

Modern Fables: The Modern Fable of the Adult Girl Who Got Busy Before They Could Ring the Bell on Her. By George Ade.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Lonely and Deserving Girl named Clara who was getting so near Thirty that she didn't want to Talk about it. Everybody had a Good word for her. She traveled with the Thoroughbreds and was always Among Those Present; so it was hard to understand why she hadn't Married. Other Girls not as Good-Looking or Accomplished had been grabbed off while they were Buds. Already some of them were beginning to act as Chaperones for Clara. They were keeping Tab on Clara's Age, too, and began to think that she would land on the Bargain Counter and have to satisfied with a Widower who wore a Toupee and dyed his Eye-Brows. Clara was somewhat of a Mind-Reader. She knew that the Friends of her Youth were predicting a Hard Finish for her, so she decided to Fool them. And she knew that it Behooved her to Catch On before the Children started in to call her Auntie. Now it is not to be inferred that Clara was what the Underwriters call a Bad Risk. She never had been a Drug on the Market. When she went to a Hop she didn't have to wait for Ladies' Choice in order to swing into the Mazy. In fact, she had been Engaged now and then, just for Practice, and she had received Offers from some of the hold-over Bachelors who went around Proposing from Force of Habit. But Clara was not out for any man who had been Turned Down elsewhere. She wanted the Right Kind and she was going to do the Picking herself. Having made an Inventory of the Possibilities, she selected the Treasurer of the Shoe Factory and decided that she could Love him without Straining herself. He was about her Age and was almost as good-looking as a Gibson Man, and had A1 prospects. It would be no Easy Job to Land him, however, because the Competition was very keen and he was Wary, trying to be a Kind Friend to every Girl he knew but playing no Favorites. He kept the Parents guessing. The Treasurer of the Shoe Factory was what any Society Paper would call a Great Catch. Clara got Busy with herself and hatched a Scheme. When all the Smart Set got ready to pike away for the Heated Term, Clara surprised her Friends by guessing that she would remain at Home. It was a Nerve Thing to do because all the Social Headliners who could command the Price were supposed to flit off to a Summer Hotel and loiter on the Pine Veranda and try to think they were Recuperating. Clara told her Mother to go, as usual, but she would stay at Home and be a Companion to poor lonesome Papa. So all the Women went away to the Resorts with their Cameras and Talcum

Powder and Witch Hazel and Clara was left alone in Town with the Men. It is a Traditional Fact that there is no Social Life in Town during the Dog Days. But there is nothing to prevent a Bright Girl from Starting Something. That is what Clara did. She stocked up the Refrigerator and hung a Hammock on the Lawn with a few Easy Chairs around it. The Young Men marooned in Town heard of the Good Thing and no one had to tear their Garments to induce them to come. They arrived at the rate of from Seven to Twelve a Night, and dipped into Papa's Cigars and the liquid nourishment, regardless. Although Clara had remained in Town to act as Companion to Papa, it was noticed that when she had all the Company in the Evening, Papa either had been Chloroformed and put to Bed or else he had his Orders to stay Under Cover. Clara did not send for the Treasurer of the Shoe Factory. She knew better than to go out after her Prey. She allowed him to find his Way to the House with the others. When he came, she did not chide him for failing to make his Party Call; neither did she rush toward him with a Low Cry of Joy, thereby tipping her Hand. She knew that the Treasurer of the Shoe Factory was Next to all these Boarding School Tactics and could not be Handled by the Methods that go with the College Students. Clara had enjoyed about ten years' Experience in handling the Creatures and she had learned to Labor and to Wait. She simply led him into the Circle and took his Order and allowed him to sit there in the Gloaming and observe how Popular she was. All the Men were Scrapping to see who would be Next to sit in the Hammock with her. It looked for awhile as if Clara would have to give out Checks, the same as in a Barber Shop. Late that night when the Men walked homeward together, they remarked that Clara was a Warm Hostess. Next Evening the Treasurer of the Shoe Factory was back on the Lawn. So were all the Others. They said there was no beating a Place where you could play Shirt-Waist Man under the trees and have a Fairy Queen in White come and push Cold Drinks at you and not have to sign any Ticket. They composed flattering Songs about Clara and every time she moved there was a Man right there with a Sofa Cushion to help her to be Comfortable. In the meantime, the other Girls out at the Summer Resorts, were doing the best they could with these High School Cadets, wearing Tidies around their Hats, who would rather go out in a Cat-Boat and get their arms tanned than remain on Shore and win the Honest Love of an American Girl, with a String to it. Clara's Work about this time was ever so Glossy. She began

by asking the Treasurer of the Shoe Factory to come with her to the Refrigerator to get some more Imported Ginger Ale. All the men Volunteered to help and two or three wanted to Tag along but Clara drove them back. They were gone a Long Time because the Treasurer had to draw all the Corks and they Fussed around together in the Pantry, fixing up a Lunch for the Boys. Clara told him how Strong and Handy he was until he felt an increase in his Chest Measurement. On successive evenings she had the Treasurer supervise all the Arrangements. The Hired Girl had every Evening out because it was so much more Jolly to go out and run the Place yourself. In less than a Week the Treasurer was giving Orders around the House. Every Evening she would get him back to the Kitchen and tie an Apron around him and ask what she should do next. She made him eat to be the Only One who could be Trusted. The others were Company but he was like one of the Family. And although he was being Worked like Creamery Butter, he never Suspected. Her Game was to Domesticate him in Advance and let him have a Foretaste of what it is to be Boss of your own House, except as to the Bills. The Pantry was full of Home Delicacies such as he couldn't get at the Hotel and the Service was the best ever. Clara was right at his Elbow with a Willing Smile. It didn't take him long to realize that he was missing a lot by remaining Single. He wondered why he had been so slow in getting on to Clara's Good Points. Also he wondered if it was any, Open and Shut Certainty when a dozen other Men, some of them Younger and more Gallus were after her in Full Cry. Clara had him Pulled In, Strung and Hung over the side of the Boat. Of course if all the other Girls had been in town, the would have Tumbled long before it ran into a Certainty and probably they would have formed a V and rushed in to break up the Play. But the other Girls were Far Away with the Old Men and the Seminary Striplings. Clara had an Open Field, with no need of any Interfering or Blocking, and if she Fell Down it was her own Fault. Besides she had all these other Admirers set out as Decoys to prove that if he didn't, somebody else might. The Treasurer of the Shoe Factory got a large Rally on himself and she had to Give In and make a Promise. He loves to tell Callers how he proposed to his Wife in the Kitchen and he doesn't know to this Day that she was Expecting it. Moral: As soon as he begins to Frequent the Back Rooms of the House, measure him for the Harness.

Mr. Dooley on Life at Newport = = By F. P. Dunne.

"Great goin's on at Newport," said Mr. Dooley. "What's Newport?" said Mr. Hennessy. "I r-read about it ivery day in th' pa-aper," said Mr. Dooley; "an' I know. 'Tis th' soeyal capital iv' America this here pa-aper says. 'Tis like Wash'nton on'y it costs more. 'Tis where th' soeyal ligis-lachure meets wanst a year an' decides how long we'll wear our coats this season an' how often, an' how our yacht'll be cut an' our frinds. 'Tis there th' millyonaire meets his wife that was an' in-thrajooces her to his wife that is to be if she can break away fr'm her husband that oughtn't to 've been. "Yes, sir, it must be th' gran' place. But 'tis no aisy thing livin' there. In th' first place, ye must have th' money and' ye must have th' look iv' havin' it an' ye must look as though it belonged to ye. That last's th' hardest thing iv' all. No matter how much coin a man has if it hasn't been separated fr'm th' man that arned it so long that th' man that has it can go ar-round without th' fear iv' a mechanic's lien in his eye, they tear up his ticket at th' box-office. Not fr' him th' patent medicine dance where th' nobility goes as little liver pills, nor fr' him the vigitable party where th' signs iv' aristacrazy appears radyanly clad as onions an' egg-plants, nor fr' him th' jolt fr'm Mrs. Bilcoort or th' quick left fr'm Mrs. Rasther. He's set back to about Cooney Island an' there he stays till his money stops baggin' at th' knees an' climbin' up over th' collar. "But 'tis th' millyonaire's d'ream to land there. He starts in as foreman in a can factory. By an' by he larns that wan iv' th' men wurrakin' fr' him has invited a top that ye can opin with a pair iv' scissors an' he throws him down an' takes it away fr'm him. He's a robber says ye? He is while he's got th' other man down. But when he gets up, he's a magnate. Then he sell-out his wurraks to a thrust an' then he sells out th' thrust to th' thrustful an' then he begins his weary march to Newport. First he has a house on Michigan Avnoo with fr'n dogs on th' lawn. Then he builds a palatial mansion at Oconomowoc. They're beginning' to hear about him now. Then he moves down to th' sea shore an' roughs it with th' Purytans an' finally he lands. 'Tis a summer's mornin' as his yacht steams slowly up to Newport. Th' aged millyonaire is propped up on th' deck an' as th' sunlight strikes th' homes iv' luxury an' alimony, a smile crosses his face. 'Is that th' house iv' Mrs. Rasther?' he says. 'It is,' says th' weepin' family. 'An' is that where Mr. A. E. L. O. U. an' Y. Belcoort lives

an' has his bein'?' 'That's th' house.' 'Thin', he says, 'put me congress gaiters under th' bed an' hide me fine cut where none can see it,' says he. 'I die contint,' he says. "What do thy do there?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "Well, 'tis hard fr' me to make out," said Mr. Dooley. "They must have their own troubles. Ivery day I r-head in th' pa-aper iv' a horrifile catastrophe at Newport. Here we ar'e today, 'Misther Willie Hankerbilt met with a mos' d'headful an' provokin' accident today. While drivin' his cilybrated gasoline, Booney-Mooney five hund'rd power autymobile, Purple Assassin, at a mod'rate rate iv' wan hund'rd miles an hour, accompanied by th' beautiful Countess Eckstein (who was formerly Mrs. Casey-Kelly, whose husband's merredge with her aunt was cilybrated at Saint Go-Go's-on-th'-hill las' week) he was r-run into be wan Thomas Sullivan, a painter employed by Mrs. Reginald Steenevart, who is soon to occupy th' handsome house, Dove Villa, which is part iv' th' settlement allowed her by th' Dakota courts. Mr. Hankerbilt was unable to turn aside to avoid th' collision an' it was on'y be a supreme effort that he kep' fr'm bein' tipped over. He showed rare prisence iv' mind on which he was congratulated by th' whole colony. Sullivan showed no prisence iv' mind at all either befor or afther death. Many iv' th' cottagers ar-re talkin' iv' havin' a law passed compellin' pedest'reens to ring a bell an' blow a horn on th'ir way to wurrak. Otherwise they won't be a whole tire left in Newport. "An' if it isn't bein' bumped into by pedest'reens, it's bein' almost upset in a yacht or bein' almost d'rowned swimmin' or almost suffycated at a garden party. An' thin there ar're burglars. There ar-re burglars that break into ye'er house an' there ar-re burglars that creep up behind ye an' give ye a walopp with a piece iv' pipe an' steal ye'er dinner nights. Ye heard about poor Mrs. Rasther. Well, sir, I almost cried. Ye see, whoever it was wed Newport whin belaid out the specifications, set aside two days iv'ry week fr' Mrs. Rasther's dinner. On thin days Mrs. Rasther was to eat. I don't know what she done on th' other days. But two dinners a week ain't much fr' even a lady an' light feeder, an' ye can imagine this poor woman countin' th' days. 'Sundah, July eight, on'y two days to victuals.' 'Mondah, July nine, twenty-four hours to th' groceries.' 'Choosdah, haven't time to write me di'ry.' 'Winsdah, in bed, doether thinks nawthin' seeryous.' 'Well, sir, wud ye believe it, ye won't, some onscrupulous persons, some shop-lifters dis-

gessed as s'ciety leaders, some criminals, took off their shoes an' crept in an' hooked Mrs. Rasther's dinner nights. Stole thim, be hivins. Lifted thim off th' line. I don't know how they done it, but here it is in th' pa-aper: 'Newport much excited. Mrs. Rasther's dinner nights stolen.' I hope they'll get afther thim Red Learies iv' Newport s'ciety an' sintince thim, an' I hope th' polis'll raycover Mrs. Rasther's dinner nights an' she can identify th' goods. What's it to be a s'ciety leader if ye can't eat. 'Tis an impty honor, be hivins. They'se nawthin' to it.' "Well, why do they live there if it gives thim so much throuble?" said Mr. Hennessy. "Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley. "I guess they ain't much diff'rence between th' very rich an' th' very poor. In th' ol' counthry whin a man got th' money, he used to buy an estate an' thry to get as far away fr'm annywan else as he cud an' th' on'y time he see annywan was whin he went to Dublin fr' horse show week an' sold all his spavined horses to th' hated sassnach an' come back an' sobered up. But here 'tis diff'rent. Rich or poor, we want to be in sight an' sound iv' neighbors or they'se no fun in life. What made Mrs. Mulligan rayfuse las' year to go to live on th' tin acres her rich brother, th' plumber, offered her rint free? She needed comp'n'y. She wanted to be where she cud get th' smell iv' th' neighbors cookin' an' brush th' clothes line aside an' talk across th' alley with Mrs. Schmittschmitt an' see rollickin' Terry Duffy go by on his autymobile ringin' up fares with a glad smile. So it is with th' millyonaire. He's got to have some wan to set on th' stoop iv' his yacht with him chattin' about matthers iv' th' Union, while his wife has th' s'ciety iv' other millyonaire's wives an' call give little Reggy or Clarissa eight dollars an' send thim down to th' corner fr' a pair iv' champagne. As more millyonaire's comes up, th' place'll be more an' more crowded. It'll be a congested district an' we'll r-read in th' pa-apers iv' a millyonaire an' family iv' eight livin' in wan room with on'y about two-be-four iv' oxygen fr' each person. No, sir, they ain't th' breadth iv' ye'er hand's diff'rence between Mrs. Mulligan an' Mrs. Ganderbilt. If Tim Mulligan iver shovels his way into a thrust, Mrs. Mulligan 'd live at Newport an' if Ganderbilt wint broke, Mrs. Ganderbilt wud be in a tinimint. 'Tis th' soeyal feelin', Hennessy." "We're all alike," said Mr. Hennessy. "They ain't more thim three or four hund'rd millyon dollars diff'rence between us," said Mr. Dooley.

OUR WILD FLOWERS.

BY C. R. ORCUTT.

The wild coonnut, as it is known by the children, by reason of the edible nutty tubers, which they delight to eat, is one of the earliest flowers to make its appearance. It grows after the first rains. The erect, naked, thread-like stem, 2 to 3 inches high, bears 3 to 7 short pedicelled white flowers, delicate-ly veiled with purple. After the flowers disappear the leaves are produced, short-petioled, rounded-ovate, in three, slightly serrated lobes, and

erect, lance-shaped, and it is after the leaves appear that the bulb-like corms fill out sufficiently to eat. This plant is known only to occur on the mesas around San Diego and in adjacent Lower California, but a form with mottled leaves I have observed in Palm Canyon, Riverside county. The blue larkspur grows six to fifteen inches high, is usually nearly glaucous, the lower leaves lobed, sparsely toothed, the upper with narrow linear divisions. It produces a spike of bril-

liant indigo blue flowers, long-pedicelled in an open raceme; sepals broad, 1/2 to 3/4 inch long, spreading; spur usually long and narrow. Occurs from Santa Barbara to Lower California, near the coast. The scarlet larkspur occurs on the confines of San Diego, at Del Mar, and in the foothills from Los Angeles county to San Quentin, Lower California. It is from fifteen feet high, stout, nearly glaucous, leaves large, 5-7-lobed nearly to the base, the divisions deeply 3-5-cleft with narrow long-acuminate segments. The large, bright scarlet flowers with yellow centers, are produced in showy panicles. Petals somewhat hairy, carpal smooth. Colored portrait appears in Bot. Mag. t. 487. The giant popplemen, Johnny-jump-up, Mad violet, rabbit ears, and shooting stars are names applied by the chil-

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FROM SALT LAKE CITY TO LOS ANGELES AND SAN DIEGO

STRUGGLE WHICH HAS BEEN IN PROGRESS BETWEEN THE SHORT LINE AND CLARK ROAD.

The Former Seems to Have Had the Best of the Fight Thus Far--It Seeks a Port Where Sea Commerce Can Be Handled.

There is reason to believe that the Oregon Short line will have its road in operation to Los Angeles by Oct. 1, 1902. By the present route and the proposed extensions this line can secure a line to Southern California with the following distances: Salt Lake City to Los Angeles, 829.5 miles; San Diego, 947 miles. The grading to be done from Pyper, or Callentes as it is now known, to the Southern Pacific tracks between Beaumont and Banning is 462.8 miles. The total Short Line, Utah and Pacific and Southern Pacific, tracks now in operation are 376.7 miles; grade complete with track laid from Utah state line to Callentes, 49.2 miles. Grade to be built, 404.6 miles. Total, 829.5 miles, Salt Lake to Los Angeles.

In 1889 the Union Pacific (that branch now known as the Oregon Short Line) built about 155 miles of grade, below Milford, Utah, with the expectation of a California extension. In 1895-6 the Utah and California, now the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake, secured the right to build over the abandoned grade, and maps were filed in the land office at Carson City, Nev., to that effect. In 1898 the Oregon Short Line built from their terminus at Milford, Utah, to the Nevada state line. In 1899 following the announcement of J. H. Long, of the Southern Pacific, who had jumped the grade by running his surveys over it, the Short Line, to regain possession of it in Lincoln county, Nev., and hold it, incorporated the Utah, Nevada and California road and filed papers at Carson City to that effect.

In 1900 the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake railroad was organized and proposed to use the grade built by the Short Line in 1889. The first hearing came up in the courts at Carson City; the question was, whether this road had the right-of-way on the Short Line grade. Register O. N. Gallup and Recorder D. H. Hall, of the Carson City office, rendered their decision to the effect that the claim of the Short Line and the Utah, Nevada and California were without merit; the rights of the former having been forfeited on account of non-payment of taxes. They recommended that the maps of the route filed by the Utah, Nevada and California in 1889 be rejected, and the maps filed April 27, 1897, by the Utah and California, or San Pedro, be approved and that company be given title to the right-of-way. This decision prevented the Short Line from extending beyond Nevada, until the land office commissioner gave his decision and the matter was finally decided.

On April 5, 1901, Vice-President Bancroft of the Short Line returned from New York where he had been in conference with President Harriman and others, and ordered construction to commence at once of one mile of track from Nevada across the state line into Nevada. This was built in order to hold the right-of-way. This mile of track was laid in violation of the decision given by the land office at Carson City. At this point Mr. Whittemore of the San Pedro company, went to Nevada to secure an injunction against the Short Line to prevent the latter laying any more track on grade. Whittemore proceeded to Nevada with a small gang of men and teams, to work on the contested grade at the state line. When the Short Line men arrived they forced his men to retire. Upon his return to Salt Lake a small gang of men were sent down to resist the Short Line forces, who still remained at the front, working night and day.

The grade after 11 years was in good condition. Below Nevada there were many dry washes which had to be bridged, three remaining long and high trestles. These and rails were rushed to the front by the Short Line, and every siding south of Juab was being filled up with material. Five miles from Nevada is the horse-shoe curve, in the middle of which was a large gully. The track here was "ribbed up" after which came a bridge gang and the bridge was made standstill. The work of the Japanese laborers was surprising; they moved as if by clockwork, and were very intelligent.

The bridge over this gully was completed April 15. Beyond this point the work was easy to Crestline, which is 67 miles from the state line. Here a siding 1,500 feet long was put in and the entire working force moved to this point.

This is at the rim of the Salt Lake basin and the first station south of Nevada. From Crestline it is 59 miles to Tunnel No. 1. The Clark (San Pedro) forces were camped in a rock cut a short distance from Tunnel No. 1, and also had possession of Tunnels 2 and 3. The Short Line people had their camp at the mouth of Tunnel No. 1, which they held, as well as Tunnels 5 and 6. The San Pedro had secured possession of a big cut east of Tunnel No. 1. The Short Line placed men inside the tunnel for the purpose of holding it, and the aim of the Clark was to prevent the Short Line from entering from the east.

The Short Line had made a railroad building. Five miles of track had been laid and surfaced; two long and high trestles built,

ing from the locality of Pioche, De La Mar and the Meadow Valley, Muddy Valley and El Dorado ranges, with gold and silver around Pioche, silver and lead further south, and a great gold district along the Colorado river, near the southern point of Nevada.

The line enters Southern California through the Morongo Pass and the San Geronimo Pass, which are immediately north of San Diego, and from 20 to 100 miles to the east of Los Angeles; but at Banning it strikes the Southern Pacific and this gives it connection by its combined system to the City of Los Angeles. It is, however, seeking a port on the southern coast where deep sea commerce can be handled cheaply for all foreign ports; and for this reason has selected the port of San Diego. The location of this line in Riverside and San Diego counties follows in the main what was known as the Texas Pacific line from San Diego to the San Geronimo Pass. Leaving the Pass it would follow through the Protero through its outlet to the vicinity of the city of San Jacinto; and from thence by the way of Hemet, Winchester and Menifee to Temecula. This San Jacinto country represents more than 100,000 acres of land susceptible of high cultivation.

On June 21, a very important suit between the Short Line and the San Pedro company, involving the right-of-way over which the former company had been building their lines, came up in the United States circuit court at Carson City. The question was: "Shall the injunction granted in April be dissolved, restraining the Clark company from building over the Nevada grade from the Utah line about 49 miles in Lincoln county, Nevada?"

After a two-days' trial, the court sustained the injunction in favor of the Short Line, for the 49 miles of road in Nevada, from the state line at Nevada to Callentes, but not sustaining as to the remainder of the route pending the decision of the contest as to maps and documents that were filed in the land office at Carson City. After this decision the Clark forces gave up the struggle, leaving the Short Line to build on to Callentes.

The work of track laying was rushed forward, including repairs to tunnels, of which there were six, with a total length of 2,225 feet. They are all within a distance of 16.5 miles, No. 1 being at mile post 87.3, No. 2 at post 109.5, Nos. 3 to 6 within a distance of 3.2 miles. All the tunnels will be lined with corrugated iron to protect the timbers from fire. The timbers, after 11 years, were found to be in perfect new lumber. The Short Line had 12 miles of track constructed, and on July 29 had completed the 41 mile section of the new Los Angeles line as far as Callentes. The distance from Tunnel No. 1 are as follows: Tunnel No. 2, 233 feet long, 109.5 miles, elevation, 5,292 feet; Tunnel No. 3, 350 feet long, 101 miles, elevation, 5,171 feet; Tunnel No. 4, 212 feet long, 101.3 miles, elevation, 5,141 feet; Tunnel No. 5, 639 feet long, elevation, 4,915 feet; (Tunnels 3 to 6 on a 2 deg. grade); Callentes, 114.9 miles from Milford, elevation, 4,472 feet. This is the end of the completed main line grade. It is a down hill, maximum 2 deg. grade from the rim of the basin to Callentes. The ascent on the east side of the rim is easy, elevation 4,977 feet at Milford, to 5,591 feet at the rim.

Train service was inaugurated Aug. 1 at 12:05 a. m., the train reaching Callentes at 11:30 next morning. The Short Line pushed its tracks beyond the San Pedro tracks at Callentes and laid track for a Y at the junction. The Y is at the point where the line turns off for Pioche, while the main line goes south. At the end of the old grade on the disputed grade. Here a tent was pitched, and three men were sent to watch it and a fence built. When all was ready Engineer Ashton had a car backed down and the car was pushed through the fence, clearing the way for the track layers, who put in the Y with out objection. There was no clash and no trouble, and the Short Line will go on building its road over the route surveyed by it in 1889. Whenever a San Pedro grade was encountered it was utilized and wherever San Pedro forces were located they were pushed aside.

On Aug. 2 the Short Line sent south three survey parties to make the final location of the line clear through to Los Angeles. The company at present has two other big contracts on hand, one for 30 miles of grade in Idaho and one for 40 miles below Callentes. A portion of the track layers were transferred to the Idaho line, while the surveyors were pushing on from Callentes. The line in Idaho from Blackfoot to Houston will probably be finished about Sept. 15, and if the survey can so far rush their work south, the track layers will again be transferred to Nevada. The line for at least 60 miles below Callentes will be ready for grading this very soon.

By revision of the surveys of past years a line can be secured shorter than that before described. For instance, if a connection was made with the Southern Pacific at Beaumont the distance would be 821 miles. For comparison only, it might be added the distance via other routes would be as follows: Via Mervel, 938 miles; Barstow, 844 miles; via Daguerre and Santa Fe road, 929 miles. On the Beaumont route, 829 miles, 238 miles are already completed, leaving 591 miles for the Short Line to build to reach San Diego by its own rails. The distance from Callentes, the present end of the Short Line in Nevada, to the Santa Fe tracks is but 203 miles. So that temporary connections could be effected by the building of a very short line across an easy country.

The Beaumont line will be easy to build. It will require no bridges of any substance. The maximum grades are northwesterly from the Southern Pacific crossing 108 feet per mile, from White River to Morongo, 72, balance northwesterly. Southwesterly from Nevada, 55 feet to the mile is the maximum.

In Lincoln county, Nevada, the road would tap some mineral country, draw-

ing from the locality of Pioche, De La Mar and the Meadow Valley, Muddy Valley and El Dorado ranges, with gold and silver around Pioche, silver and lead further south, and a great gold district along the Colorado river, near the southern point of Nevada.

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From Temecula the line extends southward through the Fallbrook and San Luis Rey valley regions, which comprise 100,000 more acres of land. The line would then pass southward through Poway valley, by the way of Stowe valley into El Cajon valley, comprising at least 100,000 acres more of cultivable lands. Another important feature to be noticed in the line is, that it would give all these valleys the shortest railroad line to the port of San Diego, where all their products could reach the markets of the world.

On Aug. 5 the United States court at Carson City, Nev., Judge Hawley presiding, granted a restraining order or writ of injunction preliminary to the final hearing to the San Pedro road.

This new move created a sensation; it means that the San Pedro claimed all of the Short Line route through Lincoln county, Nev., as shown by the original Short Line survey of 1889. The San Pedro, to make its claim good, has built stretches of grade all along the route and by so doing secured a restraining order against the Short Line. This injunction is the most important move in the contest for the right of way, as the Short Line is practically obstructed in its work of building to the south, and the decision will be awaited with the deepest interest. If the injunction is not made permanent on Sept. 19, the Short Line, then having its surveys ready, can let contracts and build.

C. W. C. Salt Lake City, Sept. 1.

OUR WILD FLOWERS.

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be compared to the lily of the valley. It makes a fine picture, but it is sometimes disappointing under cultivation. Perry's Phacelia is one of the most desirable of the many pretty annuals of Southern California for cultivation. The plant delights in warm sunny exposures, from Los Angeles Co. to Lower California, and produces large brilliant royal purple flowers with an open rosette corolla. Evergreen admires this modest flower, whose bright face looks out at one with something akin to a human expression.

Tidy tips is a beautiful upright bushy plant, about a foot high, and producing in abundance brilliant lemon yellow single flowers, 2 inches across, the tips of the rays forming often a scalloped showy white border.

Mrs. A.—Are you troubled much in your neighborhood with borrowing?

Mrs. B. innocently—Yes, a good deal. My neighbors don't seem to have anything I want.—Montreal Star.

A Total Eclipse.

Any man can produce a total eclipse of the sun, so far as he himself is concerned, by holding a dollar close to his eye. The total eclipse of health is often produced in much the same way, by letting the dollar shut out from view all other things and interests.

A great many people pay for wealth with health and admit at last that they have made a poor bargain. In the chase of the dollar people are too eager to take time to eat regularly or choose proper food, the stomach becomes disordered or

disordered, the food eaten ceases to nourish, and physical breakdown comes.

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