

OF SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

FREDERICK W. WHITE WRITES OF A CHARMING REGION.

The Stanford University—The Lick Observatory—Wonderful Groves—Orange and Olive Trees—The Climate—Climate of California.

San Jose, Cal., Sept. 12.—Of all the valleys of California Santa Clara is by long odds the most beautiful, most productive, most interesting. Possibly its nearness to San Francisco may account, in a measure, for this. Early settlers probably gathered near the commercial center, and civilizing processes and improvements kept pace with the growth of the metropolis of the Pacific. But be-



PALMS NEAR ST. JAMES PARK, SAN JOSE.

yond all these is the exquisite natural beauty and richness of the valley, which has made it the abiding place of the representative wealthy and the aristocracy and given it a distinction peculiarly its own. I cannot think of any one hundred miles of railway in the civilized world presenting on its line anything like the number of attractions, famous here and abroad, that are seen on the journey from San Francisco to Monterey through the lovely valley of Santa Clara.

First, then, is Menlo Park, the summer home of the Floods, the Mackays, the Crockers, the Stanfords and other Occidental millionaires—which has about it an exclusiveness and repose not unlike Lenox, Mass. Here, too, is Senator Leland Stanford's "Palo Alto," the equine paradise, a ranch of nearly ten thousand acres, where eight or nine hundred horses live better than half the humans of the world, where two hundred men are employed to care for them, and where the celebrated Electioneer, valued at \$100,000, heads the stud. As I patted the grand old horse in his roomy stall, I thought of a few years ago when he was bought in the east for a mere bagatelle. His get, thus far, has been sold for a record million at least.

To the north of Menlo Park is the Leland Stanford university. I wandered through its superb yet unfinished walls of yellow stone, which, when completed, will have cost twenty millions of dollars. The senator pays this twenty millions and then endows it all with thirty millions more, as a beginning. Upon what a large scale these California millionaires do things! Within sight of the university buildings in San Jose, the most and most cultivated city in the state, with a community of much more than average intelligence. Just beyond the city, on a "heaven kissing hill," is the famous Lick observatory, the Mecca of the average tourist. Not many miles away are the big trees and Santa Cruz, and near them are the two great establishments of Spreckels, the sugar king, where thousands of tons of beads are made into sugar. At the end of all is Del Monte, a miniature garden of Eden.

They have a legend in Santa Clara which the loyal native of San Jose will kindly tell you, to the effect that in the far distant, prehistoric times, this was the home of the fairies, who watched over all the provinces or counties of California. It is said that when the Spanish padre came with his bell and book they departed from the Pacific to other undiscovered lands; that before going the fairy representatives of all the counties met at Santa Clara and into her lap poured the gifts for which they were each most noted. Thus it has come to pass that this valley and county of Santa Clara has "received" the fairest of all the other valleys and counties possess, and is therefore so rich in natural treasures that it is called the earthly paradise. Of course this pretty legend is shrewdly advanced by the worldly wise resident as part of the glorification of his home, but the gist and implication of the fairy tale is not far from the truth.

The visitor to the Lick observatory has a sentimental journey if nothing more. The distance up and down the mountain side—or there and back—is fifty-two miles, the fare is \$5, the time occupied about ten hours. The road is an exceptionally fine one and the scenery exquisite. It suggests poetry and things, and they say that miles of tender verses have been written by inspired tourists, who leave the Vendome, or the big Concord stages in the early morning. If you take the ordinary conveyance, not built for ordinary mountain travel, you are likely, however, upon your return to San Jose in the evening, to fully appreciate Horace Greeley's remark when Hank Monk, on a wager, drove the great editor over rocky roads from Virginia City to Placerville, 113 miles, in ten hours.

The old man, getting down from the coach with much difficulty, observed to the waiting and gaping mob: "Gentlemen, I'll bet \$50 that Hank Monk is the best driver in America, and that I'm the sorest man." The observatory is built on the crest of what is now called Mt. Hamilton, a slightly eminence which the Spaniards a century ago gracefully christened Mt. Yabel. The name is a gross impertinence. Some village doctor wandered up there one day, and in a burst of tremendous egotism called the mountain after himself. He wrote something about it and then—decently died.

When the visitor gets to the observatory he stays there a couple of hours, wanders through the buildings, is told several times that "there, sir, is the largest telescope on God's wide earth," and that under its foundation of one hundred tons or more James Lick, pioneer and philanthropist, is laid permanently and deep. He rests under the great dome of the observatory, just as Napoleon rests under the great dome of the Invalides in Paris. But the Frenchman gives, even to this home of death, a touch of artistic beauty by brightening it with rich colors and decorating it with fine mosaics. Lick's vault, on the contrary, is dark and gloomy.

The Lick observatory has been here for several years and is yet to be heard from. It reminds me of Charles Dickens' refreshment station at Magby, "whose proud beauty was that it had never refreshed anybody." I can't for the life of me see how James Lick acquired a reputation for great philanthropy by building this observatory with its "biggest telescope on earth." Your correspondent may be of the Gradgrind species, and might make palatable soup of his grandmother, but he really cannot see what practical use the observatory is. It has been here a century and its use is as trodden as the path of the astronomer. Possibly there is something to accomplish. Astronomical science has virtually

reached its zenith. The movements of the heavenly orbs, the principles by which their motions are regulated, with the causes of the various phenomena, are known thoroughly and if all the observations of the "gray coats" were abandoned today the science of navigation, for example, would know, and does know, all that can aid it for the next thousand years. San Jose, however, is very proud of this observatory, which overlooks its beautiful valley, and never asks unpleasant questions concerning its utility.

At the broad bases of these towering hills lies some of the fairest land under the sun. Deep green orange groves, luscious vineyards, extensive orchards, with olive and prune trees galore. I spent two or three days driving about under the shadow of Mount Hamilton, and never did my eyes rest on a rosier or more prosperous country, seeing nowhere a sign of poverty, and meeting a people of uncommon thrift. One afternoon I unexpectedly visited an olive ranch, meeting the owner on the highway by accident. It was near Los Gatos, a few miles from San Jose, and is known, I believe, as the Quito grove.

Could I be in California? I recalled a day in Tuscany, when I sat eating olives and black bread with a mandated Italian priest, and heard him sing his dreams of hope, and laugh his satisfaction over the drooping yield of his purple trees. Some one has said that no landscape is spiritual from which the olive is absent. I do not know as to that, but the growing olive to me seems to have the breath of heaven on its body just as it had on that mountain where the sermon was preached more than eighteen centuries ago. Quito grove is an Italian reproduction. All the men employed on it have been brought from the olive groves near Florence, and have given a national character to their present home. The owner is Mr. Goodrich, a gentleman with a passion for olive culture. He is an earnest man, an alumnus of Yale and a traveler of observation and taste. His family is living in Florence, where his children are being educated, and he has made his present quarters resemble the Italian home of his wife as much as possible. The servants and the service are Italian, which is the one language spoken, and the whole place has the true Tuscan flavor. He is improving the olive and, I assume, making money in this delicious valley, while all about him are tidy little ten and twenty acre farms devoted to the French prune, the grape and the olive, whose owners say they realize two and three hundred dollars an acre. To the visitor it seems an ideal existence; what its drudgery may be he does not know. But I think that the roads of the neighborhood are a fair criterion of the neighborhood's intelligence and prosperity, and the roads of Santa Clara are magnificent, well graded and ballasted. The Alameda, for instance, a broad avenue running from San Jose to Santa Clara, is level as a floor and shaded by trees planted by the mission for its roadway. California gives the east many points in the game. "If you are in San Jose next Sunday I will run up and dine with you at the Vendome," said a San Francisco friend as on a March Monday evening he saw me off at Del Monte and Monterey. The next Sunday I sat in the cool of the veranda awaiting the arrival of the noon train, when my friend quietly bowed into the courtyard on his bicycle. The distance from San Francisco to San Jose is fifty miles. He had made it in a trifle over three hours, so perfect are the roads.

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Remarkable Cases—Wives of the Presidents—Great Men as a Rule Are Happily Married—Mrs. Garfield, Hayes, Cleveland, Logan, Whitney, Carlisle, Etc.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—As one sees more and more of the successful men of the times, and learns more and more about their daily lives, the stronger becomes his conviction that the men on whom fortune smiles have their wives as often to thank as the fates. Marriage is certainly not a failure among statesmen. I doubt if it is a failure, or anywhere near a failure, with the men who achieve success in any field of human endeavor. Though it is easy to deduce from the divorce statistics that, taking the country through, one marriage in a dozen ends in separation, the fair inference from this being that for every divorce there are four or five other matrimonial misfits, giving the starting total of 50 per cent. success, the same rule applies to the successful statesman.

The man who achieves political or other success in these days does so in the face of fierce competition. If he would reach the summit, a senatorship, a seat in the cabinet, or on the supreme bench, or a high place among the members of the house of representatives, his life must be a record of success. A single failure, one mistake, is often fatal. The race is to the swift, the victory to the enduring, and hence the man who makes a mistake in that most important of all undertakings, that most serious of all contracts, matrimony, generally finds himself outrun by his more fortunate fellows. A little philosophy like this makes it easy to understand the fact which is impressed on the mind of every person who well knows many successful men.

No place in this country is equal to Washington for study of the influence of wives upon the fortunes of ambitious men, and it is a genuine pleasure to write down the fact that the wife seems stronger and more potential the closer they are scanned. With surprisingly few exceptions the public men of today are happily and successfully married. Not only happily, which means love and peace in the household, but successfully, in the sense that they have life partners worthy of them, partners who are intellectual as well as moral helpers. When one sits down and calls to mind the famous men who owe much, very much, to their wives, whose wives have made the number of such is soon seen to be strikingly large. Some of these may be properly named here.

There are exceptions to the rule, of course, men of power and genius, who have pulled themselves up, though he weighted down by partnership with women not their equals, with women who have lived a life of intellect, delicacy of emotion and had instincts. None of these will I mention by name, because that would be highly improper to do so; but I could point the pen toward a number of successful men who deserve all the more credit for their accomplishments, though not productive of positive unhappiness, have resulted in failure in the broadest sense of the word.

Another fact which the student of sociology will do well to consider is that a surprisingly small number of successful men are bachelors. I cannot call to mind in congress a dozen men who never married, though, of course, there may be more than that, and there are also a number of widowers. It appears to be pretty well settled in this country that bachelorhood is a positive disadvantage to the ambitious man, particularly if he is a politician. The people look upon a bachelor's life as a thing incomplete, lacking, suspicious. Bachelors now in congress say they could be more easily re-elected, could, with less expense and effort, hold their own at home, had they wives to help them. If it is true that a wife of the right sort is a help to a statesman at home, it is doubly true of his efforts at the capital. Here the good wife—the gifted, intuitive, intellectual wife—is a jewel. There are many prominent public men who have wives that shine in society, make friends for them, help them hold the friends they have; there are many, too, whose wives help them think. The man with no wife at all is at great disadvantage; the man who does not marry joins those other unfortunates, the misfits, in giving comfort to pessimists who hold that marriage is a failure. Samuel J. Tilden would have been a more popular man had he married; and the Grover Cleveland was elected president, a bachelor, and defeated after becoming a bachelor, no one will deny that his marriage to handsome Frances Folsom gained him new popularity and brought him closer to the people.

Davy Burns, whose house, the first built in Washington, still stands just south of the White House, once said a very suggestive and rather impertinent thing to George Washington. The father of his country had just finished buying Burns' land to build the Federal City, but Burns was obdurate and irritable, and the negotiations were at times conducted in bad humor. Finally the old Scotchman exclaimed: "What would you have amounted to, George Washington, if it hadn't been for the widow Custis?" The suggestiveness of this remark will be apparent when one remembers that Washington's marriage was certainly the best stroke of good luck that could have come to him at the time. It is really a serious question if Washington would have become a great man but for this fortunate marriage. His wife brought him wealth, bettered his social position, gave him opportunity, and throughout life was his helpmeet and adviser. The wives of the presidents, with few exceptions, have been worthy partners of great men. Abigail Adams was one of the cleverest women of her day, "the prop, guide, solace and glory" of John Adams' life. Dolly Madison was one of the most popular American women that ever lived. Jefferson would have been more successful had he had a wife to steer clear of his blunders. Mrs. Gen. Taylor loved nothing better than to sit in her room in the White House smoking a clay pipe, while her daughter recited people before, but no one knows the influence this good but plain, old-fashioned woman had upon the career of her husband. Though Buchanan was a bachelor and Arthur a widower, the social features of their administrations were brilliant. Harriet Lane, who still lives, and the latter by popular Mrs. McElroy. Yet both Buchanan and Arthur would have been stronger with the people had they had wives.

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MANY PUBLIC FIGURES OW SUCCESS TO MARRIAGE.

Remarkable Cases—Wives of the Presidents—Great Men as a Rule Are Happily Married—Mrs. Garfield, Hayes, Cleveland, Logan, Whitney, Carlisle, Etc.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—As one sees more and more of the successful men of the times, and learns more and more about their daily lives, the stronger becomes his conviction that the men on whom fortune smiles have their wives as often to thank as the fates. Marriage is certainly not a failure among statesmen. I doubt if it is a failure, or anywhere near a failure, with the men who achieve success in any field of human endeavor. Though it is easy to deduce from the divorce statistics that, taking the country through, one marriage in a dozen ends in separation, the fair inference from this being that for every divorce there are four or five other matrimonial misfits, giving the starting total of 50 per cent. success, the same rule applies to the successful statesman.

The man who achieves political or other success in these days does so in the face of fierce competition. If he would reach the summit, a senatorship, a seat in the cabinet, or on the supreme bench, or a high place among the members of the house of representatives, his life must be a record of success. A single failure, one mistake, is often fatal. The race is to the swift, the victory to the enduring, and hence the man who makes a mistake in that most important of all undertakings, that most serious of all contracts, matrimony, generally finds himself outrun by his more fortunate fellows. A little philosophy like this makes it easy to understand the fact which is impressed on the mind of every person who well knows many successful men.

No place in this country is equal to Washington for study of the influence of wives upon the fortunes of ambitious men, and it is a genuine pleasure to write down the fact that the wife seems stronger and more potential the closer they are scanned. With surprisingly few exceptions the public men of today are happily and successfully married. Not only happily, which means love and peace in the household, but successfully, in the sense that they have life partners worthy of them, partners who are intellectual as well as moral helpers. When one sits down and calls to mind the famous men who owe much, very much, to their wives, whose wives have made the number of such is soon seen to be strikingly large. Some of these may be properly named here.

There are exceptions to the rule, of course, men of power and genius, who have pulled themselves up, though he weighted down by partnership with women not their equals, with women who have lived a life of intellect, delicacy of emotion and had instincts. None of these will I mention by name, because that would be highly improper to do so; but I could point the pen toward a number of successful men who deserve all the more credit for their accomplishments, though not productive of positive unhappiness, have resulted in failure in the broadest sense of the word.

Another fact which the student of sociology will do well to consider is that a surprisingly small number of successful men are bachelors. I cannot call to mind in congress a dozen men who never married, though, of course, there may be more than that, and there are also a number of widowers. It appears to be pretty well settled in this country that bachelorhood is a positive disadvantage to the ambitious man, particularly if he is a politician. The people look upon a bachelor's life as a thing incomplete, lacking, suspicious. Bachelors now in congress say they could be more easily re-elected, could, with less expense and effort, hold their own at home, had they wives to help them. If it is true that a wife of the right sort is a help to a statesman at home, it is doubly true of his efforts at the capital. Here the good wife—the gifted, intuitive, intellectual wife—is a jewel. There are many prominent public men who have wives that shine in society, make friends for them, help them hold the friends they have; there are many, too, whose wives help them think. The man with no wife at all is at great disadvantage; the man who does not marry joins those other unfortunates, the misfits, in giving comfort to pessimists who hold that marriage is a failure. Samuel J. Tilden would have been a more popular man had he married; and the Grover Cleveland was elected president, a bachelor, and defeated after becoming a bachelor, no one will deny that his marriage to handsome Frances Folsom gained him new popularity and brought him closer to the people.

Davy Burns, whose house, the first built in Washington, still stands just south of the White House, once said a very suggestive and rather impertinent thing to George Washington. The father of his country had just finished buying Burns' land to build the Federal City, but Burns was obdurate and irritable, and the negotiations were at times conducted in bad humor. Finally the old Scotchman exclaimed: "What would you have amounted to, George Washington, if it hadn't been for the widow Custis?" The suggestiveness of this remark will be apparent when one remembers that Washington's marriage was certainly the best stroke of good luck that could have come to him at the time. It is really a serious question if Washington would have become a great man but for this fortunate marriage. His wife brought him wealth, bettered his social position, gave him opportunity, and throughout life was his helpmeet and adviser. The wives of the presidents, with few exceptions, have been worthy partners of great men. Abigail Adams was one of the cleverest women of her day, "the prop, guide, solace and glory" of John Adams' life. Dolly Madison was one of the most popular American women that ever lived. Jefferson would have been more successful had he had a wife to steer clear of his blunders. Mrs. Gen. Taylor loved nothing better than to sit in her room in the White House smoking a clay pipe, while her daughter recited people before, but no one knows the influence this good but plain, old-fashioned woman had upon the career of her husband. Though Buchanan was a bachelor and Arthur a widower, the social features of their administrations were brilliant. Harriet Lane, who still lives, and the latter by popular Mrs. McElroy. Yet both Buchanan and Arthur would have been stronger with the people had they had wives.

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