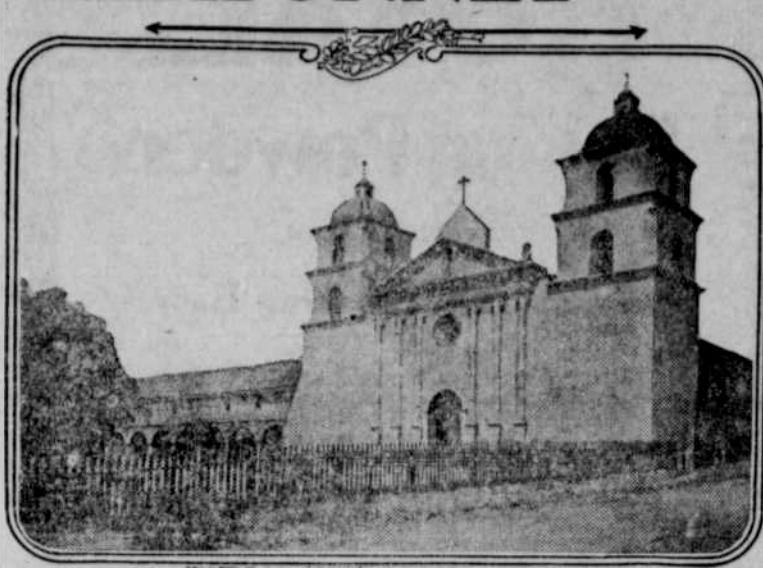


OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA



HISTORIC SANTA BARBARA

THE recent celebration of the 125th anniversary of the founding of the Santa Barbara mission, when thousands of people from every city in the state participated in the services, is evidence that California has awakened to the necessity of preserving these rapidly decaying memorials of her early history. Italy has its ruins, its coliseum and its Forum; Germany its ancient castles that hide among the crags of the Rhine; France, its beautiful chateaux of Touraine and Normandy; and Spain, its slumbering Alhambra, whose fountains have long since ceased to flow. With equal pride California points to the ruins of its Spanish Missions. True, they cannot boast of great antiquity, neither do they tell of nations fought and conquered; their tale is of the heroic deeds of noble men, who yielded fame and fortune and sometimes life itself for the glorification of God in the then heathen land. There lies about these ruins an air of subdued solemnity; the effect upon the mind of the beholder is elevating. There come before one visions of the patient plodding padre, toiling on from year to year, unmindful of his disappointments and deprivations—preaching, baptizing, confirming, anointing, and when at last his earthly toil was ended, here he laid him down amid the scenes of his labors, far from his kith and kin, and the land of his birth. These crumbling walls that enclose his sepulchre are mute monuments to his greatness.

Strange as it may seem in modern days, California owes its place in the North American Union of states to Spain and the Franciscan mission fathers. It had always been the intention of Spain to colonize Alta or Higher California, but the pressure of events elsewhere had prevented. About 1760 the slow but steady progress southward of the Russians, who had already established themselves in Alaska, brought the Spanish king to a decision to send out his colonizers and missionaries. California became



Monterey Cathedral.

a province of the republic of Mexico, when the latter severed her relations with Spain, and was seized by the United States in the Mexican war of 1846, finally becoming an integral part of the United States territory. Two years afterward gold was discovered. Had the Russians gained a foothold in California—they did penetrate within a few miles of San Francisco—prior to the Spanish Franciscans, it is scarcely possible that they would have relinquished the natural advantages afforded by so remarkable a base of supplies for their Alaskan colonies. Had Russia owned or controlled California when gold was discovered, the territory would never have been given up, for the United States has had no occasion to go to war with Russia. This interesting possibility of history gives a new interest and a greater importance to the deeds and progress of the founders of the California missions.

It was at this critical time that the most extensive proscription in European history took place. Charles III, "Most Catholic King," who had been apparently friendly to the Jesuits, suddenly, and without any reason which he was willing to give to the world—it never was given and to this day is unknown—completely turned against them and banished them from the Spanish dominions. The members of the order, who had established and were in charge of the missions in Lower California, shared the common fate and their places were taken by

Franciscans, under the direction of Father Junipero Serra—a name revered in the Golden State.

The first step toward the colonization of Alta California was taken when Don Jose Galvez, a tried and trusted crown official, who had superintended the change of missionaries in Lower California, received imperative orders to "occupy and fortify San Diego and Monterey in the name of God and the king of Spain." Galvez was full of enthusiasm, having good sense, great executive ability, considerable foresight, untiring energy, and decided contempt for all routine formalities. He began his work with a truly western vigor. To insure that the spiritual part of the work might be as carefully planned as the political, Galvez fully discussed the whole project with Father Serra—a man who was to leave his powerful impress upon the new country to which he journeyed with so much fiery zeal and religious enthusiasm. Yet Serra was practical and possessed of a wide clear vision and remarkable judgment. His gift of preaching, his scholarly attainments, marked him for high preferment in Europe, but he turned willingly aside from the path of fame and honor, and pleaded to be sent where toil, and danger, and perhaps a horrible death, awaited him. The story of his life is part of the early history of the state, and his name is still uttered as that of one whose achievements have made him immortal. "I have placed my faith in God, and trust in his goodness to plant the holy cross, not only in San Diego, but even as far as Monterey" were the memorable words of this saintly hero when he planted the first cross in American California, and his faith was so amply rewarded that he had the happiness of erecting eight missions before his death. The combination of fervor and enthusiasm, power and sense, produced rapid results.

Most of the chain of missions, from San Diego through Monterey to the Golden Gate, were established in the last 30 years of the 18th century. After the founding of San Diego, the mission of San Carlos, near Monterey, was founded in 1770; those of San Gabriel and San Antonio in 1771; San Luis Obispo in 1772; San Francisco and San Juan Capistrano in 1776; Santa Clara in 1777; San Buena Ventura in 1782; Santa Barbara in 1786; La Purissima Concepcion in 1787; La Soledad in 1791; San Fernando, San Miguel, San Juan Bautista, Santa Cruz and San Jose in 1797; San Luis Rey in 1798; Santa Inez in 1804; San Rafael in 1817, and San Francisco Solano in 1823. The last, established at Sonoma, was the most northern, and the only one founded under the Mexican dominion.

Much has been done toward the preservation of the old missions and much remains to be done.

Stick to Your Beliefs.

Men who "get there" have settled beliefs and fixed convictions. The pilot of an ocean steamer would make poor headway if he gave up the beliefs by which he must direct that ship. It has been well said that "intelligence that is not dogmatic does not get anywhere." Every growing man needs dogmatic beliefs that he has tested to the uttermost and that represent the power and the glory of his life. If he is wise, he will not give up those beliefs unless he is offered something in their place that has proved itself able to bring more power and glory into his life.—The Sunday School Times.

Cold Storage Chicks.

A certain Washington newspaper correspondent was speaking of nature fakers. "Their fakes are so evident," he said. "That's one good thing. They deceive nobody." "I know a nature faker who claims that a hen of his last month hatched, from a setting of 17 eggs, 17 chicks that had, in lieu of feathers, fur." "He claimed that these fur-coated chicks were a proof of nature's adaptation of all animals to their environment, the 17 eggs having been of the cold storage variety."

His Line.

The Lady—Are you good along any particular line?
The Tramp—You bet, mum! Any time you want to ride the bumpers along the Erie just come to me, and I'll put you right.—Puck.

ISLANDS OF THE CLOVE

MOST OF THE WORLD'S CROP COMES FROM ZANZIBAR.

Yield Varies Greatly, but Another and Steady Product of the Sultanate Is Copra, Finding Ready Market in France.

The Sultanate of Zanzibar, just off the coast of central Africa, comprises four islands—Zanzibar, Pemba, Mafia and Lamu. This sultanate produces perhaps nine-tenths of the cloves of the world. The climate and soil of the two islands of Zanzibar and Pemba seem peculiarly adapted to the growing of this important article. Many of the trees are 90 years old, although most of the clove plantations on Zanzibar Island date from 1872, when a terrific cyclone swept over it, doing fearful damage to the trees.

Clove trees begin to bud about January or February, and the picking is done any time after July, continuing for about four months, as the trees ripen irregularly. When the cloves have been picked they are exposed on mats to the sun for six or seven days, and are then sent to the custom house where the government extracts an export duty of 25 per cent.

The crop is a very uncertain one, a heavy yield one year, and comparatively nothing the next. The bulk of the cloves are bought by American, German and Indian firms, and are sent to Bombay, Hamburg, London and New York. Most of the cloves are used in distilling oil of cloves, which in turn is employed in the manufacture of drugs, perfumes, confectioneries, etc.

Another great product of Zanzibar is copra, which is the dried interior of the coconut. The coconut trees grow throughout the sultanate without cultivation; land is sold by the number of coconut trees on it. A tree will yield from 100 to 120 nuts a year; the crop is gathered about every four months. The nuts are split open and dried in the sun for several days, when the product is ready for shipment. France consumes most of the copra, which is used in the manufacture of soap, oil cakes, etc.

Approached from the ocean the city of Zanzibar presents a beautiful picture; the snow-white Arab houses are set against a background of soft tropical green; lying close to the shore are the hundreds of native dhows with their quaint sails, while farther out, in the deep waters, are the foreign ships. A prominent building on the waterfront is the palace of the sultan, which suggests a hotel at one of the Atlantic watering places, with its wide verandas and square lantern. Back of the palace are the remains of the old fort erected by the Portuguese, and here and there are to be seen the flags of the consulates of the various powers, conspicuous among them being the stars and stripes.

All bin Hamoud, the present sultan of Zanzibar, is a young man. He succeeded his father in 1902, when but 17 years old, and until his majority the sultanate was under a regent. The sultan was educated in England, and speaks English fluently, as well as French, Arabic and Swahili. He is a great traveler, and spends much of his time in Europe; he has a town palace, and several country places, to some one of which he usually retires during the hot season. The sultanate is a British protectorate under the foreign office.

Principle and Interest.

A Moral Principle met a Material Interest on a bridge wide enough for but one.

"Down, you base thing!" thundered the Moral Principle, "and let me pass over you!"

The Material Interest merely looked in the other's eyes without saying anything.

"Ah," said the Moral Principle, hesitatingly, "let us draw lots to see which one of us shall retire till the other has crossed."

The Material Interest maintained an unbroken silence and an unwavering stare.

"In order to avoid a conflict," the Moral Principle resumed, somewhat uneasily, "I shall myself lie down and let you walk over me."

Then the Material Interest found his tongue. "I don't think you are very good walking," he said. "I am a little particular about what I have underfoot. Suppose you get off into the water."

It occurred that way.—Ambrose Bierce.

Something Different.

A man could get so tired of turkey that he would welcome a dinner of corned beef, and it would be just the same with any food.

Here were two fruit vendors, met by chance, with their pushcarts hauled up close together alongside the curb, one selling nothing but grapes and the other nothing but apples, and here was the apple vendor appreciatively eating a bunch of grapes and the grape vendor with equal enjoyment eating an apple.

Each had on his cart an abundant supply of fine food, but it was always the same, and like everybody else, they craved something different.—New York Sun.

Couldn't Live It Down.

"Bigby seems to wear a look of settled gloom."
"Yes, poor fellow, he can't help it. When he was a boy his mother made him wear Fauntleroy curls."

CAID and BELLS



ARGUMENT FOR FRESH AIR

Monty Mollycoddle Has Convincing Reply for Man Who Opened Window on Chilly Evening.

Monty Mollycoddle closed the window. Freddy Freshair opened it. Then they frowned at each other.

"Do you mind lowering the window, old chap?" said Monty. "This weather's exceedingly treacherous, and on these chilly evenings one can't be too careful."

"On the contrary," retorted Freddy, "one can kill oneself with care."

"Yes, but it's easier to kill oneself with a draft," observed Monty.

"Nonsense," replied Freddy. "Look at all these modern cranks and compare them with our splendid ancestors. They don't stand comparison! And our ancestors didn't take medicines, or stay in stuffy rooms or bind their necks with woolen comforts when they went out."

"I know they didn't," answered Monty. "And where are they now? All dead!"—Answers.

Unfair Advantage.

"Dibbs is a most disagreeable person."

"Now, what has Dibbs been doing to you?"

"Just because he knows how to pronounce two or three Chinese names, he is always turning the conversation to the upheaval in China."

Hard to Lift.

"There goes a merchant who has a supreme contempt for shoplifters."

"You surprise me."

"He doesn't care how many come into his store."

"Well! Well! What does he sell?"

"Safes. There isn't one in his store that weighs less than 2,000 pounds."

Long Wait in Store.

"Miss Frosty Winters says she is going to stand under the mistletoe."

"Just so."

"What would you suggest?"

"When she gets tired of resting most of her weight on one foot, she might shift it to the other."

The Power of Beauty.

"Brown's wife is a beautiful woman, isn't she?"

"She surely is."

"If I had a wife as beautiful as that, he could buy me all the Christmas neckties she wanted to—and I'd wear 'em, by gum!"

WHAT HE THOUGHT.



Customer (in cigar store)—I want to buy a pipestem.

Salesman—Yes, sir; how long would you like it?

Customer—I reckon I can keep it as long as it lasts, can't I?

Unpoetic.

"I shall leave footprints on the sands of time," said the Idealist.

"What for?" asked the crudely practical person. "Nobody will want to go round looking for footprints. What we want to do for posterity is to help build some good roads."—Washington Star.

Didn't Like Her Views.

Mrs. Gibbs—So you had a gathering at your home last week to discuss the servant problem. Were there any results?

Mrs. Dibbs—Yes, the servants overheard us and gave notice.

A Bright Idea.

"Wearing a toupee is a very good way to hide a bald spot on top of one's head."

"Quite true. Wearing a hat is another good way."

Before Hostilities Began.

"I hope your novel ends happily!"

"Indeed it does. It ends in the marriage of the heroine and hero; does not go into their married life at all."

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Nation Is to Fight the Loan Sharks



WASHINGTON.—The loan shark in his arrogant disregard of human rights continues in most cities to exact unreasonable tribute from the wretched men caught in his net. Leading newspapers throughout the country have constantly denounced the business of making small loans upon the security of pledge or mortgage of personal property or assignment of wages. Drastic laws have been invoked in many states against it. Societies have been organized to protect victims from unjust practices, but the press accounts are soon forgotten by all save the unfortunate clients of the money lenders, and the campaign to remedy the conditions surrounding the business has been marked by years of fruitless struggle.

Laws are constantly and uniformly evaded, ignored and defied. The government officials and legislators have repeatedly announced their firm intention to drive the loan shark out of existence. Grand juries have time and again returned indictments against these gentry, accompanying their presentments with statements of extortion and oppression almost unbelievable in this enlightened age, but still this blot on our civilization remains and appears to careful observers even to increase in size.

The many unsuccessful attempts to legislate the usurious money lender out of existence have shown one thing very clearly, that a law that comes between the unscrupulous man who has money to lend and the man who wants to borrow cannot be enforced until an agency is established to satisfy his need at a lower cost. Recognizing this fact, philanthropic men in nearly twenty cities, content with a reasonable return upon their investment, have organized remedial societies to make loans at the lowest rates of interest practicable to deserving people upon security of personal property pledged or mortgaged.

In many cities efforts are now being made by citizens backed by chambers of commerce and boards of trade to organize similar societies. Those in operation have proved themselves a practical and measurably successful means of accomplishing what drastic legislation and popular clamor has been powerless to do. The loan shark has not been entirely eliminated from the cities in which these societies operate, but his exactions have been reduced appreciably.

Briefly stated, the programme of the remedial loan movement includes the organization in all cities of competitive loan societies of a social nature in the pawnbroking and chattel loan fields; the establishment of co-operative associations for savings and loans among employees, supplemented by the investment of honest capital on a reasonable money-making basis. In all states legislation will be sought chiefly to facilitate this competition.

Sent "Happy New Year" to the World

A MILLION miles of telegraph and cable wires throughout the world were thrown open to the tick of a sidereal clock in the Naval observatory on the heights overlooking Washington at the moment 1911 changed to 1912 and Uncle Sam through them called his "Happy New Year" to all the world. Every city and hamlet in the nation, the ships at sea, travelers to foreign lands were informed at the moment that the nation officially announced the arrival of Time's new span. Yet the plain-faced old time-piece merely swung its pendulum as might any such on an obscure mantel and knew not the import of the message it sent.

The tick of this clock heard as New Year's eve came to an end is the message of them all that extends furthest of all those sent since the world began. It is flashed out from the Naval observatory at Washington each year. As the seasons pass the extent of its reach is increased and that of this New Year's night was greater than any of its predecessors. It was ticked off to Nome, to Rio Janeiro, to Shanghai, to Cape of Good Hope, to London. It informed the lonely operator at a



wayside station in Arizona that the New Year had arrived at Washington. It carried the message to the farming town in Iowa and to waiting thousands in Boston.

This message awakened a spark of enthusiasm in the breasts of those banished to the lonely island of Guam to learn that it was New Year back home. The men of the fleet and the ocean craft far out at sea pick up its message and rejoice.

All these wires and cables and currents of the air respond automatically to the ticking of this plain old clock at the observatory, which clock is the official standard time regulator of half the world. There is none of the relaying and delay in the ordinary transmission of messages for these contrivances are automatic and the message is instantaneous.

Uncle Sam's Navy Holds Second Place



EXPERTS in the construction bureau of the United States navy point out the fallacy of the statement published broadcast that Germany will hold second place among the naval powers, supplanting the United States, when the ships now being built by both nations are completed. After reviewing the difference in tonnage, which is not largely in favor of Germany, a competent naval expert says:

"Taking the present and the future into consideration, the present superiority of the United States, as second in the world, continues because our superiority consists in the fact that of all ships of the same displacement we have more guns available for fighting on the broadside. The Florida, which is of about 22,000 tons, can bring to bear on the broadside ten 12-inch guns. The German dreadnoughts of the same displacement can only bring eight guns to bear.

"Now this represents the fighting value of the two navies and is actually 20 per cent in guns ahead of Germany as against Germany's ten per cent of tonnage, which really means nothing as a factor in fighting."

"Germany has not yet awakened to the fact that Great Britain began to follow us in broadside arrangements about three years ago. The Kaiser's empire is still behind in the main element on which navies can be compared as to efficiency. Another thing is that nearly all the German ships, which on paper are monsters, carry only 11-inch guns."

"They have only recently started to build 12-inch guns and we are building 14-inch rifles."

Old Panama Landmarks Are No More

MANY villages on the Isthmus of Panama intimately associated with the history of the stirring buccaner days are soon to disappear forever beneath the surface of the vast artificial lake which is now slowly filling up between Gatun and Mactchin.

These places were known to European civilization many years before Jamestown was settled or Massachusetts Bay was an English colony. Now they are little more than jungle hamlets, and nothing of value will disappear when the rising waters of Lake Gatun blot them out of existence.

The Canal Record gives a list and short historical sketches of some of the vanishing villages. Heading the list is the old town of Gatun, which is already practically covered by eighty feet of rock, earth and water, and other places destined to disappear are Ahorra Lagarto, Barbacoas, Calmito, Mactachina, Ballamonos, Santa Cruz, Cruz de Juan Galgo and Cruces.



Some of the inhabitants believe the inundation will not take place, and one old bush settler, after having ignored repeated warnings, ventured his opinion that the Lord has promised never again to flood the earth.

New rainfall records were established on the Isthmus of Panama Nov. 23 and 29, according to reports just received here. At Porto Bello about 2.46 inches of rain fell in three minutes. The total for that shower was 7.60 inches.

The highest previous record was three-quarters of an inch of rain in five minutes in 1908.