyre tells me that the secret of making good brandy is to take out the fusel oils, but to leave the essential oils and parts necessary to be oxidized to make it ago properly, and the machinery, here is adapted to that purpose. I wish I could describe it. I walked in and out among great hogsheads, each of which would hold as much as 25,000 gallons, and I saw vats in which ten and twelve thousand were stored. In one room the brandy was run through coil after coil of pipes, and in another I found that it was vaporized again and again, each time losing some of its fusel oils. Seven great vats holding 3,000 gallons of brandy are used for this purpose, and outside the winery I saw hundreds of great barrels connected with pipes into which the wine and brandy were run during a part of the processes. The cost of the buildings of this brandy factory is more than \$150,000, and they are lighted by electricity. The coopershop of this establishment is worth notice. The cooperage and the storage vaults alone will hold a million and a half of gallons, and the casks of these vaults are so tall that if Benjamin Harrison could stand on Grover Cleveland's head he could not more than reach to the top of them. In the fermenting room there are barrels which hold 800,000 gallons, and in the bonded warehouse are barrels containing more than half a million gallons. The brandy in the bonded warehouse is guarded night and day by United States government officers. A government gauger is here most of the time, and there is a government officer always in charge of it. When any of this brandy is taken out for sale, the money for the tax has to be put down before it can be gotten. It is like the buying of postage stamps. There is no credit to the United States, and you have to pay cash. During the last month \$17,822 was given to the government for taxes, and something like \$100,000 worth of taxes have, I am told, been paid for brandy which is still unshipped, and in addition to this, as I have said before, Mr. Morse the government storekeeper, tells me there is due Uncle Sam at least \$550,000 worth of brandy tax. The owners of the brandy have a right to leave it in the warehouse from three to five years, but they are not allowed to move a barrel until the tax is paid. This bonded warehouse is said to be the largest in the world. It is lighted by electricity, and in walking

through it between the thousands of barrels you seem to be in the very catacombs of barrels.

#### HOW THE VINEYARD IS MANAGED.

This big vineyard embraces about six square miles of territory. The whole is laid off with perfect regularity into blocks of uniform size and streets of regular width. It is in fact a city of grapes. Each block contains about fourteen hundred vines, and the main streets which run through them from east to west are forty-eight feet wide and they are cut up by avenues sixteen feet in width. There are about six hundred and eighty vines to the acre, and I was surprised to find that the vines were trimmed down almost close to the earth every year. Some of the vines are very old and others have just been planted. The grapes are ripe about the last of July and the picking of the grapes begins about the first of August. They are picked in boxes holding fifty pounds each, and there are twelve thousand of these boxes ready for use. The picking is done by gangs of men and boys, and at its height about a thousand men are employed. The vineyards are plowed regularly and their cultivation is carefully watched with hoe and harrow. Capt. McIntyre has been for years engaged in vine growing and everything is managed on a scientific basis. Even in the picking of the grapes the greatest care is used. The grapes are sorted as they are picked. The men gather the grapes in pairs, each man carrying a box. As they go from vine to vine they put the bad grapes in one box and the best ones in the other, and these are used for different grades of wine or brandy. The picking always begins early in the day, and if the weather is very hot it is suspended and resumed only late in the afternoon and carried on into the night, so that the pickers work the usual number of hours. A good picker ought to average forty boxes or a ton of grapes a day, and some men can pick as much as a ton and a half.

#### FEED ON A CALIFORNIA FARM.

It may interest you to know what men eat in one of these big farm boarding houses. The cooks have to make out orders for just what they want and every item has to be specified. From a monthly order before me I see that they consumed last month three barrels of sugar, one barrel of rolled oats, and large quantities of corn starch, macaroni, beans, peas, sausage, rice, sago, tea and coffee and meat. Nearly all the meat and vegetables come from the farm, and all of the butter and milk. The men have their breakfasts at 5 a. m., and are allowed forty minutes to eat. At 6 they go out to work with their teams and at 11:30 they stop for dinner and lay off until a quarter of one. They stop work at 6 and have supper at 7. As far as I could see they seemed to enjoy themselves and to be a sort of happy-go-lucky crowd. They have a base ball club of their own, and there is a dancing club which they keep up. Some of them are good boxers, but they nearly all belong to that class of workmen which you find in California, who drift along from place to place, working all along the coast from Los Angeles to Seattle and not seeming to care for a home of their own.

#### A LOOK AT THE HORSES.

I spent some time in looking at the