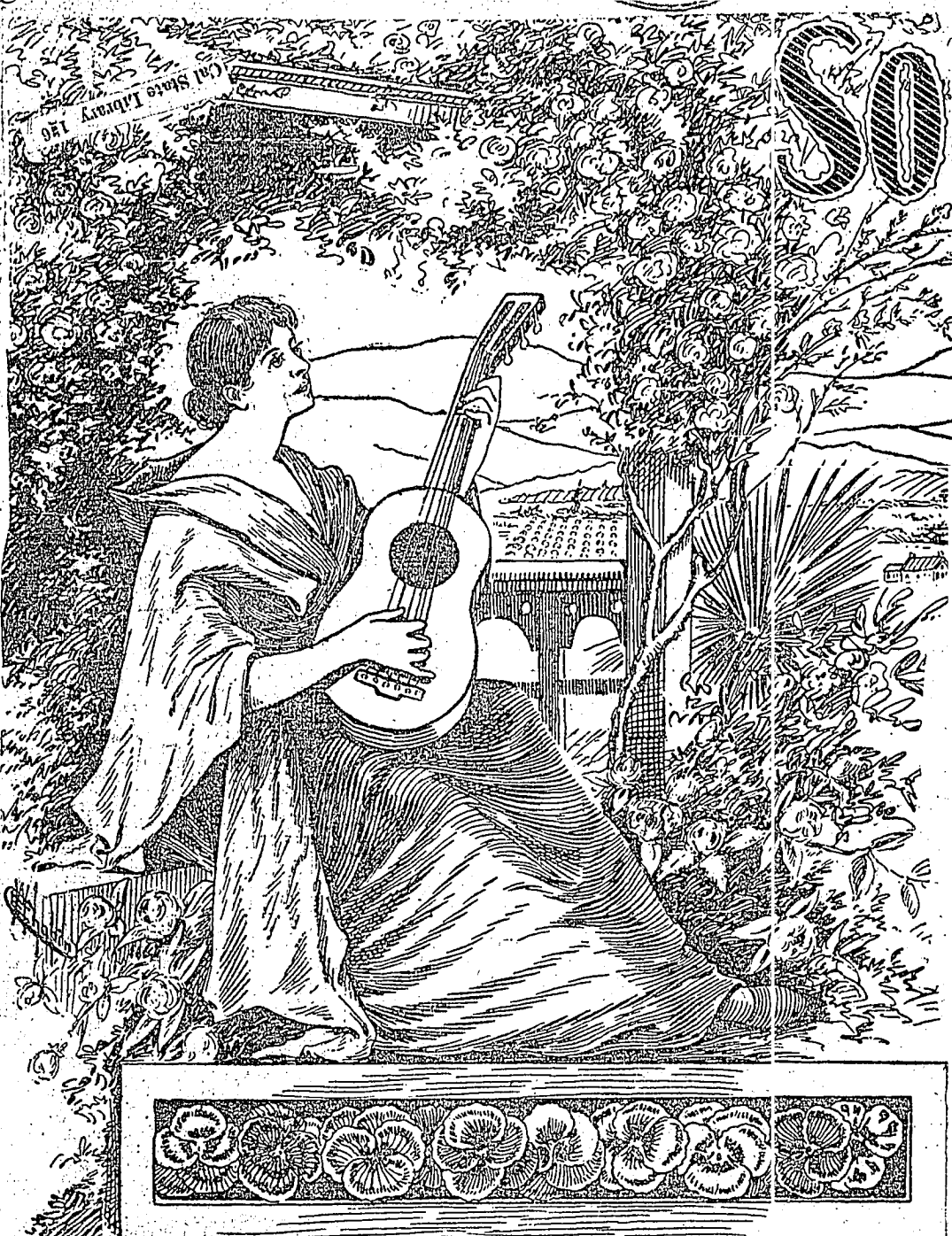


SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IN SUMMER.



sun's rays, is always perceptible. The average summer-day temperature is from 60 to 80 deg. It is rarely that the thermometer climbs to the nineties in the coast regions, but when it does, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, the heat has little of the oppressiveness which belongs to such temperature in more humid regions.

The uninterrupted procession of bright days is never wearying. The dry summer atmosphere is bracing. With the cool, golden dawns you awake with fresh strength, for the night air is like a tonic. The heat of the day lies mostly in the heat of its noon. But even then you miss the element of sultriness common to more easterly climes; and, unless in direct contact with the sun's rays, you are not disposed to complain of discomfort.

Soon after noon fresh breezes begin to stir. There is something delicious in their breath. You feel as if they had lips drawing out everything tending to sultriness in the air. They are at home with the sunbeams and mingle with them to temper their heat. The whole land seems to breathe a sigh of content as they blow softly o'er it, and there is a sense of fresh joyousness in nature. Every leaf is astir as if clapping its small hands in delight. Every flower exhales greater fragrance, and nods upon its stalk as if a new joy were born. The veranda is delightful and full of airy refreshment. You do not breathe in heat, but coolness. You need not wait for the sun to sink lower in the west before taking your carriage drive, for the onward motion stirs a current of cool air that brings you perfect satisfaction. It may be that it is midsummer, the season when the cicada's song at the East seems like the sizzle of hot flame, but to judge by your feelings you would dream that it were a dewy morning in June, that season of enchantment when the world along the Atlantic borders seems fairest and fullest of beauty.

Just enough to bring comfort without setting the dust awlir. Sometimes along our high mountain tops we see the lightning's play and hear the reverberations of the distant thunder. These thunderstorms gather upon the deserts, and we upon the coast borders get the merest edge of these summer showers as they are lifted up over the high mountain barriers which guard this coast region and shut it off from the desert heat.

Aside from these rare visitations, our summers are absolutely rainless; for six or seven months no rain falls, but clear skies, a pleasant and equable temperature, and a breeze-stirred calm are the delightful features of our summer months.

Occasionally we have fogs, but not like those which breed the murky and sultry atmosphere on the Atlantic Coast. These fogs have been described as "a bank or cloud arising from the sea in peculiar conditions of the respective temperatures of the air and water. The bank is about one thousand feet thick, lies out on the water all day, and moves in at evening—when it comes in at all, for often it does not come in. Sometimes it comes before sundown, generally a little after. It rolls out again soon after sunrise. . . . The elevation of the lower edge of this bank varies from sea level to 1200 feet, though, sometimes it is much higher. When it is high the lower levels are dry all night, and it appears like a dry, cloudy night, but the hills that reach into it will have their chaparral wet with it."

reader can behold it in fancy he may comprehend the general appearance which Southern California presents in summer throughout her whole extent. It is a picture to hold the eye and to fill the mind with wonder.

Broad valleys stretch out into vast, dim distances, mountain-guarded, sea-bordered and plain-floored. It is six months since rain has fallen, with the exception of a few light showers. In the great valleys the fields are turning brown. The pastures look bare. The harvest fields are tawny. The great San Gabriel Valley looks like a wide checker-board, marked by lines of green. There are patches of the brightest emerald, where perhaps the fifth or sixth crop of alfalfa is growing, affording the most luscious feed for cattle. There are great orchards of apricots, peaches and plums, of peaches and almonds and other fruits. Here, too, are orange and lemon groves, and fig trees dotting the land with beauty and lifting the cool emerald of their leaves above the plains. There are fields of ripening corn, and vegetable gardens, and vast vineyards which give a June face to the landscape. Extensive lines of eucalypti and pepper stretch out in every direction, and the broad-leaved fan-palm casts its cool shadows upon the ground. The long water-courses, showing their white sands, thread their ways between banks lined with sycamores and willows. There are low, moist lands where there are thick jungles of wild bloom, and the deep canyons below you are a sea of green. From this height you cannot see the gardens, full of fragrant blossoming, which everywhere surround the valley homes. The rose bushes are full of bloom and climb to the very rooftops. Great hedges of geranium glow with color like the sunset. There are banks of lilies, and the white snow of the elder, which here becomes a tree in stature.

Descend, and you will find beautiful homes steeped in the fragrance of the blossoming honey-suckle, or in the purple bloom of the wisteria. You may see century-old oaks casting beyond their vast circumference cool, thick shadows upon the warm earth.

And here the magnolia blossoms, and the rubber tree spreads its polished leaves to the sun. The acacia shimmers in the sunlight, the banana droops its long, pointed leaves, the aloe is here, and the papyrus shows its swaying spines upon the plain. The dull browns of the pastures and hillsides only serve to vary the picture, and with all this greenness intermingled, they are not forbidding.

The soil is rich and deep, and where irrigation is used the land is kept looking green and summery throughout the year. Go into the towns and cities and you will find everywhere velvet lawns and gardens that know no end of blossoming. You will meet with the faces of hundreds of new flowers. Such as you knew at your old home you will scarcely recognize here. You will think of your geranium that you nursed in its little pot in the south window, and find it here a giant with its thick arms thrown about the very apex of the roof and with the birds building their nests amid its branches.

Though it does not rain in summer, every month of the year has its harvest. The farmer may even gather his strawberries ever, and dig his potatoes in December, and partake of fresh fruits of one kind or another every day in the year.

Another charm of the summer is that you are never fearful that a storm will interfere with your plans for work or pleasure. Sunshine is your birthright in Southern California through the long summer, and you never weary of it. The sky is so intensely blue—so "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue"—that there is a charm and glory about it that appeal to your higher nature. It is never brazen, as if it were out of temper and were meditating you harm. It is flooded with cheerfulness and soft airs and the glamor of light and beauty; it is infinite in depth, and your soul expands in the presence of its immensity.

The summer in Southern California is also full of bird life. The valley



THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

SO many non-residents are unfamiliar with our Southern California summers. Some of those who have passed a winter in this section, and enjoyed it, make the mistake of jumping at the conclusion, in view of the sunny atmosphere of December, and the pleasant temperature of that season, that if the winters are so warm and balmy, the summers must certainly be hot and sultry. They picture long, unclouded summer days, when the land is scorched and dry, and the whole region lies cradled in heat, burning in the continuous glare of a hot and unbroken sunshine.

But this is a mere fiction of the imagination. The term semi-tropical, as applied to California, is in fact incorrect; it has certainly been a misleading term, for it by no means implies the existence of extreme heat; it denotes, rather, the absence of cold—a year without its winter.

The Times proposes to present to non-resident readers, who are naturally desirous of learning the truth about Southern California, a simple picture of her summer temperature and aspect. We will describe as well as we may the peculiar characteristics of our summer months, which in no other land can be fully duplicated.

One great charm of Southern California's summer is her sea-breeze, born of the ocean and the desert, moving gently across the land. Behind the mighty bulwark of the mountains which guard the coast valleys and plains lies the great desert region. Here the air is hot and the temperature is high. "And here," as is well spoken by T. S. Van Dyke, "it is easy to see whence comes the sea-breeze, the great glory of the California summer. It is passing us here, a gentle breeze of six or eight miles an hour. It is flowing over this great ridge directly into the immense basin of the Colorado Desert, 6000 feet deep, where the temperature is probably 120 deg., and perhaps higher. For many leagues on either side of us this current is thus flowing at the same speed, and is probably half a mile or more in

depth. About sundown, when the air over the desert cools and descends, the current will change and come the other way and flood these western slopes with an air as pure as that of the Sahara and nearly as dry. The air, heated on the western slopes by the sun, would, by rising, produce considerable suction, which could be filled only from the sea, but that alone would not make the sea-breeze as dry as it is. The principal suction is caused by the rising of heated air from the great desert. This cannot flow over eastward, because a still greater volume, equally hot, is rising from the fiery furnace of Arizona, nor on the north, for there lies the great desert of the Mojave. . . . The greater part must flow over in a high stratum upon the west, that being the coolest place surrounding it. It soon reaches the ocean, and once over that, its course is easy to determine. It is quickly cooled off and descends, to be carried back again by the suction produced by the air rising from the desert and on the western slopes of the country. Hence, instead of being a wind born of the sea, the sea-breeze is here a mere undertow, a vast returning wave of air, most of which, in its circuit, reaches the desert and mingles with its dry breath. All over Southern California the conditions of this breeze are about the same. . . . Hence, these deserts, which at first seem to be a disadvantage to the land, are the great conditions of its climate, and are of far more value than if they were like the prairies of Illinois."

How this delightful, continuous breeze fans the land and filters the air into delicious coolness! The sultriness of the all-pervading sun flees before it. There is no prostrating heat, no heavy moisture in the air to saturate us with discomfort. The dry desert currents as they seek the ocean absorb all of that and help to establish the rare climatic conditions of Southern California's summer.

And these conditions not only bring us comfort but they bring us health. In the warmest days of summer one finds a pleasant temperature in the shade. These cooling breezes search us out there and fan us. The air is rarely pulseless, and it seems to possess an element of coolness which, when out of the immediate presence of the

And then when the summer night drops down, and the curled silver leaf of the new moon is hung from the clear azure of the west, that delicious breeze, born of land and sea, that "great undertow" of pure air, cool and dry, floods everything, and makes the perfection of California's summer days and nights.

Oh, the comfort of it all! You may have lived a score or two of years in Southern California, but you never forget to welcome this delightful visitant, nor to be thankful for the balmy and delicious nights that follow the warmest days. And when you seek your night's rest, with windows all open to admit the fragrant air, you will want at least one blanket through the summer months, and then how you can sleep! There is refreshment and strength in every breath you draw. Nature is like a great alembic filled with new wine which the night distills. If you chance to wake at midnight, you may hear the note of the mocking-bird in the tree near your window, for he breaks forth into song at all hours for the very gladness of being. And sometimes the old chancier in your barnyard will arouse you by his cheerful crow, as if his life were too full of content and comfort for him to keep silent until the morning.

Another feature of the Southern California summer, aside from its equable temperature, is its uniform calm—the almost entire absence of strong winds. California does not breed cyclones. She does not beget the thunderstorm or tempest. She has no dangerous winds at any season. In summer the sea breeze blows often at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour,



quail moves in great flocks. The dove coos in the fragrant chaparral of the hills. The thrush and the mocking-bird fill the air with melody, and the beautiful oriole and the robin, with the merry lark, break the silence. Linnets sing amid the bloom of orchards, and the tiny wrens make the ear glad with their musical twitter, while humming-birds fly like winged flowers everywhere in the sunlight, poising on the lily's tips or dipping into the heart of the rose, their breasts like rubies. Far over the mountain tops may sometimes be seen the bald eagle—"bird of the broad and sweeping wing"—seeking his eyrie amid the granite heights, the lonely monarch of the upper air.

Camping during the California summer is one of the delights that an Easterner may have dreamed of, but never enjoyed to the full elsewhere. Camping in the valley, or on the seashore or in the mountains is alike delightful. The rain will never surprise you, the night air is never chill, and at certain elevations no dew falls, and the atmosphere is perfectly dry and balmy. On the mountains and in the more elevated canyons no tent is needed for protection from night dampness. The spreading oak or sycamore furnish all the roof you require.

And here the most restful slumber finds you—a long, dreamless sleep, which is undisturbed till dawn. After such a night of sleep there is no sense of drowsiness; you are wide awake as soon as you open your eyes.

Numerous delightful spots can be found for mountain-camping, high up in the sierra; 5000 feet above the sea level, where for six months of the year is neither cloud, wind, rain nor dampness. Here the golden hours do silver-footed fall, and the health-seeker and the man with tired brain may taste the fullness of our incomparable summer charms. Southern California is, of all lands, the Land of Out-of-Doors, and here, most emphatically, "the inside of the house is the wrong side of the door." The summer is no exception to this rule, for the heat is rarely so oppressive as to make open-air exercise uncomfortable. Sunstrokes are unknown; summer complaint, that enemy of childhood, is never prevalent. The epidemics of eastern summers are strangers to us here. Malaria is swept away by our ocean breezes, and here at all seasons Beauty is unfettered, for she has been set free by the magic wand of Irrigation.

There is nothing like monotony in the summer landscape of Southern California. No portion of the world holds more of color and of beauty. There are sun-dried grasses on the brown fields and the silver gray of the ripened wild oats. There is an infinite variety of wild shrubs and mosses, of plants that flame into rich color, and tangles of green vines that never fade. Then there are the wonderful atmospheric lights that oft-times transform the duller portions of the landscape into rich beauty, clothing them as if by magic in tender shades, and soft, diaphanous mists, which blot out everything suggestive of ugliness.

Our coast scenery is never tame, for it is everywhere mountain-walled and tumbling hills run into the lowlands, giving them touches of romantic beauty that are forever varying. The Sierra Madre—the Mother Mountains—guard and nurture the land. They tower at all points above the plains in sublime vastness and grandeur. Mount San Bernardino is a monarch among them, towering upward 11,800 feet, his broad shoulders mantled with snow far into the summer, while his sides are girdled with the green of mighty forests, and his feet sandaled with flowers. Mount San Antonio is another bold landmark, wearing the snows of winter upon his summit until June or July, his crest rocky and bare—a giant among his brothers. Among the lesser peaks is Mount Wilson, 6000 feet high, to whose summit you ascend by a broad trail winding around its craggy sides, crossing from spur to spur at the head of the great canyons, and winding at times through forest defiles, where, at an elevation of 4000 feet, timber is found in abundance. Not far from the crest of this grand mountain, where the summer airs are soft and balmy, and at midsummer the thermometer often registers but 65 deg., and where the purest of crystal waters gush out from the rocky heart of the mountain, you find a miniature city of white tents occupied by those who love to get close to Nature's heart. The busy world lies far, far below them. It is the air of the skies and the high mountain tops which these tent-dwellers breathe. High boulders, scattered by Titan hands, lean from the summits, and the lofty heights are garmented with trees. It is a summer world such as can be found nowhere but in Southern California, where the air is dry and cool and you can sleep under your tent of sky, feeling sure that Nature will not betray you nor permit the approach of danger. On Echo Mountain invention has triumphed, and Nature sits a conquered subject, but here she syllables her lays, where change has hardly dared to touch her, into the very ear of primeval wildness. Higher still is Mount Lowe, soon to be reached by the boldly-projected electric railway of the intrepid builder who has given his name to the peak. This "mother" range of mountains is a billowy wilderness of mountains, cut by tree-filled canyons, chasms "measureless to man," reaching thousands of feet below the mountain crests, brightened sometimes by leaping waterfalls and hidden springs, and holding vast defiles which the human foot has never trod. A dreamy stillness is over everything. It is like the land of the Lotus-eaters. There is no limit to the blossoming beauty which is about you. The sunlight that falls around is mellow and soft. The shades of color are countless. It is the perfection of summer beauty, and the spell of enchantment is upon you. Summer in the mountains of Southern California! You wonder if there is anything anywhere that will compare with it!

As you sit in your valley home, whose proximity is never many miles away from the mountains, and study them, you are surprised at the kaleidoscope-like picture which they present. At midday there is somewhat of a rocky glare about them that does not captivate the fancy. But morning and evening all the poetry that is hidden in them is revealed. There is a rhythm of color and harmony of shade that is enchanting. The rich and varying colors of the mountain growths make a marvelous curtain. The rough red arms of the manzanita wear leaves of a somber green. Thousands of wild flowers smile under the clear blue skies. The great pines and cedars, the green bay and the paler sycamores make a charming background of color, touched by soft atmospheric lights and shadows into the richest mosaics. The floral procession is always changing, and the atmospheric wand is forever laying on new

colors, so the mountains are never twice alike to the vision.

The lower hills, too, are picturesque, and up to their very summits are capable of cultivation. You see upon them oftentimes in summer all the rich coloring of eastern autumn woods. Dotted with wild vines, the whitish green of sage-brush, and showing the gold of dead grasses, with here and there the deep-green of the live oak, and the countless tints of other growing things, they are a study of which the eye never wearies.

The great charm of Southern California is that it is a summer land, not alone in July and August, but almost throughout its twelve months; that its temperature is an equable one, the difference between the midday temperature of the summer and winter months varying, upon the coast, only a few degrees. Thus it will be seen that we know nothing of the extremes of temperature and have no contests with severe cold or debilitating heat.

The country ways in summer are generally dusty, yet the soil is such that there is much less dust here than would be experienced in many regions if no rain should fall for so long a period. Nature has adapted our soil to existing conditions, and she has hushed the winds so that they rarely blow sufficiently hard to make the dust a disturbing element.

In our towns and cities the watering cart does daily duty, but in the country there are highways where the need of its presence is felt in no small degree. Yet there are some natural roads which are almost as dustless as the paved street. These are the exception and not the rule in country travel.

Southern California is becoming so thickly settled that everywhere the beauty of nature is rapidly being supplemented by cultivation. The traveler finds no longer the wide, bare stretches which were once the great cattle ranges and "sheep walks" of this region—the pasture lands where the sheep and cattle fed till the land was

denuded of every green thing, for now everywhere the valleys and hill slopes, and the smiling mesas, are brightened by beautiful homes, dotted with great orchards and vineyards, often miles in extent, which lend a wonderful charm and freshness to the landscape.

Cities and towns are springing up on every hand, and the railroad is the sure forerunner of cultivated fields and of the forces which are at work to banish desolation. The irrigating ditch is the apostle of beauty, and where once were dead wastes the crystal waters are now flowing and beauty is unfettered.

These irrigating ditches are to Southern California what the Nile is to old Egypt, and nowhere can be found greater fertility, more abundant harvests or a more charming summer face than where their waters flow. They make a summer of freshness through all the year.

Another charm of our California summer is our proximity to the sea. If we wish to leave the city, the beach as well as the mountain is at hand, and there the stormless days may be passed in the perfection of comfort. The atmosphere is not murky, as is so frequently the case on the Atlantic shore, but clear, comfortable and bracing. The exodus from our Coast cities is not necessitated so much by the presence of summer heat as by a desire for change and recreation.

Go where you will, you will find in Nature nothing to rival the charm of our Southern California summer. There is no place where Nature speaks to you so lovingly, or ministers so tenderly to your many needs. In no land has she so fully considered all the elements of beauty and of comfort as she has here. The whole world holds but one California, beautiful with its shining skies, its soft, fragrant air, its low, rich murmur of bees, its melody of song, its continual growth and its eternal summer.

Sweet singers in the old past sang of thee,
And hints made paths across the pathless sea
To reach thy golden shores, for bards had told
Of thy sun-dotted plains and mountains old,
And those brown children of the sun had dreamed

Of thy fair skies, until to them they seemed
Not quite of earth, for their wise ones had said,
Close by the gates of Paradise—sometimes
Broods endless summer o'er a wondrous land,
With shining skies and golden sand,
And beauty like the undimmed brightness of
a star.

ELIZA A. OTIS.